

**THE POOR RICH MAN,
AND THE RICH POOR
MAN. [NEW YORK-1838]**

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The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man. [New York-1838] by Catharine Maria Sedgwick

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CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK

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AND THE RICH POOR
MAN. [NEW YORK-1838]**

*Special Collection
of
Literature*

THE POOR RICH MAN,
AND
THE RICH POOR MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOPE LESLIE," "THE LINWOODS," &c.

* There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing : there is that maketh himself poor
yet hath great riches."

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, CLIFF-STREET.

1838.

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TO THE REV. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN,

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR

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THE POOR RICH MAN,
AND THE
RICH POOR MAN.

CHAPTER I.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

JUST out of the little village of Essex, in New England, and just at the entrance of a rustic bridge, there is a favourite resting-place for loiterers of all ages. One of a line of logs that have been laid down to enable passengers at high water to reach the bridge dry-shod, affords an inviting seat under the drooping limbs of some tall sycamores. There the old sit down to rest their weary limbs, and read with pensive eye the fond histories that memory has written over the haunts of their secluded lives. There, too, the young pause in their sports, and hardly know why their eyes follow with such delight the silvery little stream that steals away from them, kissing the jutting points of the green meadows, and winding and doubling its course as if, like a pleased child, it would, by any pretext, lengthen its stay;—nor, certainly, why no island that water bounds will ever look so beautiful to them as that little speck of one above the bridge,

with its burden of willows, elders, and clematis ; of a summer evening, their every leaf lit with the firefly's lamp ;—nor why their eye glances from the white houses of the village street, glimmering through the trees, and far away over the orchards and waving grain of the uplands, and past the wavy line of hills that bound the horizon on one side, to fix on the bald gray peaks of that mountain wall whose Indian story the poet has consecrated. Time will solve to them this *why*.

Under those sycamores, on a certain afternoon many years past, sat Charlotte May, a pale, sickly-looking girl, talking with Harry Aikin ; and beside them Susan May, whose ruddy cheek, laughing eye, and stocky little person presented an almost painful contrast to her stricken sister. Charlotte was examining with a very pleased countenance a new little Bible, bound in red morocco. " Did Mr. Reed give you your choice of the prizes, Harry ?" she asked.

" Oh, no ; Mr. Reed is too much afraid of exciting our emulation, or rivalry, as he calls it, for that. He would not even call the books he gave us prizes ; but he just told us what virtue, or rather quality, we had been most distinguished for."

" I guess I know what yours was, Harry," said Susan May, looking up from weaving a wreath of nightshade that grew about them.

" What do you guess, Susy ?"

" Why, kindness to everybody !"

" No, not that."

" Well, then, loving everybody."

Harry laughed and shook his head. " No, nor that, Susy ;" and, opening to the first unprinted page