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# NORTH CAROLINA TEMPERANCE COMMUNICATOR

LOVE, PURITY & FIDELITY.

The Organ of the "Sons of Temperance," and of the "Eastern Temperance Union" of North Carolina.

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No. 18.

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WILLIAM POTTER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

E. L. PERKINS,  
CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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## Temperance Tale.

From the Rochester Democrat.

### THE LOST FOUND.

We have frequently observed a heart-broken looking lad pass by with a gallon oil can in his hand. His tattered garments and his melancholy face were well calculated to excite observation and pity. It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used, not as an oil-can, but a whiskey jug. Having seen him pass twice in one day, with his ever present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so by inquiring his residence.

'I live,' said he, 'five miles from the city, on the ——— road.'

'You have been to the city once before to-day, have you not?'

'Yes, sir, I came down in the morning; but I could not get what I was sent for, and had to come again.'

'What was you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important, to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this storm.'

'Why, sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr. ———'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust any more, so I had to go home without the whiskey; but father sent me back again.'

'How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning?'

'Why, sir, I have brought a pair of shoes which sister sent mother. Mr. ——— will give whiskey for them. He has got two or three pairs of mother's shoes now.'

'Do you like to carry whiskey home, my boy?'

'Oh, no, sir, for it makes all so unhappy; but I can't help it.'

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfill his errand, and returned home with him. The family, consisted of husband, wife, and four children; the oldest (the boy,) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months. It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came roughly and unbidden through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fire-place, around which were huddled the half naked children, and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard—her eyes sunken—her hair dishevelled—her clothes tattered and unclean.

She was seated upon an old broken chair, and was mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned pitifully in its mother's arms. It had been sick from its birth, and it was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world

into which it had, but a few months previous, been ushered. There was no tear in the eye of the mother, as she gazed on the expiring babe. The fountain had been, long before, dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed. Yet she was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus, that her mind was wandering back to the happy past—the days of infancy and girlhood, and her early home. Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first steps in intemperance. She had left her home full of buoyant hopes—hopes never to be realized—to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken-hearted—cast out from the society of her former friends—frowned upon by the 'good society'—humane—spoken of as the miserable wife of a miserable drunkard—with no arm to help, no heart to pity—she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

By the side of this woe-smitten mother knelt a little girl of five or six years, down whose sallow cheeks tears were coursing, and who ever and anon exclaimed, 'Poor little Willie! Must you die?' 'Oh, mother, must Willie die?' and then kissing the clammy sweat from little Willie's brow, covered her face with her tattered apron, and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the hearth, sat a boy of about seven years, dragging from the half dead embers a potato, which he broke open with the remark, 'Mother, give this to little Willie. May be he's hungry. I'm hungry, too, and so is sister; but Willie's sick. Give him this potato, mother.'

'No, poor boy,' said the mother, 'Willie will never be hungry again. He will soon be dead.'

This remark drew all the children around the mother and the dying child.—The father was sitting upon what was intended for a bedstead, without hat, shoes, or coat, with his hands thrust into his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his blurred eyes were fastened upon the floor, as if he was afraid to look up at the sorrowing group who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence. Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshold. The very respiration of the household seemed suspended; when a light shivering of the limbs of the infant and a shriek from the half-conscious mother told that the vital spark had fled.

For the first time, the father moved.—Slowly advancing to where his wife was seated, with quivering lips, he whispered, 'Is Willie dead?'

'Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!' was the choking reply of the mother, who still sat, as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without muttering another word, the long brutalized father left the house, muttering as he left, 'My God how long?'

At this moment, a kind-hearted lady came in, who had heard, but a few moments before of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine; but her angel visit was too

late; the gentle spirit of the babe had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did, while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances which had led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

'I know it, sir,' said he; 'I have long known it. I have not always been what you see me. Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation.'

'Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it.'

'Sir, I believe it. I have seen others as far reduced as myself restored and made happy. But you are the first who has ever spoken to me upon the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself.'

'Well, will you let me make the effort? I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now, in the presence of Almighty God, I swear never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined me. I'll make beggars of my family.'

Happy enough to hear this manly resolution, we returned to the house with him; in due time we made the fact known to the wife—and producing a pledge, the whole family signed it upon the table which held the dead body of their child! The scene was an affecting one.

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Two years had passed, when the incident was recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand from a gentleman who was returning west with a stock of dry goods which he had just purchased in New York. It was the man who signed the temperance pledge by the dead body of his child!

## American Biography.

### THE LATE GEN. KEARNEY

Was born in Newark, New Jersey, about the year 1793, and was pursuing his studies at Columbia College, New York, when the war of 1812 broke out. He immediately left the institution, and entered the army as First Lieutenant of the thirtieth infantry, then commanded by Wool. Under this heroic leader he marched to the Canada frontier fought at Queenstown heights; and was taken prisoner with Scott and other officers. Being soon after exchanged, he rejoined his old regiment, and served through the war with credit.

On the conclusion of peace, Kearney remained in the army. The next twenty years of his life were spent chiefly at frontier posts, but the time was not wasted, for Kearney being a close student, was daily perfecting himself in the knowledge of his profession. He soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most rigid disciplinarians and best tacticians in the service. His coolness in difficult emergencies passed into a proverb. No man could be braver when danger was abroad. His rise was slow, however, the result of a long peace. A Major in 1824, he became a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1833, and a full Colonel in 1836. When the first regiment of dragoons was organized in 1833, he was charged with its discipline, a task

which he executed in the ablest manner; indeed, the cavalry arm of the service may be considered as indebted to Kearney for all that it is. He prepared a system of tactics, instructed the officers, and inspired the corps with his own heroism.

In 1839, when a frontier war was anticipated, Kearney was ordered to Fort Wayne, to overawe the Cherokees. He had now under his command, for the first time, a full regiment of ten companies.—He subsequently made many long marches through the various Indian territories, acquiring a fund of valuable information for the government, and disseminating a wholesome respect for the flag which he represented. He had, during the years 1835, and 1836, penetrated to the head of the Mississippi, and to the Rocky Mountains, on which occasions, also, he had left a strong impression among the savages, of the power and energy of the United States. The Indians called him the "horse-chief of the long knives."—These journeys materially assisted to improve the condition and discipline of his dragoons.

When the war with Mexico began, the President determined to send an expedition against New Mexico and California, and Kearney was selected to command the troops raised for this enterprise.—Accordingly, he assembled his forces principally consisting of volunteers, at Fort Leavenworth, in June, 1846, and, on the 30th of that month, began his march for Santa Fe, at the head of about sixteen hundred men. For six weeks he traversed the vast wilderness which stretches between the last civilized settlement on the Missouri, and the first one of a similar character in New Mexico. He reached his destination in August, without opposition. Having formally taken possession of Santa Fe, he proceeded to declare New Mexico annexed to the United States.—He next drew up a form of government for it, and superintended the election of a Governor and proper authorities. He now considered his work in this province finished, and prepared to advance on California, pursuant to his instructions, only waiting for the arrival of Colonel Prince from Fort Leavenworth, with the thousand volunteers, whom Kearney had left behind in his eagerness to advance. At last, on the 25th of September, he moved from Santa Fe for California, with about four hundred dragoons, but, after having marched one hundred and seventy five miles, he met an express, with the news of Fremont's conquest of that country.—He now sent back most of his little army, retaining only one hundred dragoons as an escort.

When Kearney reached the river Gila, in California, he learned that the province had revolted, and that the Americans had been expelled from Los Angeles, the principal city in the south. On the 2d of December he arrived at the first settlement in California, where the news of the insurrection was confirmed. Four days afterwards, he fell in with a body of the enemy, somewhat superior in numbers, whom, after a sharp action, he totally routed. In this skirmish, Kearney was wounded severely, and would have been killed, but for Lieutenant Emory, who shot his antagonist just as he was about to make a second thrust with the lance.—Kearney advanced about nine miles, when,

being assailed by the Californians again, he seized a neighboring hill, and held it until Commodore Stockton, four days after, sent him a reinforcement of seventy-five marines, and one hundred seamen.—In these two skirmishes Kearney fought under great disadvantages, his men being mounted on broken down mules, while the enemy had superb horses. Two days after he was succored, Kearney reached San Diego, where he found Commodore Stockton.

Having ascertained that the insurgents were still at Los Angeles, where they numbered seven hundred, under the command of General Flores, the two American leaders resolved to march, with their combined forces, and dislodge him. Accordingly, with about seven hundred men, and six pieces of artillery, they left San Diego, and proceeded to meet the enemy, the united force being under command of General Kearney. On the 8th of January he came up with the Californians, who, with four guns, were drawn up on a height on the opposite side of the river. Kearney instantly formed his troops in order of battle, and placing himself dauntlessly at their head, forded the stream, stormed the height, and gained a complete victory.—The action lasted about an hour and a half. By the following day, however, the Californians had recovered their spirits, and, on Kearney's resuming his advance, showed themselves in his front and on his flanks. When he had descended from the heights, and reached the plains of the Mesa, the artillery opened upon him, and soon after, concentrating their columns, the Californians furiously assailed his left flank.—Their charge however, was decisively repulsed, on which they took to flight. The next day Kearney entered Los Angeles in triumph.

A difficulty now arose between Commodore Stockton and General Kearney in reference to the civil authority in California. Kearney produced the commission of the President of the United States, authorizing him to act as Commander of the country and Governor, and claiming submission from Stockton in consequence of this document. Stockton, however, asserted that, as the country had been conquered before Kearney's arrival, a condition of affairs had arisen which the President had not foreseen, and in consequence, it could not be expected that he and Fremont, the real conquerors, should be deprived of their power by an authority virtually abrogated. Fremont took the same view of the question as Stockton, and refused obedience to Kearney. Unfortunately, however, Kearney was Fremont's superior officer, and hence entitled to the latter's obedience, irrespective of the special commission. Of this he was soon reminded, for when Commodore Shubrick arrived with California volunteers, Kearney, finding himself with a superior force, deposed Fremont, ordered him to the U. States, and on his arrival there, placed him under arrest. Kearney did not continue long in California after the arrival of Com. Shubrick. He remained, however, until he considered the province pacified and secure from further insurrection. He then returned to the United States, accompanied by Fremont. Firm, skilful, brave as a lion, he was one of the most valuable officers in the line of the army. His country acknowledged this, through the President, by conferring on him, the rank of a full Brigadier.