

IT is subject of my song is HEALTH,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Confute the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gems so bright that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And torn a rustick, or a crit.

Mark, though the blessing's lost with care,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not such gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Say not Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's sons is Egypt's seed.
How faihleth the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill.
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure:
So says the proverb, and 'tis true.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can?
Would you when men's woes cannot save,
Descent with ease into the grave?
Calmly retire, like evening light;
And cheerful bid the world good night?
Let temperance constantly preſerve—
Our best physician, friend and guide!
Would you no wisdom make presence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For them who flight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

It alludes to 2 Kings, Ch. xviii, 21.

From the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.
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Notices from the Invisible World.

IN this age of infidelity, any Notices given us from the World of Spirits, when sufficiently proved to be genuine, are not to be overlooked.—Two have happened here in *Suffolk*, indisputably certain, and which are much talked of here.

A certain *Levin Milby* had gone to trade in his vessel to *Carolina*.—Before he had time to return, he died suddenly there. But a whole week before any human intelligence arrived, his brother in-law, *Elias Webb*, a man of truth and credibility, though too fond of spirituous liquors, had laid himself down on a bed to rest in the evening, with a window open (May 12, 1787) from which he started

up in a great fright, and came to the company in the next room, and cried out, "Levin Milby is dead in *Carolina*; for he just now laid his cold dead hand on one side of my face. I saw him leaning over the window as plainly as ever I did in my life; he looked very pale.... I spoke first, and said, Lord have mercy! Levin, what is the matter?" He answered, "Elias I am dead. I died in *Carolina*, and have sent my son *Natty*, home to his Mammy."

This depends not on his word, though a man of veracity; for, besides his wife and family, there happen'd to be no less than five men, heads of families, there, who saw his sight and heard his tale.... They all tried to persuade him it was only a dream; but when the news arrived eight or ten days after, they began to speak seriously of the affair.... For if it be called a dream, the matter is still the same.... Here was a true notification from the invisible World, of a fact, some hundred miles distant, unsuspected, and as unlikely to happen to him as any other hardy man.

The same Mr. *Elias Webb* had another, perhaps more remarkable, visit and notification from the unseen world. He lay in Indian River, Sept. 1764, in his vessel, when he saw his partner, *Peter Wright*, (who had laid behind him at Staten Island) who in like manner also laid his cold hand on his cheek, and said, "Elias, you need say no more to my father about the Morning Star; for I am dead and shall never want it more.... This makes

well for my brothers, *Joshua* and *Anthony*: But Anthony will die in youth." N.B. — The Morning Star was the name of the gun. This dispute about the vessel, thus settled by the apparition, is not interesting con his men catche you, put some you with him on board, witnessed, that said so gun, then take away your guns, you Web, greatly surprised, immediately related this affair to him. N. B. When they yet.

Cuf. You say too hard bout us; we no acte like rogues; orly like neger, mad, patch e little when master whipe.

Sam. Yesse you acte like villain, broke house, take fokes in e night, fight Stockbridge, Shiffield, putte poor prisoners for you keepen off bullets from e you, make dem killed.

Cuf. You telle nuf, bout dat, dem rings all over now. Telle what Ha:so:d fokes say bout us now.

Sam. Well, Cuffe, I tell you true. Harford fokes no likee you dis govt, say you acte like foles, no love yourselves, no keepe you own govt: lasse winter two tree counties stracted; now all towns stracted ever where.

Lewis. M. W.

A DIALOGUE between Cuffe a Negro belonging to the county of Hampshire, and Sambo belonging to Hartford.

Cuf. HOW de, Sambo, I no see you ois great while, what's news to Harfords.

Sam. No news I hear of all etalk Harford bout e fokes here and Boston, your govt.

Cuf. What mean Sambo? how towns stracted?

Sam. How? make new govt, tinker please dese fokes: keepe good men home, no let em go sembly dis year.

Cuf. Bless'd good govt, blisse good court dis year, forgib us all, gib us our guns gin, only few day no love.

Sam. Dat make great men, wise men. Harford say, fokes here all stracted, sembly stracted; old govt no more care! Belyon: new govt, new fomby, make it worse; forgib all before he ask: no deade worst rogues in world, e figh, robe, steale, kille, do what e will, no hange. Sembly acte like foolish children, undo all e old fomby do: ay gibbe you your guns gin, den hire e soldiers go fight you. Dis queer nuf make e neger laugh.

Cuf. You make my blood boil; I cant smok-e my pipe; I cant hear you talk so; I wish you Harford gin.

Sam. You ask me news, you ask me what Harford fokes say: when I telle, you no willing hear trute. So fare ewell.

Sam. Ay, Cuffe, Harford fokes say,

your fokes, (lurgents I tink they call em) much owe, no willing pay debts, no willing pay taxes, so stoppe Courts, try break e constution.

Cuf. Dat wrong, sambo, we only want drels grevances.

Sam. I hear masser n our great men talkie much, say you all crazy, all stracted, all much wicked. You peind grieve-

ance; your conduct worst grievance.

Sam. Late winter you go Wooster stoppe cou-

t, dreful cold, two deep snows dat week:

God telle you, you wrong, he angry; you no mind; you dat time pare for wa, make officers, make regement, tend to make

King; But you acte likee crazy fool, you no gree mone you selves; some say Whee-

ler must'e King: Day, tay he good as Wheeler; Taw he set up hefself for King, moile for Shays, all fusion.

Cuf. No, no, Sambo.—

Sam. You ask me tell you, you smooke your pipe, lette me tell. You gov-

ner, he wile man, he call fomby, do every

thing can for you, till you true; you no

easy, you no hear. Den by m by, govmer

he wake up, he see your schemies; he

send men guard stores Springfield: you

fool tink you scare dem men, get floes

much guns, much powder, den make

king: Byte you find them men no scare;

dry gor great Bulls, make Bull's rore,

bunch kill some of you; you scare, run

away: den General Lincon he come, he

army tree four, thousand men, you no to

raid of e devil, you be him; you run

one place, another place, run out your

wits, some of you most out of e world. But Anthony will die in youth." N.B. — The Morning Star was the name of the gun. This dispute about the vessel, thus settled by the apparition, is not interesting con his men catche you, put some you with him on board, witnessed, that said so gun, then take away your guns, you

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