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## Book Review of The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man

Lucian Minor

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### MISS SEDGWICK.

*The Poor Rich Man, and The Rich Poor Man. By the author of "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," &c.*

MISS SEDGWICK, beyond all question, is the Edgeworth of America. For skill in the art of interweaving the most impressive moral lessons, with trains of incident that rivet the attention and pass irresistibly home to the heart,—for narratives at once natural, simple, touching, and so contrived that no one can rise from the perusal without feeling himself elevated and improved,—and for the truest and happiest exhibitions of character, discriminated exactly according to sex, age, condition, and country,—our country-woman has, in our judgment, no equal on this side the Atlantic. So just and so captivating are her portraitures of New England manners and character, that if she only had that personal acquaintance and consequent personal standing in the South, which Miss Edgeworth has long enjoyed in England,—so as to make her writings current here,—she might be expected to do as much towards dispelling our acknowledged and indisputable prejudices against the North, as Miss Edgeworth has done towards raising the Irish character, in English eyes. And if she but knew, from familiar personal observation, those good points of Southern life, which are either wholly unknown or have been shamefully misrepresented, to the mass of her immediate countrymen,—she might, with her uncommon powers, work a change not less salutary, in their feelings towards us of the South. In being the messenger of Truth, between two people whose animosities nearly all arise from ignorance of each other's real merits, she would be the messenger of Peace and Love.

Of "Hope Leslie" we shall perhaps give a detailed opinion hereafter. Of "The Linwoods," we have already spoken; and we have briefly expressed the high admiration we felt, for Miss Sedgwick's "Tales and Sketches"—especially "A Reminiscence of Federalism," "Old Maids," and "The Eldest Sister;" three tales, which we would have read by every man, woman, and child in these United States.

We are disposed to speak even more strongly in praise of "THE POOR RICH MAN, and THE RICH POOR MAN."

It is a story, mostly, of humble life. *Morris Finley*, having by sordid means acquired wealth which neither he nor his proud, vain wife,—still less their spoiled and silly daughter—knows how to enjoy rationally or to use beneficently,—and feeling, therefore, more than the

course of poverty,—is justly called "The Poor Rich Man." *Harry Aikin*, as justly and as quaintly, is called "The Rich Poor Man;" because amid toilsome penury, he and a wife likeminded with himself, not only live happily, rearing up their children to virtue and industry, but contrive to extend helps to the needy around them, which might put many whose incomes are thousands, to the blush. The following is an outline of their history.

Charlotte and Susan May were the daughters of a poor cottager named Philip May, who lived in a New England village. 'Uncle Phil,' as every body called him, was an easy, indolent, kind-hearted man, with none of the energy, or talent for making his way in the world, by which New Englanders in general are characterized: consequently, he, and his, always felt the pinch of want—or rather *would have felt* it, had not his own equable, contented disposition, and the equally cheerful but more active tempers of his daughters, made poverty always wear a smile. "Lottie," as the elder was generally called, had, in childhood, through her good father's carelessness, received a hurt which made her a cripple for life. But it did not hinder her from doing much towards increasing the comforts of his household. "*Industry and frugality are wonderful multipliers of small means.*" Philip May brought in but little: but that little was well administered. His house was clean—his garden productive (the girls kept it wed)—his furniture carefully preserved—his family comfortably clad—and his girls schooled. No wonder Uncle Phil never dreamed he was a poor man!"

At length Charlotte's case became so bad, that a visit to a New York physician, eminent in diseases of the spine, was deemed necessary. But after all the resources of the family were reckoned up, there wanted fully fifty dollars of the sum requisite for such a journey! and how could that sum ever be raised?

Harry Aikin, a schoolmate and playfellow of the two girls, was the youngest of a neighboring farmer's twelve children. Harry, admitted as a brother into all their councils and plans, knew what Lottie's health required, and knew how far her means fell short of what was needed. He took his measures accordingly. Foregoing a half year's schooling, which his father offered him and upon which he had been eagerly bent,—he hired himself (at the age of fourteen) to a liberal bookseller, as travelling agent, or pedler; and in a few months returned with his earnings to his native village. What ensued, our author can best tell:

"A winter had passed away, and one of our ungenial springs, always unkind to invalids, was wearing to the last days of May. Charlotte's disease was aggravated by long confinement, and as she sat tolling over an old coat of her father's, her eye turned sadly towards the cold sky and the thinly-clad boughs of the trees that were rustling against the window, and that, like her, seemed pining for warmth and sunshine. 'Will summer ever come?' she thought; and then, suppressing a sigh of impatience, she added, 'but I don't mean to murmur.' At this moment Susan bounded into the room, her cheek flushed with pleasure.

"'Good news, good news!' she cried, clapping her hands; 'Harry has got home!'"

"'Has he?'"

"'Why, Lottie, you don't seem a bit joyful!'"

"The tears came to Charlotte's eyes. 'I have got to be a poor creature indeed,' she said, 'when the news of Harry's getting home does not make me joyful.'"

"'Oh, but Lottie, it's only because you did not sleep last night; take a little of your mixture and lie down. . . and by the time Harry gets up here—he told me he should come right up—you will look glad; I am sure you feel so now.'"

"'I do, Susy: Essex never seems Essex when Harry is out of it.'"

"No, I am sure it does not; but, then, if he did not go away, we should not have the joy of his coming home." Susan was the first to see the compensation.

"I hope," said Charlotte, after a short pause, "that Harry will not go away again on this business; he may be getting money, but then he should have been at school the past winter. You know what Doctor Allen used to say to mother—'Education is the best capital for a young man to begin with.' I am afraid Harry has caught some of Morris Finley's notions."

"Oh, no, no, Charlotte!—they are different as day and night. I am sure, if Harry is eager to get money, it's because he has some good use for it, and not, like Morris, just for the money's sake."

"I hope it is so, but even then I do not like this travelling about; I am afraid he will get an unsettled disposition."

"Why, Charlotte, it is not so very pleasant travelling about in freezing winter weather, and deep muddy spring roads, peddling books."

The subject of their discussion broke it off by his entrance; and, after mutual kind greetings were over, he sat down by Charlotte with a face that, plainly indicated he had something to say, and knew not how to begin.

"Have you had good luck, Harry?" asked Charlotte.

"Very?" the *very* was most emphatic.

"Well, I hope it won't turn your head."

"I don't know," he replied, with a smile; "it feels very light just now, and my heart too."

Charlotte looked grave.

"No one would think, said Susan, "that Charlotte was glad to see you, Harry; but she is, for we both love you just as well as if you were a brother—having none that's natural, you know. But poor Lottie is worse than ever this spring, and nothing seems to do her any good; and I have been trying to persuade her to send round a subscription-paper to get money to go to New York; maybe she'll consent now you have come to ask her."

"That's the very thing," said Harry, "I want to speak to her about."

"Oh, don't, Harry; if our friends and neighbors were to think of it themselves, I would accept the money thankfully, but I cannot ask for it."

"You need not, Charlotte—you need not—but you will take it from a brother, as Susy almost calls me, won't you?"

He hastily took from his pocketbook five ten-dollar notes, and put them on Charlotte's lap.

"Harry!" Charlotte feebly articulated.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" shouted Susan, throwing her arms round his neck in a transport of joy, and then starting back and slightly blushing; "did I not tell you so, Lottie?" she said.

Charlotte smiled through her tears. "Not precisely so, Susy, for who could have expected this? But I might have known it was not for the money, as you did say, but for what the money would bring, that Harry was working."

"And what could money bring so good as better health for you, Charlotte? Your suffering is the only thing that ever makes me unhappy; and so, after all, it is selfishness in me."

"Happy would it be for our race if there were more such selfishness as Harry Aikin's. The benevolent principle is, after all, the true alchemy that converts the lead to gold."

The journey was now resolved upon; and the preparations began. Here again, some things are said so much better than we could say them, that we must hope to be pardoned for a long quotation; the longest we intend to make:

"If any of my readers have chanced to hear a gentleman curse his tailor, who has sent home, at the last moment, some new exquisite articles of apparel for a journey, when they were found to be a hair's breadth too tight or too loose; or if they have assisted at the perplexed deliberations of a fine lady as to the color and material of her new dresses and new hat, and have witnessed her vexations with dressmakers and milliners, we invite them to peep into the dwelling of our young friends, and witness the actual happiness resulting from the successful expedients and infinite ingenuity of the poor."

The practicability of the long-wished-for journey had been announced to Uncle Phil, and they were entering upon deliberations about the outfit, when their father, beginning, as need was, at the crown of his head, exclaimed, "I declare, gals, I never told you my bad luck about my tother hat. I laid it down by the door just for a minute last Sabbath, and our plaguy pup run off with it into a mud-puddle—it was the worse for wear before, and it looks like all natur now."

"Let us look at it, father," said Susan; "there are not many people that know you in New York, and maybe we can smooth it up and make it do." The hat was brought, and examined, and heads mournfully shaken over it; no domestic *smoothing-up* process would make it decent, and *decency* was to be attained. Suddenly, Charlotte remembered that during her only well week that spring, she had bound some hats for Mr. Ellis, the hatter, and Susan was despatched to ascertain if her earnings amounted to enough to pay for the re-dressing of her father's hat. Iris could scarcely have returned quicker than did Susan; indeed, her little divinity-ship seldom went on such pleasant errands. "Every body in the world is kind to us," said Susan, as she re-entered, breathless. "Mr. Ellis has sent full pay for your work, Lottie, and says he'll dress father's hat over for no-

thing. I'm so glad, for now you can get a new riband for your bonnet."

"After all the necessaries are provided."

"Anybody but you, Lottie, would call that a necessary. Do look at this old dud—all frayed out. It has been turned, and died, and spoged, and now it is not fit to wear in Essex; what will they say to it in New York?"

"We'll see, Susy, how we come out. Father's Sunday coat *must* be turned." The coat was turned, and the girls were delighted to see it look *almost* as well as new; and even Susan was satisfied to pay the hat-money to Sally Fen, the tailoress.

A long deliberation followed upon father's nether garments, and they came to the conclusion they were quite too bad to be worn where father was not known and respected. And, to get new ones, Charlotte must give up buying a new cloak, and make her old one do. There is a lively pleasure in this *making do* that the rich know not of; the cloak was turned, rebounded, and new collared, and Susan said, "Considering what a pretty color it was, and how natural Charlotte looked in it, she did not know but what she liked it better than a new one." And now, after Charlotte had bleached and remodelled her five-year old Dunstable, her dress was in order for the expedition—all but the riband, on which Susan's mind was still intent. "Not but just nimpence left," said she to Charlotte, after the last little debt for the outfit was paid. "Nimpence won't buy the riband, that's certain, though Mr. Turner is selling off so cheap. Why can't you break into the fifty dollars; I do hate to have you seen in New York with that old riband, Lottie."

"But I must, Susan—for I told Harry I would not touch the fifty dollars till we started."

"Well, give me the nimpence, then," Susan's face brightened. She had resolved, as a last resort, to invest in the riband a certain precious quarter of a dollar which Harry had given her aces and ages ago, and which she had ever since worn as a locket. She left her sister abruptly; and, as she slid the coin from the riband, "Dear little locket," said she, "I suppose you will seem to other folks just like any other quarter, and they will just pass you from hand to hand without thinking at all about you—how foolish I am!" she dashed a tear from her eye—"Sha'n't I love Harry just as well, and won't he love me just as well, and sha'n't I think of him more than ever now he has been so kind to Lottie, without having this to put me in mind of him?" This point settled to her own satisfaction, she turned as usual to the bright side. "How lucky Mr. Turner is selling off—I wonder what color I had best get—Charlotte would like brown, it's so durable; but she looks so pretty in pink. It takes off her pale look, and casts such a rosy shadow on her cheek. But I am afraid she will think pink too gay for her." Thus weighing utility and sobriety against taste and becomingness, Susan entered the shop, and walking up to the counter, espied in a glass case a pink and brown plaid riband. Her own taste was gratified, and Charlotte's economy and preference of modest colors would be satisfied; in short, it was (all women will understand me) *just the thing*. She was satisfied, delighted, and, had not the master of the shop kept her waiting five minutes, she would have forgotten the inestimable value of that "quarter," that in addition to the nimpence must be paid. But in five minutes the feelings go through many changes; and, when Mr. Fuller said, "Here is your riband, Susan May!" Susan was standing with her back to the counter, and looking at the "quarter" as if she were studying it. She had on a deep sun-bonnet; as she raised her head it fell back and disclosed a tear on her cheek, and disclosed it, too, to Harry Aiken, who had come in unobserved, and was standing before her. She hastily threw down the money—it rolled on to the floor—he picked it up; he recognized it, and at once understood the whole. Susan left the shop first, and we believe few ladies, though they may have spent hundreds in the splendid shops of Broadway, have had half the pleasure from their purchases that Susan May had from the acquisition of this two yards of plaid riband. We ask, which was richest (in the true sense of the word), the buyer of Cashmere shawls and blonde capes, or our little friend Susan? And when Harry, overtaking her before she reached her own door-step, restored the precious "quarter," she was not conscious of an ungratified wish. Had they been a little older, there might have been some shyness, some blushes and stammerings; but now, Susan frankly told him her reluctance to part with it, her joy in getting it back again; and, suspending it by its accustomed riband, she wore it ever after, a little nearer the heart than before!"

Susy, at Mrs. Aikin's desire, being left in her care, the invalid and her father set out in Mr. Sibley's wagon, lent for the purpose. It is not easy to find a description more graphic, or dialogue more natural and striking, than the following:

"They travelled slowly, but he was never impatient, and she never wearied, for she was an observer and lover of nature. The earth was clothed with its richest green; was all green, but of infinitely varied tints. The young corn was shooting forth; the winter wheat already waved over many a fertile hill-side; the gardens were newly made, and clean, and full of promise—flowers, in this month of their abundance, perfumed the woods, and decked the gardens and courtyards, and where nothing else grew, there were lilacs and pionies in plenty. The young lambs were frolicking in the fields—the chickens peep-

ing about the barnyards; and birds, thousands of them, singing at their work.

"Our travellers were descending a mountain where their view extended over an immense tract of country, for the most part richly cultivated.

"I declare," exclaimed Uncle Phil, "how much land there is in the world, and I don't own a foot on't, only our little half-acre lot—it don't seem hardly right." Uncle Phil was no agrarian, and he immediately added, "But after all, I guess I am better off without it—it would be a dreadful care."

"Contentment with godliness is great gain," said Charlotte.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Lottie; I don't know who should be contented if I ain't—I always have enough, and every body is friendly to me—and you and Susan are worth a mint of money to me. For all what I said about the land, I really think I have got my full share."

"We can all have our share in the beauties of God's earth without owing, as you say, a foot of it," rejoined Charlotte. "We must feel it is our Father's—I am sure the richest man in the world cannot take more pleasure in looking at a beautiful prospect than I do—or in breathing this sweet, sweet air. It seems to me, father, as if every thing I looked upon was ready to burst forth in a hymn of praise—and there is enough in my heart to make verses of it if I only knew how."

"That's the mystery, Lottie, how they do it—I can make one line, but I can never get a fellow to it."

"Well, father, as Susy would say, it's a comfort to have the feeling, though you can't express it."

The troublesome inquisitiveness, which some ascribe to the Northern people, is much more truthfully characterized in these two, short paragraphs:

"Uncle Phil found out the little histories of all the wayfarers he met, and frankly told his own. Charlotte's pale sweet face attracted general sympathy. Country people have time for little by-the-way kindnesses; and the landlady, and her daughters, and her domestics inquired into Charlotte's malady, suggested remedies, and described similar cases.

"The open-hearted communicativeness of our people is often laughed at; but is it not a sign of a blameless life and social spirit?"

Poor Charlotte's malady was not cured by the New York Physician: but he prescribed a course of treatment, by which her sufferings were materially alleviated, and her life rendered not only tolerable, but comparatively easy. It did not consist in medicine. It consisted in proper victuals and clothing—cold bread always, and flannel all the year round—having her room constantly well aired—taking plenty of exercise—and, above all, *bathing her whole person every day in cold water, and rubbing her skin till it was dry and warm*—or, if conveniences for bathing were not at hand, using a tub, or even a basin of water, and a sponge: The flannel to consist of drawers and a waistcoat with sleeves; and to be worn next the skin. These prescriptions, designed to invigorate the general system, and not for local relief merely, are justified by that high medical authority, Dr. Combe; from whose work on "Physiology, as applied to the preservation of Bodily and Mental Health,"\* our authoress extracts some pages in a note.

In the course of time, Harry Aikin and Susan May were married: and went to live in the city of New York, whither Uncle Phil and Lottie accompanied them. Harry there followed the trade of carman: his wife plied her needle to good purpose: her sister aided her in all her work: and Uncle Phil, true to his character of jack-at-all-trades—that sure mark of laziness—and true also to the simple kindness of his nature, rendered a thousand little services, of which, nursing the children was the chief. They occupied part of a small house, where

"one room served as kitchen, parlor, and bedroom. It was furnished only with articles of the first necessity. There was a snug little bedroom for Uncle Phil, which he said suited him exactly; and a comfortable, good-sized one for Charlotte, with a neat rag carpet on it, 'because Lottie suffered with cold feet;' and a fireplace in it, 'for Lottie must have a fire when she had sick turns;' and two windows, 'for all Lottie's living was fresh

\* We have already given this admirable work a passing encomium, in a Notice of the "Medical Review;" and we design hereafter to present it more fully for the instruction of our readers.

air;" and the only bureau and the only rocking-chair were in Charlotte's room, because, as she said, "Susy had always some good reason at hand for giving her the best of every thing."

"Our friends were undeniably what the world calls poor. But they had affection, intelligence, temperance, contentment, and godliness. Were they poor? We shall see. In the meantime, let us see if there is not some misuse of terms in this world. Morris Finley had 'got in on the world.' He had so far secured his *main chance*, that he was engaged in profitable business. He lived in a good house, fashionably furnished; and his wife, like the wives of other flourishing young merchants, dressed in expensive materials, made in the latest fashion. Neither Morris nor his wife was vicious. They were only selfish and ostentatious, with unrefined minds, and hearts as empty as their purses were full.

"Husband," said Mrs. Finley to her partner, who had just come home from Wall-street to dinner, his mind engrossed with some unaccountable rise in the stocks. "Husband, mother has been here."

"Well, what of that?"

"She has given up her house."

"What of that?"

"Why, you know what of that as well as I do; she does not know what she is to do next."

"We must premise that Finley's father-in-law had made some unfortunate, as well as fortunate speculations; had died, and left his wife and an unmarried daughter penniless."

"I am sure I cannot say what she is to do next," replied Finley; 'she is lucky to have one daughter well provided for. What does she propose?'

"She did not propose anything. She sat and cried the whole morning."

"Of course she cannot expect to have a home here."

"Of course not. I told her, said I, 'Mother, if I were to ask husband to invite you here, we could not accommodate you, for we have not a room to spare; you know we must eat in the basement, to keep the parlors in order for company; and in the second story there is only the nursery and our bed-chamber; and one of the third-story rooms we must keep for a spare room; and, when Sabina Jane gets to be a little older, she must have the back upper chamber; and so,' said I, 'mother, you see, if husband were perfectly willing, it is impossible.'"

After this truly filial conclusion, it was determined also, that Mrs. Finley's sister, Miss Helen Maria, being fitted for nothing else, might try to obtain a place as governess; at all events, that they would not be burthened with her. The old lady could not expect Mr. Finley to be her security for the rent of a genteel boarding house which she wished to take; but he thought of a very cheap mansion, which he could procure for her, of a man who was "not particular about security," and for which Mr. F. proposed to advance the first quarter's rent: for, said he, "I aint one that holds to shirking poor relations." Mrs. F. echoed this sentiment; and her husband, dismissing that subject with the apothegm,—"*Folks that mean to go ahead in the world must avoid all unnecessary expenses;*" inquired

"Has the man been here about the curtains?"

"Yes; and I find the fawn, with blue borders, cost, for each window, twenty dollars more than the others."

"Bless my soul! how is that?"

"The fixtures are very showy and expensive—I don't make a point of those—but the blue and fawn is such a lovely contrast, and such a match for my carpet. If there's anything I do care about, it's a match."

"But the price, wife, is enormous."

"But it is not more than Mrs. Johnson Smith gave for hers."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive; Miss Saltus told me so, and Miss Saltus made them up. I should not depend on what Mrs. Johnson Smith said, for she always makes it out that her things cost more than any body else's; but I can rely on Miss Saltus."

"Well, if that's the case, take the blue and fawn. I hope I can afford what Johnson Smith can; but mind and make your bargain with that Saltus woman beforehand; work is slack just now, and she can't afford to lie by with that old blind nether on her hands. Get your work done as well and as cheap as you can; for, remember, *we must avoid all unnecessary expenses.*"

We are presently furnished with a precious pattern of parental treatment and moral discipline:

"What ails Sabina Jane? seems to me she does nothing but bawl."

"Mrs. Finley opened the door to inquire, and in rushed a pale little girl, with a bit of plum-cake in her hand."

"Take care, Judy," said the mother, picking up the crumbs the child profusely scattered; 'you should not let Sabina Jane come into the parlor; it's no place for children.'

"She would come, ma'am."

"Oh, Sabina Jane, my darling, go back to the nursery, that's a good child."

"I won't, I won't?"

"Mrs. Finley, in a low voice to the nurse—"Coax her, Judy—tell her you'll take her out to walk."

"I can't take her out myself—my foot is lame."

"Oh, only just tell her so, to pacify her. Stop, Sabina Jane, and listen to mother; Sabina Jane shall go out walking in Broadway, and have on her pretty velvet cap, and her cloak, all trimmed with pink—there, that's a good girl! now she'll go with Judy. Get out her things, Judy—make her look like a little beauty!"

"The little dupe returned to the nursery, and in two minutes was bawling louder than ever, having been quieted just that time by her mother's precious lesson in lying and vanity."

Reluctantly, we here close our outline and extracts; partly, because the space we have for them is filled, but chiefly, because it mortifies us to see how inexpensively short they fall, of conveying any adequate idea of the book's merits—of the just and shrewd remark, the lively delineation, the spirited dialogue, or the touching incident, which occurs in almost every page. Not the least merit of the work is, that never once, (to the best of our belief) is *vraisemblance* violated—"the modesty of Nature" overstepped. There is not a fact, which may not well have occurred: not a sentence, which is not appropriate to the person by whom it is uttered. All is probable—life-like—well assorted. Not a particle of *romance* appears. In this respect—simplicity, and *likelihood* of plot—we must own our prime favorite, Miss Edgeworth, to have been here surpassed—though, by the by, we do not agree with the Edinburgh Review, that *she* is remarkable for clumsiness in the contrivance of a story. But her heroes and heroines are often so clever and so good; are so wonderfully favored with fine opportunities for heroism; and improve every opportunity so marvellously well;—that poor human nature remains with upturned eyes and folded arms, in mute despair of ever equalling such perfection. Not so in *The Poor Rich Man, and The Rich Poor Man*. Here, no achievement startles, as incredible or strange; no good act, as improbable; no tenor of life, as impracticable; no *speech* even, as unnaturally wise, or eloquent. Any heart, not pitiably depraved—any sound mind, reasonably conversant with the world—will feel and know that all is practicable; will recognize every thing which happens, or is done, or said—as consistent with experience, or with observation. The sagest thoughts appear (and *are*) mere, plain, common-sense: the most pathetic scenes are evident transcripts of every-day life: the most moving and beautiful language comes from people whom it so perfectly suits, that they seem, while uttering it, to stand visible before us, in their work-day clothes. To have been thus, as it were, *common-place*, and yet have made a story of so much good sense and such enchaining interest,—is among the highest triumphs of talent. Perhaps the best praise ever bestowed upon Burns, was unconsciously given by the old housekeeper, who wondered what her mistress could find to admire in the Cotter's Saturday Night: for, said she, "It tells o' just nae mair than I used to see every Saturday, in my father's house." And a good reader-aloud of Shakespeare, will often make a half-attentive listener fancy, that a passage is *spoken, to or of* some actually present person or thing: so inevitably (when the Bard *spurns* not the bounded reign of Existence) does *presiding Truth* confess the accuracy with which He drew "each change of many-colored life."

The vulgar notion of *criticism* is, that it is synoni-

mous with '*fault-finding*.' We did intend to humor this idea, by exhibiting a list of offences against grammar or rhetoric, which we doubted not we should detect. But on the closest scrutiny, they all (save one) turn out to be *provincialisms*, or other improprieties, entirely in character with the persons who are guilty of them. Such is the clipping of the infinitive mood, thus—"She will be glad to:" a *New Englandism*, against which this journal has heretofore protested, but which is at least appropriate, in the mouth of a poor New England woman. Such are Uncle Phil's "*chores*,"—"kind of,"—"ena most,"—&c., which stamp his character with stronger verisimilitude and individuality. But there is *one* exception to our general justification of seeming faults. Somewhere in the book, our eye caught the phrase "*was being executed*;" and this, not used by such an ambitious vulgarian as Mrs. Finley, or Mrs. Finley's waiting maid, whose lips it would have well become; but by the authoress, in proper person! Again and again, we aver this to be a violation of English idiom, and countenanced by no respectable precedent, of twenty years' standing. 'Tis pity, that Miss Sedgwick should have lent it the sanction of her authority. She is a writer to establish precedents: and ought therefore to be on her guard.

But how small, how immeasurably small a deduction is this, from what the world owes her for having written *THE POOR RICH MAN, AND THE RICH POOR MAN!*