

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

W. J. STUART, Editor. STREET BANNER, Editors. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

All communications sent for publication in the CARTHAGINIAN must be accompanied with a responsible name. We do not wish the name for publication, but only as a security against imposition.

Our report of the charge made by His Honor, Judge Moore, to the Grand Jury, last week, the printer by some oversight left out the closing part, which we beg leave to supplement here. With regard to the public roads, in addition to the duty of putting up finger-boards, that of putting substantial footways across all wet and marshy places was forcibly enjoined.

The fact that much of the work done on public roads is performed by that class of citizens who have no horses and vehicles to carry their wives and children to church and to other places should prompt overseers to provide these as conveniences especially due to them.

The report of the grand jury on this subject only revealed what was already well known to our citizens, that there is not one lawful road in the county; and under the charge of His Honor, they were compelled to make presentment of every overseer, with the recommendation of clemency, and that reasonable time be allowed them to comply with the law.

If, as Judge Moore says, had roads cost the people of North Carolina more than her State and county taxes counted together, considerations of economy as well as of convenience, should prompt our people to put their roads in order.

The attention of the grand jury was also called to the duty of the Commissioners with respect to the poor. The report of the grand jury on this subject was placed in our hands for perusal by His Honor, with the suggestion that much good might be done by calling the attention of the people to said report through the columns of our paper, and urging the adoption of the measures suggested in behalf of this unfortunate class of

years ago, the house provided for the paupers of the county, known as the poor-house, was sold, since which time the poor have been scattered around through the county, and entrusted to those who were willing to provide for them for the least pay. In other words they have been let out to the lowest bidder. While, so far as we are informed there have been no serious complaints on the part of the poor themselves or their friends, against this system; yet it is open to serious objections, and we hope the suggestion of the grand jury, that a poor-house be built and that the papers be put in it in charge of a competent superintendent, will be speedily adopted. It is true that parties taking the poor in charge under the present system are required to give bond for the proper maintenance of their wards, but if it is any person or persons' duty to visit them steadily to ascertain whether the obligations assumed in reference to them are carried out in good faith, we do not know it. It is greatly to be desired that in many cases the invalid portion of them suffer from a want of proper medical treatment and wholesome diet. If we had a poor-house fitted up with all the appointments necessary for the proper maintenance of the poor, it could be inspected steadily by a committee appointed for the purpose at a small cost of both time and means, and would, doubtless, conduce greatly to the comfort of the unfortunate inmates who are pensioners on the public bounty. The building of a Poor-house will involve considerable expense it is true, but whatever the cost it is clearly the duty of the county to make such provision for its poor, and the step in the end will prove to be one of economy. Deliverance in time of trouble is the blessing promised to him that considereth the poor, a blessing most desirable and as easily attainable by communities as by individuals.

We urge upon our people the duty of making more liberal provision for the poor, and commend to your approval the suggestions of the grand jury that at your earliest convenience you build and fit up a home for the poor. Our grand jury deserve credit for the manner in which they discharged their duty. They followed closely the line marked out by the Judge in his charge, and if our people, citizens as well as officials, will come up to the standard laid down by him, his visit will insure greatly to our benefit, and our county will owe him a debt of lasting gratitude.

How little people know of each other. We pass carelessly along the journey of life, we meet with its fire and bitter struggles, its fears and temptations—its many heart-breaking causes and its most daring strife. Thus as we pass along we only see things on the surface. Only a very few people glory in sin. We think an unruffled face is no index to the probable tumults that perhaps are raging within the anxious aching breast. How little we know of each other, when we consider the man who to-day passes grandly by, perhaps blessed with fortune and honor and perhaps titles and doubtless holding his proud head high up; yet that very man may carry a dread secret with him which nearly makes a demon of his bosom and it may be that very same man may as a felon writhe in a prisoner's cell. And not only do we know little of each other but of ourselves we know far too little. We are all weak when under temptation,—none but what are subject to error and woe.

But we should let blessed charity rule us, yet we should put away all envy and all spite, let the skeleton grin in our own closet might some day be brought to light. The apostle tells us 'let us not therefore judge one another anymore,' but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.' We are also commanded to 'Rejoice and weep with them that weep' and to bear one another's burdens. Should we not endeavor to brighten every pathway that is dark with care? If we knew much of each other's troubles we certainly would.

The general stagnation in business, the alarming shrinkage in values, and general depression, especially among the laboring classes, produced by the panic inaugurated in 1873 and continued without abatement up to the present time, seem to have thoroughly aroused our Senators and Representatives in Congress to the importance of speedy legislation for the relief of our people. The South, backed by the great West, carried through successfully the bill for the reorganization of Silver.

Mr. Phillips, of Kansas, has introduced a bill for the establishment of a Postal Savings Bank system, similar to that which has been in successful operation in England for the last twenty years. A movement is on foot also to break up the National Bank System. This done, the question will be, shall we have a green back currency or shall we return to the old system of State Banks.

From the Raleigh Observer of Tuesday we copy the following Washington special to the New York Herald.

'Mr. Buckner's bill to issue Treasury notes in place of the National Bank notes and break up the National Bank system may encounter an unexpected opposition from the Southern members. These are very generally favorable to the re-establishment of State Banks, and some of them say that if the National Banks are to be wound up, they much prefer State Banks to a further issue of government paper. The Southern men alone might not be able to make an effective opposition to Mr. Buckner's bill; but if that is vigorously pushed it will be found that the New England and New York men generally will join the Southern men, as they will think it safer, even if less convenient, to have State Banks than to authorize further issue of Treasury paper, the amount of which, it is seen, will always liable to increase or diminish, at the will of a majority in Congress, and the mere existence of which makes an interminable source of popular agitation. If, therefore, the National Banks are destroyed by this Congress it will probably be in favor of State banks, and not of Mr. Buckner's Treasury notes.'

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CORRESPONDENCE.

For the CARTHAGINIAN. DR. JOHN LONG BROWER.

Born in the county of Randolph, July 1843, and died in Raleigh, N. C., on the 11th of January, 1878. His father was Dr. Daniel C. Brower, an eminent physician and leading citizen of Randolph, who died when our subject was quite young. After the death of his father, his mother, (whose maiden name was Clapp, daughter Col. Clapp, of Orange co., then—Alamance now—married Dr. Black of Randolph, who is still living. She did not long survive her first husband. Good kind and pious, a model christian mother, she was not permitted long to enjoy the presence of her precious child. The Divine decree soon came forth, that she must needs attend to her duties, perhaps, she was so well prepared to meet Him—Committing her darling boy to His care, leaving him motherless and fatherless, her happy soul planned its pious and left earth for that brighter abode above. Thus bereft and deprived of parents—of that happy, sweet and all-powerful influence that shaped the character of youth and moulds manhood, Josiah Long was left yet in the helpless infancy and gay thoughtlessness of youth, made dependent on the kindness of a step-father. Brought up under his kind tutelage and mostly discipline, and reared in the social fabric of his truest affection, he doubtless felt that the 'a big void' was fully filled.—Having enjoyed the advantages of a common school education, he engaged in teaching when 17 years old. In his 18th year he connected himself with Little River Church, Presbyterian, in Orange county, of which he remained a member, being elder in said church at the time of his death. This established in the confidence of his church—the church of his mother—and in the affection of his community, he had begun his career with prospects unusually bright and promising. But the death-knell of the late, unhappy and bloody war sounded their doom. Like all the fond hopes and golden prospects that gilded the future of Southern youth with the brilliancy of great success, his were shattered and buried in that 'awful chasm' that then divided our distracted country. When his country called, he left the school-room, buttoned on his grey and followed by his band of noble pupils, answered with the courage and manhood of a hero. Brave as he was patriotic, his record was that of a true soldier. Upon his country's altar he sacrificed the most precious members of his body—his right eye, at Chancellorsville. From the Bible which he carried through the war, I copy the following:—'Chancellorsville, Va. Sunday morning, 3rd of May, 1863. As the sun rose I saw it last with two eyes.'

Having been rendered unfit for field duty by this life-wound, he was assigned the position of Barraling Master, in which Star went down in defeat and darkness, never again to see the light of day. He read Physic under Dr. Black and completed his Medical course at Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He practiced 5 years, but on account of his wound was forced to abandon his chosen vocation. During the brief time devoted to it, he was eminently successful and won an enviable distinction—one that commanded a practice by far too extensive for one man. Having quit this and lost what he had accumulated, he illustrated the old adage, 'where a will is, there is a way.' With scanty means at his command, he went to work with a determination that over every obstacle, made money to defray his College expenses, and completed a collegiate course at Trinity College, N. C., graduating in 1875 with first honor. He knew no vocation. His name had no claim for him. He did what but a few ever tried to do. Ambitious and full of energy, shrewd in planning, rapid in movement, and persevering in the execution of his plans, he was never idle, and success was his motto. After graduation, he resuscitated the school at this place, but in company with the citizens here, a large and commodious Academy, now known as Caldwell Institute. He was sole principal until July of '76, when the writer succeeded himself with him as principal. As such he remained till his death. At the time of his death he was also Colporteur for the American Bible Society, for which he was traveling when he was drowned. In this he won success and elicited the highest compliments from his employees. In a conversation with Rev. C. H. Wiley, the writer heard this remark:—'I regard Dr. Brower as one of the best men I ever saw. Resolute and energetic, he is by far the best Colporteur we have ever had, does more work than any half-dozen we ever had, and I pray him more. I cannot do without him.' Success was his in whatever he engaged. His energy, industry and business tact were sufficient to carve a pathway anywhere. He was not to be baffled by the common obstacles which loomed up before young men and chill their ardor. With a view akin to Napoleon, and with a shrewdness akin to Robt. Schill, he engaged in every undertaking, and had his life been spared—if we may judge from what he had done and his ability—his future career would have been equally brilliant and successful.—Ambit in unflinching and hope unshaken, gilded his future until a halo that makes us regret the more his untimely fall. But alas! in the prime and bloom of manhood, on the threshold of a future bright and promising, stored with achievements unaccomplished, with laurels unvanishing, with a goal unreach'd, radiant with all the glory that hovers around human success, when selected amid the darkest difficulties that shadow the craving of human ambition, death intervened and claimed him as a sholea victima.

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