

**BARBARA HOWARD;
OR, THE BELLE OF
ALLENSVILLE, A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649494309

Barbara Howard; Or, the Belle of Allensville, a Tale by J. S. S.

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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THE BELLE OF ALLENSVILLE;

A TALE.

"——— In truth, she was a gentle maiden,
As sweet and lovely as the flowers of June;
And had she been well schooled and wisely nurtured,
She would have been a paragon indeed.

BOSTON:

SLEEPER, DIX AND ROGERS,
MERCANTILE JOURNAL OFFICE, — WILSON'S LANE.

1841.

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PREFACE.

THE tale of Barbara Howard, which is contained in this little volume, was originally written for the columns of the Boston Mercantile Journal, and appeared in that paper in seven successive numbers. In this tale, I have endeavored, under the guise of an interesting narrative, to portray some of the terrible evils of Intemperance. The pictures which are presented to the reader in this production, are not mere fancy sketches; they are not even exaggerated. Scenes as revolting in their character as are described to have taken place at the *tapern* in *Allensville*, and in the *home of the drunkard*, occur every year in half the villages of New England; and it is time that the community were awakened to a sense of their mighty evils; and

that PUBLIC OPINION should proclaim from one end of the Union to the other, that this bane of our country, Intemperance — this fiend, which is industriously and insidiously at work, undermining our civil, our moral, and our religious institutions, and scattering the firebrands and arrows of discord and death through the land, ought to be, and *shall be* banished from among us.

This tale was written merely as a newspaper story, and I am aware that it contains many defects and errors. But it was, nevertheless, received with much favor by many of the readers of the *Mercantile Journal*; and it having been suggested and strongly urged by some gentlemen, in whose judgment I have great confidence, that it should be published *in a book*, no time has been lost in laying it, in that form, with some few alterations and revisions, before the public.

J. S. S.

BARBARA HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

A SAILOR FALLING IN LOVE.

ICHABOD ALLEN was a true-hearted American sailor. He was born in a small village in the interior of Massachusetts, but fond of adventure, and charmed with the anticipated pleasures of a roving life, he left his happy home, and all the enjoyments, and cares, and labors to which he had been accustomed for years, and at the youthful age of fifteen, he embarked on his first voyage across the dark blue waves. He soon found, however, that the path of the sailor was not strewn with flowers; that much of the romance with which his imagination had clothed the occupation of a mariner, was dispelled when he came in

contact with the reality ; that there was more prose than poetry in getting well soaked with salt water in a dark night on a winter's coast ; in reefing top-sails, and sending down top-gallant masts in a gale of wind on a lee shore ; or hoisting out or in cargo, day after day, exposed to the sun, with the thermometer at ninety degrees, Fahrenheit. He did not even think there was anything particularly captivating in eating, week after week, salt junk of the color and consistence of St. Domingo mahogany, and sea biscuit which abounded with insects of different varieties ; and drinking water, from which a well-nurtured horse would have turned away in disgust. But Ichabod was blessed with a good constitution and a robust frame ; a happy disposition, and a good deal of determination of character ; and having once fairly got his hands in the tar-bucket, he resolved to pursue the sea-faring business as his occupation in life. He began at the lowest round, but he resolved to mount to the top of the ladder.

Ichabod went to sea on several voyages before the mast, and being of a cheerful, lively temperament, promptly obeying the orders of his officers, without sulky looks or mutterings of discontent, and desirous of making every one around him as happy as himself, he was always a favorite on board ; and treated with kindness by his

officers, and with affection by his shipmates. Nor was Ichabod Allen deficient in a manly spirit neither. He cautiously abstained from giving just cause of offence, on the one hand, but he would never tamely submit to an injury or an insult, on the other. Notwithstanding the apparent amiability of his temper, it could be excited without much difficulty; and more than once he was known to teach a practical lesson to an ill-mannered bully, and strongly impressed it on his memory, too, that a happy disposition, a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and handsome features, almost always illuminated by smiles, were not incompatible with a brave and noble spirit.

At the age of twenty-one, Ichabod Allen was as fine a looking fellow as one would desire to see on a summer's day. He was a good, but rather favorable specimen of a Yankee sailor. His frame was compact and muscular, his step was elastic, and his healthy, though sun-burnt complexion, his clear, hazel eye, and his intelligent countenance, all assisted in forming a physiognomy, such as sentimental young ladies love to meet with in their dreams, or haply to look upon in their waking moments. But Ichabod, although he carried in his heart a bosom formed neither of ice nor granite; although he had flirted and frolicked with gay and