

# Star & Republican Banner.

R. S. PAXTON'S

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

G. M. PHILLIPS, Editors.

VOL. X.-NO. 38.]

GETTYSBURG, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

[WHOLE NO. 506.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice is hereby Given,  
To the Heirs and Legal Representatives of

**James Monroe McWhorter,**  
LATE of Germany township, Adams co. deceased, that an INQUEST will be held on Thursday the 19th day of December inst. on a Tract of Land situate in Germany township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Dr. J. A. Shorb, the Widow Davis, George Will, Esq. and others, containing about 27 Acres, more or less; also, at House and Lot of Ground in the town of Littlestown, containing about one acre, more or less, with a two-story weather-boarded House, small Barn, and other improvements thereon erected; to make partition thereof to and among all the Heirs and Legal Representatives of said deceased, if the same will admit of such partition, without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; but if the same will not admit of such partition, then to part and divide the same to and among as many of them as the same will accommodate; but if the same will not admit of division at all, without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof, then to value and appraise the whole undivided.

G. W. McCLELLAN, Sheriff.  
Sheriff's Office,  
Gettysburg, Dec. 2, 1839.

**A LIST OF RETAILERS**  
Of Foreign Merchandise, within the County of Adams,

AGREEABLY to a certificate of the same furnished to me by the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of said county, designating those who have taken out their Licenses for one year from the 1st of May, 1839.

- | Retailers.              | Class. |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Samuel Fahnestock,      | 6      |
| Thomas J. Cooper,       | 7      |
| George Arnold,          | 8      |
| R. G. McCreary,         | 9      |
| Jacob A. Winrott,       | 10     |
| Samuel Witherow,        | 11     |
| Samuel H. Buehler,      | 12     |
| William Gillespie,      | 13     |
| William Hamill,         | 14     |
| G. R. & J. Gilbert,     | 15     |
| David Sheets,           | 16     |
| Abraham King,           | 17     |
| Jacob Brinkerhoff,      | 18     |
| Adam Epley,             | 19     |
| John Pickling,          | 20     |
| Philip Miller,          | 21     |
| George Beck,            | 22     |
| William Hildebrand,     | 23     |
| Jacob Brown,            | 24     |
| David Beecher,          | 25     |
| Thomas M. Knight,       | 26     |
| Peter Mickle,           | 27     |
| Nicholas Mark,          | 28     |
| Albert Vandyno,         | 29     |
| A. S. E. Duncan,        | 30     |
| John Miller,            | 31     |
| Henry Stauter,          | 32     |
| John H. Deingr,         | 33     |
| David White,            | 34     |
| John H. Myers,          | 35     |
| Gideon Griest,          | 36     |
| William Ickes,          | 37     |
| Wm & Bonj Gardner,      | 38     |
| Jacob Myers,            | 39     |
| Enoch Simpson,          | 40     |
| Simon Becker,           | 41     |
| George Munnigh,         | 42     |
| John M. Knight,         | 43     |
| Jesse Houck,            | 44     |
| John Conrad,            | 45     |
| George Wilson,          | 46     |
| Henry Schriver,         | 47     |
| James S. Davis,         | 48     |
| Moritz Budie,           | 49     |
| Blythe & McCreary,      | 50     |
| Wm Johnston,            | 51     |
| Benj R. Robinson,       | 52     |
| Elch Hoeflich,          | 53     |
| Eli Smith & Co.,        | 54     |
| Dr. Wm Johnston,        | 55     |
| D. H. Swope,            | 56     |
| Cook & Tudor,           | 57     |
| Abraham Scott,          | 58     |
| Henry Wasmus,           | 59     |
| Wm Alexander,           | 60     |
| David Myers,            | 61     |
| Conrad Weaver,          | 62     |
| John Jenkins,           | 63     |
| Alexander M. Cosh,      | 64     |
| Michael Lawver,         | 65     |
| Alexander R. Stevenson, | 66     |
| Henry W. Slagle,        | 67     |
| George Range,           | 68     |
| Joseph Carl,            | 69     |
| Eusebio J. Owings,      | 70     |
| John Aulehaugh,         | 71     |
| Wampler & McFarland,    | 72     |
- List of those who have not taken out their License since the 1st of May:
- |                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| John M. Stevenson, ag't. | 8  |
| Peter Sheets,            | 9  |
| Hugh M. Sherry,          | 10 |
| Henry Bittinger,         | 11 |
| William Arnold,          | 12 |
| Lawver & Robinson,       | 13 |
| Hamilton Longwell & Co.  | 14 |
| S. B. Mead,              | 15 |
| James A. Thompson,       | 16 |
| Steward & Hamit,         | 17 |
| James H. Johnston,       | 18 |
- J. H. McCLELLAN, Treas'r.  
Treasurer's Office,  
Gettysburg, Nov. 18, 1839.

## LAW NOTICE.

**C. BAKER**  
Will practice Law in the several Courts of Adams county.—Office in Chambersburg street, one door west of Mr. Buehler's Store.  
Gettysburg, April 30, 1839.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### AUDITORS' MEETING.

THE undersigned, Auditors, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Adams co. to audit, adjust and proportion the balances remaining in the hands of C. F. KREMER and JOHN MEALS, Executors of HENRY RIFE, Jun. deceased, to and among the respective creditors of said deceased, will meet for that purpose at the house of James A. Thompson, in Gettysburg, on Saturday the 14th of December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day.

WM. N. IRVINE,  
J. F. MACFARLANE,  
GEO. SHRYOCK,  
Auditors.  
Nov. 18.

### ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, there will be sold at Public Vendue or Outcry, on Saturday the 14th day of December next, on the premises, the following described Real Estate, late the property of DENNIS M. GUIRE, deceased, situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of David Chamberlain, John Robinson, Peter Heck and others, containing about

**43 ACRES,**  
more or less, on which are erected a

**TWO-STORY LOG HOUSE,**

and log Stable, with other out-buildings. About one half of the land is covered with good TIMBER.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock of said day, when due attendance will be given and terms made known by

DAVID CHAMBERLAIN,  
Adm'r of said deceased.  
Nov. 4.

### NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscribers begs leave, respectfully to inform the citizens of Gettysburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced, the above business, together with HOUSE PAINTING, AND TURNING, &c. &c., in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite the Apothecary and Book store of Mr. S. H. Buehler, where he will at all times be prepared to execute all orders in the above business with neatness and dispatch; he will also keep a supply of Chairs of every description constantly on hand, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed by any manufactured in this section of country. He hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

ADAM KITZMILLER.  
Gettysburg, Aug. 13, 1839. 6m20.

### Gouley's Vegetable Medicines.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!

No medicine has, perhaps, ever met with such decided and general success as

**Gouley's Vegetable Bitters.**

THIS medicine has been but a few years before the public, and the demand for it has already become so great, that the subscriber finds it difficult to supply the numerous orders which he is constantly receiving. Innumerable Certificates in his possession bear testimony to its medicinal virtues and attest the fact of its having preserved the lives of hundreds both in this city and elsewhere.

His VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS, a new article, are also getting into general use, having been productive of the most beneficial effects in hundreds of families of the first respectability in this city and vicinity; and although they have in one instance, but without any foundation or truth, been pronounced poisonous, HUNDREDS of certificates can be produced of their having performed positive and effectual cures in the most obstinate cases, both on young and old, and he now challenges any one to produce satisfactory evidence that there is one particle of any ingredient in their composition that can injure a person in the lowest stage of any disease.

Having administered his medicines in almost all diseases to which the human family are subjected, he never, in a single instance, found them to produce any injurious effects, but, on the contrary, they have been attended with the most complete success.

N. B.—As the Fever and Ague is very prevalent at this season of the year, he can confidently recommend his

**VEGETABLE BITTERS**

as a CERTAIN CURE, and invites all who may be afflicted with this dreadful disease to make trial of them.

The attention of Masters and Owners of Vessels is called to this medicine; it will be found of great benefit among their crews, and a sure preventative of many of the diseases to which the mariner is subject during long and tempestuous voyages.

**LOUIS GOULEY,**  
No. 214 Baltimore street,  
near the Centre Market,  
between Harrison and Frederick streets,  
Nov. 25.

## Office of the Star & Banner:

Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court House.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year. II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GAILLARD



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens I'd with care."

## TO WHAT SHALL WE BUILD?

"It is a good thing for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us here make three Tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."  
[MATTHEW, XVII. 4.]

Thou wilt, let us build to be here; if thou wilt, let us here make three Tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Literary Souvenir for 1840.

### THE CANAL BOAT.

BY WM. K. SCOTTS.

Reader! are you a traveller?

I do not allude to a few hours transit between the chief cities of the northern States, in a well appointed steamboat or a cushion seated, stove-warmed railroad car, with sufficiency of opportunity afforded for obtaining regular meals. I speak of travelling, not of pleasure jaunts or business trips.

Have you ever crossed the Atlantic in a short-handed, ill-founded, crazy brigantine? have you descended the Mississippi in a broad-horn, or ascended the Ottawa in a bateau manned by Canadian voyageurs?—have you encountered an "axe-eye" off the Cape of Good Hope? have you traversed the Pampas of La Plata, or battled with a sand spout on the banks of the Ucayale? have you ever topped Mount Blanc, or the Cordilleras, or the Himalaya mountains? have you wintered in an Esquimaux hut, or summered in a Florida swamp? have you been bug-bitten in a London inn, flea-bitten at a Parisian hotel, mosquito bitten at Algiers, or chigo-bitten in Patagonia? have you felt the breaking-up of the moosons in the Indian ocean, in the lungs-compressing khamsen of the Persian gulf, the withering harmattan in the interior of Africa, or the hot simoon on the borders of Arabia? have you ever journeyed over a corduroy road in a Kalamazoo stage coach? and, to give the climax, have you ever travelled in a packet-boat on the New York or Pennsylvania canals?

You indignantly repel the insinuation! I am aware that such a means of progress is now voted slow and low, but before the general use of steam, the canal boat was a choice infliction upon wayfarers. I have journeyed many a weary mile in the long coffin-shaped floats, and as they are almost among the things that were, I shall record my experiences for the benefit of the next generation.

Let us imagine ourselves on board a crack boat on either canal; a machine from eight to ten feet in width, and between sixty and seventy feet in length. You can almost stand upright in the cabin, which extends about four fifths of the length of the boat. Settees or cushioned seats run round the sides of the cabin, and a liquor bar, a kitchen, and the sleeping apartments of the captain and mate occupy the sternmost portion of the remaining space. The extra hand, or spare drive, sleeps in the kitchen with the mate cook. A portion of the forward part of the boat is divided off by a curtain, and is supposed, in courtesy, to be the ladies' cabin.

The bridges across the whole lines of the canals are built with the most exact regard to the minimum height of the decks of the boats passing underneath. The close-fitted proceeding compels the passengers who are brave enough to walk the deck, or cabin roof, to bob down one half their persons whenever the helmsman calls "bridge."—This is an amusement of considerable interest, varied occasionally by the absolute necessity of dumping your whole carcass flat upon the deck wherever a democratic farmer has built his *pons asinorum* a foot or two lower than the usual standard, as if resolved to abridge the pride of the stiff-necked.

The captain of the canal-boat is generally a down-easter, and, like other captains, occasionally accommodating, but most frequently very surly. He has an immense idea of his own authority, and loves to show his power over the passengers and the drivers, although he is "bail-fell well met" with the locksmen and storekeepers by the canal side. I have seen a captain mad with rage because an unfortunate *homo* sat down at the dinner table before the bell had been rung, or his mightiness had taken his seat.

The drivers, helmsmen, and boat hands are an amphibious race, delighting in pea-jackets, surlines, and strong cigars. The cooks, like all other floating blacking cuisiniers, are universally the ugliest specimens of niggerosity extant. I never saw one, on ocean, river, or canal, who was not as frightful as a half-shaved and bilious baboon—and in all canal craft the cunning of the simeous tribe must be exerted to be able to cook a dinner in the smallest space devoted to the culinary arrangements. I have seen one hundred persons fed, aboard a canal boat, wherein the whole cuisine was not much bigger than one of the boilers in a hotel kitchen, and yet we were provided with the necessary joints of meat, exceedingly well cooked, with the customary vegetables and attendant tart.

The uniform and easy motion of the canal boat generally sends one half of the passengers to sleep within a few minutes of the removal of the dinner-chock. The ladies retire behind the curtain dividing their cabin from the gentlemen's room, and the male nappers steal forty winks upon the side seats or cushions on the locker's tops, despite the printed injunctions to the contrary which hang upon the cabin's side. Some few begin to read, but eventually drop to sleep over their books, and nod in mandarin solemnity from opposite sides, or "lean their cheeks upon their hands," and dose deceitfully till awakened by their own deep snore. Dullness reigns supreme—occasionally disturbed by the smokers on the cabin top, who are prevented from sleeping by the nips of their naughtiness the mosquitoes, and the necessity of noticing the constant recurrence of the bridge nuisance with the unavoidable bending and bobbing of the body. The supper table cleared, the chequer board is in requisition, and a crowd hangs

## over the adversaries, and partakes of the interest of the game. Occasionally, a wandering gambler exhibits a pack of cards, and proposes a harmless game at poker, or a cut-in at loo. This nuisance is rather scarce aboard the canal boats, and appears only when the gamblers are actual passengers—the sporting fraternity never resort to such places in pursuit of their prey, although such practices are habitual aboard the Western steamboats.

"How are we all to find sleeping room aboard this little boat?" I agreed with the speaker, a young man of inexperienced manner, and regarded the proceedings of the captain and his attendant nigger with some attention, while they fixed the berths and arranged the order and location of the speakers. The first name upon the way-bill has the choice of beds—if a strip of canvass, scarcely six feet long, and barely two feet wide, with a mattress half an inch thick, and one coverlet deserves the name of a bed. The locker seat forms the lower berth; lines are suspended from the cabin ceiling, attached to hooks that seem hardly strong enough to hold a bird cage; to these cords are affixed two rows of berths, hooked on to its inner side to some pegs in the cabin wall or partition, about eighteen inches apart from each other. Three persons are thus compelled to lie on shelves within the attitude of four feet, for no boat exceeds six feet in height, and the locker or cabin seat is at least a foot and a half from the ground, and the upper passenger must have six inches between his nose and the roof of the boat. The calculation is beyond the usual average of space.

I have seen upwards of one hundred human beings compelled to pig together in one of these canal boats when the accommodations provided were but for forty persons. Mattresses were spread upon tables and stools; and coverlets and blankets, placed upon the floor, received the willing incumbents.

A decent man feels disgust at the idea of being compelled to sleep in a low, close cabin, with a triple corporecular row suspended on each side, and the floor strewn with snoozers—all of them, in the midst of the dog days, breathing the same air over and over again. But, while travelling, you feel jaded, fatigued, and imagine that you must sleep. With considerable difficulty, you get into your berth—an action more perplexing than pleasing, particularly if you are compelled to a middle or garret station. Your fellow voyagers begin to snore around you; and just as you are coaxing your scores into a dreamy sort of quiescence, your undermost neighbor turns in his bed, and in bending his knee hits you a tremendous plug in the small of your back. It is no use to quarrel, the man could not help it.

You endeavor to turn yourself round, and see if sleep will take the other side of the question; it is an impossible act; the weight of the gentlemen in the top story has brought his sacking within an inch of your nose. A friend berthed opposite, complains of the want of sleep—you extend your arms, and with the utmost ease shake hands with him across the cabin. The man a head of you, but on the same level, scratches the top of your head with the tip of his toe. What can you do? You have no resource but the revenge of the nigger coachman, who, in a clash of carriages, was told by his mistress that the end of the pole of the following carriage had been driven through the back of her coach: "Nebor mind, missee," was the answer, "I shud do end ob our pole right fro de back of de carriage afore us, and dat, you know, make us eben." In the same way, you receive a kick from your predecessor, and in the agony of the time you transmit it to posterity—that is, to those who came after you.

Every canal boat carries its own colony of mosquitoes. In general, you see nothing of them in the day time, but in the morning you invariably find six or seven bumps on your forehead that would puzzle a phrenologist, with an occasional lump on the end of your proboscis, and a sore place just under your eye. The Montezuma Swamp, on the Erie canal, thirty-odd miles from Syracuse, has a choice breed of these pretty vamps; they are fierce and ravenous in an unparalleled degree, and visit the various packet boats with an untiring assiduity and never-failing appetite, "wondrous to behold." The Kentucky sit, about witnessing the gallinippers sit on a pine stump by the road side, waiting for the mail, and sharpening their teeth with a brickbat, in readiness for the attack on the passengers, is no longer apocryphal. I heard a packet boat captain assert that he once saw a cloud of the real swamp-bird out-and-outers absolutely carry off a child, three years of age, from the roof of his boat, across the canal into the recesses of the Montezuma. Some two hours elapsed before the exact place where she had alighted, could be found; but, when the spot was ascertained, the dear little abducted was discovered, picked to a perfect skeleton! Several of the passengers were so hardened as to dispute the evident truth of this story, and laughed heartily at the credulity of those who confessed their belief; in the course of the night the mosquitoes avenged themselves upon the scoffers; and in the morning every syllable of the captain's narrative was avouched to be most gospel-like and true.

Well, you scratch off the mosquitoes, and hiding your head in your only sheet, again essay to sleep. The boat bumps through the lock, and the water rushes in at the broken pane or half closed window. The morpheine quality is again predominant; you sleep despite excessive thirst and heat.—You dream that you are a roll of dry goods on a shelf; or that you are walking on the deck of the boat, and, hearing the ominous

## call of "bridge," you attempt to throw yourself flat upon the deck, but in reality, pitching off your perch, you dump your carcass on the stomach of some sleeper on the floor. If you have any luck, you get into a fight—if not, you get into your berth, and again essay to rest. The man in the layer above you snores. Gods! what a blast! You dig your head into your six by twelve straw pillow, and try to force oblivion—but the infernal aspiration comes in at your star-board ear like a huge corkscrew, and seems to extract your brain. You forget the amenities of life, and again borrow the philosophy of the nigger coachman—bending your knee, you give the snoring incumbent a *polthunge* in the small ribs—he wakes and snores no more!

There is an infinite variety in the different drapings of the nasal organ; they perform a perfect scale, from the roaring of the bull of Bashan to the notings of the grass-hopper's chirp. Listen! One gentleman draws out his diatone in a long crescendo, terminating abruptly at the height of his nasality. Another, at long intervals, gives a loud and vigorous yark, like the short, quick bark of an enraged whelp.—That gurgling sound, speaking of liquor, is the voice of a proboscis with mulberry caruncles. Do you not hear a still, small snore, that comes from that long thin man opposite? How it sneaks into the world, as if ashamed of its exstasy! It is dying gradually away, like the death-rattle of a pulmonary flea. Other snouts emulate the snort of a pig—the spirit of a high pressure steam-pipe—the gentle purrings of an ancient tabby. How that stout gentleman snores! His nasal blast possesses a rumbling sound, like the rolling of the pebbles in the wheels of the retiring tide. The valance of the window curtain feels its powers, and waves to and fro in the current of the agitated air! He has aroused himself from his sleep by the violence of his own snore. Hark! "he swears a prayer or two—and then he snores again."

Shakespeare causes one of the monarchs of England to inquire why sleep forsakes the perfumed chambers of the great, to lie in smoky cribs, and rest upon uneasy pallets. The smokiest cabin of the poorest bog-burner in Ireland is a seventh heaven in comparison with the stony and stinking cabin of a crowded canal boat. The last time that I travelled by the slow certainty of the "fast line," I selected my six feet of slung sleep as close to the floor as possible; and, as nearly one hundred passengers were to pass the night in the floating nuisance, I considered myself fortunate in obtaining a resting place when the berths were apportioned. I consumed several of the dull hours of early night in burning my tobacco on deck—in fact, it was near midnight before I entered the cabin, intending to turn in—but a single sniff of the odor of that apartment compelled me to turn out, and I had some difficulty in restraining the contents of my stomach from following my example. It was impossible to respire the thick and fatid breathings of a century of snorers. I returned to the deck, and unbuttoning my cloak from the top of my trunk, I "camped out," on the deck-boards, between a row of boxes, and by covering myself well up, with a carpet bag for my pillow, slept pretty comfortably till day-break, notwithstanding a few flying visits from the marsh gallinippers, and the heavy dews of a summer's night.

AN INVENTION.—Mr