

stream, hastening forward over a deep channel—now it was the brawl, clash, dash, hurry, and discordant confusion of the same tide hurled down a cataract of broken rocks—at last he gave an abrupt snort, and ceased altogether. We were thanking heaven for this relief, when a treble voice from the birth directly beneath, announced new trouble. It was some one—whom, we know not, nor do we ever covet his friendship, who belonged to a different class of snorers. He made a regular, quick, sharp, hacking sound, like that of a man cutting wood. Hack, hack, hack—we heard it at intervals all the night. The lean gentleman in the opposite part of the room now put on his claim as a snorer. He had four notes. It was a tune. It could be written and played any day. We laughed outright, and inwardly resolved to find the fellow out, and see what he was like by daylight. He played on some time, and then finished with a sudden combination of sounds, among the constituent parts of which we could plainly distinguish a hiss and two sneezes. His exit reminded us of those protechnic creations to be seen at Niblo's Castle garden, &c. which whirl round and round, and then explode with a phiz and a phiz, sure to be bounteously applauded by the enlightened audience. There was something in this gentleman's snoring which touched our feelings. A fine spirited fellow he was we warrant. Full of life and animation, and not inclined to hide his light under a bushel. What became of him, however, after the explosion, we cannot say. He left a dead silence, and his evaporation we almost lamented. We should like to know, however, whether any law can be put in requisition against this gentry, or why we have not the same right to practice on the trombone, on board the steamboat, that they possess of "piercing the night's dull ear," by such pompous displays of nasal abilities.—*Paulding*.

---

### THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

MIDNIGHT,—at Sea,—'neath scowling skies, descried,  
The rising billows spread their sheeted foam:  
Loud, and more loud, the north-sent tempest cried,  
As farther sped that gallant ship from home.

Darkly and mute amid the war she roll'd,  
Her night watch set, her helmsman at his post,  
Her smooth deck cleared to baulk the breakers hold,  
Her white sails reef'd,—and distant every coast.

Listless as death, upon his hammock bed,  
A Mother's pride is laid—the Cabin Boy;  
His snowy brow, and cheeks of sun-burnt red,  
And chubby hands, have marks of toils alloy.'