

# The Carolina Watchman.

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JOHN CLARK, JR., & CO.'S



BEST SIX CORD.

FOR

Machine or Hand Use.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

All Numbers and Colors,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY Klutz and Randleman,

Salisbury N. C.

Only a Word.

Only a word! a little winded word

Blown through the busy town,

Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird,

Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown,

Rise idly here and there,

Or as the summer air

About men's doors the sunny stillness.

Only a word!

But sharp, oh sharper, than a two-edged sword

To pierce, and sting, and scar,

The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.

Only a word, a little word that fell

Unheeded as the dew

That from the darkling blue

Of summer midnight softly steals to, tell

Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell

In yonder noisome street,

Where, pale with dust and heat,

The little window flower in workmen's cell

Its drooping bell—

Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well!

A word—a drop of dew!

But, oh, its touch could life's lost hope re-  
new.

—Mary Kelly Boutelle, in Sunday Af-  
ternoon.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

To take pleasure in witnessing suffer-  
ing in any form is not brutal, using

the term with precision, for brutes can

manifest nothing worse than indiffer-  
ence; it is inhuman, cruel, barbarous,

rather than, alas!—inhuman. Civiliza-  
tion, Christianity, brings the tenderest

sympathies of human nature and represses

all that is akin to barbarity. Without

these modifying and meliorating influ-  
ences man gloats over human agony and

revels in blood. The delight which savages

take in the mutilation of their kind, and

in the infliction of the extremest torture

is sufficient proof of these assertions.

Duty may require the setting aside,

or the bearing up against, the gentler

emotions of humanity and they can be

set aside how easily. Physicians called

in the practice of their profession to

see suffering in all its forms, acquire

the stoicism which can regard such sights

unmoved; with them it is repression,

and not loss of sympathy, and necessary

to success in their deeds of mercy. Soldiers

at first recoil from the sights and sounds

of the battlefield, but soon learn to sleep

among the dead and dying, or rush on to

fresh carnage oblivious to all feelings

of pity; with them duty requires the

sacrifice, or rather the abeyance for the

time, of the more delicate affections

of the soul. Relieved of the necessity

which requires this insensibility to

human distress, none are more prompt

tion of the King, and in a few months

had proposed the committee of public

safety with powers above the Conven-  
tion, instituted the reign of terror,

and sacrificed the Girondists, saying,

"There are periods in revolutions

when to live is a crime." Successfully

he destroyed Hebert, Danton, and

other wretches only less savage than

himself, became leader of the bloody

triumvirate and master of France,

that France in which "terror was the

irrevocable order of the day." Such

was Robespierre, originally, and not

insincerely the friend of humanity.

Of like instances there are many; Bar-  
rere and Couthon are notable. Couthon,

a member of the Convention, was

always foremost at the beck of

Robespierre to move for blood, and

became a very champion of terror.

As commissioner of Lyons, when the

guillotine had dulled from unceasing

work, and the hand of single murder

was all too slow, he with his associates

ordered grapeshot to hew down

hundreds at a time. And this was

Couthon, in his early manhood noted

for amiability of disposition and de-  
voting himself to deeds of charity.

Extreme illustrations truly, but

just; and accurate in following the

steady and rapid course of demoraliza-  
tion from unnecessary familiarity

with human woe.

Shall the lessons of history and of

experience be lost upon us? Within

a few months past in North Carolina

many criminals have paid the extreme

penalty of their crimes on the scaffold.

The law of the State provides that

executions of victims of the law by hang-

ing shall be private, unless the proper

officers of the county in which such

executions are to take place shall de-  
cide to allow the public to witness

them. So far as has been noted these

executions have been public. The ef-  
fect is in the highest degree demoraliz-

ing. Those who attend to behold the

terrible spectacle of a human being

launched into eternity, (those ex-  
cepted, always, who are called thither

by duty) are of all persons those

whose brutal propensities need to be

curbed, not stimulated. No man—  
shall we say no woman—can witness

such a scene from a mere instinct of

curiosity and not be the loser in the

finer impulses of his being.

Does it tend to deter from crime?

No one thoughtfully regarding the

subject can believe it. It gratifies

that same instinct which crowds the

Spanish amphitheatre, to witness the

agonies of the maddened beast as he

rushes on to his death, or that raises

the shout of exultation when the mat-  
adore is borne lifeless from the arena.

And this in a Christian land!

Does it magnify the law? With

open ears the assembled throng listen

to the wretched victim's denial of

guilt, his profession of conversion; his

assurance of a blessed immortality;

with eager eyes they take in each hor-  
rible detail of the occasion, witness

his dying agony and then depart—  
with what impression? The courage-

ous manner in which he meets his fate

constitutes him a hero; the denial of

guilt on the threshold of eternity makes

him, to them, a slaughtered innocent;

a criminal, not he, but a saint of glory.

## OAKSMITH.

Bessie Oaksmith died July 4th, 1879,

aged 21 years.

Corinne Oaksmith died July 4th, 1879,

aged 19 years.

Mildred Oaksmith died July 4th, 1879,

aged 9 years.

Pauline Oaksmith died July 4th, 1879,

aged 7 years.

TO BESSIE AND CORINNE.

The *Newbernian* pays the following ten-  
der tribute:

Their names are henceforth inseparable,

and will take their places among the bright

galaxy of poets who have died in the flow-  
er of their beauty and youth and genius.

Like Lucretia and Maria Davidson, they

will be accorded their appropriate place in

the temple of Fame, and like them, a ten-  
der interest will forever hover round their

names and memories. Poets will sing of

them, and their sad story will be told many

and many a year after we shall have passed

away; but nowhere, and at no time will

their untimely fate touch a more tender

chord, or awaken a deeper sympathy than

it has here in Newbern, and in Carteret

county—and indeed throughout the State,

where they were known, beloved and ap-  
preciated. Their future would have be-  
longed to North Carolina and she will keep

their memories green.

It was our privilege to have received the

last poems which they sent to the press;

one of which would have appeared by nat-  
ural course this week. In reading them

now, we find a strange significance in every

line.

MY LIFE.

BY BESSIE OAKSMITH, June, 1879.

Like a single gem, of the crystal dew,

A drop of the rainy showers,

A gleam from a star in the ether blue,

A bud in a world of flowers.

Like a leaf from one of the numberless trees,

A flake in a drift of snow,

A ripple in all of the rippling seas,

A blade where the grass fields grow.

Like a single ray from the pale sad moon

To lighten the gloom of night;

Or a golden beam from the sun at noon—

Or the song of a bird in flight.

Like a fleeting grain of the desert sand,

A flash of the ocean spray,

A simple shell on the lonely strand,

A rainbow fading away.

Such, such is life and though lowly, these

Have each their mission and part—

The dew and the rain, the flowers and the trees,

The ocean—the human heart.

And like all of these in life's surging throng,

There's a simple place for me—

A note or a chord in dear nature's song,

To swell her great harmony.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRUM.

BY CORINNE OAKSMITH, June, 1879.

Oh, the crosses that are carried

Which the world can never know—

Oh, the hopes by sorrow buried,

Where Lethe's waters flow!

Oh, the idols crushed and broken,

A long life's thoughtfulness—

Oh, the burdens all unspoken,

Whose ashes moulder there!

Oh, the tasks in secret taken

For God alone to see—

Oh, the patient faith unshaken,

Through years of misery!

Oh, the vain endeavors wasted,

The sacrifices lost—

sheet "hung" or caught (from whatever

cause I don't care now to know) and the

boat yawed and capsize. It was all in a

moment. As she went over I ordered,

"Look out for the little children—each take

one and cling to the boat." My duty was

for all. Bessie took her sister Mildred,

Corinne our beautiful Pauline, and Ran-

dolph his little brother Stanly. It was an

instinctive act, guided by my first order.

As the boat filled she began to sink under

us. "Stick to the boat," I cried, "stick to

the boat." Up to this moment my children

were not panic stricken, but were beauti-  
fully calm and quiet. The boat capsized

on her port side. As she settled in the

water, from causes now needless to recount,

she rolled completely over, her mast and

sail going under her, which told me that

the water was over 15 feet deep. As she

rolled over, the girls went out of the boat

on the starboard side—the two eldest each

holding a little sister. I went with them,

and helped them to get hold of the boat

again. Randolph still holding Stanly, fell

over on the port side, and was rolled under

the boat, which, being relieved of our

weight, came to the surface and hung a

moment kept up. Telling Bessie and Cor-  
inne to hold hard on the gunwale, I rolled

the boat up by her keel, got Randolph out

and up on the side of the boat, greatly ex-  
hausted, but still holding Stanly; charged

him not to let go of him, and to cling to the

boat. I then swam round on the other side

of the boat and found that my daughters

had all lost their hold, got the two eldest

once more back, telling them that I would

go for the little ones. I was clinging to

the stern to get a breath for my task when

Bessie and Corinne turned round and saw

their little sisters being swept away. They

uttered one shriek and threw themselves

off and struggled to get to them. At this

instant I realized that the boat's anchor had

gone to the bottom and was holding her.

I knew then that unless I could get the

boat clear of her anchor, or assistance soon

came, some would be lost. I got two boat

gratings and two oars to my daughters,

who still held my voice. I told the lit-  
tle ones to cling to the gratings and Bessie

and Corinne to put the oars under their

arms and keep hedges up and arms down." Corinne

answered cheerfully, "All right, papa,"

and called out to the others, "Keep your

heads up and arms down, and keep quiet."

I then swam against the current to the bow

of the boat, which was six feet under water,

held by her cable, and went down and tried

in vain to cast it adrift. I had thrown off

my coat and vest early in the struggle and

had no knife. The weight of my body on the

bow, pressed down by the current, bore

it further down, and I felt the boat again

rolling over. I let go my hold and came

to the surface, steadied the boat again, en-  
couraged my son to hold on to his little

brother and the boat to the last, and look-  
ing for my daughters, saw them drifting

away, but apparently safe. At this mo-  
ment, while holding on to the boat to recover

myself, I saw some canoes or boats in the

distance, apparently fishing. I raised my

voice for help. The men appeared to look

but did not come. Could I have got the

boat clear from her cable in time, I believe

I could have saved my daughters. I wasted

much strength in that vain endeavor. Had

I not done so I might possibly have got one

myself. I had the responsibility, and I bear