

—he! After repeated enquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual exclamation.

'I've just been thinking,' said he, 'suppose—He, he, he!—suppose it was to come to pass that I should be hanged—he, he, he! God forbid; by the way; but suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled!—my face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms pointing another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose, pursuing the train of thought, I were to be publicly whipped—how I could superintend operations! And how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or—to the mane? In short, what is to be come of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society!'

'You are only to walk circumspectly,' said M—, 'and as for back-biters—hem.'

'That's odd—very—but impertinent,' replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humour.

'Come, come, N—, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things,' said I.

'The dark side of things?' he enquired—'I think it is the back-side of things I am compelled to look at!'

'Look forward to better days,' said I.

'Look forward, again! What nonsense!' he replied interrupting me; 'impossible! How can I look forward? My life will henceforth be spent in wretched retrospectives!' and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occasion during the conversation to use his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind as usual, and was a little confused to find that the usual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion, but I was mistaken.

'Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things—but practice—practice, you know!' It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchets he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

'Well now! What do you think of that?' said I, triumphantly.

'Ah—ah!' said he, after a puzzled pause, 'but you little know the effort it cost me!'

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar fooleries springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of the whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N—. Electricity was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called which had taken possession of him. Let the reader fancy, then, N—'s sitting room, about seven o'clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles:—the awful electrifying machine duly disposed for action; Mr S— of Hospital, Dr —, and myself, all standing around it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Nambo busily engaged in laying bare his master's neck, N— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded assuring him that it was essential to suc-

cess; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its apposition to a wrong place! The real reason will be seen presently: the great manoeuvre could not have been purchased only on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what I was about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N—. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked, lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master, we commenced operations. S— worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—crackling—till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N—'s neck; Dr — using the conductor. N—, on receiving a tolerable smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he pretested that he felt 'something loosened' about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden exorcising wrench towards the left shoulder, S— striking him at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N—! 'Thank God!' we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

'I—i—s it all over?' stammered N— faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the threefold remedy we had adopted.

'Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore!' said I.

'O. remove the bandage—remove it! Let my own eyesight behold it!—Bring me a glass!'

'As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr N—,'

'What, eh—a second pudding, eh?'

'No, merely a broad band of dyachlym plaster, to prevent—hem—the contraction of the skin,' said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

'Oh, my God, how delightful!' he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantel-piece. 'Ecstasy! All really right again!'

'—My dear N—, do not, I beg, do not work your neck in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the—the parts,' said I—

'Oh, it's so, is it? Then I'd better get into bed at once, I think, and you'll call in the morning.'

'I did, and found him in bed. 'Well, how does all go on this morning?' I enquired.

'Pretty well—midding,' he replied, with some embarrassment of manner. 'Do you know, Doctor, I've been thinking about it all night long—and I strongly suspect'—His serious air alarmed me, I began to fear that he had discovered the trick. 'I strongly suspect, hem, hem'—he continued.

'What?' I enquired, rather sheepishly.

'Why, that it was my brains only that were turned—and—that—that—that most ridiculous piece of business'—

'Why, to be sure, Mr. N—' \* \* \* and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavored to forget that ever he dreamed that HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

#### CONDITION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The owners of the line of packets between Providence and Philadelphia, lately wrote a letter to the Hon. Richard Rush, informing him that they had given his name to one of their packets. In his reply, he discusses the Restrictive System, at considerable length; then touches upon European politics; and after stating that he believes "a general war in Europe to be at hand," proceeded as follows:

"May we, from our distance, and under our equal and happy institutions, keep out of the strife. Candour must admit, that the present administration of our government, as far as the public know, have pursued a conciliating course towards the other na-

tions. But a course of friendly and aconciliatory policy on our part, is not always a safeguard against trouble. Should Great Britain get into war, she would wage it with more effect than she ever waged it before. Notwithstanding the occasional depression in some parts of her industry, and distress in some parts of her population, whether from heavy taxation, the growing rivalries to her manufactures in other countries, or her abridged currency from a return to specie, or from a deficient supply in the precious metals, or from whatever other cause arising, which her own statesmen never can settle, we must not suppose that she has been losing ground. Her resources on the contrary, in defiance of all real or imaginary diminutions, have undergone since 1815 in the aggregate, a vast increase. Her exports, her imports, and her revenue, would be the decisive tests of this assertion, particularly her revenue from excise, which is little short of thirty millions sterling a year, showing a prodigious increase in her power of consumption and payment within. This amount of her excise at present is the more remarkable, as parts of this branch of her revenue system have been repealed since the last war. Her population has been increasing faster than it has ever done. Her towns, even London, enormous as they seemed before have grown in size, some of them, as London itself, almost beyond belief, whilst new ones have risen up; and, where scarce fifteen years ago you saw, in the country, heaths, and commons, wild and sterile, and the abode of robbers, you may now turn your eyes upon fields, and gardens, and manufactories, and schools. The quantity of her grain of all kinds, raised and sold at home, has increased greatly with the increasing amount of her manufactures. The whole momentum of her physical and moral power, in short, will be found to have advanced in a ratio, marking for the most part, the progress of new, rather than old countries.

Her armies and fleets, partaking of the general advancement, will go forth in greater numbers, and under more formidable equipments of all kinds, than heretofore. Her debt will not restrain her for a moment from war, after her interest, her ambition or pride, begins to urge her on. It is even less than it was in Queen Ann's time, in proportion to her wealth and income. The heresy of defending such a debt would be one thing. To look at it in connection with her augmented means of revenue and aggression, and free from misconception under these views, is another. If her expenditure be excessive, beyond all example in modern times, so is her power of replenishment. Of the latter, her credit is the consequence, and the proof. On this subject I once heard a grave senator of Great Britain say what may be here worth repeating. I heard him, and it is not more than six years gone by, thank his God, that his country, having borne the property tax once, could bear it again, which yielding as it did, fifteen millions sterling a year, would be good, he said, for the interest of at least Three Hundred Millions more, that might be borrowed, in addition to their present debt of eight hundred millions; and this, without adverting to other and new sources of supply. Her government could borrow from her own subjects more money in a few hours, than all the governments in Europe could borrow from their subjects in the lapse of months, probably years. Even the loans made in other parts of Europe, would be under the assistance of British capital directly or remotely afforded, as they have been, more or less, for twenty years past, else they would be small loans in comparison with hers.—*Salutary Gazette.*

PERGAMUS—The approach to this ancient and decayed city was as impressive as it might well be. After crossing the Cærcus, I saw, looking over three vast tumuli or sepulchral barrows, similar to those of the plains of Troy, the Turkish city of Pergamum, with its tall minarets and taller cypresses, situated on the lower acclivities and at the foot of the Acropolis, whose bold gray brow was crowned by the rugged walls of a barbarous castle, the usurper of the site of a magnificent Greek temple. But, on coming still nearer, the lofty, massy walls of early christian churches offered themselves to my eye, frowning in their ruin; and, after having made my ingress into the once splendid city of Pergamum, the capital of a flourishing kingdom, through a street flanked by hovels and occupied in the midst by a pool of mud, I rode under the stupendous walls of these degraded edifices with silent awe. I would not take upon myself to determine that either of these ruins belonged to the primitive Christian temple; indeed, from their magnificent dimensions, the style and durability of the architecture, and other circumstances, I should rather conclude that they arose several centuries after the immediate