

hanging on our eyelids. A hundred or two travellers already "turned in," we were ushered below into the cabin, and directed by a clerk to a birth, where our guide informed us we were to sleep. To sleep! we looked at the fellow's face. It was perfectly grave and respectful. A glance satisfied us that he intended no insult. He left us, and we paused to look around. Ah! the cabin of a steamboat is a melancholy affair to a sleepy gentleman, about eleven o'clock at night. A dim lamp suspended from the ceiling, shed a doleful light upon the long, low, narrow apartment. The curtains of the birth were mostly drawn. Divers boots, which, when enlivened by their respective legs, had clambered mountains or paced over fields, now lay in groups here and there. Hats, valises, umbrellas, rested by their owners, being probably the only vestiges of them we should ever encounter.—One fat gentleman had just lifted his unwieldy person into bed, and was tying a Bandana handkerchief around his head, preparatory to his launching off into glorious repose; while a cross looking lean person opposite, having wound up his watch and rescued his feet from his boots, with a prodigious deal of straining and ill humour; having with considerable difficulty discovered where he was to dispose of his cloak and other matters; bumping his head, moreover, while getting into his couch, and easing the pain with a smothered execration, at length disposed of himself to his satisfaction. We do not know of any thing which, when a man is really out of humour, exhausts his philosophy more utterly than hitting his head sharply against any hard object. My friend cursed the builder of the steamboat in a half smothered growl, and then all was quiet. And now we were floating off into a pleasant sleep, when a low and gradually increasing sound from the birth of the fat gentleman arrested our attention. We listened, all was silent; and then again the same sound, more palpable and better developed. It was first a long breath, of the consistency of a loud whisper. We turned over, still it went on. We turned back again, there it was yet. We rose to our elbow in a passion, and poked our heads out between the red curtains. There was the fat gentleman's birth. We could just detect a glimpse of the Bandana handkerchief, by a feeble glare of the lamp. Our sleepy eyes passed disconsolately over the boots and valises. We laid down again, but could "not with all the weary watching of our care-tired thoughts," win the coy dame sleep to our bed.—What was to be done? Go up and strike the fat gentleman a blow? Impossible. Complain to the captain? He would laugh at us. Never was a man so weighed down, so oppressed with sleep, and never did a man so suffer from a snorer. The fat gentleman, as if aware of our misery and mocking at it, went on, like an orator getting warm with his subject. He grew loud, vociferous, outrageous. We laid and listened.—He inhaled, he exhaled. Now the air rushed in through his extended jaws, now it burst forth obstreperously through his sonorous nose. He took it in with the tone of an octave flute, he let it out again with the profound depth of a trombon. He breathed short; he breathed long; he gasped, whistled, groaned, gurgled. He quickened the time, became rapid, agitated, furious.

Hitherto he had snored with the sound of a rushing, regular