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MARCH, 1916

No. 2.

NEW ERA MAGAZINE



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED to the
WORLD-WIDE INTERESTS of the COLORED RACE



MISS IRA ALDRIDGE
(See p. 73) London, England



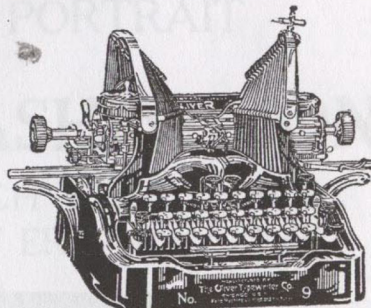
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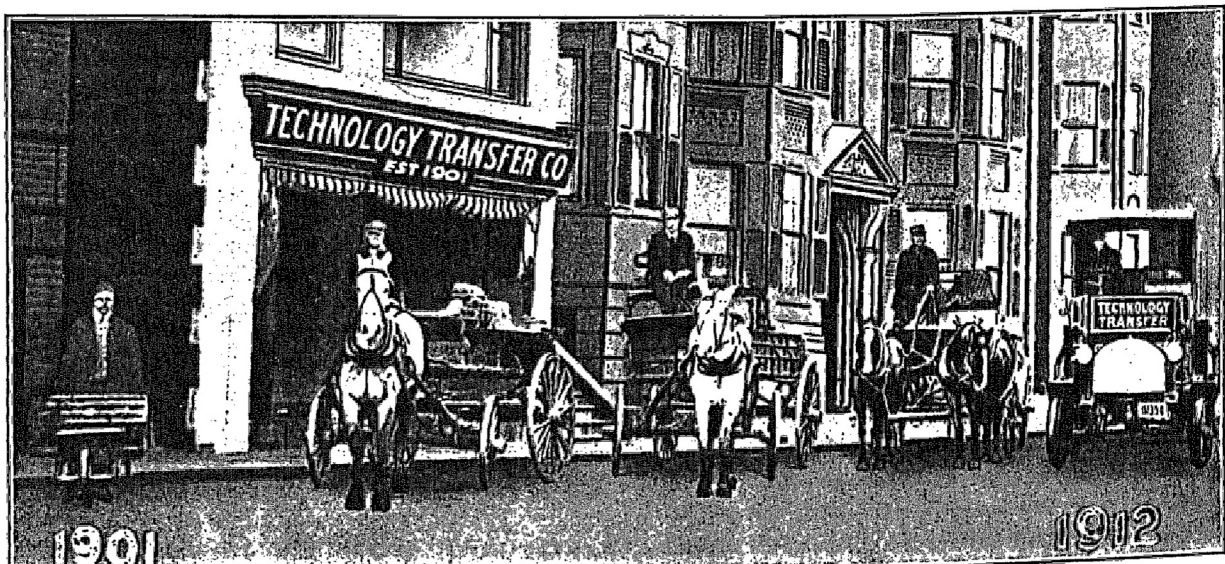
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NEW ERA MAGAZINE

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CRISPUS ATTUCKS OR BOSTON MASSACRE MONUMENT. ON BOSTON COMMON,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CRISPUS ATTUCKS

*"His heart was the best logician; his instinct wrought more
for mankind than all the pride of intellect and thought."*

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CRISPUS ATTUCKS

"His heart was the best logician; his instinct wrought more for mankind than all the pride of intellect and thought."

The presence of British soldiers in King Street, on March 5, 1770, stirred Boston, and as usual, sage counsellors were soon busily writing and talking against the abuses of arbitrary power and as usual accomplishing nothing. The people were at white heat with passion over the violation of their rights.

One writer says that the soldiers had to maintain themselves by working at odd jobs when quartered in a city, and that one of them asked Attucks where he could get a job. Attucks' reply was that he could go the extreme length before he could get one. A fight ensued, and very soon a motley rabble of men and boys, led by Crispus Attucks, was shouting: "The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard; strike at the root; this is the nest!" With more courage than prudence, they rushed to King Street and were fired upon by Captain Preston's company. Crispus Attucks was the first to fall; he and Samuel Gray and Jonas Caldwell were killed on the spot. Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr were mortally wounded.

"From that moment," said Daniel Webster, "we may date the severance of the British Empire."

Excitement ran high. Bells were rung, and an immense concourse of people formed an impromptu meeting. On the 8th a public funeral of the martyrs took place. Boston shops were closed; the bells of Boston and of neighboring towns were rung. The body of Attucks, the Negro slave, had been placed in Faneuil Hall with that of Caldwell, both being strangers in the city. Maverick was buried from his mother's house in Union Street, and Gray from his brother's house in Royal Exchange Lane. The four hearses met at King Street, and there the procession marched on in columns six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to the most distinguished citizens, to the middle burying-ground, where the four victims were deposited in one grave over which a stone was placed with the following inscription:

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise
contend,

Dear to your country shall your fame
extend;

While to the world the lettered stone shall
tell,

Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Mave-
rick fell."

The anniversary of the Boston Massacre was commemorated every year in Boston by orations and other



MAJOR CHARLES YOUNG, U. S. A..

Winner of the second Spingarn Medal. It was presented to Major Young by Governor McCall of Massachusetts.

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exercises until after the achievement of national independence, when the Fourth of July was substituted for the Fifth of March. For fifty years after the Revolutionary War, the name of Crispus Attucks was honorably mentioned by men of note who were not blinded by foolish prejudice.

Bancroft's History gives a clear account of the condition of colored soldiers in the army at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill:

"Nor should history forget to record, that, as in the army at Cambridge, so also in this gallant band, the free Negroes of the colony had their representatives. The right of free Negroes to bear arms in the public defense was, at that day, as

little disputed in New England as their other rights. They took their place not in a separate corps but in the ranks with the white man; and their names may be read on the pension-rolls of their country side by side with those of the soldiers of the Revolution."

We should feel proud to know that the men of the Lew family of Lowell, Mass., were Revolutionary soldiers serving as fifers and drummers in the forefront of battle. A younger member of this family, Mr. Carl White, is an enthusiastic worker on the Board of Directors of the New Era Publishing Company.



MISS JANE R. BCSFIELD,
Boston, Mass.

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"And all along our beaten path
These bright examples stand:
There Attucks fell, here Morris strove,
And Douglass waves his brand;
The martyr, patriot, and sage,
The living and the dead,
Still lead our upward march and bear
Their banners o'er our head."

"Attucks Day," this year, was celebrated by colored citizens, at the time when all truly civilized among us revolt at the very idea of this denial of work and the right to eat in the same room with fellow-employees on racial grounds.

For our freedom now and forever his head was the first laid low.

O, planter of seed in thought and deed has the year of right revolved,

And brought the Negro patriot's cause with its problem to be solved?

His blood streamed first for the building, and through all the country's years



The Late CHARLES W. PINDER, Providence, R. I.
See page 122

Honor to Crispus Attucks, who was leader
and voice that day;
The first to defy and the first to die with
Maverick, Carr and Gray,
Call it riot or revolution, his hand first
clenched at the crown,
His feet were the first, in perilous place, to
pull the king's flag down.
His heart was the first one rent apart that
liberty's stream might flow:

Our growth of story and fame of glory
are mixed with his blood and tears.
And so must we come to the learning of
Boston's lesson today,
The moral that Crispus Attucks taught
in the old, heroic way,
God made mankind to be one in blood, as
one in spirit and thought;
And so great a boon, by a brave man's
death, is never dearly bought.

LIFE STORY OF IRA ALDRIDGE

A Fascinating Sketch of the Greatest Black Tragedian — Including a Visit to His Home and Family in London

CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE

Colored Americans who have visited England during the past ten years have felt their trips incomplete without a visit to the London home

A trip there from the center of London means a ride in the "two-penny tube," and upon alighting at the Notting Hill Gate station and



IRA ALDRIDGE IN "OTHELLO"

of the late Ira Aldridge. Consequently it has been the good fortune of a number of us to be welcomed in the home at 2 Bedford Gardens, Kensington, W. London.

inquiring here for the street and number, you are told by the ever polite policeman to, "Walk up Silver Street and take the third turning at the top." When one has been

in London a short while such directions can be followed without the mental bewilderment that comes to him at first.

In the summer of 1906 I followed these directions and found myself at the door of a modest little home in the Kensington section of London. In answer to my ring the door was opened by "Ritchie," the Aldridge maid, whom I am sure all American visitors remember.

Upon presentation of my letter of introduction from Mrs. Leota Henson-Turner of Detroit, who had been a close friend of the Aldridges during her residence in England, covering a period of several years, I was escorted up to the drawing room—second floor front. While waiting for the appearance of some member of the family I amused myself by looking at the many photos on the walls.

The first to arrest the eye was a large life-sized picture of Ira Aldridge taken in his costume as Othello. On the same wall was a large bust picture of him, showing on the lapel of his coat the many decorations given him by various crowned heads. Autographed photos too numerous to mention were upon every wall, and one had but to read the names thereon to realize in what high esteem Ira Aldridge was held as an actor and man.

My visit that day was a memorable one. I was soon greeted by Mrs. Aldridge, the widow, a most charming lady, who was a great friend of the late Jenny Lind, and the two daughters, Misses Lauranah and Ira.

During the conversation I learned that Ira Aldridge was born in Belaire, Maryland, U. S. A., in 1810. When

quite young he was employed by Wallack, the actor and theatrical manager. In this way he came in contact with great actors of the day and soon became fired with the ambition to be an actor.

Edmund Kean recognized his ability and encouraged him and Aldridge went to England where he appeared in several plays.

As may be imagined he created a great sensation wherever he appeared. He soon became famous as an actor of Shakesperian plays and appeared as Othello in Covent Garden in 1833. From this time until his death in 1867 he was considered the greatest Othello.

Aldridge was highly esteemed and greatly honored by crowned heads of Europe and received many medals and other decorations.

At the height of his career he married, and three children were born—two girls and one son. The son died in early manhood after having attracted a great deal of attention as a pianist.

The elder daughter, Miss Lauranah, was educated for opera and appeared with great success, but owing to ill health has devoted her musical activities to occasional London recitals. The younger daughter, Miss Ira, seems to have inherited her musical ability from her mother and her father's magnetic personality. When quite young she won a scholarship and was accepted as a private pupil of Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale." For years Miss Aldridge has been counted among London's most successful vocal teachers, and in recent years she has shown great talent as a composer, many of her songs and

orchestral compositions being heard in the European musical rooms.

The meeting with this talented and gifted family is a never-forgotten experience, and that the two talented daughters are still keeping the name of Aldridge in the Art of Europe is something for which their American cousins should feel proud.

AS TOLD OVER THE TELEPHONE

The story of the balking mule, "Shoe," driven by Uncle Abe and owned by a wholesale feed house. After spending his energies on Shoe for over an hour, Abe telephones in despair to his employers.

AN ANECDOTE

"Please, marm, gimme number two hund'ed an' 'leven. Is dat you, Marse Henry? . . . Yessir, dis is Abe. I dun ring yer up, sir, to tell you 'bout Shoe. Shoe he dun balk down here on Broad Street, sir."

""

"Bout a hour, sir."

""

"Yessir, I bus' him in de head."

""

"I dun wear de whip handle out on him, sir."

""

"Yessir, I kick him in de belly 'bout eight times, sir."

""

"Marse Henry, I would ha' kick him some mo' but I hu't me big toe on um de las' time I kick um."

""

"Twis' he tail? No, sir, not me. A gemman from New York, he twis' he tail."

""

"No sir, I don't think he dead. De Doctor take him 'way in de am'lance."

""

"Yessir, it was sure foolish."

""

"Marse Henry, I done set fire under Shoe."

""

"De harness? Dun burn de harness clean of um."

""

"De cart? Yessir, dun burn de cart, too, sir, all 'cept one wheel sir."

""

"Yessir, I git de feed out fust, sir."

""

"Marse Henry, is you want me to come back to de store and go to work, or mus' I wait fer Shoe to move?"

I DREAMED OF THEE AS UP THE ROAD

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

I dreamed of thee as up the road
At twilight I pursued my way,
Near where the sea's great waters flowed
Beside the sea-wall old and grey.
My thoughts of thee were like a spell,
Sweet dreamings in that peaceful hour
When on the waves night's spirit fell
Diffusing all its calm, strange pow'r—
And in the dark'ning dome above
There shone one star—the star of love.

I dreamed of thee, thy tender grace,
Thy voice so like the mystic mew—
The wonders of thy star-bright face
The many secret charms in you.
And all the while, a soft strange sound,
Not of the sea, nor of the shore
For it came whence no bourne is found,
Seduced my heart of what it bore.
And in a hushed and darksome grove
A robin sang his song of love.