

THE LIVING AGE.

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TO READERS OF THE LIVING AGE.

In making remittance, please send UNITED STATES NOTES. Having the opportunity of establishing a *sound and uniform* Currency, let no man delay to make use of it; and to do what he can to make it the *only* paper money.

Bank Notes are very good—at least we have not had a bad one for a long time—but *while our Government stands*, its notes are *better* than any other: and “when that flag goes down” (to adopt the words of our gallant neighbor, Captain Selfridge of the Navy), “we are more than willing to go down with it.”

TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.

A friend in the country writes to us that he sees almost every week, in his country paper, some article copied from *The Living Age*, without acknowledgment. And he advises us to say as follows: (and so we proceed to say)

“We have been accustomed to *exchange* with many newspapers which we do not read, out of courtesy, or from remembrance of their early introduction of *The Living Age* to their readers. While some of these papers are very sensitive and tenacious in regard to credit due themselves, they habitually copy from us without acknowledgment, preferring to give credit only to the foreign journals, which we always quote. They thus set up a claim on their own subscribers, as if they (the newspapers) were at the trouble and expense of importing all the Quarterlies, Monthlies, and Weeklies. We are therefore forced to give notice that where we are overlooked in this way, we must stop the exchange.”

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BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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 Freitchie 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 tossed
 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 Freitchie'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 Frietchie's grave
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !
 Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law ;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town !
 —*Atlantic Monthly.*

ON HEARING WEEK-DAY SERVICE AT
 WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
 SEPTEMBER, 1858.

I.

From England's gilded halls of state
 I crossed the Western Minster's gate,
 And, 'mid the tombs of England's dead,
 I heard the Holy Scriptures read.

II.

The walls around and pillared piers
 Had stood well-nigh eight hundred years ;
 The words the priest gave forth had stood
 Since Christ, and since before the Flood.

III.

A thousand hearts around partook
 The comfort of the Holy Book ;
 Ten thousand suppliant hands were spread
 In lifted stone above my head.

IV.

In dust decayed the hands are gone
 That fed and set the builders on ;
 In heedless dust the fingers lie
 That hewed and heaved the stones on high ;

V.

And back to earth and air resolved
 The brain that planned and poised the vault
 But undecayed, erect, and fair,
 To Heaven ascends the builded Prayer,

VI.

With majesty of strength and size,
 With glory of harmonious dyes,
 With holy airs of heavenward thought
 From floor to roof divinely fraught.

VII.

Fall down, ye bars : enlarge my soul
 To heart's content take in the whole ;
 And, spurning pride's injurious thrall,
 With loyal love embrace them all !

VIII.

Yet hold not lightly home ; nor yet
 The graves on Dunagore forget ;
 Nor grudge the stone-gilt stall to change
 For deal-board bench of Gorman's Grange.

IX.

The self-same Word bestows its cheer
 On simple creatures there as here ;
 And thence, as hence, poor souls do rise
 In social flight to common skies.