

physics, that Bacon and others supposed motion and change of temperature to be one and the same.

The powers by which the corporeal motions are influenced are the same as that influence the motions of every kind of matter, namely, the electric, mechanical, and chemical forces, and the force of gravitation. When rightly considered, the whole of these powers resolve themselves into *attraction and repulsion*. It is by attraction that the fluid matter of the blood first assumes the solid consistence of an organ; again to pass by *repulsion* into the fluidity of secretion. From the earth and to the earth, the matter comprising our bodies comes and goes many times even in the brief space of our mortal existence. In this, the human system resembles a great city, the inhabitants of which, in the course of years, are constantly changing, while the same city, like the body, betrays no other outward appearance of change than what naturally belongs to the *periods* of its rise, progress, maturity, or tendency to decay.

The last and one of the most important of the revolutions of the healthy state, is

SLEEP.

Philosophers of all ages have made this an object of their most anxious study, in relation to death, perhaps being their chief inducement to do so. "Half our days," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we pass in the shadow of the earth, and sleep, the brother of death, extricates a third part of our lives." In the state of perfect sleep, the pupil of the eye will not contract on the approach of light—the skin has no feeling—the ear has no sense of hearing—the taste and smell are not to be roused by any of the ordinary stimuli. What is this (figuratively speaking) but a periodic half death speaking truly, but a periodic palsy or cessation of internal motion of the nerves by which we maintain a consciousness of existence, and perceive our relationship to the world around us? Broken sleep consists either in brief remissions of the whole sleeping state, or in a wakefulness of one or more of the five senses. There are individuals, for example, who always sleep with their eyes open, and who should see you, were you to enter their chamber with the most noiseless tread. These tell you they are always half awake. In the condition of body termed *nightmares*, there is a consciousness of existence with a wakefulness of the nerves of sight or feeling; but with a total inability to influence the voluntary muscles by any effort of the will. The subject of it can neither sleep nor turn himself. The dreamer, portions of whose brain think, and therefore act or move, is partially awake. The *semicombulist* and *sleep-talker*, are dreamers, who, having portions of the brain in a state of action, and others torpid, perform exploits of

deed or word, that bring you in mind of the insane and drunkard, whose powers of judging are defective. A man may be entirely awake with the exception of a single member; and this we still refer to a torpid state of some portion of the brain. Such a man will tell you that his arm or leg is asleep or dead. But, as this is a supposable subject, and may have a soporific influence on some of you. I may as well wake you up with an anecdote of a medical officer of the army once told me of himself: While serving in the East Indies, Dr. C, one night awoke, or I should rather say half awake, sudden, when his hand at the instant came in contact with a cold animal body. His fear magnifying this into a cobra capel, he called out most lustily, "a snake, a snake." But before his drowsy domestic had time to appear, he found he had mistaken his own sleeping arm for this most unwelcome of oriental intruders!

Gentlemen, the human body in health is never asleep throughout, for when *volition* is paralysed—when we are every thing but dead to all that connects us with the external world, the heart still continues to beat, the lungs perform their office, and the other internal organs, over which volition has no control, keep on their usual harmony of motion—in other words the digestion of the food, the circulation of the blood, and the other lesser motions of organic life, proceed as in the waking state.

DISEASE.

Till the hour of sickness comes, how few non-medical persons ever think of a subject which ought to be of interest to all. The same men who discuss with becoming gravity the artificial inflections of a Greek or Latin verb, neglect to inform themselves of the natural laws that govern the motions of their own bodies! No wonder that the world should be so long deep in darkness on medicine and its mode of action, no wonder that even educated persons should still know so little of the proper study of mankind—MAN! In the throes of disease, the early priests, as I have already told you, imagined they detected the workings of demons. The medical theorists, on the contrary, attributed them to morbid ingredients in the blood or bowels. One bowed the knee to an "acrimony" or "putridity;" another acknowledged no cause but a "crudity" or a "humor." The moderns hold the notion that a mysterious process, which they term "inflammation," is the head and front of all offending. How absurd all and each of these doctrines will appear in the sequel! Disease, Gentlemen, is neither a devil to "cast out" an acrimony or crudity to be expelled, nor any fanciful chemical goblin to be chemically neutralized—neither is the state erroneously termed inflammation, so commonly the cause as a coincident part of

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