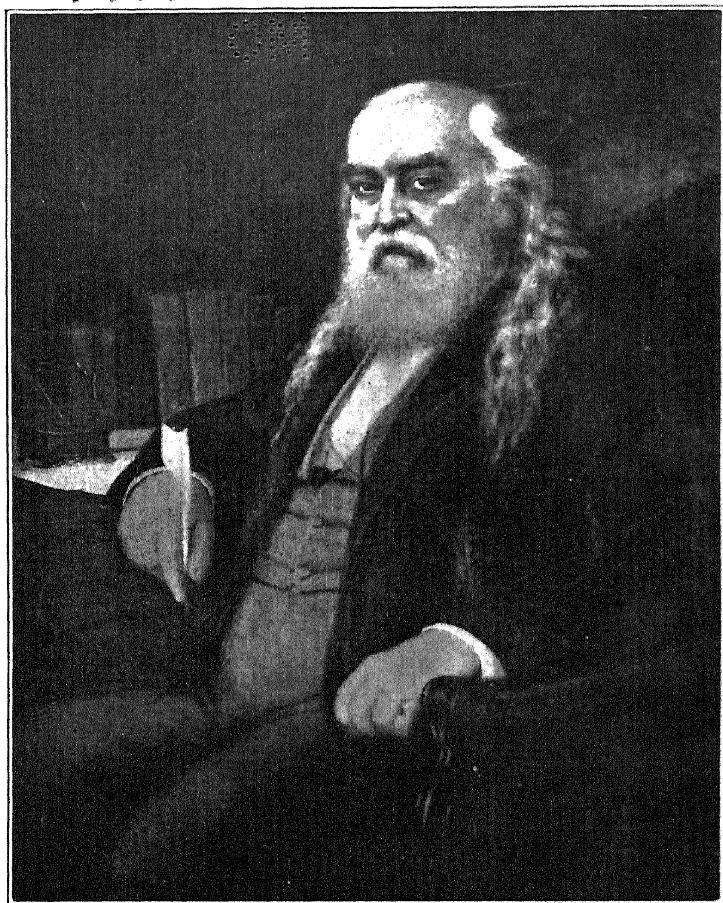


WABE L OLBH
YTO BABAN



ALBERT PIKE

*From an engraving printed in the "Centenary Souvenir
of His Birth" published by the Supreme Council
33°, Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction.*

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ALBERT PIKE
A BIOGRAPHY

By

FRED W. ALLSOPP,

*Author of "Little Adventures in Newspaperdom,"
"Rimeries," "History of the Arkansas
Press for 100 Years," etc.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

PARKE-HARPER COMPANY
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
1928.

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AN INTRODUCTORY WORD FROM
MR. CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM

CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM 33°

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

LIEUTENANT GRAND COMMANDER SUPREME COUNCIL
ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE
OF FREEMASONRY
SOUTHERN JURISDICTION.

SOVEREIGN GRAND INSPECTOR-GENERAL
IN ARKANSAS.

MR. CLIO HARPER (Publisher of the original sketch).

My Dear Brother Harper:

You have kindly placed before me the *Life Story of Albert Pike*, written by Mr. Fred W. Allsopp, and requested that I should add a preface that in some manner might be helpful.

After all, what is there to be said in a brief space of this truly great man, great in so many ways, after the very readable and attractive story contained in this volume?

Surely there is little I might add, beyond expressing my sincere appreciation of the work itself, and that Mr. Allsopp and yourself will give many, very many, Masons throughout the United States an opportunity of reading much of the history of the man and Mason so well loved in life, and whose memory is so sincerely and affectionately cherished.

There might be volumes written of the works of General Pike, and then the half would not be told. But it seems to me this *Life Story* well covers incidents and characteristics of his life, many of which never before have been touched on, that will prove of great interest to all.

INTRODUCTION

General Pike was a very industrious writer, and everything he wrote was in his own handwriting, which was small, even and very beautiful. He never, so far as my information goes, used anything except quill pens, and these he made and kept sharpened himself.

In addition to the Honorary Life Membership bestowed on General Pike, as noted in the *Story*, there were many others of a Masonic and civil nature, and in the Pike section of our great library in the beautiful House of the Temple in Washington, there are many elaborately engrossed parchments from almost all parts of the world, giving evidence of the great esteem in which he was held by his Masonic brethren.

The Library itself was created largely by General Pike, and after he built it up to what is said to be one of the most valuable libraries we know of, he gave it to the Supreme Council, for the use of the public as well as members of the Masonic fraternity.

The portrait at the State Capitol referred to in the *Life Story* was painted from a photograph which I loaned the artist who painted the portrait. It calls to my memory the circumstances under which the photograph came to me. A little party from this state visited the General, and he had two photographs on the mantel, which had just been taken and delivered to him. Before we left, one of these was given to the late Maj. James A. Henry, of this city, and the other, much to my delight, came to me, and is now hanging on the wall in my home. We cherish this photo., because of its peculiar associations.

The visit itself was a memorable one to us, surrounded as we were by a myriad of singing birds in their cages, cherished tokens from many friends, in evidence everywhere. In this setting was the General, in the best of spirits, telling one story after another of the old friends in this state, and asking after relatives of those who were present.

The photograph I have, I believe, was the last the General had taken.

CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM, 33°

PREFACE

This *Life of Albert Pike* has had an evolutional growth. It is the outcome of a paper which I prepared to read before the Little Rock Press Club a few years ago. With some additions, that sketch appeared in a local publication, and was reprinted in the form of a small edition of an unpretentious booklet of 130 pages. The preface to it read:

One of the giants of the early days in the Southwest was General Albert Pike, who resided in Arkansas from 1832 intermittently, up to the close of the Civil War.

He left a lasting impression on the times, because he was a man who played a distinguished part in the world, or rather, for the reason that he became renowned through acting many parts well. As one writer observes, "He touched all the elements of romance and adventure that existed in the Southwest, from the wild Indian tribes, into one of which he had been adopted and of which he is said to have been a chief, to the composition of verses which found recognition and appreciation so far away and from such high authority as *Blackwood's Magazine*."

Indeed, his adventurous life reads like wild romance, and the events in which he participated furnish an interesting contrast to the men and movements of those pioneer times and those of today under the more favorable conditions that exist.

Whether or not it is due in any degree to the halo that tradition gradually brings to the memory of great men, it would seem that those who dominated the southwestern country 50 to 75 years ago, were bigger and brainier than the leaders of today. In any event, it was not the faint-hearted who conquered the wilds, but strong men like Albert Pike.

Two characters that will ever live in Arkansas song and story are Sandy Faulkner's "Arkansaw Traveler" and Albert Pike. The imaginary character has often brought derision to the state; the real life of the other has added to its lustre.

Although regarded as too meagre in its contents to satisfy the demand for a Life of Pike, the little book was so well received at home and abroad, and has resulted in bringing to

PREFACE

me such a wealth of additional data in regard to his activities, as well as having made me aware that some egregious errors had crept into the sketch, that I have felt encouraged to again take up the subject and to offer this revised and extended edition for general circulation.

Some years ago, I became interested in publishing a volume of Pike's poems, and subsequently in the bringing out of a second edition in two volumes. These publications resulted in General Pike's daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, agreeing to write for publication by me a biography of her distinguished father. She passed away before she could accomplish this purpose. At least, I never received a line of the copy; and I regard it as unfortunate that that lady, who had inherited many of the talents of her great father, was not permitted to live to carry out her design. If she had done so, there would have been no excuse for this modest effort of mine.

It was not as a Mason that I was attracted at first to Albert Pike. I became interested in his life before I entered Freemasonry. I was struck with the wonderful, picturesque and virile character of the man. Nobody could fail to be interested who is familiar with his career and likes to study mankind—"the proper study of" which "is man"—for the lives of few men have been more worthy of attention. But when I came to study him as a Mason, it was then that I fully realized the great extent of his learning and his lofty character.

He held that God "has so rendered matters in this beautiful and harmonious, but mysteriously governed, universe, that one great mind after another will arise from time to time, as such are needed, to reveal * * * * truths that are wanted, and the amount of truth that can be borne;" that "He so arranges that nature and the course of events shall send men into the world, endowed with that higher mental and moral organization, in which grand truths and sublime gleams of spiritual light will spontaneously and inevitably arise; that these speak * * * * by inspiration." And, to verify his quoted words,

PREFACE

it would seem that Albert Pike himself was one of those who thus arose and spoke to his fellows.

He emerged from obscurity, to make himself, through heroic qualities, indomitable will, great ability, and laudable ambition, not only useful but famous. To epitomize his labors—though born poor, and practically self-educated, he was a successful teacher in his youth; he hunted and trapped game and fought Indians on the prairies and in the wilds of the West when a young man; he won praise as an editor, and while engaged in newspaper work, studied law, to become one of the leading lawyers of the Southwest and accomplish more in that profession than most men do who devote their whole lives to the calling; he served as a Supreme Court Judge; he was a great orator; he fought in the Mexican War and in the War Between the States, commanding an Indian brigade for the Confederacy in the latter conflict, and became a brigadier general; he fought a duel, calmly smoking a cigar up to the moment when the command was given to “fire;” as a scholar and philologist, he translated Latin and French law text books, the Sanskrit of the Rig Veda, the Zend Vesta and other Aryan literature, and turned Spanish songs into English; he compiled vocabularies of Indian and the Sanskrit languages; he was the author of volumes of poetry which has received high praise; rituals used in Scottish Rite Masonry and its statutes and regulations came from his brain, and his miscellaneous writings, according to Boyden’s bibliography of his works, comprise more than 500 items; yet he spent the last thirty years of his life as Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the A. and A. Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, at Washington, D. C., being recognized as the highest ranking Mason in the world at the time of his death.

Such a life as his is a shining example of what a man may accomplish in this American Land of Opportunity.

Although he has been dead for thirty-five years, his was a character so unusual, a life so great, his experiences so extraordinary, that he cannot be forgotten, especially by the

PREFACE

Masonic fraternity, to which he devoted so many useful years and left such a wealth of material; and the lapse of time allows for a fuller perspective of the man.

At one time he was the subject of considerable controversy. Many biographical sketches of him have appeared, Masonic journals have teemed with the chronicles of his activities, he aroused his share of hero-worship, and his spectacular performances have caused newspaper writers to keep his memory alive by devoting a great deal of space in magazine sections about him—much of which was fictitious or inaccurate—making it difficult to sift the true from the false.

Among the memorials to his name in Arkansas are the magnificent Albert Pike Memorial Masonic Temple and the Albert Pike Highway. There is a monument to his memory at Washington City, and scattered over the country there are numerous Masonic lodges and Scottish Rite Consistories named in his honor.

In the second to the fourth chapters, inclusive, I have drawn freely from what is known as the *Pike Diary*.

I wish to acknowledge indebtedness to a number of friends and other persons for encouragement and assistance in connection with this work. Among them, I thank the following: Mr. Charles E. Rosenbaum, for interest shown, and for leads and corrections in regard to Masonic matters; Mr. Clio Harper and Mr. R. W. Hankins, for assistance rendered; Mr. Dallas Herdon, for a copy of the *Pike Diary* made under his direction from the files of the *Arkansas Advocate*; Mr. Yvon Pike, Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard, and Miss Mary Hamilton Pike, for items of interest about the Pike family; Mr. Amos E. Jewett, for genealogical records; Prof. D. Y. Thomas, of the University of Arkansas, for notes; Mr. Charles Sumner Lobingier for permission to print data resulting from his painstaking investigations; Mr. Wm. L. Boyden, for valuable data and useful documents; and Mrs. M. C. Telfer for aids. Among those whom I cannot thank, because they have passed away, I must mention, Mrs. Oscar M. Roome, who supplied copies of

PREFACE

addresses of Albert Pike and other matter; Col. Frederick Weber, who gave me valuable information; and Mrs. Sam Wassell, who placed at my disposal copies of letters written by Pike.

I hope the reader will overlook the shortcomings of an inexperienced author in this labor of love.

FRED W. ALLSOPP.

Little Rock, Ark.
March 20, 1928.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

- 1809, Dec. 29—Albert Pike born in Boston, Mass., son of Benjamin Pike, of Byfield-Rowley, Mass., and his wife, Sarah Andrews, of Ipswich, Mass.
- 1813 or 1814—Family moved to Newburyport, Mass. There he attended public and private schools, spending much time at his grandfather's home at Byfield-Rowley.
- 1821 or 1822—Attended Harvard one session, then taught school and prepared for Junior class. In 1823, took examinations, but could not pay tuition for two years, as required, and so did not continue at Harvard.
- 1824-1831—Taught school at various places in Massachusetts.
- 1831, March—Set out for the West, stopping at St. Louis.
- 1831 or 1832, Aug. 10—Left St. Louis with a trading party, going through Kansas, Missouri, New Mexico and Indian Territory.
- 1832, Dec. 10—Reached Fort Smith, Ark.
- 1832-1833—Taught school near Van Buren, Ark., and wrote for *Little Rock Advocate*.
- 1833, October—Went to Little Rock; became assistant editor *Advocate*, and later its editor.
- 1834, Oct. 10—Married Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, at Arkansas Post.
- 1835—Bought the *Advocate*.
- 1836—Admitted to the Bar.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

- 1846—Raised a squadron of cavalry and served in the Mexican War as a Captain. When mustered out returned to practice law at Little Rock.
- 1849—Admitted to practice before U. S. Supreme Court.
- 1850—Entered Masonry.
- 1853-57—Practiced law at New Orleans, with winters in Washington City, prosecuting claims.
- 1857—Returned to Little Rock.
- 1859—Became Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction.
- 1861, Aug.-1862, Nov.—Brigadier General in the Confederate service.
- 1862-1865—In Arkansas, Texas and elsewhere.
- 1865—In Canada.
- 1865-1868—In Memphis, Tenn.
- 1868—Moved to Washington, D. C., where, except for a short interval of residence at Alexandria, Va., he lived until his death.
- 1868-1870—Associate editor of the *Patriot*, Washington, D. C.
- 1876, April 14—Death of wife.
- 1879—Relinquished active practice of law for work in Masonry.
- 1891, April 2—Died at Washington, D. C.
- 1895, Jan. 9—Death of son, Luther Hamilton Pike.
- 1919, March 1—Death of daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome.

DESCENDANTS OF ALBERT PIKE

Only surviving child, Yvon Pike, of Washington, D. C., and Leesburg, Va.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Yvon Pike, and grandchildren of Albert Pike:

Lilian, (Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard) West Newton, Mass.;

Mary Hamilton Pike, Washington, D. C.;

Albert Pike II, topographical engineer, U. S. Geological Survey;

Annie Yvonne (wife of Col. Alfred T. Smith, U. S. A., now stationed at Baltimore);

Dore Grigsby,

Ethel Denver (wife of Dr. Spencer P. Bass, Tarboro, N. C.).

Children of Albert Pike II and his wife, who was Josephine H.

Phillips, of Tarboro, N. C., and grandchildren of Yvon Pike:

Albert Pike III, aged 17 years (in 1927); student at Princeton University.

Phillips Pike, aged 15 years (in 1927);

Henry Hyman Pike, aged 14 years (in 1927).

Children of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Bass:

Eleanor Paxton Bass, aged 16 years (in 1927);

Spencer P. Bass, Jr., aged 5 years (in 1927).

ALBERT PIKE
A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I.

THE STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION, AND THE DESIRE FOR
A FREER LIFE.

First came Ambition, with his discous eye,
And tiger-spring, and hot and eager speed,
Flushed cheek, imperious glance, demeanor high;
He in the portal striding his black steed,
Stained fet-lock deep with red blood not yet dry,
And flecked with foam, did wild cohort lead
Down the rough mountain, heedless of the crowd
Of slaves that round the altar steps yet bowed.

—From PIKE'S *Ariel*.

IN the month of August, 1823, a tall, eager, well-formed lad of sixteen left his home at Newburyport, Mass., and went to Boston, the place where he was born on December 29, 1809. Hurrying over to Cambridge, he sprinted up the steps to Harvard's main building and into the office of the registrar. The unknown youth stood smiling, with glinting eyes, looking like a modern Mercury, full of nerve, ambition and active optimism. After a little patient waiting, cap in hand, his worn clothes not at all

impressing the authorities to quick action, the clerk turned toward him, with an inquiring look.

"My name's Pike—Albert Pike; I've qualified for the Junior class and want to be registered for the term."

"Qualified?" asked the man, not unkindly.

"Yes, I attended one session at Harvard (1822), I've been studying privately to make the exams and have passed.* Taught school to make it a go. Now I've enough to go through." And he grinned happily.

"All right, young man, if you can pass the entrance examinations and will make the necessary advance payments for the Freshman and Sophomore terms, I suppose we can fix you up."

"You want payment for two terms?" he enquired, with impatient surprise.

"I am sorry that is the requirement, my boy."

If Albert had been hit squarely between the eyes with a sledge hammer, he would not have been more surprised and disappointed, for he had saved up just enough money to pay his expenses through a single term.

"I cannot pay in advance for two terms, and indeed I shall not do so."

A few additional words were exchanged, but they were fruitless.† Maddened and saddened, he moved

*I entered there after I had passed a very high examination—exceedingly good in mathematics, and rather exceptionally good in Greek.—Pike ms. *Reminiscences*, in Library of the Supreme Council, A. & A., Scottish Rite, Washington, D. C., as quoted in the *New Age Mag.*

†It has been claimed that the terms of that great educational institution were not at that time as exacting as indicated, but this is the story that has been handed down.

STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION

slowly out of the office. There was that in him, however, which then and there gave substance to a resolution that he would some day be considered worthy by the college whose honors he could not then receive. And his colorful life will presently reveal how far right he was.

Wilted Pike was, after leaving the registrar's office; wilted, and a little embittered, but not overcome. True to the blood in his veins which faced the hardships of a raw country in 1635, the young man could not long be denied what was his due.

He said he never had any curiosity about his ancestry; that he had never asked his grandfather anything about that grandfather's father or any of his ancestors; nor did he ask his grandmother, and he said also that he never knew anything about his mother's family; in fact, did not even know the names of her immediate ancestors until his aunt told him of them in later years. In regard to his own life, he wrote Col. John G. James* that he could not write autobiography and had refused to do so fifty times; and he said to John Hallum,† who asked him to write a biographical sketch for publication, that he had often refused to write the story of his life,—“Not through delicacy or modesty, but because I could truly say, with the ‘ready knife-grinder,’ ‘stay, God bless you! I have none to tell sir;’—none, I know, that would be worth any one's reading. I am perfectly conscious that I have no aptitude for that kind of authorship,

*Hallum's *Bench and Bar of Arkansas*.

†*New Age Magazine*.

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and that if I were to undertake it, the result would be stale, flat and unprofitable. But it requires no gift of authorship to give you the simple dates you ask for, and I do it with pleasure."

However, as stated in *The New Age*, for March, 1921, "fortunately for the Masonic fraternity," he did "on April 26, 1886, when in a reminiscent mood, dictate to a stenographer a more extensive account of his remarkable career than the data sent to Judge Halum." This autobiography, which has not been published, covers 86 pages, and among other incidents relates his experiences on the prairies and in the Mexican War, as well as gives his opinions of officers who participated with him in that conflict. It is said to contain interesting anecdotes relating to Sam Houston, Prentiss, John J. Crittenden, David Crockett, Robert Toombs, and others.*

Though Pike did think lightly of preserving a record of his ancestry, and of giving his memoirs to the world, others have evidenced curiosity in regard to that ancestry, and many have become interested in his remarkable career and varied achievements.

He was the son of Benjamin Pike, of Byfield-Rowley, Mass., and his wife, who was Sarah Andrews, of Ipswich, in the same state.

While Albert was born in Boston, his birth is not recorded in that city, which is probably accounted for by the fact that the old home of the family was in Byfield, and to that place he was taken when an

*The autobiography is in the possession of the Library of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, So. juris., Washington City.

STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION

infant or while quite young. He said he well remembered the illumination on account of the conclusion of peace with Great Britain in 1815. In 1813, when Albert was but four years old, the family of Benjamin Pike moved to Newburyport, Mass., which is a part of the same settlement as Rowley, Byfield and Newbury. These places composed one of the oldest parishes in New England, and were organized for religious instead of civil purposes.

The local color of the historic neighborhood which was the scene of Albert Pike's early years makes it an attractive one, the section being ruggedly beautiful, and worthy of contemplation. Originally there was only one parish there, but, as the sections grew the population became too large to attend one church, so that after a time there came to be several parishes in one town, and they had to have different names. In the case of Byfield, the people who lived in the corners of what is now Newbury and Rowley were set off in a new parish, and in 1838 a part of Rowley was incorporatd in still another village, named Georgetown. Byfield at present comprises adjacent portions of the three towns of Newbury, Rowley and Georgetown. It is interesting to note that at one time a meeting-house was built partly on one side of the line between Newbury and what is now Georgetown, and partly on the other, and that some of the pews are divided so that a man and his wife may worship in the same pew but in different towns.

It is of more than passing moment to Pike devotees to remember that he was of Byfield stock, not

only for the reason that his forebears settled in that part of Essex County, Mass., nearly 300 years ago, but because many other great Americans were born in that section of New England. Dr. E. E. Hale said in an historical address in Byfield in 1902, that, "It has long been observed that Newbury and Newburyport, and West Newbury, and Byfield, form a confederacy; and it has also been observed that almost every person in the United States known to history originally sprung from this confederacy." This was somewhat of a humorous exaggeration, but those old towns have sent out to the world distinguished sons, and a number of their citizens are known to fame. In passing, it may be mentioned that Lieut. Stephen Longfellow, the blacksmith grandfather of Pike's brother poet, Henry W. Longfellow, whose great-grandfather, William, married the daughter of Harry Sewall, the founder of Newbury, was a citizen of Byfield, and the poem of *The Village Blacksmith* was dedicated to him.

To obtain a proper estimate of a man's life and character, it is helpful to learn what has been transmitted to him by his progenitors. The father of Albert Pike was a shoemaker and farmer, which probably means that, like thousands of other northeastern men of his day, as to farming, he kept some cows, a horse, cultivated a few acres; and in the winter time worked in his shop on the place, thereby earning some ready money. He was a man of exemplary character, and the distinguished son had no reason to be ashamed of the humble calling of his father. It has been ob-

STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION

served that shoemakers in the early days before machine-made shoes became in vogue were oftentimes real philosophers. Many a one of them, while sitting at the bench and pegging away with awl and hammer has been known to carry on a conversation on learned subjects with a customer or a caller. The occupation seems to be conducive to a contemplative frame of mind.

Benjamin Pike industriously worked to support his family, but he was unable to provide the educational advantages that his son Albert craved. The boy inherited little save a good constitution, a fine mind, with the stubborn and stalwart characteristics of his ancestors, who were descended from an old English family. We know that there must have been intellect in his strain. He was of the same staunch stock as Nicholas Pike, author of the first arithmetic published in America, and the friend of George Washington; as Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who explored the Rocky Mountains, and other eminent Americans.

The mother of Albert Pike is said to have been a devout Christian woman, beautiful in person and gifted in mind. Some time after the death of her husband, which occurred in 1833, she married Paul Pillsbury, and became a devoted mother to several step-children. Mrs. Pike's second husband was an inventor of note, one of his inventions being a machine for making shoe-pegs, which is said to have revolutionized the shoe-making business. He invented other contrivances, and among them he patented a corn-sheller and a machine for grinding tanner's bark.

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His house has been described as having been a veritable museum of the models of machines which he had devised for purposes of war and peace; but, like many inventors, he did not seem to have profited much from his genius.

One touching evidence of the poverty of the parents of Albert Pike is mentioned by Dr. Ewell in his splendid *Story of Byfield*, in which it is stated that in the beautiful home of Yvon Pike, son of Albert Pike, are two mementoes of Byfield that were very dear to General Pike. One of these is a great and elegantly illustrated family Bible, with the commentary of John Brown of Haddington. General Pike in later years had caused to be printed in letters of gold on the inside cover of the book an inscription to the effect that his mother, "purchased this book in weekly numbers, and paid for it out of her little savings, when, with seven mouths to feed, my father could earn but \$4.50 per week." The inscription also charges his descendants to keep this Bible "as long as there is one of them who reverences the virtues of his ancestors." This evidences a pride in those ancestors, if he did affect some disregard for a record of them.

The date of the first settlement of the Pike family in and near Byfield-Newbury-Rowley, is indefinitely fixed, but the first of the line, John Pike with his wife, Dorothy, and his five children—John, Robert, Dorothy, Anne and Israel—sailed from Southampton, England, in the ship *James*, on April 6, 1635, and are presumed to have settled in Massachusetts. No doubt

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they were among those who sought fortune and religious liberty in the New World. Joseph Pike, of the third generation, was born at Newbury, Mass., in 1638. A record of births and deaths proves that Joseph Pike, fourth generation, was born there April 17, 1674. The following table of the descent of the Pike family in Massachusetts is based upon information furnished by Amos E. Jewett, an old resident of Rowley, and data gathered by Col. Marshall W. Wood,* the latter of which was printed in an article by Charles Sumner Lobingier, in the July, 1927, issue of the *New Age Magazine*:

- (1) John Pike (1580-1654), born Landford, Eng.; married Dorothy Daye of same nativity, Jan. 17, 1612-13; died Salisbury, Mass.;
- (2) John Pike (1613-1688-89), born Bridgewater, Eng.; came to America with his father, and settled in Newbury; married Mary Tarville;
- (3) Joseph Pike (1638-1694), son of John and Mary (Tarville) Pike; married Jan. 29, 1661, Susannah, dau. of Henry and Susannah Kingsbury, (—);
- (4) Thomas Pike (1681-1753), son of Joseph and Susannah (Kingsbury), Pike; married January 3, 1709, Sarah (1684-1710), grand-dau. of Moses and Lydia (Coffin) Little, third from Tristram Coffin of Nantucket fame;
- (5) John Pike (1710-1755), son of Thomas and Sarah (Little) Pike; married Feb. 17, 1731, Sarah, dau. of

*Marshall W. Wood of Boise, Idaho, the only surviving member of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, who knew Pike intimately, loved him and reveres his memory.

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Samuel and Sarah (Knight) Moody, grand-dau. of Sam'l and Mary (Cutting) Moody, and of John Knight and Rebecca (Noyes);

- (6) Thomas Pike (1739-1833), son of John and Sarah (Moody) Pike; married June 7, 1763, Joanna Webber (1740-1732), dau. of Richard and Joanna (Harris) Webber, and grand-dau. of Richard and Sarah (Chapman) Webber, and of Thomas and Joanna (Pulsifer) Harris;
- (7) Benjamin Pike (1789-1833), son of Thomas and Joanna (Webber) Pike; married May 3, 1808, at Boston, Sarah Andrews (1786-1858), dau. of Amaziah Andrews (about 1758-1792), probably son of Ammi Andrews (4), Solomon (3), William (2), John (1), and Mary Brown, John (3), John (2), John (1), and Sarah Burnham, dau. of Simeon, Thomas (3), Thomas (2), John (1), and Mrs. Molly Wheeler;
- (8) Albert Pike (1809-1891), son of Benjamin and Sarah (Andrews) Pike.

According to the *Story of Byfield*, General Pike's line coincides with that of Joseph Pike (6), through the first five generations. The line of Joseph (6), is John (1); John (2), brother of Major Robert Pike; Joseph (3); Thomas (4); John (5); Thomas (6).

John (5) had four sons and six daughters; his son Thomas (6) had a son, Benjamin (7), who was the father of Gen. Albert Pike. Another son of John (5), was named Benjamin, who is said to have been enrolled high in the list of Byfield's humorists, but he was an unloved practical joker. He settled at Topsfield, Mass., and became the forefather of a noble line, prominent in church and state.

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One of the sons of John Pike, the first, was known as Captain John Pike; and another was called the "Worshipful Major Robert Pike, of Salisbury", the friend of Quakers, witches and all oppressed people.* The latter is further described as having been a person of great decision of character. While serving as a judge, he refused to condemn witches, which is referred to by Whittier in a poem. In June, 1638, all of the able-bodied men of Newbury were formed into four companies under the command of Capt. John Pike and three others.

John Pike, the second, was Selectman for Newbury, deputy to the General Court, and captain of militia. He also served in the English-Dutch Wars, in 1664-73, and was a member of Governor Carteret's Council in East Jersey, 1670-72.

Joseph Pike, the third, served in King Philip's War. He was killed by Indians, while traveling to Haverhill, Mass., in December, 1694.**

Thomas Pike, the fourth, was a lieutenant in the Colonial Army, and served in the Expedition to Canada in 1716.†

A member of the Pike family named Benjamin enlisted as a private from Rowley, in Capt. Thomas Mighill's (Rowley) company, during the Revolutionary War, and marched to the alarm of April 19, 1775. He served in several other companies and was discharged December 5, 1780.‡

*Ewell's *Story of Byfield*.

**Ewell's *Story of Byfield*.

†*Ibid*.

‡Mass. Records Soldiers and Sailors, Revolutionary War.

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Lieut. Thomas Pike is mentioned as a member of a committee for Byfield, March 10, 1777, to raise 50 additional soldiers for the Army of the Revolution.*

In May, 1778, Thomas Pike, who is supposed to have been the grandfather of General Pike, volunteered and became a first lieutenant in the Army.

On June 17, 1778, a Benjamin Pike, Albert Pike's great-uncle, volunteered, and in the same month a Thomas Pike was drafted and served for several months at Fishkill, N. Y.

Joseph Pike, a descendant in the 6th generation of John Pike the immigrant, is spoken of in Ewell's *History* as having taken a worthy part in parish affairs at Rowley.

In the year 1800, a Joseph Pike was Moderator of an ecclesiastical assembly at Byfield, and is referred to also as having superintended the putting of the meeting-house in repair, from which it may be inferred that he was a contractor. As to his characteristics, Ewell says of him, "when Luther Moody came into the parish as a young man, an older person gave him this advice: 'Moody, if you want to succeed, you must have firmness,—I don't mean —— obstinancy, like Joe Pike's.'" Joseph had the same quality of decision of character as his ancestor, John (1), but perhaps was not so diplomatic. With reference to his reputation for contrariness, Joseph said of himself, "they all hate me, but I notice that when they get into trouble, they all come to me." There-

*Ewell's *History*.

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fore he must have had some good qualities. He reared a large family. His sons all left Byfield for other parts, but his daughters married in the parish and had many children. Among his descendants were Major Ira, Rev. M. P. and S. W. Stickney, grandchildren; G. H. Dole, Mrs. Daniel Dawkins, Brunswick, (the latter a noted lawyer of Vermont), and Dr. John Louis Ewell, long professor of Church History, Howard University, Washington, D. C., great-grandchildren.

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2 Alfred W. Pike, youngest son of Joseph, became an eminent teacher, who was always interested in ambitious boys at the Newburyport Academy.

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2 Baxter F. Pike, grandson of Benjamin (6) served as chairman of the Selectmen of Topsfield, at the time of the bi-centennial celebration of the town, in 1902, and delivered the opening address.

The Pikes were mostly of dark complexion,* although Albert Pike has been described as having been "as fair as a child," but with brown eyes.

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2 So much for the genealogy and characteristics of the Pike family, which, with the allusion to Byfield, may serve as something of a background for the central figure, Albert Pike.

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2 Considering his disadvantages, it is not surprising that this ambitious youth set to work, with grim determination, to educate himself. He attended school at Farmingham, then taught at Gloucester and at other places, beginning to teach at fifteen years of

*Ewell's *Story of Byfield*.

age, to obtain money for his tuition at Harvard; afterwards he taught several years in a private school, and served as an assistant, and then as principal, of the village academy at Newburyport. When he began teaching, by day he faced his classes, and by night his books, that he might qualify for the bigger job of principal. He spent some time on linguistic studies, and the pursuit of Spanish, which seems to have been one of them, came to good advantage at a later period. He spent several years in studying Greek, and taught it, but he preferred Latin, "for," he said, "without a knowledge of it, a man cannot be considered educated."*

He is quoted as saying that he lost his position as teacher in a school at Newburyport, ostensibly because he played the fiddle on Sunday, but in reality because he insisted upon having an assistant, which the directors would not supply.†

An anecdote will illustrate what a great reader he was as a young man: His granddaughter, Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard, states that a pupil of Alfred W. Pike, already referred to, who was a cousin to Albert, told her that Professor Pike often related this story: "Albert once borrowed from me a history in 13 volumes, and a few days later brought back the books. I was surprised, supposing that he had not read them; but Albert said he had, and asked to be examined on the history." Other instances of the sort are related of him.

*Ms. *Reminiscences*, Supreme Council Library, A. & A. S. R.

†Pike ms. *Autobiography*.

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In early youth he evidenced a poetic instinct, but his tendency to write verses was discouraged by his relatives because, like many people, they considered such efforts were not conducive to thrift.

Albert Pike's home town, thirty-five miles east of Boston, was at times gay, with its prim parties, bees, sociables and picnics; the ship-building activities of the port also interested the youth; then he spent many pleasant days at the home of his grandfather, six miles from his father's house—walking the distance, no doubt, for he loved outdoor life all his days. But young Pike had a resenting wrath, as well as a powerful ambition, that developed his will power to the extent of refusing many allurements and festivities.

He proved his mettle and gave evidence of future accomplishments. But the young man appeared to live in an atmosphere of restraint. A reaction had set in within him, due to heart-yearnings and the circumscription of his environment. He attended less and less to academic studies as time wore on, and found himself pondering more and more over tales of the new western land which he read in the newspapers and heard discussed among his friends. Confined in a small town, and thrown with rigid Puritans, he longed to see the wide world, to have more action, to lead a broader and freer life. There was no big opportunity at home. There was nothing but poverty and restriction there. Therefore, he made up his mind to leave and strike out for himself as soon as possible.

All his efforts then tended to make money enough to take him to the West.

Many other young men left their homes for the newer countries during the early On-to-the-West movement. Sargent Prentiss settled in Mississippi; Stephen A. Douglass went from Vermont to Illinois; John Slidell moved from New York to Louisiana; James H. Hammond left his home in Massachusetts to go to South Carolina; Robert J. Walker of Pennsylvania took up his residence in Mississippi; and now there was a rush of enterprising and adventurous people to the new Province of New Mexico, which was believed to be a kind of Utopia, where gold and silver, as well as beaver, were to be found in abundance. Why should he not strike out? Maybe he would achieve the success that he craved. It was in the direction of New Mexico that he is supposed to have turned his eyes, but he was looking for an opening anywhere that he might chance to find it in the newer lands.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

Farewell to thee, New England!
Farewell to thee and thine!
Good-bye to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley's hills of pine!

Whether I am on ocean tossed,
Or hunt where the wild deer run,
Still shall it be my proudest boast
That I'm New England's son,

—From PIKE's *Farewell to New England* (1831).

ALBERT Pike's first great draught of adventure was taken when, having saved funds enough, as he believed, to provide for his wants until he could accumulate more, in March, 1831, in company with his boyhood friend, Rufus Titcomb, he left his eastern home for the West. He and his companion traveled *via* Boston, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Nashville and Cairo, *en route* to St. Louis. Many exaggerated tales have been told about the journeys of "penniless and friendless" Pike, but, according to his own account, they actually walked some 500 miles of the distance from Massachusetts, covering the remainder of the distance partly on horseback, partly by stagecoach or on flatboats, catching a ride when they could, and they were more than two months on the journey. Traveling in those days was slow and tedious, the average velocity of

land travel having increased almost 400% since then. There were no railroads, few good dirt roads, scarcely any maps for guidance, and the greater part of the western country was inhabited only by savages. We can hardly realize now, he said, that even later than 1830 the mails between Charleston and New York were carried in sailing vessels and in the interior of all the Southern States men travelled principally on horseback. He had to have grit and virility to undertake such a journey.

The verses he wrote in farewell to New England reveal a strong love for the hills of the section of his birth, which he never lost. He was still, one might say, of tender years and considerable tenderness of heart, at twenty-three. So, though aspirations pulled him from the spots of his childhood, the verses show his state of heart. He was not only adventurous, strong in body, swift of foot, and alert in everything, but a thinker and a poet, large-minded, chivalrous, with a steadfast determination to do something in the world.

After spending a little time at St. Louis, to rest and get their bearings, Pike and Titcomb went to Independence, Missouri, where they joined and left with Bent's party of hunters and traders, with ten wagons, for Santa Fe, New Mexico, which was then the depot of supplies for the southwestern country. This was in the month of August. There were few cities and towns then. St. Louis was a mere village.

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In traveling over the old Santa Fe Trail, through Missouri, Kansas and the Indian Territory, to reach New Mexico, then a territory of the Mexican Republic, he and his companions experienced many difficulties and were subjected to much annoyance by the unreliability of their guides. He declared that if there was anything calculated to disturb his patience, (and he confessed he was no rival of Job), it was to be misinformed as to distances. He could conceive of nothing more perfectly calculated to destroy a man's good humor, than to expect to ride or walk three miles, and on the contrary to find it lengthen into ten. "After the experience of the three miles," he said, "your whole aim is to reach the stopping place; you become insensible to the beauties, if there are any, of nature around you. Every time your horse stumbles, or you hit your toe, you wish the road, the guide, director, and all, at the worst place your principles will allow; and, in fine, you get to be a remarkably well defined specimen of a man *non compos mentis*." Such, at least, was his condition, as he approached Santa Fe for the first time. "Leaving La Canada de la Santa Cruz, or the Valley of the Holy Cross, in the morning at about ten of the clock," he wrote, "we moved steadily towards the City of the Holy Faith, distant about 25 miles. We were told at the start, that it was five leagues to the city, and after traveling more than that distance, we inquired of the guide, 'How far now? *Cosa de media lequa*,' (about a mile and a half). In the course of two or three miles, I inquired again. It was now, *Quizas*

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lequa y media, (perhaps four and one-half miles). I had a great idea of shooting him. At length, getting entirely out of patience, I inquired again. Poking out his chin, and pouting out his lips, as if to indicate the place, he said it was '*Mui cerquita,*' (close at hand). 'Is it half a league?' inquired I. '*Si es lejitos,*' he replied. Now, *lejitos* and *cerquita* are the exact antipodes of each other, but I have always observed that in that country when you are told that a place is *cerquita*, it is proper to lay in three days' provisions. I have been told that a place was three leagues off, when it was a two days' journey. Finally, surmounting a small eminence, our guide turned, with an air of immense importance, and ejaculated—'*Ai esta!*' There it was, sure enough."*

He said Santa Fe looked like a whole city of brick-kilns, and he was very much surprised to find that the Governor's palace there was merely a mud building, fifteen feet high, with walls four feet thick, and a mud portico, supported by rough pine timbers. The gardens and fountains, and grand staircases which he had read about were wanting. "The governor may raise some red pepper in his garden," he said, "but he gets his water from the public spring."

His movements after reaching Santa Fe are not fully recorded, but he tarried in those parts for some time, and it seems that in the month of August, 1831, † five months after leaving Missouri, he heard that a Missourian named John Harris was collecting a party

*"*Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country.*"

†Pike's *Diary*, as printed in the *Arkansas Advocate*.

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and outfitting it at Taos to go on a hunting expedition to the Comanche country, upon the heads of Red river and the Fausse Washita. He went from Santa Fe to Taos to join that party. For some reason, Mr. Titcomb did not accompany him. The two friends seem to have parted at Santa Fe.

Taos was then an adobe village of less than a thousand inhabitants. The valley surrounding it was occupied by Mexican farmers, and it was an important trading point for northern New Mexico.*

A man named Campbell, whom Pike had met at Santa Fe, was going into the same country, and, before leaving that place, Pike bought from him an outfit consisting of one horse, a mule, six traps and a supply of powder, lead and tobacco. Pike, Campbell and a Frenchman, together with several Mexicans whom they had picked up, set out to seek Harris at Taos.

Camp on the first night out, when the men, fully dressed, lay down to rest, with their guns by their sides, only to be awakened many times by the howling of wild animals, was a novel experience for the erstwhile tenderfoot from New England.

The next episode was to get lost in the Picuris, thirty miles away, which resulted from Pike and Campbell becoming separated from the other men as they rode along, and, having no guide, they took the wrong direction. They traveled until nearly

*In one printed statement, Pike fixed the date of his arrival at Taos as Sept., 1832, instead of 1831, but that may be a misprint.

night, and then retraced their steps for about four miles to a place where they saw the remains of an Indian fire. Here they tied their horses, kindled a large fire, and slept. In the morning they mounted and again proceeded toward Taos. After an exasperating delay, they finally overtook the other members of the party, who had in the meantime joined Harris, near Taos. Among the men who came out was Aaron Lewis.

The combined party numbered 70 to 80 men, of whom 30 were Americans, one was a Eutaw, one an Apache, another a Frenchman, and the remainder New Mexicans. Each man was mounted and armed with a gun, besides having a pistol or two in his belt.

“Trappers,” wrote Pike in his diary, “are like sailors when you come to describe them; the portrait of one answers for the whole genus.” But he singled out a few of his comrades for special mention:

Aaron Lewis, who afterwards became a soldier, came from Fort Towson, near the Arkansas border, and Pike got acquainted with him when he first reached Taos, liked him, and their companionship lasted until after Pike settled in Arkansas. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, over six feet in height and weighing 200 pounds, having clear blue eyes and a ruddy complexion; of undaunted courage, coolness and self-possession; an excellent shot, a genial companion, whose sense of good humor was proverbial.

“Bill” Williams, who was once a preacher, and

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later an interpreter to the Osage Indians, gaunt, red-headed, with hard, weather-beaten features, marked deeply with smallpox, all muscle and sinew, "the most indefatigable hunter in the world," said Pike, "with an ambition to kill more deer and catch more beaver than any man about, and having no glory except in the woods."

Tom Burke was a "Virginian with an Irish tongue." And there were others who were "better at boasting than at fighting, with a few who might be depended upon in case of an emergency."

An old Comanche was procured for a guide. Then the party left the valley of the Picuris, and camped that night at Mora plaza. The sole inhabitants of this old village at that time were rattlesnakes, of which about three dozen were killed in and around the old mud houses.

They proceeded up the Pecos river through the valley for twelve miles. Contrary to their hopes, little game was killed other than a few antelopes.

The diary states that no incident worth mentioning occurred until the ninth day out, when a dispute arose between Harris and Campbell, which resulted in their separating. Harris insisted on going to the Little Red river through a dry prairie. The balance of the men, with Pike, followed the guide along the Pecos river, in a southeasterly direction, to the Bosque Grande, or Bosque Redonda, as Pike called it, where entrance would be made to the great prairie. They were six days more in reaching this

point, which was about 40 miles north of the present site of Roswell, New Mexico.

Skulls greeted the men here and there as they passed on, and these grim reminders of the fate of former travelers in those parts had a depressing effect.

Just before reaching the Bosque, some of the Mexicans were met by a party of their countrymen, who had just returned from the Canon del Resgate, in the Staked Plains. They went there to trade bread, blankets, punche and beads to the Indians, for buffalo robes, bear skins and horses; but they were overpowered by the Indians, robbed of their goods, and warned to return to their own country. It was reported also that these same Indians had shortly before routed a train of American wagons, and captured 1,500 mules, as well as scalped some of the white men. The Mexicans in consequence were badly frightened, and two of them had already deserted. Pike, whose knowledge of the Spanish language was useful, was called to attend a council of the Mexicans, who were not disposed to enter the Staked Plains in view of the alarming news. It was represented that the Indians were on the warpath against all Americans, and were determined that none of them should trap in their country. To make matters worse, Manuel, the Indian guide, pretended that if he entered the Indian country as a guide, the Comanches would sacrifice him, as well as the party. The Comanche declared that he would not, therefore, go into the Staked Plains if one American remained in

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the party, and the Mexicans had apparently made up their minds to the same effect, which raised a serious problem. Finding that they would leave the balance of the party to the mercy of the Comanches, or perhaps actually deliver them into the hands of the Indians, it was determined to leave the refractory ones.

The action of the Indians and the Mexicans caused a re-alignment the next morning. It was supposed that the natives returned to their homes. Campbell went back to Santa Fe, while Pike and the others who were faithful to him struck out and rejoined the Harris party, from which they had separated on the ninth day, on account of the disagreement between Harris and Campbell. While Harris had never camped with the party of which Pike was a member after the separation, he was proceeding in the same direction and was never far away.

The day following the party saw thousands of wild horses, some of which were very beautiful. Although the men were tired and suffering for water, it was with high spirits that they entered the Staked Plains, which then were to the Comanche Indians what the desert of Sahara was to the Bedouins. The prairie lay before the hunters' eyes like a boundless ocean.

It is remarkable that Pike, although but 23 years of age, was finally chosen captain of this expedition. The selection was not accidental. He was a young man whose commanding presence, sincerity, courage and companionable disposition made him at once a leader among his fellows. Besides, he was a valuable

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counsellor, on account of his superior intelligence, and the knowledge which he had gained through his studies of the line followed by the Spanish adventurers who planted, more than 300 years before, at intervals on the plains the *bois d'arc* poles—those mute sentinels of the past. His companions were interested in his recital of the origin of the Staked Plains.*

*A Spanish expedition, in the 15th century, pushed westward from Florida across the Mississippi and through Arkansas to its western border. They cut *bois d'arc* poles from the trees on the banks of Red river, not far from where Ft. Towson was established, in the Choctaw Nation of the Ind. Ter. Taking several wagon loads of the poles, the bold adventurers started across the plains, following as near as possible the 35th parallel. As they proceeded, an occasional pole was planted, in order that they might not lose their way on returning. The country thus became known as the Staked Plains.—Pike's *Diary*.

CHAPTER III.

EXCITING EXPERIENCES AND THE HARDSHIPS SUFFERED IN THE STAKED PLAINS.

Out to the Desert! from the mart
Of bloodless cheeks, and listless eyes,
And broken hopes and shattered hearts
And miseries!
Farewell my land! Farewell my pen!
Farewell hard world—thy harder life!
Now to the Desert—once again
The gun and knife!

—From PIKE'S *Lines on the Prairie* (1833).

IT was on the sixteenth day that Pike's party entered the celebrated Llano Estacado, "whose very name was a mystery and a terror to the white men in those days." Entrance was made by way of the Comanche trail, which was also used by the Indian traders.

Pike said the illimitable expanse of prairie filled him with wonder, and it inspired him to write a striking poem. The sublime beauty of the sun rising calmly from the breast of the plain, which he likened to a sudden fire flashing in the sky, made more than an ordinary appeal to his romantic nature. He almost went into ecstasies, too, when he viewed a mirage, which reflected lakes and fires and groves on the grassy ridges in the stillness of the afternoon, "cheating the traveler by its splendid deceptions."

Before the camp stood a *bois d'arc* pole. "Could that silent sentinel speak," said Pike, "a story of more than three centuries could be unfolded, and it would be more tragic, perhaps, than any yet received of the great plains of the West."

They were now in the full glory of prairie life, with an abundance of good water and fine weather to encourage them. On the first night they lay down with a feeling of independence and freedom, if not of entire security. On the second morning, before they had arisen, they heard the grunting of a band of buffaloes as the animals approached. Two were killed; the hump meat and the tongues were cut out of the carcasses, and the other parts were left by the wayside.

Then began a series of ups and downs, tough old buffalo for several days, starvation rations, a brace of wild turkeys to provide a feast, which was only equaled later by some wonderful stew combination bought from an Indian encampment. When no game was forthcoming for three days, Pike ordered that an old mare be killed for food, but the mess refused to be partakers of the meat.

The prospect became dreary, and there were signs of Indians, who might be hostile. A guard was appointed to stand watch at night, and Pike said, "to stand watch at night in the desert while others sleep, with no companion to commune with, while shooting stars bedeck the heavens and howling wolves and coyotes surround the camp, is sufficient to try the nerves of the boldest and bravest."

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The weather became exceedingly hot, and the men, often becoming thirsty, were tantalized by seeing in the distance what appeared to be ponds of clear water, the deception continuing until they were within a few yards of the place, when, to their disappointment, it was found to consist of merely a hollow, encrusted with salt.

After traveling for five days longer, tracks of buffalo were found near a hole of water. Pike, who had not had a shot at the two buffaloes previously killed, was wrought up to a fever heat by the prospect of the hunt for the animal. He and seventeen others warily approached to within a hundred yards of five fat bulls that were lying down. A rush was made for them. The buffaloes were up and gone in a jiffy, and the chase was exciting.

"Although the buffalo appears, both standing and running, to be the most unwieldy thing in the world," commented Pike, "he moves with considerable velocity; no matter how old and lean he is, or how incapable of locomotion he may seem, never more than one motion is observed; he is up and running in an instant, and usually outdistances the horseman."

Shot after shot, and shout after shout, told the zeal of the hunters, and in a short time one buffalo fell, to Pike's credit. In about two hours, another party, after a mad chase, came in with one more.

But there was nothing with which to make a fire to cook the meat, not even the dried ordure of

horses, which hitherto had never failed them. They could only make a blaze of tall weeds and throw on the meat. Nothing could have been more disappointing. Lean, tough and dry, blackened with the brief blaze, impregnated with the strong, smoky odor of the weeds, and only half cooked, it required the utmost influence of that stern dictator, hunger, to induce the men to eat the meat at all.

"The meat of the buffalo cow," Pike claimed, was "superior to any other meat, but even horse flesh is better than the meat of a lean bull."

The diary relates that they traveled for a week after leaving the Pecos before they came in sight of trees, which were then merrily hailed as old friends by the men, for the loneliness of the prairie is accentuated by the lack of timber. Water was also found in the same neighborhood, close to an Indian camp.

The Indians of this camp were supposed to be hostile, and "Bill" Williams became obstreperous. He wanted to kill a squaw who was riding toward the camp, leading a pack-horse, loaded with wood. Pike, wiser and calmer, as a leader must be, restrained his impulse. "Bill" said he would sooner sleep three nights without water than go to the water hole near the Indian village, and the silence of the others evidenced acquiescence in what he said; but it was necessary to have water.

Some of the men began firing off and reloading their guns, when the Comanches, mounted, came out in some numbers to meet them. Three of the Indians,

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including an old chief, presented themselves, whereupon the interpreter was directed by Pike to ask if they were friends.

“We have shaken hands with the Americans, and are friends,” the Indians replied; but “Bill” Williams, not being disposed to take anything for granted, again became warlike and wanted to shoot the chief, until Pike threatened to have him killed if he attempted it. Pike afterwards said that he would not have sacrificed his friend for a half a dozen Indians, but the threat had the desired effect.

The Indians continued to arrive in force, armed with spears and bows. Pike directed the chief to order them to keep their distance if they did not want to be fired upon. The travelers were molested no further.

In the evening a young brave appeared, and invited Pike and two others to go to eat with him. Taking their guns, they went accordingly. They found the old chief and his family outside the lodge, seated around a fire, over which a small brass kettle was smoking. They were motioned, with true Indian gravity and something of respect, to take seats. The contents of the kettle were emptied into a wooden bowl and placed before the men. It was the boiled flesh of a fat buffalo, perfectly fresh, and proved to be a most delicious meal to the half-famished hunters. Kettle after kettle was filled and emptied, for Pike said that a man never knows how much he can eat until he tries the prairies. He said that four

buffalo were passed through, but the men were unable to give them chase, because their horses and mules were worn out and the eyes of the men were filled with wind-dust.

These were perilous days for the travelers. The party had gradually dwindled in number until there remained only Pike, Lewis, Ish, Irwin, Gillett and a few others; their money was nearly all gone, their clothes were dirty and ragged. Irwin had only half a shirt. All had repeatedly suffered the distressing pangs of hunger. Many times they had been compelled to drink muddy water. Ish had received a kick from a horse, and in consequence was lame in one of his legs. This was a great inconvenience to him when it was found necessary on one occasion to straddle a log or "coon" it, in crossing a creek.

Pike was so greatly discouraged that he decided to retrace his steps, after concluding that he was not on the best road to fame and fortune. As may be imagined, he was in anything but the happiest frame of mind. He and his companions were worn out, and for the nonce ready to cry quits with nature and seek again the conventional comforts of civilization which they had deserted.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURNING NORTH, VIA THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, PIKE
HAS TO TRAVEL A-FOOT A GREAT DEAL OF THE WAY.

Oh, who with the sons of the plains can compare,
When from west, south and north, like the torrents they meet?
And when doth the face of the white trader blanche,
Except when at moonrise he hears the Comanche?

—From PIKE'S *War Song of the Comanche*.

ACCORDING to the diary, after having spent about sixty days more on the expedition from Taos, the remnant of the Pike party turned to the north, headed back to civilization. For days in passing through a belt of timber then known as the Cross Timbers, extending from the Canadian river, or a little farther north, to an unknown distance south of Red river, there was little variety of experience. The adventurers were sometimes in the open prairie, and again would be forced to proceed for miles through a tangled wilderness of scrub oak, wild grapes and briers, which hardly allowed the mules to make their way through. Pike's ankles were frequently covered with blood, and nothing but strong pantaloons saved his legs. Finally he was compelled to dismount and drive his horse before him, carrying his blanket, some furs and other articles, on his back. Some game was killed *en route*, but the hunters now took less interest in the hunt. Every variety of travel was experienced except that which was pleasant and

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easy. Yet the men would not have complained if they had not been out of tobacco and sometimes short of meat.

For three days they passed through the outskirts of a prairie fire, but this did not worry Pike as much as the loss of his last knife. He had left it behind somewhere, and, therefore, he said, he had a fair chance to discover the tenderness of his fingers and the increased value of the knife.

They were rejoiced one day to find running water, and they then hoped to find beaver. They found no beaver, but retained an abundance of hope, if it were at times mingled with disgust.

As the prairies disappeared, the weary plodders struck barren hills and deep gullies, with no trails to be found. The men separated in scouring for game, and Pike, Lewis and Irwin strayed so far away as to become lost from the others, somewhere on the right of the Brazos river. Going into the hills again, they chanced to meet "Bill" Williams and seven or eight others, who had also become lost. The crowd camped together that night, and, after traveling forty miles the next day, and firing distress signals repeatedly, they finally caught up with the balance of the company. The reunion was a happy one, as these unfortunate men, having almost abandoned hope, had begun to vision themselves in the shape of skulls. Misery is said to love company.

One day Pike and Lewis found some large, purple, prickly pears. How tempting the big juicy things looked to the famished men! They ate heartily of

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them, with the consequence that they soon suffered a terrible ague.

When Red river had been crossed, they overtook an Osage, who led them to an Indian village of thirty lodges. Here they were disposed in various positions upon buffalo robes in the chief's tent. They enjoyed much needed rest, and were fed fifteen times in two days by this generous tribe of Indians, who were noble-looking. The Osages were most friendly, in contrast to the Comanches, Choctaws and Cherokees.

By this time Pike had been compelled to abandon his horse, and soon after leaving the Indians, Gillette killed his own horse for food and became Pike's companion on foot.

They soon reached the Red river bottom, where plenty of turkey and deer were found, and the men then had enough to eat for several days.

They next passed through another barren region, and were compelled to camp in a rain storm, without drinking water or a bite of food.

The road which runs from Red river to Fort Smith was finally reached, and, proceeding past the Choctaw Agency to a ferry on the Poteau, they found the hut of a little Frenchman, who they believed would entertain them.

"Well, friends," remarked Pike, "there is hope for another warm meal at last. Frenchy will let us cook a meal." And they all began to vision a full, happy stomach, while Pike talked to the Frenchman; but he returned to them with a long, serious face.

“What’s the matter? Will he not let us cook a meal?” was asked.

“Yes, the Frenchman is ready enough to allow anything, but who has a kettle, a fire, some water and food?”

There was a big bunch of men, and the kettle of the Frenchman would hold but one pint of water, while the only food consisted of pounded corn. The breadline—or cornline—formed eagerly. But as each could have no more than a teaspoonful from each kettleful of corn cooked, the feeding process consumed half the night. One can imagine the teaspoonful’s effect on the appetite of a lusty, hearty traveler, and his pangs while awaiting his next small share.

On the last lap of the journey that ended at Fort Smith, Ark., Pike found it necessary to sell his rifle to a Choctaw for a few pounds of meat, and Ish disposed of his gun in a like manner.

On December 10, 1831 (or 1832),* Fort Smith was reached.

From the crossing of Blue creek to the first crossing of Boggy, which are branches of Red river below the Washita (Ouachita), 50 miles were traveled; thence to the second crossing, 28 miles; thence to the road, or trail, 27; and on the trail, 200 miles. In the whole trip, the hunters covered 1,400 miles from Taos, or about 1,300 miles from San Miguel.

*There is some confusion as to the year-date. In the printing of the diary, it is given as 1831, but in another account by Pike, it is printed as 1832.

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Of this distance, Pike said he actually walked something like 650 miles. The journey covered three months and four days, exclusive of the time spent in going to Santa Fe and subsequent wanderings before leaving Taos.

Of course, Pike suffered privations, but he proved that he was a young man capable of taking care of himself, and he seems to have enjoyed the adventures incident to his excursions. He found time to compose verses, and among the big things he wrote, the poem *Ariel*, written on the prairie while his horse was feeding at his side, stands out prominently. It is a lengthy piece, representing the poet as having had a dream, in which the Spirit of the Air comes and bids him follow him. "With quick flight, as the skylark sunward goes—led by the splendor of Ariel's wing"—he makes a survey of the world and the unknown regions. "As swiftly the winged bark flew on," while "looking downward from the prow," the homes of all the Passions, Ambitions, Virtues and Vices of mankind are visited and commented upon; making a fanciful and impressive study, which it has been said affords a symbolic panoramic review of history. He wrote also verses in praise of the Indians, one of which is dedicated to the fleet Navajo; another is the *War Song of the Comanches*, and his own words assure us of the zest with which he recalled his unusual experiences in the wilds, in spite of the hardships endured, for he wrote:

I cannot wonder that men find enjoyment in this kind of

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life. I can see nothing overdrawn or exaggerated in the characters of Hawkeye and Bushfield. There is so much independence and self-dependence in the lonely hunter's life; so much freedom from law and restraint, form and ceremony, that one who commences the life is almost certain to continue it. With but few wants, and those easily supplied, a man feels none of the enthrallments which surround him when connected with society. His gun and his own industry supply him with fire, wood, water and clothing. He eats his simple meal, and has no one to thank for it but his Maker. He travels where he pleases and sleeps whenever he feels so inclined. If there is danger about, it comes from enemies, and not from false friends. When he enters society, his former life renders it doubly tedious to him. He has forgotten the forms and ceremonies of the world. He has neglected his person until neatness and scrupulous attention to the minutia of appearances are wearisome to him, and he has contracted habits unfit for polite and polished society. Now he cannot sit cross-legged on a blanket—and instead of his luxurious lounging position must sit upright in a chair. His pipe must be laid aside and his simple dress changed for the cumbersome and confined trappings of the gentleman. In short, he is lost, and he betakes himself to the woods again. The first night that he builds his fire, twists his meat around a stick and puts it before the blazing logs to roast, and then, after supplying his inner wants, lies down with only the blue sky above him, and the cool, clear, healthy wind fanning his cheek, is the beginning to him of a better and a freer life.

The diary of the journey, which is generally known as Pike's *Diary*,* but which was partly kept by Aaron Lewis,† and the whole put into shape by

*The first part of this diary relates to the trip of Lewis before he was joined by Pike, and is not quoted.

†Aaron Lewis was an unlettered man, who merely furnished Pike with notes of the journey.

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Pike, is quite extensive and intensely interesting. Years before the death of Pike, Col. J. N. Smithee, of Arkansas, called upon him, and, referring to the diary, asked him why he had never elaborated that record and had his experiences printed in book form for general information.

“Washington Irving and other writers have pretty thoroughly exhausted that field,” he is quoted as having replied; “besides, I have never had time to give the subject the attention which it deserved. The narrative which you refer to—all of which is strictly true—would never have been written at all but for Aaron Lewis. He wrote out and handed me the history of the trip, which was certainly full of thrilling experiences, and I added to it my own recollections. Lewis was one of nature’s noblemen. While not a cultured man, as we understand that term, he was by no means ignorant * * * *. He is entitled to credit for that publication.

“The population of Arkansas at that time was very small, and the mail facilities were crude, meagre and untrustworthy. The subscribers to the *Advocate* (in which the account was first published) did not exceed 1,000 all told, and the readers of the narrative were consequently confined to a limited number.

“At the time it appeared, Washington Irving had given to the world his *A Tour on the Prairies*,*

*Pike in his diary, stated: “Oh, I can only regret that we did not meet him (Irving) in the prairie, for in such case we could have given him more material for a description of the far West and probably should have had our journey laid before the public by better hands than ours.”

and was then engaged in editing and preparing for publication the manuscript of Captain Bonneville's adventures in the West. Consequently the narrative of Lewis and myself attracted very little attention. I would be glad to see it polished up and given to the public in book form. Suppose you undertake it. You have my full permission. Use the blue pencil as you please."*

Here is one of the many interesting comments of Pike in regard to one of the great prairies:

No man can form an idea of the prairie from anything which he sees to the east of the Cross Timbers. Broad, level, gray and barren, the immense desert which extends thence westward almost to the shadow of the mountains, is too sublime to be imagined by comparison with the narrow, contracted, undulating plains seen nearer the bounds of civilization.

Imagine yourself, kind reader, standing on a plain to which your eye can see no bounds. Not a tree, not a bush, not a shrub, not a tall weed, lifts its head above the barren grandeur of the desert; not a stone is to be seen on its hard, beaten surface; no undulation, no abruptness, no break to relieve the monotony; nothing save here and there a deep, narrow track worn into the hard plain by the constant hoof of the buffalo. Imagine then countless herds of buffalo, showing their unwieldy, dark shapes in every direction as far as the eye can reach, and approaching at times to within forty steps of you; or see a herd of wild horses feeding in the distance, or hurrying away from the hateful smell of man, with their manes floating, and a tramping like thunder. Imagine here and there a solitary antelope, or, perhaps a whole herd, fleeting off in the distance, like the scattering of white clouds. Imagine bands of white, snow-like wolves prowling about, accompanied by

*Smithee ms.

†Gravel, obs.

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little grey callotes,* or prairie wolves, who are as rapacious and as noisy as their big brethren. Imagine, also, here and there a lonely tiger-cat, lying crouched in some little hollow, or bounding off in triumph, bearing a little luckless prairie dog which it has caught straggling at a distance from its hole.

If to all this, you picture a band of Comanches, mounted on noble, swift horses, with their long lances, quivers at the back, their bows, perhaps with guns, and their shields ornamented gaudily with feathers and red cloth. If you imagine them hovering about in the prairies, chasing the buffalo, or attacking an enemy, you have an image of the prairie such as no book ever described adequately to me.

I have seen the prairie under all its diversities and in all its appearances, from those which I have described to the uneven, busy prairies which lie south of Red river, and to the illimitable Staked Plains.

I have seen the prairie and lived in it in summer and in winter. I have seen it with the sun rising calmly from its breast, like a sudden fire flashing in its sky, with quiet and sublime beauty. There is less of the gorgeous and grand character, however, belonging to them, than that which accompanies the rise and set of the sun upon the ocean or upon mountains; but there is beauty and sublimity enough in them to attract the attention and interest the mind. * * * * We may speak of the incessant motion and tumult of the waves of the sea, the unbounded greenness and dimness—the lonely music of the forests, and the high magnificence, the precipitous grandeur and the summer snow of the glittering cones of the mountains; but still, the prairie has a stronger hold upon the soul, and a more powerful, if not so vivid, an impression upon the feelings. Its sublimity arises from its unbounded extent, its barren monotony and desolation, its still, unmoved, calm, stern, almost self-conscious grandeur, its strange power of deception, its want of echo, and, in fine, its power of throwing a man back upon himself, giving him a feeling of lone helplessness, strange-

*Coyotes.

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ly mingled at the same time with a feeling of liberty and freedom from restraint. It is particularly sublime, as you draw nigh to the Rocky Mountains, and see them shoot up in the west, with their lofty tops looking like white clouds resting upon their summits. Nothing ever equalled the intense feeling of delight with which I first saw the eternal mountains marking the western edge of the desert.

Pike's *Lines Written on the Rocky Mountains* is a sublime poem, and in *Noon at Santa Fe*, and other poems, he has left splendid impressions of his travels.

When a companion was killed by a Comanche during Pike's journey through the prairie, and was buried "deeper than the wolf can go, and with wheels driven above him, so that the Indian might not find his sepulchre," he wrote a dirge, from which is quoted:

Vainly, ah! vainly, we deplore
Thy death, departed friend! No more
Shalt thou be seen by us beneath the skies.
The barbed arrow has gone through
Thy heart, and all the blue
Hath faded from thy clay-cold veins, and thou,
With stern and pain-contracted brow,
Like one that wrestled mightily with death,
Art lying there.

In this extract from his ode "to the only robin" he "ever saw in New Mexico," there is a possible note of regret, which might have been penned when his mind reverted to the old home:

Hush! where art thou clinging,
And what art thou singing?
Bird of my own native land.
Here thou, like me, art alone.
Go back to thy track;
It were wiser and better for thee and me.

CHAPTER V.

HE REACHES FORT SMITH—BECOMES A SCHOOL TEACHER,
AND WRITES POLITICAL ARTICLES.

Alight! I have a tale to tell
That will profit thee to hear—
It will vibrate in thy memory
For many a long, long year.
—From PIKE'S *Legend of the Dead Chase*.

WE HAVE followed Pike through a series of refreshing and interesting adventures, and seen that, instead of wealth and fame ending the expedition, he reached Fort Smith sick and almost penniless. "Falstaff's ragged regiment was nothing to us," he is quoted as aptly saying, when, in a bedraggled condition, he arrived with the straggling companions who had remained faithful to the end; "I had on a pair of leather pantaloons, scorched and wrinkled by fire, and full of grease; an old grimy jacket and vest; a pair of huge moccasins, in the mending of which I had expended all my skill during the space of two months, and in so doing had disposed upon them a whole shot-pouch; a shirt made of what is commonly called counterpane, which had not been washed since I left Santa Fe; and, to crown it all, my beard and mustacios had never been trimmed during the entire trip."*

*Pike's *Diary*, included in the publications of the Arkansas History Commission

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Such a Pike hardly suggested collegiate honors, but only because the force within is hidden too deeply from casual observers to give the lie to the shabbiness, and to announce that here in this unkempt human is developing one of the biggest men of the day.

Col. J. N. Smithee is authority for the statement* that Pike's wild-west adventures were not at an end; that on arriving at Fort Smith, he was precipitated into an exciting fight with Indians. It seems that at about the time the Pike and Harris parties left Taos, another train of twenty wagons, loaded with beaver, otter, mink, deer, coyote, wolf, bear and mountain lion hides was preparing to leave that place. There were 150 horses and mules attached to this caravan—the horses being ridden by the men, of which there were forty, and the mules, six to each team, drawing the wagons. This party was in charge of Capt. John Dade, an old frontiersman from Kentucky.

On September 26, 1832, the Dade party was attacked by an overwhelming band of Indians. The Indians, who were led by Chief Capote, captured the fur-laden wagons, killed Dade and a number of his men, and started for the Cross Timbers.

On December 14, Col. J. H. Vose, commander of Fort Towson, received a message from Gen. Edmund F. Gaines, commanding the Southwestern Department of the Army, dated at Natchitoches, La., to the effect that Chief Capote, with 1,500 Comanches,

*Smithee ms.

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was on the northeast border of Texas, *en route* to the Cross Timbers, there to join their southern allies and other hostile tribes, for the purpose of attacking Fort Towson. This message further stated that Col. James Bowie, with a company of 100 volunteers assembled from the Red river plantations, had gone in pursuit; and Colonel Arbuckle of Fort Smith was urged to send reinforcements.

According to Colonel Smithee, Albert Pike, Aaron Lewis, Gillette, Ish and Irwin joined this relief party.*

The Indians arrived at Doakville, near Fort Towson, on December 19, and at 8 o'clock on the evening of that day did attack the fort, but, after much fighting, were routed and driven away by the combined forces of the fort defenders, Arbuckle's soldiers, the Texans under Bowie, and the other volunteers. The casualties of the whites were 20 killed and 23 wounded, while there were left on the field several hundred dead Indians, with none *only wounded*—as it was recognized that it was not healthy to have a hostile Indian around, though he be wounded.

Ish, of the Pike party, was shot through the thigh by a musket ball in this fight, and he had to be left at the fort for his wound to heal. After a few days, Pike, together with Gillette and Irwin, returned to Fort Smith. From there Irwin proceeded eastward, and is supposed to have sailed for England. Gillette returned to his home in Missouri. Lewis is thought

*If Pike and his companions arrived at Fort Smith in 1831 instead of 1832, Colonel Smithee was mistaken.

to have gone to California on another expedition. Of those from whom Pike separated before going from the great desert to Fort Smith, J. Scott, who, with others of the party, was left at the Del Resgate fork of the Brazos, later came into Fort Smith, with two others of the original party; Bill Williams, and half a dozen others had returned to Taos on foot. Harris had gone to Fort Gibson. These men had spent the winter on the Canadian river.

Upon his return to Fort Smith, Pike chanced to make some acquaintances who admired his bravery, assisted him in his moneyless condition, and became his warm and useful friends. The furs and other property of the expedition had already been disposed of. He was invited to become the guest of Capt. John Rogers, of the 7th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, stationed there. While waiting for his lacerated ankles to heal, he remained several weeks with this admirer, who owned a tavern and much land there; he afterwards spent the remainder of the winter as the guest of Capt. Francis Aldridge, on the other side of the Arkansas river. While on that man's place, he helped to maul rails. Then he visited Judge James Woodson Bates, a prominent local character, who lived on a big plantation on Little Piney river. The good old Judge cared for him while he suffered from an ague, caused by exposure, and became so much attached to him that he offered him a home as long as he would stay.

His reception at Fort Smith proved that he was recognized as a young man of worth. He realized

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that he must be doing something, and he secured a position to teach a little school in Arkansas, after finding he was too late in putting in his application as a teacher at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, where he had heard there was a vacancy.

It has been stated many times that he taught a country school near Van Buren, in Crawford county, Ark., in 1832, but he wrote, in *Letters from Arkansas*, printed in the *American Monthly Magazine* for January, 1836, that he left Crawford county in July, 1833, and traveled down the Arkansas river some forty miles, to the county of Pope, where he intended to "take up," (as they then said), a school. He minutely described the engagement and the circumstances attending it. (Whether this was his first or second venture as an Arkansas schoolmaster is uncertain).

"After traveling over a fine, rolling, upland country, I descended into the bottom of a creek called Little Piney, nine miles from the river, and came at once upon a small log-house," he wrote. "I stopped to make a survey before entering the house, to which I had been directed by a settler. The settlement was like most others in this country: A field of about 40 acres under cultivation, filled with huge, blackened trunks, gigantic skeletons of trees, throwing their bare, withered, sapless branches forth, as though a whirlwind had been among them with its crushing destruction. About the house were a number of peach trees, scattered about with very little regard to regularity. The house itself was roughly built of

logs, and in front was a shelter made of poles, covered with green branches."

He described the owner of the clearing as a stalwart man, dressed throughout in leather, and playing lustily on a fiddle as he sat before his cabin. "Hearing that sound," continued Pike, "I judged there would be no churlishness in his disposition, and I marched up. He greeted me heartily, but without any attempt at politeness, and in two minutes we were on the best terms in the world. He, too, had been at Santa Fe, and, as old travelers over the prairie, we had a claim upon one another's kindness. The heart naturally warms to one who has been through the same scenes of danger, difficulty and privation as yourself."

The old settler in the wilds of Arkansas inspired Pike to pay this interesting tribute to his kind: "With due reference to those respectable gentlemen of former ages, called troubadours, romancers, etc., I incline to believe that the best and most gallant knights of olden times were such men as the bold and stalwart backwoodsman. The same bold, brave and careless demeanor—the same contempt for danger and recklessness of the finer courtesies and sympathies of life—the same fighting, reveling, carousing, and heedless disposition—the same blunt and unpolished manners—exist in the latter which are recorded to have belonged to the former. My present host was one of the purest specimens of the bone and sinew of the West. Tall and athletic, he could hardly have feared a death-grapple with a bear. His frame was

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close-knit, muscular, and well proportioned. He combined the agility of the panther, the strength of the lion, with much of the silent, quick and stealthy movements of the Indian. He had been a journeyer over deserts and mountains, and a soldier of the Battle of New Orleans. Of course, he was an excellent Jackson man."

But, as to the mission to teach school: "I opened the subject to my host, and inquired what might be the prospect," wrote Pike.

"Why," said the squatter, "if you would set in right straight, I reckon thar' might be a right smart chance of scholars got, as we have had no teacher here for the best of two years. Thar's about fifteen families on the creek, and the whole tote of 'em well fixed for children. They want a schoolmaster pretty much, too. We got a teacher about six months ago—a Scotchman, or an Irishman, I think. He took for six months, and carried his proposals 'round, and he got twenty scholars directly. It warn't long, though, before he cut up some *ferlicues*, and got into a *priminary*; and so one morning he was found among the missing."

"What was the trouble?" asked Pike.

"Oh, he took too much of the essence of corn, and got into a chunk of a fight—no great matter, to be sure; but he got whipped, and had to leave the diggins."

"And how am I to get a school?" Pike next enquired.

"I'll tell you," replied the settler. "You must

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make out your proposals to take up school; tell them how much you ask a month, and what you can teach; and write it out as fine as you can (I reckon you're a pretty good scribe). In the morning there'll be a shooting match here for beef; nearly all the settlement will be here, and you'll get signers enough."

Following this advice, Pike was introduced to the gathering the next morning, and soon had twenty scholars signed for. He also took part in the shooting-match, which was an exciting experience, and his skill with a gun won him admirers.

He described the school-house as a small log building, "with a fireplace the width of one end—no floor—no boarding or weather-boarding—a hole for a window and one for a door." In this poor place, he says he "taught a collection of urchins two months, and then was taken possession of by the fever and ague, which lasted another month."

The stipulated compensation was to be paid one-half in money and the *other half in pigs*, which would seem curiously unusual in our day, but was probably a regular transaction at that time in those regions. For the eight weeks' services, he received just enough in cash to pay his board, and afterwards about three dollars per month. The pigs he did not claim, and how many pigs he might have roaming around in Pope county, Arkansas, he said it was impossible for him to tell. The pay was negligible, he said, but his labors were light, and while employed as a school-master in this charge, he wrote (in the language of his successor) "*hapes*" of poetry. "If it (the poetry)



*Life-size bust of Albert Pike in the Albert Pike Memorial
Masonic Temple, Little Rock.*

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did not make me famous," he said, "it ought to have done so; for it was about all I got."

The circumstances are so unusual, that it may not be amiss to quote the description which he wrote of the shooting-match at the place where he was initiated as a schoolmaster on Piney Creek:

Reader, didst ever see a shooting-match in the west? I dare swear you never have, and therefore there may be no tediousness in a description of one. I hate your set descriptions, laid out, formally, in squares and parallelograms, like an old-fashioned garden, wherein art hath not so far advanced as to seem like nature. You can just imagine the scene to yourself. Conceive that you are in a forest, where the huge trees have been for ages untouched by the axe. Imagine some twenty men—tall, stalwart, browned hunters; equipped in leather, with their broad knives by their sides, rifles in hand, and every man with his smoke-blackened board in his hand. The rivals in the first contest were eight sturdy fellows, middle aged and young men. The ox for which they were to shoot was on the ground, and it was to be the best six shots out of eleven. The four quarters, and the hide and tallow, were the five prizes; they were to shoot off-hand at forty yards, or, with a rest, at sixty, which is considered the same thing. The judges were chosen, and then a blackened board, with a bit of paper on it about an inch square, was put up against a tree. "Clar the track!" cried the first marksman, who lay on the ground at his distance of sixty yards, with his gun rising over a log. The rifle cracked, and the bullet cut into the paper. "Put up my board!" cried another; "John, shade my sight for me!" and John held his hat over the sight of the gun. It cracked, and the bullet went within half an inch of the center. "My board!" cried another; "I'll give that shot goose!"—and he did, fairly boring the center with the ball. The sport soon became exciting. It requires great steadiness of nerve to shoot well, for any irregularity in breathing will throw the bullet wide of the

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mark. The contest was longer than I anticipated; but was decided without quarrel or dispute. The judges decided, and their decision was implicitly obeyed. The whole eleven shots of one man, who won two quarters, could be covered with a half dollar. You have made a show of Davy Crockett; but there are thousands of men in the West who are better marksmen, better bear hunters, and every whit as smart as Davy himself.*

While at Fort Smith, Pike made the acquaintance of Major Elias Rector, an eccentric local celebrity, whom he afterwards immortalized by the composition of his song, *The Fine Arkansas Gentleman*,† (patterned no doubt after the poem, *The Fine English Gentleman*) sung for the first time at a party given in Rector's honor by Robert W. Johnson, then an Arkansas Congressman. This song is a lengthy one of ten stanzas, beginning with the words,

Now all good fellows, listen, and a story I will tell,
Of a mighty clever gentleman who lives extremely well
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whiskey, and immediately
sobers himself completely on the very best of
wine.

A Fine Arkansas Gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw Line!

The song takes the subject through numerous hilarious experiences, which are neither complimentary nor genteel, but it had quite a vogue at the time, and furnished much amusement, at Rector's expense. The fourth stanza reads:

**Amer. Mo. Magazine*, January, 1836.

†Pike's *Poems*.

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This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drouth or worm, a bad stand, or some other
damned contingency, his crop is short or fails;

And when its picked and ginned and baled, he puts it on
a boat,

And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters then the bar,
and has a devil of a spree, while down to New Orleans
he and his cotton float.

A Fine Arkansas Gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!*

Forty years afterward, on December 3, 1878, "when," Pike said, "there are not many of us left who were in Arkansas when it became a state," he wrote for the *Arkansas Gazette* a touching obituary notice of his "hospitable, genial and convivial" friend Rector, "at whose house often in the better days before the war, at Washington, and traveling in the Indian country," he "was much in his company for many years."

At about the time that Pike was in or near Fort Smith, Sam Houston made a governmental expedition among the western Indians, who were then a matter of great concern to the government. Pike heard of the trouble that the government was having in maintaining peaceful relations with them, and offered to give the administration the benefit of the information he had obtained in his travels. He wrote a letter to the Secretary of War on March 16, 1833.† In that letter he stated that he had heard

*By no means an unusual caper for cotton planters in those days.

†Indian Affairs. Retired Classified, 1833, Western Superintendency files.

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that Judge Carr, of St. Louis, who had left Santa Fe in December, 1832, with 12 men, had been attacked by the Comanches on the Canadian river, with the result that one man was killed and another wounded, the survivors being at Fort Gibson. Pike in his letter stated that the Comanches numbered 8,000 or 10,000; that they were divided into two bands—one living near San Antonio, of a tribe friendly to the United States, and the other, by the machinations of the Washitas, to be classed as enemies. "Gov. Sam Houston, of Tennessee," he said, "will effect nothing with the Comanches. He goes to treat with the southern portion of them, who are already friendly; he will never meet any of the northern portion, from whom is our only danger, and even should he do so, would be immediately scalped. You can never make war upon them. Possessed of numberless horse, and, having a prairie to flee to as barren as the Sahara, they defy pursuit. The Llano Estacado, where they dwell, is a byword and a curse to the Spaniard." He concluded his letter by saying that if the government proposed to send a treaty party among the Comanches, he and Lewis would go along as guides, and, if interpreters could not be obtained, his knowledge of Spanish, which most of the Comanches spoke, would enable him to act as such.

The department did not accept the proffer of his services, and our hero becomes hidden in an obscure place as an humble school teacher—gone back to his former occupation. How flat an ending for one who seemed to promise so much! But wait! real fire will

HE REACHES FORT SMITH

not be so easily quenched. It happened that a memorable political campaign was then in progress in Arkansas Territory, between Robert Crittenden,* a Whig, and Ambrose H. Sevier, a Democrat, who were rival candidates for the office of Delegate to Congress.

The schoolmaster became excited over the political aspect, and, unable to control his emotions in silence, took up the pen, in the absence of kindred spirits to whom to explode. "Sometime, somewhere, mine own shall come to me," may not have been in his mind exactly, but it was a principle that showed itself before long in answer to the lively work of the modest but brilliant pedagogue. He was already accomplished as a writer, as evidenced by youthful poetical compositions and the fact that as early as 1830 he had contributed prose stories to Boston publications. Therefore, nothing was more natural than that the ardent Pike should become interested in taking a hand in this political contest. While still conducting the school, he undertook to contribute to a newspaper called the *Arkansas Advocate*, published at Little Rock, a series of articles styled *Intercepted Letters*, under the *nom de plume* of "Casca." These letters purported to have been written by candidate Sevier to W. E. Woodruff, the editor of the *Gazette*, and to Chester Ashley, another politician, with their replies thereto. The letters were typical of a period when anonymous political cards were the fashion. They were strikingly characteristic of the persons

*A brother of John J. Crittenden and an abler man, said Pike.

named and fully portrayed the political opinions and bias of the pretended authors, all of whom were prominently before the public. They were written in the interest of the brilliant Crittenden, whose cause the author had espoused, along with his Whig principles. That the letters had merit and appealed to Whigs generally is shown by their having been reprinted on the editorial page of the *New York Tribune* by Horace Greeley.

The letters created a big stir, so much so that one night two celebrities unexpectedly knocked at Pike's door. They had been impelled to dig out the unknown and to make an effort to get acquainted with him. Crittenden had ascertained the name and whereabouts of the bright young Whig, and, in company with Judge Jesse Turner, went to see him. They found the schoolmaster in the log cabin. He was boarding with one Abraham Smith, who lived in a similar structure. Here they repaired for converse. Turner was 28, and Crittenden 37 years of age, so that none of them was old. The trio of brilliant men conversed nearly all night by starlight in the wilderness, and gave each other mutual sparks of inspiration. Crittenden said to Turner, as they rode off the next day, "Pike is a very gifted young man."

The mission was accomplished. The next day, the mail carrier conveyed a letter from Charles P. Bertrand, the editor of the *Advocate*, to Pike, offering him a seat on the editorial tripod. This was in October, 1833.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS REMOVAL TO LITTLE' ROCK, WHERE HE BECOMES
ASSISSTANT SECRETARY OF THE TERRITORIAL
COUNCIL, ASSUMES EDITORIAL DUTIES,
AND READS LAW.

Work then bravely, sternly, gravely—
Life for this alone is given;
What is right, that boldly do,
Frankly speak out what is true,
Leaving the result to heaven,

Ora atque labora!

—From PIKE's poem, *Ora Atque Labora*.

PIKE eagerly accepted Bertrand's offer, which made of the modest school teacher an editor, able to wield influence over many and to show the stuff that was in him. He quickly repaired to Little Rock, the territorial capital, which was then, as now, the Mecca to which all ambitious Arkansans were attracted. And very few men who go from other parts of the present state to take official positions at Little Rock ever get away from it, its citizenship probably including more ex-governors and other former state officials than any other city in the Union. Pike was an exception. After spending many years there, he finally became too big to be confined within its borders.

He arrived at Little Rock in October, 1833. There he engaged room and board at the then famous

Town Tavern, conducted by Nicholas Peay, which became the Ashley House, the property of Chester Ashley, afterwards a United States Senator from Arkansas. Pike soon obtained lodgings in a private family, which was more to his liking.

How he financed himself at Fort Smith and Little Rock before he got some pay for his services, is unknown—he was without money when he reached the former place and got little for his furs; but he tells this pitiful story of how he got from Fort Smith to Little Rock: “A gentleman up there wanted to send a horse to Little Rock. He had relations living there * * * * and in that way I got a horse. On the way I fell in with an old soldier who had lived in New England * * * * and the last money I had I paid for his fare across the ferry to get into Little Rock. I got there without a penny.”*

The Territorial Legislature was in session when he arrived at Little Rock, and a few days afterward, through the influence of his newly acquired friends, headed by Bertrand, who was not only an editor, but a lawyer and also an astute politician, he was so fortunate as to be made assistant clerk of the Senate, or Council, as the upper body of the legislature was then called. He served in that capacity until the close of the session, which proved to be a stormy one, during which seven new counties were created and much constructive legislation accomplished, according to the newspapers.

*Lobingier note from Pike's ms. *Reminiscences*.

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The Arkansas Legislature in 1833 was a small body. The Council had but 25 members, and it is to be presumed that the duties of the secretary were not onerous; so that, while filling this clerical position, he also actively began newspaper work upon his arrival. He divided his time between the two places until the legislature adjourned, when he gave more attention to journalistic duties. People were impressed by his ability and surprised at the capacity for work which he evidenced. He wrote editorials for the little sheet which soon won for him high rank as an editor and citizen. That English traveler-geologist with the odd name of Featherstonehaugh, who visited Little Rock *en route* to Mexico in 1834, wrote that "the newspapers of the village (which, of course, included Pike's paper, as there were but two) were a surprise to me, emanating from such a small place—they were not only *read*, but *devoured* by everybody."*

While editing the *Advocate*, Pike learned also to set type, and in spare moments he read law. The times were not as full of baffling changes as the World War has forced upon us, but the story of the problems incident to the making of the Southwest, when state after state came into existence, followed by the Civil War, made his entry into newspaper and political life one that was to become exciting. The year of his arrival was not only a busy legislative and political one, but the state suffered disastrous overflows of its rivers.

**Excursions Through the Slave States*," Harper & Bro., 1844.

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The *Advocate* was more or less of a political organ. It continued to uphold the political fortunes of Robert Crittenden. Indeed, the journal had been established largely, if not entirely, in the interest of that bright, ambitious man, which accounted in a measure for Pike's easy entry into a fortunate connection, after he had attracted the attention of the Crittenden adherents through his communications from Van Buren.

A violent political war was being waged (1832-3) between the Whig, or anti-Jackson party, led by Crittenden, and one of the most eminent men connected with the early history of the Territory, Gov. John Pope, then the representative of President Jackson's Democratic administration. Pike, young, talented, enthusiastic, entered into the fray on the side of his principal with all the fire of his nature.

The *Arkansas Gazette*, an older paper, was the organ of the Democrats, or the "Ins," and the *Advocate* represented the Whigs, or the "Outs."

It seems that the "Casca" letters, which Pike later in life admitted he would never have written if he had been older and wiser, were continued in the *Advocate* after he became its publisher. One day these letters caused Pike to have an amusing experience. As he was sitting on the door step of the Ashley building, Col. A. H. Sevier thus accosted him:

"Look here, Pike, if that fellow Casca who is writing for your paper gets more severe, I shall have to ask you for his name," (which in those days meant an apology or pistols and coffee for two).

HIS REMOVAL TO LITTLE ROCK

Pike replied: "All right, Colonel, when you call for the name of the author, you'll get it," and, with a laugh, went on his way.

Pike related the incident to William Cummins, a noted lawyer of those days, who afterwards went into partnership with Pike, and that gentleman, spoiling to take up the political quarrel that was then in progress, said, with snapping eyes, "Tell him I wrote them; tell him I'm the man."

The leading issue in the campaign of 1833, strangely enough, was the question of the disposition of ten sections of land which had been granted by the Federal government to the Territory for the erection thereon of public buildings. Mr. Crittenden, who had been secretary of the Territory from its organization, had built a fine brick home in Little Rock, and when he was superceded in office, he sought to exchange the "Big House," as it was called, for these ten sections of land. The legislature authorized the trade, and the machinery was all primed to put over the deal, but Governor Pope vetoed the measure. Crittenden attacked the administration, and asked the people to elect him as a vindication of himself and the legislature. It would appear to be a mighty small issue on which to base a campaign, but at that time it was a powerful issue. The people endorsed the governor's course, by electing Sevier, with a majority of 1,956 out of a total of 6,906 votes.

In December, 1834, a rupture occurred between Governor Pope and the *Gazette*, occasioned by the publication by Pike in the *Advocate* of articles de-

nunciatory of the governor, on account of the alleged extravagant prices paid for public printing, the contract for which was held by W. E. Woodruff, publisher of the *Gazette*. The paper was the beneficiary of the contracts, but the governor had to take the blame and the criticism in the matter. Pike used the deadly parallel column to show the prices charged by the *Gazette*, contrasted with those at which the work could have been done elsewhere and still leave a profit. The governor demanded that the *Gazette* defend him against Pike's charges, and also that it lower its charges for printing. It refused to do either, and a rupture resulted. The public printing was then withdrawn from the *Gazette*, and let to the lowest bidder, which turned out to be the *Advocate* office.*

At a later date, Pike, through the *Advocate*, took a prominent part in the fight for statehood for Arkansas and the adoption of a new Constitution preparatory to its admission into the Union. A convention was called, which adopted the Constitution of 1836, and, in a spirited contest, Pike was elected convention printer, over his competitor, the powerful editor of the *Gazette*. The *Gazette* and the *Advocate* were both in favor of statehood, while a third paper, the *Times*, was bitterly opposing the proposition, on the ground that the territory was not prepared to assume the responsibilities of statehood. Governor Fulton, who had succeeded Governor Pope, issued a statement that he was opposed to the admission of

*Pope's *Early Days in Arkansas*, 1895.

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Arkansas at that time, for the reason that it had not obtained the proper authority to form a state government, but that whenever Arkansas presented to Congress a Constitution made under the sanction of the people, so that it could be admitted without the imposition of unjust or unreasonable restrictions, he would favor it. The Governor was answered by Pike, who affirmed that Congress could authorize the Territory to form a Constitution, or the Territory could form one on its own initiative. In either case, if the convention was republican, and the Territory had the requisite number of inhabitants and agreed to the proper restrictions, the Constitution of the United States entitled the Territory to admission. He criticised the Governor for disregarding the will of the people in not calling a special session of the Legislature to accomplish the desired purpose. His position was sustained.

In commenting on the Arkansas Constitution of 1836 when it was up for adoption, Pike said: "On Tuesday last the Judiciary report came up and Judge Lacy moved to amend it by changing the term of office for supreme judges from six to twelve years. He supported the amendment in a speech of great ability, in which sound political doctrines were combined with a bold and fervid eloquence of language." The amendment was carried, but on a later day the action was reversed. Pike was opposed to the frequent changes of judges, and criticised vigorously the action thus: "The judiciary report has again been amended, reducing the terms of services of supreme

court judges to eight years. We will never cease to lift our voice against it. Our feeble efforts shall never be permitted to place the judiciary on a basis not to be shaken by legislative favoritism or revenge or popular fickleness.”*

He was equally outspoken in endorsing a section of the Bill of Rights, saying, “Above all, infinitely above all, we admire that clause in the Bill of Rights which provides that the rights, privileges and capacities of no man shall be enlarged or diminished on account of his religion.”

While the convention was in session, Pike characterized the various reports as bearing the impress of high talents and correct views of government. He further predicted that the Constitution would be inferior to none in the Union. “We congratulate the country upon the happy termination of the deliberations of the convention, for it has done honor to itself and to Arkansas,” he wrote, among other comments which evidence his strong interest and active participation in Arkansas affairs.

He was bitterly criticised by Northern men for upholding the slavery provision of that Constitution when he said, “It cannot certainly be supposed that it is for the interests of Arkansas to become a free state. Surrounded, as it would be, by Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and the Indian tribes—all of them slave countries—our state would

*Publications of the Ark. Hist. Com.

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become the land of refuge for runaways and vagabonds." "Then," wrote the caustic Judge Jesse Turner, "descending on easy wing into a distinctly heavier atmosphere, this gifted son of Massachusettes (Pike), on whose ambrosial locks the tang of the salt sea air of her rock-bound coast still lingered, added, '*Besides this, our revenue is to be raised from and our rich lands settled by the slaveholders*.'"*

It is not plausible to suppose that Pike was inherently favorable to a system of human slavery, especially since his brother-poet, Whittier, his former friend and townsman, William Lloyd Garrison, of Newburyport; and such men as Wendell Phillips, of his native state, were at the time waging war against that institution; but his new environment caused him to see the proposition from a practical and different angle from that of the abolition writers and speakers. He fully realized what an upheaval a change in the system would cause in a Southern state like Arkansas. It will be shown that when the War Between the States came, he was called upon to express himself more fully on this question.

In those early days, when the state was in the making, there were many momentous questions to settle, and the files of the *Advocate*, under Pike's editorship, and the histories of the state, show him to have been alive to every interest of the people and an able champion of their causes.

In 1865, Pike printed in the *Advocate* his *Narra-*

*Hallum's *Bench and Bar of Arkansas*.

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tive of a Journey in the Prairie, running as a serial through eight issues; some of his poetry also first saw the light of day in its columns.

Editor Pike soon acquired a half interest in the *Advocate* with Charles E. Rice. In 1835, he purchased the remaining interest for \$2,500 and continued for some time as sole editor and proprietor, Mr. Bertrand having retired. He developed a capacity for brain work which made him famous, and it is said that he never slept more than four or five hours each night, which was his practice for forty years. Judge John Hallum, a great friend of Pike's, liked to assert that his capacity for intellectual work surpassed that of any man known to our literature, and for many years equalled that of Bonaparte when engaged in his celebrated campaigns.

The people of Little Rock appreciated Pike at his true worth. His field of usefulness was constantly increasing.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS MARRIAGE.

I ken a charming little maid,
As sweet and winsome as a fairy;
I wadna ask wi' wealth to wed,
If I could wed wi' thee, Mary!

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
As wanton as the winds that vary;
But ne'er was I sae truly blest
As when I met wi' thee, Mary!

—From PIKE'S *Lines to Mary*.

UNDER propitious Southern skies, amid the most romantic surroundings, inhaling the perfume of the rose, the honeysuckle and the magnolia, with the mockingbird singing to his youthful heart, Pike found in Little Rock the atmosphere which appealed to his poetic nature and developed his great natural powers.

Let the reader stand before the striking oil painting of him which adorns one of the walls of the History Commission at the Arkansas State Capitol. He will be impressed by the artist's representation of the high-spirited countenance, the finely arched eyebrows, the thin, intellectual nose, the full mouth that found zest in life and lived to the full, the wonderfully worn hair, streaming in a fine, dark, luxurious mass down to his neck, the large but shapely hands, and a height and breadth of stature which drew all

eyes to him, no matter where he might walk. In his later years he became a large, unwieldy man, weighing 275 pounds, but at this period he was slenderer and more athletically inclined.

Mr. Fay Hempstead, the Arkansas historian, states that it is doubtful whether a man ever lived who was possessed of greater personal advantages. Is it any wonder that in a place at that time of only a thousand souls, where the environment was like that of one big family, Pike should be an important personage, though modest and unconscious of it? He was a scholar and a good story-teller, having a soft, musical voice. He was a ready conversationalist, and a fluent public speaker. He composed original songs, which were set to music and used for serenades. He was an accomplished violinist, and at a later date Miss Cantrell of Little Rock, then a young girl, frequently accompanied him on the piano. It is not surprising that he was a prime favorite with the fair sex, who never tired of hearing his stories of life in the Far West. He was no less popular among the men, and was an influential member of the "Forty Club," to the library of which he contributed many books.

When he left his eastern home, "to seek in other climes a fairer fate," as he said, he is supposed to have left behind a young girl acquaintance for whom he had a passion, but to whom it seems he had never told his love. Possibly she inspired him with the ambition which he said he had, "to wage industrious battle against circumstances." Amid new scenes in the West, he said he thought of a fair one, while

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“reading at deep, dead of night, the lamp illuminating his pallid face.” Whether it was of a former sweetheart, or a sister to whom he has frequently referred as having a deep affection for, we know not, but in his poem, *Fantasma*, he says:

A lover still of all the beautiful,
And more than all, of one sweet, pitying face
That comes to him in dreams, and even by day
Looks in his eyes and loves him more and more.

Be that as it may, in a few months after he located at Little Rock, he met at the home of a friend, Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, a handsome brunette, the daughter of James Hamilton, of Arkansas Post, and she caused him to forget all other women.

There was a passionate wooing then, which was kept at white heat by the bright-eyed one. He was soon paying devoted attention to her, and writing poems dedicated to her, which he slipped into her hands on all occasions when near her or sent to her when she returned to her home at Arkansas Post. Only one of those poems is known to have been preserved, and that consists of the simple lines entitled, *Mary*. In these verses he compares his sweetheart to a “little purple violet that hangs its blushing head sae weary, with brow as white as is the mist that sleeps on heaven’s forehead starry, or mountain snow by sunrise kissed; and with an e’en like an eagle,” etc. It is possible, however, that many others of his published love songs and lyrics, though unidentified as such, were inspired by this lady, if not addressed to

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her, and that she was in his thoughts when he wrote the poem entitled, *Love*:

I am the soul of the Universe,
In Nature's pulse I beat;
To Doom and Death I am a curse,
I trample them under my feet.

Creation's every voice is mine,
I breathe in its every tone;
I have in every heart a shrine,
A consecrated throne.

The whisper that sings in the summer leaves,
The hymn of the starlit brook,
The martin that nests in the ivied eaves,
The dove in his shaded nook.

The quivering heart of the blushing flower,
The thick Aeolian grass,
The harmonies of the summer shower,
The south wind's soft, sweet mass.

Another little love song, which further exemplifies his sentimental side, has these pretty lines:

Many sweet flowers in the prairie shine,
And many in the wood,
But the fairest flower of all is mine.

Many a bird in the prairie sings,
And many in the wood,
But none whose song so sweetly rings.

Mary Ann seems to have held back from the ardent poet-lover and to have pretended slight

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admiration for his poetical love-making. But, true to the Pike temperament, the lover won his bride. After a persistent and interesting courtship, the young people were married October 10, 1834, by Judge James H. Lucas. Even the wedding merry-making was typical of the adventure-loving, colorful disposition of Albert Pike. The setting for the wedding at the old plantation home of the bride's guardian, Col. Terrence Farrelly, at Arkansas Post, was ideal, and the affair was a joyous one. The country gentry for miles around attended the wedding, and some negro attendants, dressed in their Sunday clothes, were permitted to view the ceremony and partake of their master's and guests' bounty. The occasion was enlivened by a plantation orchestra, and an old, white-haired negro leader, puffed up with the importance of his connection with the event, and perhaps animated by a taste of the groom's best, threw all his energies into his elbows as he played on his fiddle some of the old-time airs, while the wedding party danced.

Captain and Mrs. Pike went at once to live at Little Rock. The season was a gay one. The intense party feeling of the Crittenden-Sevier campaign which had run high during the preceding year had subsided. There were bright and charming people living at the capital, and many were visiting from other states.

Soon afterward (in 1840) Pike erected a handsome and commodious residence, covering a whole block of ground, in a location which is now known as the corner of Seventh and Rock streets, through

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which ran the old Quapaw Line, and here he and his family lived for nearly a quarter of a century, although Pike was absent a great deal on account of the wars and his law practice. It was such a home as only a man of taste and culture could have conceived. His pronounced love of nature and something of his sentimental character, may be gathered from the fact that the place abounded in trees and shrubbery, and that he named a tree in the grounds for each of his children.

The Pike mansion in after years became the property of Col. John G. Fletcher, a prominent banker of Little Rock; and his son, John Gould Fletcher, the "imagist" poet, (now a resident of London, England) in his *Goblins and Pagodas*, has given a striking picture of this house, which was built in the style of the old South, with wide halls, and "fronts foursquare the winds, with its six white columns." Now the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Terry, it is to this day one of the finest of old Southern homes. In front of the Seventh street side of the grounds is a climbing rose bush planted by Pike's own hands, which is said to be more than 50 years old.

The Pikes, with their fine home, were in the center of social activities. He was now settled in a domestic way, but he still had an unsatisfied ambition. After many months of service in the newspaper business, he desired to retire from it, to follow the profession of law. He had been reading law and observing the practice of lawyers right along. His aspiration in this direction constantly increased, due to

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the fact that his own judgment and that of his friends encouraged him to believe that his talents lay in that line. His wife confirmed his judgment.

He was doubtless enamoured of the law, and possessed naturally a legal frame of mind, but at the same time financial considerations may have had a great deal to do with his decision to become a lawyer. The newspaper business did not offer much opportunity for enrichment. Out-of-the-city subscribers were served by infrequent mail carriers, local patrons usually had to call at the publication office for the paper, and there was no street vending. The *Advocate* had only a thousand-or-two readers, which could not have afforded a great deal of revenue; the merchants, who were not numerous, in those days did not use the advertising columns to such an extent as they do now-a-days; and the commercial job printing department of his printing office was not over-run with orders. On the other hand, "lawing" was flourishing, as it always is in a new country, especially. A smart man, he saw that unusual opportunities in a legal way were open to him, and he was quick to grasp the hand which beckoned him to follow on to fame and fortune.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE ENTERS UPON THE PRACTICE OF LAW.

Do you wish in the courts of the country to sue
For the right or estate that's another man's due?
Your lawyer will surely remember his cue,
When his palm you have crossed with a Dollar, or two;
For a lawyer's convinced with a Dollar, or two;
And a jury set right with a Dollar, or two;
 And though justice is blind
 Yet a way you may find
To open her eyes with a Dollar, or two.

—From PIKE's poem, *A Dollar, or Two*.

PIKE was ever connected with the unusual. In the winter of 1836, he was licensed to practice law, while still performing editorial duties. He had read only the first volume of Blackstone's *Commentaries* and a few text books, but Judge Thomas J. Lacey, of the Territorial Supreme Court, who granted the license, was a most broad-minded man with a keen sense of humor. He remarked in explaining his leniency, that it was not like issuing a medical diploma; he could not kill anybody by practicing law.

Pike now disposed of his newspaper, to devote his entire energies to the claims of his new mistress. He characteristically remarked, "I owned the *Advocate*, was editor and typesetter, and generally useful in the office, for two years and three months, and then sold it for \$1,500. I tried for a year to collect the accounts due the office. Then one day, weary of

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it all, put the books in the stove, where they served as fuel. I had no further trouble with the accounts.”*

He seems to have early taken an interest in legal matters and court affairs. He said that one of the first incidents he remembered was “court week” at his old home at Newburyport. “Rufus Choate came up there and tried a case,” he said; “it was the case of a common sailor. I heard the speech and recollect his looks very well—and what a brilliant speech he made! He was a young lawyer then. I also heard Leverett Saltonstall at the same time. I knew him very well. He was a great student.”†

Caleb Cushing, the diplomat and U. S. Attorney-General, also influenced his impressionable years. In an address at the Supreme Court Memorial services for Cushing, Pike said:‡

I knew Mr. Cushing when I was a boy. He was a young lawyer then, resolute to win success; and often passing his office, as I did, late at night, I always saw it lighted up. He lost few hours in sleep, and wasted none in dissipation or amusement. To that untiring industry and diligent study he owed the fame of after years. He accoutred himself, carefully and thoroughly, for the business and the battle of life, and entered the arena armed at all points.

Pike certainly emulated such examples.

Soon after becoming a lawyer, he was invited to

*Pike *Autobiography*.

†C. S. Lobingier, in *Amr. Bar Ass'n. Journal*, April, 1927.

‡*Ibid.*

address the Arkansas Bar Association, and in that address he modestly said:

An humble student, I am as yet without the portals, or at least only upon the threshold of the great temple of jurisprudence. A neophyte, yet serving my probation, I have hardly earned the spurs of legal knighthood. I shall content myself, therefore, with viewing at a distance, the vast proportions of the edifice, without undertaking to enter and explore its labyrinthine intricacies.

“Yet,” says Mr. Lobingier, in the *Journal of the American Bar Association*, “as he proceeded it appeared that he entered a considerable distance (into the temple of jurisprudence), for he began with a quotation from Lord Bacon and then presented these opposing views of his subject:”

While, by some, the common law has been eulogized as the perfection of human reason as embodying every necessary rule of human conduct, and needing not the aid of any principles drawn from foreign sources, others with less reason, have stigmatized it as an unseemly, incongruous, heterogeneous structure, a mass of monstrous absurdity, a vast idol, like the Dalai Lama, shrouded in darkness, and wrapped in eternal mystery, and depending for its very existence upon the blind faith and insensate devotion of its worshippers.

Again, Mr. Lobingier remarks: “And it was surely no ‘neophyte’ who wrote as follows of the now much vaunted *fontes* of the common law:”

In reading the different books of reports, we must bear in mind the sturdy independence, the bitter prejudices, the inveterate hostility to foreign law, the fierce resentments, of

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Coke; the intellectual greatness and integrity of Hobart; the low-breeding and meanness of Saunders, who bore for the motto of his ring, "*principe sic plausit*," and was elevated to the bench to pander to the purposes of the king; the ardent temperament of Buller; the dissolute habits, ferocity, profaneness of Thurlow; the purity and conscientiousness of Hale; the originality and genius of Holt; the elegant manners and varied learning of Mansfield; the venerable dignity of Kenyon, and the great learning and incessant doubts of Eldon; and in this country, the conservative principles, the lofty tone of morals, and the vast comprehension of Marshall, and the extreme simplicity and goodness of heart, joined to the extensive knowledge and varied research of Story and Kent.*

In his day, the lawyer in a raw country was no specialist. He had to be an all-round man, of varied accomplishments, to get anywhere. Mr. Lobingier says, "note again this ambitious program of preparation on the part of Pike:"

The thorough lawyer in this country, combining as he does in himself the functions of attorney, counselor, solicitor, and advocate, must enter far into the field of science, and drink deep from the perennial fountain of general knowledge. On the one hand, the broad realms of the common law are to be explored, until every nook and corner is as familiar to his mind as the field and homestead of his boyhood to his eye. He will there see the enlightened sages of English and American jurisprudence, expounding with stern dignity, bold independence, and comprehensive justice, the principles of law and equity, in defiance alike of monarchial prerogative and popular clamor.

On the other hand lie the broad domains of equity, illuminated by a succession of chancellors fully equal in every respect

*Lobingier in *Amr. Bar Ass'n. Journal*, April, 1927.

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to the common law judges, and whose learning was rivalled only by their integrity.

Nor is this all that is to be investigated. The lawyer must also be familiar with the international and admiralty law, and with the jurisprudence of the Romans, by which for long ages a great part of the civilized world has been governed.*

He made rapid progress in the legal profession. The South has produced many great lawyers and orators, and Pike, at thirty years of age, became one of the most prominent of the early days. Indeed, he was often proclaimed the foremost lawyer of the Southwest.

His industriousness was proverbial. He was the first Reporter of the Arkansas Supreme Court, appointed early in 1836, and as such officer administered the oath of office to James S. Conway, the first governor of the state to be elected by the people. When the Territorial Legislature passed an act providing for the revision of the Statutes of the State, he was tendered the position to perform the work. He rewrote and codified the Statutes, and at the next session of the Legislature the work was adopted in its entirety. This volume is called the *Revised Statutes of Arkansas*, and although it has been superceded, lawyers state that for simplicity, clearness and comprehensiveness, it is not only unrivalled but has few equals in the United States. He reported the decisions of the State Supreme Court from 1836 to 1848, comprising five volumes, numbered from 1 to 5, inclusive. Early in his career as a lawyer he aug-

*Lobingier.

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mented his income by publishing *The Arkansas Form Book*, a very useful book in its day, containing approved forms for deeds, mortgages and other legal forms for lawyers and the public, together with a summary of the principles of law for ordinary application. A second-hand copy of this book, printed by W. E. Woodruff, in 1842, 425 p., 8 vo., 72 years later brought a handsome price at a book auction.

Soon after being licensed, he was offered a partnership by William Cummins, a prominent lawyer who had political aspirations. The offer was accepted and the partnership existed for a number of years. Afterwards he became a partner of Ebenezer Cummins, a brother of his former partner, and still later was associated with David J. Baldwin in the practice. He has told an amusing incident of this third partner. "One day, my partner," said Pike, "was arguing a question in bankruptcy before Judge Johnson, who, becoming impatient, asked him if he had any authorities on the point at issue. 'Lots, sir,' said Baldwin, 'lots!' 'Bring them here tomorrow, then,' said the Judge, who, in a great fume, adjourned court, and went home, where he met his son, Robert, and exploded, 'What do you think, Robert, that man Baldwin said to me today, when I asked him if he had any authorities on a *pint*?'—'Lots, sir; lots! Lots! to me, a judge of the district court of the United States, lots!'"

Pike said he was his own teacher in the law; he soon got together a law library, and in 1839 began

to purchase other books, and to read them, never sleeping more than five hours at night.

Six years after his lawyer's license had been granted, he was elected attorney for and subsequently made a trustee of the Real Estate Bank of Arkansas, which institution had a very prominent part in the financial history of the state from its organization, in 1836, until its affairs were wound up, some time in the sixties. Pike held this connection for twelve years, and it opened up a large and lucrative practice for him. The bank finally collapsed, but it was through no fault of his, as he was in no way responsible for its management, and claimed to be anything but a financier. The bank's financial policy had been unsound from the beginning. It was the Mississippi Bubble of Arkansas.

In a biographical sketch of Judge Thomas J. Lacey, of Arkansas, written by Pike, he relates an unusually interesting incident in connection with the Real Estate Bank case. It is a story of how opinions communicated to Pike by the great James Kent, Chancellor of New York, and author of Kent's *Commentaries on American Law*; and by Judge Joseph Story, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court and author of numerous law text books, saved Judge Lacey from being impeached, and Pike from losing an important case. When in 1842, the directors of the State Bank made a deed of assignment to trustees, which assignment was drafted by Pike on instructions formulated by the cashier of the institution, it created a storm of protest among the many people affected. Pike's

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former partner, William Cummins, who was a stockholder and debtor of the bank, together with General Thos. T. Williamson and other stockholders and claimants represented by the distinguished Chester Ashley as chief counsel, engaged in a bitter warfare against the action, bringing a suit in chancery to have it annulled. Chancellor John J. Clendennin held the deed valid, but the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. A majority of the court affirmed the decision, but the imminent failure of the bank, in which the state's finances and the interests of many people were involved, caused the decision to be a very unpopular one. Judge Lacey, of the Supreme Court, was accused of having been corrupted, and Pike was denounced without stint. Preparations were made to impeach Judge Lacey.

Without consulting with anyone, Pike had sent copies of the deed and of the opinions rendered by the courts to the authorities referred to, both of whom concurred in the validity of the deed in controversy. Printed copies of the opinions of Kent and Story, placed on the desks of the members of the General Assembly, which was in session, frustrated the impeachment proceedings, vindicating the court and Pike, as well as resulting in the terms of the deed of trust being carried out.

Pike stated that Chancellor Kent charged him \$50 for his opinion, and Judge Story nothing.

Apropos of the reference to the correspondence between Pike and Judges James Kent and Joseph Story, Charles Sumner Lobingier, in an address be-

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fore the Bar Association, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 30, 1927, on the subject of the *Science of Comparative Law*, declared that Pike was "more profound in his knowledge of the Civil Law, and certainly more distinguished * * * * as a practitioner of the common law," than either of those eminent men. But he said that Pike's "pre-eminence in these fields has been largely forgotten by the present generation." He accounted for this "partly because of the later absorption of his energies in other pursuits and the eclipse of his legal reputation by achievements therein, and partly because of his own failure to publish the results of his labors." And Mr. Lobingier suggests that, "now, a generation after his death, it would seem that the time has come to recognize and reclaim Pike as a comparative lawyer."*

As an attorney, he had been intimately connected at different times with matters pertaining to the celebrated Holford Bond† claim against the State of Arkansas. The following letter written by him to Richard H. Johnson, at that time editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, sheds light on a transaction which has been before the people of the state of Arkansas and in the courts of the land many times, to the great detriment of the state's financial reputation:

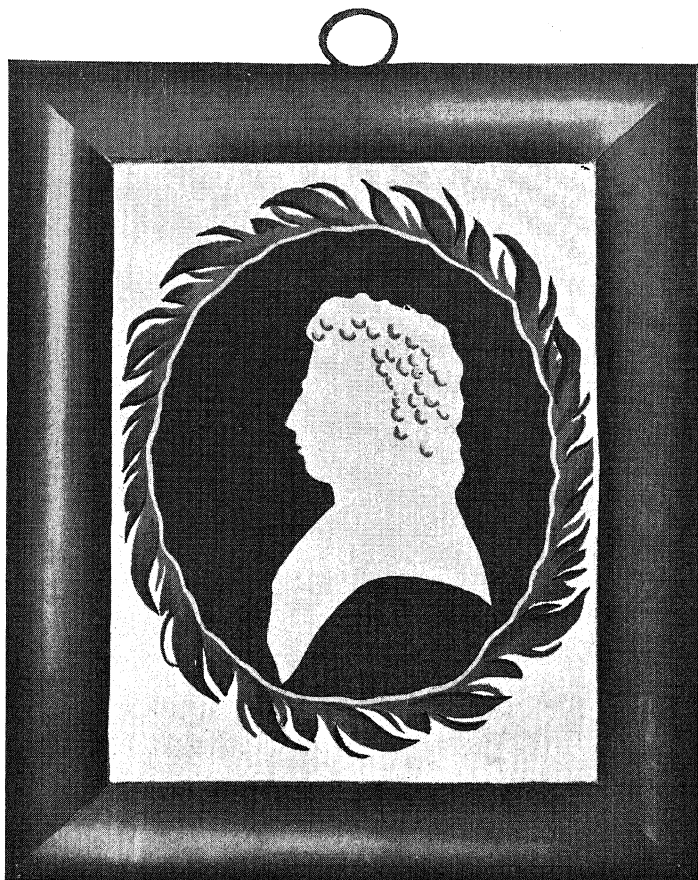
R. H. Johnson, Esq.,
Little Rock, Ark.
Dear Sir:

Washington City, March 4, 1879.

I see stated, as I have often seen it stated before, in the

**Amr. Bar Ass'n. Journal*, April, 1927.

†James Holford (of London, Eng.) et al., vs. State of Ark.



*Silhouette of myself
cut about 1825
Ann Pike*

*The property of Miss Ann Hamilton Pike of Washington, D. C.
(From a print in The New Age Magazine)*

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Gazette of the 1st of March, that the North American Trust & Banking Co. advanced to the Real Estate Bank \$121,000 on the Holford hypothecated bonds.

That was the sum that was to have been advanced; but soon after the Real Estate Bank made its assignment to trustees (in 1842) I went with Thomas W. Newton, cashier of the trustees, and who had been cashier of the bank, to New York, to effect a settlement there in regard to moneys of the bank that had fallen into bad hands; and while there, Mr. Newton and the receiver of the North American Trust and Banking Co. together examined the books of that company, to ascertain how much it had really advanced on those bonds. A considerable portion of its advances was to be made by payment of coupons of *other* bonds of the State, unlawfully sold by the Real Estate Bank, and the amount of coupons so paid had never been made known to the bank.

After an exhaustive examination of the books, it was found that the receiver could only prove by them that the Trust & Banking Company had advanced and paid about \$95,000 instead of \$121,000. Mr. Newton and the receiver were, if I remember correctly, engaged nearly, or quite a week, in this investigation.

It may also be pertinent to the inquiry in regard to the legislation had in regard to these bonds, that shortly after the war, Mr. Anthony H. Davies of Chicot county consulted me as a lawyer in regard to a contemplated purchase of them. He told me that they had been offered to him and to others for \$50,000, and desired my opinion whether it would be a good investment. I gave him my opinion that the state would never pay them, nor the money advanced on them by James Holford to the Trust & Banking Company, nor that advanced to the company by the Real Estate Bank, and that being, by the assignment to trustees by the Real Estate Bank, postponed to all of its other obligations, there could be no assets with which to repay the \$95,000, which the Real Estate Bank had received on them. He then abandoned the idea of buying.

After the war, and before the legislation as to these bonds,

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Mr. Chas. B. Johnson of Fort Smith consulted me about them (I think in 1869) informing me that they were offered to him and to others at \$50,000; and I advised him to have nothing to do with them, as the state was not in any way liable or bound to pay what had been advanced on them.

I may add that I was for some years the solicitor of Mr. James Holford, in regard to the bonds of the state held by him, and instituted suits for him in the Pulaski Circuit Court, which were dismissed under an act of the legislature.

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He practiced before the district and state courts at Little Rock, the circuit courts in Chicot county, at Helena, and in Conway, Johnson, Pope and Crawford counties; and later in Saline, Clark, Hempstead, Lafayette, Dallas, Ouachita and Union counties, Ark.

The circuit courts were usually held in rotation, and, if they were not always romantic or altogether pleasurable in their nature, no doubt the journeys required for this practice appealed thoroughly to his adventurous nature. There were no railroads or stage coach lines in those days, and he rode the circuit on horseback at first, and afterwards traveled in a buggy, twice a year for ten years. His sorrel horse, "Davy," carried him thousands of miles around the Arkansas circuit, and was as well known on the road as himself. He was a handsome figure on horseback, and many an old-timer has been heard to speak of the picture which he carried in his mind's eye of Pike riding by, on his way to court. It is probably a myth, but among the wonderful stories told of him, some of which must be discounted, is one that after his in-

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come became large, he carried with him on the circuit a fine brass band, to play for him in the evenings.

In those primitive days, the lawyers were subjected to many inconveniences, sometimes having to sleep under a friendly tree, with their saddle-bags or a law book for a pillow. They had to carry their food with them while traveling over corduroy roads to and from distant courts. Courts were held in all kinds of buildings. At one time Pike and eighteen other lawyers slept in one room in the court house building, while a faro game was being operated under the court room every night.

Chief Justice Ringo of Arkansas, when a circuit rider, had traveled with a copy of Chitty in his saddle-bags. "The book was currently known as the *Baconham-Chitty*," says Pike, "because of the stain contracted on its leather covers by association with the slices of ham which its owner carried to solace his appetite with." Usually the lawyer carried books in one saddle-bag and "eats" in the other.

Governor Yell once narrowly escaped drowning while crossing the Arkansas on the ice, in company with Pike, Judge Benjamin Johnson and Absolom Fowler, while on their way to a session of court at Van Buren.

On another occasion, Pike, together with Grandison Royston and other lawyers, stripped to swim a stream in Southwest Arkansas. After dismounting, each disciple of Blackstone removed his clothes and strapped them across his shoulders to keep them above water, so that they would remain dry.

The lawyers often rode in parties over the mountains and through the valleys, and they enlivened their journeys with stories and jokes. Many of Pike's stories have been handed down. They abounded in inimitable humor, but the mere recital of an anecdote by him can give no adequate idea of the entertaining manner in which he related it.

"Speaking of courts," he once said, "reminds me of some of our specimens of forensic eloquence, pathetic in the highest degree. A limb of the law once defended a client for assault and battery before a justice. He opened his case by saying: 'May it please your honor, I appear before you this day, an humble advocate of the people's rights, to redress the people's wrongs. Justice, may it please your honor, justice is all we ask; and justice is due, from the tallest and highest *archangel* that sits upon the throne of heaven, to the meanest and most insignificant *demon* that broils upon the coals of hell. If my client, may it please your honor, has been guilty of any offense at all, he has been guilty of the *littlest* and *most insignificant offense* which has ever been committed from *the time when the morning stars sung together with joy,—Shout heavenly muse.*'"

He related that another member of the bar who made a fortune by his practice, once in a murder case in which Pike was engaged with him, the prisoner having committed the act while intoxicated, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, it is a principle *congenial* with the creation of the world, and handed

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down from *prosperity*, that drunkenness always goes in *commiseration* of damages."

At another time, this same lawyer told the jury that a person indicted for assault and battery "beat and bruised the boy and *amalgamated his head*."

"When I first began to practice law," Pike said, "there was a little, dried-up old lawyer named Samuel Hall, who knew nothing about Latin, but was particularly fond of picking up and 'firing' scraps of it at the jury. Once when he was trying a case, with another lawyer named Parrot, he fired off all the Latin phrases that he could think of, and when Parrot replied he uttered about a half dozen sentences in Choctaw. Hall objected to the court that Parrot should not use language that no one could understand. Parrot replied that the language he had used was Latin, and that it was not his fault that Hall could not understand it. Hall resented this and proposed to leave it to the court. The Judge decided that to the best of his knowledge Parrot's Latin was as good as Hall's."

One day Pike left Little Rock in company with this same Judge Hall, to go to the court at Greenville, Clark county, where he said the landlord fed them on broiled fresh pork, corn-bread, without butter, and sweet potatoes, for a week. "The Judge rode an old mare, and I my horse, Davy," said Pike. "During the first day I stayed with the Judge as he rode along, to the immense weariness of myself, and the disgust of my horse, it taking us all day to ride to Mrs. Lockhart's, on the Saline (about 50 miles). The next day,

after we had gotten out of the horrible Saline bottoms and we were upon the gravel hills beyond, I said to the Judge, 'my horse is fretting, and I will ride ahead a piece, and wait for you to come up'; and without waiting for an answer, put Davy to his pace and let him enjoy himself. At the end of a ride of five or six miles, I stopped, and, sitting down upon a log, waited nearly an hour until the Judge came up; then I jogged on with him a few miles further, to again leave him, with a simple, 'good-bye.' Again he overtook me, and we rode on about five miles, until he saw that I was about to repeat the performance, when, wheeling his old horse across the road, he said, 'See here! you are a young man, and I am an old one. Let me tell you something. I used in my younger days to push and hurry to get to court and be there before it opened, and I always found that I might just as well have taken my time, for my business would not have suffered if I had not hurried. Then I used to ride hard as soon as court adjourned, to get home; and it never happened that Mrs. Hall did not say to me when I got home, 'Why, Judge, I did not look for you until tomorrow or next day.' Now, take my advice and remember that nobody ever makes anything by hurrying through life. You'll always get to the end of your journey soon enough, and maybe be more welcome if you don't get there too soon."

On one occasion he said that two lawyers met at a county seat court. They had come from opposite directions, one of them riding a borrowed horse, for

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70 miles, while the other had traveled 100 miles on his own horse. Upon starting home, they exchanged horses, by mistake, and neither discovered the mistake until they reached home, although the horses were not at all similar. It was worth more than the value of the beast to make the exchange by return trips, yet each set out and finally returned with the proper animal; which would indicate that these lawyers of the early days had a high regard for honor.

He told of an eccentric lawyer who traveled the Arkansas circuit, without ever taking a change of clothing with him, and that when he returned home after a journey he had a stuffy appearance. The truth was that when his clothes became soiled, he bought new ones and put them on over the old ones, so that he wore all of them until he got home.

Pike practiced in the Supreme Court of the State, and in 1842 was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court. It is noteworthy that he claimed to have been admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court simultaneously with Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, and he is said to have been complimented by Daniel Webster, who heard him argue a case.

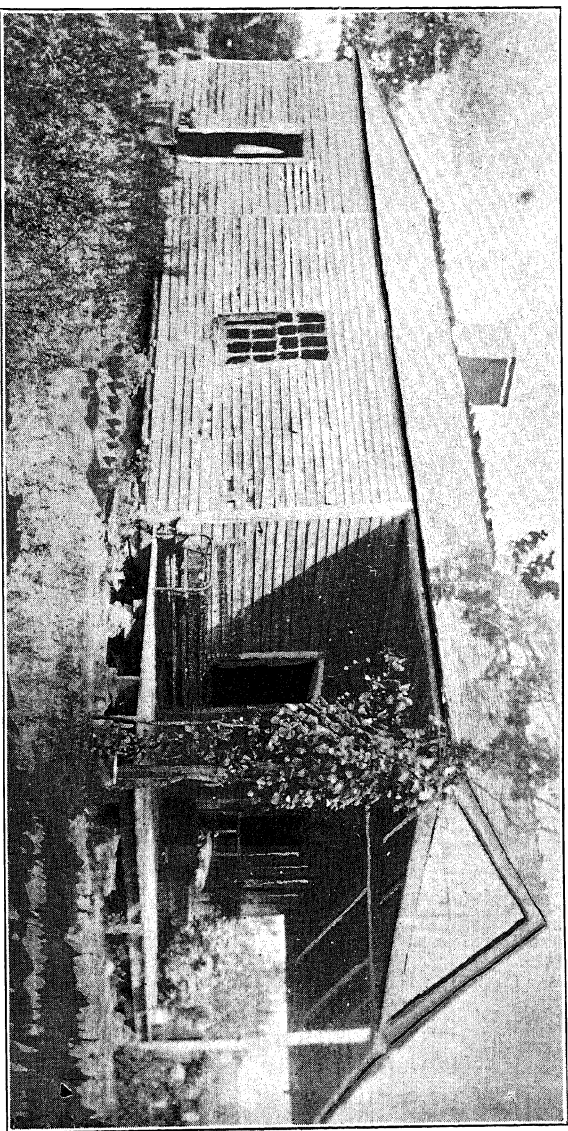
His cases before the Federal Supreme Court were numerous, and many of them were of the highest importance. "There are in the Supreme Council's Library (Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, Washington City,) ten bound volumes of Pike's briefs and arguments (mostly in the United States Supreme Court), and these represent only a part of his later

forensic work," is stated in a note to an article by C. S. Lobingier, in the *American Bar Association Journal* for April, 1927.

Associated with Matthew H. Carpenter, he represented Henry M. Rector in his great legal fight in the United States Supreme Court for the ground which comprises the present site of the Hot Springs government reservation, under the New Madrid location claim. He contended that Governor Rector had a perfectly good title to that property, but he was unsuccessful in obtaining a verdict for his client.

Mr. Lobingier states in his extended review of Pike's services, that among the important cases in which he appeared, was one brought in behalf of a Confederate officer whose real property in Washington City had been confiscated by the Federal officials under the Act of Congress of July 17, 1862. "Pike, in an exhaustive brief," said Mr. Lobingier, "went deeply into the English precedents, legal and historical, which convinced the court, not only that the joint resolution passed contemporaneously with the Act in order to avoid infringing the constitutional guaranty against 'forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted,' reserved the reversionary estate to the heirs, but also that the ancestor could not alienate it after confiscation; and the decree of the trial court which denied relief to the complainants was reversed."

The decision referred to afterwards became important to Pike's own family. It "afforded a precedent for relief to Pike's heirs (apparent or presumpt-



THE OLD ALBERT PIKE SCHOOLHOUSE.

The front room of this building, which is situated on a creek about two miles from Van Buren, Ark., is said to have been used as a school room by Albert Pike in 1832-3. It was built of hand-sawed logs, obtained from the surrounding woods. In later years it was covered with weather-boarding. As the country was sparsely settled, it may have been used also as a home, but those who could have given the desired information have long since passed away.

Judge Jesse Turner said, "The first time I ever saw Albert Pike, he was sitting in front of that building, reading a newspaper, in 1833."

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ive) during his lifetime," says Lobingier, "enabling them to intervene to protect their reversionary estate in his Arkansas lands which had been confiscated but on which the purchaser at confiscation sale refused to pay taxes."*

He represented the chiefs, headmen and people of the friendly Muskogee or Creek Indians before the United States Court of Appeals, in the claim of the Creek Nation for compensation for nearly nine million acres of land in Georgia and Alabama, relinquished to the government by the Treaty of Fort Jackson, in 1814. Among the most interesting of all the writings of General Pike are his briefs in this unusual case. They contain valuable history, and the most plausible and touching appeals for justice to be done and for the exercise of good faith in the treatment of these Indians, who were under the tutelage and protection of the government.

Legal authorities agree that he was unrivalled among his professional brethren in his ability to construct pleadings and prepare briefs, and this was important in his day, because the common law form of pleading was in force in Arkansas, and it really took more ability to draw a pleading than to try a law-suit.

In one of these briefs, he says that the history of the Creeks will never be written. "They have no Froissart to chronicle their deeds of chivalry, and to recount their unnumbered wrongs," said he; "over the graves of their forefathers the white man builds,

*Pike vs. Wacell, 94th U. S., 711 (1876) Lobingier note.

and plants and runs his plough; it is fortunate for our national reputation that their history cannot be written in full; it would be fortunate for that reputation, if even what has been allowed upon our records was obliterated."

In addition to Pike's name as counsel for the petitioners, the following curious names of chiefs and headmen are signed to two of these briefs: Rolly McIntosh, Tuckabache Micco, Ben Marshall, Echo Harjo, Co-War-Coo-Che Emathla, Chilly McIntosh, Opthleyoholo, David Barnard, Ne-Har-Loccu-Chopco, Oak-chun Harjo, Che-Cotte-Emathla, Ta-Coasa-Fixico, Fixico Harjo, Powhose Yoholo, and Sam'l. Checota.

For many years he represented the Choctaw Indians, in pressing their claims against the United States for compensation for more than ten millions of acres of land ceded them in Mississippi. In taking up this case, he said he was actuated by a belief that the Indians had been robbed of their rights. His heart was in the cause.

The United States Senate was constituted an umpire between the Choctaws and the government in this case, and in March, 1859, the Indians were awarded \$2,981,241.30, out of which Pike was to receive a fee of \$300,000, of which \$10,000 was to reimburse him for money expended from his own purse; but although many committees of both the Senate and the House had urged the payment of this claim, it is understood that it was never settled in full, but Congress did finally allow a compromise settlement.

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There exist several conflicting stories about Pike's big fee. Col. Marshall W. Wood, Sov. Grand Inspector-General of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction in Idaho, who was Pike's personal friend, and to whom when Pike died was given the priceless gift of his 33rd degree ring, states that the fee *was paid*, but to a youngster who was "of counsel" and who took a trans-Atlantic steamer from New York the next day. Another friend of Pike's states that he heard the Choctaw fee story in a good many different versions, but that what he mostly heard was that Pike did collect a fee, which though smaller than reported, was a large one for that day, and was obtained after quite a struggle. He then chartered a steamboat and brought from New Orleans a whole boat load of the best and finest things to eat and drink that he could obtain, and after it came to Little Rock he and his friends celebrated in princely style until it was all gone. This version may be a fantastical exaggeration of the truth, but it has been vouched for many times by some who were his associates.

Assisted by Judge U. M. Rose, and his then partner, Robert W. Johnson, former United States Senator, and previously a Confederate States Senator, he represented the State of Arkansas at Washington City, during the Brooks-Baxter Civil War in Arkansas, in presenting the legal and constitutional aspects of the case and urging President Grant to recognize Baxter and oust Brooks, in which they were successful. Public documents in what was known as the

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Arkansas Case attest by the frequent use of his name therein how active and influential he was in that contest in which able attorneys and politicians for both sides of the controversy contended for weeks.

The firm of Pike & Johnson continued at Washington City until 1882, when Colonel Johnson returned to Arkansas.

The court records beginning in 1836 in all parts of Arkansas, as well as in other states, and in the United States Supreme Court, evidence the great volume and high character of his labors in the legal line.

Important cases in the Supreme Court of Arkansas in which he appeared or filed briefs, include: James Abrahams vs. John Watkins, July term, 1853; Mark S. Anthony vs. Heirs of Letitia Neill, July term, 1851; State of Arkansas vs. President and Directors of the Bank of Washington, 1844; Mary W. Ashley et al vs. Robert Cunningham, et al, July term, 1854; Walberga Bauman vs. David Bauman, July term, 1854; Henry L. Biscoe vs. Richard C. Byrd, July term, 1853; Henry L. Biscoe, et al. vs. David R. Coulter, et al., July term, 1854; H. L. Biscoe vs. Robt. H. Scott, and Grandison Royston, January term, 1854; Wm. H. Bizzell vs. Paul R. Hooker, July term, 1853; Patrick Burke vs. Wm. H. Gaines, et al., July term, 1854; Landon D. Carter vs. Stephen Cantrell, July term, 1853; Clark Hulda vs. Jesse Shelton, July term, 1853; John Cockrill vs. Franklin S. Warner, January term, 1853; Heirs of Matthew Cunningham vs. Roswell Beebe, Mary W. Ashley, et al., July term, 1855; Elias Rector vs. A. Moorhouse, July term,

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1854; Ringold vs. Patterson, January term, 1854; W. E. Woodruff vs. Wm. D. McD. Pettit, July term, 1854; E. Worthington vs. E. Curd & Co., January term, 1854; Wm. Wynne vs. Josiah Garland, December term, 1855; Hector R. West, et al. vs. Jos. R. Williams, July term, 1853; Jos. Roberts vs. William Totten, January term, 1852; Benj. F. Reyburn vs. Edw. L. Pryor, January term, 1853.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, his appearance is noted in the case of Cox vs. McPherson, in 1873.

He appeared in the Supreme Court of Tennessee, in the case of A. P. Curry, in 1869.

In the Supreme Court of Louisiana, among other cases, he appeared in the case of Greenwood & Morris vs. Home Mutual Insurance Co. of New Orleans, and that of James Phillips vs. St. Louis Perpetual Ins. Co., in about 1854.

Among his cases in United States Supreme Court other than those heretofore mentioned, were: Bank of Washington vs. James Holford's administrators, 1856; Thos. Barbard vs. Heirs of Silas Craig, 1853; Roswell Beebe, et al., vs. William Russell, 1856; Culbertson vs. The Southern Bell, 1855; J. L. Denver and Chas. F. Peek vs. Archibold Roane, Exec., 1878; Terence Farrely vs. Heirs of Frederick Notrebe, 1853; W. M. Farrington vs. Rolfe S. Saunders, 1868; 1st Nat. Bank of Louisville vs. Commonwealth of Kentucky, 1868; Josiah Garland vs. Wm. Wynn, 1855; Greenwald vs. Bond, 1876-7; W. P. Halliday et al. vs. Thos.

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A. Hamilton, 1854; The Hot Springs Cases; Wm. H. Gaines et al, 1875-6; Stephen M. Jones, vs. J. I. Andrews, 1868; Jno. D. McPherson vs. Mary A. Cox, 1877-78; Bernard P. Mimmack vs. U. S., 1878-9; E. G. Patterson vs. Commonwealth of Ky., 1878-9; Jerome B. Pillow vs. Truman Roberts, 1851; Rich. R. Sessions and Sanford C. Faulkner vs. J. M. Pintard, 1854; Tennessee Legislature vs. Citizens of Tenn., State of Texas vs. Geo. W. White, et al., 1868; P. C. Phillips vs. Robt. Pulsford, 1870-1; U. S. vs. Jas. L. Dawson, 1853; Very Mary vs. Jas. Levy, 1851; R. L. Wallach vs. John Van Riswick, 1875-6; and Wm. Wynn vs. C. B. Morris, 1855.

His intimate associates and contemporaries at the bar in Arkansas included such well known men as Judge Benjamin Johnson, descended from a distinguished Kentucky family, appointed by President Jackson, Federal Judge for the District of Arkansas; Robert Crittenden, first Territorial Secretary; Judge James W. Bates, Judge of the Superior Court and a brother of Edward Bates of Missouri, who became Attorney General of the United States; Judge Thos. J. Lacey, a noted jurist; Judge David Walker, who came from Kentucky; William and Ebenezer Cummins, who were important factors in shaping the laws and jurisprudence of the state; Chester Ashley, who came from Massachusetts and immediately took high rank in Arkansas affairs; the princely Jesse Turner; A. H. Sevier, elected to Congress and to many other high offices; Benjamin Desha, Samuel H. Hempstead, George C. Watkins, John W. Cocke, John J. Clen-

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dennin, Peter V. Daniel, Major Thos. H. Hubbard, Sam W. Williams, Geo. W. Paschall and Daniel Ringo, all great lawyers.

In 1853 he transferred his practice from Arkansas to Louisiana, forming a partnership with Hogan Hunton, in New Orleans.

Mr. Lobingier calls attention to what appears to be a little known fact—that Pike's real destination in the southwest after leaving New Mexico, was Louisiana; that it was the merest accident which diverted his course to Arkansas; and it is wholly probable that the city of New Orleans, with its Latin-American population and atmosphere persisted in an appeal to his romantic and cosmopolitan temperament. In a note, Mr. Lobingier cites a passage from Pike's manuscript reminiscences to the effect that the trading party which he accompanied from Independence, Mo., to New Mexico, took the wrong road in returning, which accordingly is presumed to account for his landing in Arkansas Territory, instead of in Louisiana. Pike's frequent visits to New Orleans evidenced a partiality for it. He quotes Pike as saying in his Reminiscences:

Our intention was to go to Louisiana, and we had no idea of going to Arkansas. We had heard a good deal about Louisiana, about the rich people there, and I had formed a purpose which drew me towards Louisiana. I wanted to get some money and go to South America. Lewis had lived in Louisiana and had told us a good deal about it. We struck this road in the morning, and it was a cloudy day. We were puzzled, for we did not know which end of the road went to Fort

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Smith and which end went to Fort Towson. * * * The consequence was that we took the wrong end of the road and when we got up in the morning and saw we were mistaken we were all so tired out that we concluded to give up Louisiana—we concluded to go to Arkansas. If it had not been that we struck that road, I should never have been in Arkansas.

In regard to his admission to the bar in Louisiana, it was the requirement that an applicant be examined, first by a committee, and then in open court. The examination as to the civil law consisted of one or two questions put by a venerable old French jurist: "What works have you read on the Roman law?" etc. He answered that he had read the Pandects and made a translation into English of the first book, which was satisfactory to the examiner. But he also told the judge that among other works, he had read the 22 volumes of Durantor, several volumes of Pothier, and five volumes of Marcade, the latter of which Pike said was higher authority than all the courts of France. The examination in open court was waived, Mr. Justice Slidell saying:

"The court is well advised in regard to the legal qualifications of Mr. Pike, and he knows it to be unnecessary to examine him;" and so he was sworn in.* "I have had but three compliments paid me that I value more," said Pike; "One was in 1844, when at Louisville Ky., the ladies sent me a scarf and ring; one at Charleston in 1855 at the Commercial Con-

*Pike in Hallum's *Bench and Bar*.

ENTERS UPON PRACTICE OF LAW

vention, when I carried, against strong opposition, the resolutions in regard to a Pacific Railroad; and the third was at Washington, about 1856, when Major John F. Lee, Judge Advocate-General, introduced me to General Scott, who said, 'Captain Pike! Oh, we don't consider him as being any better than one of ourselves.' "



CHAPTER IX.

HE WAS AN ORATOR, AND HIS UNOFFICIAL PUBLIC SERVICES WERE NUMEROUS. HE HAD A DISTASTE FOR PUBLIC OFFICE.

Our shallop, long with tempest tried,
Floats calmly down life's tranquil tide;
Blue skies are laughing overhead,
The river sparkles in its bed;
The sunbeams from the waters glancing,
On the small waves round our vessel dancing,
Melt and dissolve in silver foam,
And we, in our frail home,
To the charmed water music listen.

—From PIKE'S *Lines to His Wife, or The Voyage of Life*.

With all his other accomplishments, Pike was an orator who crossed swords with some of the most noted lawyers and statesmen of his time. He had eloquence, and an admirer says that in his public utterances he used it to "Teach, exhort and ennoble the people, and not to mislead and corrupt them." His style was somewhat ponderous, but his arguments were never dry, and he illuminated every speech with evidences of learning. He always made his meaning clear, and he had the courage to say what he meant. He was a master of logic and drove every point home in his arguments. A quotation from the *Hartford (Conn.) Times* in an 1857 issue thus refers to one of his public appearances in that city:

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Keen-eyed; unobtrusive. Sits for hours with a downward look, abstracted, slightly scornful. Rises slowly, and catches the presiding officer's attention with difficulty. A sort of man whom "when found, you make a note on." Conceals his hands in his pockets, throws back a ponderous head and shoulders, and begins.

His sentences are long, well-constructed, neatly-fashioned, and call forth a responsive "just so!" from the hearer. Voice not over-musical, manner not so fervid as might be expected from the crack lawyer of Arkansas—in fact, rather sluggish.

The man evidently believes what he says. He makes no allusions to usage, which in debate he quite disregards; but is all the safer upon constitutional questions, wherein verily he is *petros*, a rock. Lawyer-fashion he posts himself well up in his subject.

He particularly abhors despotism, and goes to the extreme of *mobism* in preference to tyranny on the part of a presiding officer. He speaks too seldom; dresses, walks and talks with perfect nonchalance, and acts in all things with perfect independence.*

His unofficial public services were considerable, and being always outspokenly independent, there is no doubt that he exercised a potent influence in the leading movements of his day and time.

He was a member of the committee of seven delegates, in 1836, to write an address to the people of Arkansas in regard to the matter of the admission of the Territory to statehood, and the address, of which he is considered the author, is a striking document, concluding with this withering thrust at those

*Quoted by Mr. C. S. Lobingier in *The New Age*, July, 1927, from the *Reminiscences* of Robert Morris in the report of the triennial convocation of the General Grand Encampment, Knights Templar.

who argued against entering statehood on account of possible increased taxes:

Poor indeed is the plea of poverty, when liberty and man's dearest rights are at stake. Craven-hearted and unworthy American must be he who would be contented to remain a bondman and a hewer of wood to escape paying the paltry pittance of twice his present tax.*

He also went out on the hustings in this campaign.

He participated in the Whig Convention at Louisville in 1844, and made a speech which created a sensation.

In 1847 he threw out what is believed to be the first suggestion of a Pacific railroad convention,—to build a road which should be the Southern Pacific. His remarks in regard to this project deserve reprinting. He said in part:

At my suggestion, the legislature of Arkansas invited the Southern states to send delegates to Memphis, to form a convention, and it was accordingly done. I could not attend, and William M. McPherson of Chicot county (afterward of St. Louis) was sent as a delegate, I and others paying his expenses. The next year another meeting was held there, which I attended, and then others followed at Charleston, New Orleans and Savannah, which I attended, representing Louisiana at Savannah. At the latter meeting, I opposed a resolution offered in favor of the renewal of the slave trade, and afterwards declined to attend the meeting at Knoxville, because that subject had been agitated and the resolution was likely to be offered again.

*Pub. *Ark History Com.*

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After that I was invited to address the legislature at Baton Rouge, and obtained there the passage of a charter for a Pacific railroad, with terminals on the Pacific at San Francisco and Guaymas.

Extracts from the lengthy speech which he delivered before the Louisiana legislature will be interesting to the reader, not only on account of his having been one of the first, if not the first, as he claimed, to advocate the building of a great railroad which was afterward realized, and not merely because of his eloquent language and the logical reasons given for the building of the Southern Pacific railroad,* but for the reason that his remarks evidence enthusiasm for the South and feeling against the North which is somewhat surprising:

For four thousand years the history of the nations has been, to a great extent, the history of a struggle for the trade of the East, and of the Indies. It was that trade, carried by caravans over the desert, that enriched Egypt and enabled her to usurp the title, belonging, perhaps, to Hindustan, of the cradle of civilization, and to build up a magnificent empire on the banks of the Nile. It was that trade which created Tyre and Sidon, and made Carthage the rival of old Rome. It made Venice, in her lagoons, the queen of the world—Portugal, with her narrow limits, one of the foremost states of Europe; Amsterdam, the proudest and wealthiest of cities. It was that trade which led Isabella of Castile to become the protectress of the Genoese navigator, and under her auspices led Christobal Colon to the shores of Hispaniola, and succeeding navigators

*“Permit me to add what was long ago forgotten that I was the first proposer of a Pacific Railroad Convention”—Pike in Hallum’s *Bench and Bar*.

to those of the continent of America. They sought a new way to the Indies—and it is this, and not the mere desire of adding new provinces, by conquest, to her mighty dominions, that has carried the troops of England, step by step, over India and Burmah, until her outposts are face to face with those of Russia; and the inexorable necessity to her commercial supremacy, and perhaps to her existence, of the monopoly of the Eastern trade, has forced her into the great war which she and her old hereditary enemy are desperately waging against the Muscovite. Wherever the trade of the East flows, there will flow wealth, prosperity, peace, political and commercial independence and supremacy. As it first built up Palmyra and Baalbek, Venice and Amsterdam; so, if we choose, it will build up great cities and powerful states in our own South.

The world's route to the Indies is through the territory of the Southern states. The trade is ours, if we choose to take it. A cargo shipped from any port in Europe for India or China, landed in New York, and thence sent by railroad to San Francisco, must then turn southward, and keep that course until it reaches the Tropic of Cancer, in order that the trade winds may carry it west to Canton. Then to reach the Indian ports, it must again turn southward, and pass between the Indian islands and the main land, until it reaches the mouths of the Indus and the Ganges and the great ports of Hindustan. Thus by any northern route, there must be a vast divergence from a straight line; but let a cargo come from Liverpool, Marseilles, Bordeaux or Lisbon, to Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, or New Orleans, and thence by railroad running near El Paso to San Diego or Guaymas, and it finds itself, on reaching the Pacific, on the direct route to the Indies. * * *

The struggle for the trade of the East is now being transferred to this continent. On our north the friends of the Central or St. Louis route are active and energetic.

In this emergency, what is the South to do? Are we to sit still and fold our arms, and see great channels cut north and south of us, through which the trade of the East shall flow past us, to impoverish and not enrich us? I do not think

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that the South ought to consent that the general government shall ever build and own any Pacific railroad. There is centralization of power, and increase of patronage, enough without that. The legislative powers of the government are enough to be possessed by Congress and the President. Nor do I think that it ever ought to be allowed that this vast road should be owned by any company of northern or foreign capitalists, chartered by a northern state. Southern energy and Southern men should build the road. It ought, as I think, to be built and owned by the Southern states, its concerns managed by the Southern states, and its profits enrich their treasuries. But that, I admit, is impracticable. The charter, therefore, proposes to incorporate the Southern states with such cities, corporations and individuals as may desire to subscribe for stock. Should part, or even all of the states decline, as all will not, should no cities unite in the plan, this will not interfere with the operation of the charter. Provision is made for that.

He said he liked the spirit of the resolutions adopted somewhere in Massachusetts: "Resolved, first, that the road can be built; resolved, second, that it ought to be built; resolved, third, that it *shall* be built."

"It is not only necessary, but indispensable," he said, "for three reasons. First, to give us the trade of the East; second, to unite us with California, which, without it, will soon ally itself indissolubly with the North, or frame an independent government for itself; and third, it is a condition of the welfare, the peace, the prosperity, the security and the very existence of the South.

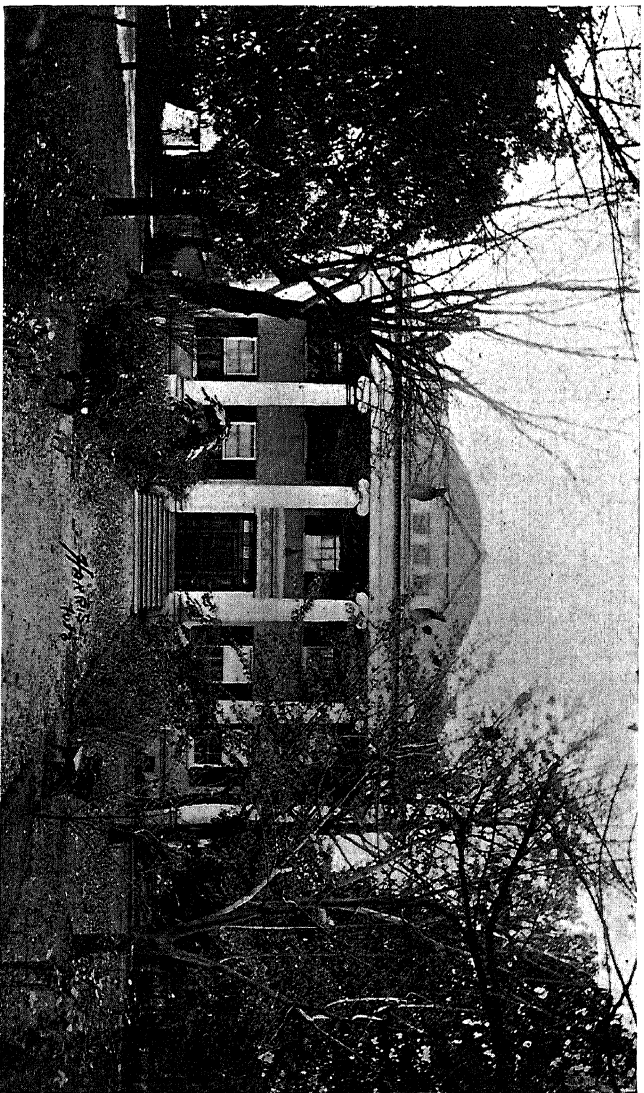
"Upon the first two reasons I need not weary you by enlarging," he offered; "it is no longer necessary to argue in regard to them. It is a fore-

gone conclusion, to which the whole people of the United States has arrived, that a railroad to the Pacific must be built.

“But the third reason,” he averred, “addresses itself more particularly to every patriot and statesman of the South. We cannot shut our eyes to the dangers that menace us; or, if we do so, the lion will still be in our path, close our eyes as we may. We are like Ishmael, in one respect at least, that the hand of every other nation is against us. * * * *

“We cannot deceive ourselves, struggle to do so as we may,” he observed, “in regard to the feeling against us in the northern states. That feeling is one of hostility to our political and commercial advancement and prosperity. We are not to be allowed to associate with ourselves any more slave states; we are to have no road to the Pacific by the aid of the general government. The area of slavery is not to be extended. When the Gadsden Treaty was before the Senate of the United States, Northern Senators broadly placed their opposition to it on the ground that it was meant to give the Southern States a railroad route to the Pacific. The treaty was at first rejected, and for that reason; and that produced the resolutions of the Charleston Convention, as I have read them to you. Why, sir, what need to go about to seek for examples of Northern feeling? It has lately happened that missionaries, commissioned, as they claimed, by the Divinity himself, to preach the Christian gospel among the heathen, have thought it their duty to withdraw from among the Choctaw Indians

Albert Pike's old home, Little Rock, Ark., at 411 East Seventh Street, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Terry.



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upon our frontier, and leave them to relapse, if they choose, back into heathenism again, because they insist upon slaves, and not allowing them to be tampered with and misled by their spiritual teachers. What could more strongly illustrate the feeling of the North?

“There is a more laudable feeling also operating against us,” he then said; “we all love our common country; we love its Constitution, the Union, and the flag of the United States. But commercial communities and legislative bodies are governed far more by considerations of sectional and local interest, than of a broad and catholic patriotism. We must not expect great commercial cities to aid in bringing about measures that shall divert the commerce of the world from them, by turning it into new channels, and building up other cities at their expense. It is not in human nature to do that which shall benefit another and injure one’s self.”

In a stirring speech delivered at Memphis, in November, 1849, in making an appeal for action by the South in connection with the building of a road to the Pacific, he said, among other things:

Edmund Burke told the House of Commons, when the 13 colonies claimed that taxation and representation should go together, that it was an undeniable axiom that countries 3,000 miles apart could not exist under one government—where the legislature of one portion had to travel that distance to make laws, and the fact that such laws had been passed could not be known until three months after their passage. What was true then is true now. It is only by bringing California and Ore-

gon within a few days' journey of Washington that we can retain them as part of the Union; and, unless this road is built, we will have expended our blood and treasure for the suicidal purpose of creating a new and independent empire on the Pacific. It is the first and highest duty of the government to stretch an iron arm across the continent, which, with its fibres radiating at the shoulder from different points on the Atlantic, shall fasten a tenacious grasp on those great western possessions, and grapple them to us, as with hooks of steel. Such a road will be like a great artery, through which the pulsation of the national heart will send the life-blood to the extremities of the Union.

At another session of the meeting at Memphis, a resolution by Pike was approved and his national plan adopted for a railroad connection between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic coast. The resolutions provided that the Congress be memorialized to enact the necessary legislation, and that there be appropriated whatever amount of money might be necessary for the purpose, to be raised by loans secured by pledge of the proceeds of the public lands of the United States.

Pike proved by his earnest efforts to obtain an education how sincerely he appreciated learning. He was always advocating the cause of education in Arkansas, and he said, "No doubt ignorance succeeds better in our state (Arkansas) than elsewhere in the world. But," he continued, "it will not always be so. I am aware that there is a species of oratory, needing no study and as little knowledge, which produces great effect on the popular mind, and is potent in obtaining office and power; and this bastard species

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will often, with the illiterate, prevail against real knowledge and genuine oratory, and help place the kite in the eagle's nest."

His influence in educational matters is indicated again by his having been elected President of the once noted St. John's College, of Little Rock, in 1853, after serving as a trustee of that institution.

On the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the "Masonic and Odd Fellows' Hall of Little Rock," (now the Odd Fellows' Hall) in 1856, he delivered a great oration to a large assemblage. The address is too lengthy to be given here in full, but from it the following quotation must be made:

We rear no mausoleum to the imperial memory of some pitiless conqueror to whose crouching subjects the glory of the monarch was the sole compensation for rivers of plebeian blood shed on the field of battle, for thousands of homes made desolate, widows bereaved, and children left fatherless and brotherless, to starve; no obelisk to commemorate the conquest of Napoleon or other remorseless butcher of the human race. We have laid the cornerstone of no huge pyramid, to tell succeeding ages a melancholy tale of empty and vainglorious pride, of the toil of millions wasted, and the treasures of an empire squandered, to gratify a selfish despot; no Sclovac tyrant has brought us hither and from remote distances and humble homes, no more to be seen forever, to build a rude empire's splendid capital amid the marshes, and dispute dominion with the ocean. We build no magnificent baronial castle, with tower and massive battlements, whose shattered ruins frowning in after ages from crag and cliff on happy valleys, like those that startle the dreamy voyager who for the first time follows up the lonely Rhine, shall recount in the still moonlight, sad stories of lawless power, rude license, brutal age and unpro-

tected misery; and in whose gaping dungeons shall flock, like ghosts, grim remembrances of chains eating into limbs, of torture and starvation and horrid deaths; no, nor pagan temple, sacred to superstition and her gods, rich with Corinthian columns, and all the beauty of frieze and pediment and architrave; nor gorgeous cathedral to be built with money wrung from the hard hands of the toiling millions, and aggregated slowly and painfully by diminishing the miserable pittance of food earned by despairing poverty for the hungry children. We do not prepare to contaminate this genial atmosphere by the presence of a bastile, to be created with the people's toil, its stones cemented with the people's tears, to serve for ages as a prison, and a place of torture for all who dare to dream of liberty and free thought; and finally to be leveled with the ground before the storm and lightning of the people's fury and despair. We build for no prince, no potentate, no tyrant. We rear no memento of wars or battles past; no citadel for power or principality in wars to come.

But here in the middle of the nineteenth century, on the free soil of a great republic, under propitious skies, and by the voluntary contributions of two great philanthropic orders, we have undertaken to build up a hall, devoted to the good purpose and worthy ends of Masonry and Odd Fellowship, consecrated to the perpetual inculcation of Friendship, Love and Truth, the diffusion of the purposes of Benevolence and Charity, the protection of the widow and the fatherless, the relief of the worthy, distressed brothers, and the teaching of the True and the Beautiful and the Good.

Pike was frequently called upon to make literary addresses and deliver orations on public occasions. His audiences were always entranced by his persuasive oratory and astonished at his display of learning. The reading of some of these speeches, which have been preserved in books, pamphlets or newspaper files, show the bent of his mind and voice

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some of his beliefs on the great questions that concern mankind.

It was the custom of the principals of the Tulip Female Seminary and the Arkansas Military Academy, institutions chartered by the state (both now defunct) once a year, at the close of their examinations, to invite one of the leading men of the state jointly to address the pupils of these institutions. On June 4, 1852, Pike delivered such an address, on the subject of education. On this occasion he was greeted by a large assemblage of beauty and talent, including the students and cadets. His address is remembered as having been a masterpiece. In fervid words he encouraged the young man to strive to become a well-educated gentleman—"in the councils of his country, a statesman; in war, an accomplished soldier; at the law, not unworthy to have his name associated with those of Story and Kent; as a writer, fit to be read with pleasure and profit by men of learning and ability; and as a speaker, to be heard with respect by the intellectual and refined." And with great earnestness he counselled that the maiden "be taught to bend her bright eyes on her books, and pale her rosy cheeks with study, that she may be entitled to wear the graceful appellation of lady, which, if rudely ignorant, she cannot do; to appear well in company, and to be able to converse intelligently, to win the affection and esteem of an intellectual man, which all young ladies, I hope, desire to do; to make her own future fireside and domestic home cheerful

and pleasant; or to win fame and distinction, as dear to them as to us of the ruder sex.”

In 1858, by special request, he delivered a lecture before the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, at New Orleans, on the theme of *The Evil Consequences of Schisms and Disputes for Power in Masonry and of Jealousy and Dissensions Between Masonic Rites*. It is said to have been one of the greatest Masonic lectures ever delivered, containing, as it did, the basis of all his ripe Masonic thought and teaching.

His lecture on *Moral Influence* was published in Brewer's *World's Best Orations*, Vol. 10, p. 2945.

In September, 1875, he delivered an oration to the Mexican Veterans of the U. S. on the Anniversary of the capture of the Mexican Capital.

He was not a politician, although he kept well informed on public affairs, and possessed a charming personality and many qualities of statesmanship and oratorical ability which made him a popular idol before the masses. He served as a Judge, but he appears never to have been a candidate for an office. He stated that he had an utter contempt for all public office. To use his own words, to win success in politics, the masses must be swayed, and to do that one must profess whatever doctrine suits the times, juggle and trick with words, be a base counterfeit, and fawn and crouch upon the level of the baser sort. He wrote President Johnson in 1865, that his sole desire for the future was to pursue the arts of peace, to practice his profession, and to labor to benefit his fellows and his race by other than political means. This quota-

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tion from one of his poems expresses his feelings after he had stifled the call of the siren that would lure him to offer for public preferment:

Cry on! full well I know thy voice,
For often it has called to me,
Stirring my passions with the noise,
As tempests stir the hungering sea.

Cry on, ambition; 'tis in vain!
Thine influence hath passed away,
And mighty though thou art, again
Thou canst not bend me to thy sway.

Thou wakest dreams of fame and power;
Ha! I despise both thee and them;
They were illusions of an hour,
Mere shadows now, remote and dim.

I scorn them all; they wake no thrill
Within the heart where once they reigned,
And reveled, and would revel still,
But, smote by Love, Ambition waned.

For what is fame, that man should pour
His life-blood for it, drop by drop?
And for a name—when life is o'er,
Drain to the dregs misfortune's cup?

Fame! 'tis the wrecker's light, that lures
The luckless wanderer of the deep,
To where, upon disastrous shores,
Ruin and wreck their vigils keep.

Being a poet, sensitiveness in him was to be expected. A genuine poet simply could not be a suc-

cessful politician. As a matter of fact, his Whig proclivities at first put him on the wrong side of the political fence to get public office in Arkansas. He said of himself: "As a Henry Clay Whig of a pronounced type, I detested what in my set was called Jeffersonian heresies, aggravated by Jacksonian degeneration." As now in Arkansas, all the elective offices in his day were filled by adherents to the Democratic party. It is said that he could have held political Arkansas in the hollow of his hand by changing over to the Democratic party, but he would not sacrifice principle for emolument or glory.

Here is a story related by him that will illustrate the contempt in which the Whigs were held by some people in those days:

Two rival candidates for a legislative office had agreed to avoid personalities in their canvass for votes. One of them disregarded his promise, in the opinion of the other; and the aggrieved one in taking his competitor to task for it recited some of the remarks which he had heard, and said: "Now, you know that these statements are untrue, and if you don't retract them, I'll be doggoned if I don't denounce you as a Whig." The dire threat is supposed to have made the guilty party good.

When the Whig party declined in 1852, there sprang up the American, or Know-Nothing party, with which even Lincoln flirted. Albert Pike affiliated with it. We have said that he was no politician, and that is shown by his having espoused the cause of the Whigs at a time when they could not win in his



Albert Pike
When about 50 years of age.

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state, and now he chose a new party which was to have a phantom-like existence. But in the beginning he gave to it his whole-hearted support, which he did always when he joined in any movement, whether it was popular or not. He rejoiced that there was at last a National party, and a National creed; a party that would repair the breaches in the Constitution, and, standing on its ramparts, under the flag of the Union, defend the people against both foreign violence and domestic treason, with "One Heart, One Country." It was his acquiescence in the dread of the political domination of the country by the foreign element that influenced him in joining that movement. He issued this warning, in 1853:

There are in the chief cities of the Union, in round numbers, in New York, 235,000 foreigners to 277,000 natives; in Philadelphia, 121,000 to 286,000; in Boston, 46,000 to 88,000; in Baltimore, 85,000 to 130,000; in New Orleans, 48,000 to 50,000; in Cincinnati, 54,000 to 60,000; in St. Louis, 38,000 to 36,000; in Louisville, 12,000 to 25,000; in 14 cities, including those named, 664,000 to 1,000,000. If the native-born citizens unite against them, they can defeat them in these cities, which for 40 years have ruled the policy and legislation of the country. If we divide, they beat us. They hold the balance of power. If we are severed into two parties, victory goes wherever the foreign vote goes. There is not a state in the Union where the foreign vote, shifted from one side to the other, would not have changed the vote of that state at the last presidential election. So it happens that the foreign vote is always in the market to be bid for.

It looked to him as if the new party would succeed, for he said:

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In Mississippi, it is believed that two-thirds of the voters are members of the order (the American Party); in Kentucky, 50,000; in Louisiana, a majority; in Alabama, nearly or quite a majority; in Tennessee, a majority; and the same case in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas, and in Virginia herself, over 50,000. In Texas, the order has pervaded every county; in Maryland, we have a large majority; in Missouri, our strength is formidable. And even in Arkansas, where no one imagined the order would gain a foothold, where our political differences have been so bitter, party allegiance so staunch and true, and party prejudice so strong, even here, in seven months we have seen our Councils swell to more than six in number, and our members to between eight and ten thousand.

He delivered a number of speeches on the question, in one of which he vainly prophesied that, "in a year and a half from now (1853), you will be able to speak to your Senators in Congress in a tone that will compel them to obey. They have always clamored for the principle of the right of instruction, and I hope to see them instructed to carry out our principles, or resign."

He was accused of being the chief organizer in Arkansas for the secret meetings of the Know-Nothing party before that organization discarded its secret machinery. This party elected a full legislative and state ticket in Arkansas in 1854. He was elected president of the State Council in 1855. He wrote a great many articles for the newspapers in support of Fillmore for President, and in furtherance of this party's objects, some of which, in relation to the Catholic church, were replied to by Bishop Byrne

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of that denomination. "I was always a Whig until I joined the American party," he said.

This controversy evidenced the fact that Pike's hand had not lost its cunning as a writer. But, by the year 1856 he became convinced that there was no hope for the new party. "The slavery question," he said, "shatters all parties in turn; and each, as it dissolves, swells the ranks of the Republican party with new recruits, while its leaders daily increase in boldness, more industriously throw up the earthworks and plant their batteries against the ramparts of the Union." In 1856, there came the inevitable split between the Northern and Southern members of the American party, and Pike and a delegate from California jointly issued the following withdrawal card:

TO THE PEOPLE OF ARKANSAS AND CALIFORNIA.

A CARD.

At a meeting of the Southern members of the National Council of the Native American Union, and of others intending to adhere to the twelfth article of the platform of the American party, held on the evening of the 20th of February, 1856, it was with great unanimity resolved (and the result hailed with nine cheers), that, in case the National Council should strike out or materially modify the twelfth article, the Southern delegates would at once retire in a body from the hall, and proceeding to the Ninth Ward Council room, would there, with such other members as might unite with them, continue the session of the true National American Council. The undersigned retired, in pursuance of the above resolution, the moment the entire platform was stricken out. They deem it due to themselves and those they represent, to declare that they cannot stand upon the new

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platform, nor continue members of any national organization of which it is the supreme law, or of which those who represented several of the Northern States are members; and they have, therefore, resigned their commissions as members of the National Council, and severed their connection with the national organization, as at present constituted; but adhering, and meaning always to adhere, with undiminished loyalty, to the American party of their respective States.

CHAS. MATHEWS, *of California.*

ALBERT PIKE, *of Arkansas.*

Pike's addresses to the American Party of Arkansas and to the American Party of the South, (printed in the appendix), will be found very interesting to students of politics. They are to be classed among his most-carefully-worded papers. The trend of events was to precipitate him into new adventures. In his later years, too, he became more tolerant in his views, and despite the antagonism towards them which his fealty to the American Party would indicate, some of his closest friends were foreigners.

CHAPTER X.

HE TAKES UP ARMS IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO—HIS
PROSE AND POETICAL REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

And thus on Buena Vista's heights a long day's work was done,
And thus our brave old General another battle won.
Still, still our glorious banner waves, unstained by flight or
shame,
And the Mexicans among their hills still tremble at our name.
So honor unto those that stood! Disgrace to those that fled! -
And everlasting glory unto Buena Vista's dead!

—From PIKE's *Buena Vista*.

A HISTORY of Pike's life could be compiled from his poetry. His connection with the war with Mexico inspired him to write the poem *Buena Vista*.

His personality was a dual one; in fact, many-sided, and unusual from the fact that a poet is seldom a fighter and an adventurer. He was a romantic and a realist combined in a remarkable way.

His adventurously spirit seems to have interested him in military affairs early in his career, and in 1839 or 1840, he organized and commanded at Little Rock a volunteer company of artillery. The organization continued for several years, drilling usually as infantry, but performing local artillery service, firing salutes on National holidays, the inauguration of governors, and the like, on important occasions. Some old iron guns which had been in storage in the United States Arsenal at Little Rock were used by

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permission. The military laws of Arkansas authorized four volunteer company organizations in each county, one each of cavalry, artillery, infantry and riflemen, and his was the first company formed in Pulaski county.

Early in 1845, the air became charged with excitement on account of the threats made by the Republic of Mexico looking to the recovery of Texas. At the outbreak of hostilities, Pike recruited a company of cavalry, known as Company "E" of Arkansas, which he commanded as Captain, and in which he served with distinction in Mexico. His military courage was tested when he participated in the celebrated battle of Buena Vista, on February 22-23, 1847, in the regiment of Archibald Yell, after which he received special mention for bravery from Generals Wool and Taylor. His company was one of three which on February 22nd went to the relief of the exhausted Americans who had been holding the Mexican line and checked its advance, after the battle which ensued when Santa Anna demanded the surrender of the United States troops. He met there Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, then a military engineer, two years his senior in age, later commanding-general of the Confederate army, and they corresponded with each other after the Mexican campaign.

In after years when General Pike's son, Yvon, went to Washington and Lee University with a letter from his father to General Lee, the latter said to him:

"Did your father ever tell you how he gave me his horse

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at the battle of Buena Vista? My horse was shot from under me, and your father dismounted and made me take his while he found another for himself.”*

Pike advanced the money to equip his own company in the Mexican campaign, and was never repaid.

During this service he rode from Saltillo to Chihuahua, a distance of about 500 miles, through a country swarming with the soldiers of Santa Anna's defeated armies, with only 41 men of his company, receiving the surrender of the city of Mapini on his way.

It is an historical fact that the battle of Buena Vista was won by the Americans over odds of four to one in numbers through the heroic conduct of volunteers such as our hero.

The following poem, by Pike, valueless as poetry, but affording a vivid description of a battle with the Mexicans in which he participated, was supplied by J. F. Weaver of Fort Smith, from an old scrap book, and is not included in any of his published works:

MONTEREY.

It was early in September, in the morning of the day,
When our army paused admiringly in front of MONTEREY,—
Like Cortez, had our general led his gallant little band
Through the hosts of savage foemen to the center of the land:—
Guerilla and Rancho had followed on his track,
Like hungry wolves, but steadily our men had beat them back.

*Stated to the author by Gen. Pike's grand-daughter, Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard.

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There lay the noble city, its cathedrals and its towers
And parapets; its palaces and gardens bright with flowers—
With the sunlight falling on it, over tower and dome and spire,
Through the mellow morning radiance, in a rain of golden fire.
Never, even in dreams of Orient lands, had Saxon eyes looked
down
On so glorious a country or so beautiful a town.

Through the grove of San Domingo our general led the way,
Reconnoitering in silence the city as it lay—
When from the Citadel, which frowned scarce half a league
before,
We saw a flash of flame leap out and heard a cannon's roar;
The enemy was there in force, and we braced us for the fray,
Though retiring for the time before the guns of MONTEREY.

All day our parties scanned the place; and never had our eyes
Beheld a spot so guarded from all danger or surprise;
Its fortresses, apparently, all human force defied,
For what nature left unfinished, consummate art supplied.
We felt while gazing on it, that many a bloody day
Would pass before our gallant troops were lords of MON-
TEREY.

Next morning came the order, and we saw chivalrous WORTH,
With his regulars, march silently and determinedly forth.
On the heights that overhung his road the Bishop's Palace rose,
Like a giant looking down on the columns of his foes;
But his men pressed bravely on, led by Hayes and noble May
Till from their eyry in the hills they gazed on MONTEREY.

Meanwhile we stood like restive steeds, fretful and full of fire,
And anxious for the conflict which every hour brought nigher.
Day waned and morning came again, and then the word was
given
And answered by a thousand shots that shook the vaults of
heaven,

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For our troops, long curbed, now held the reins, and lights
leapt away.
Sweeping with headlong fury toward defying MONTEREY.

We saw brave WORTH, whose noble band was ordered to the
right,
Lead on his men through sheets of flame, and storm the castled height,
And the Mexic flag go down, and Stars and Stripes expand
In the golden yellow sunlight, like a rainbow o'er the land,
As led by gallant BUTLER, our division fought its way,
Foot by foot, and step by step, towards the town of MONTEREY.

The citadel had greeted us, but we passed along the plain,
While its showers of grape and musket shot deluged our
ranks like rain,
But fierce and hot as was its fire, 'twas naught to what ensued
When in the suburb's narrow ways our little phalanx stood;
Brave BUTLER led us on, and we swore to win the day
Or die, like Yankee volunteers, in the streets of MONTEREY.

The cannon of the citadel still swept our fallen flanks—
The guns of Fort Teneria sent death throughout our ranks;—
Every window, door and house-top concealed a hidden foe
Who sent his leaden welcome to the files that fought below;
Death reigned supreme; we stood aghast; but not a man gave
way,
Yet never yet was fight so fought as that at MONTEREY.

Sudden arose a cry—a yell! and we saw our banners wave
Over Fort Teneria's summit; Oh, what a shout we gave!
QUITMAN and his brigade were there, and the enemy's flag
went down,
As, with another rallying cry, we hurried through the town;
Fort Diablo's guns received us, and one-third our column lay
Gasping—wounded—dying—dead in the streets of MONTEREY.

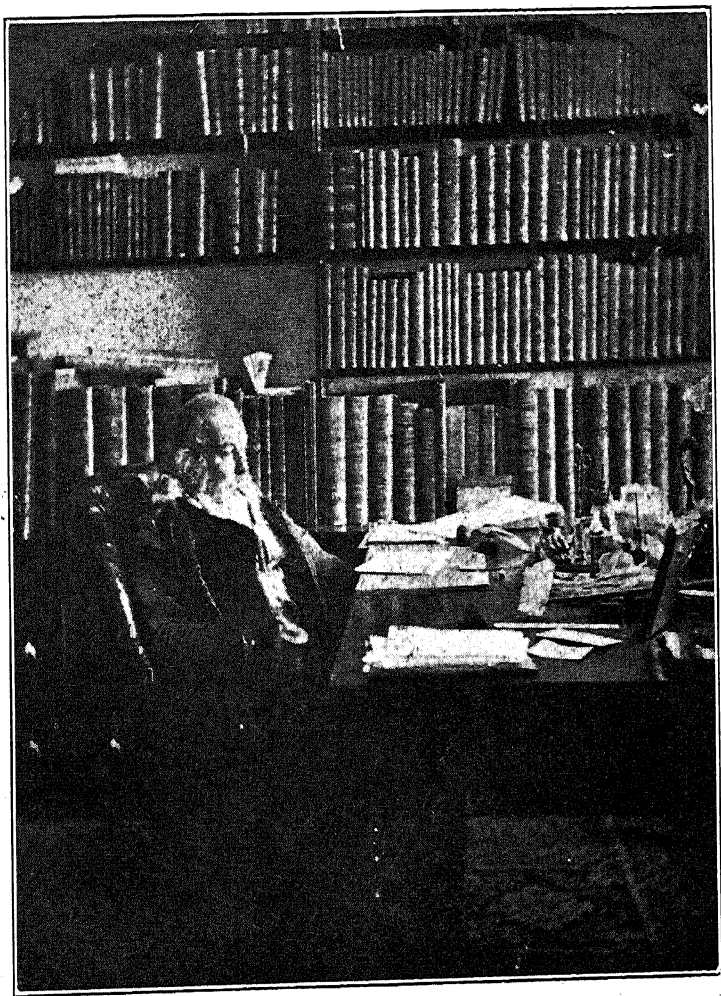
ALBERT PIKE

The rest grew sick at heart, but we closed our ranks and dashed
Onward, with cheers, as all around our enemies' muskets flashed;
But BUTLER, tottering on his steed, staggered and reeled and sank,
And with him, at the same discharge, down went our foremost rank,—
Human nature could endure no more, and the now departing day
Saw us retreating slowly through the town of MONTEREY.

Another day passed slowly by, and we made our bivouac
Where we fought, for though our foes were brave they could not drive us back.
But the morrow brought fresh orders, and our men with hurrying feet
Pressed on again, troop after troop, contesting street by street!
From door to door, from house to house, we fiercely fought our way,
Determined that the night should find us lords of MONTEREY.

Then came the deadly conflict, foot to foot, and hand to hand,
For at every nook and corner our foemen made a stand.
From the barricades which swept the streets, from the roofs above our head
And the windows at our sides, descended showers of iron and lead;
And the crash of crumbling timbers, and the clash of steel, that day,
With the death cries of the dying, rent the skies of MONTEREY.

That night the conflict ceased, and the crimson morning sun
Beheld the city in our hands— the bloody battle won.
Next day our conquered foes marched out, and slowly o'er the plain



*From an old stereoscope picture.
Albert Pike in his library at Little Rock, Ark.*

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Moved from our sight in silence— a sad, disheartened train;
But many an eye glanced backward, remembering that affray,
While we gazed on, like statues—the MEN OF MONTEREY!

Although not a West Pointer, but a citizen soldier, Pike thus paid tribute to the trained soldier: "Men more accomplished in their profession than those who served in Mexico, are nowhere to be met with. Amply and nobly did they vindicate the institution at West Point,—until then the theme of vituperation for every miserable demagogue; and since then never mentioned but with praise. Amply and nobly did they vindicate the reputation of their several corps and of our gallant little army. As to them, I need not add my feeble praise; they wrote the vindication in letters of blood on every battle field, and it gleams in letters of light on every page of the Mexican war."

But he did not at all deprecate the citizen-soldier. Speaking to a body of cadets in regard to the Mexican War, he said:

We had citizen soldiers there such as I hope you may become; men called from private life, but who had received military education. I do not know how many, and I disparage no others by naming three, two who fell at Buena Vista, and one who survives. I speak of M'Kee and Clay of the Kentucky regiment, and Davis* of Mississippi. I have the last before my eyes now, as he sat on his horse for an hour or two among the bullets, after a ball had shattered his ankle; his face pale but composed, his voice calm, his eye bright, the very ideal of a hero. These and many others were citizen-soldiers whom you

*Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Confederate states.

may be proud to imitate; the souls of honor, and the mirrors of knighthood; gentle in their bearing, but firm as the rocks; generous, liberal, warm-hearted, impetuous; brave as Du Guesclin, and chivalrous as Bayard; proud, but neither haughty nor vain, educated, accomplished, ready for any duty or emergency.

He had this to say on the subject of war:

War seems to be the natural state and element of man, and the appetite for blood a stern necessity of his nature. As in the vegetable kingdom, one species thrives by the destruction and extermination of another; as in the animal kingdom, life maintains life; and the larger, by the law of their nature, pursue, capture and devour the smaller. As man himself in this respect ranks with the tiger and the eagle, and preys upon the harmless fish, the graceful deer, and even the bright-eyed singing bird, so until lately, it might almost have seemed that by a like unerring law of nature man's life maintained the life of man; that might made right, and the strong were made and meant to prey upon the weak, and secure their own fortune and luxury at the price of the pain, the misery, the torture and death of others, whose virtue and feebleness were their only protection.

Of the first two sons of Adam, eldest born upon our planet, when one would have thought the world wide enough, and causes of quarrel rare enough, for them, at least, to have lived in peace, the tiller of the soil rose up against his brother, the shepherd, and slew him; and in the days of Noah, crime, rapine, violence and murder had become so rife upon the earth, that saving only that patriarch and his family, God swept away the whole population of the world with the besom of deluge.

Long before the days of Abraham, war had again commenced; and from that time to the present there has probably never been a single hour when it has not raged on some portion of the earth's surface.

WAR WITH MEXICO

Nor since they chained the mightiest of Captains to a desert rock in the middle of the ocean, has the world been at peace.

While himself a gallant and fearless soldier, recognizing the existing tendency to war, he deprecates the necessity for war in an ode of five verses containing these lines, which are still very appropriate:

When shall the nations all be free,
And force no longer reign?
None bend to brutal Power the knee,
None hug the golden chain?—
No longer rule the ancient Wrong,
The weak be trampled by the strong?—
How long, dear God in heaven! how long,
The people wail in vain?

CHAPTER XI.

DUEL WITH COLONEL JOHN SELDEN ROANE, IN WHICH
PIKE CALMLY ENJOYED A CIGAR UP TO THE MINUTE
WHEN THE COMMAND WAS GIVEN TO "FIRE."

Next came red Rashness, with his restless step,
In whose large eyes glowed the fierce fire that boiled
In his broad chest. Large goutts of blood did drip
From his drawn sword; the trembling slaves recoiled;
Scorn and fierce passion curled his writhing lip;
His dress was torn with furious haste and soiled—
So springing on his reckless steed, he shook
The rein, and downward his swift journey took.

—From *Ariel*, by PIKE.

PIKE resumed his law practice when he returned from the Mexican War in August, 1848. He came back to Little Rock with much to say. Not at that time owning a newspaper of his own, he took the columns of the *Arkansas Gazette* to say it in the usual Pike way, which was heartily and frankly. Pike was not satisfied with the behavior of a part of the Arkansas regiment in the Battle of Buena Vista, in which former Governor Archibald Yell of Arkansas was killed, and he told Little Rock all about it. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, John Selden Roane, (afterward elected the fourth governor of Arkansas) considered the criticism as reflecting upon him personally, and he resented Pike's attitude.

As frequently happened in those days when a

DUEL WITH COLONEL ROANE

man's honor was impugned, or he perhaps only imagined he was aggrieved, a challenge resulted and was promptly accepted. It would seem that Roane should have been the challenging party, and it has been said that he was, but Dr. J. A. Dibrell, one of the surgeons in attendance, has left a written record to the effect that Pike issued the challenge, or that it was so considered on his side of the field of honor.*

The meeting took place early in the morning, at a point often resorted to for such contests—on a big sandbar opposite Fort Smith, in the old Indian Territory.

Pike's conduct showed unusual coolness and heroism. His seconds were Luther Chase and John Drennen, and his surgeon was Dr. J. A. Dibrell, Sr.; while Pat Farrelly, William H. Cousins and Dr. T. Thurston accompanied him as friends. They were all prominent men.

Mr. Roane was accompanied by Henry M. Rector (afterward Governor of the state, 1861-62) and Congressman Robt. W. Johnson (afterward U. S. Senator) as seconds; with Dr. Phillip Burton as surgeon. All of the party arrived on horseback. Roane, Johnson, Burton and Rector accepted the hospitality of Major Elias Rector, at whose house they rested for two days before the meeting and where Roane practiced shooting.

J. F. Weaver, an old resident of Fort Smith, states that news of the impending fight had gotten out and

**Arkansas Gazette* file.

there were 200 or 300 men on the sandbar who witnessed it. Among them were his father and uncle, together with a number of Cherokee Indians, but they were kept at a safe distance by the seconds and the surgeons.

The pistols used, which were costly and beautiful specimens, glistened in the sunlight.

Standing, unflinchingly and confidently, looking like a Grecian god, his long flowing locks being blown about by the breezes, Pike calmly enjoyed a cigar until the command was given to "fire."

According to Doctor Dibrell, whose version of the affair was printed in the *Arkansas Gazette* of April 2, 1893—long after the date of the occurrence—at "call," both parties promptly stepped forward, ten paces were stepped off, when duelling pistols were loaded and placed in their hands. The positions of the men were determined by lot. Pike stood up stream, Roane down. Both seemed firm and determined, neither displaying the least agitation. At the word, both fired, but neither was wounded. A second fire was had with the same result. Some say that Pike's beard was touched, and that his shot grazed one of Roane's ears. Roane demanded the third fire, and Johnson concurred in the request, but Rector dissented, and a heated discussion ensued. While Pike and Dibrell were seated on the edge of the forest which fringed the bar, Doctor Burton approached with a slow and dignified step, and, when within a few paces, he beckoned Doctor Dibrell to meet him. When Dibrell came forward, Burton remarked, "Dibrell,

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it's a d——— shame that these men should stand here and shoot at each other until one or the other is killed or wounded. They have shown themselves to be brave men and would fire all day unless prevented. The seconds on neither side can interfere, because it would be considered a great disparagement for either to make a proposition for a cessation of hostilities. So, let us, as surgeons, assume the responsibility and say that they shall not fire another time; that unless they do as we wish, we will leave the field to them, helpless, however cruel it may be." Doctor Dibrell replied that he knew nothing about the code, but would consult his principal. He then repeated to Pike the proposition of Doctor Burton, word for word as made to him. Pike said: "I want one more shot at him and will hit him in a vital part; I believe he has tried to kill me; I have not tried to hit him." After reflection, he added, "Do as you think proper, but do not by anything compromise my honor."

The good offices of Doctors Dibrell and Burton in the interest of peace and humanity were so effective that the matter ended there honorably to all parties.

Doctor Burton said, "I am happy to state that I am authorized by Mr. Roane's second, Mr. Rector, to say that our principal has declared himself as having received entire satisfaction."

"That being the case," said Doctor Dibrell, "as Mr. Pike's second, I suggest that these two brave and honorable gentlemen shake hands."

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Pike stood resolutely in his place until Roane advanced toward him with extended hand, when he met him and accepted his hand, with all the grace and dignity of a Chesterfield.

The bearing of neither of the principals could have been more punctilious. In a few minutes they were conversing with each other and with the party as if there had never been the slightest difference between them. In a short while after the reconciliation had been effected, all parties adjourned to a banquet at Fort Smith, where there was something to drink and much merry-making.

It looked as if neither wanted to kill the other. Roane was a good shot, who could kill a deer while running or hit a turkey on the wing; Pike was equally as good a marksman; so that all concerned had expected a funeral, instead of a banquet, and the result could not be otherwise than surprising.

A big Cherokee Indian, known as Bill Fields, who witnessed the affair, expressed deep disgust at the result of the combat, saying, in broken English, that with either of the pistols used he could have killed a squirrel every time at 75 steps.

Pike's sons, Hamilton and Walter, who had been apprised of the meeting, were said to have been on a boat at the landing, waiting to kill Roane's second, Colonel Johnson, whom they considered responsible for the duel, in case their father had been harmed.

Luther Chase, one of Pike's seconds, was a life-long friend, who had followed him from Newburyport, Mass.

DUEL WITH COLONEL ROANE

The Pike-Roane duel is said to have been the last one fought according to the execrable *code duello* between prominent persons of Arkansas, public sentiment having caused such contests to be, first discountenanced, and finally prohibited by heavy penalties of the law.

After the duel, and the celebration at Fort Smith, Pike, with his usual *sang-froid* returned to Little Rock, and repaired to his law office, as if nothing unusual had happened.

CHAPTER XII.

PIKE'S SCHOLARSHIP AND HIS WORK AS AN AUTHOR.

My children with their blameless looks,
My home with modest, humble cheer,
My old familiar, friendly books,
Companions faithful and sincere!

—From PIKE'S *Reflections*.

PIKE was not only a lover of good literature, but it will be seen that he was a scribbler of verse and prose from early manhood, and he continued to write up to the last days of his life. When he became a lawyer, student and delver that he was, it was to be expected that he would exercise his talents in legal composition; and when he entered Masonry, to become fascinated with its mysticisms and beauties, what was more natural than that this man of scholarly and poetic tendencies, who had by that time become recognized as more or less of a sage, should study and endeavor to enrich with his pen the literature of the great order which he had learned to love? Although, as Mrs. Frederick Hanger is quoted as saying in Hempstead's *History of Arkansas*, Pike was Arkansas' *first* great writer and has never lost his prestige as the state's *greatest* writer. He sought the companionship of the Muses merely as a recreation, because he loved them, but with no expectation of relying upon their inspiration to provide

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him with the means of livelihood. He could not devote himself to authorship, but added poetry and other compositions to his ordinary life occupations; and his fame does not rest on his literary work. He is much better known both as a lawyer and a Mason, and the title of "General," by which he is best known, emphasizes his military services; although his writings entitle him to high rank as a literary man. There are several reasons why he is little known, if not almost forgotten, as an author, aside from his Masonic contributions. In the first place, during his productive years, the South was negligible in a literary way. There were a few scattered poets, like Simms and Cooke. There was the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which had some brilliant contributors. But on the whole the literary production of the South in his day was scanty and therefore did not attract wide attention. Stars like Poe went North, to the great literary centres.

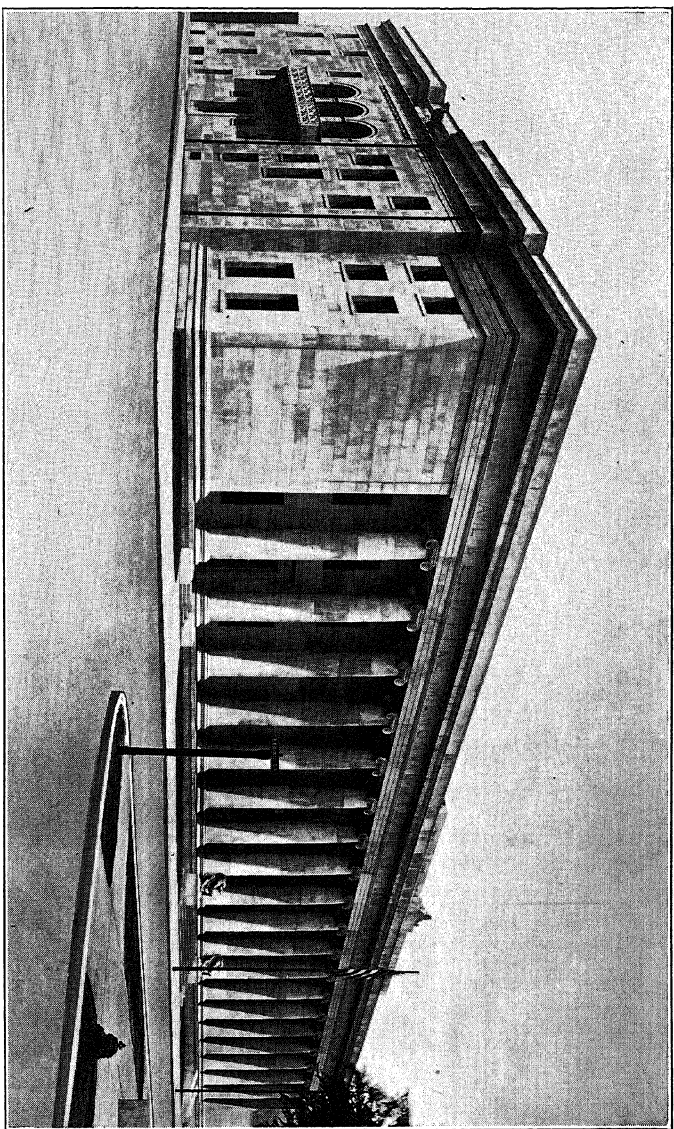
In the next place, his early newspaper work in Arkansas and Tennessee had small circulation. Arkansas at the time he edited the *Arkansas Advocate*, in the '30's of the last century, was little better than a territorial wilderness. Anyway, the people were slow to appreciate literary merit. Then, as to his poetry and miscellaneous productions, he was averse to allowing them to be printed and offered for sale. Therefore, he was not before the public as an author to any great extent. "It is an interesting fact and significant of the man," says Mr. William L. Boyden, "that he never published any book for sale, and ex-

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cept as to his legal briefs, whatever he had printed was done at his own expense for private distribution, or was donated to the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree." Besides, he was not a mere dreamer, but a practical lawyer and man of action. Apparently he did not aspire to become a professional author. To use his own language, he read much of the writings of others, — more than he had well digested, and had added, "some unconsidered trifles of his own to the general stock of literature," He said also, "I have so long devoted myself to that ancient and crabbed, but very respectable mistress, the Law, "that if I venture to renew my attention to the Muses, those volatile young ladies only laugh at my confused and awkward attempts at a declaration, and commend me, with their distinguished consideration, to the wrinkles of my venerable mistress, at whose jealousy they express an over-acted alarm."

Edmund Stedman, in his *Poets of America*, says that a collection of the earlier Southern poetry worth keeping would be a brief anthology which a small volume might contain, but in it more than one of Albert Pike's productions would certainly be found.

Although often his compositions were seemingly somewhat high-sounding, verbose, or affected, and apt to be saturated with ancient mythology and well-worn metaphors, his verse, fashioned in the forms of the old English bards and the Victorian poets, of which he was an omnivorous reader, sprang naturally from a poetic soul. His themes were mostly original, lofty, full of human sympathy, and evidenced not



The present magnificent Albert Pike Scottish Rite Memorial Temple, the property of the Scottish Rite Bodies of the Valley of Little Rock, named in honor of General Albert Pike.

PIKE'S SCHOLARSHIP

only a lively fancy and profound learning, but a wonderful knowledge of human nature. Some of his lyrics are musical gems, and occasionally he gave expression to a humorous or lighter vein. Every piece of his composition shows with preciseness and scrupulousness the artistry of a scholar and thinker. Of course, the vagaries of Free Verse and the Imagists were unknown in his day, and his heart fed only on the old-fashioned sort of poetry.

He said that the language of Poe applied to himself — that to him, “Poetry had not been a purpose, but a passion, and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot—at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensation, or the more paltry commendation of mankind.”

The Arkansas historian, Mr. Hempstead, suggests that had he remained in his native Boston, his talents would probably have made him one of the greatest ornaments of American literature. This might have been, but if he had been purely a professional man of letters, his life would have been less eventful and not afforded so much interest, unless he had been some such exception as Defoe, who, besides being the author of the famous “Robinson Crusoe” and other works, had engaged in almost as many different occupations as had Pike, but with less success outside of literature.

A New York literary man once made the assertion that Pike was not an original thinker and suggested that he was a great plagiarist. Well, Poe accused Longfellow of plagiarism, Poe himself was

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reproached for the same offense, and other great writers have been charged with literary larceny. (Pike refers to the subject of "borrowed thought" in the introduction to his *Prose Sketches and Poems*, quoted elsewhere). And the critic was either unfair or unfamiliar with his writings when he said that Pike was unoriginal. One cannot read Pike's poetry or prose without finding gems that give evidence, not only of original talent, but of versatile genius. He may not have been one of the greatest masters in the fine art of poesy, and he did lack some of the ear-marks of the professional author, but his mind was certainly stored with an immense fund of knowledge and fanciful rythmical pictures which he had the ability to portray. Soul as well as intellect, heart as well as mind, are apparent in his works. He created beautiful thought-pictures and diffused a noble philosophy. A man must have been accustomed to the "sweet rippings of the Pierian Springs" who could express himself in such faultless lyrical verse as his *After the Midnight Cometh Morn*, of which a part is quoted:

The years come, and the years go,
And the years of life keep falling,
Carrie, falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie, calling;
While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares;
And the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And always after midnight cometh morn.

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His *Isadore, or The Widowed Heart*, has interested students of Poe, some of whom have said that they thought it may have suggested the latter poet's best-known production. Some years ago it was stated by a writer, whose name is not recalled, that Poe had "mistaken recollection for invention" in patterning the *Raven* after *Isadore*, which was first published in the *New York Evening Mirror* while Poe was employed on that journal, two years before the first publication of the *Raven* (1845), in *Colton's Whig Review*. Some years ago a discussion of the question, "Did Pike influence Poe?" by Prof. William F. O'Donnell, appeared in a little short-lived publication called the *Book News Monthly*. Poe is quoted as having pronounced Pike, who was born in the same city, and in the same year as himself, 1809, — also the year in which such other notables as Lincoln, Tennyson, Gladstone, Holmes and Darwin were born — as the most classic of American poets. Here is a stanza from *Isadore*, which evidences the gentleness of a man who could also be as stern as a Bismarck and as brave as a Washington:

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I tend with anxious
care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as though they wanted air;
They cannot live without thine eyes to feed them with their
light;
Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love, they cannot grow
aright.

Thou art lost to them forever, *Isadore*!

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The Old Canoe, a beautiful poem, which went the rounds of the press before the Civil War, and was attributed to Pike, was included in Allsopp's edition of his poems, accompanied by a note, stating that Col. J. N. Smithee, when editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, reprinted the lines with the explanation that they had appeared in a short-lived publication* at Little Rock, without a signature, but that it was generally understood that General Pike was their author. He disclaimed the authorship of the poem, and stated that he believed the honor belonged to a lady, whose name he did not mention. The matter caused almost as much controversy as the authorship of *The Beautiful Snow*† once provoked. Dallas T. HERNON, director of the Arkansas History Commission, undertook to run down the matter, and states that he finds that the real author of the verses was Thomas J. Worthen, a member of a well-known Little Rock family of that name who died when a very young man. His portrait bearing an inscription to that effect together with a printed copy of the poem is now on file in the department's archives.

Pike wrote, says his daughter, "but little poetry during the last twenty years of his life; the griefs, the disappointments, the carking cares and burdens under which he labored, seemed, like rank weeds, to choke out the fine flowers of poesy." It was during

**Little Rock Tribune*.

†*The Beautiful Snow* had the singular literary history of having been claimed by no less than 8 or 9 different persons, several of whom disputed with the real author, J. W. Watson.—Note to ed. of *Beautiful Snow* and others poems, T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, 1869.

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this period, however, that he produced his most popular poem, "Every Year",* which lines he is on record as saying pleased him as much as any he had ever written. The pathos and feeling of this poem evidenced the exact and sad condition of mind under which, his daughter states, the author was laboring at the time he wrote it; and we have seen old people moved to tears as they read the immortal lines:

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost springs with sobs replying,
Unto Weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

*Said to have been dedicated to Capt. John Rice Homer Scott of Scotia Farm, Pope Co., Ark., where Pike spent some week-ends.

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The Old Canoe, a beautiful poem, which went the rounds of the press before the Civil War, and was attributed to Pike, was included in Allsopp's edition of his poems, accompanied by a note, stating that Col. J. N. Smithee, when editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, reprinted the lines with the explanation that they had appeared in a short-lived publication* at Little Rock, without a signature, but that it was generally understood that General Pike was their author. He disclaimed the authorship of the poem, and stated that he believed the honor belonged to a lady, whose name he did not mention. The matter caused almost as much controversy as the authorship of *The Beautiful Snow*† once provoked. Dallas T. Haddon, director of the Arkansas History Commission, undertook to run down the matter, and states that he finds that the real author of the verses was Thomas J. Worthen, a member of a well-known Little Rock family of that name who died when a very young man. His portrait bearing an inscription to that effect together with a printed copy of the poem is now on file in the department's archives.

Pike wrote, says his daughter, "but little poetry during the last twenty years of his life; the griefs, the disappointments, the carking cares and burdens under which he labored, seemed, like rank weeds, to choke out the fine flowers of poesy." It was during

**Little Rock Tribune*.

†*The Beautiful Snow* had the singular literary history of having been claimed by no less than 8 or 9 different persons, several of whom disputed with the real author, J. W. Watson.—Note to ed. of *Beautiful Snow* and others poems, T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, 1869.

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this period, however, that he produced his most popular poem, "Every Year",* which lines he is on record as saying pleased him as much as any he had ever written. The pathos and feeling of this poem evidenced the exact and sad condition of mind under which, his daughter states, the author was laboring at the time he wrote it; and we have seen old people moved to tears as they read the immortal lines:

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost springs with sobs replying,
Unto Weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

*Said to have been dedicated to Capt. John Rice Homer Scott of Scotia Farm, Pope Co., Ark., where Pike spent some week-ends.

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But a beam of hope usually brightens the eye of the reader as the closing stanza, which has often been quoted to console the afflicted, is read:

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

In regard to his most ambitious early effort in verse, the *Hymns to the Gods*,* John Hallum's *Biographical and Pictorial History of Arkansas*† contains the following, which has been quoted frequently:

We copy from a recent periodical furnished the author by Col. E. W. Boudinot: Nearly half a century ago, Albert Pike contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* a poem of more than 600 lines, called *Hymns to the Gods*. A letter from the poet to the famous editor of the great Edinburgh periodical, tendering his poem for publication, is printed at the end of the verses in the June, 1839, number of the magazine, a time-stained copy of which, bearing the written address, "Glasgow Coffee Rooms," has strayed into our hands, and following this letter are some

*Of these hymns, those to Juno and Neptune were written in 1828; to Ceres, Bacchus, Venus, Apollo, Diana and Mercury in 1829; Somnus, in 1830, and Mars, Minerva and Flora, not until 1845. In the last publication of the Hymns, they were given the Greek, instead of Latin titles, Hera, Poseidon, etc. "A series of hymns to the gods, after the manner of Keatts, which have justly commanded favorable notice"—H. T. Tuckerman's sketch of Am'r. Lit., 1852.

†Weed, Parsons & Co., Buffalo, 1887.

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genial characteristic words of welcome and praise from Christopher North. We reproduce the poet's letter and the comments of "C. N."

Little Rock, State of Arkansas, August 15, 1838.

Sir: It is with much doubt and many misgivings I have been induced by the entreaties of some friends in Boston to send to you the accompanying trifles in verse from this remote corner of the Union—beyond the Mississippi. I would fain believe them worthy a place in your estimable magazine, which regularly reaches me here, 1,000 miles from New York, within six or seven weeks of its publication in Edinburgh, and is duly welcomed as it deserves. Should you judge them worthy of publication, accept them as a testimonial of respect offered by one resident in southwestern forests, to him whose brilliant talents have endeared him not only to every English, but to multitudes of American bosoms, equally dear as Christopher North and Professor Wilson.

Most respectfully, sir,
Your obedient servant,
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To which the editor of *Blackwood's* replied in a footnote to the poem in his periodical as follows:

These fine hymns, which entitle their author to take his place in the highest order of his country's poets, reached us only a week or two ago, though Mr. Pike's most gratifying letter is dated so far back as August, and we must mention this that he may not suppose such composition could have remained unhonored in our repositories from autumn to spring. His packet was accompanied by a letter — not less gratifying — from Dr. Issac C. Pray, dated New York, April 20, 1839, and we hope before many weeks have elapsed the friends, though perhaps then almost as far distant from each other as from us, may accept this our brotherly salutation from our side of the Atlantic. — C. N.

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Dr. R. S. Mc Kenzie, in his history of *Blackwood's Magazine*, says, in reference to these hymns, "Here was also published the earnest poetry of Albert Pike, breathing the true spirit of old mythology." Another writer says, "One of the most interesting incidents in the history of literature would be a true picture of that master of the press, 'Kit North,' when he opened the mail package from that dim and unknown world of Arkansas, and his eyes rested on the pages of Pike's manuscript. * * * * This great but merciless critic had written Byron to death, and one can imagine his surprise when he read the lines penned in the wilderness by an unknown boy."*

A little book by Pike, entitled, *Prose Sketches and Poems Written in the Western Country*, which is very rare, bears the imprint of Light & Horton, Boston, Mass., 1834, and was probably printed at the author's expense. The book is dedicated to Joseph M. Titcomb, of Newburyport, Mass., a cousin of the young man who accompanied Pike to New Mexico. In Newburyport there was a club of "Seven Devoted Friends," of which Pike was a member, and one of the other members was Joseph M. Titcomb, who was the intimate friend of Pike from his boyhood days up to the end of his life. Mr. Titcomb was descended from William Titcomb, one of the first Puritan settlers of Newbury, to which place he went in 1634, from Newbury, Berkshire, England, and the descend-

*Only a part of the verses were in fact "penned in the wilderness of Arkansas," as the most of them were composed at his old home in Massachusetts before leaving there.

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ants of this man and his wife Joanna (Bartlett) have ever since been prominent citizens of Newbury and vicinity.* The inscription to Joseph M. Titcomb in *Prose Sketches and Verses* is one of the few extant things, outside of his poetry, which connect Pike with the old associations of his former home. "As a token of ancient friendship and fellowship," it reads, "I beg you to allow me to dedicate to you what will probably be my last (*as it is my first*) attempt at authorship, in the shape of a book. Names more widely known than yours is are easy to find, but none possess in a higher degree than yourself that unsullied honesty and perfect goodness of heart, which render your memory so dear to the old friend who addresses you. Farewell; may the world frown less upon you than it has, and may you keep a corner in your heart for the author. —*Albert Pike.*"

It is important in his history to remember that he said this was his *first*, and probably would be his *last* attempt at authorship; but it was not his last by a great deal.

This book contains *The Narrative of a Journey in the Prairie*; a Mexican tale of 34 pages; *The Inroad of the Navajo*; *Refugio*; *The Second Journey in the Prairie*; several of his early poems and ballads; two Mexican-Spanish songs, in the original and also with his translations into English; together with numerous notes.

The fact that *The Narrative of the Journey in the Prairie* appears in this volume is in conflict with

*M. W. Wood in *Idaho Scottish Rite Beacon*, January, 1925.

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the conversation between Pike and Smithee which is referred to in another chapter, but it may be that this book was privately printed, and that Pike did not consider that this was putting the narrative into *general circulation*.

The very interesting Preface to the prose part of the Sketches, sheds a light on some of the author's characteristics, and in it he feelingly bares his heart to the reader, when he says:

With respect to the prose part of this book, I have nothing to say, except that such portions of it as purport to be true are actually and truly facts. With respect to the poems, the kind public will indulge me in saying a brief word: For them I have to ask no indulgence, and the public, I know, ought to have none to grant. It is not my intention to bespeak for them any degree of favor, but merely to mention in passing, that if there be in them imitation of any writer, I trust that it extends only to the style; and I know that I have not wilfully committed plagiarism. It is possible that the imitation may extend farther than I suppose. It is some time since I have seen the works of any poet, and the things of memory have become so confused with those of my own imagination that I am, at times, when an idea flashes upon me, uncertain whether it may be my own, or whether, like the memory of a death, it has clung to my mind from the works of some of the poets, 'till it has seemed to become my own peculiar property.

If I am accused of affectation, I needs must deny the charge. What I have written has been a transcript of my own feelings — too much so, perhaps, for the purpose of fame. Writing has been to me always, a communing with my soul. These poems have been written in desertion and loneliness, and some times in places of fear and danger. My only sources of thought and imagery have been my own mind, and nature,

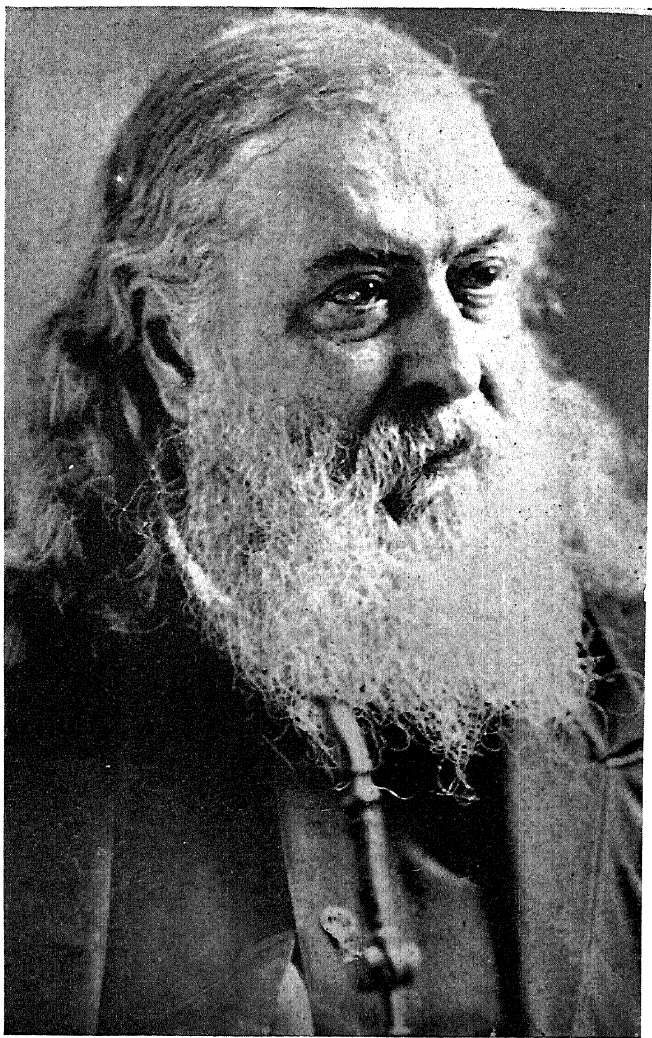


Photo by Sarony, New York.

Albert Pike in his 76th year.

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who has appeared to me generally in desolate fashion and utter dreariness, and not infrequently in the guise of sublimity.

I have acquired, by wild and desolate life, a habit of steadily looking in upon my own mind, and of fathoming its resources; and perhaps solitude has been a creator of egotism. Of this, the public may judge. By all whom I remember as my friends, the faults of the book will be forgotten; and if there be in it no *vatis spiritus*, those who know me will at least recognize it is the breathings of one who has parted from among them — as the expression of his feelings and as such they will love them. Fame is valueless to me, unless I can have it breathed by the lips of those I love. To the world, therefore, and to my old Mother City, I bequeath my last gift. If unworthy of her, let her remember that, poor and weak though it be, the tribute of the heart is not to be despised.

Arkansas Territory, May 1, 1833.

Pike was but 25 years of age when the foregoing was written. The book was reviewed or noticed in the *American Monthly Magazine* for January, 1836, for he took occasion to write a communication to that publication, in which he referred to its criticism, and spoke of the disadvantages under which he wrote and of his sufferings, in this doleful manner:

I see that some one in your magazine has reviewed my unpretending work, and accuses me of affectation, because I wrote in too gloomy and melancholy a vein. Sir, it is easy for men who dwell in New England to chide the luckless wanderer of the desert and sojourner in solitude,—for gloom and despondency; I hope that those who blame me may never suffer what I have suffered. Part of that book I wrote in a

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foreign country,* while traveling about alone, among men of a different language —part in the lodge of an Indian, — part in the solitudes of the mountains; in the loneliness and danger of the desert; in hunger and watching, and cold and privation — part in the worse loneliness of a school-room — all in poverty, trouble, and despair. It is easy to *imagine* a desolation of the heart; I *know* what it is.†

In an issue of the *Arkansas Gazette* in May, 1899, Mrs. Eldridge Greening, of Arkansas, who, like many, was not aware that his poems had been published, regretted that, “with his unquestioned poetic genius, he did not give to the world a book of poems such as he only could produce, and write his name on Fame’s glorious temple beside those of the greatest poets of the past and present age.” She further said that “the fugitive verses of Albert Pike going the rounds of the press did more to arouse a literary spirit throughout the state and direct attention to the intellectual capabilities of the south, than volumes of Tennyson in red and gold could do. His name must necessarily stand at the head of Arkansas authors, for it was in this state that he composed nearly if not all of his famous poems, and it was of the state he loved so well that he wrote and sang with exceeding sweetness. He gave us, more than any other writer, a distinct place in the literature of the country. His simple, melodious verses

*Mexico.

†The book was reviewed in No. 1, Vol. 9, of the *New England Magazine*, but the letter from Pike appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine*, which seems to have been the successor to the first named publication.

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touched the hearts of thousands and gave him and the state a world-wide fame. With the fleeting years, his name as a writer of standard, wholesome poetry will not vanish, but grow brighter and brighter. Arkansas will always honor the name of Albert Pike. *Every Year*, with its simple pathos, will forever enshrine itself in every southern heart."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SURPRISING MASS OF HIS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

All I can give is small. Thou wilt not scorn
My all. I give no golden sheaves of corn;
I burn to thee no rich and odorous gums;
I offer up to thee no hecatombs;
I build no altars: 'tis a heart alone;
Such as it is, receive it! 'tis thine own.

—From Pike's hymn, *To the Planet Jupiter*.

HE ALWAYS spoke so modestly of his writings as to evidence a distrust of his abilities. At least two privately printed editions of his *Nugae*, containing poetical selections, were printed,—one of about 150 copies, printed by C. Sherman, Philadelphia, 1854, 12 mo., 293 pages; and an exquisitely printed edition of only 100 copies, done at Washington City, in 1856;—both brought out supposedly at the request of friends and admirers,—and he said he would rather burn a copy than give it to one not a personal friend or liked by him. “Critics will get no chance to carp at it, and money cannot buy it,” he said. The first printing contained the following modest preface:

The trifles contained in this volume, so far as the original warp and woof remain, have been written at different periods during many years. I desired to put them in such shape that they might be preserved for my children and a few friends.

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I am too conscious of their great defects not to know that they would be of no value or interest to any other person in the world; and not to be aware that if I were to publish them for sale, I should justly incur the wrath of all critics and reviewers who might think they were worthy of any notice at all. I am not rash enough to incur their just vengeance. Having, therefore, first entirely rewritten them, I have printed 150 copies for complimentary distribution.

He presented a copy of this book to his friend, George A. Gallagher, a Camden and Little Rock, Ark., lawyer, with this inscription: "Presented to Geo. A. Gallagher, as a mark of my special regard; and I pray him to accept it, not for its value, — for it has none, but for the feeling that prompts the present. —*Albert Pike.*"

A volume containing his *Hymns to the Gods and Other Poems*, Part I, was privately printed in New York, in 1872, 98 p., octavo; with another privately printed edition in 1873; and Part II of the *Hymns*, etc., was also privately printed in New York, in 1882, 254 p. These parts were afterwards bound in one volume.

Among other copies that have been traced, an unbound, autographed copy of *Nugae* was upon request, sent to the late Bishop H. N. Pierce, of Little Rock, accompanied by a friendly letter, in which the author said:

Washington, 20 February, 1883.

My Dear Bishop:

Regretting that I did not do it without waiting to be asked for it, and yet fortunate to have, as part of my delay, your own

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poem, which I place in my volume and shall preserve, I send you to-day by express a copy of the Poems, printed by me, to be given to personal friends alone.

I should be better pleased if the volume could go to you in becoming dress; but the expense of printing the book and binding a few copies for ladies—some loved and others liked by me, has exhausted my slender resources, and I am compelled to send you the naked sheets, to be clothed according to your own taste.

Faithfully yours,
Albert Pike.

The privately printed editions, where now offered, bring high prices from second-hand booksellers.

It is still somewhat remarkable that an author of such recognized merit—locally, at least, whose best poems were written in the thirties and forties of the last century should have been so long neglected as not to have received the recognition of having his works published for general circulation until the year 1900,—and after his death. In the year mentioned, a volume of his poems, 532 pages, octavo, was published by Fred W. Allsopp, Little Rock, Ark. In 1916, the same contents, with a few additions, were brought out by the same publisher, in two volumes,—one entitled, *Lyrics and Love Songs*, and the other, *Hymns to the Gods, and Other Poems*.

Pike's best known poetical pieces, after *Every Year*, the *Hymns to the Gods*, and the ode *To the Mocking Bird*,* are *Lines Written on the Rocky Mountains*, *To Spring*, and *To the Planet Jupiter*. The

*His works include two quite different poems on the Mocking Bird—the first having been written in 1828, when he was but 18 years of age, and the second in 1834.

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first of the *Hymns*, as published in *Blackwood's*, consisted of some 600 lines, but they were extended afterward, and as completed comprise nearly 1,200 heroic lines. The ode *To the Mocking Bird*, originally published in Philadelphia in about 1836, was reprinted in *Blackwood's* for March, 1840, and among other publications in which it has appeared, it has been included in the contents of R. W. Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, the *Southern Students Handbook of Selections for Reading and Oratory*, by J. G. James; in *Selections from Prose and Verse*, by W. P. Trent; in the *Library of Southern Literature*, and in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*. The sublime and lengthy poem, *Ariel*, appeared in a short-lived magazine, in Boston, in 1834, at about the same time as the publication of his *Indian Romance and Description of Mexican Life* occurred. The pretty song, *After the Midnight Cometh Morn*, (dedicated to Senorita Carolina Cassard, a lady for whom he must have had a great regard), was printed in Washington, in 1870. *Ambition*, was printed in the *American Monthly Magazine*, for Aug., 1830; *Autumn*, in the *Boston Pearl*, Oct. 10, 1835; *A Conversation in the Forest*, in the *Knickerbocker* for May, 1849; *Dissolution of the Union*, in the *Ladies' Companion*, Jan., 1840; *To Neptune*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, Aug. 1830; *Our Afternoon of Life*, in the *Masonic Journal*, Sept., 1889; *To the South Wind*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, April, 1850; *Ode*, in *American Quarterly Review of Masonry*, Oct., 1858; *Midnight—A Lament*, in *Boston Pearl*, March 5, 1836;

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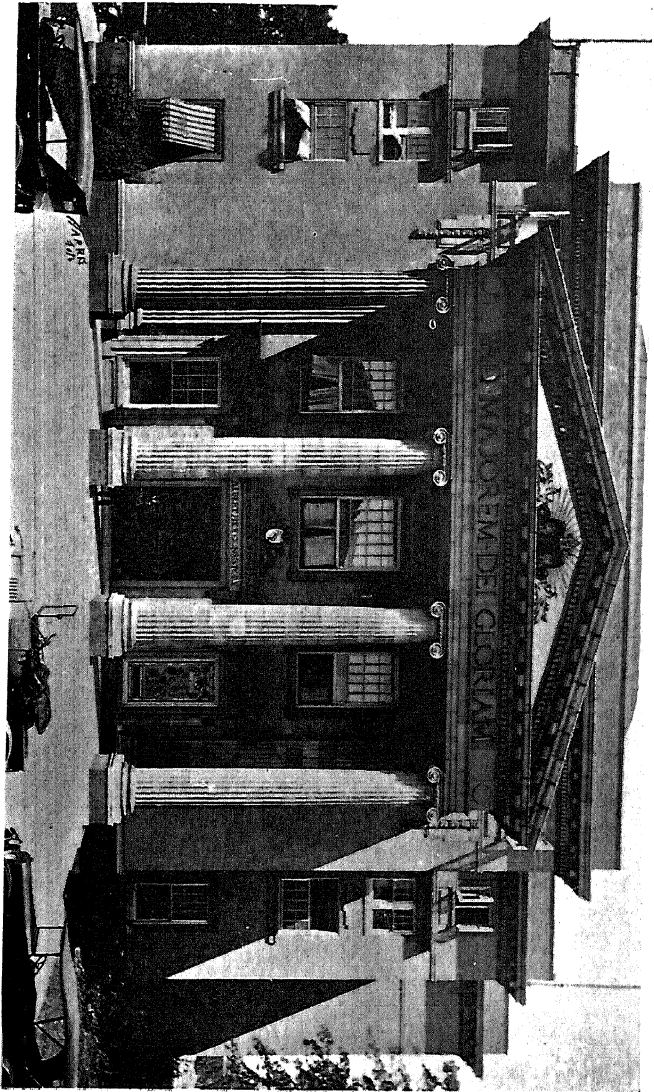
Fancies of Fame, in the *Ladies' Companion*, Nov., 1840; *Fanny*, in the *Knickerbocker*, May, 1845; *An Invitation*, in the *Knickerbocker*, March, 1845; *Invocation*, in the *Knickerbocker*, May, 1845; *The Brave Man*, in the *Voice of Masonry*, Nov., 1889; *Death In the Desert*, in *The Builder*, May, 1916.*

The stirring war song, *Dixie*, (written in 1861) has been reprinted in at least fourteen collections of songs. The *Library of Southern Literature* contains his "*Auld Lang Syne*," (1869); *Dixie*, an *Ode*, *To a Robin*, *To the Mocking Bird*, and *The Widowed Heart*. *To Spring* was reprinted in Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, in the *Masonic Mirror and Keystone*, the *New Age Magazine*, the *Pearl*, and *Literary Gazette*, and in Isaac C. Pray's *Prose and Verse*. *Every Year* has been published in *One Hundred Choice Selections*,—No. 17; in James' *Southern Students' Handbook of Selections for Reading and Oratory*, in the *Library of Southern Literature*, in Stedman & Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, in S. Perley's *Poets of Essex County, Mass.*, in *La Chaine d'Union*,—French and English text; in the *New Age Magazine*, and in nearly every other *Masonic Journal*, as well as in hundreds of other periodicals and numerous newspapers. *A Holy House to Build*, appeared in most of the prominent *Masonic Journals*.†

A Metrical Description of a Fancy Dress Ball, Given at Washington, April, 9, 1858, dedicated to

*Boyden's *Bibliography of Pike*.

†Based largely on Boyden's *Bibliography*.



The Second Albert Pike Consistory, Little Rock, Ark., absorbed by the new Albert Pike Memorial Masonic Temple.

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Mrs. Senator Guin, printed anonymously, imprinted by Franklin Philip, 40 p., is attributed to his authorship.

Mr. Boyden states that the following poems by Pike are not included in any of his published collected works: *All Wait*, printed in the *National Freemason*, Feb. 2, 1867; *The Brothers*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, Feb., 1830; *Changes*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, Nov., 1830; *The Dying Expression*, in *Boston Pearl*, Feb. 14, 1835; *Fate of Presente*, in *Voice of Masonry*, June, 1896; *God Counts by Souls*, in *New Age Magazine*, Oct., 1914; *Lines*, in *Boston Pearl*, Oct. 24, 1835; *Love*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, July, 1830; *Musings*, in *Boston Pearl*, May 9, 1835; *A Poem*, in the *Masonic Guide*, May, 1894; *Poets, Past and Present*, in *The Book*, 1837; *The Progress of Poetry*, in *American Monthly Magazine* Dec., 1829; *Reunion*, privately printed at Washington, Jan., 1869; *Seventy Years*, in the *Voice of Masonry*, Aug., 1880; *A Song*, in *Boston Pearl*, Aug. 27, 1834; *Song*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, Jan., 1836; *Sonnet to the Ram*, in *Boston Pearl*, Mch. 28, 1835; *The Southern Island*, in *Ladies' Companion*, May, 1840; *Summer*, in *American Monthly Magazine*, Aug., 1830; *Time's Oration*, in *Ladies' Companion*, April, 1840; *To J. M. T.*, signed "Arkansas," in *The Essayist*, March, 1833; *To My Wife*, in the *Knickerbocker*, Sept., 1833; *Truth*, in J. H. Bromwell's *Gems from the Quarry*; *An Unpublished Poem*, in the *New Age Magazine*, Mch., 1907; *The Widowed Mother Watching Her First Born*, in *Boston Pearl*, July, 1833;

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Yes, Call Us Rebels, in Sallie A. Brock's *Southern Amaranth*; *Night Musings*, in *Boston Pearl*, Nov. 28, 1834; *Lines to Boston*, in the *Ladies' Companion*, Dec., 1839.

His prose writings are, by many, admired more than his poetry. Judge Jeremiah Black said that he was one of the great masters of the English language. As said by his devoted daughter, Lilian, who, although naturally partial, was a competent critic, "his prose writings evince such depth of thought, such grandeur of imagery, such force and harmony of expression, that to those who have not read them, they would be a revelation; they remind one of the writings of Bourdaloue, of Massillon, and of some of the old Latin writers; he writes as no one else writes, and yet he says the very things every one feels ought to be said and in the way they ought to be said. * * * * Some of his prose writings are as truly poems as if they had been divided into lines and stanzas, and scanned according to rule and measure. Witness the following:"

Death is the inexorable creditor, whose indulgence nothing in the world can purchase. Every moment that sees a newborn child laugh at the light sees also a man die, and hears the cry of a breaking heart, and the lamentations of those who sit lonely and in the desolation of affliction, no longer seeing the faces of dearly loved ones. Round the little island of our being, on which we follow our various pursuits of toil or craft, of usefulness or mischief, throbs the illimitable ocean of eternity, upon which, round the isle, a broad circle of impenetrable darkness brooding lies. But beyond that zone the outer ocean sparkles, and its white-crested waves dance in the light, and

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somewhere in the distance the islands of the blessed are dreaming, girdled by the peaceful waters. Here, in our present home, we live our little life, waiting to be called to other duties elsewhere, and one by one our loved ones and our cherished friends glide away from us unseen, and are swallowed up in the darkness which is the shadow of the broad wings of Death. Each of us belongs to some little colony of hearts that hath a life of its own, its private and inner life, apart from that of the mass of humanity which eddies round it in endless agitations, having with it no sympathies, nor any memories of association. When one of its members dies, it is as if a limb were severed from the body. The wound heals, but the limb is missed as long as the body lives.

* * * *

Stand by the sapling for a lifetime, if you will, and watch it with a steady eye from morn till dewey eve, and you do not see it grow, or hear the unseen forces that are at work within it; and yet the air is feeding it, and the great earth and the liberal sun; and quietly it DOTH grow, with a calm indifference to praise or censure, and an utter disregard of public opinion, doing what God hath appointed for it. No, you do not see it grow, stand and watch as long as you may; but go you away, and remain a few short years, and lo! a noble tree, towering, a crowned monarch, above the patricians of the forest, stretching his large arms out with wide circumference, and covering acres with the thick shadow of his green foliage; a tree fit to furnish timbers for a ship to bear our country's free flag proudly round the world, and speak the Great Republic's will in the thunder of her guns.

The golden sayings of Epictetus, the sublime meditations of Marcus Aurelius, or the *Proverbs* of the Bible, are not more wonderful than the words of this sage. His writings, conversations and speeches abounded in wisdom, and his expressions were made beautiful by the imagery of his poetic nature.

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That he had a deep insight into nature is shown by such remarks as this:

The soul grows as truly as the oak. As the tree takes the carbon of the air, the dew, the rain, and the light, and the food that the earth supplies to its roots, and by its mysterious chemistry transmutes them into sap and fibre, into wood and leaf, and flower and fruit, and color and perfume, so the soul imbibes knowledge, and by a divine alchemy changes what it learns into its own substance and grows from within outwardly with an inherent force and power like those that lie hidden in the grain of wheat.

He was a firm believer in the brotherhood of man, for he said:

We are not born for ourselves alone, and our country claims her share, and our friends their share of us. As all that the earth produces is created for the use of man, so men are created for the sake of men, that they may naturally do good to one another.

He believed that a Divine Power directs the affairs of this country, for he said:

I rather incline to think Providence has something to do with the fortunes and fate of this great nation and that Its orderings in this matter, as in all others, are wise and good.

While he could not fathom the mysteries of the universe, he evidenced his confidence in God's plan in these words:

To my limited vision, as to yours, the system may appear unjust, as do all the sorrow and distress and calamity on earth.

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But we must become Atheists if we do not believe that He is just and wise, and that in the great phenomena of the universe He is working out a vast and beneficent purpose. This history of the world is full of evidence of this great truth.

He had a nice sense of honor, and he declared that it is not honest to receive anything from another, without returning him an equivalent; and the gamester who wins the money of another is dishonest, he said.

The futility of crime and lawlessness was apparent to him. He said that, "Every criminal is by the laws of the Almighty irrevocably chained by the testimony of his crime." And he further said, "A moral offense is sickness, pain, loss, dishonor, in the immortal part of man; it is guilt, and misery added to guilt."

Yet he pitied weak human nature, and he asked: "How do we know, when we condemn or pity the fallen, that tempted like them, we should not have fallen like them, as soon, and perhaps with less resistance?"

There is a kernel of wisdom in his saying that, "Our business is not to be better than others, but to be better than ourselves."

"Sorrow is the dog of that unknown Shepherd who guides the flock of men." is another of his aphorisms.

That he was a philosopher, whose wisdom excelled that of ordinary men, is attested by hundreds of statements similar to this:

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Life has its ills, but it is not all evil. If life is worthless, so is immortality. We may well differ as to the abstract rights of many things; for every such question has many sides, and few men look at all of them, many only at one. But we all readily recognize cruelty, unfairness, inhumanity, partiality, over-reaching, hard-dealing, by their ugly and familiar lineaments, and in order to know and to hate and despise them, we do not need to sit as a Court of Errors and Appeals to revise and reverse God's Providence. In a world inhabited by men with bodies, and necessarily with bodily wants and animal passions, the time will never come when there will be no want, no oppression, no servitude, no fear of man, no fear of God, but only love. That can never be while there are inferior intellects, indulgence in low vice, improvidence, indolence, awful visitations of pestilence and war and famine, earthquake and volcano, that must of necessity cause men to want, and serve, and suffer, and fear. But still the plowshare of justice is ever drawn through the fields of the world, uprooting the savage plants. Ever we see a continual and progressive triumph of the right. The injustice of England lost her America, the fairest jewel of her crown. The injustice of Napoleon bore him to the ground more than the snows of Russia did, and exiled him to a barren rock, there to pine away and die, his life a warning to bid mankind to be just.

He abhorred the liar and the perjurer above all other beings. "No lady or gentleman," he said, "ever tells a lie. Their word should in any emergency be as sacred as that of a Christian knight in the days of chivalry, when by a just law for a falsehood the golden spurs were hacked with a cleaver from the liar's heels."

Here is one of his nice discriminations: "Every wrong done by one man to another, whether it affects

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his person, his property, his happiness, or his reputation, is an offense against the law of justice."

He was ruled by a spirit of justice, and was a lover of the beautiful. He said that "Everything just is beautiful; everything beautiful ought to be just."

Here is another great truth tersely stated by him: "All the great and beneficent operations of nature are produced by slow and often imperceptible degrees. The work of destruction and devastation only is violent and rapid."

The history of the downfall of nations testifies to the truth of his observation that "The free country where intellect and genius rule will endure. Where they serve, and other influences govern, its life is short. * * * * When the State begins to feed a part of the people, it prepares all to be slaves."

"Deeds are greater than words," he said, for "They have a life, mute but undeniable, and they grow. They people the emptiness of time."

Here is one of his sermonettes that is worth remembering: "Nothing is really small. Every bird that flies carries a thread of the infinite in its claws."

For self-examination, he said, "Let each man ask his own heart: Of how many of our best and of our worst acts and qualities are our most intimate associates utterly unconscious?"

He dignified labor and effort. "Men without duties to do," he said, "are like trees planted on

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precipices, from the roots of which all the earth has crumbled.”*

Among the short stories and prose contributions to periodicals or in book form from his pen are:

Crayon Sketches and Journeyings, published in *The Boston Pearl*, Nov. 8-22, 1832, and Jan. 10, 1835;

Dreams, (*American Magazine*, Vol. 2, No. 5);

Great Thoughts, selected or written by Albert Pike, (*Voice of Masonry*, Feb., 1890);

A Journey to Xemes, (*Boston Pearl*, Feb. 20, 1836);

Letters from Arkansas, No. 1, (*New England Magazine*, Oct., 1835);

Letters from Arkansas, No. 2, (*American Monthly Magazine*, Jan., 1836);

Life in Arkansas, (*American Monthly Magazine*, Feb., and March, 1836);

Life's Journey, (*Square and Compass*, July, 1905);

Old Age and Death, (*J. G. James' Southern Students' Handbook*);

The Philosophy of Bowling, (*American Monthly Magazine*, Jan., 1831);

The Philosophy of a Cigar, (*American Monthly Magazine*, July, 1830);

The Philosophy of Walking, (*American Monthly Magazine*, Aug., 1830);

*Quotations are from "*Morals and Dogma*," his other writings and his addresses.

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Anecdotes of the Arkansas Bar, by "A Backwood's Lawyer," (W. T. Porter's *Big Bear of Arkansas, and Other Stories*);

Sketch of the Arkansas Superior Court, and Biographies of Lawyers of the Early Days, (*Hallum's History*);

True Greatness Perfected by Unmerited Misfortunes, (*James' Southern Handbook of Selections for Reading and Oratory*);

The Walking Gentleman, (*Knickerbocker Magazine*, March, 1845; and Feb., March, and May, 1846);

Western Superstitions, (*Boston Pearl*, Sept. 26, 1835);

Western Traveling, (*Boston Pearl*, Sept. 24, 1834).

He was the author of numerous other miscellaneous productions which have been lost or forgotten, some having appeared in various publications of a local character.

In addition to his compilations and work in connection with the statutes and the rituals of the Scottish Rite, such great documents as his reply to the letter *Humanum Genus* of Pope Leo XIII, and that stupendous work, *Morals and Dogma*, some of his many other contributions to Masonic Literature are:

Albert Pike on Blue Lodge Masonry, (*Trestle Board*, Feb., 1904);

Albert Pike on Prayer, (*Trestle Board*, Aug., 1901);

The Christian Mysteries, (Gems from the Quarry);

The Duties of Freemasonry, (Trestle Board, April, 1894);

The Meaning of Freemasonry, (Voice of Masonry, March, 1894);

Gnosticism, the Kabbala and the Mysteries of Masonry, (American Quarterly Review of Freemasonry);

Lecture on Masonic Symbolism, (New York, 1875);

Masonic Gems, (Voice of Masonry, March, 1881);

Masonic Justice, (Trestle Board, June, 1893);

Masonic Trials, (New Age Magazine, Dec., 1903);

The Nine Great Truths in Masonry;

What does Freemasonry Teach, (Trestle Board, July, 1892);

Why Freemasonry Exists, (Voice of Masonry, May, 1889);

The Zodiac and Jacob's Sons, (Square and Compass, Sept., 1906);

Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, and his Doctrines, (Mackey's National Freemason, Dec., 1893);

Pamphlets Exposing Cerneauism.

Masonic Philosophy.

Masonic students aver that in his labors for Masonry he worked harder and wrote more on that line than any other author living or dead, and that

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his writings on the craft will be a mine of wealth to writers on that subject for years to come.

While his life in Washington was devoted almost exclusively to the work of the Scottish Rite branch of Masonry, he accumulated a magnificent library, and he here found time to do much reading. He had always a bent toward the classical and dead languages. He now spent his leisure hours in translating from the Sanskrit and commenting on the *Rig-Veda*—the sacred literature of the Hindoos; and the *Zend-Avesta* and other works of Aryan literature by Persian sages, in which studies he was particularly interested. A preface to Vol. 7 of the *Rig-Veda* states that he was engaged for more than fourteen years in the study and compilation of that work. Not only was he familiar with Latin and Greek, but read French, Hebrew and Sanskrit.

In a letter written March 10, 1879, to a friend at Little Rock, he spoke about his Sanskrit studies:

Dear Friend: You ask me what I have been doing? Writing what? I answer, letters, do lots of Masonic work, have been reading proofs of a Masonic book prepared by me. Occasionally write a brief, or argue a case, and devote all the rest of my time to the study of the old Vedic hymns, composed thousands of years ago by kinsmen of our remote ancestors. The translations of most of the hymns are for the most part nonsense, and their meaning unknown to all the world, as well as to the priests of India, who consider them sacred, as do all European scholars. I am finding out what they mean. I know more about them than anybody else does—true, that does not express it, because they know nothing, and there is an infinite difference between *nothing* and *something*. The occupation

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contents me. It is deciphering hieroglyphs. I feel rich when I learn the meaning of a line, or a word.

He was ever delving into ancient lore, and philosophizing. His friend and associate, George F. Moore, of Alabama, thus speaks of his learning and the philosophical turn of his mind:

Albert Pike was a philosopher. In ancient Greece, there were men who were called *Sophoi*—wise men. When “our brother Pythagoras” was asked by King Leon if he was a Sophos—a wise man—, he replied: “I am a phil-so-phos—a lover of wisdom.” Brother Pike, like the Samian sage, was a lover of wisdom. What more striking proof can we find of it than to say that, after he was 70 years of age, he learned the Sanskrit language and translated from it into English the Veda, that source of the world-old philosophy of the Hindoos? This monument of his scholarship reposes securely in an iron vault patiently waiting for the day when it can give its evidence of his remarkable philosophical ability.

Profoundly versed as he was in all the wisdom of the East and in the philosophies of the world, yet he remained an humble student all the days of his life. Once he said to a friend of mine to whom I had introduced him, and who had asked him about buying one of his works, “I have learned much since I wrote that book.” In my last interview with him, save the one at his death bed, I found him busy with a new edition of Philo Judaeus, with whose philosophy he was so familiar, and to whom he had so frequently referred in his writings as “Philo, the Alexandrian Jew.”

But he is known to the world as “the philosopher,” for he gave the benefit of all his stores of learning and the results of his original researches to his Masonic brethren, and they are to be preserved for us in the splendid rituals of the Scottish Rite Masonry in the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States.

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While at New Orleans, in 1855, he produced a *Commentary on the Louisiana Civil Code*, including abstracts of the decisions of the courts, arranged under the proper articles of the code, in his customary methodical manner. It is a book of about 300 pages.

He stated that he had a fondness for the Roman law, which he never lost, and in 1868 when he went to Washington to reside, with the material collected at New Orleans, he commenced and after several years labor, completed the work of translating all the Maxims of the Roman and French laws, with the comments upon them of the French courts and the text writers, and of the Pandects of Justinian. This work, in three volumes, with others, remains in manuscript form in the library of the Supreme Council 33°, A. & A. Scottish Rite, Washington. This is the most important of Pike's legal writings, say those who have seen the manuscript and are competent to pass judgment upon it, as it represents the accumulated legal lore of many centuries.* Evidently he intended it to be published. With the copy is a note for the printer, dated June 15, 1876, giving directions as to the handling of it, which note, Mr. Lobingier states, shows that he was gathering material for this pretentious work for more than twenty years. Mr. Lobingier also says that had it been published, it would have placed him in the front rank of American writers on Civil Law.

*Exact title—*Maxims of the Roman Law and Some of the Ancient French Law, as Expounded and Applied in Doctrine and Jurisprudence*
—Lobingier.

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The bibliography of his writings, carefully and intelligently compiled, and published in 1921, by William L. Boyden, 33° Hon., Librarian of the Supreme Council 33°, Scottish Rite, Washington, D. C., comprises a book of 71 pages, octavo, bound in cloth. It contains a total of 517 items credited to Pike's authorship, classified as follows: Biography, 21; Law Briefs and Papers on Legal Subjects, 130; Military, 6; Newspapers, 3; Political and Economic, 37; Poetry, 129; Literary Miscellany, 28; Unpublished manuscripts, 62; Masonic Addresses and Reports, 18, with 16 sub-titles; Masonic Obituaries, general, 7, individual, 61; Official Masonic Documents, 175; Cerneau Controversy, 64; Miscellaneous Masonic, 67, with 22 sub-titles.

According to this bibliography by Mr. Boyden, Pike's unpublished manuscripts, in the Library of the Supreme Council, include the following staggering array of monumental works:

- Ancient Alphabets*, 65 pages;
- Ancient Faith and Worship of the Aryans*, 2,162 pages;
- Autobiography*, 86 pages;
- Commentaries on the Kabbala*, 235 pages;
- Maxims of Military Sciences and Arts*, 6 vols., 2,182 pages;
- Maxims of the Roman and Ancient French Law*, 13 vols., 3,340 pages;
- Essays*, 5 vols. and 29 titles, 2,166 pages;

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Irano-Aryan Theosophy and Doctrine, as Contained in the Zend-Avesta, 2,344 pages (since published);

Lectures on the Arya, delivered about 1873, 8 vols., 1,499 pages;

Translations of the Rig-Veda, the Maruts, 4 vols., 2,641 pages;

Translations of the Rig-Veda, Friends of Indra: Svadha; The Purusha Sukta: Savitri: Names of Rishis, 562 pages;

Vocabularies of Indian Languages, 199 pages;

Vocabularies of Sanskrit Languages, 79 pages;

Translations of the Rig-Veda, Consecutive, 7 vols., 6,939 pages;

Translations of the Rig-Veda—The Devas Generally and of Passages Which Mention the Arya and Dasyu, 632 pages;

The Essays embrace these subjects: *Of Content in Life, Of Honoring the Dead, Of Self-Education, Of Men's Opinions of Women, Of Wrecks and Waifs of Poetry, Of Self-Investing, Habits and Their Slaves; The Death of Love, Symbols Decaying Into Idols, Indian Nature and Wrong, My Books and Studies, Laws and Lawyers, Rowing Against the Stream, Shattered Idols, Coin and Currency, Of Greatness, Poverty and Its Compensation; The Policy of Forgiveness, Some Old Dramatists, Pay and Reward for Public Service, Of Forces, Of Values, Of the Ability to Say "No," Pleasant and Sad Remembrances, Of Sympathy, Chance and School Teaching; Godliness*

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and Retribution, Leaves and Their Falling, The Jubilee of Scoundrelism.

The unpublished manuscripts, says Mr. Boyden, "are in Albert Pike's handwriting (except the autobiography, which was dictated to a stenographer), written with a quill pen, which he whittled into shape, and he used no other kind."

Mr. Boyden's valuable notes convey the additional information that many of the manuscripts are illuminated and illustrated with pen sketches by Pike's hand, and most of them are beautifully bound in morocco.

A contributor styled "Mysticus," in a recent issue of the *New Age Magazine*, states that while most of the manuscripts of General Pike are in the Pike section of the Supreme Council's library, a voluminous manuscript volume of his miscellaneous essays is owned by General Hoxie of Washington, D. C.; that these essays were presented by Pike to the late Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptress.

It has been asked many times why the Pike manuscripts have not been given to the world, and, as stated by Mr. Charles Sumner Lobingier in *The American Bar Association Journal*, it ought to be possible to do justice to his memory by publishing them, for, he says, "they demonstrate that learning, wide and deep, character and conscience, exemplified in every day practice, high ideals of public service, and even poetic genius, are not incompatible with marked success at the Bar."



Albert Pike at about 80 years of age.

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In the autobiographical sketch written for Judge John Hallum, in August, 1886, Pike gave reasons why they had not been published. He said the manuscripts remained in the library of the Supreme Council because it would not pay a publisher to publish them, and for the reason that he had since the war no means wherewith to publish them himself, as he should surely have done if the government of the United States had paid the award of the Senate in favor of the Choctaws, which he, with others, obtained in March, 1859; or if the Supreme Court had not, in violation of all law and justice, deprived Henry M. Rector of the Hot Springs (of Arkansas), to which he said he had as good a title as he had to the pen with which he wrote.

Some years ago Marshall W. Wood undertook the huge task of editing and preparing for publication Pike's *Irano-Aryan Faith and Doctrine*, which is an elucidation of the ethical and spiritual meaning of Zoroastrianism, including quotations from and comments on the *Zend-Avesta*, and this work has been published, at \$10 a copy.

There has also been published an *Albert Pike Year Book*, containing short extracts from *Morals and Dogma*, by Claire C. Ward.

When the mass of the output of the brain of this man Pike is considered, is it any wonder that Judge John Hallum exclaimed that his labors equalled Bonaparte's in another field? Think of his activities! He performed as much creative writing as most authors do who devote their lives to literature. Yet

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he served altogether perhaps three-fourths of the mature years of his life on the editorial tripod, in the field as a soldier, as a lawyer at the bar, and as Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, of the Scottish Rite—and excelled in every line of endeavor.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS DILEMMA DUE TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.
HIS SERVICES IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—HE
RECRUITS AND COMMANDS A BRIGADE OF INDIANS.

I shuddered for a time, and looked again,
Watching the day of that eventful dawn;
Wild war had broken his adamantine chain,
Bestride the steed of Anarchy, and drawn
His bloody scimitar; a fiery rain
Of blood poured on the land, and scorched the corn;
Wild shouts, mad cries, and frequent trumpets rang,
And iron hoofs thundered with constant clang.

—From *Ariel*, by Pike

FOR the next few years Pike was busy with an extensive law practice, but occasionally we find him writing poetry, and every now and then he is heard of as attending some important convention or representative body in near-by or remote parts of the Union.

Usually his vacations were spent in the open, in hunting or fishing, and another fabulous story is told in regard to that: On one occasion he is said to have carried a cannon with which to shoot ducks in the Indian Territory, but it is thought that he was too good a sportsman to have been guilty of that. Col. J. N. Smithee, when editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, called attention to his great fondness for the prairies and the woods. For a quarter of a century prior to 1860, he said, Pike never failed each year to take an

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outing with his gun in the country west of Arkansas.* There he would sometimes join an Indian hunting party and spend weeks in search of game, when his legal practice would admit of his absence. It was in this way that he formed lasting friendships with the Indians, who finally employed him as counsel to represent their interests at the National Capital. His legal work of this character assumed huge proportions. He took a genuine interest in trying to right the wrongs which he said the Red man had suffered at the hands of the White race. He learned to talk to some of the tribes in their own language, and it is stated on good authority that he had actually been recognized as a chief by one tribe of Indians, which is somewhat remarkable. Albert Pike, the Indian Chief! He is quoted as having said that he regarded some of the old Indian chiefs as fine characters and real philosophers, whose companionship he thoroughly enjoyed. Thus his hunting and trapping associations with the Indians developed into an official relationship of commanding importance.

It was as a commingler with the Indians that he was enabled to gather the material for his *Vocabularies of Indian Languages*.

Another big war-cloud had gathered. There was to be a terrible conflict between the brothers of the North and the South. The question of secession was being agitated all over the South. As has been shown, he was no lover of slavery, and up to the last hour before the actual beginning of the conflict between

*Smithes Ms.

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the states he opposed all ideas of secession and strove to bring about a peaceful settlement. As far back as when the Arkansas Constitution of 1836 was up for consideration, he had to think of the slavery question, and it will be remembered that he countenanced the system then only because it was an institution which it seemed could not be gotten rid of, and not that he thought it was right. He considered it as a *practical* question, "not to be settled by the simple axiom that every man has a right to be free, and that it is a crime to hold a human being in bondage," but as "a system interwoven with every fibre of the body-politic of the South," to be considered, not from the standpoint of what was right or wrong at the beginning, "but what is now *practical*—what will be safe—what will be of the greatest actual, tangible benefit to the slave—whether he is fit to be free, and, if not, how he is to be made so." In language which showed plainly his abhorrence of the system, he had said that slavery was "a disease, whose spectral shadow lies always upon America's threshold, originating in the avarice and cruelty of the slave trade, transplanting the African coast fever to the congenial climate of the West Indies and Southern America—the yellow fever of the former and the *vomito negro* of the latter." As further evidence of his distaste for the traffic, at the Savannah Convention of delegates from various Southern states, he opposed a resolution offered in favor of the revival of the slave trade, and he declined to attend a convention at Knoxville, at which a similar resolution was to be presented. He

favored the Compromise measure of 1850, and opposed the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

Now he had to meet a more serious aspect of the slavery question. When he saw that Arkansas was preparing to join the seceding states, he united with Senator Robt. W. Johnson in a telegram to friends in the state, urging them not to attack the forts, saying that the reasons which justified secession elsewhere did not exist in Arkansas.* But when matters grew worse, and his prominence required that he take a stand, after Virginia seceded, he decided to cast his lot with his state, saying that whatever he was he owed to her. He made this decision in the face of great pressure that urged him to do otherwise. In fact, there is a story told in Arkansas to the effect that President Lincoln even sent Senator Grimes of Iowa to him to offer him a place on the United States Supreme Bench if he would not join the seceders.† Although born in the East, he had become closely identified with the South, her interests and institutions, and after Arkansas voted to secede, he espoused the Southern cause with a passion that surpassed that of many native Southerners. He never did anything by halves. He was not in the convention when the vote to secede was taken, but afterwards appeared in the meeting, and made an argument which was pronounced a masterpiece, urging that the State's constitutional rights be upheld, and the con-

*Lobingier in "*The New Age*."

†Statement made on the authority of Mrs. R. M. Packard.

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vention accepted the tender of his services. As to his final action, he said:

I knew what was going on, but I was opposed to secession. At the same time, I knew it could not be helped. But I had nothing to do with it—except to help admit the State. I went back to Little Rock after I had been here (at Washington City) before the state seceded. I went in to make a speech, though, on the state of affairs. In the course of that speech, I told them I thought the state had a right to secede where it was justifiable—where their rights were taken away from them, and there was no remedy. That is, it had a right of revolution, but that is no right at all. I did not think the case had arisen yet for secession, but, I said, “things have gone so far, that you have only one choice in the matter. You must go out voluntarily, or be kicked out or dragged out. South Carolina is going to drag you out, or the government will kick you out by calling on you for troops.” And so, as it had come to that state of things, I said, “I am in favor of going out decently of our own account,” so the state went out, and I went with it. I was not in the convention.*

He was the author of a much-circulated pamphlet entitled, *State or Province? Bond or Free?*†—a powerful argument for the Southern cause, but at the same time it served as an ingenious plea for the possible avoidance of bloodshed through the organization of the Southern states into a confederacy that would work, through conciliation, to bring about a peaceful settlement. A Northern writer called it a specious argument for secession, issued at a time when all the

*Pike's ms reminiscences, quoted by Lobingier, in the *New Age Magazine*.

†1861.

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appliances that art could devise or ingenuity invent, were brought to bear upon the people; but that it was a repetition of the political heresies that thirty years before had called down on John C. Calhoun the *anathema maranatha* of Andrew Jackson.

His earnest efforts toward peace were unavailing, and after he felt compelled to join the seceders, his Northern relatives, friends and many others, including Masons, denounced him generally for joining the Confederacy. Northern writers were very bitter in their criticism of him. He had written a poem called *Disunion*. A Northern soldier-author resurrected this contribution and cited it as, "a vivid picture in verse of arch traitors," and of the "utter defection of the author himself," who, the critic said, was a genius of the first order, although a traitor.*

It was with a sorrowful heart that Pike took the stand that he did. Benjamin Brown French, a strong Union Federal official, who, in a letter to Attorney-General Speed, said that he had had a conversation with Pike at Washington in 1860 relative to secession, and that he (Pike) was then entirely opposed to it; and at a later date in Washington he had asked him how he came to change his views, when he (Pike) replied that "he could hardly say that he had changed them; but that, as a citizen of Arkansas, with his home and all his property there, when South Carolina seceded, he had either got to flee his home and leave

*A. W. Bishop's *Loyalty on the Frontier*, St. Louis, 1863.

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everything, be murdered,* or join his neighbors.”†

Smarting under criticism, he thought it necessary to write some *Letters to the People of the Northern States*, in which his views on slavery were more fully elucidated. As it refers to conduct on his part which has frequently been used to his disadvantage, if not as actually reflecting upon his honor, a quotation is made from one of those lengthy contributions:

I believe I can think dispassionately upon the question of slavery. I have owned only such slaves as I needed for household servants.****I am not one of those who believe slavery a blessing. I know it is an evil, as great cities are an evil; as the concentration of capital in a few hands, oppressing labor, is an evil; as the utter annihilation of free-will and individuality in the army and navy, is an evil; as in this world *everything* is mixed of evil and good. Such is the rule of God's providence, and the mode by which He has chosen so to arrange the affairs of the world. Nor do I deny the abuses of slavery.****Necessarily it gives power that may be abused. Nor will I under-rate its abuses. It involves frequent separations of families. It, here and there, prevents the development of a mind and intellect****. Marriage does not create an indissoluble bond among the slaves. It gives occasion to prostitution. The slave toils all his life for mere clothing, shelter, and food; and the last is heard sometimes upon the plantations, and in rare cases, cruelties punishable by the law are practiced.

He assured his Northern readers that he and the Southern people had the deepest personal interest in

*Mackey, of South Carolina, was murdered when he failed to join his neighbors.

†Letter of Jan. 5, 1865, in Adjutant General's files, quoted by Lobingier.

the matter. "We are human being like yourselves," he said, "as *human* as you, and as intelligent as you." Then he went on to say:

To annul slavery would be, not only to impoverish vast numbers of our citizens, but to release us from all obligations to provide for the sick, the feeble, the old and the disabled. Three millions of human beings would be left without protectors. We would supply ourselves with other laborers, with Lascars, Chinese, Peons from Mexico. The large body of our negroes would become drones and paupers, etc.

That he never lost his love for the Union is attested by his closing *Letter to the People of the Northern States*, from which the following pathetic appeal is extracted:

I speak for the interest that I and my children have in this mighty question. They are natives of the South, but my heart-allegiance is divided. Born almost in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, educated in the free schools of Massachusetts; * * * * claiming, as a part of my inheritance as an American, an interest in the glories and the soil of all the revolutionary battle-fields of New England; owing all that I am, and all that I and my children ever shall be, to the institutions and influences of this Union, under whose flag I have fought, and its honor aided to defend; long denounced in the South for approving the compromises of 1850, and almost odious there, as an extreme Union-man, in times when those who loved popularity were not eager to be so classed; and my heart clinging alike to the North and the South—to the soil with which the ashes of my father, my brother, and my sisters have mingled, and to the land to whose bosom I have committed the dead bodies of my children; how can I look upon the strife, the antipathies, the bitterness, and the hatred, ominous of disaster,

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of the North and the South, without the profoundest sorrow and the gloomiest apprehension?

His Confederate war record is yet to be spoken of, but in further vindication of his actions, a quotation is made from a letter written by him to President Johnson after the close of the war:

I was satisfied as to the right of secession, as an extreme remedy, fit to be used only in the last resort, and when all others should have failed. I did not think its exercise either wise or necessary in 1861. I consented to the secession of Arkansas, only when she was compelled to elect whether her sons and mine should take up arms for or against her sisters that had seceded—in vindication or denial of the right of a state peaceably to withdraw from the Union of the states*

With reference to his adoption of the Southern cause, his distant relative, Dr. John L. Ewell, in the *Story of Byfield*, says: "We are certainly not called upon to bate one jot of our faith in the justice of the Union cause and the measureless disaster that would have befallen the South as well as the North had the issue of the struggle been the other way; but as to General Pike, let us remember that he had lived in the South nearly a generation when the war broke out, and let us adopt the sentiment * * * * of Doctor Parish * * * * In declaring opinions, he spoke with confidence; but persons he left to the tribunal of God."

The Confederates were more alert and acted more promptly than the Federals in looking to the action of the Indian tribes with regard to the war.

*U. S. Adjutant General's files, quoted by Lobingier.

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The attitude of the tribes was observed with great interest by Arkansas especially, and naturally, because the Choctaw and Indian Nations lay alongside of her whole western border. The Choctaws, some of whom were slaveholders and belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, were friendly to the Southern cause from the beginning, but it was different with the Cherokees. The latter had placed themselves under the protection of the United States, and had bound themselves to make no treaty with a foreign power, which they then considered the Confederacy to be in effect. Leaders of the Treaty party and the Old Settlers among them sided with the pro-slavery people and joined the Knights of the Golden Circle, but the loyally inclined members of the tribe, who were in the majority, combined into a society called the Kituwha, an ancient order, which opposed the slavery adherents.* But the Confederate government realized that it must obtain the co-operation of the Cherokees at any cost.

Pike's reputation had spread to the headquarters of the Confederacy. President Jefferson Davis, on December 12, 1861, believing that there was no one better fitted for the work, reported to the Confederate Congress that he had appointed "Albert Pike a citizen of Arkansas," Commissioner of the government to all the Indian tribes west of Arkansas and south of Kansas. He accepted a commission of Brigadier-General in October, 1861. The appointment is pre-

*The Kituwahs, who were chiefly full-blooded Cherokees, came to be called Pin Indians, from a pin which they wore as a distinguishing badge.

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sumed to have been made at the instance of Robert Toombs, then Acting Confederate Secretary of State.

Pike was indeed one of the first to realize that if the Indians were not early attached to the Southern cause they would be to the Northern, and this was a delicate matter. "No one who has not lived in the North, as I have, can realize how the use of Indians against them, was condemned by the North," says Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard, a granddaughter of Pike's; but it was never Pike's idea to do that. He organized the Indians and had treaties with them *for defense* of their own lands, and not to be used otherwise. When they were taken into battles outside of the Territory it was against his judgment and desire.

President Davis subsequently submitted a report from Pike, containing a history of his negotiations and submitting reasons for a departure from his instructions in relation to the pecuniary obligations to be incurred. President Davis recommended, in view of the circumstances by which the states were surrounded, the great importance of preserving peace with the Indians on the frontiers of Arkansas, Texas and Missouri, and, not least, because of the friendly spirit which the tribes had manifested, that the obligations mentioned by Pike be assumed and his suggestions followed.

He had been clothed with plenary powers, and was to go to treat with the five civilized tribes on the border. He went immediately from Little Rock to Fort Smith, where he interviewed General McCulloch. While there, a party of Cherokees called upon him,

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to learn whether the Confederates would protect them against Chief John Ross and the Pin Head Indians if they should organize and join the Confederacy. He assured them that he would do all possible to protect them and would arrange a meeting with the tribe at the Creek Agency.

When he set out for the Indian Territory he was attended by a mounted military escort, provided with an imposing display of uniforms and military trappings. As the cavalcade proceeded it made a great impression on the natives. Rachel Caroline Eaton says: "As the cavalcade swept down the Line Road* and on towards the Cherokee capital its magnificent appearance was well designed to impress the simple natives with the greatness of the government which it represented. There are men and women still living (in 1914) who remember the occasion as one of the most interesting and dramatic episodes of the war in that part of the country."† On July 10, 1861, he successfully negotiated a treaty of friendship and alliance between the Confederate government and the Creek Indians, on the North Creek of the Canadian river, in the Creek Nation. On August 1, 1861, he concluded a similar treaty at the Council House in the Seminole Nation with the Indians of that tribe; on August 12, 1861, one with the Comanches of the Prairies and Staked Plains, signed at the Washita agency; one with other tribes of Comanches and

*The boundary line road between Arkansas and the Indian territory.

†*John Ross and the Cherokee Indians*, by Eaton, Menasha, Wis., 1914.

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Wichitas on August 12, 1861; one with the Osages, at Park Hill in the Cherokee Nation, October 2, 1861; and one with the Senecas and Shawnees, at the same place, on October 4, 1861.*

John Ross (Kee-wee-koo-we), the noted Scotch-Cherokee Chief of the Cherokees for forty years, received General Pike with great courtesy, but at first took a firm stand of neutrality for his tribe, saying that his people were under no obligations to the United States; that it was "a white man's fight and no concern of the Indians." However, he was finally forced into a change of sentiment, by the failure of his attempt to form an independent Indian Confederacy, and because of the importunities of his followers, who were disappointed at the treatment received on the part of the Federal government. A meeting of the Cherokees was called, the Federal government was abandoned by them, and, on the stipulated condition that the Confederates would guarantee to pay them an amount equal to their invested funds, a treaty was signed between Ross, as Principal Chief, and Pike, with much ceremony, on October 7, 1861.

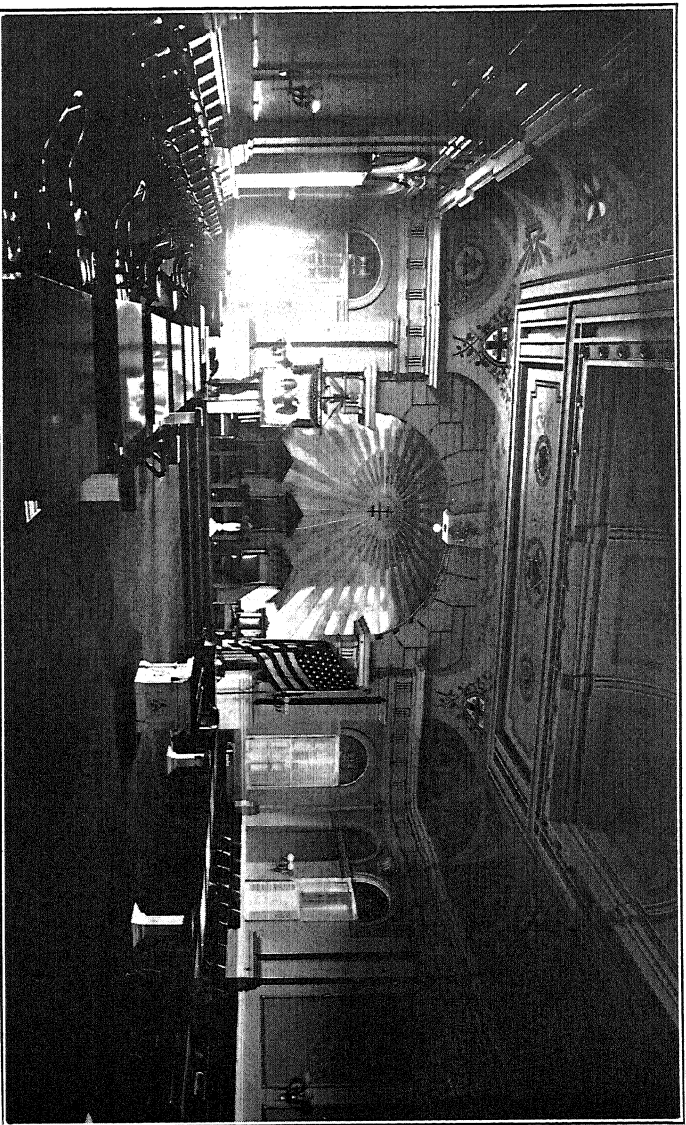
The fortunes of all these tribes were cast with the Confederacy, through Pike's efforts. Where he could not secure their co-operation, he did good service in gaining their neutrality, in the case of those not included in the treaties. He also recruited a brigade of Cherokees.

*These treaties were confirmed by the Provisional Congress, while Pike was present at the sitting at Richmond, but they were not fully carried out by the Confederate Government.

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The great state of Oklahoma of today, which grew out of the Indian Territory, owes gratitude to the memory of Albert Pike. He prophesied its future. In pointing out to the Confederate government reasons for the ratification of his treaties, he dwelt on its fertile soil, its vast prairies, fine streams, mineral resources and splendid scenery, which he said would some day make it *the very finest state in the Confederacy*. "The concessions made to the Indians," he said, "are really far more for *our* benefit than for *theirs*, and that it is *we*, a thousand times more than they, who are interested to have this country, the finest, in my opinion, on the continent, opened to settlement and formed into a state." Mr. Lobingier states that it is hardly probably that the entire Confederate archives contain a more carefully prepared and informing state paper than Pike's report on his mission to the Indians. "It was," he said, "the statesmanlike product of a constructive mind which sensed in this mission the opportunity of a lifetime to lead the Indians in a long stride toward peace and progress, and lay the foundation of a civilized state in which they should fully share."

In the beginning of the war, at an army camp at Fort McCulloch, on Bluff river, a few miles east of old Fort Washita, which Pike is credited with having built and named, there was gathered a large delegation of the consolidated wild and roving tribes of Kiowa, Comanche and Cherokee Indians. They had been summoned as allies to a council by Pike. "It was a wonderful sight to see these Indians, as they



*Harris & Ewing Photo.
Supreme Council Senate Chamber, Scottish Rite, Washington City.*

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sat in a semi-circle in front of General Pike's large office tent all day long, gazing at his striking and majestic person, as he sat writing, reading or smoking—they seemed to reverence him as a god," says W. E. Woodruff, Jr., in his book, *With the Light Guns*.*

As indicated, by special orders from Richmond, Va., he had been assigned to the command of the Indian troops already enlisted and to be raised within the limits of the department, but it was his understanding that the Indians were to be used for defense in their own country only. In December, 1861, Gen. Van Dorn ordered the Indians into Kansas. Pike protested to Richmond. In February, 1862, while Pike was at Fort Gibson, the Federal troops under General Curtis invaded Arkansas. General McCulloch marched to meet them, and General Van Dorn ordered Pike to join him with his whole force. Parts of two Cherokee regiments had already gone to Arkansas. The remainder of the Cherokee and the Choctaw troops were delayed; the Creeks would not move, because they had not been paid off, and under the treaty made with them by Pike they could not be compelled to leave the Territory without their consent. He left Fort Gibson with a squadron of Indians and some Texans belonging to the first Choctaw and Chickasaw regiments, and overtook the Cherokee troops which had already reported at the Arkansas line. He experienced much difficulty in congregating

*Central Printing Co., Little Rock, 1903.

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and moving his undisciplined forces, as he reported to the department. These Indians under Pike's command took part in several skirmishes, and on the third day of the march a battery of the enemy was encountered. Pike captured some guns from the Federals and caused them to retreat. With his forces he joined General Van Dorn's army just in time (the evening before, in fact), to participate in the battle at Pea Ridge, Washington county, Arkansas, on March 7-8. This engagement is known as the Battle of Elkhorn—so-called from the name of a tavern near the battlefield. There were engaged in this encounter approximately 15,000 Confederates, under Van Dorn, and 20,000 Federals, commanded by Gen. Samuel R. Curtis. Pike's contingent consisted of some 1,000 men, all Indians except one squadron. The battle was fought contrary to Pike's judgment and against his advice. It terminated unsuccessfully to the Confederates—partly on account of the superior force of the adversary, but principally it seems because Van Dorn's command ordered a withdrawal at the wrong time. The Confederates early repulsed the Federals at every point, but became disconcerted finally by the loss of two of their greatest generals, James McIntosh and Ben McCulloch, who, together with about 1,000 Confederate soldiers, were killed in this engagement. Pike said that he had no opportunity to discipline his troops or to give them any orders previous to the action, and not only that, but he had never had any previous command, and as the Indians were not properly armed, he was placed in a very

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unenviable and disadvantageous position. In the fighting his forces captured a battery of the enemy, but, as shots from the Federal cannon flew over the heads of the Indians, shattering limbs of trees which fell into their midst, followed by exploding shells, many of the Indians broke and ran, and Pike said some of them never stopped running until they reached their homes, hundreds of miles away. "The Indian does not fight in the open," said Pike; "he must have a log, a tree or a rock behind which to hide." He had proven himself friendly to the Indians, but he knew that these particular Indians, at least, were not adapted to civilized warfare.

When Gen. Ben McCulloch was killed on the field of battle, Gen. James McIntosh, commanding the Arkansas cavalry, succeeding in command, was himself killed, while Col. Lewis Herbert of Louisiana, next in command, was captured. Pike, although commanding a detached regiment, due to these serious casualties, was nominally next in command;* but, while McCulloch and McIntosh fell before noon, he was unaware of it until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He attempted to gather up his troops and hurl them against the enemy, but by this time his Indians had become demoralized and would pay no attention to anybody's commands. By night he decided to abandon the field and try to lead such of his troops as he could to the main flank of Van Dorn's army. Some of his force marched to Bentonville.

**Arkansas in War and Reconstruction*, by Prof. D. Y. Thomas, 1926.

CHAPTER XV.

HIS QUARREL WITH THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS—
AN ORDER FOR HIS ARREST—THE CHARGE THAT HE
PERMITTED INDIANS TO MISTREAT UNION
PRISONERS.

Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land!
Let not thy hoofs trample our golden strand!
Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills!
Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless wheels,
Nor let our grain be trod with armed heels!
—To Mars, from Pike's *Hymns to the Gods*.

THE Arkansas battle of Elkhorn was peculiar by reason of the presence of Indian auxiliaries, and Pike's connection with it has occasioned unjust criticism of him by the historians. It is clear that Pike was not responsible for the Indians being there, and he said they had no business to be there. One critic charged, incredibly, that Pike at this battle, "maddened them (the Indians) with liquor to fire their savage natures, and, with gaudy dress and a large plume on his head, disregarding all the usages of civilized warfare, led them in a carnage of savagery, scalping wounded and helpless soldiers, and committing other atrocities too horrible to mention."* Lossing's history states that "Pike's Indians, who had been maddened with liquor before the battle, tomahawked and scalped a number of Nationals;"

*Cerneau pamphlet, quoted by Lobingier in the *New Age Magazine*.

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and the conservative Fiske speaks of the Indians in this battle having been "under the lead of an adventurer from Massachusetts named Albert Pike," although mentioning no atrocities by his command. Those who knew Pike, of course, do not believe that he would have countenanced such barbarities as are mentioned. Union officers reported that men were scalped* and mutilated, but those officers did not connect Pike in any way with the inhumanities. What happened was the unavoidable result of the existing condition. He said in his own behalf:

It never occurred to me that the Cherokees still continued the custom of scalping. Just after the charge, a half-breed, riding rapidly by a wounded man, at some distance from me, shot at and killed him, but passed too soon out of sight to be recognized.

I do not remember how I was first informed that bodies had been scalped; but immediately I heard it, I called on Surgeon Edward L. Massie, medical director, who was over the whole ground soon after the charge, and attended to the wounded, for information on the subject; and he reported that they found one body which had been scalped; that it had evidently been done after life was extinct, probably late in the afternoon.

Angry and disgusted, I at once issued a general order, stating the killing of the wounded man which I had seen, and the fact that scalping had been done, characterizing both as inhuman and barbarous, and prohibiting them. A copy of this order I sent by flag of truce to General Curtis, who acknowledged its receipt.

Soon after I learned that a white man, bugler of the 1st Choctaw and Chickasaw regiment, had killed a prisoner or

*Eight scalped heads are said to have been found on the battlefield.

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wounded man, and I ordered him arrested and tried. The offence was not proven, and he escaped. * * * * In the border warfare kept up in the Chickasaw country, inhumanities may have been committed. If they were, they never came to my knowledge, and would surely have been condemned by me, if they had. To no man on earth are such deeds more abhorrent; and it was therefore that I was at all times opposed to irregular, lawless or guerilla warfare. Cruelty and the barbarities that so much add to the horrors of war are equally contrary to my nature and forbidden by my solemn vows.**** If any inhumanity was ever practiced upon prisoners in the Indian country, while I was in command, it was wholly unknown to me. I never heard of anything of the kind.*

Northern men, and even Northern Masons, have evidenced animosity toward Pike on account of his activities during the Civil War, or because of misrepresentation of his deeds. But there is plenty of corroborated evidence, that he never acted an unmanly, ungenerous or cruel part. And as to Northern soldiers, there is more than one instance of his having befriended them. Bishop's *Loyalty on the Frontier*, a book written by a Northern man, relates Pike's consideration of a soldier of the Union army, who had been captured as a spy by the Confederates, convicted and sentenced to be hung. The record of the case was sent to General Pike for supervision as commanding officer. He examined the case, and, finding that the offence was committed in Missouri, without prejudice, in a judicial way, he decided that as Missouri was conquered territory in possession of the Federal

*Sworn statement of August 4, 1865, Adjutant General's Files U. S., quoted by Lobingier.

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government, the Arkansas department was without jurisdiction, and the man was entitled to the treatment of other prisoners of war.

Pike's opposition to employing the Indians outside of the Indian country, and his actions in resentment of what he considered unjust treatment at the hands of his superior officers, subsequently subjected him to an order of arrest by military authorities. It will have been seen that while he had been appointed a brigadier-general, which would imply military duty, and was in command of an Indian brigade, he was in the first place and principally an ambassador to the Indians. He was authorized to make treaties with them, and to try to prevent them from forming connections with the Federals or from being used by them, instead of to use them in attacking Federals. Gen. Thomas C. Hindman,* who had succeeded the dead General McCulloch, as commander of the Arkansas, Missouri and Indian Territory division of the Trans-Mississippi department, although one of Arkansas' most noted men, and a brave soldier, was inclined to be fussy and arbitrary, and in Pike's opinion had encroached upon his rights. Pike felt that he had had enough of an unfair and suicidal policy at Pea Ridge. After the defeat there, he had gone to and established headquarters at Fort McCulloch, in the southwest corner of the Choctaw Nation. After various delays and an advance by the Federals

*General Hindman, after surviving service in the Mexican War and in the Confederate Army, and having had his horse shot from under him once, was assassinated at Helena in 1863, after he had retired to private life.

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known as the Lane Expedition, 5,000 strong, had entered the Cherokee territory, to attempt to coerce them to return to the support of the United States, and while the Indian country was in a desperate condition, Hindman issued unceremonious orders to Pike to march into and assume responsibilities in Kansas and other places outside of the Territory. This angered him. Pike insisted that his was a separate and independent command, by direct appointment from Richmond, instead of an appanage of Arkansas, as the commanding general sought to make it. He realized his unfitness with the material at hand to comply with Hindman's orders, and furthermore believed his forces were needed in the Indian Territory. It seems that he still had several thousand men under him at various points, all of whom were not Indians. One reason that has been assigned for his refusal to move them when ordered to do so, was that they were to go to the assistance of Gen. J. S. Roane, then commander of the Arkansas defense forces. He had fought a duel with Roane after the Mexican War, and it was supposed that he might harbor ill feelings against him,* but the assumption is hardly worthy of credence. Some writers have asserted also that he sulked in his tent, but sulkiness was not one of his characteristics. Any way, he disregarded Hindman's order after it had been peremptorily repeated several times, to finally resign when he was censured. Angloss M. Cooper succeeded to his command. Pike

**Arkansas in War and Reconstruction*, by Prof. D. Y. Thomas, page 139.

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had previously written President Davis that if the Indians were ordered out of the Territory again, he would resign. During the remainder of the war he was a non-combatant.

Pike's mighty wrath over his treatment is evidenced by a lengthy, vitriolic communication which he addressed on December 30, 1862, to Major-General Theophilus H. Holmes, who was Hindman's superior officer, and which letter was published in the *Arkansas Patriot*.

Referring to a loan of \$50,000 from the Quartermaster of the Indian Territory which Holmes secured for Hindman's troops, to be returned as soon as funds were received from Richmond, the letter tersely states, "You got the money, but you did not keep your promise." And he asks, "Was this violation of your promise the act of the Government?"

The second indictment was that, to replace clothing he (Pike) had procured for the Indians, in December, 1861, and which with nearly 1,000 tents, fell into the hands of the Federals, 6,500 suits, 3,000 shirts, 3,000 pairs of drawers, and some 200 or 300 tents, which he procured by sending an agent to Richmond and to Georgia, had been intercepted by Holmes, and Pike's Quartermaster also detained when he came to obtain them.

"You borrow part of the money, and then seize the rest, like a genteel highwayman, who first borrows all he can from a traveler, on a promise of punctual re-payment, and then claps a pistol to his head

and orders him to 'stand and deliver' the rest," wrote Pike.

"Why did you and General Hindman not procure by your own exertions what you need for your troops?" he asked. "You came here in August, I sent my agents to Richmond for money and clothing in June and July. I never asked either of you for anything. I could procure for my command all I wanted. You and he were Major Generals; I only a Brigadier, *and Brigadiers are as plentiful as blackberries in their season.* It is to be supposed that if I could procure money, clothing and supplies for Indians, you and he could do so for white troops. Both of you come blundering out to Arkansas with nothing, and supply yourselves with what I procure. Some officers would be ashamed so to supply deficiencies caused by their own want of foresight, energy or sense."

He went on plainly to charge Holmes and Hindman with imposing upon the Indians—to "rob, to disappoint, to outrage and exasperate them, and make the government fraudulent and contemptible in their eyes." "And," says he, "if any human action can deserve it, the hounds of hell ought to hunt your soul and Hindman's for it, through all eternity."

He had this to say for himself:

From the time when I entered the Indian country in May, 1861, to make treaties, until the beginning of June, 1862, when General Hindman, in the plentitude of his self-conceit and folly, assumed absolute control of the military and other affairs of the Department of the Indian Territory—and

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commenced plundering it of troops, artillery and ammunition, dictating military operations, and making the Indian Territory an appanage of Northwestern Arkansas, there was profound peace throughout its whole extent. Even with the wild Comanches and Kiowas I had secured friendly relations. An unarmed man could travel in safety and alone, from Kansas to Red river, and from the Arkansas line to the Wichita mountains. The Texan border had not been as perfectly undisturbed for years. We had 5,500 Indians in service, under arms, and they were as loyal as our own people, little as has been done by anyone, save myself, to keep them so, and much has been done by others to alienate them. They referred all their difficulties to me for decision, and looked to me alone to see justice done them, and the faith of treaties preserved. * * * *

You dare to pretend, sir, that I might be disloyal, or, even in thought, couple the word treason with my name! What peculiar merit is it in you to serve on, once in this war? You were bred a soldier and your only chance for distinction lay in obtaining promotion, in the army, and in the Confederacy. You were a Major or something of the sort, in the old army, and you are a Lieutenant-General. Your reward, I think for what you have done is sufficient.

I was a private citizen, over 50 years of age, and neither needing nor desiring military rank or civil honors. I accepted the office of Commissioner at the President's solicitation. I took that of Brigadier-General, with all the odium that I knew would follow it, and fall on me as the leader of Indians, knowing there would be little glory to be reaped, and wanting no promotion, simply and solely to see my pledges to the Indians carried out; to keep them loyal to us; to save their country to the Confederacy, and to preserve the western frontier of Arkansas and the northern frontier of Texas from devastation and desolation.

What has been my reward? All my efforts have been rendered nugatory, and my attempts even to collect and form an army, frustrated by the continual plundering of my supplies and means by other Generals, as your and their deliberate

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efforts to disgust and alienate the Indians. You all disobey the President's orders, and treat me as a criminal for endeavoring to have them carried out. The whole country swarms with slanders against me, and at last, because I felt constrained reluctantly to assume command, after learning that the President would not accept my resignation, I am ordered to be taken from Tishomingo to Washington, Arkansas, a prisoner, under guard, it having been deemed necessary, to effect the same, to send 250 armed men into the Indian country to arrest me.**** Verily I have my reward also, as Hastings has his, for winning India for the British Empire. It is *your* day now. You sit above the laws and domineer over the Constitution. "Order reigns in Warsaw." But bye and bye there will be a just jury impaneled, who will hear *all* the testimony and decide impartially—no less a jury than the people of the Confederate States, and for their verdict as to myself, I and my children will be content to wait; as also for the sure and stern sentence and universal malediction, that will fall like a great wave of God's just anger on you and the murderous miscreant by whose malign promptings you are making yourself accursed.

In closing this letter, he wrote, "Whether I am *respectfully yours*, you will be able to determine from the contents," and it was signed, "Albert Pike, *Citizen* of Arkansas."

In addition to his caustic communication to Major-General Holmes, while smarting under criticism, and backed by a sentiment at home that resented General Hindman's tactics, Pike boldly issued this remarkable address to his Indian followers, giving expression to his complaint in a characteristic manner, and sending a copy of it, together with a lengthy letter, to President Davis, at Richmond:

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To the CHIEFS AND PEOPLE OF THE CHEROKEES, CREEKS, SEMINOLES, CHICKASAWS AND CHOCTAWS:

I have resigned the command of the Indian Territory, and am relieved of that command. I have done this because I received on the 11th of this month, an order to go out of your country to Fort Smith and Northwestern Arkansas, there to remain and organize troops and defend the country; a duty which would have kept me out of the country for months.

When I made treaties with you, I promised you protection by a sufficient force of white troops, and I consented to take command here to give you that protection. The President gave me all I asked. I procured infantry soldiers, enough arms, ammunition, clothing, shoes, cannon and everything necessary to my troops.

General Van Dorn, in March, took from me, at Fort Smith and Little Rock, two regiments of my infantry, six of my cannon, all of my cannon powder and many rifles, and let his soldiers take nearly all the coats, pantaloons, shirts, socks and shoes I had procured for you. By other orders, all the rest of my infantry, and all the artillery except one company with six guns have been taken away, and that company with its six guns has been ordered to Fort Smith, with the last armed man from Arkansas. (Then follows his contention that he would have been false to his charge if he had gone into Arkansas to take charge of the troops there.) I tried in vain to get men enough from Arkansas and Texas to prevent an invasion of the Cherokee country. You can see now at Cantonment Davis all the white troops I was allowed to have. You will plainly see that with them, if they had been in the Cherokee country, 2000 or 3000 of the enemy could at any time have driven them away, and while they are there, if I could have kept them there, what would have kept the northern troops and hostile Creeks and other Indians from coming down to the Deep Fork and North Fork of the Canadian and driving out our friends from the Creek and Seminole country? * * * * The President and government are not to blame for this; nor am I; nor am I to blame because your troops

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have not been paid. Moneys have been sent to us long ago, and stopped on the way, just as your clothing has, and the arms and ammunition I provided for you. By and by these things will all be remedied. To make it certain that this shall be done, and that you shall have justice done you, and your rights preserved, I have resigned, in order to go to Richmond and make known to the President the manner in which you have been treated. As far as in my power, every dollar due your troops and to the people shall be paid.***

REMAIN TRUE, I EARNESTLY ADVISE YOU, TO THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND YOURSELVES. DO NOT LISTEN TO ANY MEN WHO TELL YOU THAT THE SOUTHERN STATES WILL ABANDON YOU. THEY WILL NOT DO IT.

Albert Pike.

This address, which it is plain could easily be construed to his disadvantage, was an ingenious appeal to the Indians, with whom Pike had made treaties which he felt had been disregarded in a measure by others who represented the Confederate government. He held Van Dorn and Hindman responsible for this condition, instead of the government at Richmond. He desired to live up to his responsibilities as an ambassador to the Indian wards, but did not want to use them in warfare unless in his judgment such was feasible; and he considered that he had justifiable reasons for resisting Hindman's order.

General Hindman followed the iron rule of military discipline, and would admit of no dictation. As he saw it, Pike was a Confederate brigadier-general, under his command. He had ordered him to the front, and the order had been disobeyed. There-

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fore, he would place him under arrest and strip him of his arms. The order for Pike's arrest was issued by Col. D. H. Cooper, who said that Pike was either insane or a traitor. The order authorized the use of a large force, under a field officer with thirty rounds of ammunition, to effect the arrest. Hindman's superior, General Holmes, approved the order, stating that Pike's proclamation, under pretext of sustaining the government, had led the Indians to believe they had been betrayed and deserted by the general in command.

However, Pike was not actually arrested. The officer to whom the order of arrest was given, who, it seems, was his old antagonist, Roane, considerably allowed him to be informed of the impending blow. He was granted a leave of absence, and repaired to Little Rock to visit his family, pending action on his resignation. Reporting in person to General Holmes, he challenged General Hindman's authority to command in matters not strictly military, and on August 23, 1862, he officially preferred charges against Hindman before the Confederate government at Richmond.

In closing a communication to the Arkansas members of the Confederate Congress, in which he reviewed the actions of Hindman and Holmes, he made this display of caustic and sarcastic language, which, with numerous other examples of his voluminous correspondence, on every subject under the sun, tend again to prove that his forte was writing, instead of fighting:

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These charges were true, and they involve dishonor. General Holmes does not dare to deny them. Yet they remain unnoticed, and he retains command in Arkansas.

The Netherlands, under the Spanish Duke of Alva, were subjected to a tyranny more bloody, but not more insolent, ignoble and brutal, than your State of Arkansas under General Hindman. He assumed and exercised all the powers of despotism, and was for months as absolute a tyrant, and as complete an autocrat as Peter the First of Russia; and if he had resorted to torture and the stake, though his tyranny would have been more savage and barbarous, it would not have been more illegal and degrading. He stamped upon both Constitutions, of the State and of the Confederate States, at once. He dethroned the laws and deposed the judiciary. He clothed his minions, the Provost Marshals, with all the powers of government, and they were empowered to create a criminal code, make new offences, fix and measure the punishment, try the offenders and execute their own judgments.

It has indeed been said that *inter arma leges silent*; but it was said when Rome, that had *once* been free, was submitting to the hateful embraces of military despotism. The laws were indeed silent amid the clash of arms when Marius and Sylla and Caesar, and at last the cruel, insincere, treacherous, remorseless villian, Octavius, by turns, made "the will of the commanding general the law" of Rome. Cromwell enforced this species of martial law in Ireland and England, and Napoleon in France; but the French *Revolutionary* generals were supervised and watched by civil commissioners sent from Paris, by whom they could be deposed. The civil authorities have never been deposed in any country, for any length of time, without imperial or other despotism following. When did the civil power of Venice yield to the military? When did a general dare to make his imperial will the law in the Republic of Switzerland?

Was there ever another man competent to so ably defend himself with the pen?



(Drawn and engraved for the Masonic Mirror & Keystone. Copy in Pike collection of the Supreme Council, A. & A., Scottish Rite of Freemasonry.)

Albert Pike in a regalia of the 32°, 1853-54.

At the time this drawing was made (1853) General Pike was also serving as Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., of Arkansas.

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Pike's protest and the unpopularity of Hindman were aired in the Confederate Congress, in connection with the suspension of the *habeas corpus* and the question of conscription under martial law in Arkansas. The forceful Henry S. Foote of Tennessee led an outburst against the actions of Hindman in Arkansas, and read a pamphlet which Pike had written on the subject. Taking the side of Pike, Foote declared that Hindman was even worse than that "beast General Butler, who was only charged with oppressing the avowed enemies of the government, while Hindman, if guilty, had practiced cruelties unnumbered on his people."

Pike's explanations appear to have been satisfactory, as the unpleasantness ended, although President Davis is said to have censured him for issuing his intemperate circular. General Hindman subsequently acknowledged to President Davis in effect that he acted without authority with regard to Pike, but justified himself by stating that he found the state without law officers, and, having the requisite force, had instituted a government, *ad interim*, which aroused complaints through the taking of extreme measures which he deemed necessary at the time.

Pike participated in activities of the war other than those mentioned, with credit to himself. His command ended November 11, 1862, by resignation.* He said that he was not fit for military service, any way. He weighed too much and found inconvenience

*Records U. S. War Department, but he actually resigned in July.

in riding about on horseback. After that time the Indian country was lost to the Confederacy, although some Indians continued in the service until the actual close of hostilities. His daughter, Lilian, states that, although his resignation was precipitated by the clash with superior officers, his action was really due to the fact that he became sick and tired of being commanded by men of inferior intellect and subjected to injustices. He was as proud as Lucifer, and could not bear subordination.

The indignities which he suffered at the hands of General Hindman rankled in his breast for a long time, and his experiences caused him to have a general disrespect for military affairs. He is quoted as having said, years afterward:

Military genius no longer has the rank it once had. It has been found to exist among the Boers and the Zulus, and to be no means inconsistent with baseness, cruelty and a sordid rapacity. Bismarck, Castelar, Cavour and Gladstone, are greater names than even Von Moltke, Garibaldi and Wellington. The kings of science, too, hold higher rank than the mob of European generals whose names are wholly unknown a little way from home. The memory of Suvaroff dwindles into insignificance by the side of that of Darwin or Father Secchi.*

He wrote an account of his connection with the Battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, which was published in *Le Bree*, and also in the *History of the Confederate Soldier in the Civil War*," p. 64-67.

*Transactions of Supreme Council Scottish Rite, quoted by Lobingier.

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It is said that when the Union army attacked Little Rock, Gen. Thomas H. Benton, then in command, held him in such high regard that he had a guard posted to protect Pike's home and Masonic library, but not soon enough to prevent the house from being pillaged and robbed of many of the mementoes and treasures of a life time.

Pike had a faithful slave and bodyguard named Brutus. Yvon Pike states that when his father and his forces were about to join the other troops before the battle of Elkhorn, General Pike, believing that they would have to retreat and might be overwhelmed, gave Brutus a carpet bag containing \$63,000 in gold, which his son, Walter, had brought to him from the Confederate Treasury at Richmond, with which to pay off the troops. He told Brutus if they did retreat, to go up a certain creek and hide with the money. Two days later, after the battle, Brutus rode into camp with the bag of money. General Pike rewarded him by offering him his freedom, but Brutus said, "Marse Albert, I don't want to leave you." So Pike told him he could remain with him, but would be free.*

In the poem, *Reflections*, he bares his heart in regard to war, and declares his intention henceforth to dedicate himself to other services:

*Letter from Yvon Pike to the author.

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Out on this wretched party-war!
Where the best weapons, trick, chicane,
And perjury and cunning are,—
Its picked troops, scoundrelism's train—
Where baser men outweigh the best,
Lies always over truth prevail,
Wisdom by numbers is oppressed,
Knavery at Virtue dares to rail,
Slanders the brightest name assail;
Victory in such a war humbles the victor's crest.

Henceforth, myself I dedicate
To other service. Let me read
Thy pages, Nature—though so late
Thy voice of reprimand I heed.
From bud and leaf, from flower and bloom,
From every fair created thing,
Thy teachings will my soul illumine,
So long in darkness slumbering;
That when to life's bright sunny Spring,
Autumn succeeds, it may not all my hopes entomb.

His war song, *Dixie*, shows how strong his feelings were in regard to the Southern cause. There is all the fire of his ardent emotions in this verse:

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all your hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!

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To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices;
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

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Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to submit or falter;
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

Halt not until our Federation
Secures among Earth's powers its station!
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Then at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon will bring them gladness;
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away tomorrow.
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

The editor of *The World's Best Music*, (University Society, New York, 1900), in reproducing the words and music of his *Dixie*, says, "the only version of the famous song which has the least literary merit is the original one we give, which was written by Gen. Albert Pike." The more catchy words of the

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minstrel, however, continue to be sung, while the patriotic lines of Pike are remembered perhaps by few.

A short distance from Washington, Hempstead county, Arkansas, there is pointed out to the visitor an old-fashioned frame building of the well-known Southern type—with a big veranda in front and a wide hall running through the center of it. It is in a sad state of decay. "That is where Albert Pike lived for a while at the close of the war," you will be told; "he transferred his library from Little Rock to that house, and it took two ox wagons to bring the books there." The big stack of books made a lasting impression on the people of that little neighborhood, and recourse to his books no doubt enabled Pike to forget in a measure the turmoil of the times.

After the close of the war, he wrote *A Lament for Dixie*, consisting of nine stanzas, one of which reads:

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas;
 Dear the tattered flag of Dixie;
Dear the field of honor glorious,
Where, defeated or victorious,
 Sleep the immortal dead of Dixie.

During the great confusion that existed in Arkansas after the fall of Little Rock and the retirement of the Confederate army—the organization of the constitutional state government, following the provisional government—the fights over registration laws, the contests between Republicans, or Unionists, and Democrats, or Conservatives; the swarming in of

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“Carpet-baggers,” the scramble for offices, the fear of negro domination, etc., Pike was among the notable Confederate leaders who advocated non-resistance and passive obedience to the new order where absolute rights were not at stake.*

*Thos. S. Staples, Ph. D., Hendrix College of Arkansas, in *Reconstruction in Arkansas*.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE IS SAID TO HAVE BECOME A RECLUSE FOR A TIME—
VARIED EXPERIENCES—HIS PERSONAL BEREAVEMENTS
—EFFORTS TO OBTAIN A PARDON FOR HIS ACTIVITIES
IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—REMOVAL TO
WASHINGTON CITY.

How well the time accordeth with the soul!
Autumn is in the heart; and these sere woods,
These winds that coldly through the valley roll,
These dull, blue clouds, these withered solitudes,
Gray weeds and falling leaves, do all resemble
The lonely season on the soul that broods.

—From Pike's *Brown October*.

AT THE close of the Civil War and for several years thereafter, General Pike seemed filled with a great restlessness. He attempted many lines of activity but for the first time in his life persisted in but few. His term as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was a brief one, by appointment, begun when Judge H. F. Fairchild resigned and moved to St. Louis. The war had broken up previous connections and brought many sorrows. His property at Little Rock had been confiscated by the United States government, as was the case with other prominent Confederates; and he could not practice law because to do so he must take an oath, called the "Test Oath," to the effect that he had not aided or abetted the Confederacy or been disloyal to the Federal government. He had suffered sad personal bereavements.

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When he left home for the West in 1831, he left a large number of relatives behind him. By the year 1838, only his mother was left. Those at home had consisted of his father and mother and four sisters, the youngest 10 years old. His grandparents, an uncle Thomas, and his uncle Richard, his father's twin brother, probably lived with his parents. Late in 1831, his Uncle Richard died, in 1832 his father and his sister Ann, and in 1833 his grandmother and his 17-year-old sister, Adeline. In 1838, his two sisters, Sarah, who was married and left a little son, Albert Thomas; and Frances, the youngest, also passed away.*

There is a pathetic little story connected with the death of his sister, Frances, a fair bloom of a girl. Reference has been made to two mementoes that Albert Pike charged his descendants to reverence and preserve. One was the Bible already mentioned. The other was an unfinished sampler which had belonged to little Frances. In the needlework of the sampler was wrought the words of the last stanza of the hymn, *Come, Holy Spirit, Celestial Dove*, and underneath it were placed the words, "Frances H. Pike, born February 15, 1821, aged 11 Years." Death stayed the hands of the one who wrought it, and the needle remains below in the unfinished pattern. General Pike is said by his granddaughter to have reverently carried this sampler with him in all the wanderings of

*Statement of his granddaughter, Mrs. R. M. Packard, West Newton, Mass.

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his early life. It is now in the beautiful home of his son, Yvon Pike, at Leesburg, Va.

The nephew of the General, Albert Thomas Pike, grew to manhood, and at the outbreak of the Civil War went to Little Rock to meet his uncle, after which he joined the Confederate navy, no doubt through the General's influence. He died in a hospital near Corinth during the war.

Pike's mother went to Little Rock to live with him after she lost her husband, but she was not happy away from her old home, and soon returned to Massachusetts, to afterwards marry Paul Pillsbury.

His nearest and dearest had fled. Of his immediate family, one son was drowned in the Arkansas river in 1859; another, Walter L., an officer in the Confederate service, was killed during the Civil War. His eldest daughter, Isadore, passed away on June 6, 1869, and on April 14, 1876, the "pitiless archer again sped an unerring dart," he said, at his small circle, when his wife died at Little Rock, after a lingering illness, which had clouded her mind. Her death cast the deepest gloom over his life, although harsh critics have accused him of at times having neglected her. If he did so at all, it could have been only in the way of enforced absence from her side. It will be seen that many misfortunes attended him, and the continual news of losses by death saddened him beyond measure, as reflected in several of his poems. His lovely song, *Love Blooms but Once*, expresses his sadness at this period:

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When Autumn's chilly winds complain
And red leaves, withered, fall,
We know that Spring will laugh again
And leaf and flower recall.

But when Love's saddening Autumn wears
The hues that death presage,
No Spring in Winter's lap prepares
A second golden Age.

So when life's Autumn sadly sighs,
Yet smiles its cold tears through,
No Spring, with warm and sunny skies,
The Soul's youth will renew.

Love blooms but once and dies—for all—
Life has no second Spring;
The frost must come, the snow must fall,
Loud as the lark may sing.

O, Love! O, Life! ye fade like flowers
That droop and die in June;
The present, ah! too short is ours,
And Autumn comes too soon!

Pike has left several accounts of how he spent the time after he resigned from the army until the close of the war, and there exist a number of other stories in regard to his movements, some of which are conflicting. In a letter dated June 24, 1865, to President Johnson, he states:

After my resignation was accepted, I lived in retirement until June, 1864, *suspected as disloyal to the South*, because of my known opposition to martial law and military usurpation, and of my Northern birth.*

*Letter to President Johnson, quoted by C. S. Lobingier.

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In a statement by him, dated August 4, 1865, on file in the office of the Adjutant General of the United States War Department, he wrote:*

Relieved of command in July, I had lived in private in Texas, where I aided in preventing the execution of a Union man sentenced by a committee in Fannin county, and was consequently charged with belonging to a secret society of Union men—a charge which was transmitted to Richmond. Retiring to private life, I remained in seclusion until June, 1864.

The incident mentioned is significant, as it is supposed to have been the basis of charges which have been made that he was engaged in movements at Grayson, Texas, that were disloyal to the Southern cause, as well as on the contrary that he took part in treasonable enterprises against the United States while in Texas.

In his manuscript reminiscences he made this reference:

I went down into Arkansas, and remained there during the war, (after his resignation) camping out in different places, but most of the time on Red river. Part of the time I was in Arkansas, and part of the time in Texas. As soon as the war ended, I went down to Shreveport, and saw General Herron. ****I told him that I had gone into the war with my eyes open; that I was in a slave state for one thing. I was not going to leave the country and go to Mexico. I told him I wanted to go north, and asked him if I needed passports or anything of that sort. He said, "No, go anywhere you like." So I took the steamboat to New Orleans. I was there a short

*Quoted by Mr. Lobingier.

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time, and afterwards took the steamboat up the river to Cairo. I did intend to stop at Memphis, but a Confederate officer came on board and told me that if I stopped at Memphis they would not allow me to go any farther.*

It has been stated many times that he spurned an unsolicited pardon by President Johnson for his part in the war, on account of its conditions; but it appears that he sought amnesty and accepted the pardon granted, which was obtained with much difficulty and after a long delay. Mr. C. S. Lobingier in the *New Age Magazine* for September, 1927, calls attention to the fact that in January, 1865, while the armies were yet in the field, and while Lincoln was still President, Pike proceeded to have his disabilities removed, and induced his friend Benjamin B. French, of Washington City, to intercede with the President and Attorney-General Speed in his behalf. French appealed for him in writing, enclosing a letter from Pike. On the following July 1, French wrote again, this time to President Johnson, who had succeeded the martyred Lincoln, enclosing a lengthy communication from Pike, dated at Memphis, and addressed to the President, in which Pike reviewed his course during and preceding the war. From Pike's letter the following extract is made:

I can advance no other special claim to clemency, than this (if it be one), common to many—that after long contending against the spirit of dis-union, and being wholly without ambition, I yielded reluctantly to an inexorable necessity,

*Ms. Reminiscences, p. 63, quoted by Mr. Lobingier.

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obeying my sincere convictions of right and duty, and not regarding the movement as treason or rebellion, but as the exercise of a lawful right; that rather than assist usurpation, I retired to private life; and that I always condemned all irregular warfare, violencies in individuals, inhumanities, persecutions and spoliations, and all other acts contrary to the rules of war between civilized nations. Thinking it an unworthy part to attempt to escape, I have voluntarily come from beyond the Mississippi, to submit to what you may determine.*

On July 6, 1865, French, indefatigable in his efforts to serve Pike, wrote a third letter to the President, this time enclosing a petition for Pike's pardon, signed by "some of the most respectable citizens of your own state," (the President's state of Tennessee). Another petition, signed by Masons from all parts of the country, dated New York, July, 1865, was also forwarded in his behalf. Pike at this time executed in New York an oath of allegiance to the United States before a notary public, which is also contained in the government files. While he was in New York, his enemies sought to have him arrested on the trumped-up charges of "inciting Indians to revolt" and for his supposed responsibility in connection with the atrocities committed at the battle of Elkhorn. Then he suddenly left for Canada, *via* Vermont—and it was at this time or just before—possibly on his return—that he stopped at his old home in Massachusetts. As his enemies were seeking to frustrate his efforts to obtain a pardon, he prepared at Ottawa, Canada, a lengthy statement of his actions, for the

*Adjutant General's Files, War Department, quoted by Lobingier.

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government, and made oath to it before a court official on August 4, 1865. President Johnson seems to have been satisfied that the charges against Pike were unfounded, for he issued the following document:

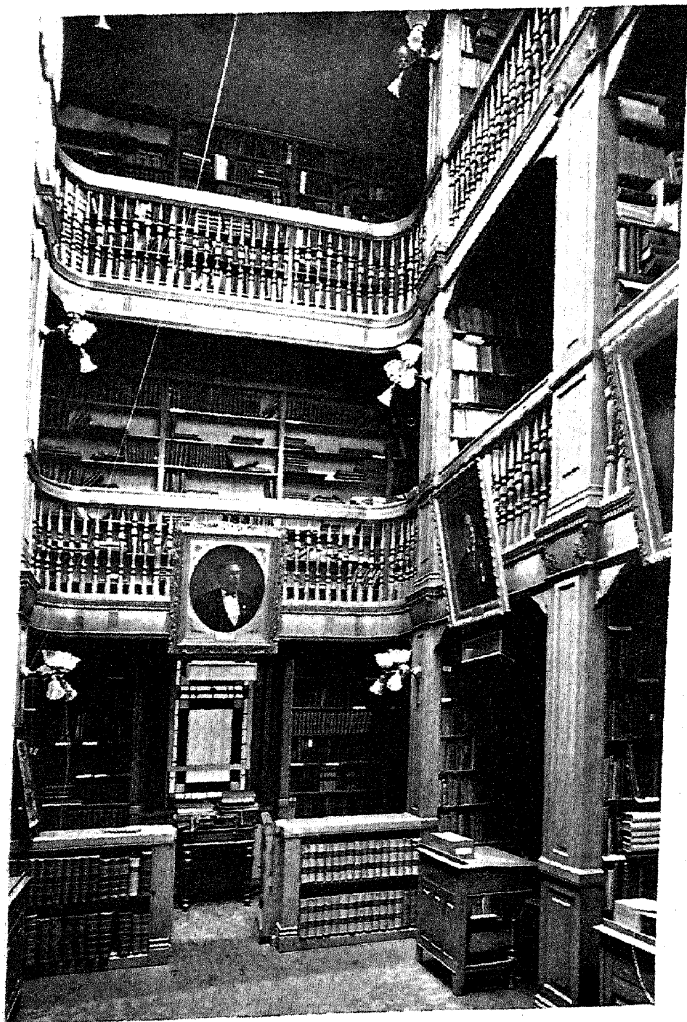
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C., Aug., 30, 1865.

Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is hereby permitted to return to his home, upon condition that he take the oath of allegiance, and gives his parole of honor to conduct himself as a loyal citizen of the United States; and while so conducting himself he will not be molested or interfered with by the civil or military authorities.

(Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON, *President, U. S.*

But his troubles were not over. In the meantime he heard that he had been indicted in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Arkansas, on charges growing out of his manifesto to the Indians. An old statute had been invoked, which provided that "Every person who sends any talk, message or letter to any Indian nation, tribe, chief, or individual, with an intent to produce a contravention or infraction of any treaty or law of the United States, or to disturb the peace or tranquility of the United States is liable to a penalty of \$2,000."

In addition to this, according to a letter which he wrote to French under date of December 18, 1865, urging him to press the President and Attorney-General Speed to grant him a pardon, his property to the amount of \$20,000 was sold under decree of confiscation, and proceedings were pending against



Old House of the Temple of the Scottish Rite, Washington City, in General Pike's lifetime.

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other property. "If I am not pardoned soon," he said, "I shall have nothing left. I have not troubled or importuned the President; and I think my friends can now again, with propriety, urge him to reinstate me in all except political rights."

Relying upon the one taken at New York, he had not again taken the oath of allegiance, but on December 23, 1865, he executed another before District Judge Henry C. Caldwell, at Little Rock, Ark. At the same time he wrote to Secretary of State Seward, enclosing a copy of the oath and parole, and asking the dismissal of the indictment against him.

He had already written to the President:

Proceedings have been instituted to confiscate part of my landed estate. I am willing to lose that. Nothing will be left me but my books. These, peculiarly dear to me, I pray the President to exempt from confiscation. I need not tell him *how* dear the books of a scholar are to him, nor why.

The love of books was one of the great passions of his life.

He appeared in court at Little Rock and in pleading his own case quoted the President's letter of August 30, 1865. He also wrote two briefs in support of his plea to be relieved of the confiscation proceedings, but to no avail. It was many years afterward that the reversionary interests of his heirs in his Arkansas lands were adjudicated, but it is said that he saved his books.

As late as 1866, efforts were still being put forth to obtain a pardon for him. On April 20 of that year,

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T. P. Shaffner of Kentucky wrote to Attorney-General Speed urging a pardon for him. Finally on the 22nd of the same month, Major Long, the President's Military Aide, wrote the Attorney General, "by order of the President," to "please send to this office warrant for pardon of Albert Pike of Ark." On the following day the officers and members of the Supreme Council of the A. & A. Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction, called on the President at the White House, "and, while the occurrences there do not appear in the Transactions," writes Mr. Charles Sumner Lobingier in the *New Age Magazine*, "the writer heard from the lips of Martin Collins that when Pike approached the President, the latter drew from his pocket an envelope which on being opened was found to contain a paper restoring the former to civil rights and constituting a complete pardon for his part in the Civil War."*

He had assured the President that he accepted, without reservation, that construction of the Constitution against which he had contended; had sworn to support the Constitution; would loyally keep the oath and bear true allegiance—and he observed his promises.

Ira C. Hopper, Secretary of State for Arkansas, 1920-24, states with some positiveness that Pike disappeared mysteriously from the walks of mankind for a time, only to reappear just as suddenly

*Credit is accorded Chas. Sumner Lobingier for his untiring efforts in running down the facts mentioned in connection with the pardon of Pike.

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and mysteriously. This is supposed to have been during the troublous period of his life which has been referred to. Mr. Hopper thus speaks of his retirement to a place called Greasy Cove, in Montgomery county, Ark.:

Among the mountains of a certain secluded and almost unknown section of Arkansas may be seen to-day the place where Albert Pike lived and worked during the unknown period of his life. Old settlers in the neighborhood remember the time when he lived in their midst for a while, and how he conducted himself,—wrote and studied, and the story has been handed down as a highly-prized tradition of the settlement.

This obscure neighborhood can be found about 18 miles west of Caddo Gap, in the southwest corner of the county, near the head-waters of the South Fork creek and Little Missouri river. Deep gorges, twisting ravines and narrow valleys, dotted everywhere with crystal springs and sparkling brooks, are all cut up and enclosed by steep and rough mountains, whose widely scattered passes make entry into this region practically inaccessible except for the more primitive modes of travel. The roughly wooded and primeval wilderness left here by nature makes this section almost unknown to people outside of the surrounding community, and it affords an ideal hiding place to any one seeking seclusion from the turmoil of the world. This maze of mountains, woods and ravines, is known to the people of that section as Greasy Cove.

Mr. Hopper admits that this place has never been recognized or even mentioned in the histories of Pike as having been his abode while he was supposed to be living in seclusion. "Yet," says he, "it is undoubtedly a fact, known to but few, that Pike did live in Greasy Cove for some time. Why he chose this place, no one seems to know. Old settlers will tell

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you, when questioned, how as children they remember his moving into their midst soon after the Civil War and living on a little farm a few miles below Little Missouri river, near what is now Albert post-office, coming among them silently, unheralded, and bringing with him negro servants, wagon loads of books and furniture—such as had never been seen in that section.”

It is unlike the character of Pike to be unsociable, but Mr. Hopper avers that little was ever known about his personality by the settlers, because he led a hermit-like life, seldom leaving his cabin, and having such necessities as he required brought to him. Such people as he did meet, he says, found him to be most courteous and polite. “I remember hearing my grandfather, Capt. R. S. Burke, of the Confederate service, speak of visiting him while he lived there,” says Mr. Hopper; “Grandfather was very proud of the General’s acquaintance, and often remarked that he was the most brilliant man he ever met. He used to tell how Pike would work, sitting at a table, with a dozen or more books before him; writing and translating different languages as fast as he could write.”

Dick Whisenhunt, son of Thomas Whisenhunt, the old settler who is said to have hewn the logs for the supposed Pike cabin, still lives within eight miles of what is known as the Pike farm. Dick was 15 years of age at the time when Pike is believed to have lived there. He tells people that he remembers Pike very well, and that he used to hear Pike and Captain Burke read articles to each other and compare notes

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on Masonic subjects. He recalls discussions between them in regard to what he calls the "Rosy Cross" and the "Prince of Jerusalem," to wonder at the time if that was what the preachers called Christ. Captain Burke was a member of the Amity, Arkansas, Masonic lodge, a man of more than average intelligence, and he is said to have looked after Pike's welfare in many ways.

According to these stories, Pike remained in the seclusion of Greasy Cove until one of the bands of roving and marauding jay-hawkers that infested many sections of the South at that time found its way there. Then, it is stated, after terrorizing the settlers, thieves visited Pike's place, destroyed his furniture, threw his books into the Little Missouri, and threatened his life. Pike was not a man who could be easily intimidated or imposed upon by anyone or by any set of men, yet Mr. Hopper states that soon thereafter Pike departed, and the people never saw him again. "To this day, though," relates this gentleman, "the people of that region point out to any inquiring visitor the site and ruins of the 'Old Pike Place,' as it is commonly called, and will lead the way to the spring, just below the old house, where the household obtained water." Mr. Hopper further states that, "before leaving the settlement Pike collected some of his books and carried them away with him. Many, however, were never found by him, and some were picked up in various places by the settlers, who preserved them religiously in their families as remembrances of the famous man's sojourn there. A

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cousin of mine lived on a homestead near the Pike place while he was there. One summer, while a student in college, I visited this cousin, and the family told me many incidents about the noted man's residence there. * * * * They showed me some of the General's books and magazines which had been reclaimed from the river. Among these I remember various books in different languages, as well as magazines from England and Scotland. My cousin gave me one of his old Greek books, which was discolored and stained by water. On the fly-leaf his name was inscribed in his own handwriting."

W. A. Ragland, a Mason, of Mena, Ark., in an article contributed to the *Masonic Light*, in November, 1925, makes the surprising statement that while there Pike wrote *three* books, *one* of which was *Morals and Dogma*. He quotes W. C. Rogers and J. W. Bishop, locally well-known lawyers, of Nashville, Ark., as authority for the statement. These gentlemen are doubtless relying upon tradition. One old admirer of Pike says that the Greasy Cove story is pure fiction. *Morals and Dogma* was copyrighted by Pike in 1871, and it is reasonable to suppose from the mass of references which it contains that when he made that book he was in close proximity to a great public library or at some place more favorable to literary composition than the backwoods. However, Mr. Ragland goes on to state that the land alluded to, with the exception of the smaller section on which the house was built, was purchased by Pike from the United States government in 1856; that the

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plot was bought from John B. Vaught. The land is described as the north half of the northwest quarter, and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 27, township 4 S., of range 27 W., Montgomery county, Arkansas. William Vaught, a son of the original owner of the small tract, is quoted by Mr. Ragland as having been present when Albert Pike paid the father of Vaught \$500 in gold and \$150 in Confederate money for it. This man still lives at Caddo Gap, and is said to recall the transaction by the fact that he had never before seen so much gold. After buying the farm, Pike is supposed to have made it into a mountain home. Whether these stories are authentic or not, Mr. Ragland has interested several Masonic lodges in a project to place a memorial there in honor of the great Mason. This site is included in the large stretch of mountain land comprising the proposed Ouachita National Park, which the people of Arkansas are making efforts to have the United States government establish. The old house which Pike is supposed to have occupied, the construction of which he is said to have personally supervised, was of hewn logs, and it survived the ravages of time until a few years ago, when it was torn down. But, through the efforts of Masonic admirers of the great sage and philosopher, assisted by residents of the section who take a natural pride in preserving everything that may have been connected with the state's most illustrious citizen, a complete description of the house has been obtained from those able to give it, a painting of

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the place has been sketched by an artist, and the house is to be restored as near like the original as possible. The location is at the foot of Pryor mountain, one of the small peaks in the Ouachita range. Close by flows the Little Missouri, a beautiful stream, which finds its head in a near-by mountain. The surrounding scenery is pretty, and the stream affords excellent fishing.

Although Pike may never have lived at the place with the unpoetic name of Greasy Cove, the stories of Messrs. Hopper and Ragland are plausible at least to the extent that the scene represented is one that would certainly have appealed to his love for nature unadorned; and a grey-headed old settler of Little Rock says that Pike and some of his bibulous companions, sometimes accompanied by women, and with a keg of whiskey in the wagon, occasionally resorted to an unidentified place in the mountain wilds, to indulge in a big spree.

Another version, told by one who knew him well, is that even before the war, after the trial of an important lawsuit, upon which perhaps he had been engaged for several weeks, it was his habit to return to his home, and, taking with him a cook and two or three body-servants, go to the woods of Pike county, Ark., instead of Montgomery county, or to some point on the Arkansas or White rivers, to indulge in the consumption of immense quantities of food and drink. It is said that he would go without food for several days while engaged in a case and that at its conclusion he would go off in this way and eat ham,

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turkey and vegetables in quantities sufficient to satisfy the appetites of half a dozen men. Anyway, it seems to have been a fact that after the war he tried in vain to find peace and happiness in several different spots. He spent some time in Canada, but there is scarcely any record of how he spent his time there. He made there an affidavit which has been referred to. He is quoted as having said that he was at Ottawa from July to October, 1865, and that "living was cheap there." At the same time it is learned that he found that his fame had preceded him there and the people were friendly to him. Of course, he could have been both in the Province of Ontario and at Greasy Cove at different times. Members of his family state that on his trip to Canada, he stopped at Byfield-Rowley, the scene of his boyhood days, celebrated in his *Farewell to New England*, and visited the old Fletcher house, in Warren street, where his father formerly lived. He asked Mrs. Fletcher for the boon of a drink of water from the old well from which he used to drink when a boy. A painting of this house and the well hung in the parlor of his daughter, Mrs. Lilian Roome, at Washington, until her death. His poem, *Home*, is reminiscent of that old house. A part of the verses is quoted:

Whoever hath
No pleasant recollection of the path
He paced to school, of the orchard, the old mill,
* * * * the clear cold streams
Where the trout lurks; who never in his dreams
Drinks from the bucket of the deep old well,

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Hath grown hard-hearted, needs must be unkind,
And deserves pity from the poorest hind.
All things whatsoever, that we see or hear,
Contain Home's image, and to eye and ear
Bring back old things. * * * *

The ancient well-sweep, older than my sire,
A stout and hale old age: the warm peat fire
Of winter nights, when out of doors the sleet
And drifting snow at door and window beat,
The brave old house fallen somewhat to decay
Yet sound to the core, lusty though mossed and gray,
With its dark rafters of good Yankee oak,
Seasoned by time and blackened by much smoke,
Familiar fields, walled 'round with massive rocks,
Where the autumn harvest stood in sheaves and shocks,
And every ancient and familiar thing,
That seemed to watch and love me, slumbering.

Albert Pike, the poet, asking for a drink of water at the old well—what a picture! The old home, in which his mother died, is still standing, and is marked for the benefit of sightseers. It is believed that when he left the home, where his father, mother and grandmother lived, he intended to return there to live, but he never did. Nor did he reside in Arkansas for any great length of time after he resigned from the Confederate army, but he visited Little Rock in 1866 and at other times.

It was upon his reappearance after having been in Canada and a recluse for a time, that he spent about two years in Memphis, Tenn., where he practiced law, and, perhaps at the same time, edited the *Memphis Appeal*, which was then one of Tennessee's foremost newspapers (afterward absorbed by the present

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Commercial-Appeal), for he was the editor of that newspaper in 1867-8, during the terrible Reconstruction period, when his old home state of Arkansas was in the worst sort of turmoil politically over election laws. Only across the river from Arkansas, and about 150 miles from Little Rock, he naturally looked over there and took an interest in those affairs; and he devoted considerable space in his paper to editorial discussions in regard to them. Contests between native Democrats and so-called Carpetbag Republicans were intense all over the South. The Arkansas state law provided that no person should be registered to vote who during the rebellion took the oath of allegiance to the United States, unless he could show that he had kept such oath inviolate. Many ex-Confederates were threatened with disfranchisement. An Arkansas Democratic newspaper declared that the state was ship-wrecked on an angry sea which threatened to devour the people—pirates bearing down upon them to torture and kill; and asked, "May we not righteously take any oath that saves us from such perils?" Another newspaper made bold to say that, "In the present political struggle we believe that the end will justify *any* means."

These are isolated quotations, but conditions were so disordered that the expressions quoted do not exaggerate the state of mind at the time. In fact, it is difficult to realize the horrible conditions that existed soon after the War Between the States, when men, like Pike, who had been rich, were deprived of their property. Republicans were in the saddle, play-

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ing a high hand, backed by Northern sentiment and imbued with the idea that they were dealing with rebels; the Confederates, crushed, believing that they were being imposed upon; and the new status of the negro so threatening to Southern institutions. But such revolutionary utterances as those quoted were hardly to be endorsed by the thoughtful, conservative Pike; and Gen. Powell Clayton, in his memoirs,* calls attention to the fact that the editorials in certain newspapers *were so shocking as to call forth from Albert Pike*—at that time the head of the Masonic fraternity, and a leading Democrat—a man whose life-size statue is accorded a prominent place at the National Capital among the distinguished citizens of America, *a severe stricture*, published in the *Memphis Appeal*, September 10, 1868, as follows:

Some gentlemen, and among them Col. John M. Harrell, of Little Rock, (editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*), are laying up for themselves "wrath against the day of wrath." We shall be at liberty to speak of it by and by. It is a little more than two months to the day of the election in November, after which no pledge of honor to party will any longer seal our mouths. Wait and see!—It seems to be the ambition of many political leaders to be damned by advising people oppressed by calamity to make the ways that lead directly downward to the hell of dishonor. We do not wonder that they point to the present profit that they are to reap as the fruit of crime.

No sophistry can disguise the fact that for one to swear that he will never attempt to deprive any negro of the right to vote, with the settled determination to change the Con-

**The Aftermath of the Civil War*, by Powell Clayton, N. Y., Neale, 1915.

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stitution of the state as soon as possible, so that this oath shall be no longer required, and to elect legislators who will deprive the negroes of the right of suffrage, is to swear with the purpose of perjury determined on. No such oath was taken because no such oath was required in Maryland. It is not standing on dead issues to advise the people not to do a shameful act, which will hardly be done ere it will be repented in sackcloth and ashes. The man who advises the people to such a crime will "build his coffin," and find death a relief from the ignominy that will overwhelm all such counsellors.

"I will be a swift witness against the false swearers," saith the Lord of Hosts. "They have spoken words, swearing falsely in making a covenant; thus judgment springeth up as hemlock in the furrows of the field." It is men who are deceivers—not the devil. The first and worst fraud is to cheat one's self.

While living in Memphis, he also served as president of the Tennessee Bar Association. He is traced there, too, through his poetry, among other pieces, having written for Mrs. Washington Barrow the poem, *My Native Land, My Tennessee*. This poem, however, was composed some years before he went to reside there.

The final move of the great Pike was from Memphis to Washington, D. C., in 1868, which resulted in his devoting the remainder of his days principally to the interests of Freemasonry, and particularly to the Scottish Rite. He continued to live at Washington for about 33 years, except for a brief residence in Alexandria, Va. The learned Judge U. M. Rose, in a sketch of Chester Ashley,* writes of a visit which he made to Pike at the latter place, and, with the re-

*Vol. 3 *Publications of the Ark. History Com.*

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mark that "no one could be more interesting in conversation," he quotes Pike's comments about the leaders and the events of the early days in Arkansas.

From 1868 to 1870, he was the editor of the *Patriot*, a Democratic newspaper, published at Washington City. That newspaper contained much of his best editorial and miscellaneous writings. It long since went to the newspaper graveyard.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS MASONIC CAREER.

As the bees do not love or respect the drones, so Masonry neither loves nor respects the idle and those who live by their wits; and least of all those parasites *acari* that live upon themselves. For those who are indolent are likely to become dissipated and vicious; and perfect honesty, which ought to be the common qualification of all, is more rare than diamonds.

—ALBERT PIKE.

AMONG all the interesting adventures and varied experiences of the remarkable life of the man who has been called "The Master Builder,"* probably the most enviable position held by him was the last. As Grand Commander, in the office of the Temple of the Supreme Council of the 33rd. Degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, for the Southern Jurisdiction, the beautiful building which was erected largely through his efforts, at Washington City, he was virtually a monarch of all he surveyed. He had outlived the animosities engendered by the unfortunate war, and he was happy there, despite the fact that he wrote in his reminiscences that he was at first angered, and afterwards rather amused, when he used to hear people say in going along the street, "he is a damned old rebel." He had earlier composed a poem entitled, *Disunion*. At Washington, in 1869, he wrote one called *Reunion*, which Mr.

*The title of an article on Pike by Chas. Sumner Lobingier, in the July, 1927, issue of the *New Age Magazine*.

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Lobingier, in his splendid sketches of Pike, says, "may be regarded as his final interment of the past and reconsecration to the common country;" but the song was really written to celebrate the "reunion" of himself with a lot of his old cronies. The following two of the eight stanzas of the poem, however, were evidently intended to express what was in the author's heart in regard to the past:

Pour a libation rich with love upon the graves that hold
The ashes of the gallant hearts that long ago grew cold;
And swear that never party feuds or civil war shall break
Our bonds of love, and enemies of friends and comrades make.

It is better far to love than hate, for nations as for men;
Let us hope the good old humour soon will bless the land again;
But if the politicians still should wrangle, scold and fight,
Their quarrels shall not break the ties that we re-knit to-night.

Under the feature heading of "A Corner of the Library," "Mysticus" in the *New Age Magazine* for March, 1921, quotes Robert Toombs as having once asked Pike: "What is your reason for devoting yourself entirely to Masonry? Why don't you give it up, go into politics, come into the Senate, and make a reputation for yourself in the world?"

"Well," Pike is said to have replied, "I will tell you why. I think I can do more good to the world as a Mason than I could in the Senate as a politician. I think you senators and the men in the House are doing your very best to break up this Union; and certainly Masons are not trying to do anything of the sort."



*Albert Pike in Confederate military uniform.
(From an old faded print, and the artist in retouching it, in an effort
to make the subject look fierce-like, has somewhat distorted his features.)*

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Toombs afterward became a Master Mason, and eventually a member of the Scottish Rite, says this article. One day in Georgia he remarked to Pike: "I remember we had a conversation about the Masons before the war. You were right, and I was not. My opinion now is that if a politician does any good in the world, it is when the Almighty makes him an unwilling instrument to effect some good."*

Doubtless Pike could have gained fame and riches by following judicial or political endeavor, but he cast aside all the allurements of wealth and honor which those callings might have brought him, 'to devote the last thirty-odd years of his life to the upbuilding of an institution which should bind men closer together. Although he had suffered griefs, and was separated from his loved old haunts and from many bosom friends whom he had often sighed for, it cannot be doubted that there was a satisfaction to him in the congenial place which he finally held, and in which he so well fitted. Although he had excelled in many lines of endeavor, he did not find his real life work until he went to Washington City.

With a commanding presence, flowing hair—now grown white as snow,—framing the face of a poet and philosopher, he made a most interesting figure as he held court in the magnificent building of the Scottish Rite, surrounded by the books he loved, the emblems and cherished mementoes of the great order which he revered and to which he devoted himself for so many years.

*Lobingier's notes.

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Henry R. Evans, of Washington City, when he wanted a parallel for the life of Pike, asked himself, after the manner ascribed, in the language of Aeschylus, to Plutarch when in search of a character to compare with Lycurgus—

“Whom shall I set so great a man to face?
Or whom oppose? who's equal to the place?”

And he found none so fit as Plato. He said:

I often saw him on the streets of Washington, his snow-white hair falling about his shoulders like the mane of a lion. His broad expansive forehead, his serene countenance, and his powerful frame awoke thoughts in me of some being of a far-off time. The conventional dress of an American citizen did not seem suited to such a splendid personality. The costume of an ancient Greek would have been more in keeping with such a face and figure—such a habit as Plato wore when he discoursed upon divine philosophy to his students among the groves of the Academy at Athens, beneath the brilliant sun of Greece. Who knows but what Albert Pike was a reincarnation of Plato, walking these 19th century streets of ours? Plato was so named, it is said, because of his broad shoulders. Plato was distinguished for manly beauty. He had been a soldier and always was a poet. “To creative imagination of the first order, Plato added logical, analytical and constructive powers. Above all, he was penetrated with the conviction of harmony in the universe of being, which led to the conception of a high ideal of life and supplied him with the strength of purpose to consistently maintain it.” How like unto the famous Grecian was Albert Pike, philosopher and poet!*

He was visited and consulted by important persons from all over the world. And, when not

*In Souvenir of the Pike Centenary.

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otherwise engaged, he sat and dreamed, and delved in ancient lore, as was his wont, smoking his long meerschau pipe, and watching his pet birds.

One of the triumphs of his life, supposedly, came to him while in Washington, after he became Grand Commander, but before he took up his residence there. It will be remembered that when a boy, admission to Harvard was denied him, because he lacked sufficient funds. *Allibone's Dictionary of Authors* is authority for the statement that the faculty of the University conferred upon him in 1859, the honorary degree of A. M., as a recognition of merit. The late Col. Fredrick Webber, his old friend and associate in Scottish Rite Masonry, who yielded the palm of affection for him to no other living being, stated to the author in Little Rock that after Pike had made a name for himself, Harvard did offer to confer a degree upon him, but that he politely declined the honor, saying that when he needed education, and had no money, the doors of the institution were closed to him, and that he cared nothing for the deferred degree. His mind harked back to the days of his youth when he thirsted for an education. He had made good, by his own efforts, and he took satisfaction, of course, in the delayed recognition which was accorded him, but he spurned the proffered degree.

That he was not able to pursue his studies at Harvard was probably as great a loss to that University as to himself. Had he been permitted to do so, it has been said that he would have finished with

and added lustre to the distinguished class of 1829, among whose members were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. James Clark, Prof. Benjamin Pierce, Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, and other brilliant men.

He became an Oddfellow in 1849, and he composed several anthems for that order, which are included in his published poems.

He attained the zenith of distinction and holds a place of unrivalled eminence in Freemasonry, which he did not take up until the next year. Its ancient mysteries fascinated him. He saw in its simple emblems the embodiment of the highest wisdom of the ages. Its symbolism appealed to his scholarly and poetic nature, and no man did more to make known its moral precepts or extend its great uplifting influence; nor is it likely that any man has ever or will ever do as much mental drudgery for any organization as he performed for the Scottish Rite. He did not enter Freemasonry until late in his life, but when he took hold of it, he said in a letter:

It began to shape itself to my intellectual vision into something imposing and majestic, solemnly mysterious and grand. It seemed to me like the pyramids in their grandeur and loneliness, in whose yet undiscovered chambers may be hidden, for the enlightenment of the coming generations, the sacred books of the Egyptians, so long lost to the world; like the Sphinx, half-buried in the sands. In its symbolism, which and its spirit of brotherhood, are its essence, Freemasonry is more than any of the world's living religions. So I came at last to see that its symbolism is its soul.

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He was initiated, passed and raised in Western Star Lodge No. 2, Little Rock, in 1850. After Magnolia Lodge No. 60, Little Rock was chartered, he became its Worshipful Master in 1854, succeeding Thomas D. Merrick. He received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, from the 4th to the 32nd, inclusive, at Charleston, S. C., March 30, 1853, and the 33rd degree at Washington City, April 25, 1857. He was coroneted Honorary Inspector-General, April 25, 1857, and, at Charleston, South Carolina, on March 20, 1858, he was elected an active member of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction. On Jan. 2, 1859, he was elected M. P. Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, which is the "Mother Council of the World."

Upon the instituting of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the United States of America of the Royal Order of Scotland, "Sir and General Albert Pike" was named in the warrant from Edinburgh, Scotland, bearing the date of Oct. 4, 1877, as the Provincial Grand Master *ad vitam*.

He was an honorary member of the Supreme Councils of the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Hungary, Mexico, Brazil, Egypt, Tunis, Peru, Canada, Colon and Neuva Granada; and Honorary Grand Master and Commander of the Supreme Councils of Brazil, Tunis and Egypt.

His daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, stated that her father told her that Sovereign Grand Com-

mander John H. Honour, his predecessor, resigned that office expressly that General Pike might be elected as Sovereign Grand Commander. General Pike held that office from 1859 until his death, a period of 32 years, which is a remarkable record.

He was compiler of the *Statutes and Regulations, Institutes, Laws and Grand Constitutions* of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, in French and English; and the author of *Morals and Dogma*, a scholarly compendium of the philosophy and tenets of Freemasonry in all its degrees,—of inestimable value to the student of Masonry—the second bible of the Scottish Rite Masons, contained in almost every library of Scottish Rite Masons. Its evidences of profound learning, and its philosophic and theosophic speculations make this one of the world's great books.

But it was the Rituals of the Scottish Rite that he called his *Magnum Opus*. He is said by George F. Moore, Grand Prior of Alabama, to have begun his work on the rituals in 1853, at his home in Little Rock, six years before he became Grand Commander. He completed the rituals from the 4th to the 32nd degree in about 1860, and printed his work for the benefit of the Supreme Council, at a cost to himself of twelve hundred dollars.

He said that after he had collected and studied a hundred or more rare volumes upon the subjects of religious antiquities, symbolism, the mysteries and doctrines of the Gnostics, and the Hebrew and Alexandrian philosophies, the Blue Lodge degrees and

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many others of the Rites still remained as impenetrable to him as at first; and the monuments of Egypt with their hieroglyphics gave him no assistance. Finally, however, he was enabled to state that, after exploring other hundreds of books, with the reflection of twelve years, and bestowing more mental labor upon them than many a man expends in attaining eminence and amassing a fortune, he saw the way, and completed the Rituals in their present perfected form. Then he reported to a session of the Council that his labors as author and compiler were completed. He thus summarizes the result of his task:

The Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States at length undertook the indispensable and long-delayed task of revising and reforming the work and rituals of the thirty degrees under its jurisdiction. Retaining the essentials of the degrees and all the means by which the members recognize one another, it has sought out and developed the leading idea of each degree, rejected the puerilities and absurdities with which many of them were disfigured, and made of them a connected system of moral, religious, and philosophical instruction. Sectarian of no creed, it has yet thought it not improper to use the old allegories, based on occurrences detailed in the Hebrew and Christian books, and drawn from the Ancient Mysteries of Egypt, Persia, Greece, India, the Druids and the Essenes, as vehicles to communicate the Great Masonic Truths; as it has used the legends of the Crusades, and the ceremonies of the orders of Knighthood.

Mr. Lobingier, in his commentary on the re-writing of the rituals by Pike, in the *New Age Magazine*, April, 1928, said, * * * * "Largely to the genius of one man, supplemented by infinite patience and

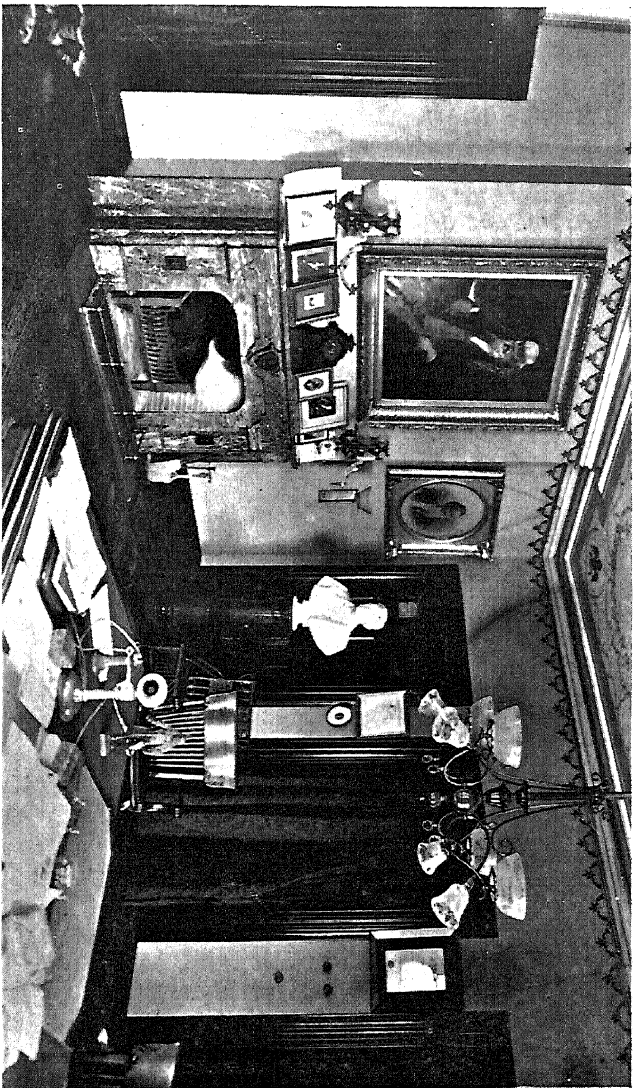
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toil, we may trace the evolution of these Rituals. Pike's method in re-writing them was not unlike that of the greatest dramatist in composing his plays. For just as the latter took as his foundation some commonplace tale or half forgotten legend (such as those chronicled in Holinshed) and thereon built a great psychological study in human character and duty, so Albert Pike gathered the dry bones of Masonic formalism and tradition, and from them fashioned those impressive exemplifications of truth and error, vice and virtue, which we know as the Scottish Rite degrees. To appreciate what he did, we need only compare our Rituals with what remains of the earlier ones and note how completely he has transformed and modernized the degrees. Thus, too, while the Pike Rituals remain intact and unaltered, the Pike system is gradually being extended to other fields and subjects where a decorous, impressive and instructive ceremonial has been found fitting and desirable. And Pike has left us various expressions of his own highest hope and aim in preparing these masterpieces of liturgy."

"No grander guide for human conduct ever came from the mind and soul of man," said the *Spokane Scottish Rite News Bulletin*."

The Rituals have been translated into and printed in German, Spanish, and other foreign languages.

Mention has been made in another chapter of Pike's habit of playing the violin, which may have cost him a position as teacher. Mr. Lobingier says



Grand Commander's Office, Washington, D. C., used by General Pike, in the old House of the Temple, 433 3rd St. N. W.

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that "among his many accomplishments, Albert Pike was in early youth a musician, and while the burdens and distractions of later years prevented him from indulging his taste for that art, he never lost his fondness for it. It is not strange, therefore, that we find music forming a conspicuous feature of his ritualistic system and in that respect, as in others, it stands in a class by itself. Pike was most eager to enlist the aid of music and musicians in making the degrees of the Rite more effective."

The projected history of the transactions of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, which Mr. Lobingier is writing, will state that the work actually performed by Pike within the Council, in improving its personnel and drawing eminent and representative Masons into its ranks, was great in extent but only a small part of his activities.

The reputation which he gained through his great ritualistic and ceremonial contributions to Masonry and to Masonic journals, on almost every subject relating to the fraternity, his lectures and addresses on these subjects, his *Words Spoken of the Dead*, his services as President of the Masonic Veterans Association of the District of Columbia, and his able administration in general of the great office of Grand Commander, endeared him to the fraternity to a degree that has seldom been enjoyed by any man in any walk of life.

His intimate Masonic associates often called him "The Patriarch," and say that he became the most eminent and best loved Mason in the world, not

merely by virtue of the exalted position which he held, but because of his high character and lovable nature, his scholarly attainments, his writings and treatises on the law and symbolism of Masonry, and the extraordinary fund of knowledge which he possessed on every subject, in and out of the order. In a bulletin issued by the Masonic Service Association of the United States, it is stated that "he found Freemasonry in a log cabin and left it in a temple."

It was within the lodge, or connected with its work, that Pike was best known, was at his best, and exerted his greatest influence. When he spoke, it was in terms and with tone that touched the heart, and could lift the soul from the depths of gloom to the heights of hope and joy. So sympathetic was his heart, so eloquent his tongue, and so cultivated his mind, that he never failed to touch responsive chords with his hearers. His friend and co-worker in Masonry, M. W. Wood, wrote in the *Idaho Scottish Rite Beacon*, that when he received the degrees of the Rite from the 4th to the 32nd, they were communicated to him by Albert Pike, and when he took the vows his hands were clasped by him. "Something must have passed between us then," he said, "as he became attached to me, why, I do not know, nor why it was so fully reciprocated, but our intimate friendship was unbroken until he was called to 'come up higher.'" This communication lasted for three days, and Wood says, "the General spent an hour and a half

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each day in pouring into my willing ear rich stores of the wisdom with which his mind was filled.”*

Martin Collins, a Missouri Mason, in the transactions of the Supreme Council, reported by Mr. Lobingier in the January, 1928, issue of the *New Age*, thus speaks of Pike's influence:

We owe our deliverance from the deadlock that held us while opposing forces beset our little band on every side, to a timely and most happy visit of our Grand Commander, Ill.: Bro.: Albert Pike, who came to us in our troubles with the power of a chief, and what was better and more potent still, with the spirit of a Mason and the heart of a brother. He exemplified the beauties of both characters, commander and friend, and gave us a fresh practical application of the principles he so nobly represented in his intercourse with the members of the Rite and some bearing a hostile relation to it in our own jurisdiction. The task which he was called upon to perform was a most difficult one, involving a moral duty as opposed to personal questions, and no one except a true Mason could have accomplished it.

Says George F. Moore, of Alabama: “Goethe, one of the greatest poets of any age, was a Mason; Andrew Jackson, a soldier by right of birth, was a Freemason, even in times of persecution; Elisha Kent was a Freemason and a distinguished explorer; but none of these names can rank with Albert Pike as the Mason.”

His great qualities enabled him to build up the Scottish Rite, and to make the Supreme Council for

*This was in 1879, when there were fewer candidates, and before the perfection of the presentation of the Rites.

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the Southern Jurisdiction the most influential body of the Rite, and himself to be constituted the arbiter and judge in all questions that concerned the Masonic Supreme Councils of the World.

Upon the completion of the first decade of his administration as Grand Commander, the Supreme Council adopted the following highly complimentary resolution:

Resolved: That this Supreme Council express to Albert Pike, M. P. Sovereign Grand Commander, its great and enduring obligation to him, not merely for the manner in which he has presided over its deliberations and actions, but also for his devotion to the advancement of the Scottish Rite; of years of time, of profound research, and great ability in developing its history, its philosophy and its teachings.*

The Supreme Council has one of the greatest Masonic libraries in the world, in which is a Pike section, and the nucleus of the library was the private one donated by him.

The old Albert Pike Consistory at Little Rock, one of the finest buildings in the country devoted to that order, was named in his honor, as have been other consistories in different parts of the country. The Scottish Rite bodies of the valley of Little Rock outgrew its home in time, and, as the former Masonic Temple at Little Rock had been destroyed by fire, the other Masonic bodies, in 1920, joined in the

*Transactions of the Supreme Council, 1868, pp. 113-146, quoted from an article entitled "Pike's First Decade," by Chas. Sumner Lobingier, in the Jan., 1928, issue of the *New Age Magazine*.

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erection of the Albert Pike Memorial Temple, adjoining the former consistory, and making it a part of the new building, which occupies half a block of ground. This magnificent structure, classical and symmetrical in design, marvelously arranged for its purposes, was completed in 1924, at a cost, including furnishings, of nearly a million and a half dollars. Its dedication on May 13, 1924, during the spring reunion, lasting three days, when a class of 358 was initiated, was a big event in Arkansas Masonry.

Mr. Charles E. Rosenbaum, 33°, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General and President of the Board of Trustees of the Scottish Rite Bodies of the Valley of Little Rock, in a prospectus issued Aug. 1, 1920, thus spoke of Albert Pike and his dream in regard to the Memorial Temple:

TO EVERY MASON IN ARKANSAS AND IN THE WORLD WHERE MASONRY IS KNOWN: Albert Pike was the ideal of the very highest type of Masonic authority, learning and ability; and his memory is revered, as it should be, throughout all the Masonic world.

Here in the city of Little Rock, this distinguished man and Mason took his first steps in Masonry. He was initiated, passed and raised in Western Star Lodge No. 2. Later after Magnolia Lodge No. 60 was chartered, he became its Worshipful Master, and remained a member thereof until his death. He was also exalted in Union Chapter No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, and he served as its High Priest to the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Arkansas for two years. Hugh De Payens Commandery, Knights Templar, has the proud distinction of claiming him as its first Eminent Commander. For many years, and until his death, he was the only honorary member of the Grand Commandery, Knights

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Templar of Arkansas. Occidental Council, Royal and Select Masters, was, until the destruction of the Grand Lodge Masonic Temple at Little Rock, (in 1919), the proud possessor of its charter, written entirely by brother Albert Pike in that beautiful handwriting so indicative of the author. Unfortunately, this priceless document is now beyond recall.

It was Albert Pike who established the Scottish Rite Bodies in Little Rock, and we owe to his memory the very existence of Scottish Rite Masonry in Arkansas; in fact, throughout the world; because his influence as Sovereign Grand Commander for so long a period of time, after leaving Little Rock, for a work commanding the efforts of so great a genius, became world-wide.

It is therefore fitting, that here in Little Rock, his original Masonic home, the city in which he spent so many years of his fruitful life, the Scottish Rite Bodies of the Valley of Little Rock should erect the proposed beautiful structure almost within the shadow of the spacious and imposing residence he built and, with his family, occupied for many years, until called to fields of larger endeavor.

The following is the unparalleled Masonic record of Albert Pike, as compiled by William L. Boyden, 33° Hon., Librarian of the Supreme Council:

BLUE MASONRY.

Western Star Lodge No. 2, Little Rock, Ark.:

Entered Apprentice, July, 1850;

Fellow Craft, July, 1850;

Master Mason, August, 1850;

Demitted November 4, 1852.

Magnolia Lodge No. 60, Little Rock:

Charter member of, November 4, 1852;

Worshipful Master, December 27, 1853;

Demitted, 185—? (probably about 1858);

Again affiliated with this lodge about 1884 and remained a member until his death.

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Marion Lodge No. 68, New Orleans, La.:

Affiliated in 1858;

Demitted in 1860.

Kilwinning Lodge No. 341, Memphis, Tenn.:

Affiliated ——?

Made an honorary member, February 24, 1871.

Pentalpha Lodge No. 23, Washington, D. C.:

Affiliated October 4, 1880;

Demitted January 1, 1883.

Arkansas Grand Lodge:

Chairman of the Committee on Masonic Law and Usage, November 7, 1853;

Chairman of the Committee to Revise, Collate and Digest the Decisions of the Grand Lodge, November 9, 1853;

Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, November 11, 1853;

Chairman of the Committee on Library, November 7, 1854;

Chairman of the Committee to Prepare a System of Laws and By-Laws for the Government of Subordinate Lodges, November 8, 1854;

Member of Committee to procure and present to the Grand Secretary a full suit of regalia and gold-headed cane, November 10, 1854;

Grand Orator, November 7, 1864;

Member of the Committee to obtain a charter for St. John's College (established by Grand Lodge of Arkansas) in 1850, shortly after he had been made a Mason, and in that charter he was named one of the incorporators;

Trustee of St. John's College, November 10, 1853;

Re-elected November 7, 1864, and again November 7, 1865;

Chairman of the Committee to prepare an address to the Masonic Fraternity of Arkansas on the subject of St. John's College, November 11, 1853;

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- President St. John's College, November 18, 1853;
- Representative of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas at the National Masonic Convention at Chicago, September 13-14, 1859;
- Representative of the Grand Lodge of Kansas near the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, 1860;
- Representative of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana near the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, November 21, 1870-1891;
- Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Lower California (Mexico) near the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, November 10, 1885;
- Member of the Board of Regents of the American Masonic Home for the widows and orphans of Freemasons, Washington, D. C., 1859.

HONORARY MEMBERSHIPS.

- Grand Lodge of the Federal District of Mexico;
- Grand Lodge of Hidalgo, Mexico;
- Grand Lodge of Jalisco, Mexico;
- Grand Lodge of Lower California (Mexico);
- Grand Lodge of Caxaca, Mexico, February 20, 1886;
- Grand Lodge of Peru, December 1, 1884;
- Grand Lodge of Vera Cruz, Mexico;
- Alpha Home Lodge No. 72, New Orleans, December 7, 1869;
- Columnas de Hidalgo Lodge, Mexico, Ven. Master, *ad vitam*, December 2, 1881;
- Egalite-Humanite Lodge No. 20, Buenos Ayres, Argentina, August 20, 1885;
- Hijos del Trabajo Lodge No. 83, Bacino (Barcelona), Spain, June 20, 1888;
- Kane Lodge No. 454, New York City, September 4, 1877;
- Honorary Worshipful Master of Losanna Lodge, Naples, Italy, December 17, 1886;
- Perfect Union Lodge No. 1, New Orleans, 1869;
- Perfetto Unione Lodge, Naples, Italy, January 15, 1886;
- Perpetual Master of Albert Pike Lodge No. 55, City of



From a picture in the Arkansas History Commission.

*Group of distinguished Arkansas pioneers, statesmen and soldiers,
showing Albert Pike in the center.*

HIS MASONIC CAREER

- Mexico, and each year that lodge elected a Pro-Master to preside, June 15, 1876;
Ruiz (Carlos K.) Lodge No. 2, Leon, Mexico, February 25, 1886;
San Andres Lodge No. 9, Havana, Cuba, November 21, 1869;
Star in the East Lodge No. 218, St. Thomas, West Indies, March 31, 1873;
Temple des Amis de l' Honneur Francaise Lodge, Paris, France, September 5, 1877;
Verdad Lodge No. 8, Seville, Spain, June 29, 1885.

CAPITULAR MASONRY.

- Mark Master, November 19, 1850;
Past Master, November 21, 1850;
Most Excellent Master, November 22, 1850;
Royal Arch Mason, November 29, 1850;
High Priest, June 14, 1852;
Demitted May 14, 1872;
Affiliated with Lafayette Chapter No. 5, Washington, D. C., about 1872;

ARKANSAS GRAND CHAPTER.

- Member of the Convention which formed the Grand Chapter, April 28, 1851;
Grand High Priest, November 15, 1853;
Re-elected November 14, 1854;
Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, November 9, 1852;
Member of the Committee, October, 1861;
Chairman of the Committee on Masonic Law and Usage, November 9, 1852;
Chairman, October 30, 1856;
Chairman, November 3, 1859;
Member of the Committee, October, 1861;
Chairman of the Committee on Masonic Library, November 14, 1853;
Member of the Committee, November 13, 1854;
Chairman, October 30, 1856;

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- Chairman of the Committee of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, February 9, 1877;
- Grand Representative of the Grand Chapter of Mississippi near the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia;
- Grand Representative of the Grand Chapter of Nevada near the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, February 22, 1879;
- Grand Representative of the Grand Chapter of Oregon near the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, October 7, 1870;
- Represented the Grand Chapter of Arkansas at the General Grand Chapter of the United States, Chicago, 1859;
- Represented the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia at the General Grand Chapter of the United States, Buffalo, N. Y., 1877;
- Represented the Grand Chapter of Louisiana at the General Grand Chapter of the United States, at Hartford Conn., 1856.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER OF THE UNITED STATES.

- Member of the Committee to prepare a formula for the installation of officers of Grand Chapters, 1856;
- Member of the Committee to inquire into matters of dispute with the Grand Chapter of Florida, 1856;
- Member of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, 1856;
- Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, 1859;
- Member of the Committee on Royal Arch Regalia, 1859;
- Chairman of the Committee on Royal Arch Cipher, 1877.
- Member of the Committee on Jurisprudence, 1877.
- Arkansas Council of High Priesthood in 1854.

CRYPTIC MASONRY.

- Received the Degrees of Royal and Select Master in Columbia Royal Arch Chapter, Washington, D. C., December 22, 1852.
- Assisted in the formation and was Thrice Illustrious Mas-

HIS MASONIC CAREER

ter of Occidental Council No. 1, Little Rock, Arkansas, July 5, 1853.

President of the Convention forming the Grand Council of Arkansas, November 6, 1860.

KNIGHT TEMPLARY.

Received the degrees of Templar Masonry in Washington Encampment (Commandery), Washington, D. C., February 9, 1853.

First Eminent Commander of Hugh de Payens Commandery No. 1, Little Rock, Arkansas, December 20, 1853, to October, 1856. Remained a member until his death.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Grand Commandery of Arkansas, April 23, 1890.

Honorary Past Provincial Grand Prior of the Great Priory of Canada, October 15, 1874.

SCOTTISH RITE.

Received the degrees from 4th to 32nd in Charleston, South Carolina, at the hands of Albert G. Mackey, Secretary General, March 20, 1853.

Deputy Inspector General for Arkansas, March 31, 1853.

Deputy Inspector General for West Tennessee, April 12, 1854.

Sovereign Grand Inspector General, in special session, New Orleans, Louisiana, April 25, 1857.

Special Deputy for Louisiana, April 25, 1857.

Active member of the Supreme Council, 33°, March 20, 1858.

Commander in Chief of the Grand Consistory of Louisiana, 1856-59.

Elected Sovereign Grand Commander, *ad vitam*, of the Supreme Council of the 33° for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, and proclaimed as such by the Secretary General, Albert G. Mackey, January 3, 1859.

Grand Representative of the Supreme Council of Colon (Cuba), August 26, 1886.

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HONORARY MEMBER.

- Supreme Council of Belgium, March 6, 1874.
Supreme Council of Brazil, July 2, 1873.
Honorary Grand Master Grand Commander of the Grand
Orient and Supreme Council of Brazil, 1874.
Supreme Council of Canada, October 16, 1874.
Supreme Council of Colon (Cuba).
Supreme Council of Egypt.
Honorary Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of
Egypt.
Supreme Council of England and Wales, October 11, 1870.
Supreme Council of France, November 27, 1889.
Supreme Council of Greece.
Supreme Council of Hungary, 1878.
Supreme Council of Ireland, November 24, 1870.
Supreme Council of Italy, June 2, 1875.
Honorary Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme
Council of Italy.
Supreme Council of Mexico, December 9, 1878.
Supreme Council of New Granada (United States of Co-
lombia), April 23, 1866.
Supreme Council Northern Jurisdiction, United States of
America.
Supreme Council of Peru, July 9, 1866.
Supreme Council of Roumania, September 20, 1881.
Honorary Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme
Council of Roumania, September 20, 1881.
Honorary Grand Commander, *ad vitam*, of the Supreme
Council of Santo Domingo (Dominican Republic),
April 2, 1888.
Supreme Council of Scotland, February 2, 1874.
Supreme Council of Spain, August 20, 1879.
Supreme Council of Switzerland, April 3, 1887.
Supreme Council of Tunis.
Honorary Grand Master Grand Commander of the Su-
preme Council of Tunis.
Supreme Council of Uruguay.

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Aigle Council of Kadosh No. 6, New Orleans, La.

OTHER MASONIC BODIES.

Provincial Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge, R. S. Y. C. S., for the United States of America of the Royal Order of Scotland, October 4, 1877, and continued as such until his death;

President of the Masonic Veteran Association of the District of Columbia, from its organization in 1879 to the time of his death, 1891;

Honorary member of the Masonic Veteran Association of Illinois, August 30, 1888;

Honorary member of the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast, July 14, 1887;

Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Society, See at Washington, May 17, 1880;

Honorary Past Supreme Magus of the Grand High Council of the Society of Rosicrucians of the United States;

Grand Protector of the Rite of Adoption (Female Masonry).

It is somewhat strange that Pike did not become identified with Masonry until 1850, although lodges of this order were established at Fayetteville (Washington Lodge No. 1), at Arkansas Post, and also at Little Rock, in his home state, as early as 1837. He has been quoted as saying that he never heard of the Scottish Rite before 1850. His lateness in becoming interested in an organization in which he finally became so fully absorbed has occasioned surprise, especially since one of his Whig associates, Judge Hugh Lawson White, a candidate for the Presidency at one time and Senior Grand Warden for the Grand Lodge of Masons for Tennessee, was one of the signers of the application for the charter for the Little Rock

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lodge; and his friend, Judge Edward Cross, became the first Worshipful Master of the Little Rock lodge; but it just happened that he had not become aware of the charm that the work of Masonry would have for him, or he was too busy with other matters to take an interest in it. One of his old associates in Masonry in Arkansas at a later date was Judge Elbert H. English, who was at the head of the order in the state for many years. Judge English, by the way, succeeded Pike as Reporter of the Arkansas Supreme Court.

The forthcoming official history of the transactions of the Supreme Council will state that reports from the field disclosed a very slow growth of the Rite in Arkansas for several years after its establishment, but it is now in a very flourishing condition in that state.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS PLEA FOR FRATERNALISM, HIS INTENSE PATRIOTISM AND SPIRIT OF TOLERATION.

Above all, the love of Country, State pride, The Love of Home, are forces of immense power.

—PIKE'S *Morals and Dogma*.

GENERAL Pike thoroughly realized that the condition of mankind in this world is not entirely what it ought to be or might become. But he knew, too, that reforms come by very slow degrees. He came to believe that Masonry had a great mission, and in elevating the order, he hoped to benefit the world. He deprecated the ignorance of many Masons in high places, and the selfishness of men who connected themselves with the order merely to wear its decorations or to enjoy its honors, without seriously considering or observing its obligations. He saw in the lessons of the degrees truths that were noble and elevating, far and beyond the consideration of mere form and ceremony. He was the great prophet of Masonry, the beloved apostle and patron-saint of the Scottish Rite, the fervid preacher of fraternal association and the brotherhood of man. In one of his public addresses he beautifully and truthfully said:

Had mankind from the day of the flood, steadily followed some of the lessons taught them by the industrious bees, had they associated themselves together in lodges, and taught and

faithfully practiced Toleration, Charity and Friendship; had even those of the human race done so who have professed the Christian faith, to what imaginable degree of happiness and prosperity would they have attained! to what extreme and now invisible heights of knowledge and wisdom would not the human intellect have soared! Had they but practiced Toleration alone, what a Garden of Eden would this earth be now! Blood enough has been spilled for opinion's sake, to fill the basin of an inland sea! Treasure enough has been expended and destroyed to have made the world a garden, covered it with a net-work of roads, canals and bridges, and made its every corner glorious with palaces; and the descendents of those who have been slain would have thickly peopled every continent and island of the globe.

The earliest of all lessons taught mankind was the necessity of association; for it was taught him in unmistakable terms by his own feebleness and weakness. He is an enigma to himself. Launched, blind and helpless, upon the current of Time and Circumstance, he drifts like a helpless vessel, onward to eternity, a mere atom and mote of dust, clinging to infinity, and whirled along with the revolutions of the Universe. He knows nothing truly of himself and his fellows. His utmost effort never enables him to get a distinct idea of his own nature, or to understand in the least degree the phenomena of his mind. Even his senses are miracles to him. He remains feeble as a child. Between him and the future is let down a curtain, dark, palpable, impenetrable, like a thick cloud, through which he gropes his way and staggers onward. At every step Destiny meets him in some unexpected shape, foils his purpose, mocks at his calculations, changes the course of his life, and forces him into new paths, as one leads a blind man by the hand; and he never knows at what unexpected moment the arm of Death will be thrust suddenly forth from behind the curtain and strike him a sharp and unerring blow.

The sudden shifting of the wind, a few cold drops of rain, an unseen stone lying in his path, the tooth of an unregarded serpent, a little globe of lead, the waving of a rag near to a

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shying horse, a spark of fire on a great boat of a dark night, upon a wide, deep river; all are to him Death's messengers, and overtake him with a peremptory fate. Stumbling over some object at every step, he needs constant sympathy and unremitting assistance. Fortune smiles today and frowns tomorrow. Blindness or palsy makes the strong man an infant; and misfortune, disaster and sad reverses trick him like gaunt hounds, lying in wait to seize him at a thousand turnings.

Unfortunately, the obvious truth that every man either actually needs, or will at some time need, the charitable assistance, or, at least, the friendship, the sympathy the counsel, and the good will of others, like other truths, produced but small effect upon the early human mind. Pressed by the urgent necessities of the moment, by which alone, ordinarily, men's actions are governed, they did associate themselves with communities, and institute civil government, as often perhaps, for purposes of aggression as of defense of other associations. We hear nothing for very many centuries, and then, except where the light of Masonic tradition reaches, dimly and obscurely only, as in the case of the Eleusinian Mysteries, whose purpose we can merely guess at from the faintest possible revelations—hardly able to say more than that their forms and ceremonies bore faint resemblance to some used in our time-honored institution. It is highly probable that they had a philosophical and religious, rather than a charitable object.

Not only was his heart in Masonry, but intense patriotism came to actuate this man. In his fraternal labors, the spirit of love of country went hand in hand with the inculcation of the principles of morality and brotherly love for which the order stands. He insisted that the flag, as well as the Bible, must have place in every lodge room and consistory. It is related by Mr. Moore, in his eulogy of *Albert Pike the Mason*, published in the beautiful *Centenary of*

Pike's Birth, that when he (Moore) was in Brussels attending the 1907 International Conference of Supreme Councils, he heard some one ask Count D'Alviella if the flag was displayed in the bodies of the Scottish Rite in Belgium, and that the Count replied, "Yes, Pike taught us that." "Scottish Rite Masons know how this civic virtue is exemplified in the teachings of the rite," added Mr. Moore.

In emphasizing the duty of every citizen to obey the laws of his country, Pike counselled Masons to be careful that, "prejudice or passion, fancy or affection, error and illusion, be not mistaken for conscience." The true Mason, he said, identifies the honor of his country with his own.

He taught that Masonry as a morality is suited to the people of every country and belief; that it preserves in their purity, the cardinal tenets of the primitive faith which are the foundation of all religions, and conflicts with none. "We do not tell the Hebrew," he said, for instance, "that the Messiah whom he expects, was born in Bethlehem nearly 2,000 years ago, and that he is a heretic because he will not believe. To do either is beyond our jurisdiction. Masonry, of no age, belongs to all time; of no one religion, it finds its truths in all." The Mason must simply believe in God; "to every Mason there is a God—One Supreme, Infinite in Goodness, Wisdom, Insight, Justice and Benevolence, Creator, Disposer and Preserver of all things." He believed that consideration of the manner in which God creates or acts, and in what way he unfolds and manifests himself,

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should be left to creeds and religions to inquire.

There was nothing narrow or dogmatic about Albert Pike. His mind was too transcendently great for that. He preached toleration in our consideration of each others creeds, for, as he said, "in every faith there are excellent moral precepts," and "no man hath or ever had a right to persecute another for his beliefs; for there cannot be two antagonistic rights; and if one can persecute another, because he himself is satisfied the belief of that one is erroneous, the other one has, for the same reason, equally as certain a right to persecute him."

It will be remembered that early in his career as an orator, he contended in his fight for the Arkansas Constitution that in the clause covering the bill of rights provision should be made that the rights of no man should be enlarged or diminished on account of his religion, as he ever contended. In his *Morals and Dogma*, he says, in language which is significant at this time: "No man truly obeys Masonic law who *merely tolerates* those whose religious opinions are opposed to his own. Every man's opinions are his own private property, and the rights of all men to maintain each his own are perfectly equal. Merely to tolerate, to *bear with* an opposing opinion, is to assume it to be heretical; and assert the right to persecute, if he would; and claim our *toleration* of it as a merit. The Mason's creed goes further than that. No man, it holds, has any right in any way to interfere with the religious belief of another. It holds that each man is absolutely sovereign as to his own belief, and

that belief is a matter absolutely foreign to all who do not entertain the same belief; and that, if there were any right of persecution at all, it would in all cases be a mutual right; because one party has the same right as the other to sit as a judge in his own case; and God is the only magistrate that can rightfully decide between them. To that great Judge, Masonry refers the matter; and opening wide its portals, it invites to enter there and live in peace and harmony, the Protestant, the Catholic, the Jew, the Moslem; every man who will lead a truly virtuous and moral life, love his brethren, minister to the sick and distressed, and believe in the One, All-Powerful, All-Wise, every-where-Present God, * * * * by whose universal law of Harmony ever rolls on this Universe, the great, vast, infinite circle of successive Death and Life—to whose Ineffable Name let all true Masons pay profoundest homage! for whose thousand blessings poured upon us, let us feel the sincerest gratitude, now, henceforth and forever!”

CHAPTER XIX.

REPLY TO THE LETTER *HUMANUM GENUS* OF POPE LEO XIII—HIS SPIRIT OF TOLERATION.

Man Never had the right to usurp the unexercised prerogative of God, and condemn and punish another for his belief.

—PIKE'S *Morals and Dogma*.

ALTHOUGH imbued with the spirit of toleration, when Masonry was attacked, his loyalty to the fraternity made this "uncrowned king of Scottish Rite Masonry" its most formidable advocate and defender.

Outside of the order, it is still generally supposed that the Masonic fraternity will not receive Roman Catholics into its membership. The reverse is the case, as evidenced by Pike's words in the last chapter; that church practically forbids its members to join the organization. Pike's brilliant reply for the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry to the letter known as *Humanum Genus*, of Pope Leo XIII, issued from that "cradle of the Scottish Rite," Charleston, S. C., in October, 1884, bears on that subject, and is one of the brotherhood's cherished documents, which has gone around the world and is still in demand. Furthermore, it is safe to say that no more scholarly presentation of a subject was ever penned, nor could an abler argument

have been made to support the brief of a lawyer were it a case in a court of justice. In it he said:

Freemasonry makes no war upon the Roman Catholic religion. To do this is impossible for it, because it has never ceased to proclaim its cardinal tenets to be the most perfect and absolute equality of right of free opinion in matters of faith and creed. It denies the right of one faith to tolerate another. To tolerate is to permit; and to permit is to refrain from prohibiting or preventing; and so a right to tolerate would imply a right to forbid. If there be a right to tolerate, every faith has it alike. One is in no wise, in the eye of Masonry, superior to the other; and of two opposing faiths each cannot be superior to the other; nor can each tolerate the other.

Rome does claim the right to prohibit, precisely now as she always did. She is never tolerant except upon compulsion. And Masonry, having nothing to say as to her religious tenets, denies her right to interfere with the free exercise of opinion.

It will be said that the English-speaking Freemasonry will not receive Catholics into its bosom. This is not true. It will not receive Jesuits, because no oath that it can administer would bind the conscience of a Jesuit; and it refuses also to receive Atheists, but declines to accept them as associates, because Masonry recognizes a Supreme Will, Wisdom, Power, a God, who is a protecting Providence, and to whom it is not folly to pray.

In explanation of the reason for delivering the allocution on this subject before the Grand Commandery of the Supreme Council, he said:

If the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII, entitled from its opening words, *Humanum Genus*, had been nothing more than a denunciation of Freemasonry, I should not have thought

REPLY TO POPE LEO XIII

it worth replying to. But under the guise of a condemnation of Freemasonry, and a recital of the enormities and immoralities of the order, in some respects so absurdly false as to be ludicrous, notwithstanding its malignity, it proved upon perusal to be a declaration of war, and a signal for a crusade, against the rights of men individually and of communities of men as organisms; against the separation of church and state, and the confinement of the church within the limits of its legitimate functions; against education free from sectarian influence; against the civil policy of non-Catholic countries in regard to marriage and divorce; against the great doctrine upon which, as upon a rock not to be shaken, the foundations of our republic rest, that "men are superior to institutions, and not institutions to men;" against the right of the people to depose oppressive, cruel and worthless rulers; against the exercise of free thought and free speech, and against not only republican, but all constitutional government.

It was the signal for the outbreaking of an already organized conspiracy against the peace of the world, the progress of intellect, the emancipation of humanity, the immunity of human creatures from arrest, imprisonment, torture, and murder by arbitrary power, the right of men to the free pursuit of happiness. It was a declaration arraying all faithful Catholics in the United States, not only against their fellow-citizens, the brethren of the Order of Freemasons, but against the principles that are the very lifeblood of the government of the people of which they were supposed to be a part, and not the members of Italian colonies, docile and obedient subjects of a foreign potentate, and of cardinals, European and American, his princes of the church.

Therefore, seeing it nowhere replied to in the English language in a manner that seems to be worthy of Freemasonry, I undertook to answer it for the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, which has ever been prompt to vindicate itself from aspersion, and to carry the war into the quarters of error. I did not propose to stand upon the defensive, protesting against the accusations of the Papal Bull, as unjust to the Freemasonry of

ALBERT PIKE

the English-speaking countries of the world, pleading the irresponsibility of British and American Masonry for the acts or opinions of the Freemasonry of the continent of Europe, nor was I inclined to apologize for the audacity of Freemasonry in daring to exist and to be on the side of the great principles of free government.

When the journal in London which speaks for the Freemasonry of the Grand Lodge of England, deprecatingly protested that the English Masonry was innocent of the charges preferred by the Papal Bull against Freemasonry as one and indivisible; when it declared that the English Freemasonry had no opinions political or religious, and that it did not in the least degree sympathize with the loose opinions and extravagant utterances of part of the Continental Freemasonry, it was very justly and very conclusively checkmated by the Romanish organs with the reply: "It is idle for you to protest. You are Freemasons, and you recognize them as Freemasons. You give them countenance, encouragement and support, and you are jointly responsible for them and cannot shirk that responsibility.

In the opening paragraphs of the Bull, *Humanum Genus*, Pike said there was renewed throughout the world the bulls of his predecessors, Popes Clement and Benedict, excommunicating many noted Masons and Catholics, or subjecting them to the penalties of the church. He also declared it was a manifesto to the effect that every other church calling itself "Christian" had no part in the "Kingdom of God on Earth." He quotes these two paragraphs from the document:

The human race, after its most miserable defection, through the wiles of the devil, from its Creator, God, the giver of celestial gifts, has divided into two different and opposing factions; of which one fights ever truth and virtue, the other for the

EVERY YEAR.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto Weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness
Every year,
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year,
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old they tell us,
Every year;

"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;

"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Too true!—life's shores are shifting,
Every year;

And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Pike's best known poem.

REPLY TO POPE LEO XIII

opposites. One is the Kingdom of God on earth, the true church of Jesus Christ, * * * * the other is the Kingdom of Satan, * * * * but at this time those who support the worst faction seem all to be conspiring and striving most vigorously, *led and aided by what is called Freemasonry*, a society of men most widely spread and firmly established. For now in no way concealing their designs, they are rousing themselves most boldly against the power of God; undisguisedly and openly they are planning destruction for the Holy Church, and they do so with this intention—that they may, if it be possible, completely despoil Christian nations of the benefits obtained through Jesus Christ our Savior.

In so pressing a danger, in so monstrous and obstinate an attack on Christianity, it is our duty to indicate the peril, to point out our adversaries, and so far as we can to resist their plans and designs, that those whose safety has been entrusted to US may not perish everlastingly; and that the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, which we have received to protect, not only may stand and remain unimpaired, but may even be increased through the world.

These are serious and solemn words, coming from a mighty pope, and involving a question which refers to men's souls. They are to be answered by another great man—an intellectual giant who is worthy to be the adversary of any potentate. A summary of Pike's reply emphasizes the following points:

“There has never been in this country,” he says, “any opposition on the part of Freemasonry to Catholicism as a religion.” * * * * “We have not even felt indignation when the educational establishments of Catholicism have made priests of our sons and nuns of our daughters. With 100,000 members of the Catholic faith in its lodges in the various Latin coun-

tries of the world, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite could have no dislike to Catholicism as a religion. It has only denied its right to compel men to profess a belief in what it might, in its pretended infallibility, decree to be religious truth, and to persecute with rack and fagot, or otherwise, and grill and roast alive, those who do not consent to *believe* that which they *cannot believe*." * * * *

This letter was not unwelcome to Freemasonry, he says, "not because Freemasonry desires hostile relations with the Church of Rome, but because it prefers open war to covert hostility; and it has long known that in these United States, and especially in Louisiana, the influence of the church has been constantly exerted against itself, while there has been seeming peace, by attempts to procure renunciations of Masonry from Masons on their death beds, and by making wives agents of the priesthood, to persuade their husbands, if by persuasion they could effect it, and if not, then by persistent discontent and querulous complaining, making home a purgatory, to force them to renounce Freemasonry altogether, or at least to cease to attend its meetings of the lodges and be no longer actively engaged in the good works of the order." * * * *

In regard to the protest of the Roman Church, "against that fundamental principle of constitutional government, dear above almost all else to the people of the United States, that church and state should act each within its proper sphere, and that with the civil government and political administration of af-

REPLY TO POPE LEO XIII

fairs, the church should have nothing to do," he says, "the people of the United States do not propose to argue that with the Church of Rome."

As to the Pope's claim that the Catholic religion must be determined to be the only true one, Pike significantly asked how this is to be determined—"by what power?—by the sovereign, by the civil power? or shall the power to decree itself the only church 'possessed of the Kingdom of God,' be admitted to be inherent in the Catholic church itself?" "Of course, this," he replied for the Pope, "for is the Pope not infallible? Is he not Jove, and *Divus* and *Iste Deus*? In either case the power to prohibit the existence of all other churches must follow; the power to punish adherence to other creeds as heresies, civil power and criminal jurisprudence, the power of repression, of punishing relapses, must be rested in the Jesuits, and in the Inquisition, revised, and armed with all its old powers. All means to effect the absolutely necessary end of suppression and extirpation must be legitimate, and the reign of the devil of persecution and torture must begin again."

In contradiction to such a condition, he repeats that "Freemasonry opens its doors to men of all religions alike; and the most splendid jewel of the prerogative of the Scottish Rite Freemasonry in the United States is that on Maundy Thursday and Easter Sunday, the Episcopal clergyman and the Hebrew Rabbi can stand together at its altars, in the presence of the Seven Lights, the latter thanking God that he has at length found one place where he is the

perfect equal and full brother of men of the Christian faith. Never, never, will that Freemasonry permit the jewel to be filched from it by craft and treachery, and fraud and falsehood, or torn from it by force. It has been once attempted here, and failed; and it will always fail."

The libel that "initiates are allowed to avow a disbelief in God, is answered by a declaration from the Ancient Rituals of Freemasonry and its fundamental law that no Atheist can be made a Mason without kneeling 'for the benefit of lodge prayer.'"

To the charge that Freemasonry assents to a loose system of marriage, he calls attention to a fact which he says the Pope did not know, that there is "not a shred of evidence to convince him that Freemasonry takes into consideration in any way, the question of the mode of marriage."

As the Papal Bull was also something of a political manifesto, questions of education and the "materialistic principles of statesmanship," are also discussed at some length in connection with the reply of Pike.

In reference to the desire of Pope Leo to suppress Masonry, while he recognizes that some of the pontiffs and their clergy have rendered services to humanity, and that Freemasonry does not execrate the atrocities of the papacy any more than it does those of Henry VIII of England, or the murder of Quakers by bigotry in New England, he closes by saying:

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But—for which thanks be unto “the God of Hosts, from whom all glories are!”—Freemasonry is mightier than the Church of Rome; for it possesses the invincible might of the spirit of the age and of the convictions of civilized humanity; and it will continue to grow in strength and greatness, while that church, in love with doting upon the old traditions, and incapable of learning anything, will continue to decay. The palsied hand of the papacy is too feeble to arrest the march of human progress. It cannot bring back the obsolete doctrine that kings rule by divine right—in vain it will preach new crusades against Freemasonry, or heresy or Republicanism.”
* * * * The world is no longer in a humor to be saddled and bitted like an ass and ridden by Capuchins and Franciscans.
* * * *

It has been made sufficiently plain that it was inconsistent with his principles to make war on any religion. It was only when the Pope attacked Masonry that the *entente cordiale* between him and Roman Catholics was disturbed. Then his anger was aroused. He seized his trusty quill pen, and wielding it as a powerful cudgel, he struck back with all his might, and with telling effect.

CHAPTER XX.*

THE AMUSING WAKE AT WASHINGTON CITY OF THE FINE
ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN WHO DIED
BEFORE HIS TIME.

Let us drink together, fellows, as we did in days of yore,
And still enjoy the golden hours that Fortune has in store:
The absent friends remembered be, in all that's sung or said,
And Love immortal consecrate the memory of the dead.
—PIKE'S *Reunion*.

IT IS said that the ancients coveted the felicity of knowing what would be the eulogies and laments occasioned by their departure from this world. Pike once had the opportunity, rarely enjoyed by anyone, of hearing read and spoken the various obituaries, resolutions of respect and tributes which friends and associates had prepared on account of his supposed death.

It is learned from the *Reminiscences of Ben Perley Poore*,† that in January, 1859, a report had been circulated in Washington City that General Pike had died while on a visit to some distant city. His family and friends were greatly distressed thereby.

When John Coyle, an Irish character in Washington, who kept a place of some note where liquid

*This chapter may read like pure fiction—which should have no place in a biography, but the reader is assured that it is true biographical history of record. An account of the wake appeared in a privately printed book, at Washington City, in 1859, with the title of this chapter heading.

†Philadelphia, 1886.

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refreshments were served, heard the report of the death of his friend, he made great preparations to give a regular "wake" in his honor.

Alexander Dimitry, a Washington journalist, who was also a warm friend of Pike's, had written a lengthy obituary for the *Intelligencer*, and the article was in type ready for the press. This tribute concluded with the statements that, "with all the lavish gifts of nature, revealed in the commanding presence, the affluent, and the well-trained intellect, Pike would have enacted a part, equally as useful, as brilliant, in the councils of the nation, had the combination of circumstances, or the discrimination of his fellow citizens there, intrusted him with the tribuneship of their interests and their rights. Still, we apprehend that although familiar with all the secrets of the prosperity of the state, and with the means of its enlargement, there was within his large soul an inner and a larger life, carefully sheltered from the public gaze—a life of pure intellect, with its deep and solitary joys; but especially was there an invincible scorn of the pretty arts by which men violate nature and steal into prominence; particularly was there an inherent loathing of the idea of bringing sovereignty of the mind on a line with the sovereignties of a kenel, and most especially an aversion to improve the lesson of the shiny worm, that benefits by its own worthlessness and crawls to the high places, while his own lofty instincts told him that it is the exclusive privilege of the eagle, with an upward and victorious soar, to conquer the summit of the rock. This much

we have drawn from his own manly expression of thought.”

Strange to say, at the last minute, while the lifeless body was expected, Pike, plus body and soul, arrived on the scene at Washington, to the great delight of his friends. There he was before them with stalwart form and noble features, as much in life and health as ever.

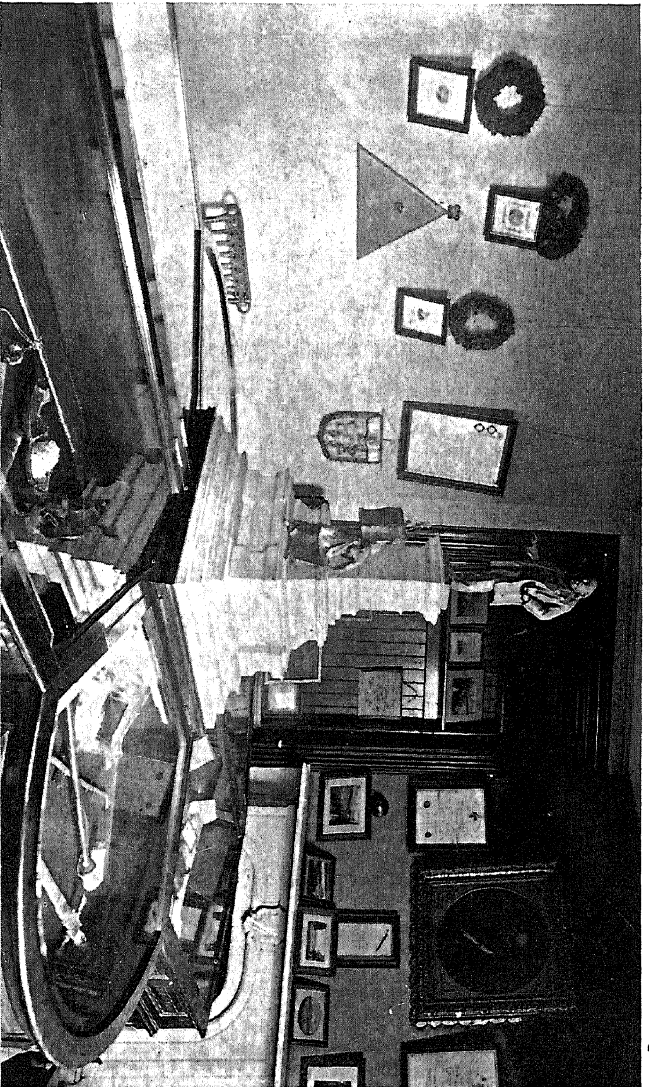
The mistake had grown out of the death of Colonel Albert Pickett, whose name, being similar, had been counfounded with that of Pike.

Coyle and kindred spirits, whose plans were so pleasantly disarranged, conceived the idea that it would be great sport to go ahead with the wake as originally planned, anyway; and it was carried out accordingly, at Coyle's residence.

The wake seems to have been preceded by a banquet, attended by about a dozen convivial spirits, including Pike. Dr. A. S. McKenzie, who was one of the guests, gave an extended description of the affair in the *Philadelphia Press*, in which he wrote that he had partaken of many a banquet with the living, but never before had sat down to a table and fairly hobnobbed with a dead man.

“In what mausoleum did the repast take place? Did a tombstone do duty for the table, and a shroud serve as a substitute for a tablecloth,” the writer asks.

“No,” is the reply; “my legs were under a living host's mahogany, and several other living people formed the company. But among them, towering alike in physical and mental force, appeared what un-



Pike Memorial Room in the old House of the Temple, Washington, D. C., in which house Pike died.

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questionably must have been an apparition—for I read a newspaper account, with full particulars of his death, and I had mourned very sincerely over the extinction, by the common catastrophe of mortality, of as genial a nature, as flashing an intellect, and as fine a genius as ever adorned the social circle or shed grace and lustre upon the literature of his native land, as well as upon that antiquated spot which he affectionately speaks of as ‘the old country.’”

The writer goes on to say in this extended report of the affair:

But for the festival with the Dead: * * * * There was nothing sad, except some melancholy attempts at punning. * * * * There was no crepe worn on the arm. No expression of grief, whatever may or ought to have been felt—on the whole, a subdued resignation. That secret grief existed might be inferred only from the circumstance that the company was unusually *thirsty*. But that might have been the effect of our host’s exquisite vintage, liberally dispensed, and affectionately done justice to. * * * * Grief is proverbially dry, and all of us had just such a decent amount of thirst as must have convinced the departed that he was deeply lamented.

Among the guests whose arrival was mentioned, there was, first, that “peripatetic encyclopaedia, Mr. Dimitry, popularly believed to have intimate acquaintance with all the cognate languages, and also with the tongues of nearly every discovered country. He translates their books, he speaks their tongues, he knows the varieties of the dialects, he remembers their ballads, and sings them splendidly, occasionally translating them into good Anglo-Saxon verse as he

goes along, for the benefit of the unlearned." * * * *

Mr. Eames, ex-Minister to Venezuela, came next "in manner, aspect, figure, temperament and acquirements, a decided contrast to Mr. Dimitry. In one you see immense physical as well as mental power, and a stock of lively animal spirits, apparently inexhaustible. In the other, a quiet, thoughtful, and observant man, enjoying society more as a looker-on—now and then throwing out a philosophical reflection." * * * * Then came together Dr. Whelen, "his face a mirror to his thoughts," and Mr. McGuire, "with his shrewd and keen business-like look, and the geniality of his joyous nature in full ascendancy over it," one of the best known men in Washington, but who "has the misfortune to be a man of wealth."

John Savage jested, he indulged in sentiment, he told stories, "he sang that inimitable *Good Saint Anthony* and wound up with the melancholy and expressive vesper hymn called *Vive la Compagnie*, in which he extemporized any number of additional stanzas—as readily as Theodore Hook could himself have played the part of improvisatore, alluding to some dominant trait in each man's character."

As to John Coyle himself, it was declared that "to hear him sing and to see him laugh, are things to be remembered long, so excellent in its own way is each."

At last the parlor door opened, and, in the language of Dr. McKenzie, "a stalwart figure, large and lofty, with keen eyes, a nose reminding one of an eagle's beak, a noble head firmly placed between a

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN

pair of massive shoulders, and flowing locks nearly half way down his back, entered the apartment, looking as like a living man as anything I had ever seen. But the company, who did not appear to be frightened in the least at this apparition, one and all, assured me that he was dead—*that he had been killed in the newspapers*—that he was wandering about, wishing some one to say, ‘Rest, perturbed spirit!’ ”

The conduct of Pike is thus humorously described in the article:

Had anyone asked me what eminent man of my old country acquaintance this wandering defunct resembled, I should have said the redoubtable Christopher North, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, whom he personally looks very like, and whose predilection for out-of-door sports and amusements he also shares. Professor Wilson had once charged me, too, with a message to the Defunct—should I meet him in this country, to give him his love, and to say that his massive genius marked him out to be a poet of the Titans. I ventured to deliver this message, and methought, as I said it, the Dead Man smiled.

He behaved remarkably well—for an apparition. A good spirit in his way, he naturally took a nip of “old rye!”—not the “J. B.” brand, but a curious, well-flavored liquid, which Berks county had sent to our host. When we went in to dinner, the Defunct accompanied us, and dropped into a vacant seat. * * * * All through the evening, the Defunct endeavored to behave like a *living* man. When Mr. Coyle sang a touching melody, narrating the adventures, at home and at New Orleans, of a fine Arkansas gentleman, the Defunct politely informed him that he had better make himself more fully master of the words which he (the Defunct) had an interest in.

We took wine with him, conversed with him, enjoyed his stories, anecdotes and songs; but strictly under protest. A departed man could not be recognized in any other capacity.

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He conversed freely upon the published incidents of his death, and was indignant only upon one point—*the newspapers, he said, had libelled him by declaring that he died rich!* For, he was, in life, a sort of humanized Cerberus—three single gentlemen rolled into one, as Mrs. Malaprop has it—Poet, Soldier and Lawyer. In the first two capacities no man gets wealthy (save in fame), and our friend was a trifle too honest, too freehanded, to become rich in the third.

The wake which followed was attended by about 150 people, and lasted nearly all night. The exercises and incidents of the affair were unique.

PROGRAM OF THE OBSEQUIES.

The *corpus* of *Albert Magnus*, in charge of the superintendent of ceremonies, George S. Gideon, Esq.,

MOURNERS IN CHIEF:

John F. Coyle	Alexander Dimitry
Wm. Burwell	J. C. McGuire
John Savage	R. W. Johnson
A. H. White	H. Beverly Tucker
P. B. Key	J. D. Hoover
Arnold Harris	Chas. H. Boteler

Walter Lenox

One of the "Mourners" sang the following humorous song:

THE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN ALIVE AGAIN.

The fine Arkansas gentleman restored to life once more,
Continued to enjoy himself as he had done before;
And tired of civilized pursuits, concluded he would go
To see some Indian friends he had, and chase the buffalo,
This fine Arkansas gentleman
Who died before his time.

The rumor of his visit had extended far and near,
And distant chiefs and warriors came with bow, and gun and
spear;

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN

So when he reached the council grounds with much delight he
sees

Delegations from the Foxes, Sioux, Quapaws, Blackfeet, Pottawottamies, Gros Ventres, Arapahoes, Comanches, Creeks, Navajoes, Choctaws and Cherokees,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

They welcomed him with all the sports well known on th'
frontier,

He hunted buffalo and elk, and lived on grouse and deer;
And having brought his stores along, he entertained each chief,
With best Otard and whiskey, smoking and chewing tobacco, not
forgetting cards, with instructions in seven-up, brag, bluff
and euchre, till they drank themselves dumb and blind,
having first war-whooped whoo-ooo-oooped till he was
deaf,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

He went to sleep among his friends, in huts or tents of skin,
And if it rained, or hailed, or snowed, he didn't care a pin;
For he had lined his hide with whiskey and a brace of roasted
grouse,

And he didn't mind the weather any more than if he slept in
a four-story brown stone front, tin-roof, fire-proof Fifth
Avenue house,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

Now whilst he was enjoying all that such adventure brings,
The chase, and pipe, and bottle, and such like forbidden things,
Some spalpeen of an editor the Lord had made in vain,

Inserted in his horrible accident column, amongst murders,
robberies, thefts, camphene accidents, collisions, explo-
sions, defalcations, seductions, abductions, and destruc-
tions, under a splendid black-bordered notice, the lamenta-
ble news that—he was dead again,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

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The other papers copied it, and then it was believed
That death at last had taken him so recently reprieved;
They mourned him as a warrior, a poet and a trump,
And with elegies, eulogies, biographies, reviews, articles, criticisms on his productions, doubts whether he had ever fought, wrote, hunted buffalo, or indeed lived at all—And one incredulous pagan, "Johnse Hooper," of the *Montgomery Mail*, always—denied his dying *plump*,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

The Masons and the Odd Fellows prepared to celebrate
His obsequies with every form of grief appropriate,
So sad the tavern-keepers and the faro-bankers feel,
They craped the bell a half an hour and intermit a deal,
For this fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

But far above the common grief—though he was as good as gold—
His creditors, like Jacob's wife, refused to be consoled;
They granted him a poet and a warrior, if you will,
But said they had extensive experience in generals, commodores, orators, statesmen, Congressmen, actors, and other public characters—who rarely paid a bill,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

Behold in this excitement our distinguished friend arrive,
We "knew from a remark he made" that he was still alive;
Then every journal joyously the contradiction quotes,
The tailors take his measure, and the banks renew his notes,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

But Johnny Coyle—an Irishman—the news refused to take;
He swore "no gentleman alive should chate him of his wake;"
So he called his friends together, as here you plainly see,
And he has set out the spirits and the tabaccy to lay the body under the table dacently,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

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So now when he must surely go the way that all must pass,
Don't hold a feather to his lips, nor yet a looking-glass;
But whisper that a friend's in need of either purse or hand,
And he'll make a move to aid him—if they haven't got him
damned,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

Or try another certain test, if any doubts remain;
Just put within his pallid lips a drop of whiskey—plain,
And if he make no mortal sign, just put him in the ground,
And let his Maker raise him at his final trumpet's sound,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, etc.

Supposed impromptu verses by M. McMahon, as follows, were then read:

When Pike appeared at heaven's gate,
And rang with hearty pull the bell,
Saint Peter turned his hoary pate,
And gruffly answered, "go to hell!"
"And if I do," says Pike, "then I'll be d——d,
For every corner there is crammed."

A passing angel interfered,
And plucked the porter by the beard;
Says he, "Saint Peter, hold your jaw—
That's Captain Pike of Arkansasaw!"
"The devil it is!" said Peter quick,
And wide the golden wicket flew;
"You're welcome, Pike! walk in, Old Brick!
I'm glad to see you—how you do?"

And as the angels pressed around,
Says Peter, "Pike, before you go,
To be with bays eternal crowned,
Just sing that good old song you know."

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“Just tell the boys to wait awhile,
I have a friend below,” says Pike,
“Who sings it in such gallant style;
I’ll go and bring him in, if you like.”

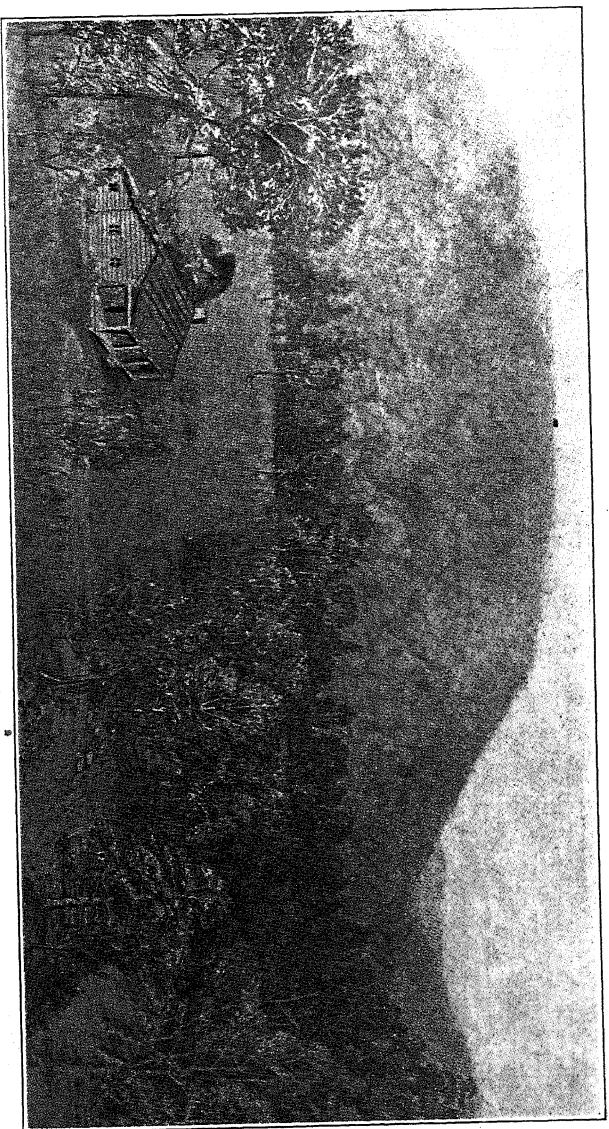
And back once more to haunts of men,
For fear that brave old song should spoil,
The Captain came with haste again,
“To shuffle off this mortal *Coyle*.”*

But such jolly good cheer awaits him here,
With the friends that are merry ’round the bier,
To honor departed worth,
That neither the devil nor Father Pierre
Could ever induce him to go from here;
And so may it be for many a year,
Till the Captain is tired of earth.

After hearing numerous eulogies passed upon him, Pike arose and made a speech. His remarks were touchingly eloquent, especially when, after acknowledging the honor which had been accorded him, he graciously expressed his delight at hearing the kind words about himself which had been spoken by some who he had feared were his enemies. He expressed the fond hope that all enmity that had existed between himself and his fellow man might forever remain buried in the silent tomb to which he was supposed to have been consigned.

The speech of the pretended decedent, while rather too lengthy for insertion here, is so intensely interesting, so delicately expressed, and furnishes so

*A play on the name of the host of the party.



The supposed mountain retreat of Albert Pike in Montgomery county, Arkansas, where it is said
"Morals and Dogma" was compiled and written.

A reproduction from an original painting by Miss Ruth Rogers of St. Louis, made especially for W. A.
Ragland and printed in the "Masonic Light."

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much food for profound thought, that it is believed the reader will enjoy it. He said:

My Friends—the old whom I have known so long, and the new whom I am glad to know:

I was in due time advised by our host, that during the ceremonies of this evening, I should be called upon to answer for myself, and give assurance that my mortal body was not yet tenantless. Knowing that something of humor would be looked for in what I might say, and that anything partaking of the serious would perhaps be regarded as out of place, I endeavored to prepare myself beforehand to conform in that to your natural expectations.

It was in vain. Besides that, I have not the gift of wit or humor. I knew that my friend Dimitry was to read what he had written of me, when he really believed me dead; and though I could not anticipate a eulogy so infinitely beyond my deserts, I did know his kindly feeling for me, and that he had spoken of me in terms of affection and regard. Indeed, I could not find it in my heart to prepare to respond with jest and levity; as if it were a thing to be ashamed of, to be touched and affected by a tribute offered by generous sympathy and kindness, that would, it seems to me, touch and affect the most callous heart.

Nor could I fail to know that, on the part of my host and old friends, there was, in originating these ceremonies, and would be in conducting them, something more than mere fun and frolic; and that in the merriment would mingle kindness and affectionate regard for myself. To respond to this with a jest, would be something like an insult. I am too much moved to attempt that, and you will pardon me, I hope, for not pretending to a stoicism that I do not possess; and for the serious tone, not, I hope, inappropriate, of the little I am able to say, in the way of acknowledgment and thanks for the touching testimonials of friendship and esteem.

When one has been adjudged by the Grand Inquest of the Press to have departed this life, ventures again to revisit

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the glimpses of the moon, and to intrude among the living, a decent respect for opinions of mankind requires him to declare the reason that impels him to demand a new trial and the reversal of the verdict.

That such a conclusion was not warranted by the facts, has not always been held a sufficient ground for such reversal; since in my own state once, one upon whose estate, on a false rumor of his death, administration had been granted, was gravely informed by the judge, when he presented himself in person, that he could be re-possessed of his estate only by claiming it as his own heir, since the law had adjudged him dead, and the administration being bound to proceed.

Reason perhaps teaches, and every one of us, no doubt, when encompassed with troubles, weary of the struggles of life, sick with disappointments, and disgusted with enmities fraught, that if we were indeed laid away to rest where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, in the quiet grave, on which the hands of affection would plant a flower, and friendships drop a silent tear; if one had indeed reached the end of all the toils and heartaches, the regrets and discomfitures of life, it would be most unwise in him to return if he could, again to mingle in the contests, the rivalries and the animosities—again to count the errors, to suffer the wrongs, and to do the injustices, that once embittered his existence.

“For death,” it has been said, “is the harbor whither God hath designed every one, that there he may find rest from the troubles of the world. When therefore, he calls us, let us lay our heads down softly, and go to sleep, without wrangling like forward children. For this, at least, man gets by death, that his calamities are not mortal.”

I might be willing to let the judgment stand, and claim as my own heir, if I could inherit as a present estate all that wealth of kind recollection and charitable opinion that has been so unexpectedly, and so gratefully, to me, bestowed upon my memory; if I could be thus enriched beyond all measure and estimation, by the kind regrets that from so many hearts rained

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upon the grave in which my mortal body was imagined to be laid.

For if one dies lamented by his friends, and none think his faults, his follies, and his errors worthy to be any longer remembered; and if they mourn for him and miss him, and their regrets go with him to the grave, their sorrows continuing after he has departed, what would it add to his epitaph to say that he died possessed of a large estate, or that he had held high office and sat in the councils of the nation?

That has chanced to me which has come to but few men—to have read, while living, the judgments passed upon myself as dead. I have found men more generous than I believed, since far more good has been said of me than I deserved, while much of ill that might have been truly uttered, has been kindly left unsaid. Life in my eyes has assumed a new value, and the world is brighter to me than it seemed before; for I am wiser than before, and know men better. I know them better, and therefore love them more, and would fain do the world and my fellows some service before I die. All the discontents and enmities that lingered in my bosom, and they were not many, have disappeared.

In this, at least, my imaginary demise shall be real. In the grave that was supposed to hold my mortal body, shall remain forever buried all my piques, my animosities, my longings for revenge for wrongs, fancied or real. Most unworthy, indeed, were I of the affectionate kindness and the marks of regard and esteem with which you have oppressed and overwhelmed me tonight, if I could allow an evil passion or ungenerous impulse to find a harbor in this heart, which beats, and to the last moment of my life will continue to beat, with gratitude, regard, and loving-kindness towards each of you who have now so greatly honored me, making the generous nobleness of your own natures, and not my deserts, the measure of your kindness.

If any of us have unfortunately, and even by their fault, become estranged from old friends, and if in this circle we miss any of the old familiar faces that were once welcomed

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among us with delight, surely I shall not be deemed to tread upon forbidden ground, if, thinking aloud, I murmur that at some time hereafter, when perhaps it is too late, perhaps not until the portals of another life open upon us, but surely then, at the furthest, all the old kindly feelings will revive, and the misunderstandings of the past will seem to have been only unreal shadows.

Let us remember that "we love but to lose those we love, and to see the graveyards become populous with the bodies of the dead, where in our childhood were open woods or cultivated fields;" and that we cannot afford to lose any of our friends while yet they live. "Everywhere around us, as we look out into the night, we can see the faces of those we have loved, and who have gone away before us, shining upon us like stars." Alas, for us! If besides those that we have lost, there are other faces, of the living, looking sadly upon us out of the darkness, regretting that they, too, could not even if it be their own fault, have been with us here tonight, beaming with pleasure and sympathy, as of yore. Must not I, at least, always feel how true it is, that if men were perfect, they might respect each other more, but would love each other less; and that we love our friend more for his weakness and failings, which we must overlook and forgive, than for his rigid virtues, which demand our admiration more than our affection? Let the memories of the dead soften our feelings towards the living; and while by experience we grow in knowledge, let us also, knowing that we all fall short of perfect excellence, grow in love—from within, like the large oak, as well as from without like the hard, cold crystals.

I submit to your indulgence to decide whether, desiring to be at peace with all the world, and to serve my fellows, I may not be forgiven for wishing to live a little longer? If I desired to live for myself alone, the judgment rendered against me ought to be affirmed. In that case I should already have lived too long. I wish, and I am sure we all wish, to work for the men of the future, as the men of the past have lived for us, and to plant the acorns from which shall spring the oaks that

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shall shelter those who will live after we are dead. It is as natural as to enjoy the shade of those our fathers planted.

I detain you too long. May the memory of each of you, when it comes to you to die, be as highly cherished and as gently dealt with, as mine has been; and if you, like me, should have the good fortune to read your own obituaries, may you have as good cause to be grateful for the consequences of the mistake as I have! You deserve no less fortune, and I could wish you none better.

The party grew exceedingly merry as the evening advanced, and when the crowd broke up in the small hours of the morning, after it was thought that the subject had been sufficiently *waked*, the men were still singing—

A gentleman from Arkansas, not long ago, 'tis said,
Waked up one pleasant morning, and discovered he was dead;
He was on his way to Washington, not seeking for the spoils,
But rejoicing in the promise of a spree at Johnny Coyle's.

CHORUS.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, one spree at Johnny Coyle's;
And who would not be glad to join a spree at Johnny Coyle's.

The song continued with a representation of the dead man being ferried by Charon across the Styx, protesting all the time that he doesn't want to go because he has a date at Johnny Coyle's, and "alive or dead," he must be there to meet some of the best and jolliest companions to be found anywhere.

He appeals to his majesty, King Pluto, for permission to have one more frolic at Coyle's, but Pluto will not release him, saying, "if it's good company

you want, we've the best—philosophers, poets, wits, statesmen, and the rest; there's Homer here, and all the bards of ancient Greece, and the chaps that sailed away so far to fetch the Golden Fleece;" and "we've nectar and ambrosia here—we do not starve the dead." The subject of the wake replies that these distinguished personages cannot compare with his friends at Johnny Coyle's, like Walter Knox, Bayard, Ash White, Philip Key, Ben Tucker, Ben Perley Poore, George French, *et al*, etc.; but Pluto is resolute and in detaining him says, "Enough, the law must be enforced, 'tis plain if with these fellows once you get, you'll ne'er return again." The shade appears to Proserpina, and the queen of Hades interceded for him, hangs 'round Pluto's neck and kisses him in behalf of the newcomer, saying, "Let him go, my love, he'll surely come again."

There are many verses, ending:

Said he, "I won't;" said she, "Dear Lord, do let me have my way!

Let him be present at his wake! How can you say me nay?
I'm sure you do not love me; if you did you'd not refuse,
When I want to get the Fashions, and you want to hear the News.

CHORUS.

And so at last the queen prevailed, as women always do,
And thus it comes that once again this gentleman's with you;
He's under promise to return, but that he means to break,
And many another spree to have besides the present wake.

As may be imagined, the wake was an immense success. It proved to be one of the most enjoyable festivals which ever took place at the national capital.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE MAN, SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS, AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Let him who fain would thrive,
Usurious bargains drive,
And what he calls his soul, to Satan pawn.
I'll freely give and lend,
And the rest as freely spend,
And enjoy my darling Cruiskeen Lan.

—PIKE'S *Cruiskeen Lan*.

IT is hardly necessary to refer to the peculiar characteristics of Pike. The frequent quotations from his poetry, his speeches and stories, next to his frank personal correspondence with intimate friends, give the best insight to his character. His personal appearance, his stalwart figure, good height, commanding presence, keen, eagle-like eyes, his nose, which has been likened to an eagle's beak, his massive shoulders, and raven locks, which flowed over them; his jovial spirit,—have all been, or will be, mentioned, and with the record of his words and actions, bespeak the man.

He was fine and reserved in his personal relations, but always loyal to his friends, and full of sentiment. He was largeminded, chivalrous and munificent.

It is clearly seen that he was a versatile genius, that he had adaptability, was a good mixer, who made

friends wherever he went, and was a man of broad sympathies; but he was a creature of moods. He was a complex character, having the contradictory and inconsistent traits ever associated with genius. It has been noted that he was often reduced to the depths of despair, and that at one time he may have been a hermit; but he was naturally a social creature, with a keen sense of life's pleasures, and in the instance of the wake entered more fully into the spirit of the jolly occasion than the pretended seriousness of the language of his funeral oration would indicate. He was long accustomed to associate with the great and the good of mankind. It is noteworthy that, while essentially a pioneer, fond of the prairie and of wild life and perhaps was an Indian chief by selection, he should hold his own with the most sophisticated and prove an epicure among *bon vivants*. While not a gourmand, he was accustomed to the occasional use of the daintiest of viands and the rarest of wines. A quotation from an unpublished manuscript written by the late Col. J. N. Smithee speaks of his epicurean tendencies:

In the hotels, old French restaurants and coffee houses in New Orleans and Washington, it was the fashion to duplicate the dishes of Captain Pike. There are few people who know how to order a dinner, usually being content with what the waiter chooses to set before them. Pike was fond of a good dinner, good wine and genial companions, and he knew how to select each. Often he visited the national capital to appear as an attorney before the Supreme Court of the United States. There Pike's dinners became famous and he drew around him as jolly a set of companions and *bon vivants* as ever graced the

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board of Lucullus. Among them were the brightest, brainiest and wittiest men in the nation's capital. They included editors, poets, authors and statesmen.

An old friend said that he met him at a dinner party given in his honor by a well-known citizen at New Orleans. When he was introduced to make a speech, as usual, the guests were struck with admiration at his noble and commanding appearance, and charmed by his affable and courteous demeanor,—so much so that he was lionized during his stay in that city. In his speech on that occasion, he narrated many incidents of his life, but in a quiet and modest manner, dwelling more on the acts and doings of companions and associates than of himself.

In the winter of 1859-60, Beverly Tucker, then Consul at Liverpool, sent Pike's friend, John W. Coyle, of Washington, a saddle of mutton and sundry pheasants and other game. Upon this, John made up a dinner party of twenty, on condition that Pike should write something to be sung at the table. Pike wrote a song entitled *After Dinner*, which was sung by Jack Savage, and, it is said, made a great hit. In each verse after the sixth, a blank was left in the written copy of the song, where the person named in it wrote his name. This song was afterwards lithographed and sent out to friends. Pike claimed no merit for it, but said a copy of the song was priceless to him for the signatures and the memories they invoked. Of his early, intimate companions at Washington, some of whom have been mentioned, John F. Coyle had been the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, a political newspaper; George S. Gideon, edited the *Republic*, during President Taylor's administration; Alexander Dimitry was a translator in the State

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Department, and had served as Minister to Costa Rica; William M. Burrell was the editor of *Bow's Magazine*; James C. McGuire, a capitalist; Robert W. Johnson had served as United States Senator from Arkansas; John Savage, an emigrant from Ireland in '48, was an editor, author, poet, historian and wit; Ben Perley Poore, author; Walter Lenox, mayor of Washington; Beverly Tucker, U. S. Consul to Liverpool; Jonah D. Hoover, United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, under President Pierce; A. S. H. White, connected with the General Land Office at Washington; Arnold Harris, editor and soldier; Philip Barton Key, United States District Attorney, who was killed by General Daniel E. Sickles, son of Francis Scott Key, author of the *Star Spangled Banner*; Charles Boetler, merchant.

Among his bosom friends was Augustus H. Garland, one-time United States Senator from Arkansas, afterward Attorney General of the United States in Cleveland's cabinet.

Pike was generous to a fault. Although he had an extensive law practice at one time and received enormous fees, he accumulated little property. He was a great spender for the good things of life, as well as a liberal dispenser of charity when in funds. Here are a couple of verses from a ten-verse poem written by him, entitled, *An Aunciente Fytte, Pleasaunte and Full of Pastyme, of a Dollar or Two*, which further evidences his keen sense of humor:

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With circumspect steps we pick our way through
This intricate world, as all prudent folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a Dollar or two.
For an excellent thing is a Dollar or two;
No friend is so staunch as a Dollar or two;
In country or town,
As we stroll up and down,
We are cock of the walk with a Dollar or two.

Do you wish to emerge from the bachelor-crew,
And a charming young innocent female to woo?
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it may cost you a Dollar or two.
For love tips his darts with a Dollar or two;
Young affections are gained by a Dollar or two;
And beyond all dispute
The best card of your suit
Is the eloquent chink of a Dollar or two.

As has been gathered, he was a fervent lover of nature and especially fond of flowers and birds. It was his express wish that the wild life in the grove surrounding his house when he lived at Little Rock should never be disturbed. In his home at Washington City, flowers were almost always upon his desk, and he is said to have had specimens of rare birds from all over the world, many of which were presents from admiring friends who knew his love for them. He said that he could "write better when he could hear the singing birds and was happier for their company." He wrote of the birds in his graceful ode,

To the Mocking Bird:

I cannot love the man who doth not love
(Even as men love light) the song of birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove
Amid the woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun
Into the depths of heaven's heart, as words
That from the poet's lips do fall upon
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revell'd in those songs, and sorrow'd when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst was done.*

Albert Pike was a great letter-writer, and he is quoted by Mr. William L. Boyden in an issue of the *New Age Magazine* as saying that he never failed to answer a letter, no matter whom it was from or what it was about, and always did so promptly unless the nature of the matter necessitated delay. His neatness, exactness, and care in handwriting, as well as the contents of his correspondence, evidenced refinement. His letters were typical of the man. Many of his letters are scattered through this book, but a few others of the more personal sort should be quoted for the light they shed. Marshall W. Wood has preserved thirty-five of his letters, which he says are so precious to him that he refuses to lend them to be copied. An old faded communication written by him in 1879 to a lady friend, refers to the feeling of loneliness that pervaded him at seventy years of age. Speaking of his work, he says, "I really care for

*This verse is copied from *Blackwood's Magazine* of March, 1840. The text differs somewhat from the lines printed later in book form. Pike was a constant reviser of his poetry.

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nothing else that is within my reach. There are many things *not within my reach.*" He then confessed:

I should like to have the companionship especially of one whom I could love, and who gave me a little love in return. But, it is children who cry because they cannot get the moon into their hands. Plaudits of the Senate! Favors of the Great! I learned long ago to estimate them at their true value. The affection and esteem of a true woman is much higher tribute. No woman ever gave me even a little affection that I was not proud of it.

After speaking in this letter of relatives, and indulging in a little gossip, he thus moralizes:

Are you not glad that Spring is coming? Don't you want to see the world green again? Today is a genuine spring day, and puts me in mind of birds and flowers. When a silk-worm has spun itself out and finished its cocoon it quietly dies, having fulfilled its mission. Why cannot man do the same. It is astonishing how many of them live when they have done spinning, and the world has no more use for them. When one of these human caterpillars whose cocoon is worthless dies at last, how he is exalted and praised! I am not done spinning yet, tho' my spinning may not be worth much. It contents me to spin. What does the silk-worm care for the cocoon when she has come out of it to a new life, leaving it behind?

Always faithfully yours,

A. P.

Another letter written the same year to a lady, emphasizes his lonely spirit, and evidences his affectionate nature, as well as his sense of humor, and speaks of an attack of gout:

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Washington, D. C., July 20, 1879.

My Friend:

I care most for you now. Why should not I? Who has been so uniformly kind to me as you? Vinnie is Mrs. Hoxie since a year and more, and I see her very seldom. I have been there only once since her marriage. Once in five or six weeks she comes here. Of course, she cares for nobody but her husband now. But she is still affectionate and kind and a dear, good little woman as ever was.

L— is in bad health—improving slowly, and hardly going out at all. She will be entirely cured after a time, no doubt.

H— is a confirmed old bachelor. If he were to find a woman to love, and the wedding day was set, he would conclude at the last moment that the ceremony was in three weeks or ten days. There never was such a man for putting off doing things.

I am as usual. Had a fit of gout a week ago, but cured it and am well again.

I am awfully lonely, and can sum up my life in a few words: Day in and day out, I sit still and work. If I could see some dear face that I could love, and have loving eyes to look into! I am sad, very sad. I have just received a dispatch from Dick Johnson, telling me that Robert (Johnson) is hopelessly ill, and he would write when all was over. I do not know what the nature of his illness is, having only seen in the *Gazette* that he had been taken ill at the Hot Springs, and brought to Little Rock.

So the old friends go one by one, and those who remain are not near me. We become like stranded barques, that no one cares for, as we grow old. Please write to me often.

Your true and devoted friend,

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In a lengthy letter to Albert G. Mackey, of Charleston, S. C., he modestly refers to what his brethren in Masonry call his *Magnum opus*; and speaks of what it cost him in labor and money:

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I have been long and in vain looking to receive a letter from you, but none has come, until hope deferred has made the heart sick. I left Little Rock near two months ago and am here waiting for the payment to be made to the Creeks that I may collect the fees due me—an event which I now suppose will occur in about two weeks. I shall be in Little Rock in August where a letter from you in reply to this will find me.

I had hoped by this time to have heard that you had read consecutively, and understood the plan, order and arrangement, of what you are pleased to call my "*Magnum opus*," and to have received your frank and candid opinion as to its merits. I knew that you would not give, and I should not wish you to give, any other than such an opinion. In *one* sense it *was* a "great" work—for it was a great labour, costing many months of toil. I would fain hope it may be of use; and I know it is an improvement on what we had before; though I am, of course, equally conscious that it is very far from perfect, and that it needs pruning and correcting. No *one* head was competent to make such a work what it ought to be. In another respect it was somewhat of a work. It cost me to print it \$1,200, and \$500 more to purchase books to use in compiling it. Naturally I should be glad to have part of the \$1,200 reimbursed; and I do most earnestly hope that the Supreme Council may think it worthy of adoption.*

The following paragraphs are excerpted from an article on the Character of Pike, by Wm. L. Boyden, published in the *New Age Magazine*:

It is well known that General Pike expended large sums for charity and Masonry, especially the Masonry of the Scottish Rite. His letter to Samuel Manning Todd of New Orleans, February 22, 1876, shows the modest manner in which he refers to this:

*Reprinted from an article by Mr. Lobingier in the *New Age Magazine*.

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"For a year I have had all sorts of worriment in regard to means of living, and pretty hard work to get through it all. I am over sixty-six now, and begin to want rest, and a little means for myself."

In a letter to Brother Todd, January 27, 1878, he exhibits his tenacity of purpose:

"Sometimes I weary of the work I am doing and wish it were over; but I keep doggedly on."

Illustrative of a pardonable conceit is his letter to Brother Todd, May 14, 1878:

"I have no thought of resigning, and shall not have, so long as I can work for and by working benefit the Rite. When my work ends, it will be difficult I know, to find one who can take the place and do the work; but the Brethren of the Supreme Council will certainly not let the Rite die or fall asleep. No one man is so important that a body or a state cannot do without him and must die when he dies."

In a letter to the same brother, December 23, 1884, referring to his inability to be present in New Orleans in February of the following year, to deliver a lecture, on the invitation of the Grand Master of Masons, he shows how extremely sensitive he was, in the use of funds not his own:

"I find it impossible for me to make a journey to New Orleans and deliver an address there, in February. The enclosed letter (which please deliver) contains all the reasons for this that I need give the Grand Master. To you, I can say, in addition, that while I should be willing to go and come on passes, for which no money was paid, I cannot stay at a hotel at the expense of Masons anywhere. I should feel embarrassed, 'cribbed, cabined and confined,' all the time."

Thomas R. Hatch speaks of first meeting him in January, 1880*, when he said he was already hedged about with the dignity of age, and that no one ever

*Address by Thomas R. Hatch, delivered at Boston, September 16, 1891.



Monument to General Albert Pike, at Washington, D. C., erected by the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, in 1897.

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wore that dignity more grandly or more graciously. Like everyone else, Mr. Hatch was impressed with his magnificent presence. "His almost leonine aspect, softened by his complexion, fair as a child's, and his beautiful brown eyes, in which the wisdom of age had supplanted the fire of youth, was a poet's ideal of the prophet, priest and king," said he. "I found him then as I found him always up to the hour of his death, a sweet and single-hearted man, loving and confiding to his friends to a most unusual degree; modest as a maiden, blushing and uneasy at merited praise, having no apparent thought of himself, but ever ready to lay aside the work in which he was interested to converse with a friend or a casual visitor. He would spread out the stores of his knowledge with such infinite tact and grace that the ignorant man would not feel oppressed by the contrast between them, and the learned would listen to him, wondering at his wisdom." Has greater praise been bestowed upon any man?

In speaking of Pike's well known punctilious and painstaking habits, Mr. Hatch said in an address to the Supreme Council of the Northern Jurisdiction, at Boston in 1891;

I have seen in the War Department, at Washington, a sheet of paper, yellow with age and worn by use, which is a muster roll of "Captain Pike's Company" in the Mexican War, written in his own small, clean-cut characters, as plain and distinct as they were on the day he signed the roll, December 31, 1846. Some years since, in speaking of this roll, in reply to my question "why he should trouble himself to make it out, as it was no part of his duty to make muster rolls," he said:

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"Because I wanted it done right, and wanted to know that it was so done." These words are the key to his character. In everything he undertook, from his boyhood to his grave, he *"wanted it done right, and wanted to know that it was so done."* How much labor this feeling, which was the foundation of all his success in life, cost him, and what grand results it brought him! No matter upon what subject he was engaged, he did not rest until he had consulted all known authorities, and then, having formed his opinion, he was ready to abide by it, even when it was contrary to the legends of the masters and to his own pre-conceived ideas. This trait of character adds greatly to the worth of his writings on all subjects, and especially on those relating to Masonry,—a subject which, before his time, seems to have been left principally to men who were too ill-informed to distinguish between fact and fable, or who laid more stress upon "the mint and cummin" than upon "the weightier matters of law."

He would neither say nor write anything to weaken anyone's religious views. It is not recorded that he was a churchman, but he said that he believed in God, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe: "and if the Supreme Power is not a mind, but something higher than a mind; not a force, but something higher than a force; not a being but something higher than a being; something for which we have neither word nor idea; yet this Supreme Intelligence and power has implanted in the human mind the conviction, needing no argument to create it or confirm it, that the intellectual self of man does not cease to exist when the vital forces leave the body cold and tenantless, and that we shall see again after death, as we saw them here, the loved ones who have died; and because this conviction has been planted in us, to be an

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incentive and restraint, to be our consolation in the depths of sorrow when death shall desolate our households, to exalt us in our esteem and make us capable of our great deeds, to repress our baser impulses, to cause us to despise death and desire fame after death, to make something besides the pleasure of sensuality and the goods of this little life of value to us, therefore, it is true, and not false, for the Supreme Intelligence hath not been constrained to resort to a lie and fraud to compass its ends."

He said further, that he believed the Divine and Human are intermingled in man; that "the truest honor and most real success are won in that battle in which intellect, reason, moral sense, and spiritual nature fight against sensual appetites, evil passions, and the earthly and material or animal nature; that the human in man is to be subjugated by the Divine." Concerning the Absolute or Supreme Ideal, he taught that "it exists in an incontestible verity, and that there is an infallible method of knowing it, by which knowledge those who accept its rule may give sovereign power to the will. That this Absolute is God, who is Truth, Reality, Reason, Infinite Mind, and Supreme Intelligence, in whom it is not folly to trust."

"The young," he said, "should be taught the indispensable lessons of religion. Of that I am a very unworthy person to speak; but I will at least say that a profound reverence for God, and a deep respect for religion, with a careful avoidance of everything that can shock the feelings or offend the religious sense

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of the pious, are essential qualities in the character of the lady and gentleman. I wish I did not offend too often against this rule."

Something of his faith is shown in his poem "*The Voyage of Life*," one stanza of which reads:

Between what bleak and desert shores,
Down what harsh cataracts it pours,
Over what rocks and treacherous shoals,
The fretted river hoarsely rolls,
We know not: We are in God's keeping:
He loves and will protect us ever.

His writings and speeches testify to his deference for women. "It is the enviable peculiarity of woman," he said, "that, seeing far ahead the object to be attained, and judging by an unerring instinct that it is good, proper and laudable, if indeed it be so, she resolutely closes her eyes against all hindrances and obstacles, determines that that thing *shall* be done, because it is *right*, and because what is right not only *can* but *must* be done; and that all impediments and barriers and barricades, whether built by this or the other enemy, have nothing to do with the question; and so she succeeds where man, in nine cases out of ten, would fail."

Though he was born in Massachusetts, and died in the District of Columbia, the best days of his mature years belonged to Arkansas. It was there that his career really began. As to how he was regarded among the people who knew him best in that state, Judge John Hallum, a local historian, who paid exalted tribute to his genius and worth, denominating him

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"*Albertus Magnus*," states in his *Bench and Bar of Arkansas*: "Learning that there was an old blind gentleman in the ancient village (Danville) who knew Pike when he first came to the Territory, I called on him. * * * He was delighted to hold converse with the friend of Albert Pike, and spoke of Pike's humble and unpretending advent into Arkansas, dwelt on the "Casca" papers, Crittenden's visit to the young school teacher, * * * his admission to the bar and rapid upward flight to a seat where giants dwell." Continuing, he said that Arkansas had big guns in those days; more brains than any other given amount of population on the continent. There was Absalom Fowler, the knotty old Coke of the bar; Daniel Walker, who pushed his way with sledge-hammer blows to the front ranks of his profession; Sam Hempstead, a deep thinker, who builded a monument out of the statutes of descent and distribution now so deeply rooted in our system; and then there were John Lenten, Jesse Turner, Crittenden and others. "But," and here the old man's heart filled up, his voice grew mellow and tremulous as he spanned the years, tears came out of his rayless eyes, as he paused, and said, "we all loved Pike; he was one of the truly great men of this country."

"I would rather," said Hallum, "be baptized in the civic fame which inspired that tear from its crystal fount than to have won the fields of Austerlitz; * * * such homage to true worth and greatness is worth more than the pyramids or shafts of marble or brass dedicated to mortal fame."

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And such regard meant more to the appreciative Pike than the degree of a university.

After his removal therefrom, Pike was not permitted by circumstances to be a frequent visitor to his old home in Arkansas, but he did go there occasionally. In November, 1878, he revisited Fort Smith, one of the scenes of his exciting early days, and, with a party of friends, had a week's hunt near Van Buren, where he was the guest of his old friend, Charles C. Scott. He then visited Little Rock, after an absence of thirteen years, and he paid that city only one other visit before his death. He is said never to have referred to Little Rock without evincing deep emotion, and he retained a great affection for many of his old-time associates in that state.

He once made mention of a peculiar prejudice that years ago existed—and which, unfortunately, continues to a more limited extent—among the people of Arkansas outside of the city in regard to Little Rock. "I understand very well the feeling prevailing in the country against Little Rock," said he, "that not one man in fifty, out of Little Rock, believes that there is a single honest man in it, unless he belongs to his own side in politics or religion. This jealousy of Little Rock, too common even among those who ought to be wiser, is totally absurd and unfounded."

He spent much time in the old days at the Post of Arkansas—now almost extinct. It was there that his wife was reared. He stated years afterward that among the most pleasant days of his life were those

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experienced at the old Post, with Frederick Notrebe, Terrence Farrelly, Ben Desha, James H. Lucas, Doctor Bushron, W. Lee and Doctor McKay. He was especially attached to Notrebe and Farrelly, both foreign born men, of widely different characters. Notrebe was an educated Frenchman, who is said to have served as a soldier under Napoleon and to have given up fame and fortune to settle in Arkansas; Farrelly was a native Irishman, of great ability and possessing all the generous, fiery, jovial characteristics of his race. They and Pike were kindred spirits who discussed world affairs and literature together.

John E. Knight, a native of Pike's old home town of Newburyport, Mass., was a gentleman of intelligence and sterling worth, who at one time was the editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*. He had followed his friend Pike to Arkansas, in 1843.

As a great man can stand the revelation of his faults as well as his good points, it may be mentioned that there are those who suggest that Pike, in his younger days, at least, did not always scrupulously practice all that he so beautifully preached in later years; but most of the old settlers in Arkansas who knew him speak of him with the greatest veneration. Many say that he was one of the greatest and most lovable men that ever lived. None have been found who could cite definite instances of the slightest dishonorable remissness on his part. On the contrary, most of those who knew him or of him, declare him to have been the soul of honor. Like all forceful men, he aroused jealousies and made some enemies. He

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was worshipped by many, but he was perhaps not a perfect saint. In the early days of his residence in Arkansas, when most men used intoxicating liquors to some extent, he may have drank, and perhaps he played poker occasionally, it has been said also that he had a fondness for women, but he deprecated evil practices. Few detractors gainsay that he was an upright citizen and none deny that he was a remarkable man intellectually. Muck-rakers have dug up stories of frivolous tricks and inexcusable deeds supposed to have been perpetrated by even such heroes as Washington, Lincoln and Franklin, and to be sure some unkind things have been said about Pike also; but on the whole there was so much good in him that the little bad did not count.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CLOSE OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE—UNUSUAL BURIAL SERVICE—HIS PECULIAR WILL.

So I, who sing, shall die
Worn thin and pale, perhaps, by care and sorrow,
And fainting with a soft, unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body, that I borrow,
A long good-by—tomorrow;
To enjoy, I hope, eternal spring on high,
Beyond the sky.

—PIKE'S *Ode to Spring*.

IT will be remembered with what fortitude Pike attended the wake which was given at Washington on the occasion of his reported death, when he realized that his end could not be many years delayed. He smiled then, he may have smiled when he wrote the prophetic lines quoted at the head of this chapter, and again when the real obituaries were almost due, perhaps glad that another, the greatest adventure, was at hand. He was a philosopher. The time had come when, to use his own words, he "stood upon the shores of the great sea, beyond which, far out of sight, lies a land mysterious and silent, all unknown."

He had tasted of all the sweets of life; he had succeeded in almost every line of human endeavor and ambition; like the rest of us, he had had his sorrows, but he had reaped rich rewards.

He became ill in October, 1890, and suffered for

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many months. His friend and Masonic brother, Thomas E. Hatch, states, that he seldom visited him during his long illness without finding him deeply buried in an interesting work of historical fiction by some great author. His greatest distress was caused by the death of several friends during his illness. He wasted away to a mere shadow, but the golden gift of memory made his last moments sweet. His daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, whose devotion to him caused her to be with him almost constantly until the end, stated that, "from moment to moment, the change was so slight, the extinction of the vital flame so gradual, that it was scarcely perceptible when the last breath was drawn. His mind was clear to the last, and busied with thoughts of relatives and friends." He expired at eight o'clock on the evening of the 2nd of April, 1891, in his 82nd year, at his residence in the Holy House of the Scottish Rite Temple, over which he presided for thirty-two years, at Washington, D. C. Although expected, his death appalled his associates. "Our Grand Commander is dead, and who will dare aspire to fill his chair, now vacant!" exclaimed William Oscar Roome.

One of his last acts was to give directions as to some little presents which he wished given to a few intimate friends. On a wall of the room in which he expired there is said to be hanging a small frame, containing a half sheet of note paper and a pencil, with which he wrote his last words, after the power of speech had left him. This tracing reads, "Shalom, Shalom, Shalom." Shalom is a Hebrew word, mean-

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ing peace, which has a particular significance to the Mason.

He died steadfast in the belief of the immortality of the soul. He said that, "although even the inspired word gives us no definite information in regard to it, or could do so in words that would reach our understanding, it could not be that our intellect and individuality cease to be when the vitality of the body ends."

A little more than a month prior to his death he wrote these directions as to the disposition of his remains:

Orient of Washington, District of Columbia,
The 28th Day of February, 1891, C. E.

These are my wishes and directions in regard to the disposition of my body after death:

I forbid any autopsy or dissection of my body to gratify curiosity, or for the benefit of science, or for any other reason.

If I die in or near Washington, let my body be placed in no casket, but in a plain coffin, covered with black cloth, and taken in the evening of the day, to the Cathedral-room of the Scottish Rite, or a church, without any procession, parade or music. At midnight let the funeral offices of the Kadosh* be performed there over my body and none other either then or afterwards; and, on the next morning early, let it be taken by nine or twelve brethren of the Scottish Rite to Baltimore or Philadelphia, and cremated without any ceremony other than the word "Good-bye!" Let my ashes be put around the roots of the two acacia trees in front of the home of the Supreme Council.

I desire that no Lodge of Sorrow be holden for me; eulogies of the dead are too indiscriminate to be of great value. If

*The lines of which Ritual he wrote himself many years before.

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the works prepared by me for the Scottish Rite shall be valued and used after I am dead, *ad perpetuitem ritus*, I do not desire and shall not need any other eulogy; and if they shall not, I shall need no other. If I were to be buried (of which and its "worms and rotteness and cold dishonor" I have a horror), I should desire to have put upon my gravestone only my name, the dates of my birth and death, and these words:

Laborum Ejus Superstites Sunt Fructus Vixit.

(Signed) ALBERT PIKE.

Immediately upon his death, the presiding officers of the subordinate bodies proceeded to the Supreme Council building, and in accordance with the request of his eldest son, Luther Hamilton Pike, 33°, a guard of honor was placed over the body and continued on duty until the shell of this king of adventurers, this wonderful man, was laid away under the shade of a tree in a pretty spot in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Washington, on April 10th. There rest the remains of one who conquered almost everything except death.

The body was not subjected to the heartless fires of cremation, but was first taken to the Cathedral of the Scottish Rite on "G" Street, where it lay in state and was visited by thousands, for two days, after which, as he desired, the Kadosh funeral services of the Rite were held in the Congregational church, the largest house of worship in Washington. On the next day the services of the Episcopal church were held at the Church of the Ascension. The funeral was attended by prominent Masons from almost every state in the Union, and there were many mourners besides the members of the Fraternity.

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Mr. Henry R. Evans, in his oration on Pike, which was printed in the *Centenary Souvenir* issued by the Supreme Council (1909) thus describes the unusual burial ceremonies:

I was present at the obsequies, a modification of the ancient ceremonies used at the burial of a Knight Templar. I thought them a fitting setting for a poet. * * * * * In the centre of the gothic apartment (the obsequies were held at midnight in a church, the walls of which were shrouded with black draperies) was a catafalque draped in black, and resting upon it was a casket containing the mortal remains of the great Commander. Arranged in triangles about the east, west and south of the catafalque were burning tapers in tall candlesticks of silver. A huge iron cross was set at the head of the catafalque. Near by stood a table covered with black velvet, upon which were seven candlesticks, but without lights; a silver cup filled with salt, and a skull crowned with a laurel wreath. The lights of the wax tapers illumined the face of the dead man, as well as the mocking skull wreathed with laurel, and brought into bold relief the iron cross. At the last stroke of the bell, an organ softly played the *Miserere* and there marched into the room from out of the Egyptian darkness, a long file of Knights, in sombre uniforms, bearing lighted candles in their hands. They took their places about the catafalque, the Venerable Master at the head, near the passion cross. A trumpet sounded in the distance, and the service began. The Venerable Master struck with a sledge three times upon the iron cross, and challenged any one present to charge against the dead man. There was no response, and the trial ended with the declaration that not man but God only is capable of judging the dead.

Upon the remains were a chaplet of laurel, vines and berries, representing living joy; a glittering cross, representing glory and splendor; and a bunch of violets, as a token of grief. All but the violets were removed, as it was declared that the dead Knight had passed beyond and above earthly pleasures and vain glory.

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The cords about the hands of the adept were untied, and those about the feet. After a number of significant offices were performed, the Knights all knelt; the Venerable Master invoked the blessing upon the dead. The lights were extinguished one by one, as the Knights withdrew silently from the apartment.

“The splendor of that face, even in death,” says Mr. Evans, “framed by its wealth of snow-white hair, made a picture that shall long live in my memory.”

For a number of years the grave was unmarked. Only the rustling leaves and the sighing winds told of the distinguished inhabitant of the graveyard. Many Masonic pilgrims to the grave had experienced difficulty in finding it. But in 1917, his son, Yvon Pike, impressed with the thought that the duty rested with the family, placed over the grave a modest stone of white marble, bearing the inscription which the deceased had wished placed there *if his body was buried*.

Of course, the Masons would provide a memorial for him, although many years before, he had said: “When I am dead, I wish my monument to be builded only in the hearts and memories of my brethren of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and my name to be remembered by them in every country, no matter what language men speak there, where the light of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite shall shine, and its Oracles of Truth and Wisdom will be reverently listened to.”

A magnificent, heroic bronze statue, designed and erected by Trentanove, the noted Italian sculp-

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tor, was erected to his memory at Washington by his brethren and associates of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction, Scottish Rite in 1899. Congress by resolution of both houses set aside a reservation for it, and it was unveiled at the session of the order in 1901 and presented to the government of the United States.

The placing of this monument in the government reservation is an honor which has perhaps been conferred on no other ex-Confederate.

Although not generally known, a determined, but ineffectual, attempt was made to prevent the placing of this monument on government ground. The August Wentz Post of the G. A. R., of Davenport, Iowa, thought proper to adopt resolutions, declaring that the action of erecting such a monument in the reservation would be a disgrace to every Union soldier. These resolutions were published in the *Davenport Republican*, April 4, 1898, and were followed by other efforts along that line.

The monument represents General Pike in a characteristic pose, with a book in his right hand, and the likeness is said to be very striking. The pedestal is of granite, and sitting at its base is a second figure, representing the Goddess of Masonry, symbolical of all the virtues, and bearing aloft the banner of the Scottish Rite. The unveiling ceremony was one of the most important Masonic events that ever took place. Dignitaries of the order were present from all over the country. Masons everywhere mourned his loss, and many glowing tributes to his character

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and worth have been paid by the world at large.

Lodges of Sorrow were held in New Orleans, Fargo, N. D., Little Rock, Ark., at Lyons, Iowa and elsewhere.

In a magnificent tribute to his memory, Col. Patrick Donan, of Fargo, N. D., said:

Albert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of merit. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul. So majestic in appearance that whenever he moved on highway or byway, the wide world over, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet, two inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head massive and leonine, recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god; while his long wavy hair, flowing down over his shoulders, added a striking picturesque effect. The whole expression of his countenance telling of power, combined with gentleness, refinement and benevolence.
* * * *

His legal practice brought him several fortunes, * * * * but his ear and heart and purse were ever open to the appeal of the needy or distressed, and his benefactions were beyond enumeration. His bounty was reckless in its lavishness. In all the rush of his busy and eventful career, he found time to counsel and assist every worthy man or woman who came to him. He was peculiarly kind and considerate toward young people.

Glorious record of a glorious man! Great enough to succeed in nearly every line of human effort and ambition. A patient and faithful teacher, a brilliant editor, a lawyer of eminent ability and skill, an eloquent and impassioned orator, a gallant soldier, a profound scholar, a poet whose verses tingle with true Promethean fire that comes from heaven alone, a prolific author, a wise counselor, a patriot, and a philanthropist whose charity was broad enough to take in all mankind. God never made a gentler gentleman, a better citizen, or a truer

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man! He was in himself the highest and grandest embodiment of the virtues and graces of Freemasonry, a living exemplification of the exalted and exalting principles of your great world-embracing brotherhood! He ran the whole gamut of earthly honors. He climbed Fame's glittering ladder to its loftiest height, and stepped from its topmost round into the skies. * * * *

His death is a loss and grief to Masons, and to men not Masons, in every part of our country, and throughout Christendom. But to such a man himself,—a Christian man, exemplifying Christianity in deed of "faith, hope and charity," through nearly three generations of men,—faithful in the discharge of every duty to his family, his neighbors, his country, his God and humanity,—what we call Death is not death, but the glad beginning of life."

The great man left the haunts of men, but his glorious life is not forgotten by the world, and is especially revered by his brethren. The Supreme Council makes an annual pilgrimage to his grave.

Among numerous other recognitions, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, on December 29, 1909, was fittingly celebrated in the Council Chamber, where he lived for so many years and worked so industriously for the good of the Rite, and where he died, at Washington.

Two hundred beautiful bronze medals were struck by the Council in commemoration of this celebration. They bore an image of the head, face and bust of Pike, with a suitable inscription on the obverse side, and the names of the officers and members of the Supreme Council on the reverse. One of these medals was presented to each active and emeritus

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member of the Supreme Council, to foreign Supreme Councils and to eminent brethren.

The following was the Centenary program:

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF ALBERT PIKE

House of the Temple, Washington, D. C.

Thursday evening, January 6, 1910, Eight o'Clock
PROGRAM

MUSIC

1. Introduction; The Centenary Idea
James D. Richardson, 33°, Grand Commander.
2. Invocation
Rev. Richard P. Williams, 33°, Hon., Washington, D. C.
3. Oration, Albert Pike, The Mason,
George F. Moore, 33°, Grand Prior, Alabama.
4. Oration, Albert Pike, The Philosopher
Alphonso C. Stewart, 33°, S.:G.:I.:G.:., Missouri.
MUSIC.
5. Oration, Albert Pike, The Poet
Henry R. Evans, 33° Hon., Washington, D. C.
6. Oration, Albert Pike, The Soldier and Explorer
Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, 33° Hon., Wash-
ington, D. C.
7. Oration, Albert Pike, The Man
Henry K. Simpson, K.:C.:C.:H.:., Past Grand Master,
Washington, D. C.
8. Oration, Albert Pike, The Prophet of Masonry
Rev. Dr. Abram Simon, 18°, Washington, D. C.
9. Benediction
Rev. Joseph Dawson, Grand Chaplain of Grand Lodge,
District of Columbia.

He had said that he desired no eulogium at the hands of any man, but to no one have greater trib-

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utes been paid than those delivered in his memory at that gathering and printed in the *Centenary Souvenir*, for as was said by Sovereign Grand Commander James D. Richardson, 33°, "No words would add lustre to his name, or raise an atom higher his fame," yet it was "a debt the living owe the dead, and one that every devotee of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry owes to Albert Pike in the superlative degree."

Said Mr. Henry K. Simpson: "Nature formed him in a mold of rarest form divine, then broke the mold. But, grand as he was in physical proportions, they were but the casket to the jewel. And what a gem was therein contained!"

"And his memory is the priceless heritage and legacy of all Orders of Masonry," said Mr. Thomas E. Hatch.

He was survived by two sons, Luther Hamilton and Yvon; and by one daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, (wife of William Oscar Roome.) Two of these have since passed away,—Luther Hamilton Pike, who had been his father's law partner for some years, on Jan. 9, 1895; and Mrs. Roome on March 1, 1919. The only surviving child, Yvon Pike, 77 years of age in 1927, who has long been in the United States government service, resides at Leesburg, Va. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren are as follows: The children of Mr. and Mrs. (Ella Frances Paxton) Yvon Pike—Lilian (Mrs. Roscoe M. Packard), West Newton, Mass.; Miss Mary Hamilton Pike, connected with the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.;

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Albert Pike II, topographic engineer, U. S. Geological Survey; Annie Yvonne, wife of Colonel Alfred T. Smith, U. S. A., now stationed in Baltimore, Md.; Dore Grigsby, and Ethel Danver, (wife of Dr. Spencer P. Bass, of Tarboro, N. C.).

The children of Albert Pike II and his wife, who was Josephine H. Phillips, of Tarboro, N. C., and grandchildren of Yvon Pike: Albert Pike, III, aged 17; Philips Pike, aged 15; Harry Hyman Pike, aged 13; (1927).

The grandchildren of Yvon Pike and children of Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Bass: Eleanor Paxton Bass, aged 16; Spencer P. Bass, Jr., aged 5 (1927).

His last will and testament, executed Jan. 10, 1887, was inscribed in the opening line, "In the name of God, Amen" and contained a very unusual clause, which evidenced a touch of irony. Under section four of the document, he bequeathed to the United States, "The indebtedness of the United States to me * * * * for four horses lost to me in the military service of United States in Mexico," and for, "the moneys in the Treasury of the United States arising from the sale under process of confiscation of property belonging to me in Little Rock,—being some nineteen hundred and fifty dollars."* He gave and devised these to the United States, the will read, in order, "*that they may have an honest title thereto, and no longer hold them as the proceeds of plundering under the power of law.*"

*The reference is to property confiscated on account of his having served in the Confederate Army.

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His claim against the government for prosecuting the long-drawn out case of the Choctaw Indians had not been settled in full, and his will further bequeathed the fee to which he was entitled in that case to his children, together with other property. He had already transferred to his daughter, Lilian, property in Little Rock to the value of fifteen thousand dollars.

All articles of personality were bequeathed to Frederick Webber, Edwin B. McGrotty and John M. Browne, of the District of Columbia, "in complete proprietorship, expecting them to make just disposition of the various pieces and articles thereof as by a memorandum made by me in regard thereof I have specially requested." This memorandum covered the disposition of his voluminous manuscripts and numerous articles that were left to the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction, and included gifts to friends and relatives..*

The friends who miss him know that Albert Pike
Possessed the graces that all men admire:
A manly form, big brain, kind heart, great soul,
Majestic features, true magnetic fire.
Unlike the many blessed with handsomeness,
Rare faculties and of surpassing worth,
He was not vain, by genius to be wrecked,
Nor did he hide his talents in the earth.

*Will of Albert Pike, dated January 10, 1887, filed with Registrar of Wills, Washington, D. C.

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He lived a long and serviceable life,
And, after gaining many honors here,
Departed with a smile upon his face,
Surrounded by sweet birds and friends held dear,—
A trustful faith in immortality.
Though gone from earth, his life reflects its light;
Masonically, the world's his sepulchre,
And thousands mourn the noble spirit's flight.

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ADDRESSES OF ALBERT PIKE TO THE AMERICAN PARTY OF ARKANSAS IN 1856.

The published proceedings of the late sessions of the National Council and Convention, and the card which accompanies this letter, will advise you that I have resigned my commission as a delegate to the National Council, and have refused to take my seat as a member of the National Council endeavored to have an *adjourned* session of the Council *before* the meeting of the Nominating Convention. I opposed and defeated the proposition on the express ground, that if there was such a session, attempts, perhaps successful, would be made to change the platform; and that the anticipation of such action would make, and ought to make, the South suspicious as to the sincerity of our purposes; and that our only safety consisted in placing our candidates upon the platform as it was, and making it a finality.

When anti-slavery states procured a called session of the National Council, I saw that the object was to strike out or change the 12th article of the platform. I attended the Council to aid in preventing that act.

When the Council convened, it was taken possession of by the northern members; those who had gone home and repudiated the twelfth article being among the foremost. I had desired the State Council of Arkansas to instruct its delegates not to sit with any members from states that had repudiated that article; but having no such instructions, and there being no concert of action among southern members, I took my seat.

The Council first settled, or rather took for granted, that each State was entitled to the same number of representatives as it has votes in Congress; and yet the old members, elected when each State was entitled to seven, took their seats first of all. If seven had been present from Arkansas, each would

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have been equally entitled to take his seat; and yet, upon this new basis, we were entitled to four members only. The truth is, that we had been elected for a year; and that the new basis was not intended to operate until the next regular *annual* session. By adopting it now, and allowing each member only his own vote, and never voting by States, the North had at once the power to do what it pleased.

The friends of the twelfth article in Pennsylvania had established a separate organization, and an independent State Council. Their delegates were refused seats, and Governor Johnson and other anti-twelfth-article men admitted.

Knowing that the purpose was to repeal the twelfth article, I wished to see that question settled at once. I therefore tried to get the floor to move the previous question on the motion of Mr. Brewster, of Massachusetts, to strike out that twelfth article, and insert that we would adhere to the principles and provisions of the Constitution. Mr. Burr, of New York, promised me to move the previous question, when he concluded his speech. As he did not do so, it was agreed between myself and Mr. Mathews, of California, that *he* should do it, and he did so.

Mr. Burr had moved the appointment of a committee to report business for the Convention: Mr. Brewster had moved *his* resolution as a substitute. The President ruled that, under the previous question, the first question would be, on *substituting* the resolution of Mr. Brewster for the original resolution, which would put it before the Council if carried in the affirmative, to be acted on in place of the original, but there would be no vote on the merits. I did not want to send the matter to a committee, but to have a direct vote on the question, and therefore I voted aye, to bring the substitute up before the Council, for a vote upon its adoption or rejection, instead of sending the matter to a committee.

The substitute being thus before the Council for adoption or rejection, and the previous question not exhausted, members were allowed to speak by unanimous consent, and the rest of the day was consumed in talking.

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That evening, those in favor of adhering to the twelfth article met, and placed Mr. Barker, of New York, in the chair. After several propositions had been made for a committee of conference, &c., &c., I addressed the meeting and concluded by moving that in case the twelfth article was stricken out or materially modified, we should withdraw in a body from the hall, and proceeding to the Ninth Ward Council Room, should there *continue* the session of the *True* National American Council. This motion was carried without opposition, and the result hailed with nine cheers. Colonel Logan had not then reached the city, and Colonel Fower had retired from the meeting before this action was had, so that neither of them was bound by the resolution.

The passage of that resolution, (all others being withdrawn, and it passing by acclamation), was the proudest moment of my life. I thought I saw arising at once a new, *conservative, national*, American party, without secrecy, without religious tests, with which all conservatives everywhere could unite, and in which, if defeated, we should fall like gentlemen, true to the South and the Union.

The next day, half a dozen motions were made, all tending to lay on the table all pending questions, to strike out the old platform, and to substitute a new one, embodying the views of Vespasian Ellis, Esq., of the Washington Organ, and adopted by the Chief Council of the District of Columbia. Modified so as to deny to a new State the *right*, and allow it only the *privileges* of admission into the Union, and so as to declare the duty of obedience to such laws of Congress only, as should be *constitutionally* enacted; ignoring the three principal points of the 12th Article, and denouncing the Administration for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, it was introduced by Mr. Danenhower, a Free Soiler, of Illinois; and, to my surprise, accepted by more than half the members from the South.

I voted against striking out the old platform; and then, with Mr. Mathews, of California, retired from the Council.

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I blame and arraign no one. My only object is to be *rectus in curia* myself. I cannot stand on the new platform. I cannot defend it, so far as it touches the matter of slavery. The 12th Article was my *ultimatum*. I would stand on *no* platform, *now*, on which those who represented Ohio and Pennsylvania in the Council could stand. Once I dreamed that they could be induced to abide by the doctrine of non-intervention, and I affiliated with them. Now, I am satisfied that we and they cannot be members of one and the same party.

I decline to defend, but I shall never attack the platform. So far as it relates to slavery, and so far as it abandons the 12th section, it is not my creed; and, that being the case, I cannot act under it, when I mean to repudiate it. Considering it the Supreme Law of the Order, I could not enter a convention, to nominate candidates to be placed upon that platform; nor sit any longer or anywhere, with men as objectionable to me, politically, as Mr. Seward or Mr. Giddings would be.

I therefore request you to accept my resignation as delegate to the National Council and Nominating Convention. And in surrendering into your hands the last political trust with which I ever intend to be clothed, and in doing which I have thought it not improper to say what I have said, I wish only to add, that I desire to belong to no other party *in the South*, so long as the 12th Article forms part of its creed; but hereafter and forever, I decline any affiliation or connection with those who repudiate that Article, and the principles, essential, in my opinion, to the salvation of the Union, which it contains.

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TO THE AMERICAN PARTY SOUTH.

It is necessary for the rank and file of the American Party South to consult together in regard to the *Platform* adopted by the National Council at its called session, and the candidates placed *upon it* by the National Convention.

The 12th Article of the Platform of June, 1855, announced these four Propositions, as the deliberate sense of the American Party:

1st. That the existing laws on the subject of Slavery ought to be abided by and maintained, as a final settlement of the whole matter, in spirit and substance; and that there ought to be no further legislation by Congress on the subject.

2nd. That, whether it possesses the power or not, Congress *ought* not to legislate on the subject of Slavery in the territories.

3rd. That it would be a violation of the compact between the United States and Maryland, and contrary to good faith, to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia.

4th. That when a new State presents herself for admission into the Union, she has a *right* to come in, if her Constitution is republican and she has the requisite population, whether that Constitution recognizes or prohibits Slavery.

It was a very general feeling at the South, that we yielded something too much, in "pretermittng" an expression of opinion as to the *power* of Congress to legislate in regard to Slavery in the Territories. In most of the Southern States, the State Councils made platforms stronger on this point than the National one. None made them weaker.

But, in framing that platform, we were not making one *for the South alone*, but one that *Northern* Conservative men could safely stand on; and it was *right* that we should not ask them to declare one opinion as to the *power* of Congress, while they entertained *another* diametrically opposite; *if they would agree that Congress ought not to exercise the power*, even if it has it.

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The June Platform does not declare that Congress ought to *do any* affirmative act about Slavery, *but only that it ought to do nothing*.

No Southern American, once having planted his feet on that Platform, can step off from it to another, without *deserved* risk of political ruin and annihilation.

No Southern man *ought* to abandon, or *can* safely abandon any one of the four propositions. If he does, the South ought to and will abandon him.

The National Council, meeting on the call of States which had repudiated the June Platform, was assembled in February, for *the purpose* of repealing the 12th Article. The Northern men took control of it at the beginning, upon the wrong basis of representation, and kept that control.

The 12th Article, with all the rest of the platform, was struck out, and a new one substituted.

That new platform declares that the People of a Territory have the right to frame their own constitution and laws, (When?) and regulate their own social and domestic affairs; but the word *slavery* is carefully avoided—and it concedes them, not the *right*, but the *privilege* of admission into the Union, when they have the requisite population.

It certainly gives up *the three first* propositions of the 12th Article, and it *waters* the 4th, so that it amounts to little or nothing.

The first proposition was the chief one of the 12th Article. The South imperatively demands that the agitation of the subject of Slavery in Congress shall cease, and especially that it shall no longer legislate on that subject in the Territories.

The South demands, and has a *right* to demand, in every platform, Democratic, Whig, or American, *specific* language on the subject of slavery. It does not want to be told that laws *constitutionally* enacted are to be obeyed until repealed or decided null by judicial authority. It does not want to be told that a new state shall have the *privilege* of admission. It is tired of ambiguities, and sick of generalities; and, as the matter now stands, when a man reclaims his slave at the risk of

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his life, and at ten times the expense of the slave; when Clergymen preach sedition, and states pass personal liberty acts; ambiguities and generalities are a mere transparent cheat and fraud on the South.

And such a fraud in *any* platform that studiously omits the word *slavery*, and uses roundabout phrases, circumlocutions, to *avoid* expressing plain ideas.

If the *new* platform is the same in *substance* as the old, why the change? If it is not, the South has no use for it.

The new platform leaves the Northern men who stand upon it perfectly free to agitate against the Fugitive Slave Law, for the abolition of slavery in the District, for suppressing the trade in slaves between different states, and for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise: and it *specially* denounces the repeal of that compromise, by denouncing the President for abetting it.

I do not envy the Southern man who undertakes to defend the new platform, after once standing on the old one.

I was a member of the National Council both in June and in February. In June, I desired, at first, to *exclude* the question of Slavery from the platform, denouncing, and not unless I *could* denounce, in doing so, the men of the party in Massachusetts and elsewhere in the North who had declared anti-slavery to be part of the National American creed; as having done so without authority, and so perverted and prostituted the organization to improper purposes.

Met by an unanimous resolve on the part of the Northern members to have a declaration that the Missouri Compromise ought to be restored, I aided in establishing the 12th Article. Once upon it, and deeming it eminently right in principle, it became impossible for *me* to abandon it, or consent to its modification. When it was struck out, I withdrew from the Council, and destroyed my credentials as a delegate to the Nominating Convention, in which I refused to take my seat.

The American Party South *cannot* stand on the new platform. It *must necessarily* repudiate it. On it, it would not carry a single county anywhere.

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It is said that the men nominated are platform enough. That *might* be so, if we had *no* platform; if they were *on* no platform; if we had never *had* a platform.

It is said that the new platform is *substantially* the same as the old one. Then how came it to be offered by a Free-Soiler from Illinois, who declared, after it was adopted, that he would vote for the admission of no state permitting slavery? If it suits *him*, it cannot suit me.

It is *not* substantially the same. It was *framed* in Washington, to get rid of the 12th Article. It was *offered* and *adopted* for that purpose in Philadelphia; and we may as well look it frankly in the face. It *yields up* all that we fought for and gained the June before.

And now as to the candidates. That I may not be misunderstood, let me say that I was *always* a Whig, until I joined the American Party. I was a supporter of Mr. Fillmore's administration. I was indignant when he was thrown aside for General Scott. What I thought of him then, I think now.

But when we formed the American Party, we assured our Democratic friends who joined us, that it was *not* meant to be the Whig Party in disguise. They joined us in that belief. On my motion, my State Council declared that the nominee for President ought to be a Northern man, whose antecedents had been Democratic. I was playing fairly.

The old Whig organizations are reviving all over the country. The old Whig committees and clubs are alive and astir again. Our Democratic brethren will say that we have deceived them; and that it *is* the old Whig Party in disguise. I think that it was not fit and proper to nominate a man who had been so deeply identified with the Whig Party—a Whig and nothing else. I do not say it was bad faith to do it. I do not so even insinuate; but I do say that, if I had aided in such nomination, I should have felt that my Democratic brothers had some right to complain of *me*.

They *do* feel, all over the South, that they have been *trapped*; and, *my word for it, they will not stay in the trap*. The new platform *warrants* them in leaving the Party, and the

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Whig nomination will *urge* them to do it; and they will go back to their old faith, if the matter is left as it is.

Southern *Democratic* Americans can neither stand on the *platform*, nor support the *candidate*.

No Southern American can successfully defend the platform.

What is to be done? Shall we disband? Shall we merge in the Democratic Party? I, for one, say no. It would be too lame and impotent a conclusion; and many of *their* Northern allies are no more reliable than ours. We are not yet ready to give up our American principles. We have sat with Free-Soilers long enough.

Let then the State Councils of the several Southern States at once assemble and deliberate. It is high time we were doing so. Let us lay down *one* platform for all the South, going upon the subject of Slavery no further than the 12th Article went; in order that the conservative men in the North may stand upon it with us. Do not let us force them from us. They *will* stand on *that* article, *if we will be true to ourselves*. Let us not ask them to do more, and that which they *cannot* do.

Then let us place candidates on that platform. If we think we cannot succeed with a candidate who endorses *all* our views, let us take a Democrat who has been tried and always found true to the South and the Constitution, at home and in the councils of the country. Let us say to the country, we are willing to *wait* for the success of our *American* principles. The first thing to do, is to give our country quiet. We will take this man, trusting to his antecedents. We ask of him no other pledges. We will trust to his American feelings and instincts to do justice to those who, like him, are American born, confident that he will not fill the offices of the country with foreigners, to the exclusion of those born on the soil.

Let us place this Northern Democrat, one like Bayard and Du Guesclin, without fear and without reproach, and a Southern Whig of our party, at once before the country, and rally to their flag the conservatives of the Union.

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We need not fear that our *American* principles will not succeed in the end. Unembarrassed by other questions, the American *instincts* of the people will in time make them victorious everywhere.

Or, if that does not suit our views, let us nominate candidates of our *own* party, on our *own* platform, nail our flag to the masthead, and take the chances of the battle; satisfied with defeat, if it entails no dishonor and no betrayal of the South.

It is a delicate thing to do—that which I am about to do; but the South has too many platforms, each State a different one, and the same State, in some cases, three or four in succession.

I submit one to the South, which several gentlemen from different States have concurred in framing. It is the June platform, with some modifications, reduced to propositions. It is plain, distinct, specific: it needs no interpreter. We would fain hope that our brothers in the South may approve it. But at all events *we* stand upon it, and we *mean* to stand upon it, now and hereafter. It will at least elicit discussion and bring about deliberation, and *action* perhaps; and that is all which we at present purpose to effect.

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OBJECTS AND PRINCIPLES of the DEMOCRATIC AMERICAN PARTY

The Objects of This Party Are:

1st. To cultivate and develop American feeling; teaching the doctrine that none can love our country so well as they who are born upon its soil; and none others can be so thoroughly qualified to share in its government.

2nd. To make our fathers our models, to return to the good old manners and habits of the earlier days of the Republic, and emulate the virtues, the wisdom, and the patriotism of those who made our Constitution, framed our first laws, and first conducted our Government.

3rd. To maintain the Union of these States as an inestimable blessing, second only to the freedom of individuals and the independence and dignity of the States, which it was designed to secure and perpetuate.

4th. To preserve the rights of the States, and prevent encroachment thereon by the General Government.

5th. To maintain the Constitution and its compromises, and *all* laws passed in accordance with the Constitution, as the supreme law of the land.

6th. To give peace to the country, and allay sectional agitation.

7th. To oppose all foreign influences, and attempts on the part of any foreign authority to control the free thought, conscience or action of American citizens in political matters.

8th. To place the government of the country in the hands of Americans only.

9th. To protect the civil and religious rights and privileges of all; to maintain the right of every man to be full, unrestrained and peaceful enjoyment of his religious opinions and mode of worship; and to oppose any attempt by any sect, denomination or church, to obtain an ascendancy over any other in the State, by special privilege or exemption, by any political combination of its members, or by a divided civil allegiance.

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10th. To reform the character of our National Legislature, by elevating to that position men of the highest qualifications, the purest morals, and the most unselfish patriotism.

11th. To restrict Executive patronage, especially in the matter of appointments to office.

12th. To educate the youth in schools provided by the State, common to all, without distinction of creed or party, not subjected to any sectarian influences, and from which the Bible shall not be excluded.

To Attain Which Objects We Declare:

1st. That all laws should be obeyed in good faith, and actively enforced, until repealed, or until declared unconstitutional and null by the proper judicial authority.

2nd. That nothing that tends to weaken or subvert the Union should be countenanced, except in the last extremity; nor any line of policy adopted that endangers it.

3rd. That all political differences threatening its perpetuity should be adjusted by mutual forbearance and concession.

4th. The term required for naturalization should be extended, and the landing of foreign paupers and criminals on our shores entirely prevented.

5th. All State laws allowing foreigners not naturalized to vote should be repealed.

6th. Gifts of land should not be made, nor pre-emptions allowed, to unnaturalized foreigners, nor should they be allowed to vote, in the Territories.

7th. The system of giving rewards for political subservency, and inflicting punishments for political independence, should cease.

8th. Office should seek the man and not man the office; and the only tests of fitness for office should be the capability, faithfulness and honesty of the incumbent or candidate.

9th. There has been too much legislation by Congress on the subject of slavery. Hereafter it should be let alone, and the existing laws be regarded and maintained as final.

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10th. Congress ought not to legislate in regard to slavery in the Territories, nor authorize the people of the Territories to do so, until they come to form a State Constitution.

11th. It would be a violation of the compact between Maryland and the United States, and of public honor and good faith, for Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

12th. When a new State presents itself with a Republican Constitution, fairly made in pursuance of law and by due authority, Congress has no right to look into that Constitution to see whether it admits or prohibits slavery; but if such new State has the requisite population, it has a *right* to be admitted into the Union.

13th. All offices, civil and military, should be given to native-born Americans, in preference to the foreign-born.

14th. The Government of the United States should observe faith with all nations, exacting justice from the strongest, and doing it to the weakest, and allowing no interference by our citizens with the internal concerns of any people with which we are at peace.

15th. The Democratic American Party shall be an open political party, with no secret machinery whatever; and its motto shall be AMERICANISM, TOLERATION AND REFORM.

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ADDRESS BY ALBERT PIKE

ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE FOR THE
MASONIC-ODD FELLOWS HALL, AT LITTLE ROCK IN 1854.

This is, it seems to me, no ordinary occasion. In me it excites, and in all of us it ought to excite, no ordinary emotions, and induce no ordinary current of thought.

This large and respectable assemblage of intelligent free men and free women, profoundly attentive to what has passed and is passing before them; kept in order by no bayonets nor any myrmidons of the police; all entertaining, and uttering as freely as they entertain, whatever opinions education or reflection has created for them, without dread of Throne or Inquisition: these BRETHREN, COMPANIONS and PATRIARCHS, wearing their peaceful regalia, stained with no blood, telling of no dear-bought victory, and eloquent with no story of human crime and passion, of human tortures and agony, or degradation and shame; and invested with their jewels, indices of no honors granted for unworthy service to despotic power; of no debasement of the people; of no superior rank or exclusive privileges, maintained by taxing the labor and the comforts which are the very life of the poor: this promised edifice, now visible to the eye of Hope and Confidence in all its harmonious and well-adjusted proportions, as, many morns hereafter, it will be to the natural vision: these simple, yet sublime and impressive ceremonies: this unison for a single purpose, of two great sister orders, one tracing its history and traditions far back into the dim ante-chambers of the past; the other content with its modern origin, and wearing no mist of antiquity upon its forehead; yet both animated by one spirit, professing like principles, performing like duties, and engaged in the same honorable service of philanthropy and beneficence: the peaceful and unselfish purposes for which we have gathered together: the age in which this scene occurs: this land, but yesterday the undisputed inheritance of barbarism and the savage, an appanage of two old hoary monarchies of Europe, of no Anglo-Saxon lineage; now trodden by no feet but those of free and

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civilized men: these pleasant skies, to which the Earth sends up no sounds of war, no cries of anguish wrung from oppressed misery by haughty power:—the day, the hour, the place; all incidents and circumstances that envelope us,—are eminently suggestive of themes for contemplation, and pregnant with the most fruitful and profitable suggestions.

* * * * * (Here follow the paragraphs quoted in Chapter IX of the Biography).

The space of time which is occupied by two or three generations of men, is but an unimportant fraction of that small portion which constitutes the historical age of the world. And though that age itself, comprising at most but five or six thousand years, is but a mere point in the infinite Eternity that stretches backward into a Past that had no Beginning, and forward into a Future that will have no end; yet man, always governed more, in arriving at conclusions, by his instinct than by his reason, looks upon all that is around him, not only of the material but of the intellectual, as solid, habitual and permanent, and regards the circumstances that envelope himself, and the state of his own little corner of the world, in his own brief day and fleeting generation, not as exceptions to general conditions, rules or habitudes, not as unusual, or transitory, and the mere accidents of time, but as the settled, usual, ordinary, habitual characteristics, and fixed, essential terms and conditions of existence of things themselves. We are accustomed to our almost licentious freedom, to our security, our peace, the absence of secular and ecclesiastical tyranny; precisely as we are accustomed to the daily sight of the great wonders of the material world, to see the sun rise, day after day, to run his mighty course like a giant in dazzling armor, the acorn germinate, and grow into the tall and stately oak, the stars smile upon our heavy eye-lids, the great tides of the ocean, the pulsations of the Atlantic or the Pacific, throbbing upon their shores; and one phenomenon is as trite to us, and as little considered and reflected upon as the other.

We stand here upon this solid earth, based upon what we fondly term the everlasting rocks; we see this river flowing at

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our feet, and bearing to the Gulf of Mexico its waters gathered from our own green hills, the far western plains and snowy slopes of the occidental mountains. We see the grassy hills casting their shadows on its turbid current, our prairies thick-sown with jewelry of flowers enameling the broad luxuriance of the sward. We enjoy the luxury of these pure skies, these pleasant winds, the green trees sunning their aged shoulders in the delicious element; and all this seems the permanent, natural, and unalterable result, to which all former changes were intended to conduct the world; its true state of progression and improvement, the reality or nearly perfect type, at least, of its destiny; beyond which little is to be looked for, how much soever it may be desired. We forget the things that were of yesterday. They have for us no palpable reality. We read of what has occurred far in the Past, its wars, its horrors, the uncertainty of life, the unstability of comfort, the shackles upon thought and speech, the brutal condition to which it condemned those born in the rank and condition in which we were born; as if we listened to some tiresome person telling us a fantastic dream.

But there is a Past; nor is it any dream, but a stern reality, full of the deepest significance: a Past that stands there, and will forever stand, as a great teacher, uttering the profoundest lessons to the present and the future. Placed there by the Eternal God, as we and the present are placed here, hereafter ourselves to become a portion of the past, and teaches of another present, it *will* speak to us, and we *must* hear. Happy, indeed, are those who hear and heed!

For surely our first great need is, to know what duties and what obligations devolve upon us, what labor is expected of us, and how to shape our course and conduct in this sea of jarring and conflicting elements, that threaten on all sides to crush and overwhelm us. And to that end, it is not only chiefly but indispensably necessary that we should have some knowledge of our true position on this slight isthmus that connects the Past and Future, and of the true position of the world around us. Much as to that we cannot know. The Past is

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a great book; open, it is true, but too far from us to allow our reading more than here and there a word or two, printed in larger letters than the general text, on here and there a leaf blown open by the wind of accident. Yet, even of these, there are more than enough to occupy a life of study, and to afford conclusive evidence that one great law, an emanation from omnipotence, has ever governed, and will continue to govern this material and intellectual world, the law of steady though slow progression and advancement towards perfection. This law ascertained, we ascertain the corresponding obligation, which forbids us to stand still, and requires, in whatever limited or humble sphere our powers and intellect operate, that we aid in this progression towards the ultimate destiny of man and the world.

Here and now I can do no more than glance at the former history of the world and its principal tenant; happy if I can group together a few striking facts, that will establish the existence of this law of progression, in even the most imperfect manner. I have neither the capacity, the knowledge nor the time to do more.

We do not know the original condition of the matter which now composes the solid structure of this world. Beyond the evidence afforded by geology, all is mere hypothesis and vague conjecture, of no value for our purposes, if for any. But we know that at some very remote period in the Past, millions of years, and perhaps millions of ages ago, the earth was in a state of fusion, a mass of igneous, melted matter; and that, by the cooling of its surface were formed and hardened the granitic rocks, which are considered primitive, as being the oldest known to us, or by any volcanic convulsion subsequently brought to the surface. We also know that there are no other igneous rocks, or those formed by the cooling of melted matter except the trap and basaltic rocks, formed anciently, as now, by the out-pourings of volcanic eruptions, and thus poured into the crevices of other rocks, or shot up through them in dikes, afterwards becoming lonely columns, by the gradual wearing away of the softer surrounding rock.

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Besides these, we know that all other rocks, forming immensely the larger portion with which we come in contact, were produced by the wearing down of the granitic, and in turn of these newer rocks, under the action of the sea, the frost, the rains and all the elements; and the deposition of the materials so obtained, at the bottom of the sea, at the mouths of great rivers, or in lakes of fresh water; or by the remains of myriad of shell-fish and minute animalculæ, in like manner deposited, gradually and during a long succession of ages; and by the hardening of these deposits into rock, in the long efflux of time. Thus were formed the old and new red-sandstone, the slates, the limestones and the conglomerates, and thus the enormous beds of chalk.

We know that every portion of what is now dry land has been not only once but many times sunk under the water; being alternately raised and depressed by volcanic action, several times covered by the ocean, sometimes at great depths, and sometimes in shallow seas, and then again raised, and sunk under fresh water; and that, at each depression, a new stratum of rock was formed; at enormous distances of time, one from the other: that in one of these intervals huge forests of trees of peculiar species flourished, when, from its internal heat, the earth had everywhere a tropical climate; which decaying formed huge beds of vegetable matter, and these, then sunk under the sea to an enormous depth, and there subjected to the action of heat, under heavy pressure, formed our coal measures.

We know that all strata of rock so formed by deposits were formed horizontally, one above the other; that some of them, as the wealden and chalk in England, are a thousand feet in thickness: that after they were so formed, layer above layer, during millions of years, if not for ages, the mountains were thrown up by the action of internal fire, by a long succession of volcanic shakes, elevating them by degrees; in which process these layers were broken across by the force of the volcanic action, and the pressure of the underlying rocks, a melted matter, pushed up into a slanting position, or even an up-

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right one, or twisted and contorted in every shape, and even entirely overturned; by which displacement alone, and the consequent exposure of the edges of the numerous strata, we have been enabled to examine them to any great extent.

There is no trace of any thing that ever lived in the igneous rocks. Geology has divided the subsequent time into eras and periods, and given them names. The order of their succession is well proven, but of their actual length and duration we only know that it must have been very great. To obtain some idea of the length of a single one of these periods, imagine only how long it must have taken to form a deposit of limestone five hundred feet thick and hundreds of miles square, out of the tiny shells of little minute insects, scarce visible to the naked eye, living and dying in a quiet sea!

Long after the period of fire, lasted the Silurian era. In its rocks are found remains of fishes, first of all living things. Then in subsequent eras and periods, each time after uncounted centuries, came successively, in the first fens and marshes huge animals of the lizard kind; then great amphibious beasts, then creatures, both beasts and birds, like some that now inhabit the earth, but vastly large; and then our present animals.

And still the work of change and progression was going on, and man had not yet appeared. The sixth day of creation had not yet dawned. The old continent that lay to the South East of what is now North America, furnished, with the gradual wearing down of its rocks and mountains, the sediment, which, carried down by its great rivers, running north-westwardly through its horrid, howling wildernesses, and deposited in the great ocean into which they ran, formed the rocks of this continent, of newer formation than the granite. Alternately depressed and elevated by successive quakings of the earth, the deposits were formed into successive strata; until, finally, the old continent sunk out of sight in the ocean, and the new one was raised permanently above its waters. Another long period elapsed, and the tremendous successive convulsions threw up the great ridges of the Alleghanies and the Ozarks, displaced

and distorted the enormous horizontal strata formed in peaceful seas, and thrust up masses of the underlying granite from below, to form the crests of mountains of which other and newer rocks constitute the shoulders. Tremendous concussions shook the continent, with noises of which we have no conception; and the globe seemed almost to dissolve. Volcanoes spouted liquid fire, which, pouring upon other rocks, or shot up through gaps and crevices, formed dikes or beds of trap and basalt. Then the great rivers took their rise, and the later periods succeeded one another, in their slow march, and the creation of later rocks and finally of soil went on, until the continent was made fit for the habitation of man.

Such was the process in all the continents. And not until all these mighty convulsions had ceased, and by gradual and steady progression during an incalculable train of centuries, the earth had become fitted for his use, was man created. And yet he fancies that this is the final state and complete perfection of this world, although the period during which he has existed, compared to the entire time of these geological changes is but as a grain of sand to the mass of a great mountain; and he came upon the earth perhaps innumerable centuries after the flood of diluvial drift that forms the gravelly surface of this and other southern countries, came sweeping with a strong current from the North; a thing, as it were, of yesterday.

Man came upon the earth, but the law of change and progression did not cease. We know that from his creation it has ruled and continues to rule in the moral and intellectual world.

There are no longer any *autos-da-fe*, of which we are either victims or spectators. Our flesh does not shrivel and crackle and consume in the flames, at the mandate of a merciless tribunal; nor do we feel the unutterable, intolerable agony of so horrible a death, because we have been suspected of heresy and tortured into confession. The limbs of our virgin daughters are not broken upon the wheel with blows of iron bars: we are not roasted in great pans over slow fires, nor nailed to crosses, nor pierced through with sharp stakes and left to die. Our thumbs are not even crushed in iron vices, nor our legs

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maimed with iron wedges driven between them and the iron boot.

No swarms of Huns now come down like locusts to smite and exterminate civilized nations. No new impostor propagates his doctrines at the head of remorseless armies. Whole nations are no longer driven into slavery and ground down with its eternal oppression. No nations are now smitten hip and thigh; and men, women and children slaughtered in hecatombs. No Pagan Emperor feeds his lions and tigers with the palpitating limbs of Christian virgins. No Pagan people gluts its eyes with the spectacle of Christian gladiators murdering each other. No crusade is preached against Lollards or Albigenes or the followers of Huss or Wickliffe. No obese tyrant Henry the Eighth burns Papist and Protestant alike for doubt of his spiritual supremacy. The fires of Smithfield have burned down, and no Cranmer condemns any, nor is himself condemned to the stake. No Claverhouse hunts Covenanters like wild beasts. Puritanism neither persecutes nor is persecuted; nor are even Anabaptists quartered and Quakers hung. Even the Catholics have come to be considered, in England and Ireland, as human beings, and a Jew dares to claim, with indifferent success, his seat in the House of Commons. Absolute power is everywhere subjected to some restraint, and no longer dares to indulge in its wonted excesses.

For us, we live in a land which our gallant Fathers rescued from its condition of Colonial dependence, and where they established a Republic and made a free Constitution. No shadow of a throne darkens it. No Palaces and Castles of an aristocracy frown upon the humble cottages of the poor. Those who framed our government changed the whole basis of the science of Politics, by assuming that all rightful government is but the development and concentration of the will of the People governed: while it had for centuries before been established as an axiom, that the right of governing was independent of the will of the People, a delegation of Divine Authority, a succession, by descent, to Patriarchal power, or right originally conferred by election or donation, or assumed by superior

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force and ripened by prescription into a title; and so an estate, vested like an estate of lands, and passing by descent and inheritance.

Here there is no religious toleration; for no one religion has the right to tolerate, any more than to proscribe and persecute another. At peace with all the world, we have almost entirely ceased to cultivate the science of war; and our entire national and individual attention is devoted to the arts of Peace. Our standing army would hardly suffice a European Monarch for a body-guard, our Militia is the shadow of a name, and our Navy is maintained in an indifferently respectable condition, merely as a wise measure of precaution, to protect our neutrality in the anticipated clash and conflict of jarring Empires. The Press is free and even licentious, opinion unshackled, the law of libel a dead letter. Government is but a mirror, from whose polished surface the will of the masses is reflected.

We feel all of the benefits and few of the burthens of National Government. Our evils arise nearer at home. No national tax-gatherer, no Armed Police darkens our doors. Our courts are open to all, and justice is sold to none, and denied to none. I wish I could say it is delayed to none. Evils we labor under, of course, for that is the inflexible law and sad lot of humanity. But compared to the mighty masses of wrong and outrage, of tyranny and oppression that so long rested on the world's neck, and weighed down man's free spirit, the evils of which we complain are petty and insignificant; and moreover they are the fruit, in great part, of our own supineness and indolence, and exist solely because we do not choose to apply the remedy.

Peaceful associations extend their affiliations from one extreme of the Union to the other, numbering their initiates by hundreds of thousands; not aggregated for the purposes of sedition and violence, not to subvert the Government or undermine liberty, establish a tyranny of King or Hierarchy, or promulgate a new creed in religion or politics; not organized into battalions and regiments, nor glittering with the trappings of war, with Waterloo medals or Crosses of the Legion of Honor;

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nor armed with sabre and bayonet; but associated for objects of Philanthropy, Charity and Mutual Relief, inculcating obedience to the Government, knowing no distinction of sect or creed, having no purposes political or sectarian; and anxious, through the outer envelope, to discern only the real value of the true inner man.

And all of these things seem to us as trite, as ordinary, as commonplace, as the daily rising and setting of the Sun, and the waxing and waning of the Moon. Like the other blessings vouchsafed to us by Omnipotence, we receive them with a thankless indifference, as if they were merely our due, and fell to us as an inheritance does to a legal heir. Could a Carthaginian by some dispensation of Providence, when Rome was thundering for the last time at the gates of her rival city, have been plunged into a profound sleep; a Gaul when the Franks crushed his race on their last battle-field; one of those slaves with which the Romans fed their compeys; an Andalusian Man after the fall of Grenada, a Huguenot after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, or when Coligni's blood was not yet dry on the pavements of Paris; a Roman Christian in the reign of Nero; an Irish Catholic after the battle of Boyne; or a Netherlander during the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Alva;—could they have slept until now, and be awakened, here, today, in this fair land, and under these peaceful influences of freedom,—to them, indeed, these great blessings of civil and religious liberty would seem true miracles; a cry of joy, such as the world never heard before, would go up to Heaven and ring among the stars; and these solemnities, to us so little worthy of note or comment, would be to them like an hour mark on the great dial-plate of Time; one of those solemn and significant occurrences that mark the going out of one great era, and the advent of another. All that is passing here would seem to them more miraculous than the daguerreotype or the magnetic telegraph; and in good sooth, they would be infinitely wiser in their admiration and entranced wonder, than we are in our nonchalance and supercilious indifference.

The subject hurries me on with it, and suggests ideas too

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numerous for utterance. To develop it fully is not within the purposes of this address, if it were not far beyond my powers. I can but touch upon a few of its prominent features; and indeed its magnitude and my own incapacity almost deter me from attempting it at all.

The existence of suffering and pain, violence and wrong; the prosperous fortunes of the vicious, the base and the tyrannical, and the adverse minds that buffet the virtuous and the good, have been in all ages the great stumbling block over which philosophers and the teachers of religion have tripped and fallen. I do not pretend to have found a solution of the problem; nor will I undertake a discussion of the doctrine of free-will and fatalism. That mankind are but infinitesimal portions of one great whole, minute links in one vast chain of existence, stretching backward and forward to unknown distances in Eternity, is abundantly certain; and it is equally certain that, as God is infinitely just and good, there is a relation of perfect harmony between this great whole, and the individual rights and wrongs, and happiness and suffering, of mankind.

As in the vegetable kingdom one species thrives by the destruction and extermination of another; as in the animal kingdom life maintains life, and the larger, by the law of their nature, pursue, capture and devour the smaller; those that are mere useless and ferocious, the timid, the patient, the inoffensive, and the serviceable; as man himself in this respect ranks with the tiger and the eagle, and preys upon the harmless fish, the graceful deer, and even the bright-eyed singing-bird; so until lately it might almost have seemed that by a like unerring law of nature, man's life maintained the life of man, that might made right; and the strong were made and meant to prey upon the weak, and secure their own fortune and luxury at the price of the pain, the misery, the torture and the death of others, whose virtue and feebleness were their only protection. * * *

Long before the days of Abraham, war had again commenced; and from that time to the present there has probably never been a single hour when it has not raged on some por-

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tion of the earth's surface. The predecessors of those Egyptian kings who were the taskmasters of the children of Jacob, carried their arms among remote nations, and brought back herds of captives to grace their triumphs. The Israelites slaughtered their enemies and one another so remorselessly that their chronicles have come down to us reeking all over with blood. The history of Assyria, Media and Persia is the mere annals of carnage. Why trace the gory history of Greece before and after Alexander; of the Roman Kingdom and Republic and the Eastern and Western Empires, in all of whose long existence the temples of Janus was never closed but twice? From the reign of Augustus to the overthrow of Napoleon, a period of nearly nineteen hundred years, Europe and Asia were the theatres of perpetual war. Swarms of barbarians assailed the falling empires. Germans, Scythians, Goths and Vandals, Franks and Huns, sacked, plundered and devastated Gaul, Spain, Italy, France and Africa in turn, slaying remorselessly all that came within the sweep of their swords. Saxon and Dane and Norman, pitiless as the North wind, scourged Britain, France and Italy. The Saracen and the Turk, Tamerlane and Genghis Khan burned up the grass of Asia with their horses' hoofs, and fertilized whole empires with human blood and bones. Religious wars, in which millions of men and women were slain on abstract questions of polemical divinity, commenced as early as the reign of Constantine, marked with their hideous fires the track of declining empire, and outlived its fall; to be succeeded by the Crusades, decimating Europe, and thinning the overflowing population of Pagan and Mahometan Asia; and they by other wars of the Cross against Heretics and Huguenots, the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, Sicilian Vespers. To these constant wars, and later ones among the different States of Europe; to Guise and Conde, to Eugene, Turenne and Marlborough, succeeded the mighty armaments of Napoleon, the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Wagram and Borodino, the fires of Moscow, the reverses in the Peninsula, and the disasters of Eylau and Waterloo.

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Recently the Standards of England were advanced against the Sikhs, the Afghans and the Kaffirs, and France has subjugated Algeria. And even now, while the Circassian cannon thunder against the Russian Columns in the Caucasus, and the long-conquered Chinese are in armed rebellion against their Tartar Lords, all Europe is arming for a general war, in which the seven thunders will perhaps utter those voices which the apocalyptic seer was forbidden to write down, and the mystery of God shall be finished.

And thus war seems the natural state and element of man, and the appetite for blood a stern necessity of his nature. And yet, when Noah ventured from the Ark, upon the naked summit of Mount Ararat, there went forth with him a colony of patient and industrious workers, seemingly designed by Providence continually to teach mankind the inestimable blessings of peace, of harmony and of association. From that day to the present those little laborers, with their republican institutions and their elective monarchical head, have kept the even tenor of their way, following ever the foremost wave of civilization, teaching to man a constant and eloquent lesson, as constantly undeeded by the majority of our race, as they disregard all the other lessons written by the finger of God on the pages of the great book of Nature.

The confusion of tongues in the plain of Sinai reached not to these busy workers. Their mathematics were taught them before the flood, and perfect as their architecture was at the beginning, it now remains. Their civil polity still continues the same as that of their ancestors, nor have they listened to innovation, if busy ambition has proposed new schemes of government. No institution of primogeniture has accumulated the wealth of a nation in the hands of a favored few politicians. They wage no war for plunder or conquest, but repel with unequalled courage all assaults upon their common treasury; and venture their lives with unhesitating loyalty to secure the safety of the magistrate whose powers spring from their election. Party and faction they do not consider the

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safeguards of the general liberty, and therefore they allow no drones to live upon the general industry.

Had mankind, from the days of the flood, steadily followed some of the lessons taught them by the industrious bees; had they associated themselves together in Lodges, and taught and faithfully practised Toleration, Charity and Friendship; had even those only of the human race done so, who have professed the christian faith, to what unimaginable degrees of happiness and prosperity would they not have attained! To what extreme and now invisible heights of knowledge and wisdom would not the human intellect have soared! Had they but practised Toleration alone, what a garden of Eden would this Earth now be! Blood enough has been spilled for opinion's sake, to fill the basin of an inland sea; treasure enough has been expended and destroyed to have made the world a garden, covered it with a net-work of roads, canals and bridges, and made its every corner glorious with palaces; and the descendants of those who have been slain would have thickly peopled every continent and island of the globe.

* * * *(Here follows the remarks quoted in Chapter XVII of the Biography).

No doubt in all periods secret societies have existed. Tyranny and superstition make them a necessity to a suffering world. But for purposes like those of the two great orders in whose name I speak, few have ever been constituted. Centuries after the Christian era, the knightly associations of the Templars and Hospitallers, of the Knights of St. John and Malta, and others like them, were formed, for purposes, at least in part, of aid and charity to the distressed; but Toleration formed no tenet of their creed; and they soon degenerated into communities of wealthy and ambitious men, aiming at power, and temporal as well as spiritual dominion. The different monastic communities and orders long practised charity and alms-giving; and, during the long, dark, polar night which covered Europe in the middle ages, when all power but that of the Church was in the rough hands of illiterate and

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brutal lords and barons, pauperism, then terribly abundant, met with but little relief, except at the gates of the monasteries and abbeys; and their vassals, retainers and dependents were better cared for, and less impoverished by plundering, taxation and exaction, than other peasants and serfs: but after a time too many of these institutions degenerated into mere receptacles of luxury and laziness, and asylums for the idle and often the dissolute.

The great Order of the Jesuits, always the antagonist of Toleration, extended many benefits to its adherents; but struggled from its foundation for power and spiritual dominion. It aimed to rule the mind of the world, by monopolizing education; and, as the potent ally and Defender of Catholicism and the Holy See, to become the governing influence behind all thrones. Claiming the power of dispensing with oaths, and holding mental reservation justifiable, its tenets and practice were broadly hostile to pure and perfect truth and good faith. And their ambition and intrigues soon hurled the Jesuits from the lofty eminence which under their first generals they attained.

The Holy Vehme was a secret association, having for its sole object the trial and punishment of offenders whom ordinary justice could not reach; and it bore no resemblance to Masonry or Odd-Fellowship.

On the continent of Europe, a bastard Masonry produced in France new rites and a swarm of worthless degrees, among the adherents of the Pretender and elsewhere; and in Germany and Italy, at a later day, the Illuminati, the Carbonaro and their kindred societies imitated the same institution. But they were of merely political and revolutionary character; as were similar associations, under other names, in Ireland.

Up to the present time, Masonry and Odd-Fellowship, with their more modern and less important imitators, such as the United Ancient Order of Druids and the United Order of Red Men, have been the only associations having for their object the inculcation and diffusion of the great principles which you have heard developed during these ceremonies: and cir-

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cumscribed as their spheres of operation have been, they have yet produced the most important, beneficial and lasting results.

While the swift innumerable centuries, sent forward on their mighty mission by the hand of God's omnipotence, in long succession, from a remoteness almost infinite in the shadowy Past, have gone thundering down the slopes of Time, the aged earth has been passing through her great geological periods and eras of destruction and formation. The whole of these periods, this whole vast succession of centuries, constitutes but a point in that infinite duration of Eternity, which is of the essence of God's existence; as this earth and our whole solar system constitute but a point in that infinite space or extension which is also of His essence. Generations of myriads upon myriads of living beings have been created, lasted their time, and passed away to make room for others; until at length their burial-places became fitted to be the abode of man; and then man was created.

Our own existence is a point in another great geological period, whose commencement lies far back in the Past, and its termination is far onward, at an incalculable distance in the Future. There is no reason to imagine that the same great, eternal and immutable law of progression and advancement towards perfection, which has governed the earth amid all its changes, is not still in active operation. Under the influence of volcanic action, portions of the surface are still, from time to time, raised and depressed, perhaps as frequently as heretofore. Lava and tufa still form new mountains, which grow slowly on the plains, or are flung up from the bottom of the sea. The combined action of heat, frost, rain, and the melting of the snows is still gradually and certainly wearing down the mountains and hills to a level with the plains. All the fresh-water lakes are slowly but certainly filling up, with the detritus from the hills, and the growth of vegetable matter; and all the great rivers are forming deposits at their mouths, hereafter to become strata of rock, under the heavy pressure of the sea. The coral insect still builds great islands and con-

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tinents in the ocean.—Ontario and Erie, and afterwards the deeper upper lakes will in time become vast morasses, traversed by a broad river, and afterwards great grassy basins of dry land; like our Grand Prairie, which was once a lake, and into which, undoubtedly before the creation of man, White River debouched; still centuries on centuries, perhaps, after a great river ran from Lake Michigan into a sea, which then covered what is now the fertile prairies of Illinois. Ultimately, innumerable ages hence, the Gulf of Mexico will be filled up or its bed upraised by the slumbering central fires, and the alluvial lands of the Mississippi be joined to the Antilles. Then the great barren desert which stretches westward to the Rocky Mountains will probably have become an inhabitable land, diversified with hill and dale; and those great mountains may have sunk, and new Alleghanies, of more recent strata, have arisen nearer to the rising sun.

The transitions from one geological epoch to another, have invariably been distinct, marked and sudden. And therefore we may hold it for certain that at some distant day, the present period will suddenly close, and a new one subsequently commence. This will be indeed the striking of another hour on the great clock of Time; but whether with great throes and convulsions, and a total destruction of all animal life, none but the Omniscient himself can even conjecture.

But it is abundantly certain that hitherto all change has been progression and improvement; and that, as the earth has thus been improved, and rendered capable of sustaining higher and more perfect forms of life, higher and more perfect organizations have been created to take the places prepared for them. It is equally certain that the process of improvement in the material world is still going on; and I hold that, in exact correspondence with this, the human race, the highest present known organization, is gradually improving in its knowledge, in its perception of what is right and good and for its true interest, and in its capacity for moral and intellectual enjoyment. This improvement will continue as the long train of centuries flashes onward; until at the coming of the next

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geological period, if our race should be succeeded, as the unerring law which has hitherto governed surely indicates, by other beings of a higher organization and nobler faculties, it will have attained to so lofty a degree of improvement, that the change to the higher race will occur, as by the same law all such changes have hitherto occurred, by a gradation almost imperceptible.

And therefore it was; because this day, this place, this occasion and these solemnities afford to us, by standing here as on a vantage ground, and looking back along the paths of history and tradition to the day of man's creation, conclusive evidence of this advancement and improvement of our race; imperceptible to each generation, confining its regards to the narrow limits of its own existence, but palpable now to us, by the comparison of the extremes of six thousand years—therefore it was I said that this seemed to me no ordinary occasion; and that it afforded matter for grave and serious reflection.

Notwithstanding that there is not time for me now to speak of the great multitude of other facts, which establish and illustrate this progressive improvement; and which, indeed, to the eye that is once unsealed will be visible and manifest on every side, thicker than the stars; there is one, at least, to which every good Mason and Odd-Fellow will thank me for referring.

And that, most note-worthy and significant, is the increased and increasing influence of Woman upon the intellect of the age; and her lofty position in the great intellectual realm. If I had not been conscious of that fact, I should have selected another subject; and I fancy I could in no way more fully have shown my appreciation of this influence and position than by the choice of the somewhat unusual theme on which I chose to frame an address, for an audience of which so many lovely women form a part. * * * *

And this is peculiarly fit and appropriate; because in every country, kindness to the afflicted, sympathy for the distressed, and pity for the suffering and destitute, invariably

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form a part of woman's lovely and angelic nature. I have known, in a foreign land, while the roar of our hostile cannon still echoed among their mountains, lovely girls, ladies both by birth and education, nurse with the tenderest care and softest sympathy, the rudest and least prepossessing of our soldiery, when sick upon that soil which they trod with hostile feet. Forgiving our errors with a noble generosity, and never faltering in their affection, they deserve our constant love and unremitting devotion. Accurate in their perceptions of what is right and just, and manly and honorable, they are our best and wisest counsellors; and he who often disregards the advice of his mother, his sister, and above all, his wife, will not fail sorely to repent it at his leisure. He is no true Mason nor genuine Odd-Fellow, who does not earnestly

invoke fair skies

And genial airs, and soft and kindly dews
Of faithful love, and tender sympathies,
For these sweet buds, ravished from Paradise,
And blooming into flowers of loveliness,
In this our rude but sunny western clime.

Regretfully I turn again to a less delightful theme. The Painter and the Poet, only, are entitled to be always inspired by visions of loveliness, and to weave those visions into creations of the pen and pencil that shall live forever. I return.

One more significant reflection to which these ceremonies have given birth, I must mention, or the lesson I wish to deduce would be too imperfect.

We do not know what long array of centuries hurrying onward has vanished into the remote Past, since even the present great geological period commenced. But we do know that, as it has taken more than six thousand years to change visibly and slightly the natural features of the material world; so it has required the same length of time for even a little portion of mankind, after great struggle and endeavor, and earnest toil, and passing through the fiery furnaces of many trials, to learn the momentous truth that it is man's right and duty to be free; and that this right and duty involve the power to be so, if

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they but firmly will it. It has taken six thousand years to establish, even here, the simple truth that all government has for its basis the will of the governed; to fit even a few of our race for liberty; to establish toleration in matters of opinion on some small sections of the Earth's surface; to induce a few hundred thousand out of all the many millions of our race, to associate themselves for purposes of friendship, charity and mutual assistance; and even with a large proportion of these it is mere profession; to make such advances as we have made in learning, science and knowledge; and we are still profoundly ignorant of the phenomena, and true nature of the connexion, between the mind and matter.

To what degree of perfection our race is to arrive before the end of the present great period, we cannot even conjecture. But so vast, in all probability, is the time that must elapse before that end arrives, and so moderate the degree of perfection to which, with our organization, we can hope to attain, that we must reasonably conclude that the progress of man, though steady and incessant, will be ever slow and painful, like the disintegration of the great mountains. The eternal decrees of God are fixed and certain as destiny. To us their development is slow, if not imperceptible. To Him all the centuries, past, present and future, are visible at a single glance, as they whirl, thundering and flashing, through that infinite space, through which also flash and thunder in their courses the infinite myriads of suns and systems of worlds. To Him all eternity is one great Now; and infinite space, with all its systems, the dead, the living and the unborn, one great HERE: Time has to Him no progression, and Space is a Thought of God.

While, therefore, we recognize the great truth that the human race is capable of freedom, of advancement and improvement; that it is incessantly making progress in that direction, and that this progress may be hastened by proper exertion and endeavor, by precept and example; and delayed by apathy, indifference or neglect; and that therefore it is our highest duty to labor earnestly in our vocation and proper

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place, and teach, extend, illustrate and adorn the principles of our Orders; we must at the same time be moderate in our expectations of results. We must not hope to see nations become suddenly fitted for freedom, nor men at once admit as axioms, truths which to us are self-evident; nor hope for much immediate visible effect to result from our strivings. Let us be reformers, but not propagandists. We cannot cut down the mountain whose head is hidden in the clouds. The rains and frosts will level it with the plain in God's good time.

Sow then thy seed faithfully, oh husbandman! without counting whether it is or is not to produce profit and return a ripe harvest to thee! What though the long nights come and go, and the rains fall often, and the dews wrinkle into sharp frost, and thou diest before the green wheat-blades pierce through the churlish sod? Thy work is done, is there;—and that is for thee the only question. Thou wast placed here to sow, and not to reap. Duty and obligation enwrap us always; and when we stand before God's bar of judgment, we shall be asked, not what we have reaped, but what good seed we sowed. What is done, is done; and will infallibly have its effect, for good or evil. In the eye of God, the effect is already here, though it cometh afar off, in the train of forty centuries.—Thou art not sensible that this earth moves at all; and yet even the angels see that it spins round the sun more swiftly than the electric fluid flashes along the wires.

Therefore be not discouraged, my brothers, but work with a cheerful alacrity, and a noble confidence; knowing that the results are certain; and that to God the cause and the effect are one, identical, and simultaneous. That we see not the result is of no importance. The question is, doth God see it?—and if so, as is most assuredly true, what matters it whether it be visible or not, to us?

But it is time that I should bring this address to a close. I am aware that it is not such, in either style or matter, as you expected;—perhaps not such as you had a right to expect. I might have entertained you with flowing words, with gaudy figures, and with high-sounding common-places. But after

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we reach the age of forty, we tire of that, or ought to; and I should have thought your time and my own sadly wasted, if I had indulged in it. I am too conscious that what I have said is imperfect. Perhaps it has been trite and uninteresting. If so, I bow to your better judgment and regret it. It was written while I lay prostrate on the bed of sickness, and in pain: nor have I had time in health to revise and correct it. As it flowed into my own mind, I have given it to you, wishing it were better worthy the occasion.

BROTHERS, COMPANIONS, and PATRIARCHS! We have nearly completed the ceremonies of laying this corner-stone. Before the Lodges which it is to uphold are dedicated, for some one or more of us these skies will have ceased to smile, and this fair earth to display her buds and flowers. Let us then bury here beneath this stone all our dislikes and jealousies, our piques and animosities; and henceforth entertain for each other only kind and affectionate feelings, such as become gentle and loving natures. Let us here and now, with a full and ample understanding of their import, solemnly renew all our pledges, and re-take all our obligations.

And finally, let us invoke for this edifice symmetry and continuance! May its foundations be laid firm and strong as the foundations of our Orders! May its walls in good time rise upward, true, square and steadfast as our principles! May the workmen enjoy propitious weather and benignant skies, bringing them health and not sickness! May the lightning not mar its fair proportions! and may Time deal leniently and tenderly with it, while his Years and Seasons roll over it in their appointed courses! May we long survive to visit its beloved Halls, and take good counsel together; and after we are gathered to our fathers, and our memory has faded like a dream, and even our errors and ill-deeds are wholly forgotten, may it still stand; and others, worthier than we, still continue to frequent it, during many generations.

ALBERT PIKE

ADDRESS ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Capitol, February 10, 1855.

Col. Pike—

Sir: Under a resolution of the House, this day adopted, I have been instructed to request of you a copy of the address delivered by you in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on the subject of a Southern Pacific Railroad.

Trusting you may be able to gratify my colleagues in this, their unanimous request,

I am, dear Sir,

Your friend and obedient servant,

JNO. M. SANDIDGE,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Col. Albert Pike.

Baton Rouge, February 10, 1855.

Hon. J. M. Sandidge,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Sir: Having taken copious notes of the address delivered by Col. Pike, on the subject of a Southern Pacific Railroad, with the view of its publication at length—and the same having been written out and submitted to him, and being by him corrected, I feel justified in placing a copy thereof at the disposal of the House, in response to its resolution adopted on this inst., Col. Pike having left Baton Rouge before the adoption of the resolution.

Your obedient servant,

M. ESTES.

Following is the address—one of several delivered by him in connection with Pacific railroad projects—a to-be-realized transcontinental iron thoroughfare, parts of which system were backed by Huntington, Stanford and other great pioneer builders, and which achievements have been called the wonder of its age, or any age:

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Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen:

I do not know where else it may be my fate to speak, or what other Assembly to address before I die, but I am sure that, however numerous, dignified and intelligent any audience may be that shall hereafter hear me, I shall never feel so highly honored, so deeply embarrassed, so anxious to succeed, and yet so distrustful of myself, as I am tonight. Honored by a courtesy and compliment on your part, wholly unexpected, unusual and undeserved; embarrassed, because I feel that expectations are entertained by you that cannot but be disappointed; anxious to succeed, because the subject is one in which, not only this State, but my own, and the whole great South—you and I, and all of us, and our children, are deeply interested; and distrustful of myself, because I know my own inability to deal with the subject; to present it fairly before you to deal with it in a fit and proper manner. I would fain have had this task committed to worthier hands.

Painfully conscious of all this, I feel that it is my duty to speak to the point, and as plainly and briefly as possible. Respect for those who so honor me, forbids me to deal in the arts of the rhetorician. The gifts of the orator I do not possess. I shall address myself, not to your imagination or passions, but to your reason and judgment alone.

Allow me, sir, in your kindness, to wander from that course for a moment, while I apologize to one portion of my audience, to whom I tender my respectful commiseration for the cruel and unusual punishment to which they are about to be subjected. They are the flowers with which a beneficent Providence has strewed the wilderness of the world; the stars whose soft and yet potent influences make the tides of our hearts to ebb and flow at their pleasure, and which mould and shape our destiny. We do not compliment the stars and flowers. We admiringly worship the one, and devotedly love the other. The truest homage we can pay them is that of a silence born of a devotion too profound to be expressed in words.

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The Southern Convention which met at Charleston in April last, adopted certain resolutions on the subject of a Southern Pacific Railroad, which were adopted and reiterated by that which met at New Orleans in January. I crave your permission to read certain portions of those resolutions.

(Mr. Pike here read parts of the resolutions, and continued.)

As one of the committee appointed under these resolutions, I have presented to the Legislature of Louisiana the draft of a charter for a Southern Pacific Railroad, drawn with some care, and, as we hope, not materially objectionable; and we greatly desire its speedy enactment, with such modifications as the greater wisdom of the Legislature may deem fit and proper. * * * *

During the present session of Congress, a bill has been introduced, declared to be the only one having the remotest chance of success, for building *three* Pacific roads—a Northern, a Central and a Southern one. The so-called Central one is emphatically a Northern road, consulting every Northern interest. And even this project, by which the South, getting the aid of the general government by a grant of a small quantity of land, of little or no value, in building one Southern road, was to aid in building two Northern ones,—even this project has been defeated, shelved and lost. Like to this was the proposition made to the Memphis convention, some years ago, by a convention at St. Louis, of a road from Memphis, one from St. Louis, and one from Chicago—two to one in favor of the North, like all propositions made by it to the South.

Now, sir, I hope that the whole South will, with a single voice, declare its ultimatum on this subject, and tell the North that if we can obtain the aid of the National Treasury in building a Southern road, only on the terms that the South shall aid in building two roads in the North, we absolutely reject the proposition—will build our own road ourselves, and never consent that aid to a Northern one shall be given from the National Treasury to the amount of a single dime.

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No, sir, the South is to get no aid from the general government. If she wants a Southern road, she must build it herself; and if she cannot build it herself, she does not deserve to have it. Indeed, with our overplus of constitutional scruples, I do not know how we are to receive such aid. Our Northern brethren have no such scruples; and so, while the snags are suffered to accumulate in our rivers, wreck our boats, destroy our property, ruin our merchants, and cost us more lives in ten years than would be needed to gain a great battle, we find on the Northern lakes a government light-house on every spit of sand, and dredging boats constantly at work keeping open that mud Bayou once called Fever, and now dignified with the name of Galena River, because it is declared *navigable*, and Galena a port of entry; and the shallow pond in front of Dubuque, a lake.

Yet, sir, we will not quarrel with our Northern brethren. If we cannot compete with them in a fair rivalry, it is our fault and our misfortune. The true statesman does not look to find all men patriots. He takes them as they are, and makes skillful use even of their faults, their foibles and their selfishness, in the public service. It is our business to take things as they are, and to look all the dangers and difficulties that surround us firmly in the face. If we cannot look abroad for help, it remains for us simply to help ourselves—by far the most manly and respectable mode.

Weary and sick with the constant clamor for aid kept up by the Southern States about the doors of Congress, we propose to see whether they cannot, in this great matter, do something for themselves. We think that the South can build her own road to the Pacific; and like the brave Miller at Lundy's Lane, we propose *to try*. We do not propose to wait until the new free States of Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington, and the four or five more that the prophetic eye of Mr. Benton already sees carved out of the great Northwestern Territory, with their dozen or more Senators, take the moneys from the treasury of the nation, and lay down the rail across the continent far in the frozen north.

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The wise statesman, like the wise strategist, provides for all possible emergencies. God forbid that I should anticipate or foretell a dissolution of this Union. This is an event from which I turn my eyes with horror. I possess nothing except my children, (and I would scarcely except them) which I would not give up, rather than the dear right of planting my feet upon the soil of Bunker Hill and Concord, and saying that I am in my own country. I would fain regard all these old battle-fields as an inalienable portion of my inheritance. In that respect I like your Louisiana law, and mean to be a forced heir. But still, the dissolution of the Union is possible; and no one has the right to say that in forty years more it will not happen. In that event, and slavery still existing among us—with northern fanaticism pressing on us upon the one hand, and English negro-philism Africanizing the West Indies on the other, we can look only for disastrous eclipse and ruin, unless we have by railroad a communication with the Pacific.

To strengthen ourselves in the Union is our first and highest duty. If we do not do it, we are recreant to ourselves and our country. Power never existed long anywhere without being abused, and if we wish the northern states to adhere to the Union, that can be attained only by so increasing our wealth and power that by dissolution, if we did not gain, they at least must lose.

It is mockery for them to tell us that they do us no wrong—that they restrain themselves within the letter of the Constitution, and perform all the duties which it requires of them. They do not. So long as they refuse, as they all do, to allow and require their own tribunals, magistrates and officers to aid in returning to us our fugitive slaves, they violate the Constitution. Their duties to us are not measured by the letter of the Constitution, any more than our social duties, and those of husband to wife and wife to husband, are measured by the letter of the law.

If a community could be constituted, in which every one should perform no other duties to society and his fellows, than those that the municipal law requires, nor even violate or de-

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stroy one letter of that law, the domain of the devil would be preferable as a place of residence. How few of the social duties are enjoined by law! How few of the crimes and villainies that break human hearts, divide families, and destroy reputations, are prohibited by law! Think only of a husband and wife regulating their conduct to each other by the line, and letter, and punctilio of the law!

There are higher and nobler feelings which should prevail between these states than those presented by our Constitution. They are duties to each other prescribed by God's law—those that brother owes brother—and those duties the northern states utterly neglect and repudiate. When they treat us as their inferiors—when they exclude us from the common territory, they treat us as their inferiors, they compel us to feel that we occupy that attitude, and they thus labor effectually to dissolve the Union; for, as I have said before, you cannot place a collar on a free man's neck, and write upon it, "This is Gurth, thrall-born of Cedric the Saxon," and still cajole him into the belief that he is free and independent.

The remedy for all this is in our own hands. We have but to arouse ourselves, and all these evils will vanish. The direct route from Europe to the Indies lies within our borders. There is the mighty engine that will bring the whole world to our feet—make New Orleans a new Venice, and Charleston and Norfolk, Amsterdams—and our other cities Tyres, clothed in purple and gold. Carrying forward with all our energies this great work, and not abandoning the route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, we shall make proper use of the means of dominion and incalculable prosperity which God has generously given us. If we neglect them—if we let the route by Tehuantepec remain sealed and locked up, and the road to the Pacific traverse the free states, we become the mere tributaries to the north, as the conquered Satraps of Asia were to the Romans, and our children's children will lament their fate and bitterly curse our folly and infatuation.

Nations become prosperous by their energy and enterprise. They do not lie idle and let trade run in its old and

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charted channels. It was not the natural course of trade that built up Palmyra in the desert—that made Tyre the Queen of the Seas—that made Portugal, Venice and Holland overflow with wealth. It was not a natural channel of trade, that that great Canal, which, projected by Clinton, brought the waters of Erie to mingle with those of the Hudson, and make the Great West tributary to New York.

So must we do, if we would grasp and hold, as we can do, the commercial empire of the world. Our great river is much, but it is not all, nor enough. It does not bring us the trade of the East; nor will it become the magnificent artery of commerce for which God designed it, until the wealth of Araby and Ind flows as a broad, exhaustless current to its shores.

Again, I say, if we are not sure that we can build this road, let us try. That we can do; and he who does that, does his duty. What we ask of you is simply a charter of incorporation—the ground on which to place the fulcrum of the lever with which to move the world. We ask Louisiana to loan and advance no money; to assume no responsibility. That is a matter for her to consider hereafter, when we see what companies and individuals will do. We propose to interfere with no company already chartered, but to co-operate with them in the great work in which they are engaged.

It has been said that this plan is chimerical. The same has been said of every great work that the human mind has from age to age projected. Railroads are building at the rate of five thousand miles a year, and the man yet lives in England that laid the first mile of rail in the world. Texas offers twenty sections of land to every mile of the road through the entire breadth of her territory, as a gift, and sixteen sections to the mile for every branch and lateral road. Give us a charter, that we may be enabled to begin, and we are assured that the amount necessary to secure those lands shall be at once raised and deposited. Let us get the stock subscribed, to one-half of the amount required, and a contract may be made with the government for the carrying, during a term of years, of the public mails and munitions of war. Send the bonds of the

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company to Europe, if even part of the states will unite in the plan, and the capitals of France and Germany will readily seek investment in them.

Chimerical! It is as easy to build this road, if we will but think so, and get a track in earnest, as it has been for your Robbs and Campbells, with their noble energies and manly determination, backed by a wise Legislature and a generous community, to build some hundred miles of your two great roads meant to make the interior tributary to New Orleans. Chimerical! So it was chimerical to talk of the Erie Canal. So it was chimerical for Georgia to undertake to lift herself out of the slough of despond, when the first man suggested the railroad from Savannah to Macon.

The road can be built without the aid of the General Government. If she does not choose to aid us, let her let it alone; and when the road is built, let her pay what the directory choose to charge her for the transportation of her mails and troops and munitions of war. She may not be able to make so good a bargain then.

I do not mean that we should reject her aid. But I do mean that we should no longer beg for it. The General Government is not a superior of the states, by divine right or any other right, to which they must crouch and fawn, "and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." It lives by them, and for them, and they have a right to demand their fair and equal share of government aid to their great works of internal improvement, and they should never be content with less.

Why, sir, should the fourteen Southern states hesitate to engage in that which it is infinitely easier for them to do, than it has been for Massachusetts and Georgia to build the network of railroads with which their surfaces are covered? The autocrat of Russia is laying down the rails from St. Petersburg, by Moscow, to the more genial regions of the Black Sea; England, France, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia—every crowned head in Europe—raising the finger only, creates the iron ways that make his realm prosperous. Can we republicans not do as much? Is it the means, or the

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spirit and energy, we lack? Shame on us, if the old kings of Egypt could build up the useless pyramids, with incalculable expenditure of treasure, labor and life, to perpetuate the remembrance of their folly to all future ages, and we cannot connect ourselves with our sister state, stretching out her hands to us from the shores of the Pacific!

The Romans never thought a country wholly subjugated until, by almost imperishable roads, its remotest frontiers were connected with the Eternal City. Nay, the barbarians of Peru, when invaded by Pizarro, had builded roads more grand in their conception and more vast and admirable in their construction, compared with their means, and infinitely more so, when compared with their uses, than the Pacific Railroad will be, compared with our means, and the grand and magnificent results to be attained by it.

This plan does not come to you recommended or urged by myself alone. If it did, I should be aghast at my own presumption. It has the endorsement—the unanimous endorsement—of two conventions; the latter respectable and intelligent, though not so numerous; the former equal in numbers, in character, in intellect and in judgment to any body of men that ever met in America. Sustained and backed by this endorsement, I am full of courage and hope. Should I even fail for the present, I do not mean to be discouraged or dismayed. It will be but to try again. But I do not anticipate any failure. Much as we of the South have been in the habit of aiming at much and doing little, I have a confident hope and belief that this great project will succeed. I will not believe there is any such word as fail. The work is necessary—it is right—and we can do it.

To you, gentlemen, I now desire to commit this matter. I beg you, in the name of your state, and of every Southern state; I beg you, in the name of your children, your country, and the common interests of universal humanity, to give it your sanction, and the vast moral influence of your approval. I pray you that, after you have examined the charter, deliberated upon its provisions, wisely remedied its imperfections

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and supplied its deficiencies, you will properly and with unanimity grant it to us. We want it for no improper purpose, nor to subserve private interests. The charter granted and the stock subscribed, I shall have seen enough achieved. I am willing then to withdraw and let others reap the benefit of the link, none of which, except so far as I share as an humble citizen in the dignity and prosperity of the country, do I desire or expect for myself.

Men, seeing the advantages such as are now secured by the canal which is the noblest monument to the memory of De Witt Clinton, wonder how that great enterprise could have ever been thought chimerical; so not many years hence will men, standing by the great iron road that ties the East, the West, the Atlantic and Pacific, while upon the wings of steam and fire the commerce of the world goes flashing by, wonder how it could ever have been necessary for one to occupy the time of the Legislature of Louisiana, in urging upon it the necessity and practicability of that great highway of nations. I am sure that they will not have admitted that you listened with doubt or incredulity.

I commit the subject to you with entire confidence. I feel like a feeble dwarf who, with his trowel, labors to build up a mighty monument, fit only to be undertaken by giants. I gladly surrender it to you; and be you sure that if you act promptly and efficiently in regard to it, you will richly deserve that along the road, when it shall have been built, a line of monuments shall be reared, stretching like huge sentinels from the Mississippi to the Pacific, each bearing the name of one of yourselves, as that of one who, by his voice and vote, aided in embodying in iron this most magnificent idea of the age, and thereby making the South, of which we are all so proud, and whose honor and dignity are so dear to us, prosperous, united, independent, and secure against the arms and enmity of the world.

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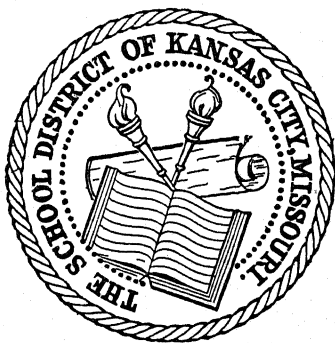
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