

o h r's; and Montgarnier, with his family, consisting of three fair girls, of whom Sarah was the eldest, found themselves dependent upon his income for support. His pride could not brook the coldness with which the fashionable friends of his prosperity now passed him by—for him the world's enchantment had departed—he became sad and misanthropic, and thus still more unfitted to enter successfully into business. His was

The gift of song—woe, for whose deep romance,  
Lawren in the soul;

and he now turned author, to earn a scanty pittance by the rich creations of his imaginative genius. Nought but his pride now remained to tell the world that he was the identical Montgarnier at whose gilded equipage they once started with astonishment—to whom they once owed to pay their court—whose least word they almost hushed their breaths to hear, and whose every act they hastened to applaud.

His wife, unable to sustain the wretchedness to which they were reduced, faded away and died; and then Montgarnier, almost a maniac, cursed, and longed, yet dared not to die. He left his children, in the wide metropolis, to the mercy of strangers, and became a homeless wanderer. Some distant relatives compassionately offered an asylum to the younger sisters, while Sarah, then a heroic child of fourteen, determined to depend upon her own resources, and apprenticed herself to a milliner. She was a thoughtful child, serious, contemplative, and of deep religious feelings; and being now associated with pious persons, she soon experienced the renewing grace of God, and was able to believe herself an adopted heir of glory. Having learned that her father was in Baltimore, she wrote to him as an affectionate child, in such circumstances, would write to such a father. He was frantic with rage at the reception of the letter, that his daughter should presume to insult him by preaching to him so touchingly what he had long called 'cant,' and been endeavouring to prove foolishness. That she should disgrace herself and his family by attaching herself to the despised denomination of Methodists, was insupportable; and he hastened to see her, vowing to make her recant her principles, or to immerse her in a convent for life.

Arrived in New York, Montgarnier hastened to the residence of his daughter, and not finding her at home, he could not forbear venting some of the abuse which he had intended for her upon Mrs. Harlow, the milliner with whom Sarah lived and through whose instrumentality she had espoused the creed of his abhorrence. Such was the excitement of his feelings, that Mrs. Harlow would have trembled for the integrity of Sarah, had she not known the strength of her principles, and the fixedness of her decision. As it was, she was led to apprehend from the violent manner of Montgarnier, that his worst threats would be put in execution; and as she knew that Sarah would sooner die than renounce her joyful hope of immortality, she feared that she would be torn from her, and subjected to hardship and suffering. When Sarah returned, and Mrs. Harlow had informed her of her father's visit, and of the opposition which he manifested to religion, words cannot express the conflicting emotions which agitated and distressed her. Love for her father, and sorrow for his conduct—a desire to see him, and an endeavour to persuade him that her faith was founded on no vain illusion, joined to a fear, which her knowledge of his inflexibility of character rendered painfully certain, that she would be separated from her pious friends and the sanctuary of her God, and dragged to scenes of gaiety and amusement, or immured in that wretched prison, a Roman convent—grief that her duty compelled her to disobey him whom it had been her pride to honour—were too much for a being as frail as she to endure, and she fell dangerously ill. Her father continued to call; but her friends, fearing the consequences of interview in her weak state of health, refused to allow him to see her. Montgarnier, believing her illness to be feigned, watched her residence for a long time, hoping to detect her entering or leaving the house; and so several successive Sabbath evenings stationed himself at the door of the church which she was in the habit of attending, having a carriage in waiting to convey her away.

But Sarah had scarcely recovered, she learned that her father, in the vehemence of his passion, had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying

at the point of death, in a small public house in the vicinity of N—street. Sarah sent immediately, desiring permission to visit him, and received for answer, 'I have been murdered by my child—I will die alone!' She flew to his abode—she entreated—she demanded admittance—she was promptly refused, and sank senseless upon the threshold. When she recovered, her father was no more. The proud and impious spirit of Montgarnier had departed, and there was 'no hope in his death!'

"Sarah was, as might be expected, most deeply and painfully affected by her father's death; but she was also wonderfully sustained by Him who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee'—'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Her constitution, however, had received a severe shock; and her physician judging that a change of scene and employment would prove beneficial, Mrs. Harlow procured her a place as maid in the family of her friend, Mrs. Edgerton, who, though a nominal Christian, belonged too much to the class of worldly professors to render a residence in her family pleasing to the strict-religious Sarah.

"Mrs. Edgerton was a kind-hearted woman; and Sarah had endeared herself very much to her, by her consistency of character and gentle manners, and it was with regret that she parted with her; but Sarah fancying that a residence in a family of her own denomination could be a happy one, became our domestic, as I have told you. Alas, for the dear girl's disappointment! Alas, that I should have added so much bitterness to her cup of suffering! It is no excuse for me that I had imbibed the aristocratic prejudices against hired servants, which characterize some of the inhabitants of our large cities—it is no solace to my conscience to reflect that she received from me kinder attentions than many of my associates tendered to their domestics.—She came where she reasonably expected to find Christian charity, to solace, guide, and comfort her—she should have found a home—the desolate soul! have found in me a sister. Did I then possess a woman's heart, and remain all but untouched by Sarah's narrative of real woe, when a well-told fiction would have drowned my eyes with tears of unavailing compassion! O, the remembrance of those looks of scorn which repulsed her advances to my friend-ship! What cold-heartedness must have dictated such neglect—such inhumanity to the child of so much affliction!

"What inconsistency marks our American distinctions of society! They who are struggling with their poverty, and to procure subsistence, consent to serve the more fortunate, are oppressed, despised, and treated as beings destitute of human feelings—too often even by those who consider themselves the most benevolent of beings, whose hands are ever open for charity, and who delight in searching out the wretched and miserable, and alleviating the wants of those who, from indolence or inability, neglect to provide for themselves. But let these once arise from their dependence, and attempt to support themselves by the labour of servitude, and they are assisted no more—kind words, kind looks are no more for them. They have lost caste in the estimation of our aristocratic republicans by their efforts to obtain a livelihood!

"But vain are all the distinctions of rank. Nature has her own nobility; and of this peerage Sarah Montgarnier was princess. I could not but perceive her superiority, and my haughty bearing toward her was increased. Her mind, educated as she had been, must have been peculiarly sensitive to the slights which she daily received; but she never, by word or look, evidenced the least discomposure.

"She had remained with us nearly a year when her delicate frame again sunk under the attack of a violent and dangerous fever. She was not neglected—she was refused no attention; but I fear that a lack of the kindness and affection so fraternal to the sick, rendered the services I tendered but ungraciously performed. Had I then known the last unkindest stroke of fate, which doubtless was the cause of her illness, perhaps my conduct would have relented; but, no! it was reserved to heighten my remorse in the day of retrospection.

"We left the city soon after Sarah's recovery, and she declined accompanying us. It was not until a few years had elapsed, during which time

I had become deeply sensible of the cruelty of my conduct to Miss Montgarnier, that I again heard from her. Meeting with Mrs. Harlow at Saratoga, I eagerly inquired after the fortunes of her quondam protegee; when she unfolded to me more fully than I had hitherto known, the romantic yet sad sketch of the vicissitudes of Sarah's existence. Surely she was born the sport of fortune! How painfully vivid did the recollection of the patient resignation of her pale face become to me! In what a novel and still more interesting light her character appeared. I had always thought her mind to be of a most sternly proud and unwomanly character—so inflexible, intellectual, so apparently stoical and indifferent to all the tenderer impulsions of the affections, and withal had such a natural air of hauteur as no affliction could entirely subdue; and I had misjudgingly inferred that if she ever had a heart for earth, that

her heart was chilled  
And dead to all its softest sympathies.'

Well might one who was so well acquainted with the bitterest misfortunes appear stoical and indifferent to the minor sorrows of existence!

"During her residence with Mrs. Edgerton, she was introduced to an English gentleman of considerable fortune, who was so well pleased with her rare beauty and queenly manners, that she resolved to restore her to that rank in society which she was so well fitted to adorn. Mr. Barton was a Christian, in the fullest acceptance of the term, and as such he could not be disagreeable to Sarah. To be brief, she gave him her heart, without indulging in the coquetry so much beneath a mind like hers. Mr. Barton was obliged to visit New Orleans to transact important business, which would detain him for one or two years; but he left not Sarah until she had promised to become his at his return. He had too much regard for her independence of mind to object to her continuing to support herself as formerly, especially in the family of Mrs. Edgerton, who, he trusted, would befriend her for his sake.

"The years of absence had nearly passed, and methinks Sarah could not but congratulate herself upon the prospect of a speedy escape from the worse than southern slavery which shakles our New-York domestics, when she received a letter, the messenger of the intelligence that Mr. Barton was no more. Poor Sarah! she had no friend in me to whom she could confide this cruel bereavement. With the same calm brow she veiled her bosom's agony from us all; but it was doubtless this struggle with her grief which brought her so near the verge of the grave, in that severe sickness which I have before spoken of as to me so poignant a cause of remorse.

"But the most strangely romantic part of her history is yet untold. A year had passed away, and Sarah's widowed heart had grown once more cheerful—perhaps happier than before; for she had fully proved the frailty of all earthly ties, and turned the torrents of her heart's best feelings all trustfully to her Redeemer. Her health was sufficiently recovered to allow her to support herself by her needle; and the world once more must have brightened to her vision. Calling one day upon Mrs. Edgerton, she found the hall door open; and as she was a frequent visitor, she walked gently in, and, tapping at the parlour door, was bade to enter by a voice which called the quick blood mantling to her cheeks, and sent it rushing back with fearful violence to her heart. The door was opened by Mr. Barton, and Sarah sank fainting in his arms. It was not, however, the Mr. Barton of whom we have spoken, but Dr. Barton, his twin brother, of striking resemblance, who had visited America to attend to the settlement of his brother's affairs. Dr. Barton was exceedingly struck with Sarah's interesting countenance, rendered doubtless still more beautiful by the excitement of her feelings at their first interview. He was touched by her sad history; and as a quickly-ripened acquaintance revealed to him the estimable qualities of her mind and heart, he resolved to accomplish the design of his brother, by making her Mrs. Barton as quickly as possible.

"Sarah, on her part, could scarcely fail to love so exact a counterpart of the friend she had lost, and a rainbow-tinted bubble of happiness once more sparkled from her lips. The wedding day was appointed; and but one week intervened, when Sarah received a hastily-written note,