

## Old Glory

Old Glory! Say who  
By the ships and the crew  
And the long, blended ranks of the  
Grey and the Blue—  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name  
that you bear  
With such pride everywhere,  
As you cast yourself free to the rap-  
turous air,  
And leap out full length, as we're  
wanting you to?—  
Who gave you that name, with the  
ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming  
to you  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of  
White and of Red,  
With your stars at their glittering  
best overhead,  
By day or by night  
Their delightful light,  
Laughing down from their little  
square heaven of blue—  
Who gave you the name of Old  
Glory? Say who?—  
Who gave you the name of Old  
Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering  
then  
In vague lips and whispers fell silent  
again.

Old Glory, speak out! We are asking  
about  
How you happened to "favor" a  
name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless  
and gay,  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild,  
breezy way—  
We, the crowd, every man of us, call-  
ing you—  
We, Tom, Dick and Harry, each  
swinging his hat,  
And hurraing "Old Glory!" like  
you were our king,  
When, Lord, we all know, we're as  
common as sin;  
And yet it seems like you humor  
us all,  
And waft us your thanks, as we hail  
you, and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving  
us on  
Where our gloried, sanctified betters  
have gone.  
And this is the reason we're want-  
ing to know

(And we're wanting it so!  
Where our own fathers went we are  
willing to go.)

Who gave you the name of Old  
Glory? Oho—  
Who gave you the name of Old  
Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy  
thrill  
For an instant; then wistfully sighed  
and was still.  
Old Glory, the story we're wanting  
to hear  
Is what the plain facts of your  
christening were;  
For your name, just to hear it,  
Repeat it, and cheer it, is a tang to  
the spirit,  
As salt as a tear;  
And seeing you fly, and the boys  
marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a  
blur in the eye,  
And an aching to live for you always  
—or die;  
If, dying, we still keep you waving  
on high,  
And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the  
sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory,  
and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old  
Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a  
sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at  
last,  
And it spake, with a shake of the  
voice, and it said:  
By the driven snow white and the  
living blood red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of  
stars overhead;  
By the symbol conjoined of them all,  
skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at  
the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long  
grasses nod;  
My name is as old as the glory of  
God.  
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### MANY NEGROES OWNED SLAVES AND LOST THROUGH EMANCIPATION

Before slavery was abolished in the United States 18,000 slaves had negro masters. That is a small number compared to a total of 2,000,000, but it is startling to those of us who were saturated in our youth with the idea that all owners and masters of slaves were of the kind pictured in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When the head of our house returned in a faded blue

uniform after a year spent in a hospital in Frederick, Md., he was credited with having put down the rebellion and with having given liberty to the negro, who must be regarded as a brother. In our town the only negro was John Smith, the barber, and he was only about one-quarter negro; but it seemed to me at that time I should have been happy to have had so much fuss over me as was being made in the north over all the black men. Later some of the romantic conclusions of youth

were destroyed, so that this latest shock comes less severely. In Baltimore, where the negro was anything but a curiosity, fifteen years after the war I was told by more than one black man that he would be mighty glad to have his old master back; he never used to worry about his food and clothes. But always the masters were white men.

The fact that negroes were placed in poverty by the act that made free all other negroes in the land is a chapter in American history only recently obtained with difficulty by Calvin Dill Wilson. The facts were gathered for the Carnegie institution of Washington from documents in courthouses, historical societies and libraries, and appear in a recent issue of the Popular Science Monthly.

Ancient history shows people were placed in bondage frequently without regard to color or previous condition; in fact at one period in human progress being made a slave was evidence of kindness on the part of your captor, whose natural inclination was to kill and possibly eat you. Without going into the subject, which might readily lead to great length, it may be recalled that in Greece free parents sold their children into slavery, and that persons hopelessly in debt sold themselves to their creditors. If there were any justice at any time in the custom or privilege the negro with equal rights in America has as much right as another to hold slaves, particularly negro slaves.

With slavery as a part of our social fabric the negro who had acquired property or capital might no longer be content with the proverbial horse, clean shirt and shilling; he naturally desired to own slaves as evidence of his standing, and as the customs of the country did not require slaves with white faces he could not but choose those of his own race.

"The negroes brought with them from their native land African ideas and customs," says Mr. Wilson. "They were used from immemorial times to slavery. Many of those brought thence to America had been slaves in Africa. In both cases they were used to slavery. It did not therefore seem to them unnatural for a negro in America to hold his brethren in bondage, when he had become free and able to buy his fellows. William Pitt, the younger, in a speech, April 2, 1792, in the British parliament, on the abolition of the slave trade, said: 'Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children and ultimately themselves.' The black man in America has always been imitative, and his desire to do what the white man did doubtless also influenced him in this matter. Moreover, there were in his country tribal differences and antagonisms which continued to obtain in America; the Guinea nigger was looked down on by members of superior tribes, and one of a higher race often felt that a Guinea negro was fit only to serve him."

Official figures are lacking from nearly all the states until within comparatively recent years, but Mr. Wilson has found interesting incidents bearing on this almost unknown phase of American history. The Connecticut Historical society has a bill of sale from Samuel Stanton, Stonington, Conn., Oct. 6, 1783, to Prince, a free negro, of a slave woman named Binar. On the reverse of the document is a bill of sale of the same Binar, a slave, to Isaac Denison.

Among the stories told is of a Jacob, slave of a Mrs. Gasken, at New Bern, N. C. His wife was a free woman, and consequently their

son Jacob was free. Aided by his mother, young Jacob managed to purchase his father at a reasonable price. Later the old man had occasion to reprove the youth, and the latter, disgruntled, went to a negro speculator, who bought the old man at a high price and shipped him to a distance. Young Jacob boasted the old man had been sent to the corn fields near New Orleans, where he might learn some manners.

John Carruthers Stanley, a negro born in 1772 in Craven county, North Carolina, was emancipated in 1808 by the legislature of the state upon petition of his mistress, Mrs. Lydia Stewart, whose husband was dead. Stanley advanced rapidly in property, according to his information, until he was the owner of sixty-four slaves and forty-two other negroes were bound to him by law for service.

Dilsey Pope owned a house and lot in Columbus, Ga., was her own mistress and also enjoyed the luxury of a husband, whom (thrifty soul) she hired out. He offended her and she exercised her right of ownership, selling him to a Colonel Seaborn Jones. Dilsey Pope reconsidered and pleaded with the colonel to reconsider. She wanted to buy

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