

BARBARA FRITCHIE

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall
Over the mountains winding down
Horse and foot, into Frederick-town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten
Bravest of all in Frederick-town.
She took up the flag the men hauled down:
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced the old flag met his sight
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast
It shivered the window, pane and sash:
It rent the banner with seam and gash

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word,
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and Union, waive!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round the symbol of light and law
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick-town

Barbara Hauer was born December 3rd, 1766, in Lancaster, Pa., in early life moved to Frederick Md where she lived and died. Among the many events of her life may be named the following—In 1791 when Washington spent a night in Frederick, at Mrs Kimbal's Hotel Barbara brought her Liverpool china to grace the table, and at the sham funeral of Washington she was one of the pall bearers. Shew as married to John Casper Fritchie, by the Rev Wagner May 6th, 1806, and during the stormy war times she was intensely loyal. Whittier describes her doings admirably in his poem. She died December 18th, 1862, aged 96 years and 15 days; and is buried in Frederick, Maryland

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HER FLAG



HER RELICS



BARBARA FRITCHIE



HER HOME

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