

THE
LAIRD OF
COOL'S GHOST.
BEING

A Copy of several Conferences and Meetings that
passed betwixt the

Reverend 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 with his own hand.



GLASGOW :

Published by J. Lumsden & Sons:

1822.

COPY OF CONFERENCES, &c.

UPON the third of February 1722, at seven o'clock in the evening, after I had part 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 a grey colour, I called, Who's there? the answer was the Laird of Cool, be not afraid. Looking at 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, although I aimed as well as ever I did in my life, yet I came 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 up, but had some difficulty in mounting again partly by reason of a certain sort of tremor throughout my whole joints, something of which anger had its share in my confusion; for though I laughed when my staff flew out of my hand, coming up with him again, (who halted all the while I was seeking my staff,) I asked him once more who he was? he answered, The Laird of C

I enquired, First, if he was the Laird of Cool. Secondly, What brought him hither? and, Thirdly, What was his business 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 so much as attempt, though it serves 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 asked in surprize, what I had undertaken? he answered, That on Sabbath last, I heard you condemn Mr. Paton, and the other ministers of Dumfries, for dissauding Mr. Menzies from keeping his appointment with me*; and if you had been in their place, would have perswaded 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. Paton's place, you would have delivered my commissions yourself, as 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

* See Note bottom of the 5th page.

commissions to my loving wife. Upon this I said, 'tis a pity Cool, 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 entered into my thoughts. He answered, What were your thoughts I don't pretend to know, but I can depend on my information 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 alleged, he broke off from me through the church-yard, with greater violence than any man on horseback is 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 came to my house, and my wife observed more than ordinary paleness in my countenance, and alledged, 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 on this most astonishing adventure.

Upon the 5th of March 1722, being at Hare-
 head, baptizing the shepherd's child, I came off
 about sun setting, and near Wm. White's march,
 the Laird of Cool came up with me as formerly,
 and after his first salutation, bade me be not
 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 up-
 on, as you have done to Dr. Menzie's man, I
 have free access to complain to my Lord and
 Master to the lash of whose resentment you are
 able now as before *

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

Ogil: Well then, Cool, let me have a peace-
 ble and easy conversation with you for the time

* What I know concerning the matter is this. The servant
 of Dr. Menzie, physician at Dumfries, told my Master and
 many others, that the Laird of Cool, 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 of Dumfries,
 advised him to break that promise. Mr. Ogilvie, the minister
 of Innerwick, near Dunbar, on hearing this, blamed Mr.
 Paton much, saying, Had he been there, he would not only
 have advised him to keep the promise, but have gone with him.

Dunbar May 4th, 1785.

James Hamilton.

Arminian Mag. for 1785.

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

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

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

Ogil. Then I know how to manage our conversation: whatever I 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 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 as serves me in a moment, for I can fly as fleet with it as my soul

can do without it : so that I can go to Dumfries and return again, before you can ride twice the length of your horse ; nay, if I had 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, and 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 a 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 wont 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 scholar, Cool, and

'tis generally believed there is a private judgment, besides the general at the great day: the former immediately after death.—Upon this he interrupted me, arguing.

Cool. 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 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 herd 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 thought that their rejecting the terms of salvation offered, was sufficient ground for God, to punish them with eternal displeasure;

and as to their ignorance, that could never excuse them, since they live in a place of the world where the true 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 loath 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 into 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 wretched in the next, and that a man may be miserable in this world, and 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 this 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 do not 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 there are sent from heaven angels to guard and comfort, and to do other good services to good people, and even the

Spirits of good men 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 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 other 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 form above, so that from thence are sent our missionaries in 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 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 that there is a great 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, outdo 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 bad angels have stated times of rendezvous, and the principal angels, who have the charge either of towns, cities, or kingdoms, 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-counter on each side, every thing is told; as in your milns, kilns, and smithies, with this difference, that many things false, are falked 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 intellegent spirit is sent out on enquiry, and the report of the former seem 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 a falsehood to promote his design; as little will an evil soul departed, stop 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. Aikman, who attends Thurston's family; James Corbet, 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 surpris'd, 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 he 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. In the mean time he said several things I did not understand. But after coming to my former presence of mind, said,

Ogil. But, Cool, tell me in earnest, if there be a devil that attends my family, though invisible?

Cool. Just as sure as you are breathing, but be not 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 and, who might as well have been elsewhere, or 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 Elenfcleugh, and I desire to part with you, though perhaps I have gained more by conversation than I could have otherwise done in a twelvemonth; I choose rather to see you another time, when you are 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 as 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 came to Dod; I told

him his last conversation had proved so acceptable to me, that I was well pleased to see him again; that there was a number of things that wanted to inform myself further of, if he would be so good as 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 500 Scots, and three years interest, but on 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 this 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 shewed 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 190*l*, of which I got full and complete payment, C—l got the half. When I was at Dumfries, the same day that Robert Grier, died to whom I was owing an account of 26*l* C—l my good brother, 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, 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 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 in 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 so 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 lent for my Cousin B—m H—rie, your good brother, who with no difficulty, for a guinea and half, undertook and performed all that I wanted: and for a guinea more gave me up a discharge for 200*l*. Scots, that I was owing to your father-in-law, and his 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 Homer Maxwell, tenant to my Lord Nithsdale, for whom I was factor. I borrowed 200*l.* from him, 500*l.* 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, his wife being dead before himself. I came to seal up his papers for my lord's security; his eldest daughter intreated me to look through 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 children 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 sum 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 I see myself come in for 200*l.* 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

th 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 on that head; and you need not bid me take courage, 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 is a sufficient fund, and more, why cannot you empty her purse invisibly, to make these people mend?

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 people, yet the guilt of the base action always remain upon you.

Cool. Now you think you have silenced me, and gained a noble victory; but I will shew you your mistake immediately; for I cannot touch my gold or money, by reason of these spirits that are slated 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.

Cool. It is 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 I had a prejudice to would soon be beggared,

Ogil. Might you not go to the mines of Mexico and Peru, where those 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 incline 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, has the power to take any money or gold; the good never do, though 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 of gaining their point.

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 to your wife's 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 on the head of the heath called the Pees. 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 writing 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, says he, this 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 to do in these matters as

myself. But tell me, Coel, is it not as easy to write your story as to tell it, or ride on what do ye call him? for I have forgot your horse's name.

Coel. 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 were to go to Dumfries, and tell your wife you had appeared to me, and told so many forgeries and villanies that you had committed, and that I behoved to make reparation; the consequence might perhaps be, that she would scold me; she would be loath to part with any money I possess, and therefore tell me I was mad, and possibly pursue me for a calumny: how would I vindicate myself, how could I prove that you ever 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—H—rie would be upon me, and pursue me before the Commissary: every body would look upon me as brain-sick or mad: therefore I expect that you do not insist upon sending me so ridiculous an errand. The reasonableness of your demands I leave to your own consideration, you did your former to mine. But dropping this matter till our next interview, give me leave

enter upon some more diverting subject, 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 soon after.

In the Arminian Magazine for 1785 (in addition to what is mentioned at the bottom of p 5) Dr. Hamilton says, "The ensuing relation of what followed," (viz. An Account of the Conferences,) "wrote in Mr. Ogilvie'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 to me."

END OF COOL.

VISIT
FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

A Clergyman, who lived in the Massachusetts and had entertained an opinion, for more than 50 years, that such stories were only vapours of distempered and weak brains, was convinced at last in the following manner.—Being in his own garden, he saw his own likeness or apparition, dressed just as he then was, pass by him, and look him full in the face. He ran into the house in a great surprise, told his family what he had seen, that he was convinced of his former error, and that he feared he should live but a few days. His words proved true, for he died a short time after.

FINIS.

J. Neilson, printer.