

*B. 10*

*1801*

DIVINE AND SPIRITUAL  
LETTERS OF PROPHECIES

*Sent to Reverend Divines, and other spiritual good men and women, that are now ordered to be put in print by Divine command for the good of the public, and to try the wisdom of mankind to what spirit they will allude this strange revelation.*

*To the Rev. STANHOPE BRUCE.*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter, Nov. 7, 1801,*

I RECEIVED your letter, and was provoked and surprised at the people who boast of sense without reason: and this depravity in the human creation hath worked their ruin in every age of the world; as it did that of the jews: for it was the ruin of them. Had they used sense with their reason they must have known it was impossible for all the powers of earth or hell to work the miracles our Saviour wrought; and they must dishonour God, by judging him such another as themselves, to let an impostor work such miracles, to be worshipped equal with the father, and in and through his blood man to look for redemption, did not the Lord know this would follow his miracles: and if they were not wrought by the spirit of God, and he was not, as he said, the Son of God, the Lord must have given his honour to the devil; by whom they erroneously said the miracles were wrought. But now I shall call both jews and gentiles together, when my writings are proved: and let the

A

jews

jews bring their Belzebub with them to work the miracles our dear Redeemer wrought, and I will give it up to them. If not, let their mouths be stopped, and their tongues be silent; when I put a book into your hands, when you are all assembled together, such as was never wrote before, nor since the foundation of the world, nor ever entered into the heart or thought of man. For though it is written the fairs must judge the earth, they never understood in what manner. If it began with the woman, it must end with the woman.—If it began with the serpent it must end with the serpent.

For he and I the cause must try :  
 He bid me pluck the fruit,  
 To know where did the evil lay ;  
 Then now I'll strike the root.  
 If I began I'll go on,  
 And pluck the fruit all through,  
 Till down the evil all shall come,  
 And man the good shall know.  
 When I begin to answer man  
 In ev'ry age that's past,  
 I know that silent man must stand,  
 And hell in rage may burst,  
 To see too late I pluck'd his fate,  
 And do the evil know :  
 You say the fruit was pluck'd by me ;  
 Then I'll turn back the blow :  
 For when the good fruit I brought forth,  
 Men hung him on the tree ;  
 And if I've children now of worth  
 I'll turn it back on He.  
 Now to be clear the serpent here  
 Is now the He I mean :  
 And let their Belzebub appear :  
 I'll mock the sons of men,  
 Unless they'll come, and will perform  
 The miracles that were wrought  
 By Belzebub they did maintain ;  
 For so the serpent taught.  
 Vain simple man to lay his plan,  
 For reason they had none ;  
 The type of He let mortals see,  
 The brazen serpent come.

Now

Now I'll explain the mystery  
 They did him so condemn:  
 For as a serpent on the tree,  
 You know they nail'd him up:  
 In brazen confidence to be,  
 A serpent in their thought.

The spirit speaking in the woman shews how men always destroyed the good fruit in every age, from the blood of righteous Abel to that of the apostles, prophets, and martyrs; and now it is just the same. O simple and unwise! to think an impostor would discover her shame. If there was one deceit in me, the very way I have ordered all to be done must discover my arts, if I had any. What profit could it be for me to say you must deal with me as you would with an impostor, to go to the bottom of every truth? What advantage to me is your coming from London, and other parts of the kingdom, to clear my innocence; that I have published no cunningly devised fable; but made known to you the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? and told you that when you meet together in his name the spirit of wisdom and understanding shall be given you? now if I had not strong grounds to judge this calling was from the Lord, I must be a knave, and a fool:—for I might have published without saying it must be proved by every truth. But by the manner in which I have published and written to you all, if I am an impostor you must find it out: for you must deal with an honest woman as with a knave. If you are careless how you believe me, no man will believe you. I am sorry the Rev. Mr. M—— has suffered the Devil to have the advantage over him, to put his hand to the plough and draw back. Such men I wish to be present, to go to the bottom, that I might clear my innocence before you all. As to fearing the Bishop in such a cause as this, they that think so must think him a knave and fool, as they are. I have already written to the Bishop of —, and he never desired me to stop my hand. I wrote last christ-

mas to the chancellor and archdeacon, and three other ministers, saying, if they would prove the writings were not of the Lord I would give it up; but they were silent: not knowing what to judge. Now if this prove of any spirit that is not of God, every man of sense must give you credit for your wisdom, to search to the bottom of what most men of sense are at a loss to find out. They that judge it from the devil marvel at his words, and they that judge it from myself marvel that I have not studied away my senses; as they say I have sense enough to make myself mazed. Now all these confused thoughts of men will be cleared up by your coming: for I shall assuredly know then by what spirit I write; and if I find it is not of the Lord I will never publish another book for the whole world. As to my gains by writing, people have erred there: for I have suffered great loss thereby:—but this I do not value. The will of the Lord be done in me, and by me: and if it be not of God, your coming will prevent my saying the Lord saith if he hath not spoken. If it be of God, it will be as the Rev. Mr. P——said, to the saving of the nation from utter ruin. *Fatal are the judgments pronounced against this nation, if twelve righteous men could not be found to search out the hidden mystery.* But now I must come to publishing the letters. Your letters, and your son's, which I received this day, made me enquire in prayer: and I was ordered to return you this answer—there is nothing hid but what must be made known. The letter I sent you, with the names of the ministers I had written to, must go in print, perfect as I sent them, with every man's name in full. I will answer myself for that affair. It is the command of the spirit I write by. Let them prove it is not from the Lord if they can. The first letter I sent them in 1796, of the war, will prove the truth.

As to Mrs. Bruce's letters, if you fear men will think it pride and vain glory in you to publish them, leave them to me: for I fear no man. I shall print what

what I am ordered to print; and no man slays my hand. Fatal would it be for mankind if they were to stop that, without they could prove my writings were not from the Lord; which no man hath yet done.

I am, &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

*To the Rev. THOMAS WEBSTER.*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter, Nov. 22, 1801.*

**A**S I have put in print a myſtery about my brother, I ſhall now give you the ſenſe of it. In 1792 my brothers and ſiſters being all againſt me on account of my writings, I left viſiting them. My brother Joſeph, ſeeing the ſtrangenefs of my reſentment, ſaid, he did not know me; as he judged me of a temper to forgive any injury or affront offered me. After that he went to Briſtol, and was married, and ſettled there. In 1798 I was ordered to go there, to make known my prophecies: but did not know my brother was there until a few weeks before I went. When I came to Briſtol I took lodgings, and went to my brother's wife in the market, and made myſelf known to her. She ſaid my brother was coming into town in the afternoon; as they lived about a mile out of town. I aſked her to come with my brother, and drink tea with me; but deſired her not to let my brother know it was I: ſhe promiſed ſhe would not, and kept her word; and told my brother they were going to viſit a ſtranger. He was quite ſurpriſed to find me the ſtranger when he ſaw me, and ſaid it was only the week before he thought all his brothers and ſiſters had forſaken him; as he had written to my ſiſter half a year before; and as to me, he thought me too much offended ever to write to him, and my ſiſter neglected answering his letter; and now to his ſurpriſe I had ſent for him. He deſired me to give up my lodgings, and come to his houſe. I accepted of his offer, and went to his houſe, and ſtaid half a year. I made known my prophecies to Mr. Brown, a book-ſeller

seller at Bristol; as he well knew me, and my father and mother, when his parents lived at Honiton. Some months after Mr. Edgar, a young gentleman (of whose mother he rented his gardens) came to my brother at Whitehall, and asked if he had not a sister that was a prophetess? my brother answered, No. The gentleman said Mr. Brown told him that he had. My brother answered it was a family at Getsom, nearly the same name, but not his sister: the gentleman said then Mr. Brown had told him wrong. When I came in the evening, my brother told me what had passed. I told him he had sinned in what he had done, in telling a falsehood: if he was ashamed of my prophecies he might have answered, he had a sister whose head in 1792 had been filled with some strange ideas of prophecies, and she judged herself visited by the spirit of the Lord: and though he, and all his brothers and sisters had tried to persuade her out of it, they could not prevail. He might have said with my sister Carter, I might as well persuade a tree that is falling to stand, as persuade her out of her prophecies. If you wish to know what grounds she has for this strong belief, I will introduce you to my sister, if you think proper. You may be a better judge of prophecies than I am. I told my brother if he had said this he would have acted wisely, and Mr. Edgar would be his friend, but now he would be his enemy. This was at a time the gentlemen in Bristol had put out public papers, that they would wager 300*l.* to one, there would be a king on the French throne in 1799, by that month, which I think was October; I then said, if Mr. Edgar had faith to believe my prophecies he might gain the 300*l.* for I would wager 3000*l.* if I had it, no king would be there by the time. My brother's wife said to him, what sister faith is a wiser answer than what you made; and had you spoke in that manner you would not have disgraced yourself; and Mr. Edgar might judge for himself, if he  
thought

thought proper. My brother said certainly it was a wiser and better answer than he made; but he did not think of it to speak in that manner: and was now sorry for what he had done: but the young Mr. Edgar was too worthy a gentleman to be his enemy. I told him it was in vain to trust to a man whose heart was not influenced by the Lord; and Mr. Edgar would not, as my brother had provoked the Lord against him. My brother said he was sorry for what he had done, and hoped he should be forgiven. But now I shall come to the purpose. The gardens my brother rented of Mrs. Edgar had been so beggared out by the last tenant, and so over-run, and eat out with weeds, that the ground he gave 8*l.* an acre for did not pay him for seed and labour; so he was the rent out of pocket, and was obliged to give the gardens up, paying the rent home to the last quarter, and to leave the fruit trees and bushes that he had bought in the garden; which cost him 30*l.* for the last quarter's rent. I told my brother he acted wrong, that he did not go to Mrs. Edgar, to know if she would take them for rent. If she would not he would take them away. My brother answered he should offend Mr. Edgar if he did; that therefore he would leave it to the honour of the young gentleman. I told him he might be deceived, and he could not claim them after he left them: and he was liable to be arrested for the last quarter's rent: but my brother was confident in the young Mr. Edgar, who would know the value he left was more than the rent, and would not see him hurt. So I left my brother at Christmas, and soon after I received a letter from his wife, that Mrs. Edgar had arrested my brother, and thrown him into prison: that she went to the young Mr. Edgar, and he refused to hear her, saying it was his mother's business, and he should have nothing to say about it. The gentlemen of Bristol, of the humane society, went to Mrs. Edgar in my brother's behalf, but she would make no allow-

allowance for what was left; as he could not take them away: he should abide in prison till the debt was paid. So the humane society paid one part, and my sister Carter the other part, to free him from prison. So my prophecies, I told him before, were fulfilled in him. And you see what it is for man to trust in man, and make flesh his stay. Here I have given you a short account of my brother, as it is in print, that you may know the mystery. Other particulars I shall send to the other ministers, as I have not time to enlarge any more for the present. But this letter I must beg you will bring with you when you come down, as every one must bring his letter with him that is sealed with three seals. And I shall be glad to see you; and am happy to see the will of the Lord is done in you, and by you. Time prevents me from saying any more at present.—I am, with the greatest respect, your humble servant.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

*To the Rev. T. P. FOLEY.*

REV SIR,

*Exeter, Nov. 27, 1801.*

I Received your letter, with the books, and am happy to hear your faith and love were so great for the Lord, as to leave the settling of your worldly affairs to come and join with other ministers and spiritual good men, to do the work of the Lord, and you will find your labour of love is not in vain. The mystery is beyond every thought of man; of your printing the one thousand, and my printing five thousand, both done by command of the Lord, and both books sealed together, which are to be had in everlasting remembrance till time is no more. Now I shall tell you some of the mystery of the disobedience of man and woman standing in remembrance against their children unborn, and now it is come to their redemption, the perfect obedience of men and women must stand the same; as man was drawn in by the



the woman to disobedience, so he is brought back by the woman to *true obedience*; and these two books being sealed together free man from the fall of creation in Adam, and bring them back to the redemption in Christ. Now mark in the book there are twenty four letters, printed by five men; and at the 24th page stands the letter to the woman, and there you see the names of two women,—there is one mystery beyond your discernment. At the 39th page you will see Mrs. Bruce's letter stand again: and when the visitation of the Lord came so powerful to me in 1792, I was in the 39th year of my age,—this is another mystery you cannot find out: but weigh deep where Mrs. Bruce's letter stands. Therefore it was not in the power of the Rev. Stanhope Bruce to prevent publishing them, as he wrote to me he wished not to put them in print, fearing the world might mock him; but you see when the Lord hath wise ends in a thing he taketh away these foolish fears. The decrees of the Lord are as firm as the heavens, and will stand in everlasting remembrance. What mysteries are sealed up together, (and what is sealed on earth is sealed in heaven,) and are to stand for ages unborn. For what Mrs. Bruce has done her children will call her blessed, and her husband will praise her. Strength and honor are in her clothing: for her strength of faith came from the Lord, and her honor from the Most High: But I fear she will hear the scorn of fools, who will be moved with indignation at her, and say like her dream, What is Mrs. Bruce, to be adorned with so much beauties of mind above another? Have not many women given great bounties of charity? I grant it: but here is a charity in faith given to the Lord, judging all came from him, and for his honor and glory she hath done a thing through strength of faith, that no woman hath done; and now you see the strength of faith sealed up together of two women and five men. Now look to the 5th page, and weigh

B

it

it deep, and see what light you can draw from it;— the whole sent by a woman to five men. You say the sixth came too late, but you have not forgot the gentleman's name to insert it in the book. So you may say there are six gentlemen and one woman, that I have written to, and the woman stands alone: but not alone, as her husband and father stand in print with her. The two first letters began with the father, —the two last end with the father. Mark how this book stands, and then mark how the Bible stands. I hope Mrs. Bruce will not mind the mock of fools: for wise men and good men will ever love her, and her name will be had in everlasting remembrance. And had not the Lord regarded her she would never have been permitted to do what she has done. Her letter shews the strong temptations from the powers of darkness to baffle her faith: and now I know from her dream, the powers of darkness will work in the minds of fools to speak against her: but happy are we to be persecuted for well doing. We must go through evil report and good report, through honour and dishonour, if we will be followers of that which is good. Was I to regard the scorn and mock of fools my life would be miserable. But we must look to the crown which is set before us; and I am happy, Sir, for your sake, when you come to be weighed in the balance, you are not found wanting,—your labour of love will not be in vain with the Lord. Happy are those that put their hand to the plough and do not draw back. I cannot promise you will not find ministers in Exeter that will try to oppose your judgment, if they can find any arguments to prove these writings came from the Devil: but if they try to prove they come from my own head, or any cunning devised fable of man, they will soon find themselves foiled: for they are as far beyond any human being, or the power of man, as the miracles our Saviour wrought were: so the wrong belief of one is just as blind as the  
the

the other; and I cannot tell which is the blindest, Jews or Gentiles, now they are put to the trial of their faith and wisdom. But the Lord hath concluded all men in unbelief, that all men may be saved. Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the eyes of the people. Wonderous things are done amongst them: yet in seeing they cannot see, nor in hearing can they understand. Therefore, ye have need to put on the whole armour of God; to quit yourselves like men and be strong. When you come to Exeter please to bring this letter with you.—  
I am, &c. &c. JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

---

*To WILLIAM SHARP.*

HON. SIR,

*Exeter, Dec. 1, 1801.*

**I** Received your box and valuable presents, the 28th day of November. On opening the box you surprised us all, to see your valuable prints. I found the thoughts of my heart true;—you are still conferring favors on me, and though I am sorry my friends should put themselves to such expense as they do for me,—yet the presents are of such a nature that I am compelled to look on them with pleasure and delight;—therefore must return you my warmest thanks for your kind love, and the honour you have done me, in shewing your love to God, which I value you more for than a thousand presents. Thus is the truth of my words verified:—The Lord would go from heart to heart, as oil goeth from vessel to vessel. I shall now come to the purpose of the prints. I think I told you, in my last letter, what you was doing was the will of the Lord; and that the glass must appear and see as face to face; and as in a glass darkly we may see face to face. I shall now come to the mystery of your prints, and give you the full explanation when I have the honour and happiness of seeing you at Exeter. But now I shall give it in part,

B 2

and

and begin with the Virgin Mary, and the heavenly dear Child, whose beauty I admire; and now the time is come to call his birth-day strong to our remembrances. When we reflect on the birth-day of our Saviour, we are called together in his name to judge the world in him, and by him, and through him. It was ten years ago, that very day, when the visitation of the Lord came to me in a strange manner. Let all men look on the heavenly dear Child in the arms of his mother.—Let them view him in the hands of men, with the thorns planted on his head, and see if they can marvel at his love to woman! View him in the arms of women, view him in the hands of men, and see how his countenance is there disfigured! O, foolish and simple men! if these thorns are not planted on the serpent's head, they must now be planted on the heads of men. The Lord inclined your heart to set this lively picture before mankind, engraved in such likeness as I have in my sixth book set all before you. Oh! what a day! Oh! what a meeting will his birth day be now unto man! Marvel not if you see mankind plant all these thorns on my head if they can. Now I shall come to your picture that you said was not worth a frame. Did you say it for me to pay you a compliment? For I will not barely rely on my own judgment,—I thought it extraordinary well done; but better judges than I am, have said the same; and I shall make some remarks on its having no frame. I am sorry to say, that an honest worthy and upright good man is scarce thought worth a frame in these days; and we had need of a candle and lantern to find him out: for they are hid in the dark from the world; and it is the candle of the Lord must find them out; and this candle the world *laugh at*, as they did at him. But I shall here drop this subject for the present. On looking on Mr. Brothers' and seeing my own face, I was deeply struck. I admire his innocence, and pity his

his sufferings; but hope the time is at hand for his deliverance. I shall give you a further explanation of this hereafter, and come to the mystery of printing my books. I make no doubt of your hearing of the letter I sent to the Rev. Mr. Bruce, how the Rev. Mr. P—— was offended at my printing his name, and blamed your judgment to think it was the command of the Lord. I told him if the ministers in London were fools, the ministers in Exeter were \*\*\*\*\*; if I was wrong, why had they not told me so when I appealed to them, and said the curse of God would fall on the city for the minister's neglect? If I was led by a wrong spirit they had never told me so when I appealed to them, and offered to give it up to the judgment of four ministers, last Christmas, if they could prove the writings were not from the Lord. But Mr. P——'s anger was greatly heated by his name being made so public throughout the book, and affirmed it was the Devil that ordered me to do it. It is fruitless to pen what I have suffered by the anger of Mr. P——; and weighing the conduct of all the ministers together in Exeter, I should judge there was no religion at all in ministers, was it not for the sake of those few who have written to me. When you come to Exeter I shall lay the copies of all letters I have sent them before you, and then judge between men and me. But should they begin to touch your honour I will shame all that shame you, confound all that confound you, by the letters I have sent them. Now I shall come to the mystery of the names being printed, every man's name in full as they stand;—it is for the sake of the sealed book; for every man's name must be found in that book. Every man's judgment, every man's conduct, must stand in the sealed books: for I must seal the fix together. The five I have printed, and your book of letters discover the name of the whole. So it would be fatal for man was I to blot out any of their names; and you have done  
wisely

wisely in printing your names in full. It matters not if you blot out all your names in the books you sell before the time; but every man's name must appear hereafter;—so it is not a sin to blot out Mr. P——'s name in the books that are sold before the time: but I do not wish you to blot out his name in all, nor sell all, that some may appear hereafter perfect as they were first printed. I shall not dispose of many of mine, till after Christmas.

[The above letter was not concluded but was laid by, and on December 4, 1801, it was continued with particulars of little consequence, when, after mentioning the accommodation that was provided, desiring her friends to be at Exeter some days before the time, which they gladly complied with, she concludes thus:]

I need not remind you the twelve are not all ministers. We will settle about printing the letters when you come to Exeter: but Mr. Bulby, I hope, will take care of his letter, as that must go in print, and true you'll find the words; there is no more wisdom in man than there was in the clock that struck so long. So you must have salt in yourself, or you would be carried away by every wind that blows. I must conclude, though I have a thousand things to say, but not time to mention one of them.

I am, with the greatest respect, your greatly obliged and humble servant,

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

*To the Rev. T. P. FOLEY,*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter, Dec. 11, 1801.*

I Received your kind letter, and did not answer it then, as you was gone into the country. You will hear from the Rev. Mr. Bruce, that the Rev. Mr. P—— was offended at his name being made  
so

to public; and I find he has wrote to the printer, though I told him it was my fault: for they had done it by my command as from the Lord. Mr. P—— seemed heated and said it was the order of the Devil. It is fruitless to attempt to pen what I felt on account of his anger. “*This is the beginning of sorrow, but the end is not yet.*” Be not mistaken, my brethren, concerning the fiery trial, which is the trial of all your faith. I must beg you to weigh deep the 174th page, and judge for yourselves. Be not like the disciples of old, when they saw the truth of our Saviour’s words, they were afraid and fled; as not understanding the dangers they were to go through: and I fear this has been your case. Have you discerned deeply the trial would be great, and different passions would arise in men? *So your faith, courage, and patience, and passions must be tried,—you must go through evil report and good report, through honour and dishonour, as counted fools, yet making many wise.* I have told you my trial would be great, yet knew not what would happen to make it so;—but HE that spoke the words knew what would happen to make it so; and my obeying the commands of the Lord, to have the names of ministers published, hath kindled the flames already;—the shadow is begun, the substance, I expect, will follow. I have felt the severest blow from Mr. P—— I ever did from any one in my life, as it was not temporal but spiritual. This went near my heart, and I well knew the powers of darkness pressed hard on him or me. I was at first jealous of myself, whether I had been wrong’led in giving the order; and spent three days in the greatest agony of heart and soul that heart could ever feel before I received Mr. Bruce’s answer; and then he confessed what he had done was in spirit of anger on my publishing his name. This gave me peace of mind for myself: but I must say, I feel for him; as I know in my writings he is spoken of as a man greatly to be blessed

blessed, if he goes through to search out the truth : but fatal are the judgments pronounced against him if he draws back *through unbelief*. These promises and threatenings stand in my writings concerning him; and now I feel for him as he is afraid of the displeasure of men : and these fears will never gain a man honour in the sight of God. And this is my fear for him, as it was said to me, for some years ago, a Judas he should be to me, if he do me deny, no comfort in this world he'll have, and tremble for to die. These threatenings and much more I sent him for years past, and now I find his fears begin, fearing the displeasure of men. Should he fall through unbelief, and any thing fatal follow him, I shall be miserable about him. It is remarkable how it stands in my writings between him and me. Great are the blessings if *he perseveres* ; great are the threatenings if *he draws back*. Oh ! may the Lord keep him in the hour of temptation ! For I believe that men and devils press hard upon him : for he told me, men had mocked him on paying attention to my writings : But if we fear the mock of fools, we never shall be fit servants of the Lord. His anger against me, in forbidding me from the sacrament, and ordering his name to be blotted out of the book, makes my soul tremble for him : for deep is the mystery of that book : as I was ordered to seal up one of each thousand, and your one makes the sixth thousand, wherein it is now said to me, that is the meaning of *the book of life*—the perfect obedience of the man and woman sealed together. And you will see the explanation of the last chapter of the Revelations in the 231st page, in a letter addressed to a minister ; which I was ordered to send him in August : but something prevented my sending it then, but I have sent it him now ;—for different passions are burning in my breast, which are love and anger. The Lord keep him and me. His saying I was led by the Devil provoked me to wrath  
 against



against the ministers in Exeter, when I thought of all the letters I had sent them, year after year, that they would weigh them deep, and tell me from what spirit they judged it came; but after their silence to all my letters and now to find fault, and blame the ministers that act like *christians* to come to the bottom of every truth, to know from whence this wonderful revelation comes; which they themselves ought to have done; and for that *neglect* fatal was the judgment pronounced against the ministers:—if the sword of the spirit did not begin as soon as the sword of the war should end, fatal would it be for ministers, judging me to be led wrong, and not trying to convince me. For they were condemned, in the manner following:

Is this the way my flock is fed,  
Left to the shepherds care?  
The wolf to drag them in the pit  
And left to perish there.—  
Then who my anger now shall blame,  
If it should heat and burn?  
And like the gospel, say to all,  
To England I shall turn.

This gospel was on the fast, "*Think not these Galileans were sinners above all, because they suffered these things? I say unto you, nay.*" In this manner I wrote a letter to Archdeacon \*\*\*\*\*, for some years past; as he had kept silence to the humblest of letters, I was then ordered to write him a warm reproof; and all the letters I have sent to ministers must now be brought forward. You say you are but three ministers.—Then know there are three that bear record in heaven; and you three shepherds must bear record upon earth. Christ compares himself to a shepherd, that careth for his sheep,—then now awake my shepherds, saith the Lord, and put you on the whole armour of God,—quit yourselves like men, and be strong. For know when the promises of God are

C made

*made great*, he requires something *great* in men to go through. You need not be fearful of getting the twelve. Consider how many are sealed up. It never stood but six ministers in my sealed writings of the twelve. I know not how that mistake came, to call them all ministers, when they were not. I have written you a few things to judge for yourselves; that you may not be foiled when you come to Exeter, if you find *some* of these ministers that are sealed up try to oppose your judgment. But this I can assure you,---I can prove my writings have been *true* for ten years past. Then judge for yourselves for the time to come. What I say unto you, I say unto all. Please to bring this letter with you. And every one must bring his letter that has been sealed up with three seals. I should be glad to have my books and letters that are printed made as public as possible. If you chuse to conceal your own names till after, you may, by doing as you have done for Mr. P-----; they were to be printed on account of the sealed book. All the ministers names in Exeter must stand as printed except Mr. P-----'s, as they have kept silence before so let them keep silence now; or appear to answer for themselves, why they suffered a woman to say the Lord saith, if they thought he never has spoken; and why they suffered sin upon their brethren to do this great wickedness, and sin against God. If they judged so, they ought *to condemn*; and if they judged it of God, they ought *to obey*.—Therefore their mouths must be stopped, and all their tongues must be silent. None but Mr. P----- have room to speak.

I am, with the greatest respect,  
your humble servant,  
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

For the Rev. Thos. P. Foley, }  
signed with three seals. }

To

## To MR. WILSON.

SIR,

*Exeter, December 16, 1801.*

I Received a letter from Mr. Bruce, wherein he enquired if you come to judge for yourself, whether it was to be one of the twelve? I am told to return you this answer: there are thirteen sealed up, to whom I was ordered to send the three seals: for no man can be judged one of the twelve without them. And now I am ordered to send you the three seals with these words, the seven stars are come to fourteen. But who will fall if you do come I know not. But as you wrote before the book was sealed, I was ordered to write your name in it; and as Mr. Bruce wrote of your coming, I was ordered to send you the seals, as one of the twelve, if you did come; for that seal discovers the twelve. But some will fall if you do stand.\* There is a great blessing promised to the twelve: for it was said to me, when they were first mentioned.—Here is the mystery in these twelve men; for of the earth they are the first redeemed; and their leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. That means their writings and the testimony they will bear of the truth;—for ye know not what is before you. I shall be happy to see you if you can come; and I have shewed you the blessing is great. But time will not give me leave to say much for the present, as I have a great deal to do in a little time. I am, with the greatest respect, your sincere friend and well wisher,  
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

If you come, please to bring this letter with you.

\* It is extraordinary Mr. Basil Bruce died the 26th, at midnight, ten days after this letter was wrote, who was one of the fourteen here mentioned, at the same hour his worthy father set out on his journey to Exeter, and received an account of his son's death when at Exeter. It is also foretold that another of her children will shortly die.

*To the Rev. T. P. FOLEY.*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter, Jan. 27, 1802.*

I Have sent you a pair of gloves, as I was ordered, being a token of love on account of my father's death, who died the 21st of January: which you know was compared to the second coming of Christ. And it is said to me, as the gloves are for the hand, so this is a sign unto you the hand of the Lord is in it; and as close as a glove is to your hand, so the spirit of the Lord will be upon you when the writings are proved: so I wish you to keep them till the time. Now I beg you will weigh my letters to Mrs. Bruce, how Mr. Bruce's death was compared to the death of Christ; as the father and son were compared to the Father and Son in heaven: so she had sent the mourning as a type of Christ's death. In my second letter to her, my father's death was compared to the second coming of Christ,—and as they were both placed, so they both fell. I shall give you a short account of the manner of my father's death. Last Tuesday I received a letter that my father was dying, and desired me to come immediately if I wished to see him alive: but I was ordered not to go before the next day. I then got a single horse, which was much given to start, the worst I ever rode: yet I pursued my journey with him, as being promised the Lord would protect me. When I came to my father I thought he could not live till the close of the day; but it came strong to me he would live till midnight, or cock crowing: but I was to be particular to mark what hour he died. He had convulsion fits from eight at night till cock crowing: so we thought he could not live till ten at night. As soon as the cock crew my father's arms fell down, having been fighting before, and he fell into a sweet sleep. At this we were all astonished. At half past four his breath stopt, and I said to a woman my father was gone: and to our astonishment

nishment he was; as he died asleep. I must remark to you the wind was very hard that night, and so continued the next day, coming home—it seemed like a whirl-wind, which frightened the horse so that I thought he would have thrown me. When I came within one mile of Exeter, a whirl-wind rose and so frightened the horse that he took head in such a manner that had no one been present to stop the horse and take me off, I fear I should have been much hurt. So I sent the horse home by a person and walked home myself. I have written the above particulars as they are all explained to me in the following manner: “*The whirl-wind of the Lord is gone forth in great fury—a cutting whirl-wind, and shall fall grievously on the heads of the mockers;*” for the chain is broken which bound thy father and the nation together. He has been bound in sorrow, and so has your land—he struggled hard in the war of death, and so will your land struggle hard in the war of their death: for fatal death they are bringing on themselves. Before I begin how it is explained in verse, I shall write the words I penned for years ago: “*When thy father takes his flight the rustling winds shall come.*” The particulars you will find in the box of writings I delivered to my friends: and when my father died the wind roared like thunder. Now I shall write the following in verse as spoken to me.

Mark and see the mystery  
 Of all was said before:  
 The rustling wind I said would come  
 When he did disappear.  
 And rustling winds, you all will find,  
 To all are hastening on;  
 For now the clay, you all shall see,  
 Will like the cup become.\*  
 And broke in twain you all shall find,  
 For now I'll break the whole,  
 And as the cedars in the way,  
 I'll make the lofty fall.†

\* †. These marks I shall explain in another letter,—not room now, nor time.

So

So all together now compare,  
 And let thy thoughts go deep,  
 For I shall mock the naked souls,  
 That now my word do mock.  
 The stormy winds, they all shall find  
 Shall furious fall on man:  
 My sword was surely in the wind  
 That unto thee did come.  
 When thou wast near, the city clear  
 Was then before thy view :  
 And as the horse the fright did take  
 Men like the horse will do.  
 For headstrong horses men will come,  
 Their riders for to throw,  
 And this I shew'd thee long ago,  
 And men compared thereto.  
 So in thy way, I now do say,  
 The man did take thee off ;  
 And in the way, I now do say,  
 As men so much do scoff,  
 I'll act for them, as thou didst come,  
 And leave the horse alone:  
 There was no rider then thereon,  
 That safely was brought home.  
 Then safely here can man appear ?  
 For every type goes deep :  
 These headstrong horses I'll strip bare—  
 No riders they shall keep.  
 For full as bare shall man appear,  
 As thou the horse return'd :  
 He was not worth the woman's care,  
 Nor fit to set thereon.  
 And so is man the same become—  
 Their headstrong folly here :  
 They'd throw the woman, every one,  
 That now do see it fair.  
 And off they'll come, as thou hast done,  
 And say they'll walk alone ;  
 And not be carried by such men,  
 That start at every wind.  
 The type is deep, the shadow great ;  
 And great will be the end :  
 Therefore such horse I did ordain,  
 To shew thy starting friends ;  
 For just like he, mankind I see,  
 And so they're frightened here ;  
 And deep they'll find the mystery,  
 The horse returned bare.

And

And full as bare they'll all appear,  
 That now start at thy word :  
 Amongst the stones thou didst appear,  
 And there thy dream occurred.  
 The fish is dead, thy father's fled,  
 The fountain must appear;  
 Because thou knowst the serpent's tail  
 Was surely fasten'd there.  
 So it must go on as 'tis begun—  
 The tumult and the war;  
 To bring the serpent's trial on,  
 And let his death appear.  
 Because in one they both did hang :  
 But now the fish is fled;  
 And man thoult see, will act like me,  
 And strike the serpent dead.  
 Now I'll explain another sign—  
 The midnight did appear;  
 Thy father's death, thou thought'st to find,  
 That hour to see it clear.  
 But it went on, to all be't known,  
 Until the cock did crow;  
 Then man relent, and did repent,  
 That he'd deny'd ME so.  
 Then pity he did find in ME,  
 And pity did appear :  
 Thy father lost his agonies,  
 When that that hour drew near.  
 He fell asleep, no more to weep,  
 Ever to wake in pain :  
 And near the dawning of the day,  
 He broke his slavish chain.  
 So now the dawning of the day  
 Is hastening fast for all;  
 And in that hour thou didst see  
 The heav'nly vision fall.  
 Now think upon the time that's past,  
 I say in ninety-two,  
 The day-light then did early burst,  
 And bring all to thy view.  
 For in that hour, thou saw'st my power—  
 The dawning of the day—  
 Thou wak'st from sleep, and then didst weep,  
 Mistaken, thou didst say,  
 That thou hast been, and nothing seen,  
 And so thou gav'st it up;  
 I told thee then the night was gone,  
 The day would hasty drop.

So

So mark the sign, keep thou in mind,  
 The winter doth appear;  
 The chain is from your nation broke,  
 The first month in the year.  
 My friends did come, it must be known,  
 My death did then appear;  
 Because in Bruce it sure was known,  
 And so I brought it there.  
 Then close you see, the words from me,  
 Thy father I did place  
 My second coming for to be,  
 And so the die was cast.  
 Then now see clear, all types are here,  
 Thy uncle's now applied,  
 That I with Norris now compare —  
 The field is open wide.  
 His senses gone are judged by man:  
 Thy uncle's were the same:  
 Then every shadow now is come,  
 But who do know my name?  
 That I am the man, the prince become,  
 Whom they've exalted high,  
 But if they so do worship man,  
 Their prince shall surely die.  
 Norris was *wrong* in what he'd done,  
 I tell thee in the end,  
 When he did fix thy bounds with man,  
 It was never my intent,  
 That thou should'st come to join with man  
 As any earthly bride;  
 I said like Bruce thou must become,  
 Or Bruce become like thee.  
 In heaven are your husbands gone —  
 Let men begin to see;  
 The type is deep, the mystery great,  
 You women do appear  
 Without a husband to protect,  
 But I am your husband here;  
 So now let she become like thee,  
 And fix her heart on high:  
 For I have taken all from she,  
 That robs her heart from me:  
 Because you two are in my view,  
 Your hearts to have them *whole*;  
 That so on high your hearts may fly —  
 Your husbands there do dwell:

So



So if the mystery you weigh deep,  
 The footsteps here are plain :  
 So Bruce's wife no more may weep,  
 She's just like thee become,  
 No earthly husband to enjoy,  
 And thou art just the same ;  
 And all your husbands I'll destroy,  
 That now despise my name.  
 So all shall see the mystery ;  
 For Bruce is now in heaven ;  
 And she is perfect now like thee—  
 My spirit here is given  
 As much to thee, they all shall see,  
 As Bruce did chuse the bride :  
 And perfect so I did chuse thee,  
 And so the field is wide.  
 The standard's plain I fix'd for man,  
 That they may see it clear ;  
 That Bruce and thee alike must be—  
 In heaven your husbands are.  
 And as the children there are gone,  
 So thine are gone the same :  
 For he thy child I call'd as one—  
 Another I shall name,  
 That soon shall fly and dwell on high,  
 Which shortly thou wilt hear ;—  
 Another child must shortly die,  
 To make the myst'ry clear.  
 This I'll explain another time,  
 When thou hast seen the end.  
 For every mystery here goes deep,  
 The shadows all are plain :  
 'Tis fruitless for my friends to weep,  
 That they shall heaven gain,  
 Inrolled above they'll see my love,  
 And never-fading crown,  
 In happiness that none can move,  
 My faithful friends are found.  
 So let thy trial now come on,  
 For I have mock'd all here :  
 But were thy writings in thy hand,  
 They'd make thee to appear,  
 And bring them all to the guildhall,  
 And fix the jury there ;  
 And place such men to me unknown,  
 The crowns of gold to wear,  
 To be redeemed from hell and sin,  
 As I did not approve :  
 D

But

But now the victory I shall win,  
 And chuse the men I love.  
 Therefore this thing I did ordain,  
 To have my friends appear;  
 And in their hands to give to them,  
 The tree of knowledge there,  
 To mock them all when they did call,  
 That did thy words despise:  
 But to my children I've gave all,—  
 And Solomon is wise.  
 And wise they'll see the end to be.

Here I must break off from this subject. After I had written these lines, and many more, I was compelled to go to the council chamber at the guildhall, to meet the mayor, and some other gentlemen, to answer for myself, in putting out the hand bills: as they said it was blasphemy. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Simmonds were with me, and a gentleman, a friend of mine, had so contrived that a counsellor, Tomkin, should be there, that I might not be taken any advantage of by them. But the gentlemen behaved very polite—they only said I had wrote blasphemy on my hand-bills.—I assured them I had not, and they heard me with patience repeat the manner of the visitation to me in 1792. The mayor desired me to produce my writings at the guildhall, that they might know what was hastening on—I told them they were gone to \* \* \* \* \* The Mayor desired me to put into his hand *the events* of another year.—My answer was, I would trust to none but my friends. The gentlemen said they knew not by what spirit I was inspired. I told them the reason of my printing the bills was to clear myself from an advertisement, the Rev. Mr. P— put in the paper,—so they cast the blame on him. I shall send more particularly in my next. I am, &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

---

*To the Rev. STANHOPE BRUCE.*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter Jan. 18, 1802.*

I HAVE so many things to write I know not where to begin; Exeter seems in confusion, in war one against another, about me. The Rev. Mr. P—

and I have been at war ever since: as he says he can go into no company without being called a prophet, and upbraided for supporting my hand. He came to Mr. Taylor, four days out of five, to entreat his name to be blotted out of the book of letters. I wrote him the fatal consequences of his name being quite blotted out. He then consented it should stand with the ministers. I then promised he should have it blotted out every where except from the third page: to this we both agreed, and he desired your direction, to write to you which I suppose he has: he said he was worried out of the coffee-house. I then wrote a letter to clear him, and sent it to the coffee-house, of which I have enclosed a copy for your perusal. But he then judged I was murdering his character by so doing; I was setting his house on fire, and killing him, and entreated me to have the letter away immediately. I complied with his request. He then took a paper out of his pocket, and desired me to sign it, to clear him in the face of the world, by his putting it in the newspaper: but Mr. Taylor disputed with him: as he never said it was an evil spirit before I printed his name: but my answer was, as he said so now, I would sign my name to oblige him: but gravely answered him, if he advertised I should likewise: as I had been ordered so to do before. As soon as the advertisement was public many thought I had given up to Mr. P——'s judgment. I then had a thousand hand bills printed, to disperse in the city, some of which I have enclosed to you, which I hope you will disperse amongst my friends. You have not wrote me whether the Rev. Mr. Foley has left London or not, but he is at liberty to go when he pleases: for I have a great work to do in Exeter before I come to London. All that now is happening is the truth of my writings. I must beg to know how Mrs. Bruce is, and should be happy to receive a line from her hand. I hope she will not let the short separation of

D 2

time

time from her husband in this life blast all her happiness: but know they will meet again in glory; and look upon it only parted as friends part to cross the ocean. You will finish your course with joy for ending in the faith that Abraham began. So let not a family so highly favoured of God give way to fruitless sorrow, because the Lord has parted you for a while—you will go to him, but he cannot come to you. You will please to send the directions where all my friends are dispersed: for they and I have a \*\*\* to kindle before we meet to seal the peace. Deep is the mystery of Mr. Norris: I suppose you have seen his judgment, and my answers to you all. But I have deeper mysteries lie behind. I have written my letter on various subjects, as I have not time to go through any thing regular. I shall now give you the advertisement which Mr. P. put in the paper.

(TO THE PUBLIC)

“To prevent any misrepresentation of the Rev. Mr. P——’s opinion of me or my writings, I think it necessary thus publicly to acknowledge, that he used every argument of reason and religion to convince me that my pretensions to prophecy were false, that I was influenced by a deluded imagination, by a deranged state of mind, or the evil spirit, and that my writings were full of blasphemy. To contradict whatever may ever have been asserted to the contrary, I fully make this public declaration.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.”

This is the advertisement which I hope you will compare with the letter I sent to the coffee-house, which he blamed. This is deeply explained to me to represent the fall of man, who blamed the woman, but did worse himself. But this I shall explain another time, and give you part of the letter I sent to him yesterday.

(Copy)

(*Copy of a Letter sent to the Rev. Mr. P——.*)

REV. SIR,

January 17, 1802.

As you have passed your judgment on me and my writings, as being from the devil, and I a deluded woman drawn away by all his arts; forsaken of God, and all that is good; following all the directions of the devil, and in perfect obedience to all his commands for ten years past; then I am lost in time, and to all eternity. For by our own masters we must stand or fall, and if the devil is mine I must fall, and none can pluck me out of his hand. Thus am I lost if your judgment is true. But this judgment you never past till the end of the last year, to say my writings were from the devil; but always said they were not. This calls to my remembrance a letter I sent you in 1801 at Christmas, that afflictions would follow you because of your unbelief. Now you say you are afflicted in your family. Then if my writings are from the devil, it is he that has afflicted you, because of your unbelief of him. Now to remove that affliction I must desire you to remove the cause: so I beg you will send me back every letter I have sent you; and every book you have of mine in your possession—let not my name abide in your house: have nothing to do with the unfruitful works of darkness: wash your hands in innocence, and say to the world boldly, you first tried to pluck me from the powers of darkness, but finding your attempt vain and fruitless, the devil having too strong possession of my mind and heart, you could not pluck me out of his hand—now you have given up your attempt, and return to me all my detestable letters and books: for so they must be if they are from the devil. Now, sir, after your advertisement you cannot clear your character nor judgment unless you comply with this request. Will a religious minister keep in his house the works of the devil?

devil? for so you have published mine to be. You are innocent of the blood of an unjust woman—if it is so, I am the fool, and must be the sufferer, for taking so much pains to persuade you that the spirit of the devil is the spirit of the Lord. Oh what a curse must fall upon my head if your judgment is true! have I for six years been wearying myself with writing letters to you, troubling others to have them copied out, that you may be able to read them? have I spent my time, pen, ink, and paper, to draw you into perdition with myself, if I am drawn into perdition? have I by the directions of the devil gone to your house, when I had rather have gone ten miles another way than put my foot within your doors?—for my heart always trembled, my legs always shook when ever I was ordered to go to you: so I have suffered many things in vain, if they are yet in vain. But they are not in vain to you if they are to me: for you or I must shine as the stars in the firmament for ever, if we do not make shipwreck of our faith, and a good conscience. So as your faith is strong that my writings are from the devil, make no shipwreck of that faith, to keep back one of my letters, and I shall not trouble you any more. So do not say I am she that troubles Israel, I only trouble you for mine own. Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. I must conclude with saying, I appealed to you as my judge: and I submitted to your judgment, as Christ did to Pilate's. So what was done to him in the body is now done again in the spirit. For ye have crucified the Lord afresh, and put him again to an open shame. So this is my faith: two swords our Saviour said were enough; the one man drew against him in Paradise, by casting the blame on his Maker, which brought him on the cross; the other sword was for the woman, to cut down the powers of darkness: as she cast the blame on the serpent. And now these two swords are powerfully

erfully drawn by you and me: and will you say, with the Jews of old, Christ's blood be on me and my children, for I will draw my sword against him, that satan may not be cut down? If so, I fear for you, that you will plunge the dagger back in your own heart in the end, and find you have a God to deal with, and not a simple woman. Here I have ended this letter to Mr. P——, and want to write one to the Rev. Mr. Foley, as I did not answer his last. I shall write to all friends soon, but have not time for the present. Please to give my greatest respect to all friends. I must beg they will not forget the advertisement to be put in the newspaper. I am with respect to all,

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

*(Copy of a Letter to the Gentlemen of the Coffee-house.)*

Rev. Sirs and Gentlemen, *Exeter, Jan. 10, 1802.*

As a prevailing report is amongst you in the coffee-house, that the Rev. Mr. P—— has strengthened my hand in prophecies, I must now beg to answer for myself. He was so far from strengthening my hand that he told me in 1796, if I did these things of myself to say, the Lord saith, if he hath not spoken, I was writing blasphemy, and bordering on the sin against the Holy Ghost. In this manner he has continued ever since, reasoning with me concerning the danger I was in, if I was not clear my calling was of God, which he could not see. To convince him, I repeatedly put letters in his hands, informing him of what would follow before it came to pass: and these truths he only disputed might be my own fore-knowledge: so that he never strengthened my hand in one word of prophecies in his life; and only acted as all christian ministers ought to do, when they judge any one is forging the name of the Lord. Had not my writings been of God Mr. P——'s wisdom and prudence would have stopt my hand for years ago; but when the Lord doth work there is no man can let; and my calling is  
from

from on high. So Mr. P— must have had more power than the Most High—if he could overthrow it. What is of man will come to nothing; but what is of God no man can overthrow; and it is by a stronger power than man my writings have been carried on. The world, the flesh, and the devil have tried against me, but the power of God hath overcome all. Had Mr. P— acted contrary to what he has done, he must have acted contrary to the gospel of Christ: for it is written in the gospel that every minister is to copy after Christ—to send none empty away, but give their advice, as christian ministers, according to the best of their judgment: and this Mr. P— has always done, as not believing the calling to be from God. But this neglect to me in other ministers proves the truth of our Saviour's words—the hireling careth not for the sheep; because he is an hireling. And such our Saviour compared to dumb dogs that could not bark. This is the reason assigned to me why the judgments of God are so heavy upon our land. If the ministers pay no regard to the gospel how can the hearers. I am sorry the world has blamed Mr. P—. Is a christian minister to be mocked and despised for paying respect to the laws of God and man? then judge for yourselves, if judgments follow us; since the laws of God and man are thrown out of doors, and they are blamed that pay respect to them.

I am &c. &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

This is the letter I sent to the coffee-house.

*To the Rev. STANHOPE BRUCE.*

REV. SIR,

*Exeter January 27, 1802.*

YOU may be surprised to receive a parcel from me with gloves, which I have sent to my friends as a token of love on account of my father's death,  
who



who departed this life the 21st day of January; soon after the death of your worthy son. Perfect as they were both placed, so they both fell: weigh deep the letters I sent to Mrs Bruce, and you will there see Mr. Bruce's death was compared to the death of Christ; and my father's death to the second coming of Christ: but it was spoken in mysteries that sorrow might not fill your hearts. In my 2d book, in the 54th page, it is written, Christ would come in glory as a lamb newly slain: and as a lamb your worthy son was slain, by all the arts of men and devils, who studied how to poison his mind. Last Sunday was the first time I had ever the fortitude to hear Mr. Bruce's letters read since his death: and then Mr. Taylor's family was obliged to take them from one to the other to read them; as tears stopped the utterance of their words. A gentleman present, that was a friend of mine, said, he never heard of such a worthy man in his life; as he foretold his death in his own letters. I shall leave the particulars of our conversation, and come to the purpose of my father's death; which followed close after Mr. Bruce's, perfect as they were placed, and perfect as the Bible stands. For Christ's death was before his resurrection, and before his second coming, as a sign of his second coming. I was ordered to send the gloves to you as a sure sign the hand of the Lord is in the whole: and so close as a glove is to your hand, so close will the spirit of the Lord be upon you when my writings are proved. So I have sent a pair to you, Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Beecraft, (your son and daughter) the Rev. T. Webster, Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Wilton, as tokens of love, and a sign to Mrs. Bruce the hand of the Lord will protect her safe till she arrives at the resurrection of the just, seated with her happy husband in the new Jerusalem, and the glorious regions above, arrayed in white robes, such as she sent to me. Deep was the type that her husband

E

band

band was to be arrayed in robes of white in heaven, while we wore the mourning for him on earth: and though he be dead, by his letters he yet speaketh, and may in the end turn many to righteousness, and shine as the stars for evermore. Now I will tell you the mystery why he was chosen to judge of my writings, and died at the time he should have come to prove them, because every thing on earth must bear a resemblance to what is in heaven, that the scriptures may be fulfilled, (so what is sealed on earth is sealed in heaven) to be a clear judge of what you was coming to be a judge on earth: and what is loosed on earth will be loosed in heaven. He was then loosed from the bitter pains of eternal death, and from all the powers of darkness; and the time draws near when you will be loosed the same here upon the earth: for the church militant will soon join the church triumphant; as he was joined with you and sealed to the day of redemption, and his redemption came that day spiritual, and your's is hastening on fast spiritual: for now I will tell you how it began by the father and ended by the son. While you was coming in faith to prove the truth of Christ's peaceable kingdom, it ended with the son being caught up to God unto his throne; and knowing the promises made to me, now seeth face to face, without a veil between. He is gone to plead the promises before the Lord; and to him will be given the key of the bottomless pit: so what begun by the father's faith will be ended by the son's death, for the Lord will grant him his petition, and give him his request. These are mysteries I cannot fathom: but I write as it is indited to me by the spirit. The following lines likewise are given to me by the spirit in verse.

And by the spirit now I'll answer :  
 Heaven and earth agreed in one,  
 To complete your full redemption:  
*He's ascended to my throne.*

I did leave my father's glory,  
 To come down and dwell with men;  
 Mysteries I did lay before you,  
*Then return'd to heaven again.*  
 To join with man on earth I came,  
 And then ascend on high,  
 To join with angels Bruce is come,  
*And here's the mystery.*  
 For he'll fulfil his father's will,  
 And plead the promise there:  
 These mysteries are beyond your skill,  
 Now see your Bibles clear,  
 That as a lamb was newly slain,  
 Man sure was slain at first;  
 When Satan to the woman came,  
 And hell in rage did burst:  
 And Abel's blood has ever stood,  
 For vengeance to this day;  
 And now I'll make my promise good,  
 For Abel's gone on high.  
 Abel he'll be, you all shall see,  
 To gain the promise there,  
 As men on earth did join with me,  
 To bring my gospel here.  
 So he shall join the heavenly throng,  
 And they with him will join;  
 To have my glorious kingdom come;  
 And bring the peace to men.  
 So heaven and earth will join as one,  
 To make your blifs complete:  
 The martyrs stand before my throne,  
 And all with Bruce unite.  
 So all will see a mystery,  
 Elias must appear:  
 For Bruce's spirit all will see,  
 Descending in the air.  
 When I do come to rescue man,  
 And heaven and earth unite,  
 The trinity will join as one,  
 In whom I do delight.  
 That is with men I said I'd come—  
 Now see the myst'ry clear,  
 That my delight should be with men;  
 And so I shall appear.  
 This I'll explain another time,  
 But tell thee of the moon;  
 There's nothing done without a sign,  
 The shadows first must come.

So must appear the shadows there—  
 The devil's in the moon;  
 Or how could Satan so appear,  
 For to be trodden down  
 Beneath your feet : the myll'ry 's great ?  
 The moon is under there :  
 Then of what use could this produce,  
 (Now see the myll'ry clear)  
 To have the moon beneath your feet,  
 If Satan was not there ?  
 What to tread down ? The work was mine,  
 Could reason so agree,  
 Did Satan not in it combine,  
 And so to tread down He.  
 So now see clear; the sign is there,  
 Of Satan in the moon :  
 Beneath your feet he must appear,  
 And like the dust become.

Now you see how every sign is placed in heaven,  
 and in earth, to show you plain it is the Devil  
 must be under your feet; which is said the moon, and  
 the emblem of the devil is in the moon: but I shall  
 drop this subject for the present, as you must see it  
 clear, from the sign, it was meant the Devil should be  
 under her feet, though it is written the moon. I shall  
 now come to the Rev. Mr. P——. It was not the  
 command of the Lord to me to blot out his name at  
 all,—but as he daily pleaded the injuries it did him,  
 and wearied Mr. Taylor and me day after day, I  
 thought it no sin to blot it out where it stood so pub-  
 lic; as long as his name was not entirely blotted out.  
 So I should give no offence to God or man. But you  
 are at liberty to do as you like. If you do not like to  
 blot out any more, let it remain: and if he should  
 write to you on that subject, please to return him this  
 answer—you let it remain, being persuaded so to do.  
 Then you will confound him in his own words. For  
 when I wrote to him to return my letters, he went to  
 Mrs. Taylor's, and said he had burnt them. Mrs.  
 Taylor looked astonished at him. He said he was per-  
 suaded to it. Now if he follows persuasions in doing  
 what

what I would not have done for 500*l*. then I have a right to follow persuasions the same. We are still at war; you shall hear from me again when it is ended. Please to give my duty to Mrs. Bruce, and present the gloves unto her: and I shall write to her as soon as I hear she is better. It grieves me to the heart to hear the sorrows of her heart, and the pain of her body: but if she be well enough to hear this letter read, it must give her heavenly joys, while she is mixed with earthly sorrows. Please to give my duty to Mr. and Mrs. Beecraft, and say the gloves are in token of love; which was the command of the Lord I should send unto them. Had Mr. Bruce lived, he could not have been a man so highly favoured of God as he is by his death: for you know not the meaning of our Saviour's words, when he said, "*Ye shall see the son of man coming in the clouds, in power and great glory.*" This letter I must recommend to all my friends, as I have not time to write to them for the present; but when I send the books to London I hope to write to all, and give the particulars of my father's death, and how it is explained; and how I was ordered to appear in the council chamber, to answer to my handbills. But I must say they behaved exceeding civil, and said they could not tell by what spirit I was inspired. You shall hear more in my next. I am sorry I have not time to write to Mrs. Dix; but if you know her, please to give my duty to her, and tell her I shall answer her letter, and send it in the parcel with the books. If you write before you hear from me, please to let me know if this be the Mrs. Field that sent me the dreams. Please to give my love to the Rev. T. Webster, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Wilson, and all my kind friends. I am sorry I cannot write to them; but this must include the whole.

I am, &c. &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

A

## A COMMUNICATION.

The following was explained to Joanna, on Sunday the 4th day of July, 1802, in answer to Mrs. Beecraft, who, on reading the 5th chapter of the Revelations, said, that the 9th verse could allude only to our Saviour, "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood," &c. This she judged was differently explained in my writings; and it was now explained to Joanna as follows:

Write out the parable of Moore and his servant, and I will explain the mystery. The parable is as follows: in 1700 I sent a letter with three seals to the Rev. Archdeacon Moore, (in March) saying, what harvest should follow that year: but he was not to break the seals till the end of the year. When the harvest was over, some of her friends told the Archdeacon's servant that the harvest had come perfect as foretold in the letter to his master, and wished his master would break the seals to be convinced. The servant went home, and tried to persuade his master to open the letter: but he at first declined, and said he was to keep it, and not break the seals till the end of the year. But his servant did not leave off importuning his master till he granted him his request, who said, as you solicit me so much, I will break them:—but finding he could not read them, I was informed he burnt them. The following is the answer of the spirit: "I will answer, I will answer thee. Perfect so it is with Bruce and me:—he must solicit me, as Moore's servant did his master, and I will grant him his request, as Moore did his servant. But who opened the seals? not the servant, *but the master.*—Perfect so it is with Bruce and me: for Bruce and I are joined as Moore and his servant."

For as the shadow doth appear,  
In heaven the substance now I'll clear.  
For as by Chapman\* this was done,  
In heaven by Bruce it is the same.

\* *The servant's name.*

**And**

And as by Moore the seals were broke,  
 Just so by me it now is cut.  
 But as the hand he could not read,  
 Just so the whole is now decreed;  
 That none but I can now appear  
 To read the hand, and shew it clear.  
 But as the flames the whole did burn,  
 Just so I say the hearts of men  
 I will inflame, they all shall see,  
 In love or anger now to be.  
 For such as have no hearts to love,  
 I say like Moore I'll surely prove;  
 And say their hands I do not know,  
 And for the fire they all may go:  
 That is my anger so shall burn:  
 For now like Moore to all I'll come;  
 Because my servant doth appear,  
 That I with Chapman now compare,  
 Who with his master did prevail;  
 And Bruce's words shall never fail,  
 (I say the same) to influence me:  
 Like Moore and Chapman I'll agree:  
 And so my Bible I plac'd here,  
 (I mean to make the myst'ry clear;)  
 And so that thing I did ordain,  
 To shew it to the sons of men:  
 And now the sons of men shall see  
 The likeness is in Bruce and me.  
 So now men's answer thou must gain,  
 I'll answer then the sons of men:  
 If they so simply can appear,  
 To judge thy head all this could clear:  
 But how these things cou'dst thou perform,  
 Had I not order'd should be done,  
 For ends I knew which lay behind,  
 To bring the mysteries to mankind?  
 But now like Moore I shall appear,  
 Thy hand they cannot read it here:  
 Without thy presence 'twas in vain:  
 And now from Moore I'll this explain.  
 For perfect so it is with me:  
 I cannot come to read to ye;  
 For so I shall not now appear,  
 I tell thee I am just like Moore:  
 And so the things are in my hand,  
 I say like Moore conceal'd do stand:  
 But as the likeness doth appear,  
 In thy own hand the truth I'll clear.

The

The likeness thou hast got below,  
 Thy hand like mine, they all shall know,  
 Though I shall never read thy hand,  
 No more than he did it command;  
 But yet I say I'll make it good,  
 And now to Moore I'll this allude.  
 He did not say that thou did'st lie,  
 Though silence he did keep that day.  
 And now I'll answer just the same,  
 My silence proves the truth thou'lt nam'd.  
 So now the mysteries all may see:  
 I've shew'd the likeness now from he.  
 For Moore would soon confound thy hand,  
 If thou hadst lied he soon would fend  
 That no such letters did appear;  
 But he was silent—man must fear.

Here endeth the letter which is to go in print, immediately, perfect with the names as written. For if men have already kept silence, let them keep silence for ever, or appear to answer for themselves: and I am ready to answer for myself.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

A second anonymous letter from the same person has been received, but was not conveyed to Joanna until the 9th of July: and on the next morning she had the following answer by the spirit to these words—they being part of that letter.

“How is it that you dare say if my deeds were brought to light, I shall be reproved? My deeds will bear the investigation of the heavenly sun-beam. Again, I felt inclined to open my Bible. The first words that struck me were these—*And upon her forehead was a name written, mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth.*”

To Messrs. BRUCE, WEBSTER, and FOLEY.

REV. SIRS,

July 10, 1802.

I Was surprised on the receipt of the anonymous letter. Is it possible for a man to be so void of understanding, reason, and religion? After reading



my eighth book to be so blind and ignorant, self-conceited, and confident? After hearing his letter read in the presence of my friends, which caused some diversion amongst us, seeing the old proverb was verified,---“It is the way of fools to expose their folly:”---I went up stairs, and was earnest in prayer, that the Lord would answer it for HIS own honour and great name’s sake; as knowing with what confidence he had taken in question the wisdom of the Most High. I was answered in the following manner—which I was ordered to have put in print, with *some of the words* in his letter, as I should be directed: but not to spend my time nor money, to waste my paper to print such a long epistle of nonsense as he has written. Here follows the answer:—

O proud, presumptuous, vain, conceited, man; void of reason and religion! for though a fool is bruised in the mortar, he will still retain his folly. He does not discern my Bible; and by such men will thousands be led to perdition. For while he speaks great swelling words of vanity, he allures through much wantonness, through the lust of the flesh, *those* that were clean escaped from him. That meaneth, by a wantonness of conversation, to find out *what fault* he can against the words of God: and by that way the words of the Lord are evil spoken of. His religion is for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Here is the pride of the heart, and the lust of the eye: for his heart is lifted up with pride, and vain conceit, and his eye lusteth after vanity. He does not want to *search out the truth*: but to cavil at every word he can: that the words of the Lord may be evil spoken of: and such were the Jews that crucified ME; saying, this deceiver said, he would destroy the temple, and in three days he would raise it again. They did not look to the miracles I wrought, nor to the wondrous works which I performed, but said they were done by Beelzebub, the chief of the

F

devils.

devils. And when they found one word to cavil at, *that word* they took hold of to crucify me. Now, I tell thee, the Gentiles are *the same*. I ordained *that thing* of thy father and Bruce to try the Gentiles, as I did the Jews---and now I see them like the Jews. All *the truths* in thy writings are forgotten---the wondrous manner they are spoken in is despised; but if they can find *one word* to cavil at, they are ready. Now I tell thee plain *this very man* that cavilled at thee concerning thy father and Bruce, had he been in my days he would have cavilled the same, and said, I was a deceiver: *so by such men*, I say, I was crucified; and now let *all such men* take care: for if they say such temptations do not come from the Devil---then I answer their own hearts are at enmity against God. Now let this boasting Christian make his name known; for this is my answer concerning him; he is of his father, the Devil---*and his works he does*. His heart that is lifted up, is not right within him; he is at enmity against his God, however he has justified himself in thy sight, he is despicable *in mine*: he is a liar, by denying what thou hast said of thy father: he is a proud vain boaster, by setting himself up as a God by the pureness of his heart---that is like a nest of unclean birds---who makes himself wiser than his Maker---and like the whited sepulchre, appears beautiful without, but within is full of rotten bones, and will not come to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. He saith, thou dost not know him;---but I that search the hearts and try the reins of the children of men, *do know what he is*. And he shall know it is I, the Lord, that reprove him: for he is *no doer* of the law, but *a judge*. And he shall find I **AM** *his judge*, and I **AM** *thy judge*. The sorrows of thy heart, I knew, when I told thee thy father must out-run the time: I knew thy fears, and thy jealousy, and how much thou fearest to say the Lord saith, if I had not spoken. But I know thou wilt not contend with thy

thy Maker, when I assign *my just reasons* why I speak many things hard to be understood, as it was of Bruce and thy father. But this self-righteous, confident man hath braved the ALMIGHTY to his face; and my anger and indignation is kindled against him. And this is my command to thee and my disciples,---that this answer be put in print; and now I shall answer his words:—

Upon her head was written a name, mystery, and here are mysteries great, that man should make himself the mother of harlots, and the abomination of the whole earth!---for so I directed my Bible unto him!---for out of his own mouth will I condemn him; for as a harlot waiteth in the way to draw in and foil an upright man: so he is lurking in the way to betray the word of truth:---for his words are an abomination unto ME; but if he foileth my disciples, he cannot foil his God. So now let his mouth be stopped, and his tongue be silent: for he is the mother of harlots, that is an abomination. But will he say, a man cannot be a mother? Then I answer the church cannot be the bride. So now let this proud, vain, boaster explain *his mysteries*, and let this letter be put immediately in print, with his self-righteous confidence standing at the top. Now this is the answer to the second anonymous letter. But how shall I bring in my kingdom to such proud, presumptuous, vain men, as think themselves wiser than their teachers, judging they know *every thing*, and are blind and know *nothing*? This I shall answer more fully another time.

Rev. Sirs—This letter, by divine command, I was ordered to put immediately in print;---for men are pulling down the day of vengeance upon their own heads. In penning this letter I felt myself full of the fury of the Lord. But how can the creature *dare* to contend with his CREATOR? I am lost in wonder at the ignorance of mankind, that pretend to wear Christ's livery, and who do the Devil's drudgery.---

advocates for hell, and friends for the Devil. You shall have a clearer explanation to *his letter* hereafter. I am, &c. &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

To WILLIAM SHARP.

HON. SIR,

Exeter, Feb. 1, 1832.

I Proposed answering your first letter concerning Mr. Norris, but that I shall leave for another opportunity, and come to your last letter, concerning my sixth book. I shall write to you exactly as it was answered to me from prayer,—“Whatever mountains may be in the moon, or whatever figures may there appear, *Satan's seat is there*: therefore he is called the Power of Darknels, as the moon has power to give light by night, but none by day: for when the sun rises, the light of the moon is gone: and when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings, the powers of darkness will be gone. The prophet, St. John, did not understand the meaning when he wrote the moon was under her feet, no more than they understood our Saviour's words, when he was looking at the beautiful buildings, and said, I will destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again: for which he was condemned: and so men condemn me for saying it is Satan that is meant, shall be under her feet; as it is written in the scriptures, *the moon*. The firmament, shows God's handy work, and all that is there was placed by him. The earth and man were made by the Lord, and he had pronounced all to be good; but, as the Devil interfered with man to turn that good to evil; so he interfered in the firmament, to shine in darkness: but the darkness comprehended it not—that all these mountains must be made a plain, and all these dark appearances must be done away. When the Lord begins with power, to take the woman's cause in hand, whom Satan's arts at first betrayed; then will the *moon* be under her feet. The letters make it plain.

Man

Man with the woman must submit,  
 And take the M for man,  
 Then the two O O's you all will know,  
 The O for man is first:  
 The second O, you all shall know,  
 Shall make the moon to burst.  
 So I'll begin, and end with men,  
 And let the O's appear;  
 For the first O to all is come,  
 And Satan's O is near.  
 In heaven's high court he first was plac'd,  
 And seated on a throne:  
 The firmament I fixed next,  
 And man I call'd my own.  
 But, Satan, he did find a way,  
 In both for to appear:  
 But when you see the *perfect* day  
 You'll find the Devil's there.  
 As I have said, be not misled,  
 You'll find him in the moon,  
 And as the mountains there you see,  
 So all must tumble down.  
 When I do come to rescue man,  
 It all must pass away;  
 I said I'd make it all a plain,  
 And all a plain shall be.  
 So 'tis in vain for to contend.  
 Satan's beneath your feet:  
 I ask what use your crowns could be  
 To make your bliss complete,  
 To have the moon, or have the sun,  
 Beneath your feet to fall,  
 If Satan's ruin did not come,  
 How could I conquer all?  
 To bring the mountains to a plain,  
 Which you allow are there;  
 And in these mountains Satan reigns,  
 And so you're clouded here.  
 For mountains strong, he's been to man,  
 Which I shall all destroy;  
 But in the valley let *them* come,  
 Then man I will enjoy.  
 A valley's low, you all shall know,  
 Jehoshaphat appear:  
 And in that valley let them come,  
 And I'll plead with them there.  
 So I'll contend, to plead with man:  
 But to my word I'll stand:

And

And all the mountains in the moon  
 Are Satan's artful hand.  
 That he is there it doth appear,  
 And is a mountain strong:  
 Men's minds he daily doth ensnare,  
 And thousands build thereon.

Now I must beg your attention to the Bible. I said I would gather men together at the valley of Jehofaphat, and plead with them there: now a valley is low, and let men become low and humble minded, and I will plead with man: for now, he that humbles himself shall be exalted; but he that exalteth himself shall be abased: for now I will throw down, and will build up. All these mountains that are seen in the moon, Satan is in them. There is a world in the moon, and in that world Satan dwells. But I have said the mountains shall become a plain, and the barren mountains a fruitful field. Ye have all erred not knowing the scriptures. Now I shall come to one error more of man, that is explained to me. Our Saviour said as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth: this has been always understood (by reverend divines) to have been fulfilled at our Saviour's death; and I have heard the Rev. Mr. P--- affirm it in his sermon it was so; as he was crucified on a Friday and rose again on the Sunday following, which was the third day. But I was told he erred in his judgment. From the time our blessed Lord was crucified on the Friday, he was in the sepulchre but part of that day: and the angels came by night, rolled away the stone, and took him away before the morning on the third day. So he was not in the sepulchre more than one *whole* day, and one *whole* night---which denote his second coming. For as Friday was shortened in the day, and he rose from the sepulchre in the second night, before the third day appeared, so will the days be shortened before the 2000 years. The one stands sure, which is  
 past

past already: but before the morning the stones were  
 rolled away, and the seals broken. When they came  
 early in the morning he was not there, but was risen.  
 O! my friends deep is the mystery: the corner stone  
 is rolled away, and the seals will be broken that are  
 \*\*\*\*\* And you may say of Mr. Bruce he is not  
 here, but is risen. For as Isaac was a type of Christ  
 before his first coming, so is Mr. Bruce before his  
 second coming; for now cometh the end. As Jonah  
 was three days and three nights in the whale's belly:  
 so will the Son of Man be three days and three nights  
 in the heart of the earth. When the pillars of the hea-  
 vens will be shaken, and the foundation of the earth  
 will tremble, the seas roar and make a great noise,  
 men's hearts failing them for very trouble, because they  
 have not known the visitation of the Lord. And the  
 reason they do not know, is because they will not know:  
 and all these mountains in the moon Satan lays be-  
 fore them. And all these mountains men will call to  
 screen them from the presence of the Lord, that now  
 despise and mock his warning. So if you weigh my  
 letter deep, you will see mysteries lay before you.  
 Consider my temptations were placed years for days,  
 then marvel not, if Mr. Brothers' imprisonment is  
 counted for years. A time, times, and half a time, a  
 mystery you cannot find out before my writings are  
 proved. Then every crooked path will be made straight  
 before you. I shall end my letter with a few parti-  
 culars of Mr. Norris: he is a worthy good man in  
 himself, but under strong temptations when in Exeter,  
 but as the Devil could not complete his purposes on  
 Job, before he had worked on his wife and friends to  
 complete his misery: so he worked on — to com-  
 plete his: for — wrote me a letter himself, speaking  
 the language of Job's wife, that any christian would  
 shudder to read. Satan always works by instruments:  
 and when he tempted the Lord of life and glory in  
 the wilderness, he soon entered the heart of Judas  
 and

and other men, to complete his designs. And this has been the case of poor Mr. Norris, who fell among thieves. For I am truly convinced these men have no desire for the glory of God and the establishment of his kingdom.—Their whole view is to the earthly power of man. A foolish zeal without knowledge, is like fire in the hands of a madman: and so is — and those men you mention; looking more to the creature than the Creator; and are greater enemies to Mr. Brothers than those that put him in prison: for they are provoking the Lord to bring judgments on themselves. But the other are like the children of Israel, by Moses: who provoked the Lord to take Moses from them and conceal his body, that they might not worship him. And such madmen are Mr. Brothers' zealous friends: and was he freed to-morrow, and the Lord did not give him power to work miracles, as they expect, they would be the first to condemn him. Such is the fiery zeal of men, that have no reason or religion in them: and I do not care how much they are my enemies: for by my own matter I must stand or fall. I see the truth of my writings hastening on fast. I shall write the particulars of Mr. Norris in my next, to the Rev. Mr. Webster or Mr. Willson, and then I shall send the particulars concerning my father's death.—I must conclude with saying, pray for Mr. Norris, as you know not the mystery concerning him. Please to give my duty to the Rev. S. Bruce, Rev. T. Webster, Mr. Willson and all friends. I shall write to all as soon as possible. I must beg you will give them a sight of this letter, for what I say unto one I say unto all. If they like to copy this letter, I must beg you will let them.—I am, with the greatest respect, &c. &c.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

---

PRINTED BY E. SPRAGG, 27, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,  
London.

Sold by E. I. FIELD, No. 3, Broad-Court, Long-Acre; and Mr. W. SIMMONDS,  
Gandy's-Lane, Exeter;—Price Nine-pence.