

THE  
Laird of Cool's  
GHOST!

BEING

A Copy of several Conferences and Meetings that  
past betwixt the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, late Minister of  
the Gospel at Innerwick in East Lothian, and the  
Ghost of Mr. Maxwell, late Laird of Cool.

As it was found in Mr. Ogilvie's closet after his Death,  
very soon after these Conferences.

[WRITTEN BY HIS OWN HAND.]



GLASGOW:

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## COPY OF CONFERENCES, &amp;c.

UPON the third of February, 1722, at seven o'clock at night, after that I had parted with Thurston, and coming up the burial-road, one came up riding after me. Upon hearing the noise of the horse's feet, I took it to be Thurston; but looking back and seeing the horse of grey colour, I called, Who's there? The answer was, The Laird of Cool, be not afraid. Looking to him with the little light the moon afforded, I took him to be Collector Castlelaw, who had a mind to put a trick upon me, and immediately I struck with all my force with my cane, thinking I would leave a mark upon him that would make him remember his presumption; but, altho' sensible I aimed as well as ever I did in my life, yet my cane finding no resistance, but flying out of my hand to the distance of sixty feet, and observing it by its white head, I dismounted and took it up, but had some difficulty in mounting again, partly by reason of a certain sort of trembling through my whole joints, something also of anger had its share in the confusion; for tho' he laugh'd when my staff flew out of my hand, coming up with him again, (who halted all the time I was seeking my staff,) I asked him once more who he was? He answered, The Laird of Cool. I enquired, First, If he was the Laird of Cool. Secondly, What brought him hither? And, Thirdly, What was his busi-

ness with me? he answered, The reason that I want you is, that I know you are disposed to do for me what none of your brethren in Nithsdale will so much as attempt, tho' it serve never so good a purpose. I told him, I would never refuse to do any thing to serve a good purpose, if I thought I was obliged to do it as my duty. He answered, Since I had undertaken what few in Nithsdale would, for he had tried several persons on that subject, who were more obliged to him than I was to any person living. Upon this I drew my bridle-reins, and talked in surprise, asking what I had undertaken? He answered, That on Sabbath last, I heard you condemned Mr. Paton, and the other Ministers of Dumfries, for dissuading Mr. Menzies from keeping his appointment with me \*; and if you had been in their place, you would have persuaded the lad to do as I desired, and that you would have gone with him yourself, if he had been afraid; and if you had been in Mr. Faxon's place, you would have delivered my commissions yourself, since they tended to do several persons justice. I asked him, Pray, Cool, who informed you that I talked at that rate? To which he answered, You must know that we are acquainted with many things that the living know nothing about; these things you did say, and much more to that purpose, and deliver my commissions to my loving wife. Upon this I said, 'Tis a pity, Cool,

\* See note at the bottom of page 5th.

that you who know so many things, should not know the difference between an absolute and conditional promise; I did indeed, at the time you mention, blame Mr. Paton, for I thought him justly blameable, in hindering the lad to meet with you, and if I had been in his place, I would have acted quite the reverse; but I did never say, that if you would come to Innerwick and employ me, that I would go all the way to Dumfries on such an errand, that is what never so much as entered into my thoughts. He answered, what were your thoughts, I don't pretend to know, but I can depend on my information that these were your words; but I see you are in some disorder, I will wait upon you when you have more presence of mind.

By this time we were at James Dickson's inclosure below the church-yard; and when I was recollecting in my mind if ever I had spoken these words he alledged, he broke off from me, through the church-yard, with greater violence, than ever any man on horse-back was capable of, with such a singing and buzzing noise, as put me in greater disorder than I was in all the time I was with him. I went to my house, and my wife observed more than ordinary paleness in my countenance, and would alledge that something ailed me. I called for a dram, and told her I was a little uneasy. After I found myself a little refreshed, I went to my closet to meditate upon the most astonishing adventure of my whole life.

Upon the fifth of March, 1722, being at Hare-head, baptizing the shepherd's child, I came off at sun-setting, or a little after, and near William White's march, the Laird of Cool came up with me as formerly; and after his first salutation, bade me not be afraid. I told him, I was not in the least afraid, in the name of GOD, and Christ my Saviour, that he would do me the least harm; for I knew that he in whom I trusted, was stronger than all they put together; and if any of them should attempt to do, even to the horse that I ride upon, as you have done to Doctor Menzie's man, if it be true that is said, and generally believed about Dumfries, I have free access to complain to my Lord and Master, to the lash of whose resentment you are liable now as before\*.

*Cool.* You need not multiply words upon that head, for you are as safe with me, and safer, if safer can be, than when I was alive.

*Ogil.* Well then, Cool, let me have a peaceable and easy conversation with you for

\* What I know concerning the matter in this; The servant of Dr. Menzie, Physician at Dumfries, told his master and many others, that the Laird of Cool, very lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horse.—That he appointed him to meet him some time after at such a place; which he promised to do: but Mr. Paton (then Minister at Dumfries) advised him to break that promise. Mr. Ogilvie, (then Minister of Innerwick, near Dunbar) on hearing this, blamed Mr. P. much, saying, had he been there, he would not only have advised him to keep his promise, but would have gone with him.

JAMES HAMILTON.

the time we ride together, and give me some information about the affairs of the other world, for no man inclines to lose his time in converling with the dead, without hearing or learning something that's useful.

*Cool.* Well, Sir, I will satisfy you as far as I think it proper and convenient. Let me know what information you want to know.

*Ogil.* May I then ask you, if you be in a state of happiness or not?

*Cool.* There are a great many things I can answer, that the living are quite ignorant of; there are a great many things that, notwithstanding the additional knowledge I have acquired since my death, that I cannot answer; and there are a great many questions and things that you may start, of which the last is one, that I will not answer.

*Ogil.* Then I know how to manage our conversation; for whatever I shall enquire of you I see you can easily shift me; so that I might profit more by conversing with myself.

*Cool.* You may try.

*Ogil.* Well, then, what sort of a body is that you appear in; and what sort of a horse is that you ride upon, which appears to be so full of metal?

*Cool.* You may depend upon it, it is not the same body that I was witness to your marriage in, nor in which I died, for that is in the grave rotting; but is such a body that serves me in a moment, for I can fly as fleet with it as my soul can do without it; so that also I can go to Dumfries and return again.

before you can ride twice the length of your horse, nay, if I have a mind to go to London, or Jerusalem, or to the moon, if you please, I can perform all these journies equally soon, for it costs me nothing but a thought or wish; for this body is as fleet as your thought, for in the moment of time you can turn your thoughts on Rome, I can go there in person: and as for my horse, he is much like myself, for he is Andrew Johnston, my tenant, who died forty-eight hours before me.

*Ogil* So it seems when Andrew Johnston inclines to ride, you must serve him in the quality of an horse, as he does you now.

*Cool*. You are mistaken.

*Ogil*. I thought that all distinctions between mistresses and maids, lairds and tenants, had been done away at death.

*Cool*. True it is, but you do not take up the matter.

*Ogil*. This is one of the questions you won't answer.

*Cool*. You are mistaken, for that question I can answer and after you may understand it.

*Ogil*. Well then, *Cool*, have you never yet appeared before God, nor received any sentence from him as a Judge.

*Cool*. Never yet.

*Ogil* I know you was a a scholar, *Cool*, and 'tis generally believed that there is a private judgement, besides the general at the great day: the former immediately after death—upon this he interrupted me, arguing.

*Coel.* No such thing, no such thing! No trial, no trial till the great day! The heaven which good men enjoy after death, consists only in the serenity of their minds, and the satisfaction of a good conscience; and the certain hopes they have of eternal joy, when that day shall come. The punishment, or hell of the wicked immediately after death, consists in the dreadful stings of an awakened conscience, and the terrors of facing the great Judge! and the sensible apprehensions of eternal torments ensuing! And this bears still a due proportion to the evils they did when living. So indeed the state of some good folks differ but little in happiness from what they enjoyed in the world, save only that they are free from the body, and the sins and sorrows that attended it. On the other hand, there are some who may be said rather not to have been good, than that they are wicked; while living, their state is not easily distinguished from that of the former: And under that class comes a great heed of souls; a vast number of ignorant people, who have not much minded the affairs of eternity; but at the same time have lived in much indolence, ignorance, and innocence.

*Ogil.* I always thought that their rejecting the terms of salvation offered, were sufficient ground for God, to punish them with his eternal displeasure; and as to their ignorance that could never excuse them, since they live in a place of the world, where the truth



knowledge of these things might have been easily attained.

*Cool.* They never properly rejected the terms of salvation; they never, strictly speaking, rejected Christ; poor souls, they had as great a liking both to him and heaven, as their gross imaginations were capable of: impartial reason must make many allowances; as the stupidity of their parents, want of education, distance from people of good sense and knowledge, and the uninterrupted application they were obliged to give to their secular affairs for their daily bread, the impious treachery of their pastors, who persuaded them that if they were of such a party all was well; and many other considerations, which God, who is pure and perfect reason itself, will not overlook: these are not so much under the load of divine displeasure, as they are out of his grace and favour; and you know it is one thing to be discouraged, and quite another thing to be persecuted with all the power and rage of an incensed earthly king. I assure you men's faces are not more various and different in the world, than their circumstances are after death.

*Ogil* I am loth to believe all that you have said at this time, *Cool*, (but I will not dispute those matters with you) because some things you have advanced seem to contradict the scriptures, which I shall always look upon as the infallible truth of God. For I find, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, that

the one was immediately after death carried up by the angels to Abraham's bosom, and the other immediately thrust down to hell.

*Cool.* Excuse me, Sir, that does not contradict one word that I have said, but you seem not to understand the parable, whose only end is to illustrate the truth, that a man may be very happy and flourishing in this world, and most wretched and miserable in the next; and that a man may be miserable in this world, and more happy and glorious in the next.

*Ogil.* Be it so, Cool, I shall yield that point to you and pass to another, which has afforded me much speculation since our last encounter; and that is, How you came to know that I talked after the manner that I did concerning Mr. Paton, on the first Sabbath of February last: Was you present with me, but invisible? He answered very haughtily, No, Sir, I was not present myself. I answered, I would not have you angry, Cool; I proposed this question for my own satisfaction, but if you don't think proper to answer, let it pass. After he had paused, with his eyes on the ground, for three or four minutes of time at most, with some haste and seeming cheerfulness, says,

*Cool.* Well, Sir, I will satisfy you in that point: You must know that there are sent from heaven, angels to guard and comfort and to do other special good services to good people, and even the spirits of good

nien departed are employed in that errand.

*Ogil.* And do you not think that every man has a good angel?

*Cool.* No, but a great many particular men have: there are but few houses of distinction especially, but what have at least one attending them; and from what you have already heard of spirits, it is no difficult matter to understand how they may be serviceable to each particular member, though at different places at a great distance. Many are the good offices which the good angels do to them that fear God, though many times they are not sensible of it; and I know assuredly, that one powerful angel, or even an active clever soul departed, may be sufficient for some villages; but for your great cities, such as London, Edinburgh, or the like, there is one great angel, that has the superintendance of the whole: and there are inferior angels, or souls departed, to whose particular care such a man, of such a particular weight or business, is committed. Now, Sir, the kingdom of Satan does ape the kingdom of Christ as much in matters of politics, as can be, well knowing that the court of wisdom is from above; so that from thence are sent out missionaries of the same order: But because the kingdom of Satan is much better replenished than the other, instead of one devil, there are in many instances two or three commissioned to attend a particular family of influence and distinction.

*Ogil.* I read that there are ten thousand times ten thousand of angels that wait upon God, and sing his praise, and do his will, and I cannot understand how the good angels can be inferior in number to the evil.

*Cool.* Did not I say, that whatever the number be, the spirits departed are employed in the same business; so that as to the number of original deities, whereof Satan is chief, I cannot determine, but you need not doubt but there are more souls departed in that place, which in a loose sense you call hell, by almost an infinity than what are gone to that place, which in a like sense you call heaven, which likewise are employed in the same purpose: and I can assure you by the bye, that there is as great a difference between angels, both good and bad, as there is among men, with respect to their sense, knowledge, cunning, cleverness, and action; nay, which is more, the departed souls on both sides out-do severals, from their very first departure, of the original angels. This you will perhaps think a paradox, but it is true.

*Ogil.* I do not doubt it, but what is that to my question, about which I am solicitous?

*Cool.* Take a little patience, Sir; from what I have said, you might have understood me, if you had your thoughts about you: But I shall explain myself to you. Both the good and the bad angels have stated times of rendezvous, and the principal angels, who have the charge either of towns, cities, or king-

doms, not to mention particular persons, villages, and families, and all that is transacted in these several parts of the country, are there made open; and at their re-encounter on each side; every thing is told, as in your parish, in milns, kilns, and smithies, only with this difference, that many things false are talked at the living re-encounters, but nothing but what is exact truth, is said or told among the dead; only I must observe to you, that, as I am credibly informed, several of the inferior bad angels, and souls of wicked men departed, have told many things that they have done, and then when a more intelligent spirit is sent out upon enquiry, and the report of the former seeming doubtful, he brings in a contrary report, and makes it appear truth, the former fares very ill: nevertheless their regard to truth prevents it; for while they observe the truth, they do their business and keep their station, for God is truth.

*Ogil.* So much truth being among the good angels, I am apt to think that lies and falsehood will be as much in vogue among the bad.

*Cool.* A gross mistake, and it is not alone the mistake which the living folks fall under, with respect to the other world; for the case plainly is this, an ill man will not stick at any falsehood to promote his design; so as little will an evil soul departed, stand at any thing that can make himself successful; but

in admitting report he must tell the truth, or woe be to him. But besides their monthly, quarterly, or yearly meetings, or whatever they be, departed souls acquainted, may take a trip to see one another yearly, weekly, daily, or oftener if they please. Thus then I answer your question that you was so much concerned about; for my information was from no less than three persons, viz. Andrew Aikman, who attends Thurston's family; James Corbat, who waits upon Mr. Paton; for at that time he was then looking after Mrs. Sarah Paton, who was at your house; and an original emissary appointed to wait upon yours.

At this I was much surprized, and after a little thinking, I asked him, And is there really, Cool, an emissary from hell, in whatever sense you take it, that attends my family?

*Cool.* You may depend upon it.

*Ogil.* And what do you think is his business?

*Cool.* To divert you from your duty, and cause you to do as many ill things as you can; for much depends on having the minister on their side.

Upon this I was struck with a sort of terror, which I cannot account for, nor express!— In the mean time he said several things I did not understand. But after a little, I coming to my former presence of mind, said,

*Ogil.* But, Cool, tell me in earnest if there be indeed a devil, that attends my family, though invisible to us all.

*Cool.* Just as sure as you are breathing, but be not so much dejected upon this information, for I tell you likewise, that there is a good angel who attends you, who is stronger than the other.

*Ogil.* Are you sure of that, *Cool*?

*Cool.* Yes, there is one riding on your right hand, who might as well have been elsewhere, for I meant you no harm.

*Ogil.* And how long has he been with me?

*Cool.* Only since we passed Brand's-lee but now he is gone.

*Ogil.* We are just upon Elenfclugh, and I desire to part with you, tho' perhaps I have gained more by conversation than I could have done otherwise in a twelvemonth; I chuse rather to see you another time, when you're at leisure; and I wish it were at as great a distance from Innerwick as you can.

*Cool.* Be it so, Sir; but I hope you will be so obliging to me, next re-encounter, as I have been to you this.

*Ogil.* I promise you I will, as far as is consistent with my duty to my Lord and Master Christ Jesus: And since you have obliged me so much by information, I will answer all the questions you propose, as far as consists with my knowledge; but I believe you want no information from me.

*Cool.* I came not here to be instructed, by you, but I want your help of another kind.

Upon the 5th of April 1722, as I was returning from Old Hamstocks, *Cool* came up

with me on horseback, at the foot of the ruinous inclosure, before we come to Dod: I told him his last conversation had proved so acceptable to me, that I was well pleased to see him again; and that there was a vast number of things that I wanted to inform myself further of, if he would be so good as to satisfy me.

*Cool.* Last time we met, I refused you nothing you asked; and now I expect that you shall refuse me nothing that I shall ask.

*Ogil.* Nothing, Sir, that is in my power, or that I can do with safety to my reputation and character. What then are your demands?

*Cool.* All that I desire of you is, that as you promised that on a Sabbath day you would go to my wife, who now possesses all my effects, and tell her the following particulars; and tell her in my name to rectify these matters. First, that I was owing justly to Provost Crosby, 50l. Scots, and three years' interest; but hearing of his death, my good brother, the laird of C—l, and I, forged a discharge, narrated the bond, the sum, and other particulars with this honourable clause, "And at the time it had fallen by, and could not be found:" With an obligation, on the Provost's part, to deliver up the bond as soon as he could hit upon it. And this discharge was dated three months before the Provost's death. And when his son and successor, Andrew Crosby, wrote to me concerning this



Bond, I came to him and showed him the forged discharge, which silenced him: so that I got up my bond without more ado. And when I heard of Robert Kennedy's death, with the same help of C——l, I got a Bill upon him for 190l, of which I got full and complete payment, C——l got the half.— When I was at Dumfries the same day that Thomas Grier died, to whom I was owing an account of 36l. C——l, my goodbrother, was then at London, and not being able of myself, being but a bad writer, to make out a discharge of the account, which I wanted exceedingly, I met accidentally with one Robert Boyd, a poor writer lad in Dumfries: I took him to Mrs Garnock's, and gave him a bottle of wine, and told him that I had paid Thomas Grier's account, but had neglected to get a discharge; and if he would help me to one I would reward him. He flew away from me in a great passion, saying, he would rather be hanged; but if I had a mind for these things I had better wait till C——l came home. This gave me great trouble, fearing what C——l and I had done formerly was no secret. I followed Boyd to the street and made an apology, saying, I was jesting, commending him for his honesty, and got his promise never to repeat what had passed. I sent for my cousin B——m H——rie, your good brother, who with no difficulty, for a guinea and a half, undertook and performed all that I wanted, and for a guinea more made me up

a discharge for 200l. Scots that I was owing to your father-in-law, and his own friend Mr. Muirhead, which discharge I gave to John Ewart, when he desired the money; and he, at my desire, produced it to you, which you sustained.

A great many of the like instances were told, of which I cannot remember the persons' names and things; but, says he, what vexes me more than all these, is the injustice I did to Homer Maxwell, tenant to my Lord Nithsdale, for whom I was factor. I borrowed 2000 merks from him, 500 of which he borrowed from another hand: I gave him my bond, and, for reasons I contrived, I obliged him to secrecy: He died within the year, and left nine children, and his wife had died before himself. I came to seal up his paper's for my Lord's security; his eldest daughter intreated me to look thro' them all, and to give her an account what was their stock, and what was their debt. I very willingly undertook it, and in going through the papers I put my own bond in my pocket. His circumstances proving bad, his nine childring are now starving. These things I desire you to represent to my wife; and take her brother with you, and let them be immediately rectified, for she has a sufficient fund to do it upon; and if it were done, I think I would be easy and happy; therefore I hope you will make no delay.

After a short pause, I answered, 'Tis a

good errand, Cool, you are sending me to do justice to the oppressed and injured; but notwithstanding that I see myself come in for 200l. Scots, yet I begged a little time to consider the matter. And since I find you are as much master of reason now as ever, and more than ever, I will reason upon the matter in its general view, and then with respect to the expediency of my being the messenger; and this I will do with all manner of frankness. From what you have said, I see clearly what your present condition is, so that I need not ask any more questions upon that head; and you need not bid me take courage and not be afraid of you, for at this moment I am no more afraid of you than a new-born child.

*Cool.* Well, say on.

*Ogil.* Tell me then, since such is your ability that you can fly a thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye, if your desire to do the oppressed justice, be as great as you pretend, what's the reason you don't fly to the coffers of some rich Jew or Banker where are thousands of gold and silver, invisibly lift and invisibly return it to the coffers of the injured? And since your wife has sufficient fund, and more, why cannot you empty her purse, invisibly, to make these people amends?

*Cool.* Because I cannot.

*Ogil.* If these things be rectified, you would be easy and happy; I don't at all credit that, for whatever justice may be done to the peo-

ple, yet the guilt of the base action always remains upon you.

*Cool.* Now you think you have silenced me and gained a noble victory; but I will show you your mistake immediately; for I cannot touch any gold or money, by reason of these spirits that are stated guardians of justice and honesty.

*Ogil.* What is that you tell me, Cool? Do not unworthy fellows break houses, every night, and yet you, that can put yourself into so many hundred different shapes in a moment, cannot do it: What is that you tell me, Cool?

*Cool.* 'Tis true, Sir, against the living, men may find out some probable means of securing themselves; but if spirits departed were allowed, then no man would be secure; for, in that case, every man that I had a prejudice at, would soon be beggared.

*Ogil.* Might you not go to the mines of Mexico and Peru, where those little sums would not be missed?

*Cool.* No, Sir, for the same reason.

*Ogil.* But, Cool, there is so much treasure lost in the sea, you may easily dive into the bottom of it, search that, and refund those people their losses, where no man is injured.

*Cool.* You are a little too forward this night, Sir, and inclined much to banter: What I've said might satisfy you, but since it does not, I'll tell you further, that no

spirits, good nor bad, had the power to take any money or gold; the good never do, tho' the bad, if once in an age, it is no small quarrel: for if it were allowed them, then they would be very successful in their business, and never fail in gaining their points.

*Ogil.* What hinders them, Cool?

*Cool.* Superior power, that governs and guards all.

*Ogil.* You have satisfied me entirely upon that head. But pray, Cool, what is the reason that you cannot go to your wife yourself, and tell her what you have a mind; I should think this a more sure way to gain your point.

*Cool.* Because I will not.

*Ogil.* That is not an answer to me, Cool.

*Cool.* That is one of the questions that I told you long ago I would not answer; but if you go as I desire, I promise to give you full satisfaction after you have done your business. Trust me for once, and believe me I will not disappoint you.

Upon the 10th of April, 1722, coming from Old Cambus, upon the post road, I met with Cool upon the head of the heath, called the Fees. He asked me, if I had considered the matter he had recommended? I told him I had, and was in the same opinion I was in when we parted; that I would not possibly undertake his commissions, unless he could give me them in writings under his hand,

I told him that the list of his grievances were so great, that I could not possibly remember them without being put in writing; and that I wanted nothing but reason to determine me in that and all other affairs of my life.— I know, said he, that is a mere evasion; but tell me if the Laird of Thurston will do it? I am sure, said I, he will not: And if he should, I would do all that I could to hinder him; for I think he has as little concern in these matters as myself. But tell me, Cool, is it not as easy to write your story as tell it, or ride on what-do-ye-call him? for I have forgot your horse's name?

*Cool.* No, Sir, it is not; and perhaps I may convince you of the reasonableness of it afterwards.

*Ogil.* I would be glad to hear a reason that is solid; for not speaking to your wife yourself. But, however, any rational creature may see what a fool I would make of myself, if I would go to Dumfries, and tell your wife that you had appeared to me, and told so many forgeries and villanies that you had committed, and that she behoved to make reparation: The consequence might perhaps be, that she would scold me; for she would be loth to part with any money she possesses, and therefore tell me I was mad, or possibly pursue me for a calumny: How would I vindicate myself? How could I prove that ever you spoke with me; Mr. Paton, and other ministers in Dumfries, would tell me,

the devil had spoken with me; and why should I repeat these things for truth, which he that was a liar from the beginning, had told me: C—p—l and B—r H—rie would be upon me, and pursue me before the Com-missary; and every body would look upon me as brain-sick or mad: Therefore I intreat you do not insist upon sending me so a ridiculous answer. The reasonableness of my demands I leave to your own consideration, as you did your former to mine. But dropping the matter till our next interview, gave me leave to enter upon some more diverting subject; and I do not know, Cool, but the information you have given, may do as much service to mankind, as the redress of all these grievances would amount to.

[Mr. OGILVIE died very soon after.]

F I N I S.

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In the Arminian Magazine for 1785 (in addition to what is mentioned in the bottom of p. 5.) Dr. Hamilton says, "The ensuing relation of what followed," (viz. An account of the Conferences,) "wrote in Mr. O.'s own hand, was found in his desk, after his death, by Mrs. Ogilvie; she gave it to Mr. L. now minister at Oldhamstocks, who gave it to me."

Wonderful Story,  
 From a BOOK, Intitl'd,  
 Visits from the World of Spirits.

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A Clergyman, who lived in the Massachusetts, and had entertained an opinion for more than fifty years, that such stories were only the vapours of distemper'd and weak brains, was convinc'd at last in the following manner: Being in his own garden he saw his own likeness or apparition; dress'd just as he then was, pass by him, and look'd him full in the face. He ran into the house in a great surpris, told his family what he had seen, that he was convinc'd of his former error, and that he fear'd he should live but a few days. His words prov'd true, for he died in a short time after.

FINIS.

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