

and unfettered exercise of its waking faculties; that difficult mathematical problems, knotty and disputed questions in the science of morals, abstruse points of philosophy, have (according to accredited testimony) found their right solution during the solemn darkness of profound sleep. "Strictly speaking, however," says Rosencrantz, "intellectual problems are not solved in dreams, because intense thought is without images, whereas dreaming is a creation of images. I perfectly recollect having dreamt of such problems, and being happy in their solution, endeavoured to retain them in my memory. I succeeded, but on awaking discovered that they were quite unmeaning, and could only have imposed upon a sleeping imagination."

Sir Isaac Newton is alleged to have solved a subtle mathematical problem while sleeping; Condorcet is said to have recognised in his dreams the final steps in a difficult calculation which had puzzled him during the day, and Condillac says that, when engaged in his "*Cours d'étude*," he frequently developed and finished a subject in his dreams which he had broken off before retiring to rest.

The following singular anecdote is related of Tartini's "Devil's Sonata":—"Tartini, one night in 1713, dreamed that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata.' He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep had produced that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever if he could have subsisted by any other means."

The most frequently quoted phenomenon of this description, however, is Coleridge's poetical fragment "Kubla Khan." It is alleged that it was composed during sleep which had come upon Coleridge while reading the passages in Purchas's "Pilgrimage" on which the poetical description was founded, and was written down immediately on awaking; the images (says Dr. Carpenter) rising up before him with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort.

Here as in many other cases, the doctors justify their reputation for disagreeing. Sir Benjamin Brodie *loquitur*: "I suspect that in many of the stories of the wonderful discoveries made in dreams, there is much of either mistake or exaggeration; and that if they could have been written down at the time, they would have been found to be worth little or nothing. Knowing how imaginative a person Coleridge at all times was, I may, I hope, be excused for saying that it is more easy to believe that he imagined himself to have composed his poem of 'Kubla Khan' in his sleep than that he did so in reality." On the same side Sir Henry Holland observes: "Much allowance must be made in these instances for that exaggeration which love of the marvellous is so apt to engender."

We are inclined to accept the view that the faculty of judgment is suspended and dormant in dreams; for, says the author of "Lacon," "the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer without the slightest demurrage of the judgment. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imparted the melancholy tidings, without experiencing at the time the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood."

Our pompous and ponderous old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some