POETS IN DREAMLAND

WORK DONE OR IMAGINED WHILE WRAPPED IN SLUMBER.

Stories of Sublime Verse That Was Born During Sleep Only to Die In the Waking of the Author—The Gem That Coleridge Lost.

In Sir Mountstuart Duff's "Notes From a Diary" it is related that the late Lord Lytton, when viceroy of India, had repeated to his guests on one occasion a poem which he professed to have composed when asleep:

There are boating and sailing
And fishing for grayling
Where the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee,
But sweeter the places
Where aldermen's braces
Are sold for boot laces in bonnie Dundee.

The diarist ventured to doubt whether the viceroy was not trying to impose on the credulity of his friends, a suspicion which will be shared by most readers.

But, whether these lines were dreamed or not, there can be no doubt that one of the most curious sections of the whole subject of dream work is that which relates to the comparative value of work done or imagined in sleep. No experience is more general than the waking from a particularly vivid dream only to find that in the very process of waking the whole vision, apparently so real and strong for a brief moment, vanishes beyond recall. This dissolving touch of psychical or dream life is like the contact of the air with a long entombed, well preserved human body suddenly exposed to the light of day. While the tomb openers gaze upon the features so strangely preserved from a long past day the touch of the air does its work, and the relic of humanity crumbles to dust.

A strange point about the difficulty in keeping in mental grip of a dream is that, although no detail can be remembered, an impression remains which in cases that have been tested has often turned out to be quite incorrect. It is related by Mickle, the Scottish poet, best known as the translator of the Portuguese epic, the "Lusiad" of Camoens, that he always regretted he could not remember the poetry which he composed in his sleep. It was, he said, so infinitely superior to anything he could produce in his waking hours. One morning on waking he was lamenting, as he had so often done before, that he should be conscious of having composed such sublime poetry and yet be unable to recall a word of it. "What!" said his wife, who happened to be awake. "Were you writing poetry?" "Yes," he replied, "and such poetry that I would give the world to remember it." "Well, then," said she, "I did luckily hear the last lines, and I am sure I remembered them exactly. They were:

"By heaven, I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!"

Mr. Mickle was probably cured of his habit of lamentation.

The late Lewis Carroll noted in his "Diary" that he once heard Tennyson relate that he had often dreamed long passages of poetry and believed them to be good at the time, but could never remember any of them on waking except four lines which he dreamed at ten years old, and these were the moving verses:

May a cock sparrow
Write to a barrow?
I hope you'll excuse
My infantile muse.

This, as the diarist remarks, as an unpublished fragment of the late laureate, "may be thought interesting, but not affording much promise of his after powers." On the same occasion Tennyson told his hearers that he once dreamed an enormously long poem about fairies, which began with very long lines that gradually got shorter and ended with fifty or sixty lines of two syllables each!

On the other hand, poets have occasionally found their dreams of service. Southey in a letter to his brother says: "I forgot my dreams and have no Daniel to help out my recollection, and if by chance I do remember them unless they are instantly written down the impression passes away almost as lightly as the dream itself." But he goes on to say that one or two of his dreams were noted at the time and were afterward incorporated in scenes of his now little read poem, "The Curse of Kehama." And then, of course, there is the familiar story of Coleridge falling asleep one summer afternoon in a quiet farmhouse after reading about the Khan Kublai in Purchas' "Pilgrimes," composing several hundred lines in the course of a three hours' sleep, waking, and at once beginning to write them down, only to be interrupted at the fifty-fourth line by a visitor—that "person from Porlock" whose memory is execrated by all lovers of poetry—with the result that on returning to his desk an hour later the poet found that the rest of his dream verse had faded from his memory. "Kublai Khan" remains a melodious fragment, but if the "person from Porlock" had only lost his way or had come to grief sufficient to cause a delay of an hour or two we might have had a completely beautiful poem.—London Globe.

The Kind Mother Used.

The bride was out marketing for the first time. She had ordered a generous number of eatables, and the next on her list was eggs. "I shall want a dozen," she said.

"Will you have case eggs?" asked the clerk.

"Really, I don't know," answered the girl, wrinkling her pretty forehead. "If I recollect, mother always used hens' eggs."—New York Press.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian Proverb.

CONVERTED HANNA.

Editor Cowles Taught Him a Lesson In Pocket Picking.

Edwin Cowles, long editor of the Cleveland Leader, numbered among his accomplishments that of pocket picking. Of course he picked pockets as an amateur only, but it is doubtful whether there ever was a professional who could play the light fingered game more skillfully than the able editor did occasionally for fun.

It was during the administration of a mayor who had been elected as a protege of M. A. Hanna, who was then starting in Cleveland upon the political career which gave him national prominence, that the Leader began a crusade against vice. Articles were published daily in which it was asserted that the city was full of thieves, gamblers and other crooks, and the mayor was taken severely to task for not having them driven away. Hanna, being the power behind the municipal throne, came in for censure in an indirect way, and, meeting Cowles in the street one day, he expostulated with him concerning the Leader's style of warfare.

"Look here, Cowles," he said, "what's the use of all this racket? You're making a mountain out of a molehill. There are no more crooks in town than there have been right along, and it would be foolish to expect any mayor to drive all the lawbreakers out, no matter how hard he tried or how good his intentions might be."

Cowles insisted that his paper was right, and he expressed the belief that there were then more pickpockets in Cleveland than had ever before infested that city.

"Pickpockets!" snorted Hanna. "I don't believe there's a pickpocket in the town. And, anyway, I have no sympathy for anybody whose pockets are picked. No one but a jay could ever be robbed in that way."

"You don't know," said Cowles, "how skillful some of these light fingered fellows become. It would be possible for one of them to go through your pockets while talking to you as I am now."

Hanna laughed derisively and said any pickpocket that ever got a hand in his clothes without being caught at it was welcome to anything he could extract.

As they were parting Cowles turned to ask what time it was, and Hanna felt for his watch.

It was gone.

"That's strange," he said. "I guess I must have forgotten when I dressed this morning to put it in my pocket."

"Speaking of forgetting things," Cowles answered, "I forgot my wallet when I left home. Could you lend me $10?"

Hanna felt for his money, but found none. He put his hands into one empty pocket after another and was beginning to look sheepish when Cowles handed him back his watch, his money, his keys and a bundle of letters.

"Very well, Cowles," said the future senator; "I'll see what can be done about driving the pickpockets away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A sign of a happy marriage: When a man says his wife spoils him.

Did you ever think how much trouble was caused in this world by blabbing?

It sometimes happens that in getting out of a rut a man finds himself in a hole.

A family row is as bad as a church row, but the limit is reached when they are mixed up.

This is as true as gospel: If you make a visit longer than a couple of days, your left ear will burn after you go home.

One of the great wonders to a man is the number of interruptions a woman can endure while eating a meal without noticing it.

When a crime is committed, suspicion turns quicker to those who once loved the victim than to those who once hated him.—Atchison Globe.

An Interregnum.

When President Hadley succeeded the learned and witty Timothy Dwight as president of Yale university the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred by a heavy fall of rain. It came down suddenly just as a column of people, President Dwight and Professor Hadley at the head, were crossing the campus. Some one handed the couple an umbrella, and Professor Hadley was about to open it when the older man took it from him, saying as he unfolded it:

"Let me carry it, professor. Your reign will began tomorrow."

Kindness.

Do not be afraid of spoiling any one with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very tired. Let not a little coldness frighten you away, for under a frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which is to be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are to the heart as sunshine is to the struggling plant.

Strictly Practical.

"Geology is a wonderful study," remarked the enthusiast.

"I suppose so," answered Sirius Barker, "but it always seemed kind o' tantalizin' to me to be told where coal is and how it come there instead o' being told how to get the price o' it."—Washington Star.

Her Sacrifice.

"Did you ever make a personal sacrifice?" asked the visiting parson.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. De Style. "I once declined to be interviewed by a society reporter."—Chicago News.

ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ

This Dance Was First Performed as a Religious Ceremony.

Of all the millions who waltz, who can tell how this famous dance originated? The story is a curious one. It is wrongly supposed that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century. The waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time it is first mentioned under this name, it was displayed on the village greens. The waltz was first danced in the church and serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages.

The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain extent in Christian rites. It is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isadore, archbishop of Seville, born about A. D. 580, was intrusted by the council of Toledo with the revision of the liturgy as it was then practiced in the Roman church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isadorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time.

This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and it was after that time called the Moorish rite. This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isadore "molte de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which in the ancient sacred dances accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries before Christ. As the religious dance of the middle ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving in its present form. In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of "carole," a word derived from the Latin "caroler."

THE CHAMELEON.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Very Queer Animal.

A most remarkable creature is the chameleon. To all appearances the nervous centers in one lateral half of this animal work independently of those in the other, and it has two lateral centers of perception—sensation and motion—besides the common one in which must reside the faculty of concentration. The eyes move independently of one another and convey separate impressions to their respective centers of perception. The consequence is that when the animal is agitated its movements resemble those of two animals or rather perhaps two halves of animals glued together. Each half wishes to go its own way, and there is no concordance of action.

Therefore the chameleon is the only four legged vertebrate that is unable to swim. It becomes so frightened when dropped into water that all faculty of concentration is lost and the creature tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication. When a chameleon is undisturbed every impulse to motion is referred to the proper tribunal, and the whole organism acts in accordance with its decrees. The eye, for example, that receives the strongest impression propagates it to the common center, which then prevails upon the other eye to follow that impression and direct its gaze toward the same object.

Moreover, the chameleon may be fast asleep on one side and wide awake on the other. Cautiously approached at night with a candle so as not to awaken the whole animal at once, the eye turned toward the light will open, begin to move and the corresponding side to change color. The other side will remain for a longer or shorter time in a torpid, motionless and unchanged state with its eye fast shut.—Chicago News.

Cerberus' Three Heads.

The most famous of dogs is Cerberus, who watches the entrance to Tartarus. He has three heads, but Hercules dragged him to earth and Orpheus put him to sleep with his lyre. The original dog cakes were given to Cerberus by the sibyl who led Æneas through hell. They were made of flour and seasoned with poppies and honey. He must have been an opium fiend, as the celestial drug is made from poppies. A "sop to Cerberus" was one of these cakes given to the monster by Greeks and Romans as a bribe to let them in without molestation.

Reflected Glory.

A critic relates that he was once present in the cottage at Ecclefechan where Carlyle first saw the light, when an enthusiastic pilgrim asked in awestruck tones, "And is this really the room in which Carlyle was born?" and received from the gudewife the answer, "Aye, an' oor Maggie was born here too."

An Excavation.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is an excavation?"

"Why, an excavation, my boy, is a place from which dirt has been taken."

"Well, I suppose my face is an excavation, then?"—Yonkers Statesman.

That Settled It.

"Your new house is nearly completed, you say? I thought the plans didn't suit you at all."

"They didn't, but my wife and the architect insisted they were all right."—Philadelphia Press.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—George Eliot.