tendations. Let us trust that a time will come, when
the present moment shall be no longer irksome; when
we shall not borrow all our happiness from hope, which
at last is to end in disappointment.

I beg that you will shew Mr. Beauclerk all the civili-
ties which you have in your power; for he has always
been kind to me.

I have lately seen Mr. Stratico, Professor of Padua,
who has told me of your quarrel with an Abbot of the
Celestine Order; but had not the particulars very ready
in his memory. When you write to Mr. Marsili, let him
know that I remember him with kindness.

May you, my Baretti, be very happy at Milan, or
some other place nearer to,

SIR,

Your most affectionate humble
servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Dec. 21, 1762.

SIR,

You are not to suppose, with all your conviction of
my idleness, that I have passed all this time without
writing to my Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk,
who, in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening
to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he has
stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed.
Langton is with him.
I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestic life; we all have good and evil, which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of public miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your disappointment, with which you seem more touched than I should expect a man of your resolution and experience to have been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied to particular occasions; and that the fallacy of our self-love extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every man believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron. We have all learned that greatness is negligent and contemptuous, and that in Courts life is often languished away in ungratified expectation; but he that approaches greatness, or glitters in a Court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from the common lot.

Do not let such evils overwhelm you as thousands have suffered, and thousands have surmounted; but turn your thoughts with vigour to some other plan of life, and keep always in your mind, that, with due submission to Providence, a man of genius has been seldom ruined but by himself. Your patron's weakness or insensibility will finally do you little hurt, if he is not assisted by your own passions. Of your love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love as in every other passion, of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events.
There is indeed nothing that so much seduces reason from her vigilance, as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit: but love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and the benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure, and successive amusement. A woman we are sure will not be always fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous: and man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not, however, pretend to have discovered that life has any thing more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage; therefore know not what counsel to give you.

If you can quit your imagination of love and greatness, and leave your hopes of preferment and bridal raptures, to try once more the fortune of literature and industry, the way through France is now open. We flatter ourselves that we shall cultivate with great diligence the arts of peace; and every man will be welcome among us who can teach us any thing we do not know. For your part, you will find all your old friends willing to receive you.

Reynolds still continues to increase in reputation and in riches. Miss Williams, who very much loves you, goes on in the old way. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis,
and has three children. Mr. Levet has married a street-walker. But the gazette of my narration must now arrive to tell you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

I know not whether I have not sent you word that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us; let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality; and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever. I pray God to bless you, and am,

SIR,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

Write soon.

SAM. JOHNSON.

All Sign. Giuseppe Baretta.
Milano.

THE GENTLEMAN.

A true Narrative.

I was born a gentleman, and my father educated me in those principles and manners which constitute that character. "Do nothing unworthy of a gentleman," was the continual admonition I received from him, till I was about eighteen years of age, when he died, and left me the paternal estate as he received it, without having increased it by his care, or diminished it by his extravagance.

His