

my; industry and neatness, simplicity and elegance. Economical without parsimony; neat without pride, and liberal without ostentation, she is, what she should be, a good wife, a candid and sincere friend, and a kind neighbour. Unconscious of her superiour excellencies, which raise her merit above any relation to, or dependence on, riches, she is too apt to compare her former indigent circumstances to her present situation, and to feel a diminution of her real worth, while she contemplates their difference. This has often given me disquiet, because, whenever I make her a trifling present, it seems to mortify her. About a week ago, I offered her a pair of elegant paste buckles: I knew they were in the rank of superfluities; but I knew that my fortune was not only equal, but the laws of fashion, and even common opinion, had imposed this tax upon riches; and I flattered myself that Maria would wear them, not only on that account, but to please her husband. She however refused to accept them; telling me, that instead of gratifying my pride, they would be a continual index, pointing to her former situation—that she could not,

in every particular, think with the rest of the world, that such external appendages lent any real excellence to the wearer.—‘They are more suitable,’ said she, ‘for those, who are born to, and educated in affluence; to whom, by habit, they have become natural. But I have always pitied those new-made people, who so wrongly conceive of the lesson these ornaments teach. A rational being, in my situation, would rather learn humility than pride from wearing them.’ Her reasoning prevented expostulation. I put the buckles in my pocket, went abroad, and sold them at nearly the price I purchased them for, and at my return, gave my wife the money. A few days after, as I was sitting in my study, Maria came in, accompanied with four little misses, whom she had dressed in complete uniform: ‘You need not tell me, Maria,’ said I, ‘how you have employed your money.—Lead forth this little group of gladness into the street, my love! Shew the world what your benevolence has done with the contempt of your pride, and the rich will sympathize with the mortified peacock, gazing at his own feet.’

THE LANDLORD.

[By Mr. Pratt.]

ADRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, for the pleasure of uninterrupted contemplation. He had not only learning and probity, but philanthropy, and was equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for his generosity as his wisdom. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful and well-disposed. His cottage was dressed by the hand of neatness; frugality and simplicity attended upon his happy family. All situations, and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of a constitutional benignity, which enabled him to turn all events to advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as a tenant when the father of Adrastus first took possession of that estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor at any time had a quarrel in the parish. His

toil was sweetened by the pleasing thought of providing for his offspring; and his constant employment not only inspired health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination; at the same time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions.—He had, in his time, put many alienated hands together; reconciled many petty peevish differences; settled many family breaches; suggested, while he was church-warden, many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy at surveying the possessions of the rich. These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the country wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the *Contented Cottage*; he was, in truth, like Goldsmith's Priest,

‘Passing rich with forty pounds a-year.’

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterized him; for though Adrastus lived and