new undertaking? When will the South awake from its present scientific lethargy, and vindicate its justly high claims, as a people of superior intelligence and attainments? If this crisis is ever to come, it has now arrived when the South must throw off all dependence upon other sections of the Union, and at once commence vigorously building up the reputation of its own scientific institutions. We have the materials of success, in an abundant degree, and, with a fair competition, success must crown our efforts. Let the facilities of our institutions be presented fairly to the candid consideration of the public, and, no doubt, they will soon overflow with students. Let there be an energetic, patriotic, and combined action among the South ern physicians, to encourage the Medical schools within their own territory, by calmly setting forth their just claims to patronage, and immediately it would be perceived that they could not only sustain themselves, but speedily surpass similar establishments on the other side of the Potomac.

Richmond enjoys rare facilities in anatomical and clinical instructions. Subjects for dissection are most abundant, and every aid is given the student by the Professor of Anatomy, and a competent demonstrator. There are six clinical lectures delivered each week—four in the College Infirmary, and two at the City Alms-house. These clinics consist not only of instructions at the bed-side of the sick, but, also, of a great number of minor and major surgical operations for the removal of disease. To those who expect to practise medicine in a Southern climate, these clinical lectures must be invaluable; for, it is in the South alone, that those diseases, incident to its peculiar climate and population, can be correctly studied. This truth can be denied by no one. How much can be learned in Philadelphia, or New York, about the diseases, and the treatment of the peculiar types of the diseases of our negroes? Absolutely nothing.

Board is cheaper in Richmond than in any other city of the same size in the Union, notwithstanding the contrary has been so often asserted; for it can be procured, in respectable families, for from three dollars to five dollars per week, including fuel, lights, &c.

The foregoing remarks have been made by one, who is himself a graduate of another Medical school—but he has had an opportunity of comparing that in Richmond with others—and strict justice requires him to say, he believes students of medicine cannot do better than to remain in their native State to acquire their profession—at any rate, that they cannot learn more elsewhere.

A PHYSICIAN.

COMMUNICATED.

Powhatan Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

The first exhibition and fair of this Society will be held at Powhatan Court House, on Friday, the 14th day of the present month, (October,) at which time the following premiums will be awarded:

For the best arranged and cultivated farm,	$10 00
" " " field of corn,	7 00
" " " lot of corn, not less than 5 acres,	5 00
" " " crop of beets, not less than ½ acre,	3 00
" " " crop of potatoes, do. do.	3 00
" " " crop of turnips, do. do.	3 00
" " " lot of tobacco, do. 6 acres,	7 00
" " " do. do. do. 3 do.	4 00

Committee to award the foregoing premiums.—Messrs. Wm. Old, Philip St. George Cocke, James M. Harris, Dr. Alex. C. Johnson, and Chastain Cocke.

For the best brood mare for farming purposes,	$6 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best two year old colt,	5 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best yoke of oxen,	5 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best bull,	6 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best boar,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best sow,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best pair of pigs,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best ram,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best ewe,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00

Committee to award the foregoing premiums.—Messrs Philip St. George Cocke, George Harding, Edward C. Mosby, and Charles Selden.

For the best drum for threshing machine,	$5 00
" " " straw cutter,	5 00
" " " two-horse plough,	4 00
" " " specimen of woollen cloth, not less than 7 yards,	4 00
" " second best, not less than 7 yards,	2 00
" " best specimen of butter, not less than 5 lbs.	2 00
" " neatest and most substantial counterpane,	5 00
" " second best,	3 00

Committee to award the foregoing premiums.—Messrs. Thomas L. Hobson, Hillary Harris, Dr. John B Harvie, Alex. S. Owen, and John B. Tinsley.

For the best carpet, not less than 10 yards,	$5 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best mattrass,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best comfort,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00
" " best bed quilt,	5 00
" " second best,	3 00
" " best pair of cotton or woollen stockings,	2 00
" " second best,	1 00
" " best hearth rug,	4 00
" " second best,	2 00

Committee to award the foregoing premiums—Messrs. Samuel P. Hawes, Dr. Geo. N. Tinsley, Joseph Smith, George W. Williams, and Thos. C. Miller.

For the best specimen of fruit,	$2 00
" " second best,	1 00
" " best specimen of dried fruit,	2 00
" " second best,	1 00
" " best specimen of preserves, not less than one gallon,	4 00
" " second best ditto,	2 00
" " most tasteful collection of flowers and plants,	4 00
" " best specimen of worsted work, intended as coverings for chairs, ottomans, hearth rugs, &c,	5 00
" " second best,	3 00

Committee to award the foregoing premiums—Messrs. Jno. B. Tinsley, Dr. David McCaw, Joseph W. Royall, Charles S. Trueheart, and Thomas Page.

The following gentlemen compose the Committee of Arrangement, to wit:—Messrs. Geo. M. Harding, Philip St Geo. Cocke, Samuel P. Hawes, Dr. George W Tinsley, and Edward C. Mosby, who respectfully invite the manufacturers of agricultural implements to exhibit specimens of their work.

Previous to the Exhibition, the annual meeting of the Society will take place. The President will take the Chair at 10 o'clock, A. M.

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

Guinney's Depot, Caroline co., Oct. 4, 1842

Like one who has long been struggling amid thick briars, damp morasses, and dreary wastes, and at last bursts suddenly into a beautiful country, rich in its harvest glory, and bearing upon every shrub, and tree, and stream, touches of the beautiful and the bright, are the feelings with which I now sit down to write, compared with those by which I was influenced one short week ago.

"A change" has indeed "come o'er the spirit of my dream," and my hand even now trembles with the excitement that agitates and thrills my bosom.

I no longer fear the "jests of fools," the ridicule of the flippant, or the sneer of the would-be representatives of wisdom. What I *know* that I testify unto; and the dread of the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" shall not deter me from communicating what I know to be facts in relation to the subject of Mesmerism, to both friend and foe; albeit, the former may call me fool, the latter, knave.

No individual has, perhaps, ridiculed the science of mesmeric influences more than myself, and in the tender mercies of my ignorance I have, in my mind, very summarily consigned the believer in its mysteries, to the stocks and the straight jacket. No man has relished with a greater zest, the jests which have been cracked at the expense of the "great humbugged," in the rich scene said to have taken place at the MARSHALL HOUSE in Richmond, and no man now is more ready to exclaim, in reference to my past ignorance, with Dogberry, "Oh! that I were written down an *Ass*," than myself.

It is true, Sir, I cannot expect, nor do I calculate to make many, if any, converts to Mesmerism. If such names as Judge M., Professor T., and James S. French, have no charm in a Virginia community, how can "a name to fortune and to fame unknown," have the temerity to believe that his assertion, even though ushered before the public under the solemn sanctions of AN OATH, can with some have any weight?

Entering the list, then, with the classical baptismals of knave, madman, charlatan and fool, bestowed most liberally upon me; yet, determining to wear those "blushing honors" with due meekness, I sit down to a detail of facts as startling as any that the wildest visionary could ever dream of; and yet strange, improbable, and inexplicable as they may seem, they are as TRUE as that "God sitteth on his throne, and ruleth all things well."

I believe in them as firmly as I do in my religious or my political creed—the first is contained in the Apostle's creed, the latter in the doctrines of Henry Clay, and the great Whig party of the United States. And now for the facts:

I have been staying with my family in Caroline for some weeks, but, having business in Richmond, I left this county on Tuesday, arriving in Richmond about five o'clock, P. M., and, after resting, walked over to Manchester, and spent the night with a friend. I came over the next morning to Richmond, and spent most of the day in my brother's office, in Richmond. I spent the next day also in the same place. The subject of Mesmerism was introduced, and I remarked, that, if I believed it at all, it was only upon testimony, for I never had seen any experiments made, and paradoxical as the idea might be, I could not believe it until I saw it. Mr. B. Slade of Richmond showed me for my amusement how the passes were made. Nothing more was said on the subject then, and on leaving the next morning for Caroline, I borrowed a copy of Townshend, with which to pass away the time in the car.—I read the introductory epistle and the first book or chapter, was pleased with the style, but (as you know) could find out nothing about Mesmerism, as far as I had read, and arriving at Chesterfield Depot, in Caroline, having a professional engagement there, I got out and laid my book aside until I should have a leisure hour.

Finding the lady whom I called specially to see not prepared for me, I borrowed a horse from Mr. Burruss, at the Depot, and having long promised myself the pleasure of paying a visit to the family of the Rev. Francis W. Scott, I rode over to the residence of that gentleman. When I arrived, Mr. Scott was not at home, and after spending about an hour with Mrs. S, I bade her adieu, was about leaving. In passing through the yard, I stopped a few minutes in Mr. S's office to see Mr. James Chapman, a member of Mr. S.'s household, and a practitioner at the Caroline Bar. We conversed about Mesmerism. Mr. C. was violent in his denunciations against it, and said he would hardly credit it if he saw it. I proposed, more for amusement than any thing else, that he should let me *try* to mesmerise him! He agreed. I then concluded I would remain to dinner—and having had the horse stabled, took Mr. C. up stairs over his office and commenced. In ten or fifteen minutes he was nearly asleep—could not keep his eyes open, seemed very drowsy—and I feeling cramped and tired, aroused him. He contended that it was a natural sleep—and as I did not know whether it was or not, I could not decide.

We went into dinner when the bell rang, and, after dining, I had the horse brought out, and was getting ready to start, when Mr. Scott arrived. We sat chatting a few minutes, on general subjects, when his little niece, an interesting child, about eight years of age, his daughter and lady came in. Mr. S. left me with them. His little child, about three years old, came in, and having heard her father speaking of the mesmeric passes, and showing how they were said to be made, commenced playing with her mother, imitating the passes. I remarked, that it was possible that a person might be mesmerized. Miss W. S., (a young lady, about 18 years of age,) called her little cousin to her, saying, "Patty, let me mesmerize *you*"—The little thing got up, laughing, and sat opposite her cousin—both commenced looking into the eyes of the other, but bursting into immoderate fits of laughter. I remarked, that I believed I could control my countenance better than Miss W. S., and asked little Patty to sit opposite me. She agreed, blushing and laughing. I placed her in the chair, took her hands in mine, and gazed steadily and deliberately into her eyes. She met my gaze with a laugh, but I continued looking, with unwinking eye, upon her. By degrees, her gaze became more steady; she tried in vain to withdraw it; but she was in the situation of Coleridge's unwilling wedding guest. I "held" her with my "glittering eye," and "would not let her go." She commenced winking violently. Mrs. S. approached at a nod from me, and seeing her wink her eyes so, remarked, that child won't sleep; she winks too much. I said nothing, but continued my gaze steadily, and feeling at the same time, that the phenomenon of mesmeric sleep-waking was about to take place—In about two minutes more she was asleep. I gently laid her head on the back of the chair, and commenced the passes. (I would remark that I had made several passes as soon as she appeared to be drowsy.) I made about twenty. Mrs. S. asked, Patty, are you asleep?"—No answer. Mrs. S., elevating her voice, "Patty, Patty, are you asleep?"—No answer. In a low tone of voice, I said "Patty," she replied distinctly, "Sir!" "Are you asleep, Patty?" "Yes, sir," she promptly answered.

Mr. Scott now came in the room, and I, wild with delight, and trembling like an aspen leaf, with the full tide of almost delirious joy that was thrilling my whole system, faltered out to him my triumph, and pointed to the effects of my spell.

At this moment, a lady handed me a piece of pickle. It was handed cautiously, and as soon as I carried it to my mouth, and commenced noiselessly chewing, she commenced chewing also. I asked her, "Patty," what have I in my mouth, she replied, "pickle."

Mr. Chapman was called in, and still believing it was a humbug, came behind me and put a chew of tobacco in my hand, I put it in my mouth, without knowing what it was.—As soon as I commenced chewing, a tremor seemed to seize her, her countenance became pale, and she manifested strong symptoms of nausea. I asked her, "Patty, what have I in my mouth?"—She replied, "I don't know, but it is very bad."

I then asked her, "Patty, have you any objections to being blindfolded?" "No, Sir." "May Mr. Chapman blindfold you?" "Yes, Sir." She was then blindfolded. I remarked to her, after seeing that the bandage was securely placed over her eyes—

"Patty, would you willingly tell a falsehood?" She answered, with some emphasis, "*No, Sir.*" "Well, Patty, would you deceive your aunt and your uncle if you could?" "No, Sir." "Will you tell me the truth, Patty?" "Yes, Sir." "Patty, are you asleep?"—"Yes, Sir."

You will perceive that my last questions were propounded with a view of intimidating her if she was deceiving. Although I could not believe that a child eight years of age, reared in a praying and a pious family could deliberately lie, yet I wished not to be by any possibility deceived myself on a subject of such thrilling interest.

A tumbler with wine was passed cautiously to me—I had no sooner passed it to my lips than she began tasting it with me. (I was under the impression that it was French brandy when I tasted it.) I asked, "What am I drinking, Patty?" She replied "wine." "No," said I, "it is brandy."—"You are mistaken, Sir," said Mrs. Scott, "it *is* wine!"

There were now in the room five persons beside the mesmerizer and mesmerizee. Water was handed to me She tasted with me, making swallow for swallow, with the regularity of clock work, and the following took place:

What am I doing, Patty? "Drinking." What am I drinking? "Water." Vinegar was silently substituted—she drew up her face, smacked her lips, and said "Vinegar."

I was skeptical no more, nor was an individual in the room. I determined to try the sense of touch. A piece of stalactite was put in my hand from behind, as I passed my hand to take it, lo! her hand was passed behind her too. I took the substance and felt it, discovering that she seemed to be feeling something also.—I remarked, "Patty I hold in my hand something—What is it?" "Don't know." "Is it hard or soft?"—"Hard." "Rough or smooth?" "Rough."

Dr. Scott, a neighbor and relative of Mr. Scott's, came in. *I shook hands with him*—holding Patty's right hand in my left. He spoke to her, and she answered him—although she had refused to answer any other person, save myself! I asked her, "Patty, do you wish to walk?" She replied, "yes." I made a feint, as though I were about to rise—she did so too. I half arose—she followed the action. I suddenly drew myself erect, and, quick as thought, she drew herself up.—I then commenced walking about the room—she mimicking every action, with an unity of precision that astonished everybody. Dr. Scott was surprized.—While I was walking about, we approached a corner of the room. Some person put noiselessly into my hand a small piece of bacon. As soon as I put it in my mouth, she commenced tasting, and said, "meat." I asked her "what kind?" She replied, "bacon." It would occupy too much time to give you all that happened on this occasion. Suffice it, that Mr. Chapman, who was a sceptic before, declared, laughing, that if he were not a member of the church, he would fight any man that denied mesmerism.

Dr. Scott told me he would like for his friend, Dr Morris, to witness the phenomena of sleep-waking, and proposed to me to mezmerise Patty the next day, at 4 o'clock—although I wished to leave, in order to be with my family, staying about 18 miles above—I determined to remain, and told Dr. Scott to bring Dr. Morris, although I would promise nothing. I was but a novice, knew nothing in fact about the science, but what had been elicited that evening.

I now roused little Patty, by dispelling the fluid.—She roused up, and seemed confused and surprised at seeing so many around her. With my promise in view to Dr. S., it may be presumed I passed a restless night; but, determining that the charge of collusion should not be made, as soon as I breakfasted I mounted horse and rode down to the Chesterfield Depot, where I remained until it was time to return to dinner. I rode back to dinner, and found on my arrival an addition to the family group of four ladies, all strangers to me.—About four o'clock Dr. Scott arrived, bringing Dr. Morris with him, (both gentlemen are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, and gentlemen of education.)

Now was my time of trial, and I prayed it might be my hour of triumph.

I had the room cleared of all the company except Drs. Scott and Morris, Mr. Chapman and Miss E. S. Patty and I now sat down to our "feast of reason and flow of soul." In about thirty-five minutes she seemed to "slumber like an unweaned child." I determined to "throw on the fluid," and to put her in as deep a sleep as I could do, compatible with safety, not knowing the consequences that might ensue if I "piled it on too thick," as Mr. Slick would perhaps say.

I nodded to Dr. Morris that the "potent spell" was prevailing, and requested him to try and rouse her by calling her—but Patty heeded him not. I called her; she answered me immediately. I then told Dr. S. to call the company in, and then I commenced. I asked her if she was willing to be blindfolded and she replied "yes."

I then had her blindfolded, giving the individual directions not to touch her while applying the bandage.

I then requested Mrs. S. to take down her answers, as I determined to have them published, if the results of my experiments were favorable. My object in having them published was to gratify no personal vanity.—If the simple appearance of my name in the public prints had been my object, then had my ambition been long since satiated; for indulging as I have, in my past life the "cacoethes scribendi," I have been fool enough to write for no less than about thirty prints in these U. States. But my object was, if successful, to give to the world assurance that James S. French was no charlatan, no impostor, no itinerating lecturer, governed by mercenary motives, and sacrificing his upright character, and his proverbial nobleness of soul, at the shrine of the almighty dollar. I knew him to be a gentleman, and, having tested the truth once, if I should achieve what I desired, the world should have the benefit of my efforts; and if it did not help to remove the odium from his shoulders, I would at least share it with him (Mr. F. may be surprised to see this, but it is even so.) Galileo, Columbus, Harvey, had jeers and scoffs for their pains, and inquisitorial tribunals to pronounce upon some of their cases, and it is now to me no matter of surprise that they did. But, amid such oppositions, the enquirer after the unwritten mysteries should remember that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are her's;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

But I digress. Mrs. S. commenced taking down the answers to my questions—but partaking of the enthusiasm and the wonder of the company, she omitted very many questions and the answers. Suffice it to say, the child was asked by me at least *two hundred questions*, to which she gave correct answers with the exception of about four or five; and to the questions that were thus missed, if the answers were philosophically analysed, they would have proved *correct*. Upon the whole, those present, in number about 16 persons, and several of them gentlemen of scientific acquirements, remarked that they believed it was the most brilliant mesmeric exhibition ever made in America. I now give a few of the very many things that transpired.

1st Experiment. *Sour* grapes were handed me; I tasted them. She said "pickle," then "grapes." 2d. I tasted wine. She tasted also, and said "wine." 3d. I tasted sugar: it was called *pickle*, and I verily believed it was pickle they were handing me, and tasted it. It was, if I may use the expression, a very tasteless piece of white sugar—the taste of the grapes and the wine was still in my mouth. She answered "*pickle*." 4th. I waited a while, the sugar was handed to me again. (It must be observed she always tasted with me, and swallowed when I did.)

Q. "What have I in my mouth? Ans. "Sugar."

5. A pine burr was placed in my hand, as soon as I felt it, she commenced moving her fingers about.

Q. "I have something in my hand, is it round or oval?" Ans. "Oval." "Rough or smooth?" Ans. "Rough."

6. I then drank water, and said, "Patty, what was I doing?" She replied, "drinking water."

7. Dr. Scott spoke to her. I *willed* that she should speak to him, but no one else but myself. She answered him immediately, but would pay no attention to any other person. Here follows a memorandum from Mrs. Scott made at the time. As the experiments were many, I will omit numbering them:

"Dr. McCabe asked her 'if she wished to walk?'—She said, 'yes.' He got up—she did the same. He sat down again—she did also, and so on, several times. He then walked all around the room, and she after him, following every turn and gesture." (Be it observed, her eyes were closely bandaged all this time.)—"Whenever he moved his hands, she did so, too, swallowing whenever he did so," &c., &c.

I now proposed to her to return and sit down. When I reached the chair, I made several feints at sitting down, but Patty was not to be fooled—she made the same feints, and, at last, when I sat down, very suddenly, down dropt Patty, with the quickness of a flash.

At this moment, vinegar was handed me—I tasted it. Patty made a wry face, and said, "vinegar."

Her hair was pulled violently, but she heeded it not—mine was also pulled—but she said, in answer to my question, that nothing hurt her.

Tobacco was handed me: I took it, placed it in my mouth. As soon as I commenced chewing it, she became very restless, and uneasy—and, in answer to the question, said she had something in her mouth that was very bad, and made her sick.

I now smelt wine—she commenced respiring, at the same time. I passed it to my mouth—she tasted with me, and said, "wine," on being asked what it was.

Here follows another portion of Mrs. S.'s memoranda:

"Dr McCabe crossed his fingers—she did also. He then laid one hand on the other—she did so, too—*indeed, followed every* movement. He took a key, and asked her 'what it was?' She said, she 'did not know.' He asked, 'if it was metal or wood?' She said, 'metal.' He asked, 'was it a key or a knife?' She said, 'key.' He took a half dollar, and asked her 'what it was?' She replied, 'a half dollar.' He took an apple, and asked her 'whether the article he held in his hand was round or square?' and she said, 'round.' 'What color?' She replied, 'red,' &c., &c.

I then asked her "what it was?" and she said, "apple."

I then took an acorn, and asked her to describe it. She said, "round, hard, about an half inch long, and that it was an acorn."

Her aunt Emily stood behind her chair. I remarked, "Patty, is there any one near you?" "Yes, Sir." "Male or female?"—"Female." "Who is it?" She replied, "*cousin Louisa.*" (Her cousin Louisa was, however, just behind my chair.) "How is the person standing?" At the same moment, I gradually placed my arms akimbo—she drew her arms up immediately, and replied, "so." I could, in fact, make no accidental movement, that I was not reminded of it by the mesmerizee.

But read farther, good sceptic, and then prescribe my punishment. I took a book, and asked her "what I had in my hand?" Answer—"Book." "What is it called?" "Don't know." I then remarked, "Patty, I am reading the title of the book—read with me." This I pronounced with some slight accent of displeasure. She read with me "THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND!"—It was, indeed, what I had just read to myself.

I next took a watch, and asked her, what it was. She replied, "a watch." I asked her the time. She said, "*half after five.*" It was near six; but the place where the figure VI. should be, was covered by the circle containing the seconds. So that a child, not accustomed to looking at a watch, might very readily make *such* a mistake, looking actually at the figures. I grinned several times, showing my teeth, from bicuspid to bicuspid, eight in number. She did the same. I took white sugar in my mouth. She said "white sugar."—I drank wine again. She said, "water," and then tasting, as if not very sure, replied, "wine."

I took a white handkerchief. She said "white handkerchief." I took another book containing several wood cuts; I turned to one of the cuts and remarked, "Patty what have I in my hand?" "Book." "What part of it am I looking at?" "Picture." "Well, Patty, I am indeed looking at a picture, but I am looking at a particular part of that picture, an object on the picture—look good and tell me what it is?" She replied immediately, "a *horse!*" It was a plate representing a battle scene. The most prominent figure on it was a *war horse* and his rider! And at that horse I was looking intently at the time! I now asked her the name of the book, reading at the same time the title. She replied, "History of the United States."

I took a candle. Ques. "What have I here?" A. "Candle." Q. "Is it Sperm or Tallow?" A. "Tallow." It was tallow, although Mrs. S. had both kinds in the house.

Snuffers were handed me. Q. "What have I in my hand?" A. "Snuffers."

Dr. Morris or Dr. Scott, I remember not which, gave me a lancet. I remarked, "Patty, feel good now I am now feeling it." I then felt the handle and then the blade. She replied, "a lancet."

A two dollar note was rolled up and passed into my hand from behind. I felt it, and asked her what it was. She replied, "piece of paper." I then said, "look good—what part of it am I looking at?" She replied, "the figure 2." It was even so. Q. "What is it?" A. "A two dollar note."

A gold watch key was placed in my hand, and I felt only the top, (there was a stone set in it.) She said it was a "*button.*" I felt it all over, and she said, "watch key."

I took the snuffer's tray. Q. "What have I?" A. "snuffer's tray." I ate bacon again. She did so too, pronouncing it "bacon." I spit. She did so. I knelt several times—sometimes on one knee, sometimes on both—and she invariably followed every motion, with the most most wonderful unity of action.

Mrs. S. C. S. handed me a small comb, and as soon as I felt it, she said "comb." But, Sir, it is useless to repeat all that she did. She was as perfectly mine both to "be and to do, and to suffer," as though she had become part and parcel with myself. And strange and mawkish as it may seem to the sneering fool, I loved that child with a love so pure, so holy, that I would have submitted to have been hacked and hewed to pieces, before one hair should have been wantonly plucked from her brow. For three hours, lacking, I think about seven minutes, she was as perfectly under my control and direction as the needle to the pole.

All expressed themselves satisfied, and with a few counterpasses I awoke my little charge, and sent her to her supper.

Drs. Morris and Scott, the Rev. Francis W. Scott, and Mr. Chapman, are all ready and willing to testify to what I have written. Their post office is Ruther Glen, Caroline County, Va. I court investigation and invite scrutiny.

This, Sir, is the first Chapter of Facts in the matter. Now for the second. After supper Mr. Samuel C. S., a member of the Caroline Bar, and cousin of the Rev F. W. S, came in, and I regretted that he had not been present on the occasion. Drs. Morris and Scott returned home after supper.

Willing to gratify Mr. S. C. S., though very much fatigued, I consented to *try* and mesmerize the housemaid, a yellow girl, about fifteen years of age. Although I did not promise myself success, I commenced. In about a half hour she was mesmerized. Her sense of taste was very bad, those of seeing and feeling, exquisite. Nothing that I felt but she felt it; nothing I saw that she did not see; nothing I did that she did not perform, except in knowing what I was tasting; for, although she moved her lips and swallowed when I did, she could discern nothing by its taste. After taking her through every imaginable experiment, I brought her from her mesmeric slumber with the greatest difficulty. So powerfully did the unity of fluid seem to prevail, that her hands while I was dismesmerizing her flew up after mine in a manner that startled me. She was, however, restored, and the company, as well as myself, astonished at the phenomena exhibited. She was, during the exhibition, asked by myself at least one hundred and fifty to two hundred questions, and answered them all correctly, except as to taste. She was blindfolded all the time with *two* handkerchiefs.—It was, if any thing, upon the whole, a more splendid exhibition of the mesmeric communication than the other. Taking all things into consideration, I am induced to believe that the mesmeric power in myself is very largely developed. *Nous Verrons!*

I have now, Sir, submitted plain facts. Some may, some *must* believe me. Others will sneer, and "the brainless wits and baptized infidels" will spend their harmless jests at my expense.

There are some physicians in Richmond, who may, or may not, be skeptical. I now only remember four, with whom my pledge of truth, in this case, will be received as *sacred*. Those gentlemen are, Doctor James Beale, Doctor Dove, Sr., Doctor E. H. Carmichael, and Doctor F. B. Watkins. They will *understand* my assurance, and they will believe me *upon a faith*, that they *know* I dare not pledge to a falsehood. As I did not receive it in a spirit of falsehood, neither can I so impart it. Do they *now* credit my statement? I think they do.

I am now suffering with my eyes, in consequence of my efforts of Friday and Saturday—they are, however, much better than on yesterday, and as soon as they get well, I shall again resume my investigations.

You will excuse the length of this article, and believe me, Sir, with great respect,

Your very ob't serv't,
JOHN C. McCABE.

Caroline County, Oct. 4, 1842.

This day personally appeared before me Dr. John C. McCabe, who made oath that the above communication contained nothing but the truth to the best of his knowledge and belief. Given under my hand the day and year above written. WM. S. ROYSTON, J. P.

(*From the Petersburg Statesman, Oct. 7.*)

MESMERISM.

The reader will probably remember that some allusion was lately made in this paper, to certain novel and astonishing phenomena in Mesmerism, that have been developed in some recent experiments in Petersburg. We also threw out some promise of presenting details of those experiments. Those details have not as yet been communicated to us. It will readily occur to the reader, that there is a good deal of difficulty in undertaking to describe phenomena so new and so stupendous, and furthermore, that it is not always agreeable, even to relate facts so much controverted as those of Mesmerism. In the mean time, however, on Tuesday evening last at the Bolingbrook Hotel, Mr. French delivered another lecture on Animal Magnetism, and assisted by several amateur Mesmerizers, exhibited a series of experiments, the most brilliant and astonishing. The large room where the experiments were performed, was crowded with spectators, who evinced a very high, and at times, intense interest in the phenomena developed.

Mr. French's lecture was a satisfactory vindication of the science of Mesmerism—well delivered.

There were seven subjects mesmerized in the course of the evening, and at one time we believe, all were in that state together. First an apprentice attached to this office, aged about 15. He had been magnetized only three or four times, and those within a few days previous. Next, three sisters all of the same age (shall we call them three twins?) operatives we believe in one of our factories. The three are aged about thirteen, sweet interesting girls, and said to be very much alike, of whom Mr. French related, on the authority of their father, the extraordinary fact, that neither one of them was ever sick without the other two being so likewise. These three sisters were conducted to a platform and seated, as was the apprentice alluded to, on chairs next the wall and facing the spectators.

The room being crowded and the atmosphere close, a good deal of interruption occurred, but the mesmerization nevertheless proceeded successfully. The youth was mesmerized by Mr. French, one of the sisters by Mr. G., of New Orleans, the next by Mr. N., and the third by Mr. H. of this place. The four were all thrown into the sleep-waking condition in a moderate time. Of the sisters, the one magnetized by Mr. H. evinced the magnetic attraction in the hands and arms in the most extraordinary and beautiful manner: she continually moving her arms in attraction towards his, reaching up as he elevated his, until at times she fairly leapt from the platform upward towards his arms. This phenomenon alone seemed to us enough to convince any candid mind of the truth of Mesmerism. And what made it the more remarkable in this particular instance was, that, as was stated at the time, Mr. H. had never before even seen the girl he magnetized.

The spectacle of these three sisters, simultaneously thrown into the sleep waking state, was exceedingly striking. The youth mentioned was left simply sleeping in the chair, and was made to exhibit no other phenomenon except the paralytic rigidity of the arm. The next subject introduce was a Mr. ———, lately from North Carolina, aged about 25. He, it is stated, had been sick of a bilious fever, and desired to be magnetized, with a hope that it might promote his recovery.—He was magnetized, according to his own wish, in a private room of the hotel, by Mr H. of Petersburg. This subject was introduced mesmerized, and seated in a chair in front of the platform.

Here Mr. French being put "*en rapport*" with him, proceeded to display certainly the most astounding phenomena that we ever beheld. We allude to the Phreno Magnetic phenomena. On Mr. F. touching the organ of tune, this mesmerizee sang in low, solemn tones; on touching mirth, he laughed heartily; on touching imitativeness, he grunted exactly like a pig, and barked for all the world like a dog; on touching self-esteem, he assumed an erect attitude, and self-important air; on touching veneration, he fell back into a posture of humility; on touching combativeness, he showed fight; on touching benevolence, however, he was put at once into a good humor. In part of these experiments, Mr. F., was assisted by Mr. H., who appeared to have a great control over the subject. It was observable, also, that this subject displayed much irritability when the phrenological organs were touched, and persuasion was found necessary to secure his acquiescence.

We have heard it objected to those experiments, by one or two, that the organs were named before the phenomena were exhibited. It so happens, however, as we believe that such was not generally the fact—on the contrary, in numerous instances, to say the least, the organ was not named until the phenomenon had been developed. These phenomena which we are describing imperfectly from memory, may seem, as the Domine would say pro-di-gi-ous; nay, to some incredible. For their truth, however, we have the evidence of our senses, and the concurrent testimony of a large number of intelligent spectators then present.

Perhaps the reader will here think that we have now reached the acme of the wonderful, in the experiments which we are inadequately describing. But if any thing within the compass of wonders can surpass the phenomena in the case of Mr. ———, of North Carolina, it was presented in the case of a little negro boy named Daniel, the property Mr. Pace of this town, apparently aged about 12. The remarkable Mesmerian idiosyncracy in this case seems to be, that all the boy's faculties seem merged in that of smell. In a word, Daniel is, by Magnetism, made to imitate the action of a dog. He appears to judge of objects almost exclusively by the smell—he snuffs like a dog, fetches lik a dog, and barks like a dog. In fact, the phenomena exhibited by this little negro are such as we can hardly expect any one to believe on hear say. Several of the Phreno-Magnetic phenomena are also remarkably manifested in his case. Daniel was first magnetised by Mr A. of this town, who possesses a wonderful Mesmeric influence over him. This evinced in attraction of the hands, counterpart imitations of gesture, &c. By the sense of smell he distinguished Mr. A.'s hat in the crowd, and carried it to him in his mouth. Wherever Mr. A. moved the boy eagerly followed, evidently guided by the olfactories. One of his arms was made rigid, and so remained for some time. A variety of curious and astonishing experiments were made with this boy, and we are informed, on good authority, that he displays in private several other remarkable phenomena.

[We understand, that among the phenomena of smell was, the mixing of a parcel of half dollars, one of them, handled and marked by the mesmeriser. The boy selected that *one* from the others.—*Enquirer*.]

Altogether, the experiments of the evening were admirable, and the spectators were apparently highly entertained. Among those present, we observed the Hon George B. Cary, and the Hon. Bailie Peyton, of New Orleans, both of whom seemed to be particularly gratified on the occasion.

Mesmerism opens a wide field of interesting inquiry, in physiology, psychology and the philosophy of mind. The phenomena are curious, grand, and infinitely diversified.

Great credit is due to Mr. French for his persevering investigation of this extraordinary science. During the last twelve months, in this place, he has proceeded, in spite of that ridicule and incredulity which are the fate of every new truth in this world discovered. Several amateurs have already acquired from him the Mesmeric art, and the number convinced of its reality is large and increasing. The mists of ignorance and prejudice must give way to the beams of truth.

The amateur Mesmerizers, who assisted Mr. French on Tuesday evening, are known here as citizens of such a character as affords ample guaranty that they could not be accessary to any collusion or deception practised upon the public.

Our neighbor, Monroe Nash, informs us that he has lately heard from a subject he mesmerized not long since in Sussex, named Hardaway, who had been in bad health, for a long time. His relations now report, that his health has been wonderfully restored since he was subjected to the magnetic influence.

THE ABDUCTION LETTER.

"*A bald, naked imposture, to be reprobated and condemned by* EVERYBODY."—Alexandria Gazette.

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

When the Richmond Whig, a short time since, *insinuated* that the Abduction Letter was all a hoax, the Boston Courier, a candid and able *Whig* paper, held the following language upon the subject:

"Is this a denial of the plot? Or is it a mere trick to lead the public to *infer*, that the letter of John H. Pleasants was nothing more than a harmless attempt to impose on the Editor of the Enquirer? Take either supposition, and the Whig will reap but little honor for patriotism, or credit for wit. If Mr. Pleasants wrote the letter making an apparently authentic statement of a plot to carry off the President of the U. S, solely with a view to trifle with the intellect of his cotemporary, Mr. Ritchie, and the Whig published it to be a hoax, no degree of contempt can be too heavy to lay upon the heads of such shameless blackguards. But Mr. Pleasants has not yet pronounced the letter a fiction, or given any intimation that *the plot* was not a *genuine* plot. The paragraph quoted above from the Whig, does not pronounce the letter a *hoax*. If Mr. Pleasants, and the Editor of the Whig, have any regard for truth, honor or decency, they will not attempt to pass the matter off with such a disgusting grin as the Whig has here exhibited."

This, let it be borne in mind, is the language of a *Whig* Editor, and, consequently, it cannot be said, he was swayed in his opinions by party prejudice, unless it be in favor of his own side of the house. The language must have been prompted solely by his detestation of what he sincerely deemed a "shameless, black guard" transaction, although practised by individuals of his own party. "Is it a denial of the plot? or, is it a mere trick?" "Take either supposition, (says the Courier,) and the Whig will reap but little honor for patriotism, or credit for wit." And, here, the Courier but expressed the present sentiments of the people of Richmond. I have mixed much in the public walks—conversed, freely, with some of the most intelligent Whigs—taken pains to gather public sentiment, and, I have yet to meet with the first man of any party who considers the plot transaction, from beginning to end, any thing but a "foolish, silly, and contemptible" affair—excepting the Editor of the Whig, and a few obscure echoes and cronies of his, who think it was a grand political manœuvre, worthy of all admiration. These *great* minds, one and all, have mounted the dunghill, and are crowing lustily over the brilliant achievement, which their Editor has taken so much pains to accomplish, at the expense of "*truth*, decency," &c. But they, (not exceeding a half dozen, all told,) have all the sport to themselves. They are, by universal consent, left to enjoy a monopoly of the "grins," on this occasion. But these *dignified*, *manly*, and *funny* gentlemen, will soon discover, if they have not already found it out, that if they, (the Editor of the Whig, and Mr. Pleasants,) have, as the Courier remarks, any regard for truth, honor, or decency, they will not attempt to pass this matter off with a disgusting grin." What must the Whig party of Virginia think of this *high minded* conduct, on the part of their organ? Will they ever agree with their Editor, that the plot-trick is worthy of all praise, that it is the best mode to promote their cause? Never! as is manifest from the spirit already exhibited by their friends in this city. All, with the few exceptions before made, have set their faces against the silly procedure, and some have exhibited their displeasure in a more *touching* manner. They can no longer cling to an organ which has so little prudence—in whose statements they can no longer have any reliance, and which can have no weight of character, so long as its Editor delights in and wastes his time with foolery. They are asking themselves, "What good can result to our party by such hoaxes?" Can such nonsensical schemes be instrumental in winning over Democrats to the Whig cause? Are they calculated to impress that party with the *purity* and *morality* of the Whigs? Or, will not the effect be, as some of our friends say, to disgust every body who has "any regard for truth, honor, or decency?" The Whig, and his party, it must be admitted, by all, have been the sole sufferers by the abduction game. No ev