

DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

CONTAINING

TIBBY HYSLOP'S

DREAM AND THE SEQUEL.

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PART FIRST.

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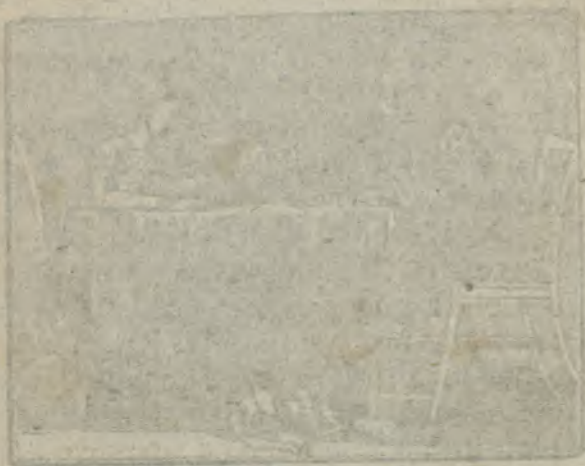
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## DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

*Containing Tibby Hyslop's Dream, and  
the Sequel.*

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IN the year 1827, when on a jaunt through the valleys of Nith and Annan, I learned the following story on the spot where the incidents occurred, and even went up and visited all those connected with it, so that there is no doubt with regard to its authenticity.

In a wee cottage called Know-back, on the large farm of Drumlochie, lived Tibby Hyslop, a respectable spinster, about the age of forty I thought when I saw her, but of course, not so old when the first incidents occurred which this singular prophetic tale relates. Tibbie was represented to me as a good and sincere Christian, not in name and profession only, but in word and in deed; and I believe I may add, in heart and in soul. Nevertheless, there was something in her manner and deportment different from other people—a sort of innocent simplicity, bordering on silliness, together with an instability of thought, that in the eyes of many, approached to abstraction.

But then Tibby could repeat the book of the Evangelist Luke by heart, and many favourite chapters both of the Old and New

Testaments; while there was scarcely one in the whole country who was so thoroughly acquainted with those Books from beginning to end; for, though she had read a portion every day for forty years, she had never perused any other books but the Scriptures. They were her week-day books and her Sunday books, her books of amusement, and books of devotion. Would to God that all our brethren and sisters of the human race—the poor and comfortless, as well as the great and wise, knew as well how to estimate these books, as Tibby Hyslop did.

Tibby's history is shortly this. Her mother was married to a sergeant of a recruiting party. The year following he was obliged to go to Ireland, and from thence nobody knew where; but neither he nor his wife appeared again in Scotland. Before their departure, however, they left Tibby, then a helpless babe, with her grandmother, who lived in a hamlet somewhere about Tinwald; and with that grandmother was she learned to read the Bible, card and spin and work at all kinds of country labors, to which women are accustomed. Miss Harvey was her grandmother's name, a woman then scarcely past her prime, certainly within twenty years of age, but an elder sister, named Douglas, lived also with her, and with these two were the early years of Tibby

Hy-lep spent in poverty, contentment and devotion.

At the age of eighteen, Tibby was hired at the Candlemas fair, for a great wage, to be byre-woman to Mr Gilbert Forret, then farmer at Drualloche. Tibby had then acquired a great deal of her mother's dangerous bloom—dangerous when attached to poverty, and so much simplicity of heart; and when she came home and told what she had done, her mother and aunty, as she always denominated the two, marvelled much at the extravagant conditions, and began to express some fears regarding her new master's designs, till Tibby put them all to rest by the following piece of simply information.

“Dear, ye ken, ye needna be feared that Mr Forret has ony design o' courting me, for, dear, ye ken, he has a wife already, and five bonny bairns; and he'll never be sae daft as fa' on and court anither ane. I'se warrant he finds ane enow for him, honest man!”

“Oh, then, you are safe enough, since he is a married man, my bairn,” said Jane.

“Ay, but wha on Monandy's morn has seen  
The gorse and the dew-cup growing green,  
Where a married man and a maid had been?”

said old aunty Douglas; but she spoke always in riddles and mysteries, and there was no more of it. But the truth was, that

Mr Forret was notorious in his neighbourhood for the debauching young and pretty girls, and was known in Dumfries market by the name of Gibby Gledger, from the circumstance of his being always looking slyly after them; and perceiving Tibby so comely, and at the same time so simple, he judged her a fine prey, hired her at nearly double wages, and moreover gave her a crown as arle-money.

So home Tibby went to her service, and being a pliable, diligent creature, she was beloved by all about the town. Her master attended much about the byre, commended her for her neatness, and when ever a quiet opportunity offered, would pat her rosey cheek, and say kind things. Tibby took all these in good part, judging them tokens of approbation of her good services and was proud of them; and if he once or twice whispered a place and an hour of assignation, she took it for a joke, and paid no farther attention to it. Mr Forret was much from home, kept much company, and had few opportunities of meeting with his pretty dairymaid privately,

In short a whole year passed over without the worthy farmer having accomplished his cherished purpose regarding poor Tibby; still he was quite convinced that it was a matter which might be accomplished with perfect ease, and would lead to a very plea-

sant diversity in a farmer's monotonous life. With this laudable prospect, when the Candlemas fair came round again, he hired Tibby to remain another year, still on the former high conditions, and moreover he said to her; "I wish your grandmother and grand-aunt would take my pleasant cottage of Know-Back. They should have it for a mere trifle, a week's shearing or so, as long as you remain in my service; and as it is likely to be a long while before you and I part, if I get my will, it would be better to have them near you, that you might see them often, and attend to their wants. I could give them plenty of work through the whole year, on the best conditions. What think you of this proposal, Rosy?" a familiar name he often called her by.

"O, I'm sure sir, I think ye are the kindest man that ever the Almighty made. What a blessing it is when riches open up the heart to acts of charity an' benevolence! My poor auld mither and aunty will be blithe to grip at the kind offer, for they sit under a hard master yonder, and the Almighty will bestow a blessing on you for this, sir; and they will gie you their blessing, an' I sall bestow my poor blessing on you too, sir."

"Well, I'll rather have that than all the rest. Come, bestow it, then. Nay, I see I must take it, after all."

So saying he kissed her. Tibby neither blushed nor proffered refusal, because it was the way that the saints of old saluted one another; and away she went with the joyful news to her poor mother and aunty. Now they had of late found themselves quite easy in their circumstances, owing to the large wages Tibby received, every farthing of which was added to the common stock; and though Tibby appeared a little brawler at the meeting house, it was her grandmother, who laid it out on her, without any consent on her part. I am sure said her grandmother, when Tibby told the story of her master's kindness and attention, "I am sure it was the kindest intervention o' Providence that ever happened to poor things afore, when ye fell in wi' that kind worthy man, i' the middle o' a great hiring market, where ye might just as easily hae met wi' a knave, or a riggard, or a sinner, wha wad hae thought naething o' working your ruin,—as wi' this man o' sickan charity an' inerey."

"Ay; the wulcat maun hae his collop,  
 An' the raven maun hae his part,  
 An' the tod will creep through the hether,  
 For the bonny moorhen's heart,"

said old Douglas Hervey, poking in the fire all the while with the tongs, and speaking only as if speaking to herself—"Hech-wow an' lack-a-day! but the times are altered



sair since I first saw the sun! How are they altered kerlin? Because the gospel's turned like a gander, & Sin a fine madam, How d'ye do, sweet Madam sin? Come in by here and be a sharer o' our bed and board. Hope ye left a' friends weel in your cozy hame? But on the tither hand, ca' away that dirty weary-some bird; sling stanes an' glaur at him.— What is he ay harp, hârp, harping there for? thrâw his neck about.— Poor, poor Religion, waes me for her! She was first driven out o' the lord's castle into the baron's ha'; out o' the baron's ha', into the the farmer's bien dwelling; and at last out o' that, into the poor cauld rife shiel, where there's nae ither comfort; but what she brings wi' her.'

“What has set ye onna these reflections the day, aunty?” cried Tibby aloud at her ear; for she was half deaf; and had so many flannel mitches on, besides a blue napkin, which she always wore over them all, that her deafness was nearly compleated altogether.

“Oogh! what's the lassie saying?” said she, after listening a' good while; till the sounds actually reached the interior of her ear, “what's the young light-head saying about the defections o' the day, what kens she about them?—oogh! Let me see your face, dame, and find your hand, for I hae neither seen the ane, nör felt the tither,

this lang and mony a day." Then taking her grand-niece by the hand, and looking close into her face through the spectacles, she added—"Ay it is a weel-faured sonsy face, very like the mother's that bore ye; and hers was as like her mother's; and there was never as muckle common sense amang a' the three, as to keep a brock out o' the kail-yard. Ye hae an unco good master, I hear—oogh! I am glad to hear't—loh-oh-oh-oh! verra glad. I hope it will lang continue, this kindness. Poor Tibby!—as lang as the heart disna gang wrang, we maun excuse the head, for it'll never ance gang right. I hope they were baith made for a better warld, for nane o' them were made for this."

When she got this length, she sat hastily down, and began her daily and hourly task of carding wool for her sister's spinning, abstracting herself from all external considerations.

"I think aunty's unco parabolical the day," said Tibby to her grandmother; what makes her that gate?"

"O dear, hinny, she's ay that gate now. She speaks to naebody but hersell," said Jane. "But—lownly be it spoken—I think whiles there's ane speaks till her again that my een canna see."

"The angels often conversed wi' good folks langsyne," said Tibby. "I ken o'

naething that can hinder them to do so still if they'r sae disposed. But weel wad I like to hear ane o' thae preevat apologies, (perhaps meaning apologues,) for my auntie has something in her aboon other earthly creatures."

"Ye may hear enow o' them aince we war leeving near you again; there's ane every midnight, and another atween daylight and the sun. It is my wonder she's no taen for a witch; for troth, d'ye ken hinny, I'm whiles a wee feared for her mysell.—And yet for a that, I ken she's a good Christian."

"Ay that she is—I wish there were mony like her," said Tibby, and so the dialogue closed for the present.

Mr Forret sent his carts at the term, and removed the old people to the cottage of Know-back, free of all charge, like a gentleman as he was, and things went on exceedingly well. Tibby had a sincere regard for her master; and as he continued to speak to her, when alone, in a kind and playful manner, she had several times ventured to broach religion to him, trying to discover the state of his soul. Then he would shake his head and look demur in mockery, and repeat some grave becoming words. Poor Tibby thought he was a blessed man. Then, when he would snatch a kiss or two, Tibby did not in the

least comprehend the drift of this, but convinced in her heart that it could only mean something holy, and good and kind, she tried not further to reflect, on it, for she could not; but she blessed him in her heart and was content to remain in her ignorance of human life.

But in a short time his purposes were divulged in such a manner as to be no more equivocal. That morning immediately preceding the developement of his long cherished atrocity, Jane Hervey was awaked at an early hour by the following unintelligible dialogue in her elder sister's bed.

“Have ye seen the news o’ the day kerlin?”

“Ooh?”

“Have ye seen the news o’ the day?”

“Ay that I hae, on a braid open bock, without clasp or seal. Whether will you or the deil win?”

“That depends on the citadel. If it stand out, a’ the powers o’ hell winna shake the fortress, nor sap a stane o’ its foundation.”

“Ah, the fortress is a good ane, and a sound ane; but the poor head captain!—ye ken what a sweet-lipped, turnip-headit brosey he is.”

“Ay; and the weapons o’ sin are grown strang and powerfu’ now-a-days kerlin.”

“Sae they say, sae they say. They hae gotten a new forge i’ the fire o’ hell, made

out o' despised ordinances. O, lack a-day, my poor Tibby Hyslop! —my innocent, kind, thowless Tibby Hyslop! Now for the tod or the moorhen!"

Jane was frightened at hearing such a colloquy, but particularly at that part of it where her darling child was mentioned in such a way. she sprung from her own bed to that of her sister, and cried in her ear with a loud voice, "Sister, sister Douglas, what is that you are saying about our dear bairn?"

"Oogh? I was saying naething about your bairn. She is turned intill a spring-gun is she? or a man trap rather is it? I trow little whilk o' them it is, poor stupid creature. She lies in great jeopardy yonder; but nane as yet. Gang awa' to your bed—wow, but I was sound asleep."

"There's naebody can make ought out o' her but nonsense," said Jane as she went to put a few sticks and peat clods on the scarcely living embers. But, after the two had risen from their scanty but happy breakfast, which Douglas had blessed with more fervency than ordinary, she could not settle at her carding, but always stopped short, and began mumbling & speaking to herself. At length, after a long pause, she looked over her shoulder, and said,—“Jeanie warn a ye speaking o' ganging ower to see out

bairn the day? Haste thee an' gang away, then; and stay nouth'er to put on clean bussing, kirtle, nor barrie, else ye may be an antrin meenut or twa owre lang."

Jean made no reply, but, drawing the skirt of her gown over her shoulders, she set out for Drumlochie, a distance of nearly a mile; and as she went by the corner of the byre, she weened she heard her bairn's voice, in great passion or distress, and ran straight into the byre, crying out, "What's the matter wi' you, Tibby? what ails you my bairn?" but receiving no answer, she thought her voice must have been somewhere outside the house, and slid quietly out, looking everywhere, and at length went down to the kitchen.

Tibby had run a hard risk that hour, not from any proffer of riches or finery—these had no temptations for her—she could not even understand the purport or drift of them. But she did escape, however; and it was, perhaps, her grandmother's voice that saved her.

Mr Forret, *alias* Gledging Gibby, had borne the brunt of incensed kirk-sessions before that time, and also the unlicensed tongues of mothers, roused into vehemance by the degradation of beloved daughters; but never in his life did he bear such a rebuke as he did that day from the tongue of

one he had always viewed as a mere simpleton. It was a lesson to him—a warning of the most sublime and terrible description, couched in the pure and emphatic language of Scripture. Gibby cared not a doit for these things, but found himself foiled, and exposed to his family, and the whole world, if this fool chose to do it. He was, therefore, glad to act a part of deep hypocrisy, pretending the sincerest contrition, regretting, with tears, his momentary derangement, and want of self-control; attributing it wholly to the temptations of the wicked one, and praising poor Tibby to the skies for saving him in an hour of utter depravity. He likewise made her a present of a sum of money he had offered her before, saying he did not give it to her as a bribe, but as the reward of honesty, virtue, and truth, for all of which he had the highest regard, and that he would esteem her the more for her behaviour that day, as long as he lived.

Poor Tibby readily believed and forgave him; and thinking it hard to ruin a repentant sinner in his worldly and family concerns, she promised never to divulge what had passed; and he knowing well the value of her word, was glad at having so escaped.

Jane found her grand-daughter terribly flushed in the countenance, and flurried in

her speech that day, but Jane's stupid head could draw no inferences from these, or any thing else. She asked if she was well enough, and the other saying she was, Jane took it for granted that she was so, and only added, "Your crazed auntie would gar me believe ye war in some jeopardy, and hurried me away to see you, without giving me leave to change a steek." One may easily conceive Tibby's astonishment at hearing this, considering the moment at which her grandmother arrived. As soon as the latter was gone, she kneeled before her Maker, and poured out her soul in greatful thanksgiving for her deliverance; and, in particular, for such a manifest interference of some superior intelligence in her behalf.

"How did ye find our poor bairn the day titty Jane? was the trial ower afore ye wan? or did ye gie a helping hand at raising the siege?—Ooogh?"

"Whaten siege? I saw nae siege, nor heard tell of ony."

"The great siege o' the castle o' Mansoul, that Bunyan speaks about, ye ken. Was it ower? Or is it to try for again? Oh! ye dinna understand me! Did ye ever understand ony thing a' your days? Did our bairn no tell ye ony thing?"

"She tauld me naething but that she



was very weel."

"She's ae fool, and ye're another! If I had been her, I wad hae blazed it baith to kirk & counsil;—to his wife's ear, and his minister's teeth! I wad hae gart heaven sab, and hell girn at it! isna the resetter waur than the thief? the cowardly butcher that conceals the lambs and kills them; waur than the open fauld-briker and sheep reiver? And isna the sweet-lippit kiss-my-lufe saint waur than the stouthright reprobate? Figh, fie! A dish o'sodden turnips at the best. She's very weel, is she? Ough! Red an' rosey like a boiled lobster? Ay. Hoh, oh, oh, oh! silly woman, silly woman, Hoh, oh, oh!"

In a few weeks Mr. Forret's behaviour to his simple dairymaid altered very materially. He called her no more by the endearing name of Rosy; poor idiot was oftner the term; and finding he was now safe from accusation, his malevolence towards her had scarcely any bounds. She made out her term with difficulty, but he refused to pay the stipulated wage, on pretence of her incapacity; and as she had by that time profited well at his hand, she took what he offered, thanked him, and said no more about it. She was no more hired as a servant, but having at the first taken a long lease of the cottage, she continued,

from year to year, working on the farm by the day, at a very scanty allowance. Old Douglas in a few years grew incapable of any work, through frailty of person, being constantly confined to bed, though in mind as energetic and mysterious as ever. Jane wrought long, till at length a severe illness in 1825 rendered her unfit to do any thing further than occasionally knit a piece of a stocking; and poor Tibby's handiwork had all three to maintain. They had brought her up with care and kindness amid the most pinching poverty, and now, indeed, her filial affection was hardly put to the proof; but it was genuine and knew no bounds. Night and day did she toil for the sustenance of her aged and feeble relations, and a murmur or complaint never was heard to drop from her lips. Many a blessing was bestowed on her as they raised their palsied heads to partake of her hard earned pittance; and many a fervent prayer was poured out, when none heard but the father of the spirits of all flesh.

Times grew harder and harder. Thousands yet living remember what a time that was for the poor, while the meal for seasons was from four to five shillings a stone, and even sometimes as high as seven. Tibby grew fairly incapable of supporting herself and her aged friends. She stinted herself for their sakes, and that made her

still more incapable ; yet often with tears in her eyes did she feed these frail beings, her heart like to melt because she had no more to give them. There are no poor-rates in that country. Know-back is quite retired—nobody went near it, and Tibby complained to none, but wrought on, and fought away, night and day, in sorrow and anxiety, but still with a humble and thankful heart.

In this great strait, Mrs Forret was the first who began, unsolicited, to take compassion on the destitute group. She could not conceive how they existed on the poor creature's earnings. So she went privately to see them, and when she saw their wretched state, and heard their blessings on their dear child, her heart was moved to pity, and she determined to assist them in secret, for her husband was such a churl, that publicly she durst not venture to do it. Accordingly, whenever she had an opportunity, she made Tibby come into the kitchen, and get a meal for herself ; and often the considerate lady slid a small loaf, or a little tea and sugar, into her lap, quietly, for the two aged invalids ;—for gentle woman is always the first to pity, and the first to relieve.

Poor Tibby ! how her heart expanded with grati-

ture on receiving these little presents, for her love for the two old dependent creatures was of so pure and sacred a sort, as scarcely to retain in its elements, any of the common feelings of humanity. There was no selfish principle there—they were to her as a part of her own nature. And it was observed, that whenever she got these little presents, enabling her to give the aged and infirm a better meal, and one more suited to their wasted frames, she had not patience to walk home to Know-back—she ran all the way.

Tibby never went into the kitchen unless the mistress desired her, or sent her word by some of the other day-labourers to come in as she went home; and one evening having got word in this last way, she went in, and the lady of the house, with her own hand, presented her with a little bowl full of beat potatoes, and some sweet milk, to them. This was all, and one would have thought it was an aliment so humble and plain that scarcely any person would have grudged it to a hungry dog. However, it so happened that as Tibby was sitting behind backs enjoying her little savoury meal, Mr Forret chanced to come into the kitchen to give orders anent something that had come into

the kitchen to give orders about something that had come into his mind; and perceiving Tibby, his old friend, so comfortably engaged, he, without speaking a word, seized her by the neck with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other, and hurrying her out at the back-door into the yard, he flung her with all his might, on a dunghill. "Wha the devil bad you come into my house, and eat up the meat that was made for others?" cried he, in a demoniac voice, choking with rage; and then he swore a terrible oath, which I do not choose to set down, that "if he found her again at such employment, he would cut her th out, and fling her to the dogs."

Poor Tibby was astounded beyond the power of utterance, or even of rising from the place where he had been thrown down, until lifted by two of the servant-maids who tried to comfort her as they supported her part of the way home; and bitterly did they blame their master, saying, it would have been a shame to any one who had the feelings of a man, to do such an act; but as for their master, he scarcely had the feelings of a beast. Tibby never opened her mouth neither to curse, blame, nor complain, but went on he

way crying till her heart was like to break.

She had no supper for the old famishing pair that night; they had tasted nothing from the time she left them in the morning; and as she had accounted herself sure of receiving something from Mr Forret that night, she had not asked her day's wage from the grieve, glad to let a day run up now and then able to procure a meal in any other honest way. She had nothing to give them that night, what could she do? She was obliged, with a sore heart to kiss them and tell them so; and then, as was her custom, she said a prayer over their couch, and laid herself down to sleep, drowned in tears.

She had never so much as mentioned Mr Forre name either to her grandmother or grand-aunt that night, or by the least insinuation given them to understand that he had either used her ill or well; but no sooner were they composed to rest, and all the cottage quiet, than old Douglas began abusing her with great vehemence and obstreperousness, and Tibby to her astonishment, heard some of his deeds spoke of with great familiarity, which she was sure never had been whispered to the ears of flesh; and many more of the same stamps which Tibby had never

mentioned before, which, nevertheless, from obvious circumstances, might have been but too true. But what shocked her most of all, was the following terrible prognostication, which she heard repeated three several times:—Na, na, I'll no see it, for I'll never see ought earthly again beyond the wa's o' this cottage, but Tibby will live to see it;—ay, ay, she'll see it."—Then a different voice asked—"What shall she see, kerlin?" "She'll see the craws picking his banes at the back o' the dyke."

Tibby's heart grew cauld within her when she heard this terrible announcement, because, for many years bygone, she had been convinced, from sensible demonstration, that old Douglas Harvey had commerce with some superior intelligence; and after she had heard the above sentence repeated again and again, she shut her ears, that she might hear no more; committed herself once more to the hands of a watchful Creator, and fell into a troubled sleep.

The elemental spirits that wave the shadowy tapestry of dreams, were busy at their aerial looms that night in the cottage of Know-back, bodying forth the destinies of men and woman in brilliant and quick succession. One only of these delineations I shall here relate, pre-

cisely as it was related to me, by my friend the worthy clergyman of that parish to whom Tibby related it the very next day. There is no doubt that her grand aunt's disjointed prophecy formed the groundwork of the picture; but be that as it may, this was her dream; and it was for the sake of telling it, and tracing it to its fulfilment, that I begin this story.

END OF PART FIRST.