

Literary Department.

Mrs. M. E. WHITAKER, Edress.

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

Yes, that is the question? what can she do? If she steps out of the beaten track—but one half step—it matters not how good her motives may be, the world of mankind is in arms at once, and "how masculine she is," or "I pity her husband—he's hen-pecked"—is the verdict of their generous souls. Thank God there are some women, who have even yet a spark of God given-spirit left, who are above being affected by the sneers of those, whose hearts and minds are too contracted to take in the why's and wherefores, which actuate women-kind in their efforts to do and live.

Thank God, we say, that in these troublous times, there are a few who are not such slaves to the opinion of the outside world, but, that they can try to do good to others, and benefit themselves; and above all, are we thankful, that there are a few gentlemen left, who have innate refinement enough, to appreciate a woman's position and motives; and instead of trying to "kick her down" by slurs and innuendos, encourage her by words and actions in all her efforts to do right.

WANTED!

Years ago, when times were not what they are now, we knew and loved a gentle, pretty child, and as she grew in years and stature, we loved to watch her intellect unfold, and note the bright promise of future years.—Everything that the fondest affection could devise, and wealth bestow, was hers, and every scene of life she entered on, was bright and lovely. Hers was a lot to be envied, and yet none knew her but to love and to admire.—Years flew away, and she came forth upon the changing scenes of life, a noble woman—and then we parted.—A few short years have passed, and we see in the advertising columns of the newspaper, the sentence: "Wanted, a situation as teacher in some private family or school," and our little friend of former years, is the applicant. We inquire into the matter, and find the "cruel war" has left her destitute—her home is gone—father murdered, and naught left of all her former blessings, but the memory of the past.

And this case, though sad in the extreme, is but one of the thousands that have occurred, through the blighting influences of a horrid war. And can it seem strange, that the women of the South have failed to meet with friendly smiles and cordial welcomes—those who have caused this suffering. By the memory of those we have loved and lost, and the homes and firesides that have been made desolate, by the smouldering ruins of once loved homes, and the manes of our murdered loved ones, we never can forget; and though we are taught by the Savior, to forgive our enemies, we are not taught to embrace them.

Wanted! wanted! The country wants peace and quiet—the destitute want homes—the impoverished orphans want sympathy and encouragement. Whenever we see that heading, "A situation wanted by a lady," we say in our heart, "there is another child of misfortune, struggling with a cold and heartless world."

LIVING ON AIRS.

A once lighted hearted merry girl, but now, by the sad results of the war a homeless orphan, dependent upon teaching for a living, thus writes:

"I am teaching school and I really like the employment and the good people with whom I sojourn, and but for the fact, that they are the devotees of etiquette and insist on my bowing down and worshipping at the shrine of that stuck-up god, I should enjoy myself very much. But, I have to be so prim and precise that the effort almost overpowers me. My once merry heart, so exuberant and joyous—though bearing now the scars of many sorrows—will still, occasionally, put forth its buds and blossoms, and then I want to shout and laugh just as I did in merrier days. But all these feelings must be repressed by the "school marm," whose prim example

is to be the light by which the young hopefuls are to be guided in learning how to shoot.

I am living on airs. Did you ever try it? It is great living, and I insist on your trying it, Mrs. Edress, and in case you make up your mind to do so, I will give you a few examples taken from my own efforts in that line, at the dinner table for instance. You ought to see me.

Some one whispers on my right. I turn my head with a graceful toss and between a whisper and a simper reply "if you please!"—to a question on the other side, I return a "no, thank you!"—just loud enough to hear myself; and to a speaker in front, with my most becoming manner, I repeat the oft rehearsed commonplace—"oh, my, you flatter me!"—at which very witty remark I am privileged, under the code de etiquette, to smile very languidly, as if I had just passed through a two-months' spell of typhoid fever, and was not strong enough to indulge a laugh. These repeated, and you have the sum total of the table talk at my boarding house. I rise from the table thinking of other days and other dinners, and I just want to go out in the woods and give vent to my feelings, either in a hearty laugh or a good cry. Living on airs don't agree with me."

From the Temperance Banner. SALLY'S DECISION.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Sally Meeker! Sally!"

Sally was scouring away at a big pitcher, and didn't know that she was called until Madge came close behind her and clapped her hands over the brown eyes that had gone off in a brown study.

"Sally!" screamed Madge, in a tone like a trumpet, nearly causing the destruction of the pitcher, which was ready to slip out of Sally's startled grasp.

"Don't, Madge! you almost frightened me to death."

"Well, you'd no business to be sitting here with your senses somewhere else. Why, I've screamed my throat sore already. What on earth are you doing?" she continued, as Sally resumed her task. "As I live, scouring an earthen pitcher with sand!"

"It smells so."

"Let me see." And Madge dipped her saucy nose below the brim.

"Ugh! I'd bury it."

"I can't drink any water out of it," said Sally, "it tastes so bad."

"Suppose we fill it up with wet earth," said Madge Fullerton, "and let it stand while we have a little chat."

Sally agreed, and the girls had fine fun packing the clay in the depths of the big pitcher.

Madge was only a trifle older than Sally, but she had a better home and better training; and she was fond of Sally, and determined to do her best for the poor neglected child.

For Sally's parents were not temperate people. They didn't go reeling about the streets, but they did squander a great deal of money very foolishly, and deprived themselves in this way of many comforts.

Day after day Sally was called upon to take the brown pitcher and bring the ale for dinner, and often for supper also.

If Mrs. Meeker had been washing all day, nothing but a glass or two of ale would restore the strength that she had rubbed out on the wash-board; and Tom Meeker wouldn't have felt "worth a cent"—so he said—without that or something stronger.

Sally never met any of her playmates going on a similar errand, and her pride had rebelled; every day shame held her back, but she dared not disobey; and now you know what she was musing about over the pitcher she was scouring.

"Now, Sally," said Madge, quite warned up with the exertion of helping to fill the pitcher, "now, Sally, we've got up a Temperance Meeting, and we want every body to join. All the folks in the village are to be invited, and then it will be their own fault if they ain't there. Old and young, big and little, rich and poor. Father said, if the little folks worked, the big ones would be ashamed not to; and you are to go with me. You will, Sally, won't you? There'll be speeches and singing, and somebody is going to tell us how to form a 'Band of Hope.'"

"I'd like to, ever so much; but I can't." And Sally sighed as she looked down at her tattered garments.

"Yes, you can," said Madge in her positive way, "and I am determined you shall."

They chatted together for some little time, then set themselves to work to empty the pitcher of its strange contents. How delighted they were at the success of their experiment!—Sally snuffed, and Madge snuffed, enjoying the rich earthy odor; then they filled it with clear water and took deep draughts, and Sally said "the curse was off."

Madge had many more invitations to deliver, so she traveled on, and Sally went back to the house with her empty pitcher.

"Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Meeker, as Sally made her appearance at the door. "I'm almost choked being over the hot sands; come, be off after the ale, and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

Sally's heart beat like a trip-hammer. She looked around the scantily furnished apartment, thought of Madge and the temperance cause, and came to a determination that sent the blood flying to her face and the cold chills creeping down her back.

There was a lovely, cool spring down in the hollow; here she filled her pitcher, took a good drink of the pure water to strengthen her in her purr pose, and then hurried home.

Mrs. Meeker was hot and hurried, and couldn't wait for ceremony; she seized the pitcher from Sally's hand and had swallowed about half a pint of its contents before she realized the deception.

Sally would have shook in her shoes, if she had had any on, when her mother looked at her the moment she took the pitcher from her lips. It was astonishment rather than anger. But Sally was not afraid of her mother, and Mrs. Meeker loved her little daughter very much; and when Sally clasped her arms around her mother's neck, and begged her with tears in her eyes, to give up drinking ale, and try to help father break off the habit, so that they might have things nice and comfortable, it seemed as though the scales fell from the poor woman's eyes that had kept her from seeing the danger she was in.

And that drink of cold water was what did it; for she had stupefied her senses with frequent glasses of ale, and lived altogether "in a muddle."

"Well, Sally, you've taken the curse off that old pitcher, and it'll go to the tavern no more with my consent. I don't know what father'll say."

But Mr. Fullerton had been to the shop—Tom was a blacksmith—using all his eloquence to get Tom Meeker to join the Sons of Temperance, and when the latter reached home, primed full of the subject, and found cold water in the pitcher instead of ale, he felt as though it would be flying in the face of Providence to resist any longer.

"Sally, here's the price of the ale for to-day, and I'll hand it to you hereafter, instead of Jim Rowan. May be it'll be enough, after a while, to get you a pair of shoes and a decent frock. What do you say, Janet?"

"I say," replied his wife, "that we've been supporting Jim Rowan too long already, and I for one, am ready to quit. If cold water can clean out mine heart as it has cleaned out mine to-day, I am in favor of using it the year round. That ale has been our curse."

"I believe it has, Janet. I had a talk with Fullerton to-day and he frightened me. If we stop that leak, there's no reason why we can't live as comfortably as Fullerton himself, and have Sally dressed as nicely as Madge."

Ah! he never had thought of that when the ale was in!

I can't tell you how cheerfully and thankfully Sally grasped that big pitcher, and filled it from the spring more once a day. Why, her heart sang hallelujah so loudly that the birds joined in a sort of chorus—at least so it seemed to Sally Meeker.

But you never saw a prouder or happier girl than she was when she went to the temperance meeting, and sat between her father and mother.—When she undertook to smile at Madge Fullerton, she burst out crying and when she cried it was all for joy.

A few nights ago, while the play of the Black Crook was in progress at the National Theatre, Washington City, and while the stage was being prepared for the final tableau, a portion of the scenery took fire, causing a scream behind the curtain. At the same time one of the performers rushed wildly across the stage, in front of the curtain, when a cry of fire was raised in the galleries, and a rush was made for the doors, and a fearful panic ensued. The fire was quickly extinguished, and after the excitement subsided the audience returned to the building, and the performance was concluded. No one was seriously hurt, but all were severely crushed and very badly frightened.

Communications.

For the Friend of Temperance. A LETTER FROM "UNCLE GEORGE"

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 9th, 1868.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—At your request I will endeavor to give you a short account of the Black Valley railroad, although I am not a conductor on that train, as some suppose, but a deserter from the Company, and have been for several years past. I am and have been for a number of years, by the help of God, trying to stop that train, or throw it off the track. Since the day that the curse was pronounced against those who put the bottle to their neighbor's lips, this same train has been running; and as far back as my memory goes, it has been increasing its speed and gaining passengers by thousands.

For two years past I have been trying to point out the dangers of this road, and thus far, with the help of God and the assistance of a few young friends, enrolled 750 names in the old "Cape Fear Marine Temperance Society," and Brother Andrews is still laboring to save souls from a drunkard's grave. Yet, there is something wrong in the cause; for when we meet every Monday night, there are only from 20 to 50 present, and, of that number not more than five or six Friends of Temperance, when there should be at least 100. But so it is.—In most cases, where men are reformed and feel that they are safe; they think there is nothing more for them to do; especially, as long as they have a free Gospel and an excellent pastor. This course of reasoning has involved the Bethel in a debt of \$60 for gas, and it is still increasing.

I have seen the small dose of medicine administered in the Friend of the 4th. It will have to be repeated, I fear, as often as the mild Edress can get it prepared.

In conclusion my brother, be patient in hope, and trust firmly in God's promises, for if this Cause is His, He will watch over it and at last cause it to succeed, and bring you safely through your many trials, though your afflictions may be severe.

UNCLE GEORGE.

P. S.—I sympathize with the Edress, but do persuade her my dear Brother, not to start a boarding house to keep the paper going, for if she does, it will be a bad business for us entirely; for instead of her good editorials that we all like so well, we should have to take the medicine which she threatens to give us. U. G.

For the Friend of Temperance. A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

The husband, from his peculiar position, exerts an almost unlimited control over the happiness of his wife.—As her protector, confidant and constant companion, the sympathies of her nature are so intertwined with his, that the least misconduct on his part is fraught with unhappiness to her.—No tongue can express the love of a pure-minded, affectionate wife for her husband; and in proportion to the depth of her attachment, is the pain she feels when once the foundations of her affection are shaken.

Drunkenness is a vice which no true woman can tolerate in her husband. It not only destroys her confidence in him—that pure and perfect confidence which flows only from woman's heart—but it congeals the very fountains of her affection, and often changes her love into hate. Can she stand unmoved and see the purest, most precious offerings of her heart trampled under the unhallowed feet of a senseless inebriate? Can she witness, unmoved the violation of marital vows, the blasting of all her hopes, the withering of all her affections, and the departure of all her happiness? Can she gaze into the yawning sepulchre that has swallowed up all that makes life dear to her, and not feel as if the last star of hope had faded from the horizon of her life? Can she see him, whom she loves with all the fervor of her woman's nature, and to whom her blind, but perfect confidence, ascribes every imaginable excellence, prove false to his altar-vows, false to his manhood, false to his children, and not feel her spirit crushed within her? No, she cannot. Her very existence is bound up in that of her husband, and

when he falls, her life is dear to her no more.

It is truly astonishing to witness the extent of this great evil. In almost every city, town, village and hamlet in the land, there are faithful, true-hearted women, who are suffering all the agonies of misplaced confidence, blasted hopes, and unrequited affection from the intemperance of their husbands. Ah! man, you know not the terrible sufferings of your agonized wife, while you are wasting time and money at the drunkard's den. Could you but see the unhappiness you are causing every instinct of your manhood—if you have any manhood—would lead you to confess your error, and devote the remainder of your life to the happiness of your suffering wife. Forsake your drinking habits, ere reformation is too late, and the agonies of remorse are mingled only with the recollections of the dead.

CIVICS.

The Friend of Temperance.

FAITH, TEMPERANCE AND CHARITY.

Raleigh, September 11, 1868.

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The X Mark.

The cross mark upon your paper will remind you that the time for which you subscribed will soon expire; and we trust that all will take the hint and renew.

Letters containing money must be registered.

THE TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

We have published and now offer for sale a neat little Songster, of thirty-two pages, and containing thirty-two temperance songs, adapted to the use of the Order of the Friends of Temperance, and all manner of temperance meetings, together with the Odes of the Order.

Every Council should have it, and every Council should practice singing. There is nothing that can add so much to the interest of a meeting as good singing.

The Songster is designed especially to meet the wants of our Order in this respect.

PRICE.

Single copies, 15 cts.  
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AGENTS.—We trust the persons who are named as agents at several points in this State will take an active interest in circulating the FRIEND. We are very anxious to get up a list of the names of persons in Virginia who will act as agents. Will our brethren over there suggest some?

BRO. JAS. A. COLLINS Ex-President, will deliver an essay before Oak City Council on Monday evening next. We trust there will be a full attendance.

The Secretary of the State Council of Virginia issued a Charter this week for a Council to be located at Winchester, Va., with twenty Charter members. Virginia is improving.

The Democrats and Conservatives of this city have determined to raise a Seymour and Blair pole and flag soon.

It is said that the colored troops stationed at Goldsboro are committing all sorts of depredations.