

The Laird of COOL's
G H O S T.

B E I N G

A Wonderful and True Account of
Several Conferences betwixt the Revd.
Mr Ogilvie, late Minister of the Gospel
at Innerwick, and the Ghost of the
deceast Mr Maxwell, late Laird of Cool.

Written by Mr Ogilvie's own hand, and found in
his Closet after his Death, which happened
very soon after these Conferences.



F A L K I R K :

Printed by *Patrick Mair*, at his *New Stirling-shire*
PRINTING-OFFICE, opposite the Cross-Well,
where great variety of Books and Pamphlets
are sold very cheap. 1784

Laird of Cool's Ghost.

UPON the third of February, 1724, at fe
 o'clock at night, after that I had par
 with Thurston, and coming up the bu
 road, one came up riding after me: u
 hearing the noise of the horse's feet, I took it
 be Thurston; but looking back and seeing
 horse of a grey colour, I called, Who's the
 The answer was, The laird of Cool, be not af
 Looking to him, with the little light the m
 afforded, I took him to be Collector Castle
 who had a mind to put a trick upon me; and
 mediately I struck with all my force with my ca
 thinking I would leave a mark upon him,
 would make him remember his presumption:
 being sensible I aimed as well as ever I did in
 life, yet my cane finding no resistance, but fl
 out of my hand, to the distance of sixty feet,
 observing it by it's white head, I dismounted
 took it up; but had some difficulty in moun
 again, partly by the ramping horse, and partly
 reason of a certain sort of trembling through
 my whole joints; something also of anger ha
 share in the confusion, for he laught when my
 flew out of my hand. Coming up with him a
 (who halted all the time I was seeking my sta
 I asked him once more who he was? he answer
 The laird of Cool. I enquired first, if he was
 laird of Cool? secondly, What brought him
 ther? and thirdly, What was his business

? He answered, The reason that I want you,
 that I know you are disposed to do for me,
 that none of your brethren in Lithsdale will so
 much as attempt, though it serve never so good
 purpose. I told him, I would never refuse to
 do any thing to serve a good purpose, if I thought
 myself obliged to do it as my duty. He answered,
 that 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
 saddle reins, and talked in surprise, asking what
 had undertaken? He answered, that on Sabbath
 day, I heard you condemned Mr Paton and the
 other ministers of Dumfries, for dissuading of
 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
 I would have gone with him yourself, if he had
 not been afraid; and that if you had been in
 Mr Paton's place, you would have delivered my
 commissions yourself, since they tended to do
 several persons justice. I asked him, Pray Cool,
 did you inform me that I talked at this 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 all that I want,
 is that you would fulfil your promise, and deli-
 ver my 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 a conditional promise;
 and indeed at the time you mention, blame

Mr Paton; for I thought him justly blameable for 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 your information, that these were your words; I see you are in some disorder, I will wait for you when you have more presence of mind.

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

Upon the fifth of March, 1724, being at Fifehead baptizing the shepherd's child, I came home at sun-setting, or a little after, and near White's march, the laird of Cool came up to meet me as formerly; and after his first salutation bade me not be afraid. I told him, I was not the least afraid, in the name of God, and

Saviour, that he would not 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 I ride upon) as you have done to Doctor *Snizies'* 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 last 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 it can be, than when I was alive.

Gilvy. Well then, *Cool*, let me have a peaceable and easy conversation with you for the time I ride together, and give me some informations about the affairs of the other world, for no man likes to lose his time in conversing with the dead, without hearing or learning something that is useful.

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

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

Cool. There are great many things I can answer the living are quite ignorant of; there are 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 ask of which the last is one, that I will not answer.

Gil. Then I know not 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 it that you appear in? and what sort of a horse is that you ride upon, which appears to be so full of me?

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

Ogil. So it seems when Andrew Johnston declines 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 will answer.

Cool. You are mistaken, for that question I can answer, and after this 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 that there is a private judgement beside 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 till the great day. The heaven which good men enjoy after death, consists only in serenity of their minds, and satisfaction of good consciences, 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 they are free from the body, and sins and sorrows that attend it: on the other hand, there are some who may be said rather not to have been good, than that they were 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 always thought that their rejecting the terms of salvation offered, was 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 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 uninterrupted application they were obliged to give to their secular affairs for their daily bread, the impious treachery of their pastors, who persuaded them, 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 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

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 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 come to know that I talked after that manner I did concerning Mr Paton, on the first Sabbath of February last. Was you present with us, but invisible? He answered very thoughtfully, 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 it proper to answer, let it pass. After he had gazed with his eyes on the ground for three or four minutes of time at most, with some haste and seeming uneasiness, 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 so to do other special good services to good people, and even the spirits of good men departed, are employed in that same 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 that 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, tho' at different places, at a great distance. Many are the good offices which the good angels do to them that fear God, tho' 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 is inferior angels, or souls departed to whose peculiar 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 politicks as can be; well knowing, that the court of wisdom is from above: so that from thence are sent out 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 I cannot understand how the good angels should be inferior in number to the evil

Cool. Did I not say, that whatever the number be of the spirits departed are employed in the same business so that as to the number of original deities, where 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 to the same purpose; and I can assure you by the bye, that there is as great difference between angels, both good and bad, as there is among men, with respect to their sense, knowledge, cunning, cleverness and action; nay, what is more, the departed souls in both sides out-do several 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 what I am solicitous?

Cool. Take a little patience, sir, from what I have said, you might have understood me, if you had yo

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 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-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, or souls of the wicked men departed, have told many things that they have done, and 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 fates 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 the alone 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 making 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 the time, who was then look-

ing 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. Yes, you may depend upon it.

Ogil. And what do you think is his business?

Cool. To divert you from your duty, and cause you underhand, 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, 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, tho' 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 that attends you, who is stronger than the other.

Ogil. Are you sure of that Cool?

Cool. Yes; and 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 Elen's cleugh, and I desire to part with you, tho' perhaps I have gained more by our conversation, than I would have done otherwise in a twelve-month, 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, in 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 9th of April 1724, as I was returning from Old Hamstock, Cool came up with me on horse-back, 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, 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 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, that at that 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 3 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 his 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 compleat payment, C——l got the half. When I was at Dumfries, the day that Thomas Grier died, to whom I was owing an account of 36l. C——l my good brother was then at London, and not being able of myself, being but a bad writer, to

get a discharge of the accompt, which I wanted exceedingly, met accidentally with Robert Boyd, a poor Writer lad in Dumfries. I took him to Mrs Carnock's, and gave him a bottle of wine, and told him that I had paid Thomas Grier's account, but wanted a discharge, and if he would help me to it, 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 that I was jesting, commending him for his honesty, and took him solemnly engaged never to repeat what had passed. I sent for my cousin B. H. 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 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 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 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 fund to do it upon, and if it were done, I would be easy and happy; therefore 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 200 l. Scots, let me beg a little time to consider on the matter, and since you are as much master of reason now as ever, and more than ever, we will first 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 state is, so that there needs be no more questions on 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 of a new born child. Cool. Well, say on.

Ogil. Tell me then, since such is your ability, that you can fly thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye, if you 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 there are ten thousands of gold and silver, and invisibly lift, and invisibly return it to the injured? And since your wife has sufficient fund and more, why cannot you empty her purse in your invisibility, 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 you may do to the people, yet the guilt of the base action always remains on 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 various 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 they had a prejudice at, would soon be ruined.

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

Cool. No, sir, for the same reason.

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

Cool. You are a little too forward this night, sir, and inclines much to banter, what I've said might satisfy you; but since it does not, I'll tell you further, that no spirits, good or bad, have 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 of gaining their points.

Ogil. What hinders them, Cool?

Cool. Superior powers that govern and guard all.

Ogil. You have satisfied me intirely 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: that would be a more surer way to gain your point. Cool. Because I will not.

Ogil. That does not signify to me, Cool.

Cool. That is one of the questions that I told you long ago, could not be answered; but if you go as desired, you shall have all satisfaction after you have done your business. Trust me for once, and believe me, you shall not be disappointed.

Upon the 10th of April, 1724, coming from Old-Hermes, on the post road, we again met together upon the head of the pe called the Peale, he asked me if I had considered the matter he recommended? I told him I had, and was in the same opinion 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 first of his grievances were so great, that I could not possibly remember them without being in writing, that I wanted nothing but reason to determine me in that, and 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, says 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 things as myself. But tell me, Cool, is it not as easy to write your story, as to tell or ride on what d'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 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 event might perhaps be that she would scold me, for she would be loth to part with a penny money she possesses, and therefore tell me I was mad, or possibly pursue me for 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, it was the devil had spoken with me, and why should I repeat these things for truth, which he told was a liar from the beginning, had told me! C p I, and B. would be upon my top, and pursue me before commissaries, and every body would look upon me as brain-sick or mad, therefore I intreat you, do not insist upon sending me a vain errand. The reasonableness of my demands, I leave to your own consideration, as you did your former to mine. But dropping these matters for our next interview, give 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.