

For the British American.

At night when the peasant stretches his weary limbs on his homely pallet, and his slumbers unbroken, save by the freaks and whims of his fancy, which then usurps the office of reason, and, as Shakespeare remarks, makes wild work.

Sleep is a general leveller, like the grave, confounds all society, and places the beggar on a par with the prince, and often strikes a balance in favor of the former. When under the influence of sleep, the mind is unfettered by the little puny worthless things of the world that occupy the minds of men, and almost makes one weary of one self and species. It is at least at times at rest, and at other times at large to roam and range amidst the ever varying fields of delight from clime to clime and pole to pole.

A few nights since, methought I had cheated the winter with all its trying inconveniences, by having quietly sat myself down at Constantinople, admiring the Turkish costume, the beautiful Turkish women, and turbaned cavalier, contrasting their trappings and finery with my Malpeque homespun, gave me no very great conceit of myself, or the place I came from. Curiosity methought procured me many admirers, but it was that species of admiration that brought with it no great deal of respect. I was banded about from one society to another, but appeared one of those heterogeneous characters that savor of nothing but my own country, and as Malpeque was never heard of by the Turks, I was something like the Yorkshireman in London, they could make nothing of me, egg or bird, and their remarks always ended in these words, namely:—What the Devil brought me to Constantinople, an idea natural enough, it constantly occurred to myself. Fond as I am of diversity, the impertinence of the Turks put me completely out of countenance, and I wished myself back at Prince-Town, if it were only to get a fresh stock of Brass; for thought I, much as we may be in want of the precious metals, I will match my own place yet for that commodity, with any place in Christendom. Weary and fatigued with my rambles, I was, I thought, a solitary being, who stood alone as it were, without one kindred spirit with whom I could commune. I had wandered to a retired part of the City, when I observed a beautiful garden, with several alcoves that invited the weary to recline, it was methought an earthly paradise, the ear was regaled by the most melodious music of birds. In the centre stood a fountain of pure water, the aqueduct of which propelled the cooling elements through the medium of several spouting nozzles, that diffused their showers in all directions within a circumscribed spot,

and ultimately terminating in a grand marble reservoir. This with the feathered choristers and an endless profusion of exotics and flowers of all kinds peculiar to that fine climate, with trees and shrubs, bearing a great variety of fruit, made the whole scene an Elysium.

Charmed with the scenery around me, I threw myself down in the shade, when a pleasing tranquility began soon to steal over my senses, and was shortly and suddenly surprised by hearing the following few lines of a stanza, in the well known voice of the Genni of Prince-Town.

My son forbear
Where wouldst thou roam,
So full of care,
Haste hie the home.

He immediately sprang forward to embrace me and assure me of his protection. Dark night soon began to spread his mantle o'er the famous city of Constantinople, and many of its inhabitants were retiring to their respective homes, when my guide finding his time for the following scene, commanded me to follow him; this was to me no unpleasant task, for all places were indifferent to one indebted to chance for the smallest accommodation. I continued methought, to proceed in the footsteps of the Genni through a variety of streets, lanes and alleys, till at length we were fairly rid of the splendid city of the Turks. Continuing our route for some two hours, we came at length to the side of an extensive sheet of water, which inconsistent as was the notion, I almost could have persuaded myself was that noble stream called the Barrasevoir; but memory assisting me, methought told me it was impossible that we could have traversed so many thousand miles in so short a time. I was about to demand the name, when the former taciturnity of my guide seemed to return, so that I had no other clue than the use of my senses, which shortly shewed me plain enough not to be mistaken, it was indeed the forementioned river with every object visible that I was so often in the habit of seeing, and at a distance in dismal perspective stood the half finished foolish Bridge stauding as a memento and curse to the district—and defacing the fairest of nature's works, the charming River and tributary twins. A ferryman methought was in waiting to conduct us across the river, it was a fine moonlight night, and I soon recognised my old friend Jack, as merry and as talkative as ever, notwithstanding he was on the eve of losing his birth as ferryman, which he and his father had enjoyed for fifty years. On our approach he struck up the blithesome tune of Meggy Larder, his usual stave, when in good humour.

Turkish scenery must still have retained its influence on my mind, for Jack me-

thought wore the Turkish habit, and his manly brow was adorned with a white Turban. Poor fellow thought I, thou hadst indeed more reason to turn Turk than myself, for it was but the other day that some of our dignitaries made a proposition to appropriate his land (that is the fertile lots) to help to build the new Bridge: thus the poor man was not only to lose his place, but his farm by these philanthropic schemes. Having crossed the river and taken a friendly leave of Jack, we proceeded in a direct course for the future capital; on our arrival we were methought, received by two large folding doors into a hall or amphitheatre, the same that the ancient philosopher was want to hold forth as was described in my second dream, that some of my readers may perhaps remember. The hand of time appeared to have produced a great revolution, that venerable place that had been the seat of philosophical research, was now it should appear, be appropriated to vile and despicable purposes. The apartment was gloomy in the extreme, there was just light enough to distinguish faintly what presented. A lamp was thought was suspended from the roof by an iron chain that emitted so faint a light as gave a sort of horror to the place. The old oval table that furnished the apartment was surrounded by several persons, whom my guide, (who became suddenly communicative,) informed me were the would-be-leading men of Malpeque. A profound silence prevailed in the assembly, they sat motionless like statues, and what would at another time have appeared very singular, they all wore the Turkish habit, but coming so recently from among the Turks I was less surprised, the costume had become familiar.

It was lucky that my guide had informed me who they were, or from their statue-like appearance I should certainly have imagined the Genni had designed to have treated me with another exhibition of war work. I awaited methought with patience, not wishing to obtrude my remarks, having by this time become pretty well acquainted with the character of my guide. He had brought me here for information, and he shortly commanded me to be a silent observer of all I saw, intimating, that by his power he had rendered both of us invisible, so that we could hear and learn all the machinations of this learned divan. At first I could see the persons but very indistinctly, but after some time my vision methought became so far accustomed to the darkness, visible that I saw plain enough some of my hypocritical friends, one of whom it seemed was presient of the Malpeque divan. I endeavoured methought to survey the various physiognomy of the bery, in doing so, it had well nigh proved fatal to my visibility, taking a glance sideways I discovered my uncle—