

No. th CAROLINA GAZETTE.

With the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

All Persons may be supplied with this PAPER, at *Four Shillings*, Proclamation Money, a Quarter, by JAMES DAVIS, at the Printing Office in *Newbern*; where all Manner of Printing Work, and Book-Binding, is done reasonably. ADVERTISEMENTS of a moderate Length, are inserted for *Three Shillings* the first Week, and *Two Shillings* for every Week after.

The following Account of a remarkable Sleeper, is translated from a French Book of great Authority; and as the Translator has made Use of some philosophical Reasonings, which seem to be strong in his Favour, in accounting for that surprising Phenomenon, we therefore give it a Place in our Paper, for the Consideration of our Sceptical Readers.

SLEEP is the most melancholy and humbling State of Man in Health; it has Bounds that Nature has the Art of prolonging often by Habit or Constitution. Among Animals, the Do mouse and Marmotte sleep six Months in the Year, without awaking. A Sleeper of this Sort is a rare Example, the History of which has seemed to be worthy of the Enquiry of a Philosopher that is a curious Observer.

A Man about 45 Years of Age, of a dry and robust Constitution, whose Name was *Taly*, who drove the *Rouen* Coach, and was a Carpenter by Trade, fell into the Disorder I am speaking of, by the following Accident. He had quarrel'd with a Carpenter for whom he had work'd, they were parted just as they were going to fight, and each went his own Way. A little while after, our sick Person hear'd that his Adversary had fallen from a Building, and was kill'd. This fatal News seized him with such Force, that he threw himself with his Face upon the Ground, and his Spirits and Senses failing, he grew drowsy insensible.

The 26th of *April* 1713, he was carried to *la Charite*, where he remained till the 27th of *August* of the same Year, that is four Months. The first two Months he gave no Sign of voluntary Motion or Sensation, his Eyes were shut Day and Night, he often moved his Eye-lids, his Respiration was always free and easy, his Pulse was small and low, but equal; if you put one of his Arms in any Situation, it remained there, (a Disease that is called a *Catalipfy*;) but it was not the same with the rest of his Body; they made him swallow some Spoonfuls of Wine to support him, and this was his only Nourishment during this Time; he therefore became lean, dry, and emaciated, a very different State from that he was in before.

M. *Buretta*, under whose Hands he was at first, made use of the most powerful Assistances of Art, Bleeding in the Arm, the Foot, the Neck, Emetics, Purgatives, Blisters, Leaches, and Volatiles; and this without being able to procure any other Relief to him, than that of talking very sensibly to his Family and the Clergy for an entire Day, after which he fell again into his sleeping. The two last Months of his Stay at *la Charite* he by Intervals gave some Marks of Sensation, sometimes pressing his Wife's Hand, and at other Times by melancholy Complaining; but this would happen when they had been several Days without purging him. From this Time he ceased to do all under him, being careful to turn himself to the Edge of the Bed, where a waxed Cloth was put on Purpose, and not do any Thing till he found himself there, and then he did his Occasions, and returned to his Place; he began also to take Broths, Pottage, and other Sustainance, keeping still his first Inclinations, a great Thirst for Wine.

He never made any Signs that he wanted any Thing. At the Times appointed for his Meals, they touch'd his Lips with their Fingers; at this Signal he opened his Mouth without opening his Eyes, and swallowed what was given him; he then lay still, expecting patiently a second Notice. They shaved him regularly, but he was all the Time like a Corpse

set right up. If he was taken up after Dinner, they found him in his Chair with his Eyes shut in the same Posture they had left him. A Week before he went out of *la Charite*, they threw him naked into cold Water to surprize him. This Remedy surpriz'd him effectually, he opened his Eyes, look'd stedfastly, but did not speak at all. In this Condition his Wife carried him Home, where he is at present; they gave him no Medicine, he speaks sensibly enough, and mends every Day.

Here is a Stumbling-block for a philosophical Reasoner; being always impatient to get the Mastery of Nature in her most hidden Designs, he sees, admires, and searches, and yet discovers nothing. I shall venture however to propose, as Conjectures, some Reflections that I have made upon so singular a History. That I may represent them in Order, I shall first examine how Grief may produce this Kind of Sleep; in the second Place, I explain the different Alterations which have happen'd to it; in the last Place, I seek, for Examples that may have some Relation to it.

In the first Proposition two Things are to be considered upon what sleep depends, and the Manner in which Grief acts. There are many Causes that produce Sleep in general; in the Brain, Obstruction in the Glands, Compression, or Relaxation; from hence commonly proceed Apoplexies and Lethergies: In the Blood, impoverishing of the Spirits, and from hence proceeds the indispensable Necessity for Men to sleep, to repair their Spirits too much incumbered by the gross Parts; and hence proceeds the Disposition always near to the sleeping Diseases. Such was the state of our Patient before he fell. A Carpenter by Profession, and a Sot by Inclination; Qualities which commonly furnish thick Blood, the active Principles of which are hard to be disengaged; Reason proves it, and Experience confirms it every Day.

This being supposed, it remains to examine the Manner in which Grief acts. Grief is a Disease of the Mind, one of the most terrible and most fatal; Rage, Despair, Fear, Revenge, and Melancholy, are its usual Effects. What Disorders do not Passions of this Nature produce in the Machine! Some precipitate the Motions of the Spirits without Order, whence Phrensies arise, and an infinite Number of acute Diseases; others retard the Course of it, and therefore produce hypochondriacal Affections, and the greatest Part of cronical Diseases. The Grief of our Sleeper is of the last Sort; at the News of his Enemy being killed, he is seized with Terror, and fills himself with melancholy Ideas; Fear and Sadness retain his Spirits in the Brain; his Blood naturally thick, and deprived, if I may use the Expression, of the Primum Mobile, thickens more and more; its Parts draw closer, hang together, and entangle the Spirits; Hours of Rest are no longer sufficient; six Months are requisite to separate a Corpse from its Image. In this Respect I am like the Marmotte; being

This Animal, heavy by its dull, abounds with Fat; during its Winter Sleep, it takes no Nourishment in its six Months; it disengage themselves insensibly from the Circulation of the Blood, and serves: At the End of this I shall give you some Help; the six Months that it is in this State, it exhausts but little, its Blood becomes again. Perhaps from the

Qua-
ting
Work, and Book-Binding, is done reasonably. ADVERTISEMENTS of a moderate Length, are inserted for Three Shillings the first Week, and Two Shillings for every Week after.
the following Account of a remarkable Sleeper, is translated from a French Book of great Authority; and as the Translator has made Use of some philosophical Reasonings, which seem to be strong in his Favour, in accounting for that surprising Phenomenon, we therefore give it a Place in our Paper, for the Consideration of our Sceptical Readers.
SLEEP is the most melancholy and humbling State of Man in Health; it has Bounds that Nature has the Art of prolonging often by Habit or Constitution. Among Animals, the Do mouse and Marmotte sleep six Months in the Year, without awaking. A Sleeper of this Sort is a rare Example, the History of which has seemed to be worthy of the Enquiry of a Philosopher that is a curious Observer.
A Man about 45 Years of Age, of a dry and robust Constitution, whose Name was Taly, who drove the Rouen Coach, and was a Carpenter by Trade, fell into the Disorder I am speaking of, by the following Accident. He had quarrel'd with a Carpenter for whom he had work'd, they were parted just as they were going to fight, and each went his own Way. A little while after, our sick Person hear'd that his Adversary had fallen from a Building, and was kill'd. This fatal News seized him with such Force, that he threw himself with his Face upon the Ground, and his Spirits and Senses failing, he grew drowsy insensible.
The 26th of April 1713, he was carried to la Charite, where he remained till the 27th of August of the same Year, that is four Months. The first two Months he gave no Sign of voluntary Motion or Sensation, his Eyes were shut Day and Night, he often moved his Eye-lids, his Respiration was always free and easy, his Pulse was small and low, but equal; if you put one of his Arms in any Situation, it remained there, (a Disease that is called a Catalipfy,) but it was not the same with the rest of his Body; they made him swallow some Spoonfuls of Wine to support him, and this was his only Nourishment during this Time; he therefore became lean, dry, and emaciated, a very different State from that he was in before.
M. Buretta, under whose Hands he was at first, made use of the most powerful Assistances of Art, Bleeding in the Arm, the Foot, the Neck, Emetics, Purgatives, Blisters, Leaches, and Volatiles; and this without being able to procure any other Relief to him, than that of talking very sensibly to his Family and the Clergy for an entire Day, after which he fell again into his sleeping. The two last Months of his Stay at la Charite he by Intervals gave some Marks of Sensation, sometimes pressing his Wife's Hand, and at other Times by melancholy Complaining; but this would happen when they had been several Days without purging him. From this Time he ceased to do all under him, being careful to turn himself to the Edge of the Bed, where a waxed Cloth was put on Purpose, and not do any Thing till he found himself there, and then he did his Occasions, and returned to his Place; he began also to take Broths, Pottage, and other Sustainance, keeping still his first Inclinations, a great Thirst for Wine.
He never made any Signs that he wanted any Thing. At the Times appointed for his Meals, they touch'd his Lips with their Fingers; at this Signal he opened his Mouth without opening his Eyes, and swallowed what was given him; he then lay still, expecting patiently a second Notice. They shaved him regularly, but he was all the Time like a Corpse
set right up. If he was taken up after Dinner, they found him in his Chair with his Eyes shut in the same Posture they had left him. A Week before he went out of la Charite, they threw him naked into cold Water to surprize him. This Remedy surpriz'd him effectually, he opened his Eyes, look'd stedfastly, but did not speak at all. In this Condition his Wife carried him Home, where he is at present; they gave him no Medicine, he speaks sensibly enough, and mends every Day.
Here is a Stumbling-block for a philosophical Reasoner; being always impatient to get the Mastery of Nature in her most hidden Designs, he sees, admires, and searches, and yet discovers nothing. I shall venture however to propose, as Conjectures, some Reflections that I have made upon so singular a History. That I may represent them in Order, I shall first examine how Grief may produce this Kind of Sleep; in the second Place, I explain the different Alterations which have happen'd to it; in the last Place, I seek, for Examples that may have some Relation to it.
In the first Proposition two Things are to be considered upon what sleep depends, and the Manner in which Grief acts. There are many Causes that produce Sleep in general; in the Brain, Obstruction in the Glands, Compression, or Relaxation; from hence commonly proceed Apoplexies and Lethergies: In the Blood, impoverishing of the Spirits, and from hence proceeds the indispensable Necessity for Men to sleep, to repair their Spirits too much incumbered by the gross Parts; and hence proceeds the Disposition always near to the sleeping Diseases. Such was the state of our Patient before he fell. A Carpenter by Profession, and a Sot by Inclination; Qualities which commonly furnish thick Blood, the active Principles of which are hard to be disengaged; Reason proves it, and Experience confirms it every Day.
This being supposed, it remains to examine the Manner in which Grief acts. Grief is a Disease of the Mind, one of the most terrible and most fatal; Rage, Despair, Fear, Revenge, and Melancholy, are its usual Effects. What Disorders do not Passions of this Nature produce in the Machine! Some precipitate the Motions of the Spirits without Order, whence Phrensies arise, and an infinite Number of acute Diseases; others retard the Course of it, and therefore produce hypochondriacal Affections, and the greatest Part of cronical Diseases. The Grief of our Sleeper is of the last Sort; at the News of his Enemy being killed, he is seized with Terror, and fills himself with melancholy Ideas; Fear and Sadness retain his Spirits in the Brain; his Blood naturally thick, and deprived, if I may use the Expression, of the Primum Mobile, thickens more and more; its Parts draw closer, hang together, and entangle the Spirits; Hours of Rest are no longer sufficient; six Months are requisite to separate a Corpse from its Image. In this Respect I am like the Marmotte; being
This Animal, heavy by its dull, abounds with Fat; during its Winter Sleep, it takes no Nourishment in its six Months; it disengage themselves insensibly from the Circulation of the Blood, and serves: At the End of this I shall give you some Help; the six Months that it is in this State, it exhausts but little, its Blood becomes again. Perhaps from the