

**MR. JOSEPH SOUTHCOTT,**

THE BROTHER OF

**JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,**

**WILL NOW COME FORWARD AS DINAH'S BRETHREN DID;**

**THAT THEY SHALL NOT DEAL WITH HIS SISTER,**

**AS THEY WOULD WITH A HARLOT;**

**FOR SO THEY ARE NOW DEALING WITH HER.**

**AND HE WILL PROVE TO THE WORLD WHERE THE**

**ADULTERY IS COMMITTED, BY MEN WHO ARE**

***UNCIRCUMCISED IN HEART AND LIFE;***

**AND NOW HE WILL EXPEND ALL THAT HE HAS**

**IN THE WORLD, IF REQUIRED, IN THE HONEST**

**DEFENCE OF HER CHARACTER—TILL HE HAS SLAIN**

**THE UNCIRCUMCISED PHILISTINES,**

**AND ENTIRELY FREED HIS SISTER FROM THE**

***REPROACHES OF THEIR ADULTERY.***

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**LONDON :**

**PRINTED BY S. ROUSSEAU, WOOD STREET, SPA FIELDS;**

**AND SOLD BY E. J. FIELD, NO. 2, HIGH STREET, ST. GILES'S,**

**TWO DOORS FROM THE ANGEL INN; AND**

**THE MISS EVELEIGH'S, ST. SIDWELL'S, EXETER.**

**1804.**

Monday, July 2, 1804.

Now, Joanna, this is for thy Brother. I have drawn my sword every way, to stir up jealousy, like a man of war; and like warriors will I prepare my soldiers for the battle; and as I have already told thee, I now tell thee again, I should deal with men after the manner of men; and after the manner of men I will now deal. Therefore I told thee, when I sent thee to Bristol, that I had sent thy Brother before thee, and I should order thee to keep thy Brother in Bristol, before thy trial came on. And now to deal with men after the manner of men, when a Woman hath no Husband and no Father, but only a Brother, then that Brother, by the laws of your land, can support a Sister's injured honour, if he can prove her honour is injured falsely; and they that have injured her character must prove it by witnesses that she has done wrong, or they are liable to be punished for slander, if they murder a character, and that of an innocent woman. And thou hast affirmed to thy Brother, they are not only murdering thy character, but murdering the character of a worthy Lady that supports thee; murdering the character of all thy friends; murdering the GLORY and HONOUR of thy LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST; setting at nought all HIS counsels, putting up man above HIS CREATOR; saying with Pharoah, Who is the Lord that we shall serve him? Who is the Most High that we shall pay homage unto him? This I will prove to the world, as a God that now speaketh, and adultery has been committed in Israel, by Pomeroy and thee; but I will say, as Pomeroy said, I will exculpate thee, if thou confessest the truth; and every Letter thou didst send, that thou sayest I commanded thee, that it *was* I the LORD that did command thee; the Letter thou sent to Symonds, Monday the 25th of June, it was I the Lord commanded thee to send it; and Jack Symonds drew his sword against ME, and

sent back worse lies than Ananias and Sapphira spoke. Here the *Devil* with *Symonds* began their office : and thy Brother is in the Custom Office ; now in the Custom Office they are bound to act with justice, honesty, truth, and sincerity, to their king and to their country ; now those laws thy Brother has a right to demand of the Clergy to deal with thee and with Townley, and let him say as Dinah's brethren did : " Shall they deal with my Sister as they deal with a harlot \* ? " He may say, " Shall they deal with a Lady as they deal with a harlot, one that is faithful to her God, faithful to her friends, and a sincere and faithful friend to my Sister, but that Lady's character I cannot clear till I have cleared my Sister's innocence, that hath laid the whole truth before me. Her Prophecies I had heard of from the beginning ; but I waited for time to be a better judge, from whence they came. But as these things are now known to the world, and all her Books have been laid before me, I shall come to the purpose of what she hath laid before me now. Three causes are in hand. The first she lays before me, is her being condemned for adultery in prophaning the truth with the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. She doth not condemn the man in any temporal adultery ; she never heard of a spot in his character that way in her life.—In the presence of Mrs. Taylor she had a particular interview with him, when he intreated her to sign the articles, which must fall upon her head, and be guilty with him, if she do not make the truth public, when he took her by the hand, with a shew of kindness, to persuade her to sign ; which she was afterwards told of, as far as Leeds in Yorkshire, that Joanna Southcott had signed her name in the public Newspaper with Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Pomeroy, who had placed her writings to the devil, with truth and errors blended together,

\* Gen. xxxiv. 31.

so to adulterate the truth ; for here Joanna says, " At the time I put his name in print, and told him, the LORD *had commanded me* to do it, he then said, before Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Jones, it was the devil ordered me to do it, and from that *single word* drew in Mrs. Taylor and me to sign, that *he had said*, my Writings were from the devil, and put it in so artful a manner, that she never discovered the way it was put in till afterwards. And now I shall come to the particulars of Mr. Pomeroy, and how this happened.—I put Letters into his hands of events from 1796 to the year 1800 ; I asked him repeatedly, if he thought them from the devil ? He repeatedly answered, No ; do not mention the devil ; there is not a word in your Writings likely to come from the devil ; but would often ask me, *if they were not from myself ?* I always told him, *they were not*. Sometimes he would tell me, they were from the LORD, and sometimes dispute, and tell me, that my knowledge came from myself. When I assured him they were not, he would ask me, why I did not publish them to the world ? for if he was called of God, as I said I was, he would fear no man upon earth. When I told him I wanted the clergy to come forward, and they would not ; he answered, " then how can you think your calling is of God ? for the Lord never has a work to do that he could not find instruments to work by." In this manner he would encourage me and discourage *me together*, to go on and wait, till the Lord did find instruments to work by. Twice he asked me, in Mr. Taylor's house, why I did not bring forward my Writings and have them proved ; for if I could not get twelve men, I should get six ; or I should wait till I brought the sword, the plague, and the famine, upon the land. I told him I could not prove my Writings without twelve. He said, if it must be twelve, let it be twelve ; I will meet with six or twelve. At the end of 1796,

when I put the Prophecy of the Bishop's death in his hand, after disputing with me for some time, concerning the smallness of it and its being trifling, he asked me again, why I did not prove my Writings? I told him I could not, unless the clergy would come forward. He said, if you cannot get them, get others; get six Jews and six Gentiles; I do not care who you get, as long as you bring forward your Writing, and *I will meet with any*. I told him if I acted deceitfully, I must be the greatest impostor upon earth. He answered, in Mrs. Taylor's presence, do not mention an impostor; for you are not a bit of an impostor, nor do not act like one. I then put the events of another year in his hands. When I told him Mr. Leach said my writings were from the devil, he said do not mention the devil, there is not in your writings a word that I have seen likely to come from the devil; and when I went and told him Sir Egerton Leigh said they came from the devil, he laughed at him for a fool, and said, "Is this the great Sir Egerton Leigh? is this the man that is advertised in the newspapers? strange ideas indeed, to say your writings are from the devil!" He assured me they were not from the devil; and he came out after me, when I was going away, to beg that I would not distress my mind, but make myself easy, for my writings were never from the devil; then I knew they must be from the Lord. Another time I met him in his own church, as I had appointed to meet him there, when he stopped and talked with me, after the people were gone out; he said, "he had not one doubt, but what my writings were from the Lord, and he believed me the WONDROUS WOMAN mentioned in the Bible; and if the Lord had a work for him and me to do, in due time he would do it; but wished me to make myself easy for the present." When I told him I was going to Bristol, he, to prevent my going there, went to Chancellor Nutcombe's, and begged they

would come forward to pass their judgment ; but they refused giving any. After I was in Bristol, he ordered my friends to write to me, to have me come home, and he would try to bring forward other ministers, if those that were chosen would not come forward. I returned home, when he told me to come to his house, which I did. He then asked me, " if I would stand to the letter *my Brother had sent him*, to give up to the judgment of twelve ? " I said, " yes, sir, to the judgment of twelve I'll give up the whole. " He said, " then I should give in the names to him, of those who would come, and put a cross to those who refused. " I put down the twelve names, and I went to six or seven of them, and they all promised to come. Mr. Pomeroy tried the clergy, but could not bring one forward with himself. He then told me, " he could not compel men ; and if I would not give up to the six that would come forward, my writings must abide to be proved. " I told him, I would not give up to eleven men, without the twelve, for that was the *command of the LORD* unto me. He said, " then the writings must abide longer ; " but when he saw the Harvests of the 1799, and 1800, and I was complaining the clergy would not come forward, he blamed them equally with me ; and said, " you may write for everlasting ; you may talk for everlasting ; you may preach for everlasting ; but nothing will move them till fatal judgments come upon them. "

When my Writings went out in the world, I sent to five ministers. Mr. Pomeroy ordered my Writings to be opened in the presence of witnesses, (and one of the witnesses is here present,) I was ordered to have every leaf written upon, before I had any of my writings copied off. Then I took out what was put in print, copied one part, and sent it to Mr. Pomeroy, and wrote to the five clergymen to go to Mr. Pomeroy's house, and pass their judgment upon them ; but if the clergy kept silence for seven

days, it would be fatal to me if I did not let them go out in the world; but if they met together in the seven days, and proved the writings to be not from the Lord, they should not go out in the world. Mr. Pomeroy met one of the ministers and intreated him to come to his house, and bring his uncle with him, and he would send for me, when he would shew them the writings that I had sent him; but the minister refused. Mr. Pomeroy had the writings in his hand seven days. I then told him they must go out in the world, and fatal judgments would fall upon me if they did not. Mr. Pomeroy gave the writings into my hand, and confessed he could not persuade me to run that fatal hazard. My writings went out in the world in 1801; then my Sister Carter wrote to Mr. Pomeroy, and begged he would read a letter to me that she had sent to him, as I could not read her hand-writing. Mr. Pomeroy sent for me and read her letter, she saying my Writings were from the devil. I said it was as false as her saying we should have no war in 1792, nor any dearth. He said, it was as wild random talking as Sir Egerton Leigh's; and we must wait to see the event of the Harvest, which was put in his hand. The harvest came perfect as the letter was put in his hands. Then I sent him some of the letters which the clergymen had sent me, and I told him they were coming down to prove the Writings. He said he should be very glad to see them, and prove the Writings with them. I said if they were not from the Lord, I would not let them come so far. He said do let them come down, for if it be of God, they may be the saving of the nation; if it be not of God, you will never be convinced of it till your writings are proved; so let them come: And in my heart I was determined they should come. I then was ordered to write to them to print their letters received from me, which they did. When these Books came to Exeter, I was ordered to send one to Mr. Pome-

roy ; but when he found his name was in print, the jealousy of his honour alarmed his soul ; he thought he should be mocked by an unbelieving world, as the disciples were mocked of old. This he could not bear ; in rage he sent for me, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Jones, to come to his house ; he abused me for ingratitude, in putting his name in print ; as he had told me before, he would do any thing for me, if I did not print his name. I said I should not ; neither did I ; but I was ordered they should print the Letters as they were sent ; and I told him it was the *command of the LORD*. He hastily answered, it was the command of the devil, that is to print his name ; and he turned me from the Sacrament. I then was strongly influenced to say, his name should be blotted out of the Book before Christmas, that they came to prove the writings ; and if they were proved not of God, his name should stand blotted out for ever ; but if they were proved to be of God, his name should go out after Christmas. In this manner I wrote to my friends, who began to blot out his name, as I had done ; and Mr. Bruce wrote him a letter, that they were blotting out his name, by his desire. He then came to Mr. Taylor's again, and brought back the ticket for the Sacrament, and begged Mrs. Taylor to give it to me ; and said, there was no one in his church he should be more happy to give the Sacrament to than to me. I was ordered to go again ; and was told before, if he returned the ticket to invite me to come, I should go. The summer before this, when he gave the tickets, he was giving exhortations to the people that came for them in the church ; but when I came up, he said, "*I need not tell you your duty, for you know it already.*" But when his name was put in print, he thought I was departing from it ; but after he returned the ticket, and I had been at the Sacrament, the Christmas day, the gentlemen after came to Exeter, and I desired them to write to Mr. Pomeroy.



The clergymen wrote accordingly, and he sent back a letter, that he should be happy to see the gentleman at his house by four o'clock the next day, if we would all promise never to put his name in print any more. I was in the house when the letter came, and told them that that request could not be complied with; but they might say they should be happy to see him upon any other terms to dispute the matter. When this answer was sent to Mr. Pomeroy, he sent his servant the next day to me, to desire me to come to his house. I went immediately to Mr. Taylor's, and desired the clergymen to go with me. The Rev. Mr. Foley and I went before. When he saw Mr. Foley with me he began to tremble, and said he did not send for the clergymen; he sent for me to come alone. I told him I did not like to come alone, but wished to clear up all before them. He then desired Mr. Foley and me to sit down, which we did. Soon after the Rev. Stanhope Bruce and the Rev. Mr. Webster knocked at the door; the servant let them in, and told him there were two more clergymen at the door. He then trembled like an aspen leaf; his legs shook under him as though he could scarce stand, and looked about him as if he would have gone through the wall; and said, "I can't see them, I can't; I am not prepared for them, I am not; I did not send for them, I only sent for you; and I did not think you would have brought them with you." I said, I brought them to have the truth cleared up. For some time he kept the gentlemen in the passage, till shame made him ask them to come in; and said, "Do not stay in the passage, gentlemen." They then disputed from whence the Writings came. Mr. Foley and Mr. Bruce assured him they were from the Lord. He said he did not dispute it, only intreated they would not put his name in print. They said they would not put that conversation then in print, but I promised him nothing; so as they can-

not, I will, and Mr. Sharp shall cause it to be printed, for he told Mrs. Taylor himself, that he caused the copy of his own letter, that Mr. Sharp returned to him by his own desire, to be read in the public Coffee-house; and now the conduct that I acted upon, if he desired it, might be read in all the Coffee-houses. After the gentlemen were returned to London, he went to Mrs. Taylor's, and told her that he was plagued in the Coffee-house and in company with ministers, who told him he was the prophet, and wearied him out of his life. I then wrote a letter to the Coffee-house in Mr. Pomeroy's vindication; I pleaded every argument I could think of, that he had said to persuade me against it; I omitted every word he had said before, that my writings were from the Lord, and not from the devil; but this I left out in my letter, and only put in the arguments that he pleaded they might be from myself. The day that I sent the letter to the Coffee-house, he went to Mrs. Taylor's and begged she would send for me. Mrs. Taylor did send for me. He began telling me how he was plagued on my account; and every body was plaguing of him, that he could not go into the Coffee-house, without their tormenting him. I shewed him the copy of the letter I had sent to the Coffee-house; he read it, and threw it on the ground with fury, and said, "If you do that you will ruin me; you could not do a worse thing than to send a letter to the Coffee-house, to see your *name and mine* stand together." I told him I wrote to clear him, that they might not condemn him. "Oh!" said he, "you have acted the very way to hurt me; I had rather you had set my house on fire. Is this your kindness for all the good offices that I have done you? Not one of the gentlemen have done more for you than I have;" (and he repeated all the good offices that are here mentioned;) "and now," said he, "in return, you are going to cut my throat." I told him then I would go to

the Coffee-house directly, and have back my letter. He said, "do, do go." I hastily went; but the servant said the mistress of the Coffee-house was gone out, and had got the letter in her pocket. I sent word to the mistress, that she should not let that letter be shewed in the Coffee house, but return it to Mrs. Taylor. The next morning she sent word she would, and so she did, but she had then been out upon a visit, and had locked it up in her bureau. When I came back and told him that letter would not go out, he took *another letter out of his pocket*, and begged me to sign to *that*. I told him then *our names must stand together*, the same? He said, yes; but that would clear him; to say, that he said it was from the devil. Mrs. Taylor and I both told him, he never said it was from the devil. He said, yes, you know I did, the last time you two and Mrs. Jones were at my house. I said, yes, sir, you said it was the devil told me to put your name in print. Well, says he, that is saying it was from the devil. However, Mrs. Taylor and I both disputed with him, that was not saying my writings were from the devil. He threw himself back upon the chair and began to cry, "kill me! do! you will kill me; you don't know how I am situated: have not I got trouble enough, and now will you add more?" He again repeated all his good offices that are before mentioned, and pleaded my ingratitude, that I was killing of him; I was setting his house on fire; ruining of him; and for all the good offices he had done for me, I would not do one for him. I said I would do any thing that was in my power, but I would not sign to lies. He said I was roasting of him first, and putting him on the spit after; he intreated and begged of me, as though his whole happiness, soul and body, depended upon my signing. Mrs. Taylor and I again expostulated with him, that he never said my writings were from the devil, but always said to the contrary. He argu-

ed again, you know I said it were from the devil, when Mrs. Taylor and you were at my house. I again said, true, sir, you said my putting your name in print was from the devil. He said well, and that is saying it was from the devil. I said, if that would make him easy I would sign to it. He began thanking me as though I had saved his life ; but I was so fluttered and confused that I scarce knew what I signed to. Mrs. Taylor said she was sure my writings were from the Lord ; he said he did not persuade any one against them, only to put him out of the question. The next day I was answered, if he put that in the Newspaper, I should print against him. I went and told Mrs. Taylor of it ; and Mrs. Taylor said she was going of herself, to tell him not to put it in print ; that she could not see it right in the manner he had drawn me in to sign, and I said I did not see it right neither. So Mr. Taylor said he would go down to Mr. Pomeroy, and tell him what I said. Mr. Taylor went down in the morning, but Mr. Pomeroy was not at home, and they said he would not be at home till four o'clock. Mr. Taylor went down again at four o'clock, and told him I should print against him, if he put it in print, and I should publish his name. He said to Mr. Taylor he did not believe it. Mr. Taylor told him he knew I would. Then Mr. Pomeroy desired Mr. Taylor to go to the printer and get it out of the press. Mr. Taylor went to one of the printers, but I think he said the type was set ; Mr. Pomeroy went down to the other printer, and I think he said the same. Mr. Pomeroy came to Mrs. Taylor's and sent for me again. As soon as I saw him I was full of fury and anger ; I told him he had made me sign to lies ; but he argued with me from that word. I told him other things he had put down was not true. He said he would blot out some of them : and so he did *in the paper he had got in his pocket* ; but what use was that ? He did not blot it out in the News-

paper, though he blotted out many things in the paper he had got with him, *but the Lies stood* in the Newspaper, which at that time I understood he was going to change. He said, "Oh, my dear good woman, do sign, that I said it was from the devil!" He took me by the hand, by the arm, and intreated me as though his life had stood at stake, that I would deliver him out of that trouble. I felt anger and indignation rise in my breast. I said well, you said it, and I'll sign it, that the devil persuaded me to put your name in print, but blot out all your other words. Mrs. Taylor said, Joanna, I am afraid it will hurt your Prophecies. I said, no: what is of God cannot be overthrown by men; and I know my writings to be of God, and it is not all the men upon earth can overthrow them. He said that was true; and what he was doing could never hurt them, if *they* were of God; for, as I said, what was of man would come to nothing, and what was of God no man could overthrow. So he went out of the room. But judge my surprize the next day, when I saw in the Newspaper, that it was put in full of lies, in quite a different manner to what I thought; for he did not blot out of the Newspaper, though he had in the paper he had with him. I then wrote him a letter in fury, demanded back all my books and every letter I had sent him. He brought back my books to Mrs. Taylor's. Mrs. Taylor asked him where my letters were? He said he had burnt them. Mrs. Taylor looked at him with astonishment, and said, burnt them! He said, yes, *he was persuaded to it*. But here I blame myself, that I had not immediately demanded of him to bring me back every letter he had got of mine, and lay them all before him, and asked him if he could say with a safe conscience, those writings came from the devil. This I blame myself; I blame myself I had not demanded them before I signed to his paper; for when I found he had burnt them, I saw he had acted with the

most deceitful and artful principle. I trusted to his honour; but found there was no honour in him. I wrote him a letter, telling him with what knavery he had dealt with me. He went to Mr. Taylor's, and said I had sent him the most severe letter that ever was penned. Mr. Taylor told him I was full of fury, that he had drawn me in to sign, that he said my writings *were from the devil, and then to burn my letters, because they should not appear to prove they were of God.* He said he was persuaded to do it; and I know it was the devil persuaded him to it; because the letters must have condemned them all. But there my heart reproached me for ever trusting to the honour of a man, when I found there was no honour in him. I always told him the letters were put in his hands to be brought forward, *for me or against me*, and he always promised to keep them safe for me; but Oh, what were the agonies of my soul, when he sent me word he had absolutely burnt them! I could not have felt so much agony, if they had been writings of gold for ten thousand pounds, as I did for the loss of these letters. I began to repent my folly too late, that I had not made him bring back every letter, before I signed my hand to any thing. So I saw I had acted like a fool, and Pomeroi had acted like a knave; but as I did not suspect any knavery in him, I did not at first see my own folly in signing to what I knew he had said, and as he had declared it would free him of all his ~~miser~~ *miser*, if I would sign, to clear his honour, as he said, and that he chose to join with the unbelieving world, because the clergy and bishop of Exeter had said that he joined with me; and so with them he thought to shine in the honour of the world; but when his honour was tried, there was no honour in him to return my letters; neither could he plead one word for himself, only *said he was persuaded to it*, and so the devil persuaded him to act without honour or honesty. For he had letters of mine of

Prophecies from 1798, till the 1801, from year to year, and a true Prophecy of himself, which they thought by persuading him to burn, would preserve his honour, and stifle his conscience, forgetting there was a GOD THAT KNEW ALL THINGS; forgetting I had witnesses, that copied off the letters that were sent to him, and that I had the original by me in my own hand writing, *except one*, that I would not lose for a million of money, and that is a letter I put in Mr. Pomeroy's hand in 1797, three sheets of paper, foretelling the events of that year, and succeeding years, what would be at the end of the war, of the destiny of England, France, and Spain, the destiny of individuals as well as the world at large, and the destruction of Satan. For he said, *if he must be my Judge I ought to put the TRUTHS in his hands, and he would bring them forward, for me, or against me.* But this letter being so long, I did not stay to have two copies, as I was ordered to put it in my own writing when the year was at an end; and I went to him to read the letter, he abused me for putting it in my own hand-writing, which he could not read; but I said I was come to read the letter to him. He said you may read what you please, but how do I know it is true, as I cannot read your hand-writing; therefore you may read what you please. Would not the world judge me a rascal, if I was to put writings in their hands that no one could read but myself? Would they not say I wanted to deceive them? I answered, true, sir, if you was to do it, they might say it, because you can write better, but I cannot; you can write as any one may read, and must disguise your hands to put it as they cannot read; but mine is in my own hand, and I cannot write any other; and I would not read a false word to you, sir, for the world. He repeated again *you might read what you like*, as I cannot read your hand-writing. I then rose up in a passion, threw my hand with fury on his table, and said, sir, you judge me worse

than the Witch of Endor, to think I would mock God, and deceive man, to put letters in your hands, to say the Lord saith, and then if the truth does not come, to prove the Lord hath spoken ; for me to read lies, to deceive you, and to deceive myself. To mock God, and trifle with eternity, you must judge me as bad as the devil. He saw my passion, he saw my fury ; he said, No, he did not judge me a bad woman ; he judged me a very sober, religious woman, and he would appeal to my friend. Here I was glad I had my friend, Miss Bird, with me ; he called her for a witness, that he had always told her he believed me a religious, good woman. Miss Bird rose and took his part, and said, he had always said to her, that he believed me to be a religious, good woman. I answered, he could not believe me a religious woman, if he thought I would read to him false. He then desired me to sit down ; saying, if he believed it that I would read him the truth, others might not ; it was not what he believed ; it was what others believed ; but as he did believe I would read him the truth, I should come the following week and read it to him, as it was then too late, as he had engaged himself to go out to tea, and could not stop that evening ; it was not for his own sake, it was for the sake of others, that he wished the writings had been as they could be read ; for he was mortified, that when the year was at an end he brought down the seals to read it to gentlemen, but he could not read a word of my hand-writing. I told him, he had every truth in his hand. He said he wished for the sake of others it had been in a hand-writing that he could read ; but he consented for me to come the next week and read it to him ; and I said I would come. He mentioned to me a chapter in the Revelations, which I shall hereafter mention, and how it was then explained. The following week I promised to come and read the letter to him ; but when I came home I was ordered not



to go, as I had proposed; but to write to Mr. Pomeroy, and tell him to send back the letter, and write upon every leaf, that I might not be able to deceive him, and he should have it copied off word for word and the original sent back, and also the copy, that he might compare them both together: for this was the wisdom of a God—"And the wisdom of a God Pomeroy shall find it. For if thou hast roasted him first, thou shalt put him on the spit at last, that shall run through every soul that blamed him, and through every soul that condemned him, for putting his hand to the Gospel Plough, and then persuading him to fall back; for I tell them there came the *hornets' nest* that *stung* Pomeroy. But now let thy Brother, now let thy younger Brother act like thy elder Brother—put the fire over the hornets' nest, and destroy the hornets that stung him. For though Pomeroy hath been like Ephraim, a silly \* dove, a cake † that is not baken, and the pride of the Assyrians testify against him, he hath followed after wind, he hath followed after the east wind ‡, and the pride of the Assyrians testifieth against him: but how shall I give thee up? Oh, Ephraim! my heart is turned within me, my bowels yearned together! now if thou returnest unto ME, I will return unto thee; I will heal thy backslidings; I will love thee freely; if thou returnest unto ME, I will return unto thee: Oh, how many times have I said unto thee in thy writings—I have said it before, and I now say it again, let him turn unto ME, and I will turn unto him!"

"I Joseph Southcott, Brother of Joanna Southcott, who thought her Prophecies in the beginning to be a religious frenzy; but when she came into my house, in 1798, and read to me many wondrous things; I said unto her, God knows from whence your Prophecies are; but I shall leave them to time,

\* Hosea, vii. 11.

† Hosea, vii. 8.

‡ Hosea, xii. 1.

for I cannot tell ; but there is no corner that a man can drive you up in, but the Spirit finds a gutter-hole to creep out. So I confess, I tried to make a corner to drive her up the closer, and that corner made the gutter-hole the greater. And I remember my Sister said to me, her Father had five wise children, and one foolish one ; or he had five foolish children and one wise one. My answer was, I'll never say that, for if your calling be of God I shall say you was kept by his power, that no man could overturn ; but not by your own wisdom ; for I do not think your own wisdom a bit better than Sister Carter's ; but if you stand, it is by the power of God, that men have tried to overturn, but cannot. In 1803, when I saw her books, and reflected on all she had told me before, I was convinced her calling was of God ; and now the world, in calling her an impostor, is dealing with my Sister as they would deal with a harlot ; but let them be circumcised according to the Scriptures in heart and life, then I will go forth with courage to meet them ; and they may take my Sister to wife if they have not made themselves sore. The 34th chapter of Genesis, which you must read through, then you will see you made yourselves sore by returning the letters. Solook on me as Dinah's Brother ; for you shall not deal with my Sister as you would deal with a harlot ; for she laid her cause open before me, and I see my Sister's innocence ; and her innocence I'll protect. So now let us reason together ; bring forth your arguments, and shew your strong reasons, why you call my Sister an impostor and an adulteress ?

JOSEPH SOUTHCOTT."

FROM MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP.

*Sunday Morning, July 8, 1804.*

After this letter, which was written for Mr. Foley, it would astonish every man to see in what a wonderful manner the devil broke in upon Joanna, concerning her Brother, which made the devil appear

worse than the fire. Joanna was ordered to have copied off his words and parables, and the answer of the Lord that was given to them; for the devil had said it was not justice in the Lord to bring forth all his Parables against the devil, and the devil not allowed to bring forth any Parables himself, to see if he could not conquer by Parables; as well as the Lord convince by Parables. So to do justice to men and devils, that all might bring forth their arguments, all might bring forth their strong reasons, and all might try their wisdom to the utmost, to see if the wisdom of men or devils would overthrow the wisdom of the Most High, the Lord hath permitted all to act in their own wisdom: and as the Serpent was permitted to come and try Eve in the *Old Creation*, so he is permitted to come and try the Woman in the *New Creation*; for the New Creation is now begun, man to be born anew, and to be taught of God. The Woman as his helpmate; for his good now standeth in the Woman, the first in Joanna, then followeth my Mother and my Sister.

Now to the first will Satan burst,  
 And so he may appear;  
 But I'll go on my Bible strong—  
 The Esther first is here:  
 That she did free, you all may see,  
 Her brethren at that time,—  
 But her I leave, though there I cleave,  
 To shew the WORK DIVINE.  
 It was not she; No, it was ME  
 That did her wisdom place;  
 A Haman's gallows to prepare,  
 And free the fallen race:  
 That then did fall, I tell you all,  
 And Haman's pride did swell;  
 Because they would not worship he,  
 He swell'd in pride from hell;  
 And so the gallows did prepare,  
 By cursed empty pride,  
 Till Esther's wisdom brought him near,  
 That on her bed he lied.  
 Her pardon then he thought to gain,  
 Which did the King provoke,  
 And brought on him, it plain was seen,  
 His just deserving stroke.  
 But now I'll tell my every mind,  
 Too late they'll wait to see

The wonders here that must appear,  
 When that thy trial comes on;  
 A *doubting faith* will never clear,  
*I tell thee, of my own.*  
 Then if the righteous scarce are sav'd,  
 Whose faith do then appear,  
 I tell you all, the *silent grave*  
 Must be for mockers here.  
 So I'll end here and say no more  
 But to the purpose come,  
 And with my Bible this compare—  
 Then tremble every one,  
 That now stands out so full of doubt,  
 For no Man's Wife I'll free,  
 That don't believe before the time,  
 Their death they all shall see;  
 And every Husband now the same  
 I'll surely cut them off,  
 That don't believe before the time—  
 My Bible's brought to nought,  
 I say, by men that do discern  
 They may believe so late.  
 When that my coming doth appear,  
 My Bible tells their fate.  
 Two Witnesses here do strong appear,  
 I tell you, for these two,  
 Taylor and Underwood are clear,  
 The words are spoke by you,  
 Joanna here that doth appear,  
 And Townley for to free.  
 Between them two let all men know  
 The Vision thou didst see, *see 113 Folios*  
 Where love was strong, and rage did burn; *Book*  
 But like the Harvest Day,  
 Where men in reaping do appear,  
 And so the end you'll see;  
 For I shall come the Harvest Man  
 The whole for to cut down,  
 But in my Barns the Wheat shall come,  
 Then tremble at the sound;  
 Because the Weeds I'll make them bleed;  
 And let the Weeds appear.  
 For thou must pen the Harvest Men,  
 For I shall end it here."

"When men are in the harvest reaping, the heat  
 of the day and the quickness of their reaping hooks,  
 which they throw into the corn, that cuts down  
 both weeds and wheat, makes them all over  
 in a perspiration; and my Father, with many other  
 reapers, often used to go with the collar of his shirt  
 unbuttoned, and in that manner *that heavenly Vision*

appeared to me. And now I shall tell you further of the husbandman ; the weeds lay at the butt-end of the sheaf, that lieth towards the ground. So when the husbandman cometh to thrash the wheat and gathereth into his garner, he takes the sheaves, and spreads them with a comb in his hand, that is a sharp pointed thing of steel, with a handle to it, with which he takes and pulls out every weed at the butt end of the sheaf, which he burneth for stroil, that the seeds may not go again into the earth.— Now, as Satan upbraids me with hypocrisy, to conceal the feelings of my heart, because I would be a man-pleaser ; I cannot be a man-pleaser any longer, but must *be plain to the whole world*, that my hand is against every man's hand that *hath been against my hand*. And my tongue is against every man's tongue that hath been against me. And the daggers and swords they have placed in my soul it is too late to pull them out, when I am gone to the cold chambers of the grave ; for then I shall die, and my sorrows will die with me : and every dagger that hath been placed in my breast must appear before the Lord in my Father's Kingdom."

These lines were taken from JOANNA, *word for word* as she sat up in her bed, which she affirms were spoken by the LORD, to declare her heart and soul to mankind, as well as the mind of the LORD, to tell all men *waiting to see* whether the clouds will burst or not, will be too late when the storm comes ; but he that seeth the gathering of the clouds, and say there is a sound of abundance of rain, will prepare himself for the storm ; but he that seeth the gathering of the clouds, and say it is only the pride of the morning, for that the clouds will break off, the floods will *not* come, and say as a man said at Musberry—" I ventured through the first flood, and I will venture through the second ;" but when they persuaded him not, and said the floods were now gathering too high, he answered, " He that is born to be hanged will

never be drowned," so with confidence he attempted to swim through. But he did not happen to be born to be hanged, as he said; for in that very flood he was drowned. And in like manner it will now come to all, that judge they were born to be hanged in the same chain they have always been hung to. But now they will find that great water floods are coming upon them.

FROM MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP.

DEAR SIR, *Monday Morning, July 9th, 1804.*

Joanna says the letter of yesterday was spoken by the Lord in love and anger, *to cut off all the withered branches*; but if he cast down he will raise up; if he killeth he will make alive all that now turn unto him. Therefore, she was ordered to send that communication to be like *Deem's salve*, to gather the wound and break it, and draw out all the corruption that is there; then the *healing plaster* may come after; but if the *salve be not applied*, and the *corruption drawn out*, but lie rankling till her TRIAL; and say, *We will wait and see*, they will *only wait to see their own death*. For it is by FAITH *before the time* that every one will then be saved; for it is their Faith must make them whole. So they must feel the wound if they will be healed. Men have no idea of her TRIAL. "I have simply thought, as the world thinks, that wonder was only my Trance, and when I return from my Trance I am to tell them wonders from heaven. But how will unbelievers stand when I return and tell them not only wonders from heaven, but call forward my Father's Will; and then bid Satan enter the field and answer for himself, from the Fall to this day; answer for all the impudent, ignorant, and provoking lies he hath said to me against my Lord, against myself, against my brethren, my mother, and my sisters?—

But how can I look round the field,  
And tell the cursed Foe to yield,

And go from these that do appear  
No brothers, nor no sisters there?  
No, then they'll find it is all too late,  
I tell them plain the door is shut,  
For every dagger in my breast,  
I tell them plain, that day must burst;  
For my forgiveness now is o'er,  
I never can forgive one more  
That did offend in years are past.  
So now they all must go to Christ,  
That ever have offended me,  
And say, " My God, I know 'tis thee  
" Whose Spirit I so much did grieve,  
" Because thy words I ne'er believ'd,  
" That they were spoken by a God;  
" But now I tremble at thy rod,  
" And now thy mercy I'll implore,  
" That I may fill my Lamp once more,  
" Before I hear the Midnight Cry!  
" If I am shut out then I shall die,  
" Therefore to Heaven I'll now complain,  
" Too long I've trifled here with men,  
" Until I see my pardon past.  
" Hath God forbid them at the last  
" Never to forgive me more?  
" Then if my Judge stands at the door,  
" And I have not his favour then,  
" How shall I tremble to come in,  
" To see a God in fury burst,  
" In Spirit strong where I have plac'd  
" Such swords and daggers heretofore."  
She saith her pardons all are o'er,  
And at her TRIAL when it do come  
She'll slay her foes, it shall be known,  
Unless they make their peace with God,  
So let them tremble at his rod."

Now Joanna saith, it was many days ago that she was told, that no one should ask her pardon for the offences they had done unto her, by despising her Writings, for all the offences were done to the Lord; and when her TRIAL appears, she must come forward with all the daggers they had placed in her breast. After that she dreamt that she had killed the devil; and her right breast was filled full of skivers, which she pulled out every one of them; for they were in bunches; and she looked to see if there were any left, but found there was not one left, but saw a four-square place, like a grave, in her breast; and there Joanna saith, the world have brought her with their cursed ingratitude; for she

will freely die a martyr by any tortures men can put her to, if they can bring before her that man or that woman that is now upon earth, and as an earthly being, can say and prove he hath acted with a more just or upright principle than she hath towards God and towards man.—“ For I may say with David, my upright dealings see. And now I will challenge all men upon earth, that they cannot bring before me an earthly being that hath acted so much for the glory of God and the good of mankind as I have. But not I : it is the grace of God that hath strengthened me, through Christ Jesus. Then now let the world bring forth his fellow ; for it is the Lord that speaketh ; not JOANNA SOUTHCOFF as a simple woman of herself ; for Joanna confesses boldly to the world, she hath nothing to boast of but her own infirmities ; a woman that is nothing ; a woman that knoweth nothing ; a woman that can do nothing without CHRIST strengthening her. And now the decree is gone forth from the Lord, that *every unbelieving husband, that hath provoked a believing wife ; and every unbelieving wife, that hath provoked a believing husband, must now go to God for pardon ; for the husband cannot save the wife, nor the wife the husband, no other way than this* : Read this Letter before them, and tell them that every dagger they have placed in their breasts *as believers*, Joanna saith, *they have placed them doubly in her breast ; and if the husband will forgive the wife, and the wife would forgive the husband, where unbelief hath placed the daggers*, Joanna saith, *they have placed them doubly in her breast* ; and her heart is bolted, her door is bolted, and they cannot enter any other way but by going to their closets, by making prayer and supplication to the LORD, before the door of mercy be shut against them by the LORD, as it is now shut by me ; for I am full of the fury of the Lord, to be a consuming fire unto all. Then let them go to Christ, that is a Mediator between God and Man.”



## A DREAM OF MR. SOUTHCOTT'S.

*Sunday Night, July 1st, 1804.*

I thought myself in a large wood, that I had to go through in my way to Burton Pynsent, a Seat in Somersetshire, belonging to the Earl of Chatham; the thicket on my right hand seemed impassable, and close on my left was a river of clear water, but so full that at many places it overflowed its banks; and the path between the wood and the river was so very narrow, that I was often forced to crawl as it were on my side, so the cloaths on my left side were quite wet; yet I thought the water did not touch my body. I at last got into the path that led across the wood, in the midst of which I came to a large mount that I had to go over; but to my great surprize, I found it hollow beneath, and I thought I saw some one I knew. We entered into conversation, and I found by him that this subterraneous cavern was inhabited by a banditti of thieves who lived by plunder; and I thought their greatest traffic was in horses, asses, and pigs, which they stole, not only in the neighbourhood, but their trade was extended to different parts of the kingdom; and some were employed in stealing, and others in manufacturing of the carcasses and hides within this place. At last I got in, and saw a great many at work, both men and women; some digging out of the cavern, which seemed full of roots and sand; at the bottom was solid rock of stone. It filled me with horror, and I was exceedingly terrified; but my whole intent was to have them all taken, yet was afraid they should find out my intention and kill me. However, I got out, but was not satisfied, and wanted to see more before I gave the information. I then thought I met my wife, who went with me to the door with a lighted candle in her hand, and lighted me a little way in, till I said I knew the way through very well. She shut the door and left me.

I was greatly afraid and terrified to think where I was, but determined to go on. In the bottom part I saw a number of swine that the women were feeding. I passed several who looked at me, but no one molested me. I thought I saw an arched way across the dome, which I had not seen before. I ventured up, though very steep and rugged. When I got near the top, I thought it was all hollow under me, and I could look down and see this banditti at their different employments; some were killing those beasts they had stolen, others were tanning their hides, and others were making soup. Just here I met Miss Townley, which I was very glad of. We had not been long together before we saw two boys coming across with two pans of soup; one of them had a large piece of pork in it. Miss Townley was very curious, and wanted to question the boys, which she did; but they evaded her questions a long time; but at last Miss Townley said, one of them had told her something of importance. I said I had seen enough, and was determined to have them taken. Miss Townley asked me what I meant to do? I told her I would go to the commander of a regiment, and get soldiers enough to surround the whole place, so that not one of them might escape. She thought it very advisable, and we went out. Just as we got without the door, we had to turn to our right hand; but the way we had to pass was terrible beyond description. I said to Miss Townley, you see, madam, what you have to encounter; and if you mean to undertake it, be resolute and not die in the middle. She said she was not afraid in the least, and asked for my arm. We had then to pass a most tremendous rock, at the top of which was water that ran down over it. However climb it we must, and pass over the top of it, that was so narrow that no one could stand upon it alone. I thought we got up very well, and I took hold of Miss Townley's left arm, with both my hands, and walked along the crags of the rock.

whilst Miss Townley walked, or rather climbed along the narrow top of this dreadful precipice. However, she did it very heroically, and we got quite safe over. We then went on, and I thought we got into a path that I knew led us out of the wood, and in my imagination I saw a large gravel walk before us. We went on till we came to a house, where we enquired if we were in the right road; but were told we were not, and that we must go back. I told Miss Townley I knew I was right, and that these people belonged to the den of thieves, and were afraid we should betray them. However we went back, and I thought I saw a horse I knew to have been stolen, which made me very eager to get away, as I had such strong proofs of their villainy; and I was going to fetch the soldiers, I thought I met my child Susan, who had in her hand some numbers of a publication of the New Testament. At that time a genteel elderly looking man came out of this place. I seemed afraid of him, lest he should think I was going to inform against them, and that he would kill me; but he seemed equally alarmed, and came very civilly to us, and asked what we had got? I told him the numbers mentioned above. He took some of them, and either by design or accident left his gloves in my hand, which I could not account for, not knowing if he meant it as a bribe or not; but on the back of one of them was printed in Roman letters, HENRY WILSON. I thought I got back into that horrid place again; but just as I got within the first passage, I stopped to listen. before I ventured to go through that long and dreary passage I had before gone through with Miss Townley; and whilst I stood there, I heard, as I thought, somebody coming in. I looked, and saw coming in at the door a large, fierce looking, ugly dog. He passed me, and went to the entrance of the passage I had to go through, as if to defy my going that way. I went to drive him out, but he flew at

me, but did not touch me. I struck him hard on the head; he then ran at a small dog I had with me. I followed him, and again struck him hard on the head, and drove him out. Here I awoke greatly terrified and agitated.

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COPY OF A LETTER SENT TO THE REV.  
MR. POMEROY.

REV. SIR,

July 5th, 1804.

Conscience and honour as a Christian and a Brother to Joanna Southcott, demands me to take her part; for I may say with David. is there not cause enough, when I see my Sister, in every thing she has laid before me, appear clear and innocent; but from the advertisement you put in the paper in 1802, signifying she had signed that you had affirmed her writings were from the devil, which my Sister declares to me you never said; but, that you said, her *putting your name* in print was from the devil. Although I understand you took an unfair advantage of what you wheedled her to sign, and said in your advertisement, she had acknowledged you had condemned the whole of her writings as from the devil, which the world now condemn her as guilty of. Now to clear my Sister's injured honour, I must demand all the letters she has sent you; as she tells me you promised her to keep the letters faithfully, that she put in your hands year after year; and you promised her they should be returned, as they might appear either for or against her. And now, sir, as a gentleman of honour, I trust you will act with honour in this; for, as she has no Husband or Father on earth to protect her, therefore it is my duty, as a Brother, to stand in their stead. I must reason with you as a gentleman, as a husband, as a father, and as a brother. How would you stand and

see a sister's character injured without demanding justice ? and all the justice my Sister wants of you, is to return her the letters you promised faithfully to keep, and safely to return to her. She says if you had not promised it, the letters would have been put into the hands of others, and not into yours. She tells me, that in 1797, you asked her to put in your hands the events of the wars, which she did ; but depended so much on your honour of returning them, that she never kept the copy ; for my Sister says she confesses you gave her *roast meat and beat her with the spit after* \*. I must confess I think you still believe her writings from the Lord, although as a man of the world, you do not like to own it ; yet I hope there will be a time when you will prefer the happiness of your immortal soul to that of your mortal body, and that you will, like Judas, return and say, I have sinned in that I have denied and betrayed this innocent woman. I have only to add, that I hope I shall not be obliged to trouble you again for the writings, or I shall be under the necessity of putting the law in force against you.

I am, sir,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

(Signed)

JOSEPH SOUTHCOTT,

*No. 9, Trinity Street, Bristol,*

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MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP,

SIR,

You are desired to print the following circumstances. On Sunday morning, July 15, 1804, Townley, at eleven o'clock, went to Joanna and found her very unhappy about those whose faith was always wavering ; as words were said to her, that the devil had

\* Alluding to an expression made use of by Mr. Pomeroy to Joanna.

worked by instruments, and the instruments he had worked by, the Lord would cut off as the branches; therefore, she feared for all that did not now stand firm to their faith—and then the Lord would cut off the devil as the root. She complained of being very faint, and said she was ordered to call for beer instead of wine, as the six days were over. She kept lamenting to Townley how many wavered in their faith, and when she had emptied her glass, she cried out with hasty words, “The Lord would break all those, who went from their faith in pieces, like this glass.” With these words, she flung away the rummer, and it was dashed into shivers, and some of it almost as small as if it had been pounded. Townley was then standing close to the bed-side, and though looking at her, it went with such swiftness, that she did not perceive it till the noise alarmed her. When Miss Taylor came from church, she was astonished at seeing the glass broke into such small pieces. Joanna then asked for another rummer to shew Miss Taylor how she did it; and without any design of breaking it, she suddenly felt her arm lifted with fury, and flung it like the former, and broke the last much nearer the foot. On Monday morning she received a letter from Exeter, which informed her she would have Mr. Jones’s answer about Mr. Pomeroy in the evening: and her fears for him flung her into a violent agitation; every nerve in her shook, and she felt sick, as though she would have fainted away. She could not keep in her bed, but laid herself on the floor in agonies, and said she knew not whether to pity or condemn him; but at last got up in a rage against the devil, and said her revenge would be sweet, to see the devil chained down, and she should like, with a sharp sword, to cut him in pieces. She then got into bed, exclaiming against the clergy, and asked for a glass of wine; but she brought it up immediately. Soon after the bason was set upon the bed, she took it up and dashed it

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1804

Monday 16  
the  
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violently across the room, and broke it to pieces. After that she had some lamb brought up for her dinner; she tried to swallow a mouthful, but could not, but spit it into another bason; and said "she could neither swallow the wine nor the lamb, but found the fury of the Lord break in upon her," and she dashed the second bason on the floor. She then said, "she felt herself happier and easier since she had broke both the basons; for so would the Lord, in his anger, break the clergy." In the evening she received the letter from Mr. Jones, informing her that Mr. Pomeroy would not listen to him, but called Joanna *a liar*, and said she was deranged, and was as mad as a March hare; and that he had burnt *the stuff* she put into his hands, and would not hear Mr. Jones. When this letter was read to Joanna, the fury of the Lord broke in immediately, and lasted upon her near an hour, exclaiming; that as her fury was against Pomeroy, so would the Lord's anger and fury burn against him and the clergy. She had a miserable, restless night. This morning she waked very sick and ill, and could not take any thing; but had such dreadful reachings and convulsions in her stomach, that she thought every hour would be her last, and that it was impossible for her to live through the day in such agonies; but was answered, her sickness was not unto death: but as sick as she was, the Lord was as sick of the clergy; and HE would not remove her sickness till she had promised to make the conduct of the clergy and Pomeroy public to the world, and till her Brother had written to Pomeroy; then her sickness should be removed. About one o'clock she called for some wine, but her sickness returned; and in the midst of it she cried out, "Their feast days, I hate them, and will not smell in their solemn assemblies—take away from me the noise of their music, for I will not hear the melody of their voice."

for as sick as Joanna was of the wine she had drank  
 and brought up, so sick is the Lord of the cler-  
 gy's taking the Sacrament in memory of him, when  
 they are crucifying him daily." This sickness con-  
 tinued all the day, and about eight o'clock she was  
 taken with a violent shivering, which alarmed us all.  
 We covered her up as warm as we could, and sent  
 for some warm mulled wine. She looked on the  
 floor, and said she saw a Vision, and the most beau-  
 tiful one she had ever seen. She first told us, she saw a  
 circle of fire before her eyes, and then said the fire  
 seemed to extend with large rims as of gold, and  
 candles burning in the midst, and placed along the  
 side of the wall; and one large candle appeared at  
 the door, which burnt with sparkling light. The  
 beauty of it, she says, is impossible to describe.  
 After seeing this Vision, she had another shivering  
 fit, which alarmed both her and us. She then took  
 a little mulled wine, which threw her into a vio-  
 lent perspiration and took away her pain. We sat  
 wiping the perspiration off her face, which con-  
 tinued almost the whole night. About eleven  
 o'clock Townley thought she fell asleep, and was  
 afraid of moving about the room, lest she should  
 awake her; at last Joanna spoke, and told Townley  
 she had not been asleep, but felt perfectly happy  
 and comfortable, and had been communing with  
 the Spirit. At twelve o'clock the watchman sprang  
 his rattle under our window, and heard the fire-  
 bell. The watchman said, the fire was towards  
 Milk-street. Underwood looked out at the back  
 window, and saw a fire, which appeared at some  
 distance from us. We then heard the alarm drum,  
 that beat for a considerable time. This morning,  
 Wednesday, July 18, upon enquiry, we find the  
 fire was in St. Philip's, and had broke out in a  
 building for distilling turpentine for the spirits;  
 and the fire was owing to a flaw in the still. This is  
 the account we have heard of the fire.



**THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.**

Then now I'll answer all—  
Every shadow weigh together,  
And discern from whence the call:  
The Vision first to thee was plac'd,  
Where the bright Sun was seen,  
Like the bright fire encircled round,  
Appear'd to thee within;  
But clouds around to thee were found,  
And clouds thou there didst see,  
That then did press thee to thy bed,  
And so 'tis known to ME,  
In grief thou'rt press'd, the clouds do burst,  
The outer rim appears;  
And so into thy bed thou'rt cast,  
With every suffering here—  
That is for man—it will come on,  
Their sorrow they will see.  
The sickness that in thee did come  
Is a shadow deep of ME,  
That I am come, it must be known,  
So sick of all mankind,  
That now my Bible do disown,  
The Woman ne'er will find,  
Cloth'd with the Sun to have her come  
My Shepherds do deny;  
Therefore, I shall them all unthronc,  
My fury soon shall fly;  
Because within the Sun was seen  
Like fire for to appear:  
Thou'st felt the shadow of thy dream  
To have the clouds appear;  
And thou should'st die was then thy cry,  
Thy sickness so was fix'd.  
But know, within the Sun was seen,  
Then so it now must burst;  
The Fire to burn in thee must come  
As it did then appear.  
You've seen the shadow of the One,  
But ne'er discern'd it here;  
Though unto men the Vision came,  
But they did ne'er discern  
The clouds that over thee did hang,  
To make the fire to burn.  
So thou didst call in vain to all,  
As in thy dream to be;  
Thou feel'st the wonders there did fall,  
And ask'd if they could see  
The shadow first how it was plac'd?  
Thou know'st, they answer'd no:  
These miracles they could not trace,  
Nor ne'er discern'd them so,

That on thy bed thou must be laid,  
 A sufferer for mankind;  
 Because in thee they all must see  
 My sorrows I do find;  
 In Spirit here I do appear  
 Wounded and griev'd for man;  
 The agonies that are in thee,  
 They'll find in ME are strong.  
 With grief oppress'd my heart doth burst,  
 To see how men *must* fall;  
 I cannot screen them at the last,  
 If now they'll join with hell.  
 So I'll go on from what thou'st done  
 With Satan to dispute,  
 And then I'll send thee out to men  
 To make them all stand mute.  
 If they would come with thee to join,  
 And now my Bible see,  
 It must be in the WOMAN'S FORM  
 Your Conqueror I must be.  
 So I'll go on from man to man:  
 Unto the glass appear:  
 'Twas I that threw it from thy hand  
 In rage and fury there;  
 Because I knew how things would go,  
 The way they'd me provoke;  
 And then my fury they will know,  
 To bring on them the stroke.  
 The branches here that do appear  
 Enrag'd by Satan's hand,  
 They'll find from ME they all must flee,  
 And like the glass to stand,  
 That's broken there, they must appear,  
 For so I'll break them all,  
 The *second time*, you know my mind,  
 The *second glass must fall*.  
 For Satan here the same must share,  
 And feel his fall like man;  
 For the Creation now I'll clear,  
 And bring the Promis'd Land,  
 I say, to men that do begin  
 To wish MY Kingdom near.  
 But for the glasses that were seen,  
 Let men and devils fear;  
 For I'll go on as thou'st began,  
 Until the whole I've broke.  
 Therefore to men, I'll tell them plain,  
 'Tis now too late to mock.  
 The basons next I now shall fix:  
 That Type goes deep for man;  
 Because that there thou didst appear  
 To have the wine to come;  
 For sick within thou didst begin;  
 And I am sick the same,

To see the way my Blood is drank,  
 In memory of MY NAME,  
 When they despise my every love  
 And now despise my fame.  
 To have ME come their Priest and King,  
 Their Saviour to appear,  
 The powers of darkness to chain down,  
 And bring my Kingdom here.  
 But this to man they do disown,  
 My Bible they deny;  
 Then like thy hand they'll find ME stand,  
 And make the shards to fly.  
 The Potter's clay, to thee I say,  
 In pieces I shall break;  
 My passions shall arise like thee  
 Though men may judge ME weak;  
 Like thee to do, can I go through?  
 The reasoning of mankind?  
 Thou break'st the basons that were two,  
 In pieces both did find,  
 In fury here from thee appear'd—  
 Shall I go on the same,  
 And break in two, mankind to know,  
 That now despise MY NAME?  
 The Jews at first, I there did burst  
 And broke them off from ME;  
 But now the Gentiles at the last  
 Will more fatal ruin see.  
 Now mark the day, to thee I say,  
 Thou brok'st the basons two;  
 And Pomeroy's answer came that day:  
 He acted like the Jews:  
 So now the two, before my view,  
 Will shortly feel their fall;  
 For sick as death, thou may'st express  
 The following day thy call,  
 For to appear and shew them here,  
 How sick I am of man;  
 Their conduct I can never bear,  
 To let them thus go on.  
 Now in the night, bring to thy sight,  
 Cold shivers thou hadst two;  
 And so to man it now shall come,  
 Their shivers they shall know.  
 The Type from thee let all men see,  
 For here the Type must come,  
 And from the basons all shall see  
 How furious I'll break men.  
 For though I grieve one that I love  
 To place the Type for all,  
 The cause I surely shall remove,  
 And make the land to fall.  
 The shadow there that did appear,  
 With light and fire to burn,

As though the candles placed were,  
 And sparkling fire did come  
 In ringlets there that did appear,  
 But mark what follow'd next:  
 The midnight hour did then appear,  
 The watchman's rattle was fix'd,  
 I tell you near, you all did hear,  
 And fire did then alarm;  
 And sudden as this did appear  
 Your dangers will come on.  
 The drum and bell, you do know well,  
 Alarm'd them at the time,  
 To see the spirits in a flame,  
 A warning to mankind.  
 The Shadow's deep, the Type is great,  
 If you the Type can see:  
 So if your spouts begin to leak,  
 Your flames will come that way,  
 Until you burn, ye simple men,  
 Your spirits all away.  
 I tell you like that midnight dream  
 The first in her you see,  
 That did appear so cloudy here,  
 And clouds on her did come,  
 Oppress'd to die, you heard her cry  
 That death must be her doom;  
 Then now your land see how it stands—  
 The substance deep is here.  
 The rattle came, be it known for man,  
 When thou judg'd death was near,  
 For thee to die, I'll tell thee why,  
 Thy spirits they'd sunk low;  
 So sick within, thou didst begin—  
 And spirits I let go  
 To be a flame and to consume  
 The spirits for mankind.  
 I tell you all this is a call,  
 A shadow deep you'll find,  
 That it will break and you may sink  
 To see your spirits burn,  
 Kindl'd in flame, do you discern,  
 No water there can come;  
 No: spirits burn, it must be known,  
 Till flames consume the whole.  
 Then tremble now, ye sons of men,  
 Your haughty pride let fall.  
 But as to thee, I'll never free  
 To raise thee from thy bed,  
 Until the shepherds wounded be  
 That they have me betray'd.  
 Worse than the Jews, hear ye the Jews,  
 You stubborn Gentiles be;  
 Tell how the clergy me refuse,  
 And then I'll answer thee.

*Wednesday, July the 18th, 1804.*

As I, Joanna Southcott, am upon a sick bed, and am informed that the Lord will never restore me to health before I have publicly declared to the world what daggers the ministers have placed in my breast; I now must answer thousands and tens of thousands, and have often thought, if I were in Turkey I should find more humanity amongst the priests there than I have found in England. In the first place I intreated them, as though my soul and body depended upon their advice to know from what Spirit my writings came; yet they refused to give it; or even to hear me. But the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy heard me with every attention, assuring me that my writings were not from the devil, desiring me to put the events of years in to his hands, promising, whenever my Trial came, to bring the letters for or against me. Here he acted, as I thought, like a worthy minister; and though I was ordered to send him a letter, that if he acted faithfully he would act like Judas; yet I had no idea that he would; because I was ordered to put the letters in his hands. But as soon as his name was made public, the clergy kept on plaguing him till they made him advertise that my writings were from the devil; and he said that he could not go out of doors without doing it. After that I wrote to him to give me up my letters; but no tongue can describe my astonishment or what I felt, when he returned for answer that he had burnt all my letters. This appeared to me the deepest of arts; and the blackest of crimes; as he well knew that every letter I had put into his hands must appear, to convince the world that my writings were not from the devil. He knew they must appear to my honour, and to his own disgrace; for had the letters been against me he would gladly have returned them. This made me write him a letter, telling him what black arts he had used to murder my character, and mur-

der my peace ; and that he had burnt the letters to conceal his own want of judgment ; because he knew the letters were in my favour, and against himself. After this he went to Mr. Taylor's, and told Mr. Taylor I had written him one of the severest letters that ever was penned. Mr. Taylor told him it was for his not returning my letters. He said that he was persuaded to burn them. How far that is true I must leave. If he did it by persuasions from the clergy, I must say that they murdered his character, and the peace of his mind ; for it is not in the power of all the men upon earth to clear Mr. Pomeroy's character, that he acted either consistent as a minister or a gentleman, as a counsellor or a man of honour—or I will say the meanest shop-boy : For now I will suppose a shop-boy has got large account books, that he had kept for his master ; suppose the debtors make intercession with the boy, and say they will be his friend if he will burn his master's account books, and publish to the world no man owed him any thing ; and so the boy leaves his master ; how could that boy shun the laws of men ? Then Pomeroy's crime is of much weightier consequence, because he has kept back the things that were of God, to prove the calling was of God, by the truths that followed. But here I shall leave him, and only say, my soul come not thou into his secrets : how can he speak peace to his own conscience ? Had I ever acted with such artful, deceitful, and wicked principle, I never could enjoy one hour of my life. Then how can the judgment of such a man be true ? For he appears to me in the perfect language that he now says I appear to him.

Now I shall come to another minister, which was Mr. Leach, a methodist parson, who had that self-confidence of his own wisdom as to tell me, in 1793, that not a word more of my writings would come true ; and I should go to the Lord *in his name* and tell the Lord, that *he said* they were from the devil.

This self-confidence shewed me that he made himself more than a man, and boasted as though he were a God of knowledge, which I should think no earthly object would dare to do: and those objects that have dared to do it have every one erred, as the Jews did; for when they were self-confident that our Saviour was not the Son of God, and said, "His blood be on us and our children;" if their self-confidence was true, why do the clergy bring us to the Gospel? If their self-confidence was wrong, why do our clergy boast in the same confidence, exercising themselves in what they know nothing about; and what they have no desire to know any thing about?

And now I shall come to the other clergy. When my writings were examined by the seven gentlemen at Exeter, several clergymen were invited to come forward, but they all refused. Previous to my writings being proved at Paddington, the bishops and clergy were invited, by private letters and in the public Newspapers, to come forward and judge for themselves; but they refused by the same haughty, vain conceit, thinking they knew every thing, when I shall prove they are blind and know nothing. On the twenty-second of May, Miss Townley was ordered by the Lord, through me, to send out letters to warn the bishops and clergy; and afterwards was ordered, through me, to write again to the bishops, to say that if they would come forward themselves, or send twenty-four ministers from different dioceses, to meet the twenty-four chosen by the Lord, to examine my writings with them; and if the twenty-four ministers could prove that my writings were not from the Lord, they should be given up to their judgment. This fair and generous offer was refused also. So whether tens of thousands were going wrong on the one hand, being believers that my writings come from the Lord, looking for and hastening to the coming of the Lord

Jesus Christ, or whether on the other hand tens of millions, through unbelief and ignorance of this visitation, were going to destruction, and the day of the Lord came upon them unawares to cut them off, like a thief in the night, or like the days of Noah and Lot, to fall upon them, it is all one to the bishops and clergy, while they are fed as fat horses at the full ; and while they can have the fleece they care not what becomes of the sheep. This is Joanna Southcott's opinion of the clergy ; and by experience can prove it true ; for I now speak boldly to the whole world, never such wondrous things came to any woman upon earth, nor such wondrous truths ever followed without coming from the Lord of Life and Glory ; and he that denieth them must deny his Bible. But the Jews never, with more confidence, rejected the Gospel and our Saviour's coming in the Body, than the clergy now reject the fulfilment of the Gospel and his coming again in the Spirit. The letters were returned by the ministers with such infamous and blasphemous language, as though the devil had either guided their hands or hearts. For such letters, from men that were worthy the name of men, I should think could never be penned ; for many of the expressions are so low, illiterate, and indecent, that it appears to me what we call in Devonshire Billingsgate Language. Then has not our nation reason to tremble, when their teachers are blind guides, their priests are polluters of the sanctuary ? Woe unto them that go in to them ! Are they not weighed in the balance and found wanting ? Are not my writings true ? Were they not from a God who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of the children of men, who shewed me in 1792, what a black veil was round the ministers' hearts ? Are they not as our Saviour said, dumb dogs that cannot bark ; blind leaders of the blind ? Then have you not all the ditch to fear ? Are they not hirelings that care not for the sheep ? Then come



*Joseph Southcott*  
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to the truth of the gospel, and confess the words of our Saviour to be true, when he saith, he alone is the good Shepherd that careth for his sheep; and his sheep know his voice, and they follow him where-soever he goeth, but a stranger they will not follow: And what a stranger must I be to the Gospel, to follow such men, whose hearts appear to me as black as the coats they wear! And well they might be ashamed to sign their names; but how scandalous and ridiculous in ministers to do things they are ashamed to own? I have done nothing I am ashamed to own; but publicly sign my name to all I say and do; and have strong grounds for all I say and do. If there are any noble-spirited ministers that are ashamed of such conduct in the clergy, and judge with me it is not becoming ministers of the Gospel of Christ, I will not condemn the innocent with the guilty, nor the just with the unjust. I hope there are some who have not bowed their knees to Baal.

JANE TOWNLEY,  
FRANCES TAYLOR,  
ANN UNDERWOOD.

We three, who have signed our names, are witnesses that this came from the mouth of Joanna Southcott.

*Thursday, July the 19th, 1804.*

As soon as Joanna's opinion and sufferings of the ministers were written, she was told she should not be answered till they were sealed up to send to the press to be printed; and when they were sealing, she said she felt as though something was bursting within her, which threw her into tears, and threw all her bowels into pain.—

“ Now Joanna, thou hast ended,  
Then to reason I'll begin:  
Every dagger thou hast mention'd  
In my heart is plac'd by men.”

F

At the first the Jews did burst,  
 Like Pomeroy to appear;  
 For many Jews came at the first,  
 And did me follow there,  
 Till other men with them began  
 To make them mock my word;  
 And so by Pilate this was seen;  
 He first believ'd his Lord  
 Was in the sound, that did abound,  
 What he from ME did hear;  
 And now to Pomeroy I shall come,  
 And fix the likeness there.  
 He said from hell no man could tell  
 Thy Writings ever came;  
 But if it was not from thyself,  
 From heaven he said't must come.  
 Can he deny this is a lie,  
 And stand before his God?  
 I tell him, no: the words are true;  
 His words to me are know'd;  
 For standing by, I now do say,  
 I always heard the man;  
 And much like Pilate, now I say,  
 His conduct here hath been.  
 Striv'd to release, if 'twas in peace,  
 His conduct sure hath been.  
 Mark how to Nutcombe he did go;  
 His ways to me were seen;  
 And after there he did appear  
 To try the Priest once more;  
 But then they all refus'd to hear,  
 And bolted every door—  
 Against me then they did begin,  
 And Pomeroy sought in vain:  
 So like the Jews they heard the news.  
 Ye stubborn sons of men,  
 When my disciples did appear  
 Who truly love MY NAME,  
 Your hearts by hell then bolted were,  
 And set your rage in flame;  
 Against the man you did begin  
 Your fury for to shew,  
 And when your tumult it was seen,  
 Then Pomeroy's heart, I know,  
 Did soon begin, to ME was seen,  
 Like Pilate to appear.  
 Because no courage in the man,  
 His God the most to fear;  
 No, 'twas to man, by ME was seen,  
 He surely fear'd them most;  
 And though I warn'd him in a dream,  
 My murderer he was plac'd,  
 If he went on for to trepan,  
 A Judas, to deny,  
 A Pilate here for to appear—  
 Men-pleasers now must die;

# *Joseph Southcott's Boon*

( 43 )


For though the first in him did burst  
Like Pilate to appear,  
They now must see the man is cast,  
Though thou like death art here.  
How can I free the Type in thee  
The likeness all to place?  
Without a sick-bed it cannot be—  
Awake ye fallen race!  
Her murderers here you do appear,  
Her wounds you've open'd new;  
And every dart that's in her heart,  
They're plac'd, vain men, by you.  
The shepherds here must all appear,  
Confess their every guilt;  
Her murderers see, you shepherds be:  
I know what she hath felt.  
And now this day, to all I say,  
Her spirits I sink low,  
That you may see the agony,  
What I for men went through;  
But now I'm come in Spirit strong,  
In Spirit I do groan;  
But if my passions you awake,  
I'll make you all to mourn.  
I said at first it so should burst,  
Upon the shepherds here \*;  
And perfect true, you all shall know,  
I'll now turn back the spear.  
Ten thousand daggers you have plac'd  
Here in a heart that's mine;  
Ten thousand daggers you shall taste  
In my appointed time;  
If you don't turn, in sorrows mourn,  
Like harlots you must be,  
That have no honour in your name,  
Your characters to free.  
It is not she, I now tell ye,  
That you're call'd forth to clear,  
It is your titles now as men,  
What shepherds ye are here:  
And now from one I shall begin,  
A shepherd in thy view;  
Write thou the Fable of the man,  
And then I'll prove it true."

This was a Mr. Follard, a gentleman at Sidmouth, whose shepherd was called both the hind and the shepherd. As most of his ground was occupied in sheep, the shepherd was allowed a horse to ride about and see the sheep every day with his dogs, as he had no other employment. I have been in my Brother's ground weeding, and have seen him ride into the fields,

\* After these words Joanna felt as if she was dying.

with his dogs, and call round the sheep that were there present in the field ; at the same time I have known many sheep were in the ditch groaning and eat out with the maggots. I have seen him ride out of the field without taking notice of the sheep that were missing, or taking one step after them. This enraged me against him, and made me tell it to others, who told me he did the same at every place. At Bullwarton Hill his sheep lay dead under the bushes and hedges, eat out with the maggots, and he never took one thought about them ; for as long as he could spend his time in *idleness and drinking* with any that would entertain him, it was all that he cared for ; his master's flock might all perish. So this is the shepherd I compare with the ministers.

On Thursday evening, July 19th, Joanna went to sleep for about a quarter of an hour, and awaked with a dream, and desired us to pen these lines : but the dream she cannot recollect—



The world in all its various charms  
 May prove its just deceit,  
 Then Christ will take me to HIS ARMS,  
 And prove his justice great,  
 To bring on man what is at hand,  
 'The judgments he'th decreed.  
 His wisdom there's no man can scan,  
 'To make me first to bleed,  
 In sickness lie like one to die,  
 'The shadow he plac'd here ;  
 But when he turns the other way,  
 Oh, Shepherds all take care !—  
 "My hand you'll see in fury be  
 If you'll not rise and fall,  
 Just as this Woman doth appear—  
 No, no, I tell you all,  
 The shadow's past, the die is cast,  
 And you may mourn too late ;  
 If you stand out longer in doubt  
 You'll see your every fate.  
 So I'll end here and say no more :  
 But every line goes deep ;  
 The shadow doth to her appear  
 How all the end will break.  
 The shadow first in her is plac'd :  
 My friends may rise and fall,

*Judgments after her Death*  
*Joseph Southcott's Book*  
( 45 )

But them I'll free from misery,  
I now do tell you all.—  
But to the land, they're on the sand,  
And storms will fast abound,  
(You little know what is at hand)  
And houses empty found."

DIRECTIONS FOR MR. JONES TO GO TO THE REV.  
MR. POMEROY.

"Tell Jones to go to Pomeroy, and make him bring forth his arguments, and make him shew his strong reasons, why he published thy writings to be from the devil, when he told Jones that he was jealous from thy wisdom, that all came from thyself, as he had tried thee every way, and thou hadst a great deal of shrewd sense; and he had been astonished at thy answers.—But thy answers to Pomeroy came from ME, and not from thyself; therefore, Jones was wiser than Pomeroy, to say he did not believe thou hadst any more knowledge than he had, of thyself. Now let Jones go to Pomeroy, and tell him he ~~has~~ come as a friend to prevent his house from being set on fire, from a letter that has been sent to him. The fury of the Lord is broke out so strong in thee, to advertise Pomeroy in every paper that he hath been led by the devil, as he advertised thee—For the day of vengeance was then in her heart, for full of fury she came into his presence, and it was full of fury she signed her name, to submit to Pilate's words, that she was an impostor and had a devil." And to Pilate's words Christ submitted on the Cross, and with Pilate's words I signed my destiny.—As Christ sealed his Blood upon the Cross, so did I sign to Pomeroy, and yielded myself to be an impostor—a woman led by the devil.—But by the letters I sent to him afterwards, he must see the veil of the temple that was rent, and the day of vengeance that was in my heart:—"And now the day of vengeance is come, that all the good offices that he boasted of appeareth no more to thee, than a Judas that professed to be a disciple of Christ, and afterwards denied him, afterwards betrayed him as Pomeroy betrayed thee; and now if he do not lay down his

pen, as Judas laid down the money : for it was for money Judas betrayed me ; and Pomeroy gave money to betray thee. Then let the scenes be changed ; but let Pomeroy say with Judas, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And now let him come back to Pilate : "What fault could I find in the woman, before I had provoked her to anger, by turning her from the Sacrament, by advertising her for a devil, or drawing her in to sign her hand, as Christ signed his Blood ?" If they judged him possessed of the devil, to their judgment he submitted on the Cross ; and to Pomeroy's wisdom I made thee submit. Judas kissed me when he betrayed me ; and Pomeroy called thee a dear good woman, and took thee by the hand when he betrayed thee, and advertised thee in the paper, as being led by the devil ; but let him remember the words that were then spoken, when Taylor feared it was MY Spirit that rose within thee with indignation, to make answer and say, *that he could not hurt thy writings* : for what was of man would come to nothing, but *what was of God they could not overthrow*, lest luckily they were found to fight against God : for that luck shall never come to Pomeroy, nor they that tempted him, as the men tempted Judas. They shall not answer as the men answered to Judas, when he brought in the money and said, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood ; for their answer was, " what is that to us ; see thou to it." But my answer shall now be unto him that says, "I have betrayed and sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood—and now I will cast my pen before HIM." Let this be Pomeroy's answer, and then I'll tell thee my answer ; you cursed shepherds, you blind guides, you would not enter in yourselves, nor suffer those who were entering to go in ; therefore I'll place you in Satan's room, and *you shall look to it* ; for he that delivered thee unto him hath the greatest sin. And now let Jones plead with Pomeroy in this man-

ner :—Suppose a man should put in the hands of a lawyer writings that should gain him a whole kingdom ; and the lawyer should say, I will keep the writings, and I will carry them on to the trial ; and if the writings will gain thy trial thou shalt gain the kingdom ; and I will stand thy lawyer ; I must stand thy counsellor, as a judge at the assizes ; but if thy writings will not gain the trial, I confess I cannot gain it by law any other way but by the truth of thy writings. Suppose the man consents to put all into the lawyer's hands upon this condition, and say if the truth of my writings will not entitle me to the kingdom, then I will give it up ; but do you justice, and bring my writings forward. The lawyer he promised to be faithful, and the man *depends upon his honour, and puts the writings in his hands*, expecting him to come forward as his counsellor to plead his cause. But suppose an enemy to the man should go to him that was the supposed counsellor, with the writings in his hands, and say, I hate the person that is heir to the kingdom, and in my heart I despise him ; therefore I will give you any thing, and I will be your friend for ever, if you will now prove treacherous and deceitful: publish to the world the man's cause is not good ; he is no heir to the kingdom; and to prevent others from trying the cause in his stead, burn every writing he hath put in your hands, that justice may never be done to the man—Ask Pomeroy how he would look upon such a man? Or suppose the cause to be his own, and he should lose every penny he had in the world, by such an artful and deceitful friend, would he not say he was worse than the one who set his house on fire?—Let this parable be proposed by Jones, and let the answer be given by Pomeroy ; then let Jones answer as Nathan answered David, Thou art the man ; for thou hast slain Uriah ; and put him in the front of the battle to be slain by his enemies; and thou hast taken his wife to be thy wife, to commit adultery with thee,

*see  
87. 88  
2<sup>d</sup> Book of Wonders*

see  
87.88

Joseph

~~Joseph~~~~Book~~

Ponders

and gave consent to her husband's death: But here see her heart awakened to despise the man that slew her husband; and she will not bow to be like Uriah's wife, but is enraged with the man that slew her husband—And now I shall answer the ponderings of thy heart: Thou sayest in thy heart, how am I placing this parable to place ME, the *Lord of Life and Glory*, as the Uriah that was slain in the front of the battle; and to place David as the prince in man, whom thou must now despise, for slaying Uriah the Hittite in the front of the battle; and bring in a David, whom I said I was the root and offspring of, the bright and morning star, to be the murderer thou must despise? Here is the dark saying thou dost not understand; but now that dark saying shall be brought to light: men have always sought MAN to be the David established upon the throne, and always made ME to be the Uriah that was slain in the front of the battle; but now I tell thee, for this the sword never shall depart from man, till a Solomon doth appear, that will ask wisdom of God. Then shall MY THRONE be established, and the house shall be built in MY NAME, and all the cedars of Lebanon shall appear; then shall they say, Uriah is the man whom Satan's arts hath worked to destroy, and always slew him in the front of the battle; *but I AM the DAVID that preserved the Woman*, when Satan's arts slew the Man—But here thy heart is puzzled again; because David himself ordered Uriah to be put in the front of the battle, for the adultery he had committed with his wife, to slay the Man and save the Woman alive!! This appears marvellous in thy eyes. Can I be the SAVIOUR, the PRINCE OF PEACE, the EVER-LASTING FATHER, THE DESIRE OF EVERY NATION to establish the Throne of David, to be the adulterer who tempted the woman to sin,—then to destroy her husband, and take the adulterous wife to my throne? A God that is full of honour, a God whose pure eyes cannot look on iniquity with any

The Son  
born at the  
end



allowance, a Saviour that was without sin, neither was guile found in his mouth ! But he that was without sin was chastised for sin ; for the Lord laid on him the iniquities of all. And now come to the Creation : In the form of a Serpent the Woman was betrayed. Then come to the Wilderness : in the form of a Serpent, they were to look on to be saved. Then now I will go back to the beginning : from the throne of David, the shadows have been established, as though Satan, the prince of this world, had been establishing the *Throne* and *slaying* ME, as Uriah was slain, and taking the adulterous woman to their bosoms, and say the man may be murdered, but the adultery of the woman I will hug in my bosom. This has been from the Fall to this day. And here I have spoken after the flesh, that was betrayed by the living Serpent that spoke ; but know the Serpent in the wilderness appeared to man to be without life, a dumb idol that could not speak ; yet that Serpent that appeared without life saved them that looked at him, that had been stung by living Serpents. Then here you must come to the SPIRIT, to him that appeareth dead, but speaketh ! And now I will come as the Brazen Serpent, to cut off the *Crown* that is established by *adultery* ; and I will come as the Uriah, to establish the throne of David, that was slain for the adultery of the woman ; and yet I will come as a David, to save the adulterous woman that was betrayed by the arts of man, while the crowns have been established in sin : for what is after the flesh is fleshly ; and what is after the earth is earthly ; but what is after the spirit is spiritual. And know, I said ye must be born again, and all old things must be done away, and all things must become new ; then for all things to become new, I must come as David in all his virtues, but not after the flesh, in *one of his vices*. I must come as the GOOD SHEPHERD, that taketh care of his sheep, and lead them into good pastures :—I must

come as the David that slew the Goliath ; I must come as a DAVID that despised Saul's daughter, when she despised to see David dance before the ark to see it brought back : for this is the ARK of THE NEW COVENANT, that I shall slay the Goliath ; and to establish it I must come to save the adulterous Woman, who was *adulterated by the fall*, but *not* by ME in the SPIRIT, but after the *Flesh* by Man. But here the scenes must change, the Woman hath renounced all the works of the flesh, and put on all the works of the SPIRIT. Her husband was not slain in the battle, whom she wished to make her husband—but here, I confess, after the Spirit I slew the Man by love, by drawing her heart after ME and putting him in front of every battle that was against him. This have I done with all her lovers, till I taught her heart to love ME, and ME only. Then now from the Spirit see the perfect likeness of David in the flesh ; but what was of earth was earthly and sinful ; but what is from the Spirit is spotless and innocent without sin unto salvation—

see 113

*Isaiah Book*

So now see clear your David here,  
 And all my armour see ;  
 For in thy bed I did appear  
 With all my majesty :  
 But looks disorder'd thou didst cry,  
 And so they do appear—  
 Wet with the sweats of agonies  
 Thou sawest my flaxen hair ;  
 With perspiration on my face,  
 And drops thou large did see—  
 You little know, ye fallen race,  
 The agonies of ME!!!  
 To shew my love so strong to prove  
 I do to man appear ;  
 And canst thou marvel at the sight  
 To see my flaxen hair  
 Disorder'd stand, appear to man,  
 Or yet appear to thee ?  
 I tell thee my disorder'd hair  
 Points out my agonies,  
 That now again in ME are come,  
 But see men's love so cold ;  
 The drops of sweat must now be known,  
 That thou didst then behold ;

*Joseph Southcott's Book*

( 51 )

I breath'd in thee, they all shall see,  
The BREATH OF HEAVENLY LIFE;  
And where's the man shall dare to stand  
To prove thou'rt not the Wife?  
For to appear, and make all clear,  
That ready now thou'rt come,  
To say the Bridegroom doth appear  
Freely to wed with man  
Between you two, thou well dost know,  
The sight did so appear;  
And canst thou marvel for to see  
My wet disorder'd hair?  
No: I am press'd, my heart doth burst  
With love and anger too;  
I know MY shepherds must be cast;  
For now between you two,  
My heart is press'd—my grief doth burst,  
And passions strong do burn!!!  
Into MY SPIRIT thou shalt drink,  
Though Pomeroy did thee turn\*,  
Unworthy there for to appear,  
Thou'rt worthy unto ME:—  
And Pomeroy may begin to fear  
And tremble for to see—  
He turn'd back one, to me 'twas known,  
That lov'd ME above the rest—  
And all his flock from him is gone,  
Then let his grief to burst,  
In sorrow here for to appear,  
If he a branch will be—  
For I AM the VINE—I'll tell my mind,  
That did appear to thee  
In glory bright before thy sight;  
As in the harvest day.  
When men are reaping strong in might  
Their faces oft do lay  
With sweat appear, as mine did there—  
Thy Father's collar see,  
How oft unbutton'd did appear,  
When in the field to be  
In reaping strong, to thee 'tis known—  
My harvest now is near:  
I plainly tell thee, 'tis begun;  
Then let the shepherds fear.  
If they'll not come like husbandmen  
My harvest now to see,  
I tell them plain I'll cut them down!!!  
My reapers now shall be  
Those that do join and do combine  
In love for to appear;  
Between you two, they all shall know,  
A shadow deep lies here;  
Because the first in thee did burst,  
In grief to travel on;

\* From the Sacrament.

G 2

*see 113 Folies Book*

And when I told thee at the last  
 The Apostle's words should come—  
 That as in Adam all did die,  
 The life should come in ME  
 To man appear'd a mystery,  
 The truth they could not see.  
 Thy second here did then appear,  
 Believ'd the words were true,  
 And from her judgment did compare  
 The Bible to their view—  
 But her they mock'd; then judge the stroke  
 Must on the *right hand fall*;  
 Because her letters they turn'd back;  
 Then tremble one and all,  
 You shepherds here for to appear,  
 MY LOVE and *fury* see;  
 Between the two, before your view,  
 You're deeply *wounding* ME:  
 Because the *first*\* in love did burst,  
 In love to ME was strong;  
 And now her *second* so is plac'd,  
 Between them both I'm come,  
 Wounded to see the misery  
 That they for ME do bear.  
 And now, ye shepherds of MY FLOCK,  
 Tremble my words to hear:  
 You wound MY HEART, you've *caus'd a smart*  
 That you can never heal;  
 And from the LOVE that here I prove  
 My anger you shall feel.  
 There's not a sin under the sun  
 That is so great to ME,  
 As 'tis to wound these women's hearts,  
 That now my helpers be,  
 And do appear in love so clear,  
 And MINE they'll find is strong:  
 So, of these women now take care,  
 Or bring your ruin on.  
 For fast shall fall, I tell you all,  
 My leg I shew'd to thee,  
 Where on thy hand so strong did fall  
 In purple spots for ME;  
 And purple here I did appear  
 To shew my grief like thine;  
 Thy agonies I now do bear  
 To see the human mind  
 Fetter'd so strong in Satan's chains,  
 He will not let them go;  
 Because men's reason they do drown,  
 The light they will not know.  
 So in the dark they miss the mark,  
 As I did vanish there;  
 But quickly in the Woman's Form  
 I did to thee appear.

\* Joanna.

114 Foley Book

But then, like man, thou didst begin,  
And griev'd her sight to see;  
Thou could'st not bear the Woman's Form,  
The shadow there of ME.  
Just so your Land is now become,  
The Woman cannot bear.  
It was I that worked in thy heart  
To shew the mystery clear,  
How that your Land to thee is seen,  
And every Type behold;  
But I do say another day  
I'll make their blood run cold.  
So I'll end here and say no more:  
But Jones must weigh all deep;  
And all together now compare,  
To seek my long lost sheep.

The explanation of that vision is only given in part. The above was written on Thursday, July 5, 1804, and sent to Exeter early this morning, Friday, July 6.

Before an explanation was given further, Joanna was ordered to take her Bible and put down such passages of Scripture as the Lord would direct her—the first was in

*Amos*, chap. v. ver. 20. Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness, and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?

21. I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies.

22. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts.

23. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs: for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

24. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

*Micah*, chap. vi. ver. 11. Shall I count them pure with the wicked balances, and with the bag of deceitful weights?

12. For the rich men thereof are full of violence, and the inhabitants thereof have spoken lies, and their tongue is deceitful in their mouth.

13. Therefore also will I make thee sick in smit-

ing thee, in making thee desolate because of thy sins.

*Habakkuk*, chap. ii. ver. 11. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

14. For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

*John*, chap. v. ver. 39. Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

40. And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.

*John*, chap. vi \*. ver. 33. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

53. Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

54. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day.

66. From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.

1 *Epist. John*, chap. iii. ver. 1. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God, therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

2. Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

1 *Epist. John*, chap. iv. ver. 14. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

1 *Epist. John*, chap. v. ver. 9. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for

\* Read the whole chapter, and mark the 66th verse.

**this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.**

10. He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar: because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

11. And this is the record, That God hath given to us eternal life: and this life is in his Son.

12. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

13. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

*Psalm* ii. ver. 7. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee.

8. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10. Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12. Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

*Isaiah*, chap. lx. ver. 1. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

2. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

*Isaiah*, chap. lxi. ver. 1. The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek.

2. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

Now mark these Scriptures; see in what manner they are spoken; and judge for yourselves how they are to be fulfilled. Therefore, I told thee in the beginning, they must mark how the things came first to thee, and how they followed one thing after another, or no man can be a clear judge. Let a man see thee full of the fury of the Lord, and know nothing before or after, then he might judge that thou wert mad, or had a devil; it was not the words could convince them that they were spoken from the Lord in fury. Let them see thee in thy sick bed, ready to die with sickness when thou receivedst Pomeroy's answer, that thou wert a liar, and out of thy senses; would they not judge that the judgments of God was upon thee, and the judgments of men were true? And hadst thou died in that sickness, would not men have said it was a judgment from heaven upon thee, to cut thee off from troubling the man, that thou mightest never trouble him more? Had a stranger been in the room that knew nothing of thee from the beginning, and knew nothing of the types and shadows I had placed in thee before, but seen thee like one mad, when the answer came, and as one dying the following day; would they not sooner have said the devil was working in thee for revenge, while the hand of the Lord was cutting thee off, than have believed how thy sickness was to shew how sick the Lord was of such ministers, and thou must warn him again if ever the Lord raised thee from a sick bed. Let this appear to an unbelieving world, and ask them which judgment they would draw? Would they not have said, as the people said of Paul, when they saw the viper on his hand; that he was a murderer,

Act 28



or had done some black crime before the viper was shook from his hand, when they changed their minds? Just so would the world judge of thee, if they had seen thee in all the appearance of death, sickness, and agonies, which thou couldest not bear; and at the same time to tell them the Lord would never remove his afflicting hand from thee, before thou hadst published to the world the cruelty, the ingratitude, and the unjust dealings of the clergy; and *then* he would take thy sufferings from thee, and lay it on the clergy. Now let the ministers answer for themselves, if they had been in thy room attending thee, as my handmaids were, whether they would not have persuaded thee, that a wrong spirit visited thee, and that the hand of God was heavy upon thee, and that he would soon take thee out of the world? Therefore, instead of writing against the ministers, thy duty was to forget and forgive all the injuries that were done to thee; and thou oughtest to try to make thy peace with God, that he might pardon all thy sins; and if thou didst not forgive thy enemies, the Lord would never forgive thee: and conscience must condemn them. Just so would have been *their mistaken zeal*, which the devil, as an angel of light, would have worked strong in their hearts to do, and so have kept thee a martyr in sufferings; and the greater they saw thy sufferings increase, the greater they would have thought the judgments of God upon thee; therefore, under a *false and mistaken notion* of religion, they would have been thy murderers: for the words were gone out of MY MOUTH, that I would never restore thee to health, before thou hadst published the unjust dealings of the clergy. So the wisdom of men would have tried to make their God the liar! And now I shall come to my Bible, concerning the Second Psalm: "Ask and receive thy full demands, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of

iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Now let them tell me, who is my Son? or to whom that promise was made? Or whom that Spirit of the Lord was to be upon, to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prisons to them that *are bound*; to proclaim the acceptable YEAR OF THE LORD, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn? When was this done is my demand of the shepherds? Will you answer, when I came in the flesh? When the priests, judges, and rulers put me to death, were the mourners then comforted? Were the broken-hearted then healed? Will you dare to say *the vengeance of God was then upon me*? For I tell you, it is I AM THE SPIRIT that am speaking now through the Woman. You hear her voice, but I am the Spirit that was crucified for man in the body, but am now come again in the SPIRIT, to fulfil the TRUTH OF MY GOSPEL, and what was promised in the beginning.—And he that believeth not in MY GOSPEL, nor in the Promise God made in the Son, hath made God a liar, because he believes not the record God gave of his Son: and this is the record, God gave to us ETERNAL LIFE, and this LIFE is in HIS SON. Then now bring forward your arguments, and prove that Eternal Life is come to man—prove the record God gave of his Son,—prove the promise that HE made in the beginning—and tell ME, whose heel was to be bruised, and whose head was to be broken? In whom and by whom was this to be done? Now I shall come to my Gospel. What did I say of the Shepherds? Did I not say they were dumb dogs, that could not bark? Did I not say they were blind leaders of the blind, and all would fall into the ditch together? Did I not say they were hirelings, that cared not for the sheep, because they were hirelings? But I was the GOOD SHEPHERD, that careth for MY sheep.—Now see what this Woman has published to the world against

the shepherds; and let every cause be fairly tried.—  
They must stand *guilty* before God and Man, and  
say, “ we are hirelings; we care not for the sheep; if  
they fell by thousands on the right hand, or tens of  
thousands on the left, we cared not. We care not  
what become of the sheep.” This their conduct  
has proved by the manner they turned back the let-  
ters: it was to try them, that I ordered the letters to  
be sent out; and to try them again I ordered the  
other letters—that men might find no excuse for  
themselves, only guilty—

And guilty all they now shall fall,  
As Adam fell at first.  
But where's the Woman they can call,  
To say their guilt did burst  
From her weak hand; can they now stand  
To plead before MY BAR,  
“ It was the Woman us betray'd ? ”  
No: man I'll answer here.—  
You cannot free your infamy,  
To cast it on her head;  
For by her hand you will not stand,  
Then what have you to plead ?  
No Adams here can you appear,  
For ME to free your fall.  
And from the Psalm I'll answer here,  
I now do tell you all,  
I had design'd assuredly  
As Gods to make you here,  
Priests and Propriets for to be,  
And join'd you Sons and Heirs.  
For Heirs of God, you know 'tis said,  
That men I'd surely make;  
Joint Heirs with ME, my Bible sec,  
My words I'll ne'er forsake,  
Because that some this way are come,  
As Adam came at first:  
“ We took it from the Woman's hand,  
“ That told us came from CHRIST;  
“ And so from HE, the words we see  
“ In likeness do appear.  
“ It is our Saviour we've obey'd,  
“ From all our judgment here.”  
Then surely I that dwells on high,  
Must free them of the Fall;  
My words I never will deny,  
But now I'll conquer hell,  
My Father's will for to fulfil  
In all I'll now go through;

My Blood in vain I'll never spill,  
 Though I have got but few  
 That stand by me; I plain do see,  
 The Shepherds are asleep,  
 Like Pollard's Shepherds sure they be;  
 But I shall make them weep,  
 When I turn back the coming stroke,  
 And bid them to appear;  
 I'll ask them how they dare to mock  
 My Law and Gospel here;  
 Because by them I know 'tis done,  
 My sheep like his I see,  
 Eat out with worms, from Satan come—  
 Such careless Shepherds be  
 Now in this land, and on the sand  
 Their houses soon shall fall;  
 Because the ditches you may see,  
 My sheep may perish all:  
 Careless they go, as he did do,  
 And carelessly they stand;  
 The sheep that's brought before their view  
 They easy may command.  
 But if there's one from them is gone,  
 They'll say that sheep may die;  
 And if't be ten, I know these men  
 Would let them so to lie:  
 On every hill, I tell you still,  
 My sheep are dying there;  
 From every ditch you may them fetch  
 Dying for want of care:  
 For like that man the Shepherds stand—  
 But shall I call them mine,  
 Though they profess, but do disgrace  
 Their Master at this time?  
 Shepherds for me they say they be!!  
 My Flock they do destroy;  
 For want of care, I tell you here,  
 The devil may enjoy  
 His worms to breed in every head,  
 And to the sheep may go;  
 They care not of my Flock that's dead,  
 If they can blind me so,  
 As did the man his master's hand,  
 He did blind him at the first,  
 And careless left his sheep to die,  
 And did blind him at the last.  
 And this by man it might be done,  
 But can you blind your God,  
 Whose Eyes before you always run  
 To mark the steps you've trod?  
 For just like thee, they'll all find me,  
 Thou seest the Shepherd come,  
 And all his ways thou didst espy,  
 And knew the sheep was gone,

# Joseph Southcott's Book

( 61 )

Wounded in grief, to seek relief,  
The groaning sheep did lie,  
Nor e'er one step did he pursue,  
To see his agony ;  
Nor yet relieve or e'er reprieve  
Him from his sore distress.  
This cruelty provoked thee,  
Did wound thy feeling breast.  
Now for thyself, I'll answer here,  
My EYE has been like thine ;  
I've seen the Shepherds' cruel care,  
But knew 'twas near the time  
That I should speak, my anger break,  
And on the Shepherds turn.  
For worse than he the Shepherds be,  
Because MY SHEEP are MEN ;  
And they may die in hell to lie,  
In flames for ever burn ;  
If they can gain their wages here,  
They care not who do mourn.  
My GOSPEL here they cannot clear  
To copy after ME ;  
And now I bid them tell me where  
I ever act that way ?  
Whoe'er did come, to you 'tis known,  
I always stoop'd to hear.  
Then if I was the SON of GOD,  
You Shepherds now take care !  
For MY example you do say  
I left for you to go—  
But every one is gone astray,  
And that I well did know,  
That at the last it so would burst,  
MY GOSPEL be a form,  
When in the SPIRIT at the last,  
I did to you return.  
But SHEPHERDS THREE, you now may see,  
I've got to make the ONE  
That is a *Shadow* deep of ME,  
And *there* you'll find I'm come.  
Then now from *Spring* I will begin—  
And let the hour appear ;  
The one is past, the second burst,  
And now the Type I'll clear :  
And from the Seals I shall reveal  
The first was broken here,  
The second came, the same be't known,  
Until the words appear'd ;  
And from the third, behold the word,  
Two hours *must* appear,  
Ere thou didst see the mystery,  
What in the Seals were plac'd ;  
And perfect so you all shall know,  
What Seals to man shall burst :

I'll never blame the simple thing,  
 'Twas I that work'd it here:  
 When from the simple Types of men  
 I always did appear.  
 And so from *Spring* I shall begin  
 To shew the Type once more;  
 Wait ye to see the mystery,  
 When TWO MONTHS do appear.  
 As seven stars came from afar,  
 The WISE MEN came to see  
 But seven more will then appear,  
 And full as wise will be;  
 For with the first they'll surely burst  
 And fourteen stars will come,  
 That bright will shine when 'tis MY TIME,  
 And with the seven join:  
 So fourteen then will be wise men,  
 With wisdom come to see  
 What wonders here do now appear,  
 And join in harmony.  
 So then thy dream I shall explain,  
 I shew'd thee at the first;  
 When seven Stars to fourteen came  
 The Wonders all would burst.  
 So now the man I shall begin  
 To answer from his word;  
 I never will condemn the thing,  
 But let him judge his LORD;  
 From what he hath done behold HIS hand,  
 He bid thee wait HIS time,  
 And perfect here thou didst appear  
 Unto his will resign'd;  
 Thou'st never broke till it was up,  
 And so obey'd the man:  
 Because 'twas I that work'd in thee  
 To make thee silent stand;  
 Then \* \* \* \* \* here like him I'll clear  
 The \* \* \* \* \* in his view;  
 Then he shall know his God is here,  
 And all MY WORDS are true;  
 Though spoke by thee, they all may say,  
 But I'm the Author here;  
 The GOD OF HEAVEN the lines hath given—  
 Let \* \* \* \* \* now take care;  
 And judge the WORD is from the LORD,  
 And then he'll find me just;  
 Much greater than was in his view,  
 He'll find *that day* to burst.  
 What he ne'er thought, nor man-e'er wrote,  
 Nor ever thought to see  
 The wonders great, without deceit,  
 That day will surely be.  
 So now act wise, let none disguise,  
 For every Seal will come."

About eight o'clock, Saturday evening, we were prevented going on with this beautiful communication, by a letter from Exeter, which agitated Joanna so much, and made her so ill and faint, that she could not go on any further that night.

*Sunday July 22d, 1804.*

After the letter came, Joanna spent a restless night; and though she sleeps in a large bed, thought it was not large enough for her. In the morning she waked very faint and low spirited; but was answered, the shadows to her were the substance to the clergy; and she was ordered to call to her remembrance the words in her writings years ago: "a bed is too short for a man to stretch himself on it; the covering is too narrow to wrap himself in it;" that she must go through the shadows, and then the substance should come on the nation, that was now mocking the Coming of the Lord; and then the Lord would restore her to strength and take all the shadows from her, and place all the substance in mankind. Then they would find the restlessness of their minds, the trouble of their conscience would make their beds too short to stretch themselves on, and the covering too narrow to wrap themselves in it; and they would wake in the morning as weak and faint as she was; they will find themselves weak in judgment, weak in understanding, and weak in strength to defend themselves, so that they will appear but as dead men."

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A SECOND LETTER FROM MR. JOSEPH SOUTH-  
COTT TO THE REV. MR. POMEROY.

REV. SIR,

*Bristol, July 17th, 1804.*

When I wrote to you, by Mr. Jones, I thought I was writing to a gentleman, and as such I expected an answer; nor could I have thought you would

*1<sup>st</sup> Letter*  
*See p. 100*  
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have disgraced the gown you wear, as you have, by calling my Sister a liar. I think it neither does credit to the gentleman or to the clergyman; for let the world's belief of her Writings be what it may, there is no one who knows her, but thinks her far superior to that appellation; and *you* yourself have sufficiently proved yourself what you call *her*, by frequently pronouncing her a religious, good woman, which no liar can be. You, sir, received the letter worldlyly; and, as a man of the world, turned it into ridicule, and said my Sister was a liar, and as mad as a March hare. But, sir, consider my Sister takes things in a spiritual sense; and if you have never been spiritually affected, which, if you never have, God grant you may, at the reading of this, is my sincere wish and hope; and that the Lord may spiritually affect you, as he has her; for I must tell you, the Lord hath afflicted her with a violent sickness; and that the Lord saith, he is as sick of the clergy as she is now sick, which I trust the Lord will reward with an immortal crown of glory; and that you, and all the right reverend divines, the bishops and other clergy of this kingdom, may, ere it is too late, be convinced, and endeavour to convince your different flocks, that Christ's Kingdom is nearly at hand; and that all our united prayers may be the means of destroying the power of the devil, and chaining Satan down in the bottomless pit, as foretold in the Revelations, and establishing Christ's peaceable Kingdom here on earth; so that we may, like her, receive that inestimable reward, which no earthly power can give, is the most ardent wish of my heart.—I, sir, am not mad, nor am I an enthusiast. I am a man very publicly in the world; yet I am not ashamed to speak in any company, what I can prove from our blessed Saviour's words, and having the holy Bible to support it, I need not point out to you where these truths are to be found; and how they were to be fulfilled, I re-



fer you to Joanna's writings. The purport of my letter to you, was to demand the writings and letters you had of her's, which she innocently lodged in your hands, thinking that if ever you declined her cause, you would honourably return them; but I must say, you have entirely deviated from that principle by not doing it; and must further add, that when her Trial comes, you will most certainly be called upon to give an account of *that stuff*, as you term it, which you amused yourself with burning of. My Sister has sent to desire me to remind you of a letter she sent you in 1796 or 1797, which contains these words—

A Judas HE shall be to ME  
If he doth ME deny;  
No comfort in this world he'll have,  
And tremble for to die.  
He must be found an empty sound,  
And hollow all within;  
I ask the bishop how he'll look  
On such deceitful men?

I have further to add, the time above alluded to we are to expect; but the day nor hour no man knoweth, not even the angels in heaven; but that the Lord will come upon them as a thief in the night; and that you, and all mankind might turn unto HIM whilst the gates of mercy are open, and be ready to meet HIM at his Coming, is the sincere wish and prayer of,

(Signed,) JOSEPH SOUTHCOTT.

No. 9, Trinity Street, Bristol.

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Monday, July 23, 1804.

Joanna had a restless night, but towards the morning fell asleep, and lay between sleeping and waking till the postman rang the bell, with a letter from Mr. Foley. She was waked by the bell, and told Underwood, that, whether she was awake when the words were spoke, or whether she dreamt it, she does not know; but they were these words, "In forty days,

fatal destruction should happen to England." She was faint, but comfortable : after that Mr. Foley's letter was brought her, which gave her great pleasure. She then was answered to the words, or her dream—" O England, England ! ten years have I warned thee, ten years have my judgments been upon thee, and though the poor have perished in thy streets, and all the land hath been oppressed, yet thou art like the anvil that is hardened to the stroke ; thy teachers are blind guides ; thy priests are polluters of the sanctuary : woe unto those who go in unto them ; for they will not enter in themselves, nor suffer those who are entering in to go in. I had one Shepherd, that began in the Spirit, but the shepherds have murdered him ; for he was like Ephraim, as a cake not baken ; the Assyrians destroyed his strength ; and the pride of the clergy testified in their hearts against him : O how weak is Taylor's judgment, to wish thou mightest never trouble Pomeroy more ! Let her reflect on the days that are past, how wrong she judged my ordering thee to send him that letter ; but now let her see the justice of its being sent. Now from this day let no man persuade thee ; let no man advise thee ; let no man say, I wish the Lord would act another way ; but all say, not my will, but thine be done, O Lord ; and then I will make their bliss complete : but I will be avenged on those Shepherds that mocked Pomeroy ; for they have been as serpents in the way to sting him ; they have robbed him of his honour ; they have robbed him of a good conscience ; they have robbed him of the peace of his mind. Because he was like Ephraim, as a cake not baken ; therefore, they had power to destroy his strength : but let him not say with Adam, the woman thou sendest unto me beguiled me and I did eat, or tempted me to do evil ; for I now tell Pomeroy, if he had continued, as he began, to follow on to know the Lord, and to be clear in judging before he began to condemn ; in blessing, I would

have blessed him; in multiplying, I would have multiplied him, and his seed should have been from generation to generation, till time was no more. For in that manner was the letter sent unto him, the promises great, and the threatenings severe; the promises great, if he continued on to know the Lord; the threatenings severe if he drew back. And now reflect on Pomeroy's words, what he said unto thee in Taylor's house, how greatly the clergy at Exeter plagued him, that he could not go into a coffee-house, nor into company where the ministers were, but they would be wearying him with words, that he was the prophet, and that it was he that supported thy hand; so to shun the ridicule of men, he published to the world that thy God was a devil; but he shall know and tremble too before that God, whom he called a devil. So the very way he went to save his life, he hath lost it; for the comfort of his life is destroyed in this world; and without bitter repentance, his soul must perish; for as he rejected thee, and THY MASTER before thee, therefore THY MASTER he cannot come to, unless he repent in dust and ashes: but they that tempted him to this evil have the greater sin; because they never acted in one step of virtue, but despised every virtuous step that was in him. I will set his good deeds, as well as his black deeds before them: he acted wisely to search out the truth; he acted wisely to offer to clear up the truth; he acted wisely to go to Nutcombe; he acted wisely to try the clergy; he acted wisely to have the writings sent to his house; he acted wisely to ask Dennis and his uncle to come to his house, and offered to shew them thy writings and send for thee; but these, like Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites, would neither enter in themselves, nor suffer him that was entering to go in; but as thou sayest in thy heart they fell upon him, as the greedy hounds fall upon a hare, and made him like a March hare, out of his senses, when compassed round by the greedy dogs of prey. And now by whom was

this man beguiled ? Out of his own mouth the truth must be made manifest ; for he confessed it was the clergy that beguiled him to do evil ; and made him tempt the woman to commit evil also, that *she might fall* from TRUE OBEDIENCE. So here is the fall changed ; here is the scene changed. The woman is brought again to TRUE OBEDIENCE, and it is men and devils that are trying to tempt her to disobedience ; but no man can prevail against her, and no weapon that is formed against her shall prosper, and every tongue that is against her shall fall for her sake ; for here the old creation *shall die*, and all things shall begin *anew* ; so no longer let it be said the woman beguiled me, and I did eat ; for he that eateth by the woman's directions, shall now eat of the Tree of Life and live for ever in ME ; for then they shall eat of my Flesh and drink of my Blood ; that meaneth, I will make their vile bodies like unto MY GLORIOUS BODY, and they shall drink deep into my heavenly Spirit, and they shall find joy in believing : for he that shall come, now will come, and will not tarry. O ye blind leaders of the blind, why did I tell you in my Gospel of MY Second Coming ? Why did the angels warn my disciples, that as in like manner they saw ME ascending, they should see ME descending ? Why did all my disciples warn men of my Second Coming ? And why did the prophets say, I should be the desire of every nation, and the government should be upon my shoulders, for of my Kingdom there should be no end ? Heavens should be filled with my majesty, earth with my goodness, hell with my terrors ? Answer ME, ye blind Shepherds, if all these Promises are not made in the Bible, by God through his Son, that he should reconcile the whole world unto God ? Then have you not made your God the liar ? Is not the devil now come in Man instead of the Serpent, to betray the Woman and condemn his Maker, that the Woman may *never* be your helpmate for your good ? But how can the Woman be your helpmate for your good without my

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Spirit to assist her, and without my strength to support her? For without ME she can do nothing, and without ME ye are all nothing; then why have ye turned back your letters? Why have ye refused my Spirit to redeem you from the Fall? For I now tell you all, till the fall of the Woman be freed, by her perfect obedience unto God and Christ, Man's Redemption *can never take place*. Tell ME, ye men that boast of learning, why the Fall came by the Woman's disobedience? And that Fall has been pronounced from age to age to this day, and that Fall came by the serpent, which was the devil speaking in him, which brought the Fall. Then why do you marvel, now I am come to redeem you from the Fall, I should come speaking through the Woman, to bring in the Redemption that was promised through Christ, as the Fall came by the Serpent? For that is the way I shall triumph over death, hell, and the grave. As the Serpent triumphed over the creation, and over the works of the Lord, when he brought the Woman to disobedience, so shall I triumph over hell, by the Woman's true obedience, and by her withstanding all the fiery darts of the Devil."

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A PART OF THE HISTORY OF JOANNA, WHILE SHE  
CONTINUED WITH MR. WILLS\*.

"The next communication I shall give unto thee concerning Wills; why I sent thee into his house; and why I recommended thee to live in the house. After Wills professed himself a Christian lover, too great thou judgedst for a married man; and thy soul trembled at the idea of his words, and determined to leave the house, prayers and tears were thy private companions, and thy resolution was fixed to leave the house. But know, I told thee I would be with thee, and nothing should harm thee; for in the fire I would be with thee, and in the water it

\* Joanna's history while she lived with Mr. Wills, begins in page 18 of the book called "The Little Flock of Sheep."

should not drown thee : For in the midst of temptations I was the Rock of thy Defence. And now I will tell thee why I suffered thee to endure temptations : to bring to light the *hidden things that were done in darkness*, because I knew the Day of Judgment was near ; and near they will find it. And now I shall go from Wills's pretended Christian love, who afterwards turned that love to malice, envy, and ridicule, by the arts of a malicious, wicked, and lewd woman, whose heart was roving after every man that she could make the object of her prey. Here I shall begin from the vice of a wicked woman, and compare her to the world at large ; after defiling her husband's bed ; after wounding her husband's heart ; after breaking the hearts of many married women, or grieving them to the heart by seducing their husbands ; and grieving her own husband, even unto dust, that made him first fly to his ruin for succour ; (for thou hast not faithfully told Wills's history, how he first told thee it drove him to drinking, till he had brought himself to beggary, and expected every day to be arrested for debt. This was the first misery her sins brought upon him. The second misery he told thee, he thought to destroy himself, as Mrs. Hern went to destroy herself, because her husband kept company with Mrs. Wills ; and Hern beat his wife out of doors at midnight, on Mrs. Wills's account. This, with many more of the vices, Wills told thee, which thou hast never penned.) After flying to his ruin for succour, as he told thee at first, he flew to religion for his comfort at last, as he found no comfort in the vices he had practised. This was the state of Wills's mind when I first sent thee to his house ; and thou judgedst him a truly religious man, and didst respect him as a master, that thou thoughtest a worthy good man, But I knew the anguish of thy soul, when Satan tempted him to make religion his vices, when he broke off from the vices of the world. Here Satan laid a hook for thee ; and he, under pretence of

religion, to draw thee into ruin, and Wills too, if his arts could prevail; though I know Wills's heart; at first he had no evil design, when he told thee thy religion made him respect thee; and I well knew it was thy religion; and the beauty he saw in thy mind, which made him love and esteem thee, having a wife so great an adulteress, roving after every man, and seeing in thee so different a mind, drew his heart with cords of love; and as I well knew thee, that thou wert kept by my power, being watchful unto prayer, that men or devils could not harm thee. I prevented thy leaving the house till I had shewn thee them both in their true colours; and from them I shall shew the world in its true colours. For when thou hadst so far reproved Wills, telling him how thou didst despise to hear of love from a married man, he gave up all pretensions, and would have buried it in oblivion, had it not been for his wife, who renewed the flames, by Sanderson the methodist preacher, when his wife shewed every attention to him before Wills's face. Here begins the error in him; and here begins an error in thee—Though I reprove, I do not blame thy want of fortitude, to tell him plainly his jealousy was founded on a right foundation, and that he ought to turn the man from his house.—Here are the ruin and folly of mankind; here are the folly and destruction of the world: fearing you should wound people's feelings, and bring them into a present trouble, you let them go on till they add sin to sin, sorrow to sorrow, and woe to woe, bringing on themselves swift destruction. Now see what followed in Wills: thy concealing the knowledge from him, and thinking thou wouldest act with prudence to get Sanderson out of the house, without ever letting Wills know of his conduct with his wife, gave Sanderson and her an opportunity by arts, to work jealousy towards thee, that he might take her part, and cast the whole on thee. Thus Wills, be-

ing conscious he had loved thee, threw guilt on his own self, not considering thy virtue and innocence, how thou reprovdest him, and how unjust thou toldest him it was for a married man to indulge a thought of another : and if his love was not sinful, Satan would work in him to make it sinful : and that thou might say unto him, as thy Saviour said unto Peter, " Satan hath a desire to have thee, that he may sift thee like wheat."—But may the Lord keep you, that your faith fail not ! Do not do as Spiridid, after putting his hand to the Gospel Plough, fall back a prey to the devil. Wills's answer was, He knew his own heart better ; he had too much religion to hurt any one ; and that he would not bring a disgrace upon religion for five hundred pounds. Remember the answer thou madest him : he that trusteth his own heart is a fool ; and if he would trust his heart, thou wouldest never trust thine. This was the manner of thy disputing with Wills, and was as well known to ME as it was to thee ; for my eye was present, and my angels that were thy guardians, were standing by ; for every footstep of thine has been known to ME, from thy youth up to this day : and to prove thy virtue and innocence, I have permitted thee to be tried by every art that men and devils can invent ; for an untried faith is no faith ; and an untried virtue is no virtue. Therefore I permitted thee to be tried to the utmost ; and to the utmost I have kept thee from all the arts of men and devils."

" And now I shall come further to Wills. As Satan tempted him to be guilty of an unjust passion for thee, to love thee with such tender affection, because his wife was such an adulteress ; therefore Satan worked in him afterwards, that he ought to seek the ruin of that virtue and innocence, which he had so artfully sought to betray ; and that adulterous wife, that he had so much spoke against, he ought in honour to support. Here is the world in its true



colours.—And now I shall come to Marshall the minister, whom he appealed to. When thou livedst in Marshall's house, Wills came to get thee out of thy place. After Wills was gone, Marshall told thee of the information Wills had given against thee. Thou toldest Marshall it was false; and entreated him to have Wills and thee face to face, and thou wouldest clear up every truth before him. This Marshall promised to do; but he went from his word. As Wills was a man of some substance in his parish, so he went to Wills's house, and listened to all Wills's lies, and came home and turned thee out of service. This made thee sue for a law suit, to clear thy character; and Wills appeared with his two false witnesses, and perjured two ignorant women. This was done by the minister's neglect—which I shall bring to the nation at large. For, had Marshall cleared up the truth between Wills and thee, the law suit would have ceased, and the perjury would not have been committed. But know what followed Marshall—and the same shall follow the clergy, that now refuse to search out the truth."—Marshall lost his senses years before he died; and I have been told that it was shocking to hear the noise he made.—

*The fate of  
Marshall  
the Ministers  
and the  
Clergy*

" Now from the words where thou hast ended  
I shall further answer here:  
All this thing it was intended  
For to make all mysteries clear.  
Yet strange my ways you see to be,  
My footsteps none can trace—  
In Woodford House, 'twas known to me,  
Thou thoughtest to seek redress,  
That I would free thy misery  
From sore temptations there;  
I said I'd free 'tis known to thee,  
And answer then thy prayer.  
Unto my word thou found'st thy Lord,  
And cheerfully did'st go;  
But little thought that I'd prepar'd  
Another house of woe.  
Unknown to thee my footsteps be,  
As thou dost travel on;

Relying on thy every God,  
 Thy sorrows ne'er discern'd,  
 That in a house I did prepare  
 Thy greatest grief should break.  
 'Twas I that drew thee in that snare—  
 I knew the serpent's net  
 Would every way seek to betray,  
 As he did seek at first;  
 And in that house I did send thee,  
 And there his arts did burst;  
 An angel there he did appear,  
 In every subtle art.  
 My wisdom he did never know,  
 Why I did let thee smart;  
 Temptations strong on thee did come,  
 In every way to see  
 I was the Rock thou build'st upon,  
 No man could baffle thee.  
 But had not I that dwell on high  
 Have kept thee by my power,  
 The subtle arts that Wills did use  
 Might all thy strength devour;  
 Because a man to thee to come,  
 To have a wife and none:  
 Adultery was said by ME  
 The Marriage doth unthrone;  
 For I'll appear to answer here,  
 Her every vow she broke.  
 No wedlock band in her did stand,  
 Which made thee feel the stroke;  
 Pity in thee was seen by ME,  
 To see his heart to burn,  
 Daily wounded by jealousy,  
 And his complaints did come;  
 In sorrow there he did appear  
 In grief before thy view;  
 And every way sought to betray  
 A heart so just and true:  
 And yet the man to ME was known—  
 Satan deceiv'd him first;  
 He never thought for to betray,  
 Nor have thy honour cast.  
 No: love was strong, to ME 'twas known,  
 In innocence at first;  
 Had not his wife a harlot been,  
 My rage, like thine, would burst;  
 I'd bid thee go, as thou didst do,  
 And leave the tempter there;  
 No married man to thee should come,  
 Thy heart for to ensnare.  
 But surely I who dwell on high  
 Such marriages forbid;  
 When every oath is broken there  
 Say not the man was wed.

I tell you No: it is not so;  
No wedlock could be there.  
When every oath and vow were broke,  
What altar can you clear,  
To say you stand in wedlock's band?  
Where wives are so prophane;  
And roving after every man  
You can no marriage claim.  
This thing you see ordain'd by ME;  
For I did it permit,  
To shew the harlots every where,  
They double sin commit;  
Because at first the oath doth burst,  
Unto my altar come;  
And after that they do disgrace  
Their husbands and my name;  
They mock their God, they mock my word,  
They mock my altar too,  
They mock the oath that they have spoke—  
Bring all before your view:  
Such harlots here, can they appear  
To say that they are tied,  
In wedlock's band that they do stand?  
But here they're all denied;  
My Gospel see your Law to be;  
They are no wives at all.  
Therefore let no man now blame thee,  
And say it was from hell,  
That sent thee there all things to clear:  
No, no: they'll find 'twas I,  
The God of Heaven whose Laws were given  
The harlots to defy.  
No greater sin on earth is done  
Than such adultery;  
The first be bound by marriage vows  
And then to others flee.  
Then can you stand in wedlock's bands?  
No, no, I tell you no:  
Whoe'er do break their marriage vows,  
And do a whoring go,  
They are surely free, I now tell thee,  
That innocence possess.  
Whoe'er do break their marriage vows  
My Gospel doth express,  
To free them all; and now I call  
No woman married here,  
That goes a whoring from her Lord,  
Or husband to appear;  
And just the same I say of man,  
If he a whoring go  
He cannot say the wife is tied,  
Bound to an oath by law;  
When he hath broke the words he spoke,  
Where's then his marriage band?

I tell you plain I did ordain  
 To bring this to the land,  
 That every one may see their sins  
 They daily do commit,  
 Before my altars to repair  
 And break the oath they make.  
 Then by your law they're freed you know,  
 And so they're freed by **MINE**.  
 And now I say no married men  
 E'er sought the heart was thine;  
 Because the word was broke, of God,  
 Her vows she'd broken there—  
 And let them tremble at my rod,  
 For I shall soon appear,  
 To tell them plain: ye sons of men,  
 Your sins the deepest dye,  
 Before my altar to appear  
 And then your oath deny.  
 You will not stand, nor give your hand,  
 As you did promise there:  
 The greatest harlots in the land  
 Are those so false do swear,  
 Then whoring go, you all shall know,  
 And still to claim the word,  
 That you are bound unto the law—  
 No: tremble at your God,  
 That will appear, I tell you here,  
 Consuming fire to be!  
 Such marriages I will never own  
 As was with Wills and she.  
 No: I will clear thy honour there;  
 He was no married man;  
 Though in his house thou could'st not bear  
 To hear him to condemn  
 His wife so great, full of deceit;  
 And thou in grief didst mourn;  
 His words to hear thou could'st not bear,  
 And made thy heart to burn  
 In jealousy, 'twas known to **ME**,  
 And fear'd to tarry there.  
 But it was I that led thee on  
 The end of all to clear,  
 That thou mayest see the infamy  
 Of what should follow next.  
 When Sanderson in the house appear'd,  
 Thou sawest her heart was fixt  
 Upon the man, thou sawest it strong,  
 And Wills he did abuse,  
 And all his ways he did condemn,  
 And bid her him refuse.  
 This thou didst see as well as **ME**,  
 And trembled all to hear:  
 But well I knew the heart of thee,  
 The anger thou didst fear

That thou should'st make if thou didst speak,  
To stop her every hand,  
Forgetting that there was a God  
Who did the whole discern.  
So by thy folly thou didst stand  
Silent the whole to see;  
But here the mystery now command:  
She cast the whole on thee;  
Guilty there did then appear,  
The innocent was cast,  
And thou in trembling didst appear,  
To see her fury burn;  
Upon thy head it all was laid,  
Her every guilt to free—  
Oh England, now mark what is said,  
This is the Type of thee!  
Thou dost appear, I tell thee here,  
So much like Wills's wife,  
Thy infamy this way to clear,  
And so bring on thy strife  
Now against one, to ME is known,  
From all adulteries free;  
And yet the harlots do condemn,  
Like Wills's wife they be.  
But you may stop, your time's near up,  
For I shall answer here;  
The harlots every one shall drop—  
I'll not like Wills appear,  
To own the brides are by my side,  
That do a whoring go.  
My Law and Gospel all 's denied,  
And that they all shall know;  
My Law is broke, my Gospel mock'd,  
My Bible you deny;  
Then how can you so boldly speak,  
To say you're brides to ME?  
I tell you No; you all shall know,  
You're just like Wills's wife;  
And just like he, you shepherds be,  
This way you'd end the strife;  
Like him appear, I tell you here,  
For just like him you're come;  
You do profess to love ME here,  
And just like Wills you've done.  
He did pretend to be thy friend,  
And lov'd thy every name;  
And then the harlot to defend,  
He did my honour shame.  
So just like he my shepherds be—  
The harlots you support,  
Though you pretend to love MY NAME,  
You do my honour hurt.

Wednesday, July 25th. Joanna was told that the Day of Judgment was begun, for the Saints to judge the Earth : and they must judge between men and Joanna ; and between the devil and Joanna. Therefore her life is ordered to be in print.

*Continued, Wednesday, the 25th of July, 1804.*

“ The Type is deep, Oh ! shepherds weep,  
 Like Wills you're all become ;  
 And from his love I now will prove,  
 Like Wills you all have done.  
 For I'll appear, I tell you here,  
 To place myself the VINE;  
 And she's the BRANCH I now shall clear,  
 To bring it to mankind.  
 His love to thee, let all men see,  
 For virtue it was plac'd;  
 From thy religion, he did say,  
 He wish'd for to embrace  
 So noble a mind, as he did find  
 Was plac'd in thee below;  
 And therefore wish'd thee to prove kind,  
 To let his folly go  
 Till it might run, to sin become,  
 But that prov'd Wills's end;  
 And by the harlot this was done;  
 And this was my intend,  
 To bring it round: the world might find,  
 The Type of Wills goes deep;  
 For just like he ten thousands be,  
 And so their end will break.  
 They do appear as Wills did there,  
 Profess to love MY NAME,  
 My virtues in their minds to bear,  
 And set their hearts in flame.  
 For I know some, like Wills, become  
 So great in love with ME;  
 And perfect true, I well do know,  
 Their perfect love to be;  
 Until I come, as thou didst then,  
 His rival to destroy;  
 And perfect so I now tell men,  
 You may your wives enjoy;  
 I'm come to cast, I'm come to burst  
 Upon your rival foe.  
 So thou to Sanders\* did appear,  
 Thy fury let them know;  
 When thou didst come to see the man,  
 That did in rage appear,  
 Thou told'st him of his every hand  
 In Wills's absence there.”

\* He is otherwise called Sanderson, which is his right name.

Here I am ordered to pen what I told him in Wills's absence. Having seen the conduct of Sanderson, whilst he was in Wills's house, trying to set Mrs. Wills against her husband; and to seduce the wife and daughters to himself, at the same time Mr. Wills maintained him in a most extravagant manner. This was a thing that wounded my heart and conscience. I knew not how to act. I thought if I told Wills of it, that it would make him more wretched and miserable than he was before: as he told me of many men his wife had been caught with in adultery; and Garrick told me of many more. This made me wish to get Sanderson out of the house, without letting Wills know his conduct towards his wife and his daughters; but as I was gone from Exeter to Musberry, which is twenty-five miles distant, and had sent private letters to her to no purpose; and to Sanderson also, that I should discover his conduct to Mr. Wills, if he did not leave the house; but all to no purpose. I then put myself to the expence of a journey to go from Musberry to Exeter. When I came to Wills's house, she was not up. I waited in the house some time, when she came down in fury, and said, "You impudent wench! what do you do here, before I am up? What hast thou told thy master? Thou hast told him all thou knowest; and thou wantest to cut my throat." I said, I had told him nothing; and both Wills and his children assured her I had told them nothing. But Wills asked what it was, that he was not to know? They then said they would send for Sanderson, for him to punish me, which they did. When he came into the house he looked like fury, and swore by the eternal God, he would punish me. He had forgiven many; but me, he said, he would punish. He called the Three-one God to swear to those lies in one, which was that he had never touched me or kissed me in his life. I said, I had nothing to lay to his charge concerning my-

self; for I never had been in his company alone; but what I had against him, I would tell him, if Mr. Wills would quit the room. Mr. Wills asked why he must not know? I told him I would not tell before him. Mr. Wills rose up and went out of the room. I then told Sanderson of his behaviour with Mrs. Wills, of what I had seen and heard myself; and how he had persuaded her never to mind her husband, and of his behaviour with her daughters; and what they had told me themselves, which they then denied, and the mother also; and said I wanted to cut their throats. But Polly said she would tell her father of what I said of Sanderson's behaviour to her mother; but they said she should not. So I went out of the house and left them; and was informed afterwards that they told Wills all I had against him was the lie that he had sworn; because he had saluted me once, which they all remembered; but I never mentioned it to him; because a religious man might have done that, as it was after he had returned from some journey, and he saluted all the women in the house, before he went to bed. But this was the forged story they made up to Wills; and from that time Mrs. Wills began to seek all the revenge she could against me; and to accomplish her designs pretended jealousy, to make her husband join with her, which he did, as you have seen in the former part of the history.— But one thing more I must pen: the beginning of Sanderson's coming to Wills's, he used to terrify all the people when he was in prayer; and was often telling what wondrous miracles he had wrought by prayer; and that he had, at a meeting, made the whole society lie stiff upon the floor, till he had got the evil spirits out of them; and I remember myself, once at a class meeting, a religious, good man shrieked out in such a manner as though he had sent an evil spirit into him; but I cannot say he ever had any power over me: only I used to think the room was full of spirits, when he was in prayer: and he was so haunted by night, that he never



could sleep in a room by himself; but the excuse he made was, that his wife came every night to trouble him; therefore he had wakers or some one to sleep in the room with him. This, before I saw his wretched conduct, threw my mind in a confusion about him; and made me earnest in prayer, that I might know by what spirit he did all these miracles. To which I was answered, I should take the Bible in my hand and open it; which I did, and it was in the 19th chapter. of the Revelations, 20th verse. I cast my eyes on—"The beast was taken, and with him the false prophet, that worked miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image; these both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." I then was answered, he was the false prophet, which did his miracles wrought by devils; for that was the meaning of the beast. But Sanderson affirmed that his miracles were from the Lord, who gave him power to destroy all his enemies!! For he said there never was a man so highly favoured of God as he was: and he would not thank God to make him any thing, if he would not make him greater than any man upon earth, and give him power above all men. I told him, it was happy for him, if the Lord had given him that power, and favoured him above all men upon earth; but, on the contrary, if it was not so, his end would be fatal in hell. At which he laughed, and said, "Yes, I will take care to get a good warm corner there." This answer shocked me; and I never could bear him afterwards. But the servants in the house were afraid of him; as they heard of the death of a man at Plymouth, that had reprov'd Sanderson's conduct; and when Sanderson heard he was dead, he said he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights, that the Lord would take vengeance on that man, and send him to eternity. This made Wills's fa-

mily and servants afraid of him, and said they would not speak against him for the world, fearing he would send them to eternity. But I had no fears of that sort ; for it heightened my malice and hatred against him ; because I always felt in my own heart to pray for my enemies, that the Lord would convince them and turn their hearts, before they went to eternity. Were I to go through all Sanderson's wonders and miracles that he told of, and all the wretched deeds that he did, I might fill many sheets of paper : for not half the history of Wills's family and Sanderson is penned.—“ Now I shall answer thee this history of Sanderson. He is, as I told thee, the false prophet that did all these miracles wrought by devils ; and I have already told thee how he wrought them. And now let men read that chapter through, and judge for themselves.—For that reason I sent thee to Wills's house ; for that reason I kept thee in Wills's house till Sanderson appeared, that thou mightest see his conduct with thy own eyes, and hear his words with thy own ears ; for how canst thou affirm as truth the words of another.”

*A Continuation of Wills and Sanderson. Wednesday Evening, July 25th, 1804.*

“ Now I will tell thee why I kept silence and said nothing till thou hadst been to sleep : because the history thou hast here penned, though they wearied thee out of thy life, and made thee as forgotten, like a dream, that they should hear no more of it ; but know, I told thee, as soon as thy Trial was over, thou shouldest write thy history of Wills and Sanderson, and the history of thy whole life, for all should go in print. Thou then didst obey in writing ; but thy friends persuaded thee out of it, that it was not the Lord's command ; but as my time was not come to have it printed, I kept silence, and

said no more unto thee, so thou destroyedst the writings thou hadst taken so much pains to pen ; but when I visited thee in 1792, I visited thee with power, as well as with words ; and though thy friends made the same effort to prevent thy going on, as they had before, to publish to the world, yet, now all was vain, all was fruitless, for my appointed time was come—

And now in verse I shall begin,  
To echo back the lines to men:  
From the False Prophet I'll appear,  
That with the Beast I did compare ;  
Because the beast was in the man,  
He boasted of wonders from ME come,  
Then sure a prophet he must be,  
If he was favour'd as he said,  
Above all men, so high of God,  
To govern with my powerful rod.  
But from MYSELF, I'll answer here,  
Favour'd by ME, he never were ;  
From Satan's arts came all his skill,  
And all his wonders came from hell ;  
So with the beast thou didst first contend,  
Or the false prophet in the man ;  
And thy false friends, that bore his mark,  
Join'd boldly with him in the dark,  
Until they brought thy Trial on.  
The Shepherd acted like the man,  
But thou thyself sued for the law—  
The Type is deep, you all must know,  
Because I told thee of the end,  
Great judgments on them I should send ;  
But what is past they don't discern,  
Nor in what manner I do warn ;  
But now I'll bring the judgments on,  
And they shall know the time is come  
That earth's foundation I shall shake,  
And make their stubborn hearts to break,  
If they do not repent in haste.  
I tell thee there's no time to waste ;  
For I'm the Judge that shall appear :  
The Great Assize for all draws near—  
And now my Counsellors all shall see,  
Like Roberts' words in men shall be,  
Because thy cause they will defend.  
The shadow first foretells the end ;  
Because the jury at the first  
Granted thee thy Bill, and own'd it just ;  
And when thy Trial did appear,  
They cast thy foe and thee did clear ;

So Wills the Trial then he lost,  
 Though his false witness proud did boast  
 That she would make thee black as hell,  
 As from his rage, her rage did swell.  
 But all her rage did swell in vain,  
 And all the arts they then could gain  
 Could never free her master there;  
 And pale as death he did appear,  
 To hear the words to him thou spoke  
 Of the false witness he had got,  
 Which then the jury did condemn,  
 And so it was by every man.  
 His Counsellor was fierce at first:  
 Mark, with what fury he did burst,  
 To have the witnesses appear,  
 And mock'd all thy religion there;  
 And so he went to mock the whole,  
 To bring destruction on them all.  
 This was the Counsellor Wills had plac'd,  
 So perfect like this fallen race,  
 To mock religion at the first,  
 And after that have perjury burst,  
 Because the witness he did try  
 By every word to make them lie;  
 And to his words they both did swear,  
 Thinking to gain the Trial there;  
 Whilst thou stood singly there alone,  
 And to thy Counsellor didst complain."

*So here we ended, Wednesday, July 25, 1804.*

*Thursday, July 26, 1804.*

This morning after eight o'clock Joanna went  
 to sleep, and dreamt she was in the most beauti-  
 ful street that ever was seen, and the light  
 was so beautiful, that she cannot describe it;  
 it was neither like day-light, nor like moon-light;  
 but an uncommon light, such a one as she never  
 saw before, brighter than day-light, and appeared  
 beautiful.—“ I thought I looked forward, and I  
 looked backwards, and I saw the beauty of the  
 light each way, sparkling like diamonds. I thought  
 I was walking in the street, and some one with me;  
 I desired them to take notice of the light, that it  
 was not day-light, because it was quite dark the  
 other side of the street. I took notice of the pave-

ment, but it was in such a beautiful manner that I cannot describe either ; it was not broad stone, but more like marble pavement. I thought I was going along admiring the pavement and the light, when all on a sudden a hail-storm came, and I turned about to go to a house, but in an instant was taken up in the air, and carried along through the storm. I thought the hail came very fast, and I did not feel the least inconvenience from it. At last, I was brought to a shed, and carried in under the shed, and let down inside of some palisades ; I fell upon my face, and thought a little wet dirt came just at my breast, which I thought I should be able to rub off when I was taken out ; so I lay contented waiting for the guide to come for me again, which he did, and took me out and carried me through the air to the most beautiful places I ever saw. At last, I perceived myself as it were, sitting in a man's lap, who was in regimentals ; both his arms were clasped round me, and he held me fast with both hands. I thought I longed to look at his face, but could not. In this manner I thought we were both carried through the air ; and at last I thought something jerked me, and I awoke and found myself in my bed, perfectly happy, heavenly, and chearful ; and I seemed to feel perfectly well in health.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Now this Dream to thee I'll answer,  
 Of the **LIGHT** that did appear  
 In the street where thou wert walking,  
 Pav'd with every beauty there.  
 Now from the Dream I shall explain  
 The **Light** that thou didst see,  
 Backward and forward to appear,  
 In sparkling light to be.  
 Now from the light behold this sight,  
*Backward thy Life all trace,*  
 And then thou'lt see like diamonds bright,  
 It is thy **GOD OF GRACE**  
 Has carried thee through thy life of woe,  
 When darkness there was seen,  
 Because the other side appear'd  
 Unto thee dark and dim.

So in the dark thou wanderest first  
 In sorrow, grief, and woe,  
 But now the LIGHT to thee shall burst,  
 And in it thou shalt go.  
 The hail may come to fall on man,  
 As it did on the corn \*;  
 But I shall raise thee by MY HAND,  
 And nothing thee shall harm;  
 But in the shed, where thou wert laid,  
 The dirt may be at first,  
 Because by ignorance may be said,  
 That thou thyself hast cast,  
 For to declare a lover here  
 Was of a married man;  
 And in that house thou didst repair  
 To stay by my command.  
 This thing they'll blame, this thing they'll shame,  
 The harden'd sons of men;  
 And harlots here may now appear  
 Thy virtue to condemn;  
 Because they'll say another way—  
 " We'd leave the house with speed;  
 " Herself she surely did betray  
 " To make a harlot bleed.  
 " Her virtue there we can't see clear  
 " In such a house to dwell,  
 " Where nought but harlots in it were;  
 " The words must come from hell,  
 " That bid her stay, we plain do see"—  
 This many now will cry;  
 Therefore my judge and jury's fix'd  
 To judge the cause of thee.  
 And from the light behold the sight,  
 That did to thee appear,  
 Backward and forward bid them look  
 To make my Bible clear.  
 I did ordain this very thing,  
 And bid thee there to go,  
 And in the house I bid thee stay,  
 Though 'twas in grief and woe;  
 To shew you clear the chapter there,  
 The prophet that is penn'd,  
 From hell his wonders ever were,  
 And there they all must end.  
 But now from thee, let all men see  
 The chapter so is plac'd,  
 The Lamb's Wife must appear to be  
 Against all hell to burst:  
 Therefore the man thou didst condemn,  
 Had I not kept thee there,

\* This alludes to an extraordinary hail-storm, that fell about Malton Moor, in Yorkshire, on the 5th of July, 1804. The hail-stones were as large as marbles, and the impetuosity so great, that in two minutes the ground was covered four inches thick. It was accompanied with much thunder and lightning, and the corn within its extensive range was quite destroyed.

Thou never could'st against him come  
To make all mysteries clear;  
To prove to man the time is come  
My Bible to fulfil.  
For there you see they both do stand,  
Now judge things as you will;  
The Wife is first, and so she's plac'd,  
And there thou first didst go,  
And know the sorrows thou exprest  
When Wills fill'd thee with woe.  
Thou would'st not stay, thou oft didst say,  
'Twas I that kept thee there:  
So in the dirt thou'rt thrown by ME,  
If men do mock thee here:  
Because 'twas I who dwell on high  
Did every step ordain,  
To shew the love in Wills did lie,  
So like the sons of men.  
Like him they love, like him they prove,  
*Pretend to love MY NAME.*  
But now I'm come to cast the man,  
The shadow I'll begin:  
The shadow first in man did burst,  
And the false prophet there,  
As it of Sanders now is plac'd,  
'Then see my Bible clear:  
The Beast with he in hell must be;  
'Then how can men dispute?  
It is to make my Bible clear,  
How I shall strike the root.  
The shadow first from thee did burst,  
With Sanders to begin;  
The substance next I now have fix'd  
With *Satan* I shall end.  
So from you three the shadow see,  
The World I'll place as one;  
Because like Wills ten thousands be,  
And turn their love to scorn,  
By harlots here, that do appear  
To take the Devil's part;  
For so their malice doth appear,  
Till they bring on the smart.  
I tell thee strong upon this land  
The hailstones fast will break,  
And all their houses on the sand  
I tell them now will sink.  
Like Marshall here my Shepherds are,  
To let them to go on,  
Because the truth they will not clear,  
To stop the rising storm.  
So Wills's wife brought on the strife,  
And perjury follow'd there;  
Because they judg'd there was no God  
In judgment to appear,  
That judgment strong is coming on,  
And that they'll surely find;

The day to Wills will soon be known,  
 Then let him see his wife,  
 That he carress'd and he so bless'd,  
 In vice for to appear,  
 And of his own, when conscience gone,  
 Let him look back with fear,  
 And say, "in hell must I now dwell,  
 "If I do not repent?—  
 "Like a trembling jailor let me fall  
 "Before the pit is shut  
 "To keep me in, in hell to burn  
 "My back's not iron here,  
 "Nor yet of brass my sinews strong,  
 "In hell for to appear."  
 So now let him in grief begin,  
 If he will shun my dart:  
 And let his wife in sorrow mourn,  
 If she will shun the smart,  
 In hell to lie and there to cry,  
 When all do come too late.  
 I tell them hasty to repent,  
 Before the door is shut.  
 Their honour here they cannot clear;  
 'Tis well known they have none—  
 But as I sent thee to the house,  
 My mercies shall be shewn,  
 If they'll repent, and now relent,  
 Of all that they have done;  
 But if they'll not I'll tell their lot,  
 Their ruin's hastening on.  
 So I'll end here, and say no more—  
 The Type of Wills does stand,  
 Just as your nation do appear,  
 For so is all your land."

Now I shall answer thee in plain words of Wills's pretended love to thee, or his real love to thee, as I know the heart of the man. Once it was a real, and a true Christian love—Just so are thousands in the world professing their love to ME, as Wills did to thee; some I know to be real, and some I know to be deceit. But now I am come to strike at the root of all evil, as thou goest to strike the branch in Sanderson; there, their love is turned like Wills's. For they that pretend to love ME most, now persecute ME most; because they are stirred up by the devil, as Wills was by his wife; and they think they are bound in wedlock to remain with the world, the flesh, and the devil; and they are persecuting of



ME for putting that evil from them, as Wills persecuted thee for putting Sanderson from him, or telling his crimes that he might do it—So I compare Wills with the Christian world, that boast of the great love they have for ME; but now I have put them to the trial of their love, they are persecuting ME, as Wills persecuted thee. The adulterous world that persecute thee, is perfectly like Wills's wife, that would sooner have Satan remain than sin to be destroyed: So now they may go with their master whom they so highly prize; for I shall now cut off both root and branch, and they may enjoy themselves together. If they think there is pleasure in sin, they shall go where there is nothing else but sin; and let them all own with shame and confusion of face, they have got their deserts. But, unto them that fear MY NAME, and are longing for the KINGDOM of CHRIST to be established, on them shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in HIS WINES; and they shall grow up as calves in the stall; and tread down the wicked as ashes under their feet: For now I say, with Jehu, "Who is on my side? who? who is it?" These that fear the Lord speak often one to another, that the Lord listened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written—and they shall be mine in the day that I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son, that serveth him; for these are they whom my Bible affirmeth to save: That shall say, what hath the Lord said, and what hath he spoken concerning us? These are the people that shall rejoice in the God of their salvation, and shall say with joy, "This is the LORD, we have waited for HIM." *And their waiting shall not be in vain in the LORD.*

*My Hand shall come to man. See Book of Wonders  
the Hand and ring with red cuff. 3<sup>d</sup> Book page 59  
( 90 ) Oct. 14*

**The continuation of the explanation of the Vision of  
Thursday, the 26th July, 1804.**

**Friday, July 27, 1804.**

Now I'll appear to answer here

The Vision I began:

And now the dirt I mean to clear

The way I shall go on.

I'll raise thee from the mire and clay;

I'll raise thee from the pit;

I'll raise thee to the brightest day,

The way I now shall break.

For I'll go on in armour strong;

My armour they shall wear,

And by my hand I'll guide thee on,

There's none have room to fear.

Because the man in armour came

To guide thee safely through,

And firmly held thee by the hand,

No dangers thou didst know

Was in the way, to thee I say,

But heavenly joys thou'st feel,

And wishing then my face to see,

Which was beyond thy skill.

'Twas but the hand thou didst discern

Was cloth'd in armour there:

And now my hand shall come to man,

My armour they shall wear;

For I'll put on my armour strong

Upon the sons of men;

And they shall know before 'tis long

Hell's rage is all in vain.

From *Sanders* see the Type of *he*;

He did not long stay there,

But from the city he did flee—

And *Satan*, now take care!

For just the same to thee shall come,

Though mischief thou'st work'd great;

But I have told thy final doom,

And now I'll it complete.

My friends are here, in grief appear,

In cursed arts from thee;

But now, like *Sanders*, thee I'll clear,

And thou like him shall flee.

Because MY LOVE they now shall prove,

To guide them safely through;

The armour strong I'll put on man;

MY SPIRIT they shall know

Shall come on man for armour strong—

And let my COAT appear

All stain'd with red, and dipt in blood,

This armour they must wear:

That is to see the LOVE of ME,  
And point it out to men,  
And ask them how they can agree  
To say I died for them.  
And ne'er redeem from hell and sin?  
Then sure I died in vain!  
*This is the armour they must wear,*  
*With all men to contend;*  
And say, "her hand we'll hold it strong,  
" And hold her to her word.  
" *She says her LORD is surely come*  
" For to avenge his BLOOD  
" On Satan's head, as she hath said;  
" So now we'll hold her there.  
" The WOMAN's Promise is her plead,  
" Then what have we to fear?  
" We know at first, the words were plac'd  
" God's Promise he'll fulfil;  
" And if her hand do this command,  
" By her obedience still,  
" We'll hold her so, she shall not go  
" From us no other way.  
" It is the armour of our God,  
" Our Bibles so do lay;  
" So we'll go on in armour strong,  
" And trust upon the word.  
" We know, from her it never came—  
" No: all is from the LORD,  
" Whose armour strong did carry on  
" The WOMAN to this day;  
" And now to join her we are come;  
" 'Tis God we now obey.  
" Because from hell, where darkness dwells,  
" No likeness we do see;  
" And as to judge it from herself—  
" Impossible to be!  
" For to bring round in every sound  
" The wisdom here is plac'd,  
" The learned world for to confound,  
" And baffle all the rest  
" That now stand out so full of doubt.  
" In *Wills* we see them stand,  
" A mystery man could not find out,  
" Why God should this command,  
" To make her go in grief and woe;  
" Love she despis'd to hear:  
" But now the world, we see them so,  
" Like *Wills* they do appear.  
" When she did come for to condemn  
" The man that was his foe,  
" His love to anger he did turn:  
" We know the world is so.—  
For thousands here do so appear,  
Profess they love their GOD:

But now I'm come the whole to clear,  
 They'd sooner bring the rod  
 Upon their heads, as *Wills* did lead—  
 For there the Type goes deep  
 To screen the man he did become  
 At first to make thee weep;  
 But sure the next on him is fix'd,  
 For he must weep more sore,  
 Or else in Hell, where Satan dwells,  
 He'll feel his grief much more  
 Than he can bear, I tell him here,  
 If he do not repent.  
 This with the nation I compare:  
 Like him their hearts are bent  
 The foe to free, as well as he,  
 They blame that I am come  
 To publish Satan's infamy  
 And then to cast him down.  
 So *Wills's* here do strong appear,  
 I say throughout the land;  
 Pretended lovers I'll not clear,  
 That now like *Wills* do stand;  
 In anger turn, in rage to burn,  
 That *Satan* I shall cast:  
 And here's a likeness of the man  
 In *Pomeroy* strong did burst.  
 So I'll go on from man to man,  
 And all with *Wills* compare,  
 That now refuse thy written hand,  
 And *Wills's* grief they'll share.  
 The TRIAL strong is coming on,  
 And that they all will find;  
 My counsellors shall then be known,  
 And jury fast shall bind.  
 Thy every foe they then shall know;  
 My armour they shall wear;  
 And by thy hand I'll hold thee so  
 That thou hast nought to fear.  
 No dangers see shall come to thee;  
 My friends I'll all protect;  
 The enemies I'll make them flee,  
 Though they may first deject  
 The heart of thine. when near the time,  
 But I've an arm that's strong,  
 And all thy foes I'll so confine,  
 To bring thy TRIAL on,  
 Till on their head it shall be laid,  
 As *Wills's* fell that day.  
 My jury cannot be betray'd;  
 And so like them they'll say,  
 That thou art clear, I tell thee there,  
 The world they'll all condemn,  
 And say they see the mystery,  
 For just like *Wills* they have done.

But from this day, to thee I say,  
 'Twas I that rais'd thee here  
 Out of thy bed, this day to go  
 To shew the shadow clear.  
 For sure within MY SPIRIT came  
 When thou did shew the sign,  
 To tell them what was past and gone;  
 But when't comes to the time,  
 The shadow past, for I shall burst  
 In fury then more strong;  
 And as thy shadow it was plac'd,  
 That in my hand will come.  
 Supported there thou wilt appear,  
 With garments that are red.  
 I do not tell thee them to wear;  
 But know it is MY BLOOD  
 Must then appear in scarlet there—  
 Behold the scarlet dye!  
 And what for man I once did wear,  
 When pierc'd on Calvary!  
 Water and blood, behold the flood!  
 Behold the purple gore!  
 Then sure my clothing *must be red*,  
 When it was spotted there;  
 All stain'd with blood the victim stood,  
 As I stood then for man.  
 And so thy vision did appear,  
 When thou beheld'st the hand  
 So close round thee in red to be,  
 The face thou'st not discern'd;  
 And perfect so the end will be  
 A mystery unto man.  
 The hand they'll see in strength to be,  
 And wonders to go through;  
 And yet I say the face of ME  
 That day they will not know.  
 I shan't appear, I tell them, there  
 In PERSON LIKE MY OWN;  
 But wondrous mysteries I shall clear,  
 And Satan's power unthrone,  
 I say, from them that love MY NAME,  
 And sign to have ME come.  
 They then shall see my every fame;  
 For Satan I'll condemn,  
 If he appear, like Sanders, there  
 I shall him soon surprize;  
 The words he'll tremble for to hear,  
 When I do him chastize,  
 His rage may swell almost from hell,  
 As Sanders rag'd at first.  
 But when his arts to him I tell,  
 He'll find that he is cast.  
 Just like the man, I shall condemn  
 Him for his every guilt;

And how the LORD he did condemn,  
 My arrows shall be felt.  
 For now I say, another way  
 I'll surely place the deed:  
 Had *Wills's* wife brought on the strife,  
 Then *Sanders'* heart must bleed.  
 Had she appear'd against him there  
 And all his vices plac'd,  
 And how her children he'd ensnar'd,  
 Then *Sanders* must be cast,  
 That very day, from all I say,  
 But she prolong'd his reign—  
 And to this *Nation* now I say,  
 Like *Wills's* wife you've gone:  
 That *Sutan's* reign may now remain,  
 Until he hath ruin'd more:  
 Because the land like her doth stand,  
 And so I've answer'd here.  
 Judge as you will, your hearts I'll chill,  
 As *Wills's* I'll chill soon,  
 Because a letter thou must send,  
 To make his heart to burn  
 With misery and jealousy;  
 For he may fear to die;  
 And know the Judgment Day is near,  
 He trembling then may cry,  
 "What have I done, my sins are come  
 "So fast upon my head?  
 "All vices I've encourag'd on  
 "Till now they strike me dead!  
 "But if at first her words I'd plac'  
 "Then strong before my view,  
 "These miseries I should never taste:  
 "But how shall I go through  
 "My sorrows here that do appear?—  
 "My hell is now begun!  
 "And this she told me of before,  
 "That so my end would come.  
 "Like Peter here I did appear,  
 "As she said at the first;  
 "But *Spiras* see, the Type of me;  
 "For so my end must burst!"  
 And yet, I say to thee this day,  
 If *Wills* will thus repent,  
 I'll free him of his infamy,  
 My anger I'll relent;  
 If he appear in sorrow here,  
 Confess the crimes he's done,  
 And say his grief he cannot bear,  
 Nor try his guilt to shun;  
 Then I'll turn back the coming stroke  
 That's coming o'er his head;  
 But if in anger he appear,  
 His guilt shall strike him dead.

One of the two he now must do—  
 A penitent become;  
 Confess in sin his life has been,  
 The virtuous to condemn;  
 Then let him say another way—  
 “That I’ll condemn no more;  
 “No longer virtue I’ll betray:  
 “I see she’s happy here,  
 “While I in grief do seek relief,  
 “Know not which way to fly;  
 “My sins appear before me here,  
 “I tremble for to die!  
 “And if I live can I retrieve  
 “My honour that is lost?  
 “And this she told me of before,  
 “When I did proudly boast  
 “My heart I know would never go  
 “To act in things so wrong:  
 “She said my heart I could not trust;  
 “And true her words are come.  
 “Had I relied on all she said,  
 “This guilt I should not bear;  
 “She told me for to be afraid,  
 “For *Satan’s* arts were near—  
 “Ah, wretched man am I now come!”  
 Let this be *Wills’s* cry,  
 Before he feels his final doom—  
 The sentences are nigh,  
 I say, of all, now judge the call—  
 The Judgment Day’s at hand;  
 And happy now shall be for all  
 That bold with ME will stand.—  
 So I’ll end here and say no more:  
 But bid him to repent.—  
 Unto my friends I’ll now appear,  
 For there my mind is bent,  
 To turn to them that now will come  
 Like soldiers in the fight,  
 And all my armour now put on,  
 I’ll make you men of might;  
 My soldiers here I’ll surely clear,  
 My Blood’s not shed in vain.  
 If crimson dye in you do lie,  
 I’ll wash away the stain;  
 If scarlet here your sins appear,  
 I’ll make them white as snow,  
 If for my honour you appear  
 To wound the deadly foe,  
 That did begin to tempt to sin—  
 Your lives look back to see,  
 And if you say to ME this day  
 Much happier now you be,  
 Your vice to shun, to ME to come,  
 And wish MY KINGDOM here;

Then you shall know before 'tis long  
 Your joys shall bright appear :  
 No enemy shall conquer ye,  
 If you this way go on,  
 To say you hate the course of sin,  
 And long for ME to come  
 To free you all from Adam's Fall,  
 Then from his Fall I'll free.—  
 This is a vision for you all,  
 A light no man can see,  
 That sparkles bright before your sight,  
 Like diamonds to appear ;  
 But when I bring the day to light,  
 With every truth appear,  
 Then you will say that very day,  
 " Such light we ne'er did see ;  
 These all were mysteries hid from man,  
 But diamonds bright they be ;  
 The pearl here doth now appear,  
 And the great prize is come ;  
 Our Bibles all we now see clear,  
 What we could ne'er discern.  
 No day-light here could make it clear,  
 No moon-light we behold ;  
 Philosophers deceived were,  
 And shepherds' hearts grew cold,  
 When in the dark they miss'd the mark  
 Of this high calling great—  
 " We little thought so simple a spark  
 Should bring all things to light!"—  
 To make it shine in words divine,  
 And make my Bible clear,  
 And wonders great that are behind  
 Will unto them appear ;  
 Then they will see, as well as thee,  
 'Twas I that held thy hand.  
 With garments red all stain'd in blood,  
 And thou the TRIAL stand,  
 My blood to crave, mankind to save,  
 And Satan to be cast.  
 This is the way to man, I say,  
 For so the end must burst.  
 Can man appear, I ask you here,  
 To cast on Satan's head  
 A guilt that he from him did free,  
 And on the Woman laid ;  
 And ME to blame, and ME to shame,  
 He equally cast it there ?  
 Then how can man to Satan come,  
 Against him to appear ?  
 No, no, I say to thee this day,  
 The Woman must condemn ;  
 Because at first 'twas him she cast,  
 And so his curse must come.



# Joseph Southcott's Book

( 97 )

Ah! simple men, for to contend  
In things you do not know;  
'Tis with the WOMEN you must join,  
If you'll destroy your foe;  
Because that here I can't appear  
In justice to proceed,  
Without a WOMAN, you see clear,  
Her promise for to plead;  
Made at the first, it now must burst,  
As I have said before.  
So by her hand you all must stand,  
And wear my armour here;  
That is of love, the cause to prove,  
And then your guilt I'll free.  
The WOMAN's hand you must command,  
My promise stands this way.—  
So I'll end here and say no more;  
But this to Foley send,  
And tell him he hath nought to fear  
To read it to a friend.

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*Thursday Morning, August 2d, 1804.*

Joanna awaked very faint in the morning, being hurried with a dream in the night. She dreamt she was upon a hedge, and in going down, her foot slipped and she fell along in the lane, and the water-floods were running down the lane, and ran very fast over her. She groaned in her sleep; and thought the water ran over her; that she crept through the lane upon her hands and knees, and thought she should have been drowned before she got out of the lane. Many other troubles and dreams she had in the night. One was, she thought Mr. Channon, that is dead, was living, and intreated her to marry him, which she refused; another man intreated her the same, and she refused them both. After she got up she was so faint that she thought she should be forced to go to bed again, but was a little refreshed by drinking a drop of wine.

“ Now, Joanna, I shall answer thy dream. Some things that are given thee are hastily to be fulfilled, and some things are for times and seasons. But now

I tell thee, the water-floods are coming upon thee.— But thou hast forgot to mention thou heardest a man this morning intreating thee to be let in, as though he was under thy window. And now thou feelest thyself faint and dying, as though thou couldst not stand the day; the second day of thy rising is worse than the first; because MY Spirit arose with thee the first day, to strengthen and comfort thee; but now I have left thee to the weakness of thy own nature; and see what thou art in thy own self. But this is to shew thee the shadow of what the substance will be; when I raise thee to take thy Trial, MY Spirit shall arise with thee, to strengthen and comfort thee; but as soon as I leave thee to thyself, thou wilt not be able to stand the day. Therefore I ordered thee to rise three days to shew the types and shadows of what is to come; and without MY Spirit to strengthen and support thee, it is impossible for thee to go through thy Trial—

Because the floods of man will now come on,

For I shall swell the tide,  
And over thee the floods will run,  
The truth I will not hide;  
What's coming on will soon be known:  
In malice some will burn,  
And others' conscience be awak'd,  
To make their hearts to mourn.  
With jealousy and misery  
Some will be compass'd round;  
And some from hell in rage will swell,  
For so 'twill now be found.  
What pass'd before will now appear,—  
The bullocks men will see,  
To echo back their every sound,  
In different voices be.

But how can men dare to contend  
When all things I do know?  
And will they call themselves a friend  
To let their parents go,  
In sin to swell to burn in hell?  
For there my mind is bent,  
That Wills's wife shall ever dwell  
If she doth not repent.

The crimes that's here there's none can clear,  
She must confess them true;

# Joseph Southwicks Book

( 99 )

And let her husband to appear,  
And he must own 'tis so,  
Then surely he as well as she,  
Must hasty now repent:  
But I do tell you, just like thee,  
His heart will soon grow faint—  
“ My sins appear against me here,  
“ My conscience doth condemn,  
“ And how my guilt shall I now clear?”  
May be the cry of him.  
But will thee say another way?—  
“ Our father shan't repent;  
“ We now will try to harden he,  
“ He never may relent;  
“ But still go on in fury strong,  
“ As he did at the first,  
“ False witness now in him shall come”—  
If they this way should burst,  
I tell them all their every fall,  
Like Garrick they shall die;  
The Day of Judgment is for all,  
And Wills's judgment's nigh.  
The die is cast for him at last  
To bring the judgment here;  
And so on earth the thing is burst,  
So let men now take care.  
'Tis time to flee from misery  
That now is hastening on:  
The water-floods may come to thee,  
And over thee to run—  
But call to mind how thou didst find  
That way thy passage through;  
And after that thou find'st mankind,  
And wish'd thee for to go  
In wedlock strong to join with them,  
And so the end would break,  
If I'd not hold thee by the hand,  
The way thou dream'st to speak,  
All to refuse, no man thou'lt chuse,  
I know, to wed but ME;  
So I'll appear thy husband here,  
That every soul shall see.  
I'll wound the heart; I'll strike the dart  
Against thy every foe;  
So do not fear thy danger here,  
Though fast the floods may go,  
I say, to run much like a stream,  
And over thee to come,  
And thou may'st fear the dangers near,  
But I shall thee support;  
The water-floods that are so near  
They never shall thee hurt;  
If thou'st fall down to hear the sound,  
As thou didst fall this day,

I'll raise thee up, so do not droop,  
 But hear what I do say—  
 In power strong to thee I'll come,  
 My friends shall thee support.  
 The water-floods are hastening on,  
 At first thy mind they'll hurt,  
 For to fall down to hear the sound,  
 What shortly will appear;  
 But all thy foes I'll soon confound  
 By friends that I have near.  
 For to come in some will begin,  
 And wish the truth to see;  
 And now I tell thee many men  
 Will wish to know of thee  
 If all be true before their view,  
 My friends have written here;  
 But from thy heart thou dost begin  
 To say, can men appear  
 To judge it wrong what they have done,  
 If it did not come from thee,  
 A history they could ne'er command,  
 Invent such things to be?  
 If 'twas not so, thou well dost know,  
 No one could this invent;  
 But now I'll tell thee why 'tis so,  
 Men's minds will be so bent,  
 To talk with thee the truth to see,  
 Or every truth to know;  
 Why thou in Wills's house did stay,  
 And now to publish so  
 Against thyself, some men will swell,  
 And women swell the same—  
 "It is no honour unto her  
 To let these things be known."  
 But I'll appear to answer here,  
 If it be known to thee,  
 It is to make my honour clear,  
 And let the nation see,  
 That I with them the same have done,  
 And long have tarried here;  
 Though with the sinful sons of men,  
 That did like Wills appear,  
 And like his wife that brought the strife,  
 I so have staid with man;  
 But now, I say, like Wills's wife,  
 The end to all is come:  
 The man at first, the Devil last,  
 Is so upheld here,  
 And I, like thee, on all shall burst,  
 So let the land take care!  
 And Wills the same, if he condemn—  
 I plac'd him with mankind,  
 That do profess my lovers here,  
 And that you all shall find.

--- -- So blame no more, I've made it clear,  
 To bring it to the land,  
 In Wills's house I did ordain,  
 That thou so long should stand.

And now I shall answer thee in plain words. If they blame thy pity and compassion for staying in Wills's house, because he tried to draw thee by cords of love, that might appear to the world unjust; then they must blame my pity and compassion, so long to bear with a sinful nation, trying if time will bring them to repentance. Now mark: thou triedst to persuade Wills to forgive his wife all her adultery with every man but Sanderson, as I told thee he was the false prophet mentioned in the Revelations; and it was I commanded thee to contend with Wills to rid him from his house. So it was not thy Spirit, but it was MY Spirit they were persecuting of then, about the man; and now I tell them it was not thy Spirit, but it is MY SPIRIT that they are contending against, to support the devil, as she did to support Sanderson; and Wills's pretended love to thee is like the world's pretended love to ME. But how could I shew this clear to mankind, if I had not placed the type and shadow in *you three*? So who is he that condemneth? It is ME that justifieth thy stay in that house. And now I tell thee, I am like thee, that persuaded Wills to forgive his wife all her adultery with every man but Sanderson; for now I tell thee, I will forgive every returning sinner, that is now against Satan's reign, and longing for MY KINGDOM to be established. But they that are against MY PEACE-ABLE REIGN, and longing to have all things remain as they are, and do not wish to have *Satan* chained down, they will soon find shame and confusion of face, with sorrow and misery to fall upon them, as this is now fallen upon Wills—and yet this is but the shadow of what the substance will be upon this ungrateful nation.”

## PART OF A LETTER FROM JOANNA TO MRS. TAYLOR

*Bristol, August 13, 1804.*

As the Methodists may say, How can Joanna's calling be of God—to be ordered to make public, to the world, every weakness and folly that has been in herself, and the sins of those that she has lived with? To this Joanna is commanded, by the Lord, to make this answer: Tell her, why all David's Sins were put in print, who was a King; and his Adultery with Bathsheba; his murder of Uriah; and whose secret sins were made public by the Lord, through Nathan being sent to reprove him, otherwise it would not have been known that he designed to slay Uriah? Another thing they are to answer, Why all the Sins that Jacob's Sons committed were ordered to be penned in the Bible? Why all the Sins of Solomon were penned in the Bible? Why all the Sins of the Kings were penned in the Bible? Why all the Sins of Lot's Daughters were penned in the Bible? And why was it penned in the Gospel, that our Saviour was a Friend to the Sinners; that he, who was the Son of God, went to eat and drink with them; and that he forgave the greatest Adulterers, if they repented; and yet their Sins were all mentioned, and what they had done? Why were the Sins of Paul all mentioned, when he turned to be so zealous an advocate for the Lord? Now let them read their Bibles through and answer, Why every man's Sins were mentioned in the Bible? And then I will answer them, Why these things were ordered to be made public now; and why the Shepherds were blamed throughout the Bible, from the Old to the New Testament; and then I will answer, Why they were blamed now—because there is nothing done but has been done, 1st. Chap. of Ecclesiastes, 9th verse: the thing that hath been is it, that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the Sun. Is there any thing whereof it might be said, see, this is new? It hath been already of old times, which was before us. The explanation of this you have seen in my Book The Warning to the World, 52 page. For now all the Bible must be fulfilled; and remember what our Saviour said in St. Matthew's Gospel, 5th Chap. 17th and 18th verses: Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil: For verily, I say unto you, till Heaven and Earth pass away, one jot or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled. And now is coming the fulfilment of the Law and the Gospel, Now I shall come to Mr. Eastlake. I do not deny but Mr. Eastlake is a religious man, and I al-

ways believed him so; but I believe Mr. Eastlake is somewhat like my Aunt; that when she went to School to learn to make lace, upon account of my Grandmother, who was very good to the Schoolmistress, she was indulged in every thing, and if she made the worst of work she was never corrected, whilst other Scholars were beat, who made their work much better, and found fault with that it was not made better. This my Aunt had observed for a long time, and at last she thought herself such a favourite with her Mistress that do what she would she would not fall out with her. So she put her Mistress to the trial: one day when her Mistress was gone out of the room, she went and took the soot of the chimney and put it upon the top of the lace to spoil it, to prove to the rest of the Scholars that she was such a favourite; but here she carried her jest too far, and found herself severely beat. And I wish Mr. Eastlake's self-confidence may not bring a like sorrow upon him; for a man may live ever so religious, yet if he be so self-confident, that he cannot do wrong, and think the Lord would never be angry with him, that man would find himself deceived. I can assure Mr. Eastlake, that I have feared sin more than death, from my youth up to this day, and the ways of the Lord has been my delight; yet I have had ten thousand fears that I might do wrong, and ten thousand fears that a wrong spirit might deceive me, and that my own heart might deceive me, that I might not have a right judgment in all things; but if I had been of Mr. Eastlake's make, to be self-confident, that I could never do wrong, I should never have been so clear that my calling is of God, as I now am; for by my doubts, fears, and jealousies, the Lord hath made them much clearer before me. You are a living witness of my fears and jealousies, as well as your own, when things have not come to our judgment, fearing a wrong spirit might have deceived me; and it will be well for Mr. Eastlake to let these jealousies alarm his breast, fearing a wrong spirit, or a wrong judgment, might deceive him; for the Methodists affirm, there is no knowing one spirit from another, and Satan will come as an angel of light to deceive them; so let them be not high-minded, but fear. I judge of the Spirit that visits me, by the truth of his words, and by the wisdom, in the manner he is bringing every thing round to fulfil his words in all things; and by the clear and wonderful manner that he is explaining the Bible, to make it all true. But you will hear more mysteries hereafter.

The following **IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION**  
was given **MAY 27, 1800 \***.

It was in answer to a dispute between Joanna and her Sister, who told Joanna she was spoiling the paper upon which she was writing, and was answered by the SPIRIT, That the paper, which she said was spoiled, should be the means, by the writing upon it, to awaken thousands.

As I indite for thee to write,  
And all shall fly abroad;  
For in the end 'tis my intend  
The truth shall all be know'd;  
For 't must appear, the valley's near,  
And Satan laid the plan,  
And men did suck the poison deep—  
And deep I'll go with all:  
I'll first try man, how he will stand  
When I have shew'd his fall.  
In colours fair I'll paint it here,  
And sinners I'll awake,  
To shew from hell what arts do swell;  
And men's hearts I shall shake,  
Till I mete out the valley quite—  
Then Succoth I'll divide;  
And men shall see their destiny,  
When I bring back the tide  
On Pharaoh's host—my honour's lost  
While he doth this pursue:  
For at the sea my people be,  
And know not what to do.  
The sea is red with streams of blood,  
And Pharaoh's pride does swell;

\* This Communication relates particularly to the Harvests of the  
FOUR following years from 1800.



For Satan here does so appear,  
 With all his force from hell.  
 My people go! doth Satan know?—  
 “Then I'll pursue them strong”—  
 And all his force, like Pharaoh's host,  
 Doth furious follow on;  
 But all shall see the mystery,  
 He'll follow to the shore;  
 And then the rod shall come from God,  
 And smite the ocean there;  
 Then men will see the mystery,  
 How I shall it divide,  
 To make it dry, for man to fly,  
 And in the pillar hide.  
 A light for man it so will come,  
 When in the ocean there;  
 But in the dark they'll miss their mark,  
 When Satan follows here.  
 His chariot wheels I'll surely foil;  
 For off they fast shall come:  
 I'll make the light to guide the night,  
 And that shall be for man,  
 When darkness here doth fast appear,  
 And Satan's pride doth swell;  
 His chariot wheels, with all his skill,  
 Must perish—there he'll fall.  
 The Type is deep, the mystery's great:  
 Now see the fate of man;  
 By Satan's arts came every smart;  
 He'th laid the burden strong;  
 He'th took away from man, I say,  
 The GRACE that I had given;  
 Yet men are idle, he doth say,  
 And so complains to heaven.  
 So much like man doth Satan stand,  
 To make their load encrease;  
 (Men gather stubble in my land)  
 And makes their number less.  
 That is, their Grace doth not encrease,  
 While Satan robs them so;

*there is holiness*

O

He'th heard my threatenings, more or less,

To let my people go ;

But all in vain, he still finds men

To work in hearts like me—

No prophecies from heaven came

But Satan finds a way

To follow on the same in man;

So Moses tries in vain!!!

While Satan swells in arts from hell

Your land may still complain—

“ No Moses' rod can come from God ;

“ He is not in the sound ;

“ We all know well 't must come from hell ;

“ Throughout our land they're found

“ To work the same ; by arts they're come,

“ And all's imagin'd art.”

But when I do unveil MY NAME

Satan must feel the dart ;

For I've a wheel beyond his skill,

That I shall so work round,

That 'tis not all the arts of hell

Can in this wheel be found.

No likeness there can e'er appear

When I my wonders show ;

I'll strike the lintels of the doors,

And let my people know

'Tis but a rod that came from God,

To warn them to depart ;

And my salvation they shall know,

Though first it makes them smart.

Now I'll begin in words more plain ;

My rod doth here go deep ;

It falls on Satan and his men,

And all my friends feel it.

As it was then, be't known to men,

When Egypt felt the blow,

Against my people Pharaoh rose,

And would not let them go,

Till I began a *heavier storm*,

And made my people fly,

# Joseph Southcott's Book

( 107 )

Then to the Red Sea they did go,  
And here's the mystery.  
To murmur then they did begin,  
While Pharaoh follow'd there:  
They saw the dangers they were in—  
And now the truth I'll clear:  
For just the same 'tis now with man;  
Dangers surround you all,  
And must come on, I tell you, strong,  
Ere men will know their call;  
For Pharaoh's host will follow close,  
And dangers all surround,  
Just like the shore, before 'tis o'er,  
Your dangers will be found.  
Now I'll explain what this doth mean :  
Dangers stand thick for man,  
When I the straw shall take away,  
And stubble fills your land;  
That is, you'll see the mystery—  
Your *Corn's design'd for Straw*;  
And if the wheat I take away,  
Then stubble all will know  
Must follow next, and man perplex;  
Yet thousands will complain—  
“ We will have food; 'tis not from God;  
“ We are but starv'd by men.  
“ The fault we see in man to be—  
“ They're starving of the poor:  
“ Shall we die so?—they'll answer “ No :  
“ We'll have as heretofore.”  
So 'twill begin, a storm to men,  
These dangers will appear;  
And like the people at the sea,  
You'll be surrounded here.  
The Egypt's host did follow close;  
The Red Sea stood before;  
They judg'd their cause still worse and worse,  
And all did murmur there,  
Till I began an arm to man,  
And did the waves divide :

I made the seas to them dry land,  
 And so I smote the tide.  
 Then Pharaoh's host, and all his coast,  
 That did so proud pursue,  
 Went heavy on, and thought to turn,  
 But had no wheels to go;  
 'Twas all too late : you see their fate,  
 A-buried in the deep.  
 Then Satau there will find his snare  
 And buried in the pit ;  
 For he press'd on so after man,  
 As Pharaoh did that day ;  
 Then sure my honour now I'll gain,  
 And let my chosen free.  
 MY CHOSEN MEN, I tell thee plain,  
 Are *all that do believe* ;  
 But mockers here will sure appear,  
 And with their master cleave ;  
 Because some men will follow him,  
 Though judgments stand before—  
 " We oft have heard the self same thing,  
 " And seen no room to fear."  
 So Pharaoh, king, will lead them on—  
 The judgments all forget,  
 Till to the purpose I shall come,  
 And make the mystery great.  
 Whoe'er believe they need not grieve—  
 The promis'd land's before :  
 I'll guide them through, they'll find it true,  
 And give them Canaan's shore.  
 A land 't shall be of LIBERTY ;  
 Their foes I will destroy ;  
 Man's happiness I will encrease ;  
 For man I will enjoy.  
 Though 't wounds MY HEART to make them smart ;  
 But sure the storm *must come*,  
 Or men will never follow ME ;  
 For *Satan* leads them on,  
 In every chain, that now gives pain,  
 My land is sore oppress'd ;

# Joseph Southwicks Book

( 109 )

And the distresses of the poor,  
Like Israel, wound MY BREAST.  
For in MY LAND MY CHILDREN stand  
Half starv'd, for want of bread:  
But I'll try all, both great and small,  
And see how man will feed;  
When I bring on a heavier storm  
The hearts of men I'll try;  
And if I see they starve the poor,  
Then all shall starve and die.  
For Famine here shall next appear,  
When I fulfil MY WORD;  
Three plenteous harvests shall appear,  
When men obey their LORD\*;  
That is, to know if all be true,  
And trace the Writings deep;  
And public let the words to go,  
Then I shall find my sheep.  
If large MY FLOCK and few do mock,  
No Famine shall appear;  
I'll strike the lintels of the doors,  
And send my angels here;  
With such Disease I man shall seize,  
That they shall not get free;  
And fast by death I'll bring them forth,  
And then my sheep I'll free.  
So every year will fast appear,  
When the new date's begun†:  
I shall not do as heretofore,  
And linger on with man.  
The night's far spent, 'tis MY intent  
To bring the DAY-LIGHT here:  
And if Believers are but few  
The Famine shall appear:  
In three years time, behold the sign!!!  
When the new date is three,

\* See First Book, p. 18, three divines and four others went to enquire into the truth, and the promises were fulfilled in 1801, 1802, and 1803, of plenty.

† That is 1800.

**The fourth year will then appear,**

That stubble men will see.

**They all shall sow, but shall not mow,**

Yet I'll my flock secure:

**I'll fill your barns to keep from harm;**

For it will last **THREE YEARS:**

**Wherein you'll see your destiny,**

*If unbelief abounds.*

**Then sure my sheep they need not weep,**

To see the truth come round:

**For fast will come disorders strong—**

My sheep shall not want bread;

**For if the Famine it doth come**

Believers shall be fed.

**For now shall fall, I tell you all,**

Nothing but Pharaoh's host;

**And when you find I've rid them all,**

You'll find a **GLORIOUS COAST!**

**So all is plain, if learned men**

Can trace the matter deep;

**I'll burn the chaff—I've said enough—**

I will secure my **WHEAT.**

**So now this Year let all take care,**

If all thy words come true,

**They'll find the date, in every year,**

Will perfect happen so.

**So now to shun 'tis time to come,**

The mockers of the day;

**If Plague or Famine do appear,**

'Twill surely come that way.

**But those that scorn where thou art known**

Will surely fare the worse;

**Because the truth will clear be shown,**

That no deceit hath pass'd;

**But surely blest above the rest,**

I tell you, of your land,

**Are thousands here who will appear,**

And strong by faith will stand.

**A happy Isle, may thousands smile**

That they are plac'd so near,

To see the sign, and know the time,  
When all things will appear.  
My chosen men so near your land,  
Or yet so near your home,  
That have stood out, so full of doubt,  
The truth confirm'd by them.  
If anger rise, let men grow wise,  
And judge the matter well:  
Themselves they will not first chastize,  
If they can screen themselves;  
If these can not, they'll see their lot,  
'Tis heaven doth them reprove:  
Then they'll see clear, that they did err,  
When fear and anger mov'd.  
Provok'd they'll go, the truth to know,  
And jealousy alarm'd;  
Then sure these men by faith must stand,  
And every truth discern—  
So from these men, I tell you plain,  
You nothing have to fear;  
Because themselves they'll surely screen,  
If they can baffle here;  
But when they fall, be't known to all,  
Their fig-leaves throw aside,  
Then sure MY CLOTHING on must go,  
For I shall lower their pride.  
Then sure will swell the pride of hell—  
“What! have we let them go?  
“We'll follow on by arts unknown,  
“And overtake them too.”  
Close to the deep, close to the pit,  
His chariot wheels prepare;  
He will go on with fury strong,  
And surely perish there.  
For if I keep MY WORD with man,  
That I did first create,  
Then sure I'll keep MY WORD with him,  
Because he laid the net;  
Thou know'st the promise, how he's bound,  
Thou know'st where he did fall;

And if to tempt again he's found  
 I'll chain him down to hell.  
 If *he* MY PROMISE did demand  
 Against the sons of men ;  
 Then to my word I'll faithful stand,  
 And cast him to his den.  
 Then I'll try man how he will stand,  
 When I do govern all ;  
 And if I find an upright land  
 Satan shall pay for all ;  
 For him I'll try, I'll tell thee why,  
 And free his chain once more ;  
 When he hath heard the sinners cry,  
 Confin'd a THOUSAND years,  
 I'll let them free, mankind will see,  
 And try *his reign once more* :  
 And if a Pharaoh still he be,  
 A Pharaoh shall appear ;  
 That is, he'll fall, I tell you all,  
 A-buried in the deep :  
 No more of him shall then be seen,  
 When the full time is up!!!

These words were spoken before the day of judgment, which is given to the public in my Fourth Book.

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*[Price Two Shillings.]*

S. ROUSSEAU, Printer,  
 Wood Street, Spa Fields, London.