

Dreams.

Dreams are things which we imagine we see in sleep. Dreams are a pleasure and a comfort to some, to others a mystery and torture. A man who works hard in his shop all day and earns his money honestly comes home in the evening tired, retires early, and if he dreams his dream are a comfort to him, provided he don't have the Night-mare or see Ghosts. A very rich merchant comes home, eats a ~~very~~ costly supper, drinks wine and then retires. He ~~lays~~^{lies} on his bed and thinks of his money and the riches he has stowed away for his comfort; he falls asleep; he dreams that his house is infested ^{with} robbers, that one has got him by the throat and the others are searching his drawers, ransacking his bureau; he tries to halloo but his voice will not come forth; he awakes trembling, gets up and tries his door, and then retires. The robber's sleep, no doubt, is flooded with dreams and culling up of a great many robberies that he has committed and his narrow escapes. The murderer dreams that he sees the form of his victim hurling an ax over his head and just about to make the fatal plunge of the dagger at him. He dreams that he is caught in one of his depredations, cast into prison, and he can see the gallows on which he is to be hung. He wakes thinking he is on the gallows, walks the floor all the rest of the night for a little comfort. The miser can see thieves ransacking his chests which

are stored with savings of the past twenty years; as he wakes, he hears the window shake, he silently searches every corner and examines his chests, but seeing all is right—he retires again. Some people's sleep is disturbed by many ugly dreams; others are not bothered with dreams more than once a month. I had a short dream last night, it was that I was awake chased all around the house by the master of the lower regions (or in common expression, the devil) and that, as I tried to get out of a door, he caught me but I managed to get away from him and ran straight for the water, and as I came to the water he gave me a push which sent me tumbling into the rolling billows of East river and jumped in after me— at this moment I awoke and could not believe that I was in my ^{own room} until a long time after—“such terrible impression made my dream.”

Exercise Composition
June 4th 1863.
Alfred Tweed

4

Dreams
Exercise Composition
By
Alfred Tweed
June 11th 1863