

THE BOSTON ADVOCATE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886

Poetry.

Is It Anybody's Business?

Is it anybody's business when a young man goes to call, If he enters at the kitchen, or the parlor, or the hall? Is it anybody's business, but the girl's he goes to see, What that young man's name and station may happen for to be?

Extract from a Bride's Diary.

THE FIRST HARSH WORD—GEORGE'S LOW, GURGLING, MITTER, CURDLING LAUGH. May 10—George said last week that we must economize, for trade seemed to be paralyzed. It is funny that trade should have waited till we got married and then got paralyzed. But we must do all we can, George says, to save our money. I am trying every way to save what he makes. For three days I have been making my husband a pair of the cutest night shirts that anybody ever saw.

dark, and his voice so pleading, that I would have purchased the book if I had had to borrow the money. The book is a very useful one, and is bound in the same color as my new dog. It tells how to make custards, blanch-manges, and floating island. It also tells you in the back part how to cure leaves, glanders and bots. I can hardly wait till George gets the bots so that I can bring out my little red volume and win him back to life and joy again. It also gives away other information. Anyone with this book in the house can go to work and take a person right through a long slice of crop or yellow fever without a doctor, and there is a whole lot of law in it, so that George won't have to have a lawyer or a doctor, and we can save a great deal that way.

In fancy I stand at the head of the cellar stairs and make suggestions about where to set it, while George rests one edge of it on his person and moans. With a good orderlander in our home, I feel that we may gradually accumulate quite a little property. If George will only put the same amount of zeal and industry into home life, and try to economize, we will some day be very, very comfortable. All we need now is a home and some furniture, for I have already secured the orderlander. I bought some rhubarb at the drug store this morning and to-morrow I will make a couple of pies. George is passionately fond of rhubarb pies.

spoken of by this people as "Father Carruthers," and Mr. White, at different periods, have supplied this pulpit and labored among the people. From Feb. 15, 1880, to the present time, the present incumbent, Rev. John G. Wilson has been the acting pastor.—Portland Daily Press.

A Practical Joke.

A writer in the "Chicago Ledger," commenting on his war experiences, relates the following practical joke which was afterward turned to good account: The weather was fearfully hot in August, 1862, when we were marching from Rolla to Springfield—a green regiment never in battle. Now, after years of service, I am persuaded that there is no more over-invented a better way to discipline a troop, and get them over the "stage fright" of first onset, than our good colonel. On going into camp one night upon that march, the order was given "to sleep upon our arms." That we understood to mean an enemy in the neighborhood. It did not promote sleep. I can assure you. All sorts of imaginings were in our heads. We were going to be attacked.

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A Splendid Offer

and then got paralyzed. But we must do all we can, George says, to save our money. I am trying every way to save what he makes. For three days I have been making my husband a pair of the cutest night shirts that anybody ever saw. They are long and graceful and trimmed with pink embroidery. George put one of them on last night and we had our first harsh word.

At first he laughed a low, bitter laugh, such as we hear on the stage sometimes when the villain sticks a large red stab knife into a casual acquaintance.

I did not think that my own George would ever curdle my young blood with

anybody with

enough to soil a silk handkerchief or to know that the buttons ought to be on the right hand side, and that three pockets in a night shirt was all moonshine.

Then he buckled a shawl-strap around him and pretended to be Sitting Bull, but I would not laugh at him. It was the first time that I ever refused to laugh at anything that George expected me to laugh at. Can he ever forgive? Oh, can he ever forgive? I threw myself on the bed and wept till the pillow-shams were a sight to behold.

I also made a mistake in putting in the sleeves, so that they pointed back into the dim past. George said that he felt all the time as if he had been turned around in a cyclone, and that while he was struggling to peer into the future his arms were striving to lay hold on the dear, dead past.

He can be quite eloquent when he feels like it, and his employer says that he is the most brilliant conversationalist they have at the barber shop.

I can now see that if I had put in more time at home in learning to sew and cook, and less time on my voice, it would have been better for George.

Papa spent a good deal of money in teaching me to go up and down the scale, and how to sing sad pieces with a tremulo in them, but the button holes that I make, George says, look like the eye of a dead hog. I think that parents are apt to make a mistake in the estimate they place on their children. For instance, papa would never sing anything but, "Me Poor Nellie Grey," and if mamma could sing anything she did it under an assumed name, for I never heard her. Well, when I began to sing at school and people could discover what tune it was, my parents began to squander money on my alleged voice. I always knew I couldn't sing; but here I am with a trunk full of sheet music, no piano, and a faculty for making a pie that would lead a man to the gallows.

I also know how to elocute some, but that does not keep us now. What does a poor man want of a wife who can recite "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and who cannot throw any hope into a low-spirited bank of bread?

I see it now, oh so plainly, and so does George, I fear. I cannot understand how he feels exactly. He may be a rich man some day, if he don't die of dyspepsia before he amasses a fortune, and all that time I must practice on some one. Poor George?

Yesterday I bought a little red receipt book of a pleasing young man who called at the door. His eyes were so deep and

All we need now is a home and some furniture, for I have already secured the landlord.

I bought some rhubarb at the drug store this morning and to-morrow I will make a couple of pies. George is passionately fond of rhubarb pies.

There would be far less connubial unhappiness if wives would study their husbands' wants, and supply them, I think.

—Bill Nye

#### Abyssinian Church of Portland, Me.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. G. WILSON.  
Previous to 1800, there were very few

people of color in

went on in the war of 1775. In 1803,

a colored man, whose name was George Peters, a resident of Portland, was placed in the pillory, which was erected on what was called the "Training Field," where the Eastern Cemetery now is. In 1810, but two families of colored people were residents of Portland. These mostly, resided near Mountfort and Hancock streets or on Mainjoy Hill. As a class these are said to be generally esteemed. Among the most prominent men among them was Rev. Samuel Snowden, a wealthy preacher of the Methodist denomination. Others were Joseph and Lewis Sheppard, Boston Jackson, Peter Smith, Jack Williams, Isaiah Ruby, James Ball, and others, who are spoken of by those who knew them as being respectable, industrious men.

During the period from 1813 to 1832 many of the people of color were received into the Second Parish Church. Seats in the gallery of the meeting house of this parish were reserved especially for this people. Greatly to their credit and doubtless to their profit, they were constant and regular in attendance. At length twenty-two of these members were dismissed to form the Abyssinian Church, which took place August 7th, 1835.

The ecclesiastical council, convened for this purpose at the Abyssinian church, was organized by the choice of Rev. Joseph Wall, Moderator, and Rev. John W. Chickering, Scribe. The churches represented were the Second, Third, High St., and State St., of Portland. Rev. Ass Cummings, Sewell Berry, and Rev. Mr. Carruthers, being present, were invited to sit and deliberate with them. At this time, as appears in the minutes of the general conference of the Congregational churches in Maine, S. W. Chase was the stated supply for the pulpit, who continued to 1840. From 1841 to 1851 Amos N. Freeman was pastor, Benjamin Lynch was installed May 23, 1854, dismissed 1856. E. J. Adams was superintendent Sunday School 1856 to 1857, Amos G. Beman from 1857 to '60, James F. Brown, Nov. 16, 1860 to '61, Eben Ruby Sept. 1861 to '63, John B. Haslette 1865 to '66, James W. Pennington for a period subsequent to Dec. 2, 1866, whose decease was in Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 22, 1870. Rev. Samuel Harrison was acting pastor 1870, Aug. 1 to July '72, Rev. W. P. Alward for three months from June 1, 1875.

Rev. Mr. Carruthers, father of the venerable and beloved Dr. Carruthers of this city, pleasantly and affectionately

"Strike a match boys, so I can find my hat." And so it went until we heard the command, "Fall in line," and we obeyed, half scared out of our wits; and there we stood and quaked and wondered how soon the enemy would begin firing, expecting the leaden compliments every moment. Had the enemy appeared then we would have been powerless.

But there was no enemy. This was a practical drill put upon us to accustom us to just such scenes, and it did what it was designed for. In a little time we sprang from our beds ready for the enemy and trained to our work.—Ez.

and one of the number was a young lady. As she was good-looking and attractive, it was no wonder that us men folks slobbered over her, wiped off our chin, and sought to entertain her. She didn't ask any of us whether he was married or single, but just chatted away with one another like a sensible girl. We had gone about a mile when the harness broke and we had to wait half an hour while the driver made repairs. During this interval the young lady introduced a small book of poems and interested herself. Pretty soon the Major asked her to read a few poems for our delectation. She blushed and hesitated, but finally complied. She was a fair reader, and it read like fair poetry, but she had scarcely finished the first poem when the Major spoke up:

"Ah! it's Burns! I recognized him by his false syntax, lame meters and wishy-washy rhymes. Dear me, but I hope he is not your standard."

"These are not Burns' poems," she quietly replied.

"Not Burns? Who then?"

"—I wrote them myself, sir!"

The Major did not see about the harness, and we saw him no more. He walked back to the hotel to ruminate.

—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Love for Newspapers.

The following extract from some paper so well expresses our ideas that we think the space it occupies will be well used.

In it may be seen something of that intangible thing called good will, which so many have often tried to define:—

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