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E. A. WILSON, Editor & Proprietor.

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THE MASONIC JOURNAL which is published at Greensboro is worthy of our support. It is ably edited, possesses a high degree of merit and contains, besides Masonic Literature, well selected matter which is calculated to make its visits desirable and instructive.

THOS. S. KENAN,
Grand High Priest.

The enterprise ought to succeed. We need a means whereby a more general Masonic communication may be had: a means for the more general diffusion of Masonic intelligence.

I hope every Mason will take the JOURNAL—every Lodge endorse it, and at once make it the Organ of Masonry in North Carolina. With such encouragement and support I am satisfied you can make it of incalculable worth to the Fraternity.

GEO. W. BLOUNT,
Grand Master.

All of which is endorsed by the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter.

LAST Sabbath, the 16th, we attended the funeral services of Brother Jno. W. Alford at Ashpole, Robeson county. This was one of the largest assemblies of the kind we ever witnessed. The ceremonies were performed under the auspices of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 114, of Lumberton, N. C., of which the deceased was one of the oldest and most highly respected members.

At the hour of 11 o'clock the Brethren assembled in the hall of Ashpole Lodge, near the church, and after the Lodge was duly opened, marched in regular order to the church, where an able and impressive sermon was delivered by Bro. the Rev. A. McQueen, followed by a handsome eulogy by Bro. Col. W. Foster French, of Lumberton. The procession was then formed and marched to the grave where the usual solemn services were performed. Sheriff McMillan, P. M. of King Solomon Lodge, No. 313, acted as Master on the occasion, the present Master of St. Alban's being a relative of the deceased.

While at the grave we were shown something very unusual in this country. The wife of Brother Alford died some years previous, and over her grave he had placed a neat marble slab bearing the insignia of the "Wife and Daughter's Degree" with the emblems belonging thereto. Of course, we were impressed with the appropriate reference of the talismanic letters, as they appear upon this grave.

We have been received very kindly by the Brethren in this section, and find

the JOURNAL very popular with all who read it.

At Lumberton we witnessed the raising of a Vance flag pole amid music and noise. In the attempt to raise it on Saturday a rope broke causing it to fall and injure one man, though not seriously. After the raising an impromptu cannonading was engaged in.

We find the crops very promising in all the section along the C. C. Road, but unfortunately, we think, cotton is their curse, though a much larger area of corn has been planted than heretofore.

The Lodges in this section are in good condition and working tolerably well.

The Curse of the Land.

What is it; where is it; how shall the evil be remedied? are the questions that are mostly agitating the public mind with us now. That the curse is upon us in its full blast of affliction all know by experience and feel by the keenest personal contact.

From the seashore to the mountains the same unvarying wail of financial depression and general business demoralization prevails, to the consternation of all classes and conditions of men, and actual want prevails in many places to an extent that but few are willing to admit. Public confidence is terribly shattered and the wheels of business are almost at a standstill. What is the cause of all this? it is not because our soil is not as fertile as before the war, our young men as strong and our means of plenty and prosperity fully equal to our needs. Then the evil must lie in another direction, and present itself from a standpoint which the public either does not see or appreciate.

A careful survey of the whole ground convinces us that the evil is two-fold and the remedy is in our own hands, and until it is properly understood and acted upon, North and South, hard times will grow harder, public confidence will be totally destroyed, and the wail of distress will be heard as the voice of many waters, revealing an amount of suffering that has as yet been unknown in our land.

The causes of all our present sufferings are that our people, as a rule, are not producing what they consume, and are at the same time living beyond their means.

It has been clearly demonstrated that no farmer can raise cotton or any other non-supporting crop, with foreign fertilizers, on borrowed money at 12½ or 15 per cent., and succeed; but must grow poorer every day until the mortgagee makes a final sweep of farm, stock and all, and leaves him in utter ruin. To grow any kind of crop, however valuable within itself, to the neglect of the necessary home supplies, is simply suicidal. Our recent observations and experience in the cotton sections of this state have more thoroughly convinced us on this point than ever before. We have clearly seen that in those sections where cotton is made the secondary crop, and the staple food crops are plentifully produced regardless of price, the people of all classes are in far better condition than those who raise cotton and tobacco and buy their provisions. The man who has a well filled barn and meat house is independent of money crisis and hard times, while the cotton producer is always without means and everybody's slave.

The next great cause of our troubles is that our American people are living beyond their means. The world would be astounded to know how many of our acknowledged rich men are daily living far in excess of their incomes, and are

consequently multiplying their poverty at a rapid rate. There are more failures from extravagance in New York to-day, than from all other causes combined.

The spirit of competition in the matter of display has done more to ruin the poorer classes than anything else. The young merchant or mechanic, desirous of making a display equal to that of his wealthier neighbor plunges into debt beyond his income and is soon shipwrecked beyond recovery.

Friends, let us get back to the simple, frugal ways of our forefathers, remembering the truism that it is not so much what a man makes that brings him riches, as what he saves.

Remember, all, that pork at a penny a pound with plenty of it, is far better for the farmer and all others, than thousands of cotton and tobacco at fabulous prices, with mortgages for provisions and fertilizers to sweep it away. May all learn wisdom; raise plenty of life's necessities, and live within their means.

The Temple at Jerusalem.

In a recent number of the *Cotemporary Review*, we find the following remarks on the Temple at Jerusalem.

It is, probably, no exaggeration to say that more has been written regarding the Temple at Jerusalem than in respect to any other building in the known world, and unfortunately, it may be added, more that is wild and utterly untenable, this last peculiarity arises from several causes: First, because all the earlier restorers were entirely ignorant of the ground on which the Temple stood, and of the local circumstances that governed its construction. It was not, indeed, till the spot was surveyed by the late Mr. Catherwood, in 1833, and his plan published on a sufficient scale in 1862, that restorers had such a map of the ground as would enable them to adjust their measurements to a locality with anything like certainty. Though that plan was wonderfully perfect, considering the circumstances under which it was made, it has since been superseded by that made under the direction of Capt. (now Major) Wilson. R. E., in 1864-5, which leaves nothing to be desired in this respect. It can be depended upon almost by inches, and has been engraved on a scale sufficiently large for all topographical, if not quite for all architectural, purposes. A second cause of the wildness of the restorations hitherto attempted is, that the Temple at Jerusalem was quite unique. Not only had the Jews only this one temple, but, so far as we know, it was entirely of their own invention and utterly unlike the temples of any of the nations around them. It certainly, at all events, was quite unlike the temples of the Egyptians or Greeks. It may have had affinities with those of the Babylonians or Assyrians; but, notwithstanding all that has been done of late years, we know so very little of what the temples of Mesopotamia were, that these hardly help us, even at this day, and the assumption that this might be so was of no use whatever, to earlier restorers. Having thus no analogies to guide them, and, as it is literally and absolutely true that not one stone remains on another of the Temple, properly so called, it is not to be wondered that early restorers failed to realize the truth, and indulged in fancies which were utterly untenable. In nine cases out of ten their object was to produce a building that would be worthy of Solomon in all his glory, rather than a sober reproduction of the very moderate building described in the Bible.

Chapters in England are now numbered up to 1185.

The Spirit of Masonry.

M. W. Bro. Charles Griswold in concluding his annual address to the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, uses the following touching language:

"Our journey is so very brief, and will so soon be closed, that alienations are sadly out of place; and the precious moments that are left should be faithfully improved in doing good, in strengthening the ties of Brotherly love, and enlarging our mantle of charity. No one who has any manhood about him finds it a difficult matter to think kindly of the departed. With the living we may have our serious differences and sharp cutting words; but, somehow, as we come into the presence of the dead, we feel that all animosities are out of place, and all contentions must be forever dropped. We will gently bear the cold clay to its final resting place; we will utter kind words of sympathy to the bereaved; whatever there was good or beautiful in the life of the departed, we will speak of it then, and in its absence hold our peace. To strike a dead man seems so unnatural, so mean, so cowardly, that we cannot find it in our hearts to do it. All this is as it should be. But if we would only carry this same spirit into all our relations and intercourse with the living, how much better it would be. If, when we are about to utter a hasty word, or to do the unkind act, or pronounce the harsh, uncharitable judgement, we would for a moment stop and ask ourselves the question, 'What about all this if my Brother should die to-day?' 'Are my relations with him now what I would wish them to be then?' If we would but follow this course, from how much sorrow and bitter self-accusation we might be saved! And then its effects upon others! With this spirit carried out, how many of the bitter feuds that now rend society would come to an end; aye, would be nipped in the bud, and so never have an existence? How many that are crushed down would be raised up? How it would smooth down the frictions of life, and oil all the wheels of society? How many hearts are aching to-day because of wrong done by Brother to Brother, in the midst of which death has entered, and the opportunity for reconciliation has gone forever? I find this sentiment beautifully expressed in verse:

"If I should die to-night!
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down in tearful tenderness;
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands—so empty so cold to-night!

"If I should die to-night!
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought.
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said.
Errands, on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride—
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night!

"If I should die to-night!
Even hearts estranged would turn once more
to me.
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And often in the old, familiar way—
For who can war with dumb unconscious clay?
And so I might rest forgiven all to-night!

"Oh, friends! I pray to-night!
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely; let me feel them now,
Think gently of me, for I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are piteous with many a thorn.
Forgive! Oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead—
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night!"