

THE MASONIC JOURNAL

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Thursday, Jan. 6 1876

E. A. WILSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

1 copy One Year - - - \$ 2 00
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TERMS—CASH ON DEMAND.

Office on South Elm Street, first door north of the Patriot Office.

Sickness of the Editor accounts for the lack of editorial and other shortcomings this week.

People would be much healthier, we learn from *Hall's Journal of Health*, if they ate more onions. The American nation has one leading trait. They peril health out of respect for other people's noses.

We have received from brother D. W. Bain, Grand Secretary, the Synops of the Proceedings of the recent session of our Grand Lodge, but which having come too late for this issue will be published in our next.

"The *Square* wishes the MASONIC JOURNAL, of Greensboro, N. C., as well as its other confreres, a "Happy New Year," with an increased circulation."

Thank you, brother Anderson. It is very pleasant to be so kindly remembered, and we assure you that everything will be done to make the JOURNAL, at all times, highly acceptable to all classes of its readers.

TOO GOOD TO LOSE.—The following is from brother Nickerson, editor of the *New England Freemason*, and we will preface it with the explanation that on receiving our prospectus brother Nickerson kindly wrote to us making many valuable suggestions, all of which we truly appreciated and so wrote; but, as he says, he was "too late," the name and form had been selected and the heading engraved, and now to punish us for not wisely stumbling on his ideal in our search after a sign-board, he belabors us in the following gentle style:

NEW MASONIC JOURNAL.—We have received the first numbers of the "*Masonic Journal*," a Masonic and Family Weekly," published at Greensboro, N. C., by E. A. Wilson. It is a handsomely printed eight-page newspaper, 12 by 18 inches, designed to supply "the great need of an Organ of Freemasonry in the South, whose weekly visits should brighten the firesides of thousands of homes, and make glad the hearts and strong the hands of our declining Brotherhood."

After being driven almost crazy in the attempt to assort out and arrange the numbers of the various "Masonic Jour-

als" which have been published in different parts of the country during the last forty years, and after having been repeatedly quite heart broken at the failure of our efforts to find a suitable place on our shelves for Masonic newspapers, we refused to be comforted when we received the prospectus of this new trial of the liberality and thirst for knowledge of the Fraternity. We were tempted to cry out, "Take any name, take any shape but that!" But we were too late; the fiat had gone forth. Its form is not so unwieldy as some; indeed, for a single reading is convenient enough, but we have acquired a mania for preserving everything Masonic that we find in print, and we fear that many readers will not take the trouble to place this new serial in the libraries on account of its shape.

As for ourselves, however, the early numbers promise so well, we shall always welcome it to our table, peruse it carefully, bind it handsomely, and then stow it away in a cupboard prepared expressly for such Masonic literary giants, where we can lay our hands upon it at any moment. We wish the editor all the prosperity he hopes for, and trust that his paper may accomplish even more good than he anticipates.

Can a Lodge Expel for Non-payment of Dues?

EDITOR MASONIC JOURNAL:

This question came up before our Lodge at its last meeting and was postponed until our next meeting. And as the action of the Grand Lodge, at its meeting in December, 1874, has imposed a *per capita* tax of 50 cents on each member returned to the Grand Lodge by the Subordinates, the question arises, can a Subordinate Lodge expel a member for non-payment of his dues?

There are but four crimes against the laws of Masonry for which a member may be expelled from the Lodge, and these are very high crimes in Masonry, to wit: Disobeying a summons, Profanity, Drunkenness and immorality. Immorality embraces the whole of the "Ten Commandments."

There is no author upon the subject of Masonic history or jurisprudence of which I am aware, who says that poverty is a crime. The great ends and aims of the Institution is Charity and benevolence. Therefore, if a brother is in such straitened circumstances that it will be injurious to himself and family to pay his dues to the Lodge, let the Lodge donate them to the brother as an act of charity, thereby relieving him from the burden and make him a new man. Expulsion means, literally, to drive from the Order; Suspension means to hang up, that is, it debars from the benefits and privileges; Dismember means to cut off for a time, or until certain conditions are complied with by the offender. Then if a Lodge notifies its members to appear and show cause why they should not be dealt with for non-payment of their dues, and they answer the notice and say they will not pay for certain reasons, I say, in justice to the Order, Suspend them for twelve months.

Let this rule be enforced all over the State, and at the next Grand Lodge there will be a very different report from the Subordinates as to "dead heads."

The fraternity has become burdened all over the State, with useless *drones* in the hive, and this incubus must be destroyed or the fraternity goes down under this load.

[The brother does not answer his own question, only inferentially. The law of our Grand Lodge is that the severest

penalty in such case is dismemberment or exclusion from the Lodge, and which does not impair the standing of the member with the fraternity at large. See Masonic Code, pp 32, 33, Sec. 9 and 13.—EDITOR.]

COURTESY TO STRANGERS.—The manner of receiving visitors in the Lodge, Chapter and Commandery varies, not only according to lines of latitude and longitude, but according to the individual ideas of those who for the time may have the direction of affairs in these Bodies. We have visited lodges far distant from home, where, although unknown and lacking a personal introduction to the brethren, we have been given so warm and cordial a greeting that we almost forgot we were strangers in a strange land. In a few cases we have been held at arm's length, as it were, and have been made to feel almost as though we were intruding upon our brethren in asking admission to their assemblies. Doubtless there are some imposters, some heedless and designing members of the order, whom to bar out from Masonic intercourse and sympathy would be no great wrong. But because of these characters with which all Lodges have to deal, and the remembrance of whose visits is never altogether pleasant, it should not be forgotten that one of our grand watch-words is "Fraternity," and that courtesy and hospitality to strangers are especially called for both by the letter and the spirit of Masonry. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—*Freemasons' Repository*.

Killed at the Altar.

The *Augusta Constitutionalist* recalls a sad and tragic incident of the war which happened in the last days of the siege of Charleston. A young lieutenant, by name De Rochelle, had been nursed through a desperate wound by Miss Pickens, a young and beautiful daughter of the former Governor of South Carolina. A mutual love sprung from the interest which she felt in her patient, and from his gratitude to the fair samaritan, they became engaged, and late in 1864, were standing at the altar and about to be wed when a shell from the Federal fleet burst in the room, injuring seven persons and inflicting a mortal wound upon the bride. The scene of woe that followed defies description. When she was restored to consciousness the surgeon declared she could only live a few hours. She was laid upon a couch, and the ceremony proceeded amid the sobs of all present, and almost as soon as she had pronounced the vows, her life ended and De Rochelle had a wife in Heaven.

A CHINESE BATTLE.—The *Virginia City (Nevada) Enterprise* gives an account of a terrible battle that occurred in that city, about two weeks since, between factions of the Chinese laborers. The citizens were at first aroused by the rapid firing of pistols in the Chinese quarters. In the streets, around the corners, through the alleys, out of the windows, a rapid firing was kept up. The police, arming themselves, went to the scene of battle and demanded a cessation of hostilities; but little regard was paid to them. With bullets whizzing about their heads, they rushed in and discharged several shot-guns, when the Chinese stopped firing and rushed to their rooms. The battle lasted half an hour, during which time the shouts and yells of the combatants were equal to the screams of red Indians when they go for scalps. A Chinaman named Ah Ben, keeper of a wash-house, was killed and four others were wounded. The police think others were killed and wounded and were dragged off by their friends. The cause of this fight is not known except to the Chinamen themselves. But it appears to have been a fight between companies.—Some of these feuds, it is said, originated in their own country, and they break out afresh on the Pacific slope, when sufficient numbers of the belligerents meet to make a free fight interesting.

AN ITEM WHICH SHOULD BE READ.—We reproduce the following from the *Raleigh News*, and recommend it to the consideration of our readers.

Let it go the rounds of the press.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we commend these hints as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her you think untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun, them for they are the worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good and worthy woman's character has been ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgement could not deter them from circulating the foul and damaging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of women, for your mothers and sisters are women, and as you would have their lives unembittered by the slanderer's tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow creature.

PRACTICAL MASONRY.—A correspondent of the *Voice of Masonry*, writing from Belfast, Me., some months since, related the following pleasing incident:

There arrived in this city last week, on the train, an intelligent, sweet faced little girl of ten years, the history of whose long journey from the far West is exceedingly interesting. She is an orphan; her father, a Mr. Rice, formerly of this county, living in Farmington, Minn., had lost his family, one by one, save this little girl, and then died himself. The little one desired to reach her relatives in this vicinity. She performed the long journey of more than fourteen hundred miles alone and without money, having for guidance and protection only a small slip of paper which bore the statement, under the seal of a Masonic Lodge, that she was the daughter of a deceased brother Master Mason, who wished to reach friends in the East, and committing her to the care of all Brethren whom she might meet. It was better to her than gold. It raised up friends for her, and opened the hearts of all. Ladies cared for her tenderly, and bearded men, who had braved many a danger, felt their eyes moisten and their hearts go out in sympathy as they listened to the story of this little waif committed to their care and protection. She had a free passage, meals at the stations, and the best berth in the sleeping cars. The Knights of old who bore the Red Cross on the plains of Palestine, kept not more faithfully their vows, than did those modern Templars the obligation to befriend and protect the orphan of a Brother Master Mason. And so she passed from car to car, toward the rising sun, her paper finding friends everywhere. At last she reached Belfast, where she was taken to the house of the gentlemanly conductor. Her friends were sent for, and she was taken to her future home in Searsport. That little slip of paper will long be cherished by her as the chief among treasures. When asked how she could have made such a long journey alone, she replied that there was no difficulty about it, for everyone she met was a Mason.