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A DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

SOMETIMES I am rewarded for fretting myself so much about presentation of a quite unasked-for field of the stage or the screen, by a glimpse of something in life that strikes one as a true and salutary navel. This dream was as it were a present of an architectural peep-show. I saw some beautiful and noble building new made, as it were for the occasion, as clearly as if I were awake; not vaguely or absurdly, as often happens in dreams, but with all the detail clear and reasonable. Some Elizabethan house with its scar of earlier fourteenth century building, and its later degradations of Queen Anne and Billy Billy and Victoria. Harrowing but not unprofitable, in an old village once clear amid the sandy woodlands of Sussex. Or an old and unusually curious church, much churchwardened, and beside it a fragment of fifteenth century architecture amongst the not unpicturesque lath and plaster of an Essex farm, and looking natural enough among the sleepy elms and the meditative hens scratching about in the litter of the farmyard, whose trodden yellow straw comes up to the very jamb of the richly-carved Norman doorway of the church. Or sometimes 'twas a splendid collegiate church, untouched by restoring parson and architect, standing amid an island of shapely trees and flower-bed cottages of thatched grey stone and cob, amidst the narrow stretch of bright green water-meadows that wind between the sweeping Wiltshire downs, so well beloved of William Cobbett. All these I have seen in the dreams of the night clearer than I can force myself to see them in dreams of the day. So that it was a natural thing for me to fall the other night into an architectural dream. I had begun my sojourn in the Land of Nod by a very confused attempt to conclude that it was all right for me to have an engagement to lecture at Manchester and Mitcham Fair Green at half past eleven at night on the same Sunday, and that I could manage pretty well. And then I had gone on to try to make the best of addressing a large open-air audience in the costume I was really then wearing—to wit, my night-shirt, reinforced for the dream occasion by a pair of breeches trousers. The consciousness of this fact so bothered me that the earnest faces of my audience—who would not notice it, but were clearly preparing terrible anti-Socialist posset for the richly-curbed Norman doorway of the church. 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