

**THE TRIUMPHS OF A  
MAID; OR,  
"BARBARINE"**

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The Triumphs of a Maid; Or, "Barbarine" by Alice Bentley Twitchell & O. O. Howard

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**ALICE BENTLEY TWITCHELL & O. O. HOWARD**

**THE TRIUMPHS OF A  
MAID; OR,  
"BARBARINE"**





**Gen. O. O. HOWARD.**  
Author of "FIGHTING FOR HUMANITY."

THE  
TRIUMPHS OF A MAID;

OR,  
"BARBARINE."

BY  
ALICE BENTLEY TWITCHELL. ♀

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.



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TO

MY MOTHER

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.



## INTRODUCTION.

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It was my privilege—for which I shall not cease to be grateful—to listen to the reading of this little book in its manuscript form.

Surprise, joy, sympathy—in fact, all descriptions of emotion—seized and agitated my heart and mind during those delightful hours.

The reading was quiet and natural, befitting the characters in the story, but it had not progressed far before reader and voice were alike forgotten, so absorbed was I by my interest in the story itself.

Parson Primrose and his wife, whom we early meet in the book, have their own marked features. They are of the English type; just enough of oddity about them to pique your curiosity on first acquaintance; opposite in

most things, yet so joined in spirit and heart that they always come together for judgment and action. The parson's good wife lives and thrives by inconsistencies the most unexplainable, yet according with several of my experiences, and with outbreaks that startle you, but it hurts not her conscience a particle to change her mind and shift her ground many times a day.

The child, Barbarine, is the central figure of the work. I am at a loss to name this creation as it rises and stands before my mind. I am inclined to say: "The angelic in child-life," but that is too ethereal—it is rather pure human child-life, such as that our Lord speaks of when He says: "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father in heaven." Yet the creation is not of religion, not even of piety, but of purity; of a force through simplicity permeated with love, that makes itself felt even by rough natures; of a music that not only discourses in sweet harmonies, but that tenderly thrills and touches the soul with uplifting power.

The English maiden lady—the spinster of uncertain years—could readily be dramatized. Her stiffness, her dress, her precise ways and her gentle nature, come to you like a choice picture with a few clever touches. The complete revolution which the child brings into her house is as marvelous as the bird-concert by which Barbarine unites earth and sky. Yet it is wrought without suddenness or shock.

The gradual development of the child mind and heart; the startling influence that Barbarine finally attains; her sudden appearance in public, and her success in fascinating by her music an assembled multitude—it is all there in the book.

This story needs no introduction, no recommendation. Once let the reading public discover it, with its wonderfully strong style, its bold sketches with never a word too much, its chaste and classic diction, and its many positive creations such as only real genius catches and renders, I believe it will have a run like the numerous Scottish character-paintings which have so recently brightened our homes, and