

The following Epistle was found in the oldest edition of the BIBLE that was printed at Worms. It is said to be genuine by several authors, and that an Epistle was written by St. Paul to the Laodiceans is confirmed by Colossians iv. 16.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL to the LAODICEANS.

PAUL an apostle, not of man, nor by man, but by Jesus Christ.

2. To the brethren which are at Laodices, grace and peace from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. I thank my God in all my prayers, that you remain steadfast in him, and in all his works, waiting upon his promise to the day of judgment.

4. And be not seduced by some unprofitable talkers, who go about to cause you to fall from the gospel which was preached unto you.

5. Oh that they that were instructed by me might serve to the profit of the gospel of truth, and become diligent in good works of eternal life.

6. And henceforth are my bonds eased which I suffer for Christ's sake.

7. Wherefore I rejoice in heart and count it eternal salvation.

8. That such is done through your prayers, by the working of the Holy Spirit, whether by life, or death.

9. For I have a will and a joy to die in Christ, who will, through the same mercy, give you to have the same love and to be of one mind.

10. Therefore beloved brethren, as you have heard in my presence, that keep and finish in the fear of God, so shall you have eternal life, for God will work it and perfect it in you without delay.

11. My beloved, rejoice in the Lord, and cease heed of them that are despises after filthy lusts.

12. Let your prayers be manifest unto God, and remain in the knowledge of Christ.

13. And do that which is convenient, just and reasonable: and that what you have heard and received, that keep in your hearts, so shall you have praise.

14. The grace of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with your spirits. Amen.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

OF
MR. LAWRENCE STERNE.
To _____

Dijon, Nov. 9. 1765.

My dear friend,

I recommend it to you, not, perhaps, above all things, but very assuredly above most things, to stick to your own understanding a little more than you do; for, believe me, an ounce of it will answer your purpose better than a pound weight of other people's. There is a certain timidity which renders early life amiable, as a matter of speculation; but is very inconvenient indeed, not to say dangerous, according to the present humour of the world, in matters of profit.

There is a manly confidence, which, as it springs from a conscientiousness of possessing certain excellent qualities and valuable attainments, we cannot have too early; and there is no more propriety in offering manifestations of it to the world, than the putting on your helmet in the day of battle. We want it as a protection—I say as a protection, from the insults and injuries of others: for in your particular circumstances I consider it merely as a defensive quality—to prevent you from being run down, or run over, by the first ignorant block-head or insolent conceit, who perceives your modesty to be a restraint on your spirit.

But this by the way.—The application of it is left to your own discernment and good sense, of which I shall not write what I think, and what some others think, whose testimony will wear well.

I am so much better pleased since I set my foot on the continent, that it would do you good to see—and more good still to hear me; for I have recovered my voice in this genial climate; and so far am I now from finding a difficulty to make myself heard across the table, that I am almost fit to preach in a cathedral.

Here they are all hry-go-mad.—The vintage has been abundant, and is now at the close. Every eye beams delight, and every voice is attuned to joy. Though I am running away as fast as I can well go, and am withal so pressed by the rescal Death, that I ought not in prudence to take time to look behind me; yet cannot I resist the temptation of getting out of my chaise, and sitting for a whole evening on a bank, to see those happy people dance away the labours of the day: and thus they contrive for two or three hours at least out of the four and twenty, to forget, God bless em, that there are such things as labour and care in the world.

This innocent oblivion of sorrow is one of the

happiest arts of life; and philosophy, in all its storehouse of human remedies, has nothing like unto it. Indeed, I am persuaded that mirth—a sober well regulated mirth—is perfectly acceptable to the kind Being that made us;—and that a man may laugh and sing, and dance too—and, after all, go to Heaven.

I never could—and I never can—say, I positively never will, believe that we were sent into this world to go sorrowing through it. On the contrary, every object around me—the rural dance, and the rustic minstrelsy, that I behold and hear from my window, tell me that man is framed for joy. Nor shall any crack-brained Cartesian monk, or all the Cartesian monks in the world,—persuade me to the contrary.

Swift says, *ouïs la bagatelle*. I say *ouïs la joie*; which I am sure is no *bagatelle*; but as I take it, a very serious thing, and the first of human possessions.

May your treasury, my dear friend, continue to have good store in it—and, like the widow's cruse may it fail not!

As Lyons I expect to find some tidings of you, and from thence I will dispatch some farther tidings of myself.—So in the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.—Believe me,

I shall ever remain most truly
And affectionately your's
L. STERNE.

To _____
Dijon, Nov. 9. 1765.

I HAVE a great mind to have done with joking laughing, and merry making, for the rest of my days, with either man, woman, or child; and set up for a grave, formal, few-few character; and dispose stupid wisdom. I have hitherto been said to have done sensible nonsense, to my country-men and country-women.

To tell you the truth—I began this letter yesterday morning, and was interrupted in getting to the end of it, by half a dozen idle people, who called upon me to lounge and to laugh; though some of them forced me home with him to dine with his sister, whom I found to be a being of a superior order, and who has absolutely made the something like a resolution with which I began this letter, not worth the feather of the quill with which it was written.

She is, in good faith, charming beyond my powers of description; and we had such an evening as made the cup of tea she gave me more delicious than nectar.

By the bye, she wishes very much to become acquainted with you—not, believe me, from any representations or biography of mine, but from the warm encomiums she has received of you from others, and those, as she says, of the first order. After all this, however, you may be sure that my testimony was not wanting.—So that, when you will give me an opportunity, I shall have the honour of presenting you to her hand, and add another devout worshipper at the temple of such transcendent merit.

I am really of opinion that, if there is a woman in the world formed to do you good, and to make you love her into the bargain—which I believe is the only way of doing you any good—this is the pre-eminent and bewitching character.—Indeed were you to command my feeble powers to delineate the lovely being whose affections would well repay thee for all the heart-aches and disquieting apprehensions that may as well afflict thee as thy passage through life, it would be this fair and excellent creature. My night-errant spirit has already told her that she is a Delicinea to me, but I would most willingly take off my armour and break my spear, and resign her as an angel to you.

I need not say any thing, I trust, of my affection for you; and I have just now some singular ideas on your subject, which kept me a wake last night, when I ought to have been sound asleep, but I shall reserve them for the communication of my fire-side or your's as it may be; and I wish, as devoutly as ever I wished any thing in my life, that my fire was to brighten before you this very evening.

In the name of fortune,—for want of a better at the moment,—what business have you to be fifty leagues from the capital, at a time when I stand so much in need of you, for your own sake.

I hear you exclaim, whom is all this about?—And I see you half determined to throw my letter into the fire, because you cannot find her name in it. This is all, my good friend, as it ought to be; for you may be assured that I never intended to write her name on this sheet of paper. I have told you of the divinity, and you will find the rest inscribed on the altar.

I was never more serious in my life; so let the wheels of your chariot roll as rapidly as post hor-

ses can make them, towards this town; where if you come not soon I shall be gone, and then I know not what may become of all my present good intentions towards you; future ones, it is true; I shall have in plenty—for at all events, in all circumstances, and every where,

I am,
Most cordially,
and affectionately your's,
L. STERNE.

A NECDOTE

In the reign of Charles II. a sailor having received his pay, retired to a house of ill-fame in Wapping where he lived all night, and had his whole substance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he should meet with, possessed of cash; and, accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney fields, to whom he related his misfortune, he insisted on having the loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such behaviour, but to no purpose; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman, dreading worse consequences, delivered his purse; but soon after had the sailor taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence Jack sent a suppliant with the following strange epistle to the King.

KING CHARLES.
One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same sum, who has intemperately sent me to Newgate, and thence I shall be hanged; therefore for thy own sake, save my life, or by God, thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy. Thine,
JACK SKIFFTON.
His Majesty, on the receipt of the letter, immediately wrote as follows:
JACK SKIFFTON,
For this time I'll save thee from the gallows; but if, hereafter, thou art guilty of the like, by God, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy. Thine,
CHARLES REX.

MR. SOWER.
As there is a great dearth of news at present I believe a publication of the violation of the treaty of peace, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the case of Dr. Samuel Stearns, will be acceptable to some of your readers.—The General Court had voted that the prayer of his petition should be granted, the Senate opposed it, a Committee of both was appointed to take his case into consideration who agreed that the Dr. should be released upon taking a certain oath and paying Jail fees, against which he remonstrated, stating his reasons why he could not comply with their requisition; but was not heard, and had to remain in confinement until his cruel oppressors became ashamed of their conduct, and finally released him of their own accord.—He is now at Quebec.—I am Sir, Your's &c. Z.
MASSACHUSETTS,
Worcester, 5 p.m. 5th, 1785.

To His Excellency JAMES BOWDOIN, Esq.
Governor, &c. of said Commonwealth, and the Honourable Council at Boston.
The Petition of SAMUEL STEARNS, formerly of Paxton, in the County of Worcester,
Humbly sheweth,

THAT your petitioner begs leave to acquaint your Excellency and your honours that in consequence of an imposition, that was put upon the Honourable James Sullivan, Esq; in September, A. D. 1780, by a false witness, named Thomas Gleason, who was a deserter from the army, and who had turned State's evidence, a warrant was issued by him the said Sullivan, by virtue of which, your petitioner, and Captain Oliver Wilt, and Mr. O. Wilt, jun. all then of said Paxton, were made prisoners, and falsely accused of holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy.

That in consequence of this false accusation, they were, each of them, recognized with two sureties, in the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, of the currency then in circulation; for their appearance at the Supreme Judicial Court, that was holden at Worcester, within and for said county, in April, A. D. 1781.

That in about three days after, another warrant was issued against your petitioner, that he might be confined in close goal, as he was informed.

That upon his having timely notice of it, and judging that his life was in the utmost danger, by reason of the falsity of the evidence, the highness of the accusation, and its being death at that time, to hold a correspondence with the British, he therefore, to save his life, rode off to New-York with all possible haste, and was pursued by the officer that had the second warrant, but was not overtaken.

That by reason of your petitioner's being th.