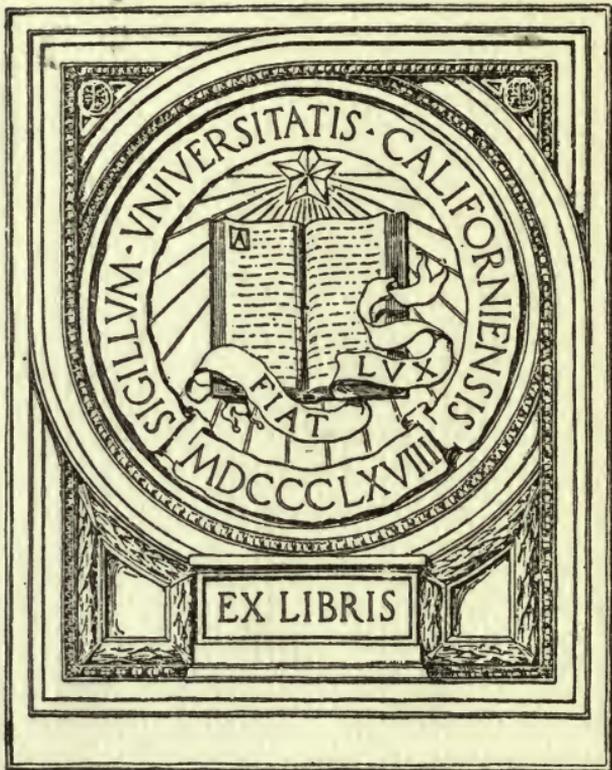


THE
LIFE STORY
OF
ALBERT PIKE

FRED W. ALLSOPP



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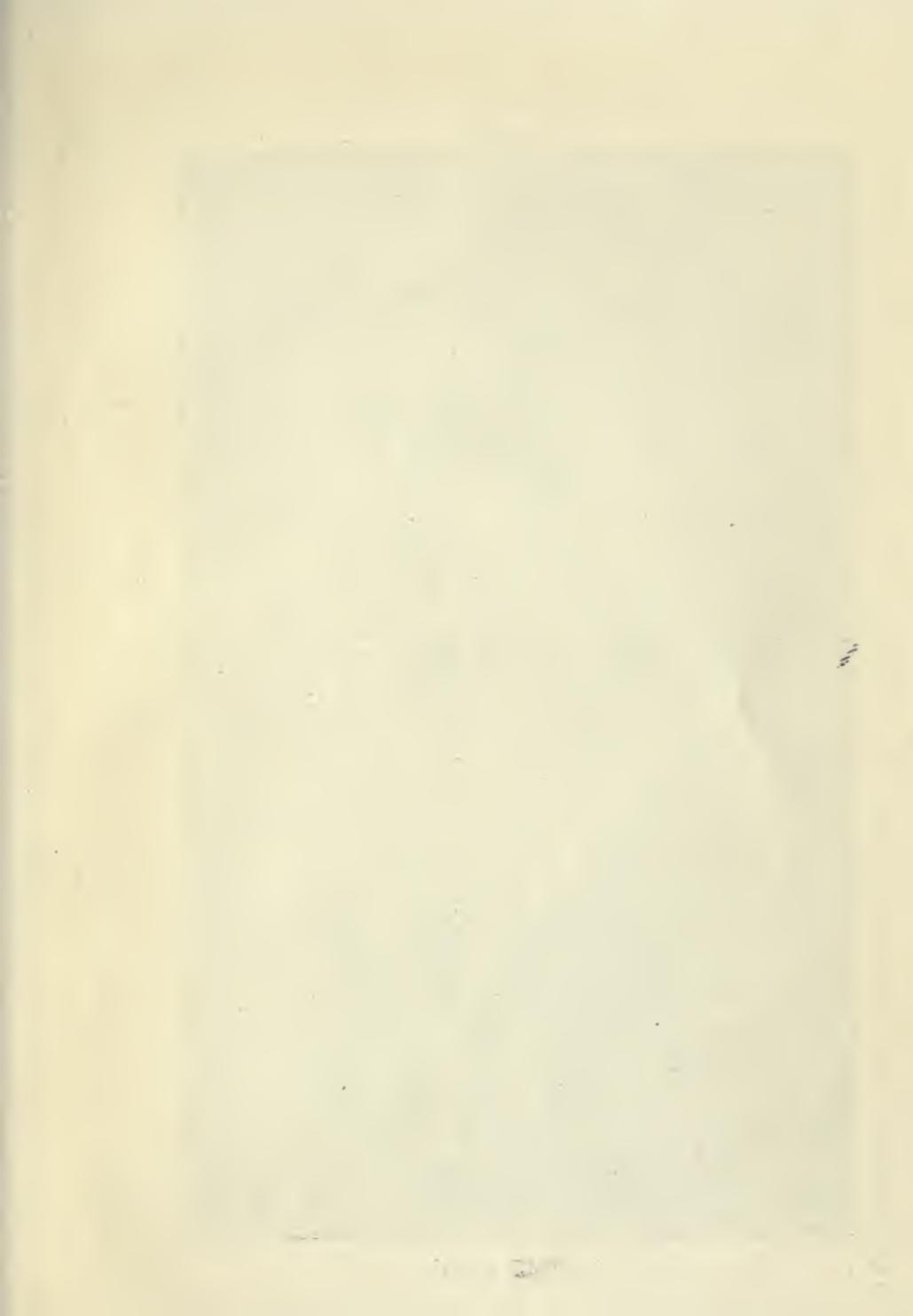


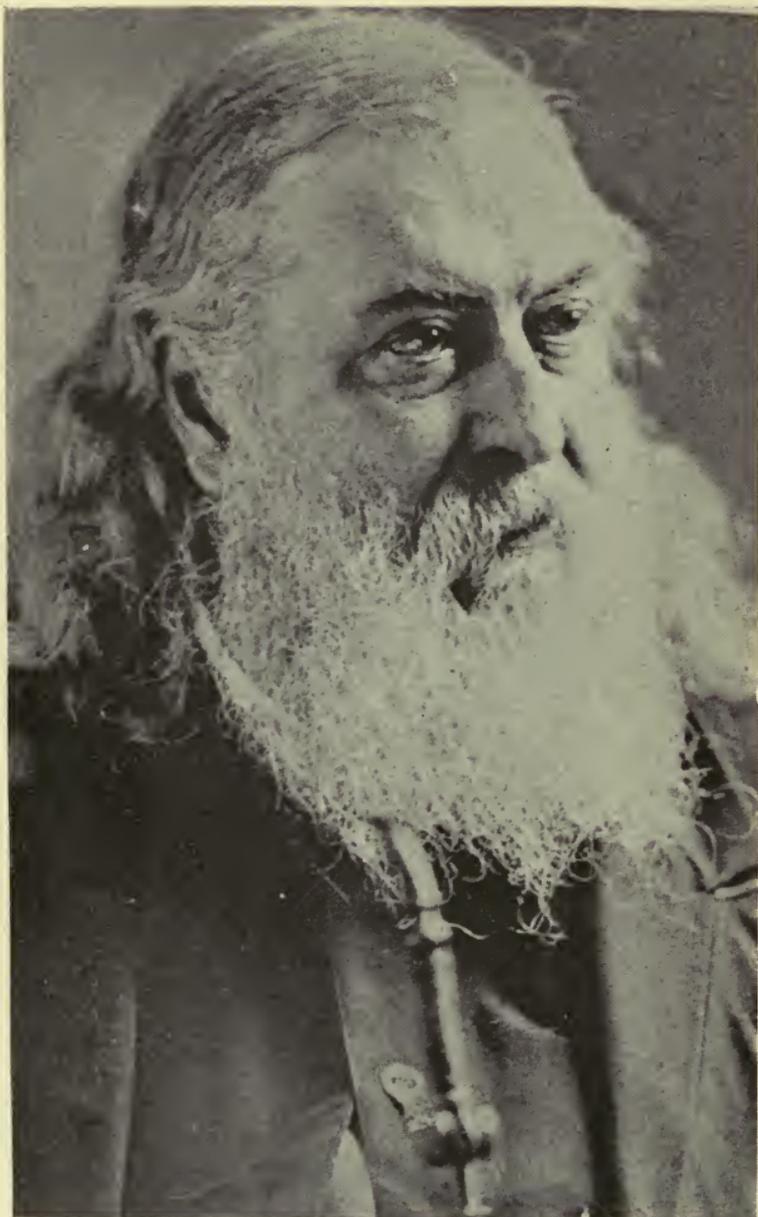
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Little Rock, Ark.







ALBERT PIKE

The
LIFE STORY
of
ALBERT PIKE

By FRED W. ALLSOPP

*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.*

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INTRODUCTION

CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM, 33°
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS
LIEUTENANT GRAND COMMANDER
SUPREME COUNCIL
ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE OF FREEMASONRY
SOUTHERN JURISDICTION
SOVEREIGN GRAND INSPECTOR GENERAL
IN ARKANSAS

Mr. Clio Harper, Esq.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

My Dear Brother Harper:

You have kindly placed before me the proof sheets of "The Life Story of Albert Pike," written by Mr. Fred Allsopp, and you have both insistently requested that I should add a preface that in some manner might be helpful.

I have said to you that I very much prefer not to comply with this request, but because both yourself and Mr. Allsopp are so deeply interested in this subject, and because you are both friends of mine, I very reluctantly yield.

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 very 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.

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 memberships bestowed on General Pike, as noted in the story, there were many others of a Masonic and Civic 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 the most valuable private library we know, he gave it to the Supreme Council, and it is now conducted, with some additions by our Supreme Council, for the use of the public as well as members of the Masonic fraternity.

The portrait in the State Capitol referred to in the life story was painted from a photograph 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 photographs was given to the late Maj. James A. Henry of this city, and the other, much to my great delight, came to me, and is now hanging on the wall in my home.

We cherish this photograph because of its peculiar associations. The visit itself was a memorable one to us, surrounded as we were by a myriad of birds singing 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 old friends in this State, and asking after relatives of those who were then present.

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

CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM.

PREFACE

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 distinguished himself by 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 had found recognition and appreciation so far away and from such high authority as Blackwood's (Edinburgh) Magazine."

Indeed, his adventurous life reads like wild romance, and the events in which he participated furnish an interesting contrast between the men and movements of those pioneer times and those of today under the more favorable conditions which 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 fifty to seventy-five years ago were bigger and brainier than the average man 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.

The Life Story of Albert Pike

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 fetlock-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.*

In August, 1825, a tall, eager, well-formed lad of sixteen left his home at Newburyport, Mass., and went to Boston, his birth place. 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 get registered for the term.”

“Qualified?” asked the man, not unkindly.

“Yes, 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 inquired, with impatient surprise.

“I am sorry that that is the requirement, my boy.”

If Albert Pike 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 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 which now refused to help him to receive its honors. 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 would not be denied what was his due. He had inherited the stubborn and stalwart characteristics of his ancestors, who were descended from an old Devonshire, England, family. 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 Pike, who explored the Rocky Mountains, and other eminent Americans.

It is not surprising then that he set to work, with grim determination, to educate himself, first as 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 was one of them, came in to good advantage later on.

His home town, thirty-five miles northeast of Boston, was at times gay, with its prim parties, bees, sociables and picnics; the shipbuilding activities of the port also interested the youth, but young Pike had a resenting wrath, as well as a powerful ambition, within him, that developed his will power to the extent of refusing 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 environment and heart-yearnings. He attended less and less to academic studies, and found himself pondering more and more on 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 lead a freer life. There was no big opportunity at home. Therefore he decided as soon as possible to leave and strike out for himself. All his efforts now tended to make money enough to take him to the West.

Many other ambitious young men had left their homes for the newer countries. Sargent Prentiss had 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, and Robert J. Walker of Pennsylvania took up his residence in Mississippi.

There was a rush of enterprising and adventurous people to the 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. It was in that direction that Pike turned his eyes.



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.*

Pike's first great draught of adventure was taken when he left his Eastern home for the West, in 1831, and joined a hunting and trapping party.

He walked 500 miles of the distance from Massachusetts to St. Louis, covered the remainder of the journey by boat and stage coach, and was more than two months on the way. Traveling in those days was slow and tedious.

The verses he wrote in farewell to New England reveal a strong love for the section of his birth and for his ancestry. He was still, one may say, of tender years and considerable tenderness of heart, at twenty-three. So, though aspiration pulled him far from the spots of his childhood, the verses show his state of heart. He was not only adventurous 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, for rest, and to get his bearings, he started for Santa Fe, New Mexico, which was then the depot of supplies for the Southwestern country. This was in the month of August.

Pike was very much surprised to find that the Governor's palace at Santa Fe 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."

In a day or two Pike heard that a Missourian, named John Harris, was collecting a party at Taos to go on a hunting expedition to the Comanche country, upon the heads of Red River and Fausse Washita. He returned to Taos to join that party. Taos was an adobe village of less than a thousand inhabitants, 75 miles south of Santa Fe. The valley surrounding it was occupied by Mexican farmers, and it was an important trading point for northern New Mexico.

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

Camp on the first night out, when the men, fully dress-

ed, 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 Pecuris, thirty miles away, which resulted from Pike and Campbell becoming separated from the other men as they rode along. Having no guide, they took the wrong direction. They traveled until nearly night, and then retraced their steps for about four miles, to a place where they saw the remains of an Indian fire. Here they kindled a large fire, tied their horses and slept. In the morning they mounted and again proceeded towards Taos. After an exasperating delay, they finally overtook the other members of their party, who had in the meantime joined Harris, near Taos.

The combined party numbered 70 or 80 men, of whom 30 were Americans, one was a Eutaw, one an Apache, another a Frenchman, and the others 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 the party for special mention:

Aaron Lewis, who afterwards became a distinguished soldier, came from Ft. Towson, near the Arkansas border, and Pike got acquainted with him when he first reached Taos. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, over six feet in height and weighing 200 pounds, with 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, and he and Pike became fast friends.

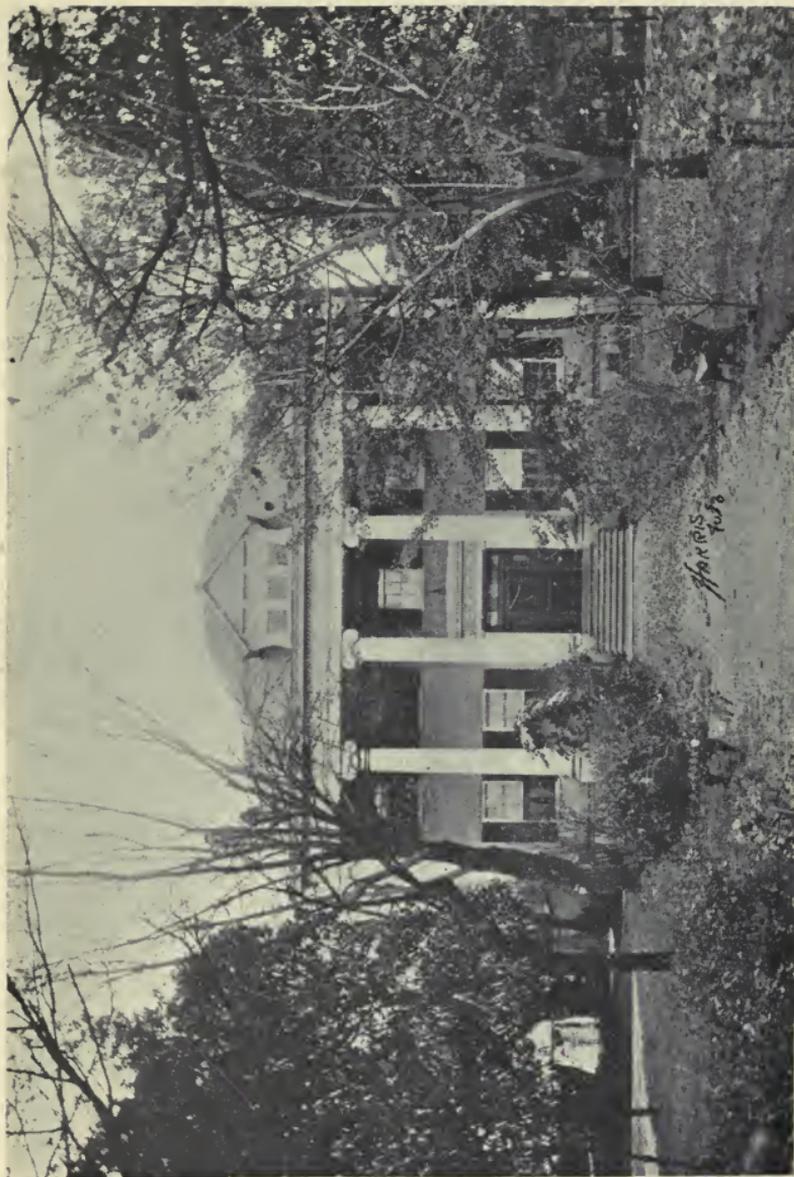
Bill Williams, who was once a preacher, and later an interpreter to the Osage Indians, gaunt, red-headed, with hard weather-beaten features, marked deeply with smallpox, all muscle and sinew, "the most indefatigable hunter in the world," said Pike, "with an ambition to kill more deer and catch more beaver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

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

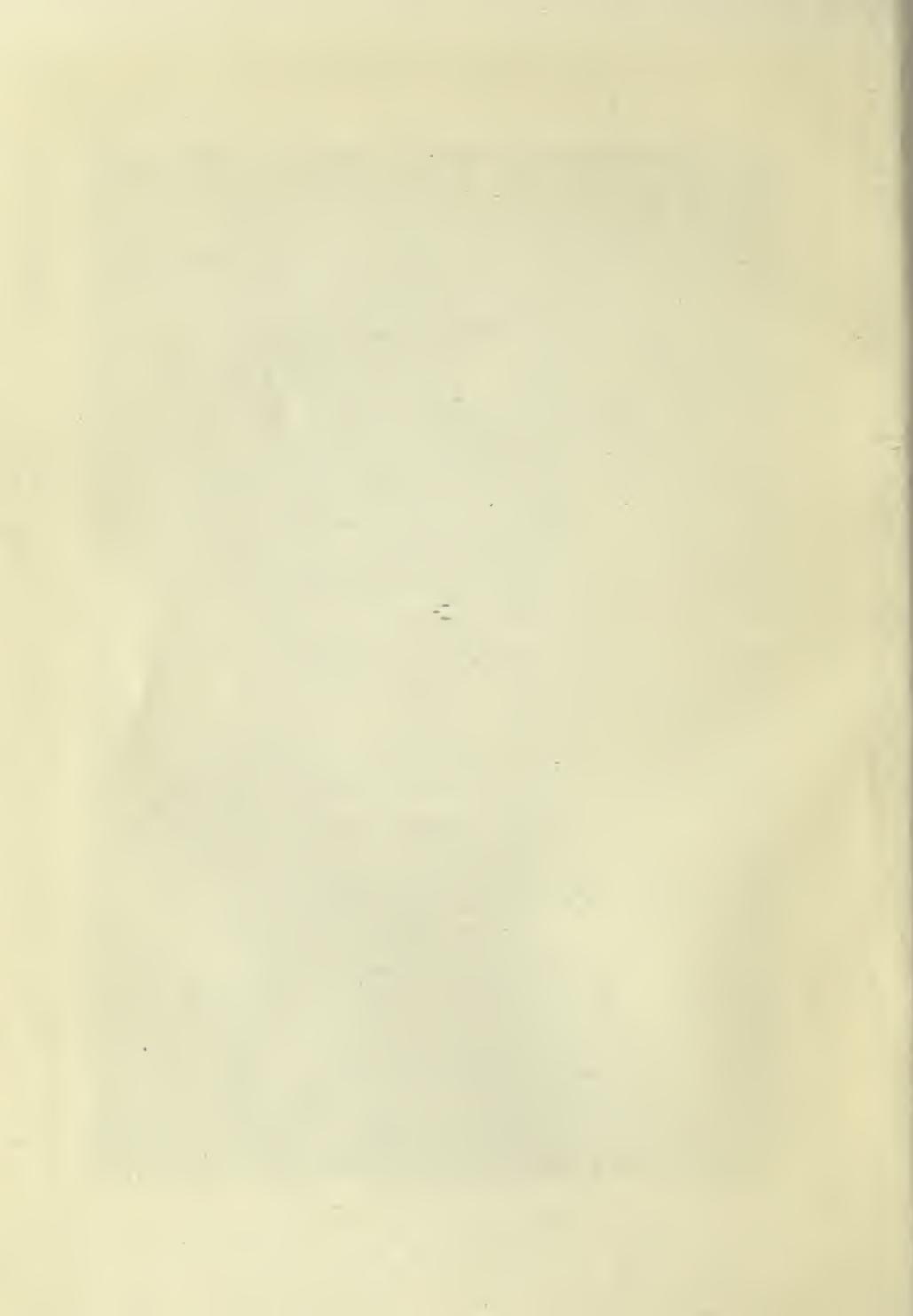
An old Comanche was procured for a guide. Then the party left the Valley of the Pecuris, and camped that night at Mora plaza. The sole inhabitants of this old village at that time were rattlesnakes, of which about three dozen were killed in and around the old mud houses.

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

No incident worth mentioning occurred until the ninth day, when a dispute arose between Harris and Campbell, over a trivial matter, which resulted in a separation. Harris insisted on going to the Little Red river through a dry prairie. The balance of the men followed the guide along the Pecos river, in a southeasterly di-



ALBERT PIKE'S OLD HOME, LITTLE ROCK, ARK., AT 411 EAST SEVENTH STREET
(Now Home of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Terry)



rection, 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 forty 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 camp at 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 all their goods, and warned to return to their own country. They stated that these same Indians had shortly before routed a train of American wagons, and captured 1500 mules, as well as scalped some of the white men.

Two of the Mexicans had already deserted. Pike, who spoke Spanish, was called upon to attend a council of the Mexicans, who were alarmed at the prospect of entering the Staked Plains after receiving the news referred to. 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 Comanche country as a guide, the Indians would sacrifice him, as well as the party. The Comanche declared that he would not go into the Staked

Plains if one American remained in the party, and the Mexicans had made up their minds to the same effect. 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 Indian and the Mexicans caused a realignment the next morning. The natives of the party returned to their homes, it is supposed, while Campbell went back to Santa Fe. Pike and the others 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 Pike party after the separation, he was proceeding to the same destination, and was never far away.

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

It is a remarkable fact that, although but 23 years of age, Pike was chosen Captain of the 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 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, over three hundred years before, at intervals on the plains, the bois d' arc poles—those mute sentinels of the past.

In discussing with his companions the origin of the name of the Staked Plains, Pike said:

“A Spanish expedition, about the middle of the fifteenth century, had pushed westward from Florida across the Mississippi and through Arkansas to its western border. They cut bois d' arc poles from the trees which grew on the banks of the Red river, not far from where Ft. Towson was afterwards established, in the Choctaw Nation of the old Indian Territory. Taking several wagon loads of the poles, the bold adventurers started across these 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 traversed was afterwards known as the Staked Plain.”



CHAPTER III.

ENTERING THE STAKED PLAINS—HIS EXCITING EXPERIENCES
AND THE HARDSHIPS SUFFERED.

*Out to the Desert! from the mart
Of bloodless cheeks, and lightless 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!*

After camping the night before near some lodges of poles, which were the remains of an Indian village, on the sixteenth day out, the Pike party entered the celebrated Llano Estacado, whose very name was a mystery and a terror to the white man in those days. Entrance was made by way of the Comanche trail, which was also used by the Indian traders.

The illimitable expanse of prairie filled Pike with wonder, and inspired him to write a striking poem. The sublime beauty of the sun rising calmly from the breast of the plain, like a sudden fire flashing in the sky, was calculated to make more than ordinary appeal to his romantic nature. This was also true of the mirage which later painted lakes and fires and groves on the grassy

ridges in the stillness of the afternoon, cheating the traveler by its splendid deceptions.

Before them 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 all the glory of prairie life, with an abundance of good water and splendid weather, to encourage them. At night they lay down with a feeling of freedom and independence, if not of entire security. On the second morning, before they had risen they had heard the grunting of a band of buffaloes as they approached. Two were killed; the hump meat and the tongues were cut out of the carcasses, and the other parts were left by the way-side.

Then began a series of tough ups and downs, tough old buffalo for several days, starvation rations, a brace of wild turkeys to provide a feast, which was only equalled 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, 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 guard 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."

The days were exceedingly hot, and the men, often being thirsty, were tantalized by seeing at a distance what looked to be ponds of clear rippling water. The deception continued 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 was wrought up to fever heat by the prospect of his first 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. The chase was exciting.

"Although the buffalo," said Pike, "appears, both standing and running, to be the most unwieldy thing in the world, 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 to burn with which to cook the meat, not even the dried ordure of horses, which had hitherto never failed them. They could only make a blaze of tall weeds and throw on the meat. Nothing

could be more disgusting. Lean, tough and dry, blackened with the brief blaze, impregnated with the strong, filthy smoke from the weeds, and only half cooked, it required the utmost influence of that stern dictator, hunger, to induce the men to eat the meat.

“The meat of the buffalo cow,” said Pike, “is superior to any other meat, but even horse flesh is better than the meat of a lean bull.”

They travelled for a week after leaving the Pecos before they came in sight of trees, which were hailed merrily as old friends by the men. The loneliness of the prairie is accentuated by the lack of timber. Water was also found here, near an Indian camp.

The Indians were supposed to be hostile, and Bill Williams became obstreperous and 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 waterhole near the Indian village, and the silence of the others showed 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 toward them. Three of the Indians, including an old chief, came forward, whereupon the interpreter was directed by Pike to ask if they were friends.

“We have shaken hands with the Americans and are friends,” was the reply; but Bill Williams again became war-like, and wanted to shoot the chief, until Pike threat-

ened to have him killed if he attempted it. Pike would not have sacrificed his friend for 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. They were molested no further.

In the evening a young brave appeared and invited Pike and two others to go and 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. It proved to be a most delicious meal to the half famished men. Kettle after kettle was filled and emptied, for a man never knows how much he can eat until he has tried the prairie. Pike said that four pounds of meat was no great allowance for the meal of a hungry hunter.

The Indians were paid for the meal with tobacco and a knife or two, and the hunters returned to their camp—not, however, without that indispensable Indian ceremony, a general smoke. Pike's pipe went out once or twice 'round the whole party of Indians, women and all. Declining the chief's invitation to hunt with him, still fearing treachery at his hands, the party left the camp on the next day, going due east.

"This band," said Pike, "was composed of a sorry lot of Indians—about a thousand in all, with few blankets, shabbily dressed, without any of the gaudiness which most Indians exhibit. Their only apparel was a dirty, ragged dress of leather and a part of a blanket."

He spoke of one old woman in particular who he imagined would be valuable as a model for a painter who might be desirous of sketching his satanic majesty. While looking at the miserable specimens, he shuddered as he thought some of them, with fiendish look, might soon be exercising the infernal ingenuity of their natures on him.

Many piles of buffalo bones were seen along the route. Pike observed that whenever the Comanches killed a buffalo they made a pile of the bones, for the purpose of appeasing the offended animals. They had ceremonies performed over the bones by their medicine men. No matter how poor a fire they had, or how wet and cold they might be, the Indian would not burn a bone, alleging that it made them unlucky in hunting.

To add to their discomfort, in places the ground was covered with sand burrs, which pierced Pike's moccasins and kept him continually busy picking them out of his feet.

After traveling so far and seeing none, they had almost despaired of finding the immense numbers of beaver which they had anticipated.

In a day or two another Comanche village was reached. Here were about 50 lodges, much handsomer than those seen in the other village. There was also a

medicine lodge, made of black skins. There were no warriors. Several of the women had their legs cut and mangled by knives, and uttered lamentations which were horrible to listen to. They had lost their men, and it was supposed that this had occurred in the fight between the Americans and Indians which has been referred to. Large numbers of wild horses were seen in this vicinity—probably as many as 5,000. Pike remarked that it was astonishing that so many horses should have originated from those lost, abandoned or left by Spanish adventurers who had visited these parts centuries before.

The hunters were next marooned near the Canon del Resgate by a great storm, which was worse than a tempest at sea. Their animals suffered greatly from the storm. Immense herds of 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-sand.

These were perilous days for the travelers. The party had dwindled in numbers until there remained only five—Pike, Lewis, Irwin, Ish and Gillett—their money was nearly all gone, their clothes were dirty and ragged. One of the men, named 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 a few days before, and, in consequence, was lame in the leg. This was a great inconvenience when it was found necessary on one occasion to straddle a log or “coon it” in crossing a creek.

Pike was, in fact, 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 not in 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.



CHAPTER IV.

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

*Oh, who with the sons of the plains can compete,
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?*

After having spent about sixty days on the expedition from Taos, the Pike party turned to the north, headed back toward civilization. For days in passing through the Cross Timbers, which are a belt of timber extending from the Canadian river, or a little farther north, to an unknown distance south of Red river, there was little variety to report. The adventurers were sometimes in the open prairie, and again would be forced to proceed for miles through a tangled wilderness of scruboak, 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 and other articles on his back. Every variety of travel was experienced except that which was pleasant and easy. But the men would not have complained if they had not been out of tobacco and 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 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 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 travelers struck barren hills and deep gullies. There was no trail. The men separated in scouring for game, and Pike, Lewis and Irwin strayed so far away as to become lost from the party on the right of the Brazos river. Going into the hills again, they met Bill Williams and seven or eight others, all lost. This crowd camped together that night, and, after traveling forty miles the next day and repeatedly firing distress signals, 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 already 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 them, with the consequence that they suffered a terrible ague.

When they crossed Red river, they overtook an Osage Indian, who led them to an Indian village of thirty lodges. Here they were bestowed 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 noble-looking Indians. These Osages were most friendly, in great contrast to the Comanches, Choctaws and Cherokees.

Pike now abandoned his horse, and soon after leaving the Indians, a man named 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 had enough to eat for several days.

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

The road which runs from Red river to Fort Smith was finally reached, and, proceeding to the 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 a warm meal at last. Frenchy will let us cook a meal." And they all began to vision a full, happy stomach, while Pike interviewed the Frenchman, to come out with a long, serious face.

"What's the matter; will he not let us cook a meal?"

"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 was small, holding one pint of water, and the food consisted of pounded corn. The breadline—or rather cornline—formed eagerly. But as each man could

have but a teaspoonful from each kettleful of corn cooked, the feeding process took 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 before reaching Fort Smith, Arkansas, Pike found it necessary to sell his rifle to a Choctaw for a few pounds of meat, and Ish disposed of his gun in the same manner.

The next day, which was the 10th of December, Fort Smith was reached.

From the crossing of the Blue creek to the first crossing of Boggy, which are branches of Red river below the Washita, they traveled fifty miles; thence to the second crossing, 28 miles; thence to the road or trail, 27; and on the trail, 200 miles. In the whole trip they traveled, from Taos, 1,400 miles, or about 1,300 miles from San Miguel. Of this distance Pike walked about 650 miles.

The journey covered three months and four days.

Pike seems to have enjoyed the adventure. He found time to compose verses, and among the big things he wrote, the poem of "Ariel," written in the prairie, while his horse was feeding at his side, stands out prominently. It is a lengthy piece, which represents 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 very fanciful and impressive study.

And his own words assure us of the zest with which he recalled his experiences in spite of the hardships which he suffered, for he wrote:

"I cannot wonder that men find enjoyment in this kind of 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, food, 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 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 appearance are wearisome to him, and he has contracted habits unfit for polished and polite 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



SECTION OF LIBRARY, SUPREME COUNCIL BUILDING,
SCOTTISH RITE MASONS, USED BY GENERAL PIKE.

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 freer life."

The diary of the journey which is generally known as "Pike's Diary," but which, it seems, was the joint work of Pike and Lewis, is quite extensive and intensely interesting. Years before the death of Pike, Colonel J. N. Smithee of Arkansas called on him and, referring to his adventures on the western plains when a young man, asked him why he never elaborated and printed those experiences in book form for general information.

"Washington Irving and other writers," replied Pike, "have pretty thoroughly exhausted that field. Besides, I have never had time to give the subject the attention which it deserved. The narrative 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 his 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 all the 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 did not exceed one thousand, 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 public his ‘Tour in the Prairie,’ 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.”

“No man can form an idea of the prairie,” says the diary, “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 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 indulation, no abruptness, no break to relieve the monotony; nothing save here and there a deep, narrow track worn into the garden¹ plain by the constant hoof of the buffalo. Imagine then countless herds of buffalo, showing their unwieldy, dark

1. Gravel, *obs.*

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 little grey callotes,² 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 luckless prairie dog, which it has caught straggling about at a distance from his 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 prairie, 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,” continued Pike, “under all its diversities and in all its appearances, from those which I have described to the uneven, bushy prairies which lie south of Red River, and to the illimitable Staked Prairies.

2. Coyotes.

“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 flushing 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, strangely 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 shot 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.”

CHAPTER V.

HE REACHES FORT SMITH, WHERE HE 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.*

We have followed Pike through a series of refreshing and interesting adventures, and seen that, instead of wealth and fame ending the expedition, he reaches Fort Smith sick and almost penniless. "Falstaff's ragged regiment was nothing to us," he aptly stated, when, in a bedraggled condition, he arrived, with the straggling companions who had remained with him to the end; "I had on a pair of leather pantaloons, scorched and wrinkled by the 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 all, my beard and mustachios had never been trimmed during the whole trip."

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.

After the furs and other products of the expedition had been disposed of, he chanced to make some acquaintances who became warm and useful friends. He was invited to become the guest of Captain John Rogers, of the Seventh Regiment of United States Infantry, who was stationed there and who owned most of the lands on which the town was located. He remained with him several weeks. He afterwards spent the remainder of the winter with Captain Francis Aldredge, on the other side of the river from Fort Smith. Then he visited for a time Judge James Woodson Bates, a distinguished character, who lived on a plantation on Little Piney River. The good old judge cared for him while he suffered from a fever, which resulted from the exposures he had suffered, and became so much attached to him that he offered him a home as long as he would stay.

His reception proved that he was recognized as a young man of worth. But he must be doing something, and he secured a position to teach school near Van Buren, five miles north of Fort Smith, where he continued in that occupation until the fall of 1832.

While at Fort Smith, Pike also met Major Elias Rector, an eccentric celebrity, whom he immortalized by the composition of his song, "The Fine Arkansas Gentleman." This song describes Rector as being "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;" and the fourth verse reads:

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drought or worm, a bad stand, or some other damned
contingency, his crop is short or fails;
And when it's picked and ginned and baled, he puts it on a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has
a devil of a spree, while down to New Orleans,
He and his cotton float;
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line.

Our hero was now 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 not be 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 school master must get excited over the political aspect, and, unable to control his emotions in silence, he takes to the pen, in the absence of any 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 school master. Nothing was more natural than that the ardent Pike should become interested in this political contest. While still conducting the school, he

undertook to contribute to a newspaper called the "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 Mr. Sevier to W. E. Woodruff and Chester Ashley, with their replies. The letters were typical of a period when anonymous political cards were the fashion. They are said to have been strikingly characteristic of the persons named and to have 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.

The letters created a big stir, so much so that one unexpected night there knocked at Pike's door two celebrities. 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 address of the bright young Whig, and, in company with Judge Jesse Turner, went to see him. They found the schoolmaster in a log cabin, on the Arkansas river bank. 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. 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 next day, "Pike is a very brilliant young man."

Crittenden accomplished his mission, and the next

day the mail carrier conveyed a letter from Bertrand, the owner of the Advocate, to Pike, offering him a seat on the editorial tripod.



CHAPTER VI.

HIS REMOVAL TO LITTLE ROCK, WHERE HE BECOMES 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!*

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. Here he engaged board and room at the famous Town Tavern, conducted by Nicholas Peay, and owned by Chester Ashley, afterwards United States Senator from Arkansas.

The Territorial Legislature was in session when he arrived in 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 an astute politician, he was elected secretary of the Senate, or Council, as the upper body was then called. He served in that capacity until the close of the stormy session, during

which seven new counties were created and much constructive legislation accomplished.

He did, however, actively begin newspaper work at the Advocate office immediately after his arrival, and when the Legislature adjourned he gave more time to those duties. He wrote editorials which soon won him high rank as an editor and citizen; and, at the same time, he learned to set type, while in spare moments he read law.

His entry into stirring newspaper and political life was accomplished in exciting times. Besides being a busy legislative and political year, the state suffered from disastrous overflows of its rivers.

The Advocate was more or less of a political organ. It continued to uphold the political fortunes of Robert Crittenden. Indeed, the paper had been established largely in the interest of this ambitious man, which in a measure accounted for Pike's easy entry into a fortunate legislative connection.

The Arkansas Gazette, an older paper, was the organ of the Democratic administration, or the "Ins," and the Advocate represented the Whigs, who were the "Outs."

In December of the same year, a rupture occurred between Governor Pope and the Gazette, occasioned by the publication by Pike in the Advocate of articles denunciatory of the governor, on account of the alleged extravagant prices paid for public printing, the contract for which was held by W. E. Woodruff, the 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 and also 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 the 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.

Later on, Pike, through the Advocate, took a prominent part in the fight for statehood for Arkansas and 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, W. E. Woodruff, the powerful editor of the Gazette. The Gazette and the Advocate were both in favor of statehood, while another paper, the Times, was bitterly opposing the proposition, on the ground that the state was not prepared to assume the obligations of statehood.

Governor Fulton, who had just succeeded Governor Pope, had issued a statement to the effect that he was opposed to the admission of 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 and authority 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 constitution 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 criticized 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, 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."

This amendment was carried, but on a later day delegate Grandison Royston secured the adoption of a reconsideration and a reversal of the action, reducing the tenure of the judges from twelve to eight years.

Pike vigorously criticized the action thus: "The judiciary report has been again amended, reducing the terms of services of the judges of the supreme court to eight years. We will never cease to lift our voice against it. Our feeble efforts shall never be remitted to place the judiciary on a basis not to be shaken by legislative favoritism or revenge or by popular fickleness."

He was equally as out-spoken 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," he wrote, "for it has done honor to itself and to Arkansas."

He has been criticised 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 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 Massachusetts (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.'"

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, show him to have been alive to every interest of the people and an able champion of their causes.

Pike printed in the Advocate the Narrative of his Journey in the Prairie, running 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. He subsequently purchased the remaining interest 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 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 forty 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 enlarging.



CHAPTER VII.

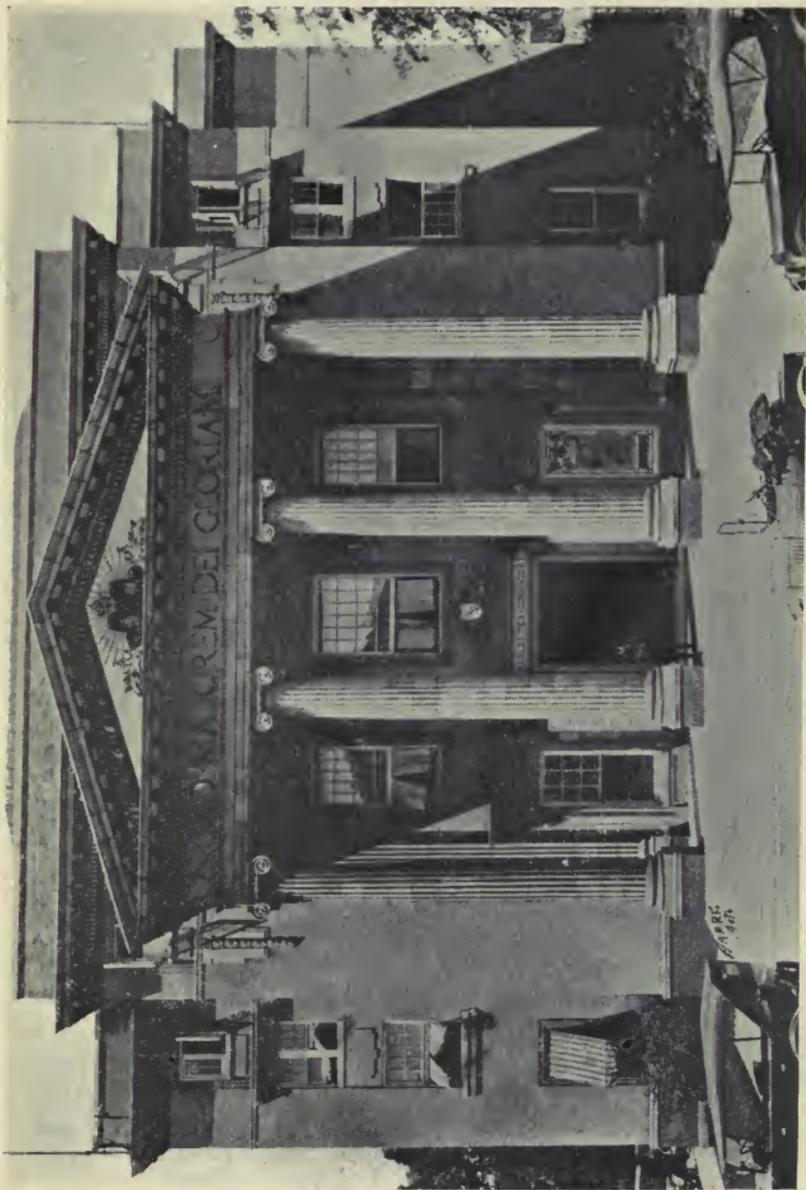
HIS MARRIAGE.

*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!*

Under propitious southern skies, amid the most romantic surroundings, inhaling the perfume of the rose, the honeysuckle and the magnolia, with the mocking-bird singing to his youthful heart, Pike found in Little Rock the atmosphere which appealed to his poetic nature, and which developed his natural powers.

Let the reader stand before the striking oil painting of him which adorns one of the walls of the Arkansas History Commission at the State Capitol. He will become impressed with the high-spirited countenance, the finely arched eye-brows, the thin, intellectual nose, the full mouth that found zest in life and lived to the full, and the wonderfully worn hair, streaming in a fine, dark, luxurious mass down to his neck, with a height and breadth of stature which drew all eyes to him, no matter



ALBERT PIKE CONSISTORY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

where he might walk. Is it any wonder that in a place of only a thousand souls, where the atmosphere was more like that of one big family than a town, Pike should be a most important personage, though modest and unconscious of it.

He was a scholar and a good story-teller. He composed original songs which were set to music and used for serenades. It is therefore not surprising that he was a prime favorite with the fair sex, who never tired of his stories of life in the far west.

In a few months after locating in Little Rock, he met at the home of a friend, Mary Ann Hamilton, a handsome brunette, who caused him to forget all other women.

There was a passionate wooing then, which was kept at white heat by the dark-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 while she was in Little Rock, and sent to her when she returned to her home at Arkansas Post. Only one of these poems has been preserved, and that consists of simple verses, entitled "Mary." In these lines 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 e'en like an eagle," etc. It is possible, however, that others of his published love songs and lyrics were addressed to this lady, 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 leaves,
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.

Mary Ann seems to have held back from the ardent poet lover and to have pretended slight admiration for his poetic 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 1, 1834, by Judge James H. Lucas. Even the wedding merry-making was typical of the adventure-loving, colorful temperament of Albert Pike. The setting for the wedding at the old plantation home of the bride's guardian, Colonel Terrence Farrelly, at Arkansas Post, was ideal.

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 guest's 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 enlivened 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.

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 many bright and charming people living at the capital, and many were visiting from other states.

Soon afterward Pike erected a handsome residence, covering a block of ground, near Seventh and Rock streets, in Little Rock, in which he and his family lived for a quarter of a century. The Pikes, with their fine home, were in the centre of social activities.

The Pike home afterward became the property of Colonel John G. Fletcher, a prominent banker of Little Rock, and his son, John Gould Fletcher, the "imagist" poet, has given a picture of this house, which was built in the style of the old south and "fronts foursquare the winds, with its six white columns," in his "Goblins and Pagodas." It is to this day one of the finest old southern homes to be found in the state.

Pike was now settled in a domestic way, but he had an unsatisfied ambition. After many months' 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 line constantly increased, due to the fact that his own mind and the judgment of his friends encouraged him to believe that his talents lay in that direction. His wife confirmed his judgment. 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.*

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, 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 on him.

Pike soon disposed of his newspaper, to devote his entire energies to his new mistress. He characteristically remarked, "I owned the Advocate, was editor and type-setter, 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 it all, put the books in the stove, where they served for fuel. I had no further trouble with the accounts.”

He made good progress. The South has produced many great lawyers and orators, and Pike, at 30 years of age, had become one of the most prominent of the early days.

His industriousness was proverbial. He was the first Reporter of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and later he was elected to supervise the publication of the Revised Statutes of the State. He reported the decisions of the Supreme Court from 1836 to 1848, comprising five volumes, numbered from 1 to 5, inclusive.

Early in his legal career, he augmented his income by publishing the Arkansas Form Book, comprising approved forms for deeds, mortgages and other legal forms for lawyers and the public. A second-hand copy of this book recently brought a handsome price at a book auction.

Soon after being licensed, he was offered a partnership by William Cummins, a prominent lawyer of those days, who had political aspirations. The offer was accepted, and the partnership continued for a number of years.

Pike says: “I was my own teacher in the law; soon began to get together a law library, and, in 1839, I 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, and later he was also made a trustee of the Real Estate Bank of Arkansas, which institution had a very prominent part in the financial history of the state. He held the 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. Its financial policy had been unsound from the beginning.

He practiced before the district and state courts at Little Rock, 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, Arkansas.

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, and afterward traveled in a buggy, twice a year, for ten years. His sorrel horse, "Davy," was as well known on the circuit 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.

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 court houses. 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.

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 and Grandison Royston and others 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.

"Speaking of courts," he 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.'

"Another member of the bar who had made a fortune by his practice, once in a murder case in which I was engaged with him, the prisoner having committed the act while he was intoxicated, said to the jury: 'Gentlemen, it is a principle *congenial* with the creation of the world, and handed 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 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. Parrott replied that the language which 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 Parrott's Latin was as good as Hall's."

Pike practiced in the Supreme Court of the State, and the District and Circuit Courts of the United States, at

Little Rock, and in 1846 was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court.

It is a noteworthy fact 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.

He represented Henry M. Rector in his fight for the ground which comprises the present site of the government reservation at Hot Springs. To this he contended Rector had a perfectly good title.

He represented the Choctaw Indians for years, in pressing their claims against the United States for compensation for more than ten million acres of land ceded to them in Mississippi by the government. The United States Senate was constituted an umpire between the Choctaws and the government, and in March, 1859, awarded the Indians \$2,981,241.30, out of which Pike was to receive a fee of \$200,000; but, although many committees of both the Senate and the House had urged the payment of this claim, it was never settled in full, although Congress allowed a compromise settlement after Pike's death and paid his heirs a certain small sum of money.

Assisted by U. M. Rose, he and his partner, Robert W. Johnson, former United States and Confederate States Senator, represented the State of Arkansas at Washington City during the Brooks-Baxter war in Arkansas, in urging the president to recognize Baxter and oust Brooks—in which they were successful.

The court records from 1836 to 1842 in all parts of Arkansas evidence the great volume and high character of his labors in the legal line.

In 1852 he transferred for a short time his practice from Arkansas to Louisiana, forming a partnership with Hogan Hunter in New Orleans.

In regard to his admission to the bar there, it was required that an applicant be examined, first by a committee, and then in open court. The examination in regard 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. He had also, he said, among other works, read the 22 volumes of Duranton, several volumes of Pothier, the five volumes of Marcade, which is considered higher authority than all the courts of France. The examination in open court was waived, Mr. Chief 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," says General Pike, "one was in 1844, when at Louisville the ladies sent me a scarf and ring; one at Charleston in 1855 at the Commercial Convention, 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."

When Pike purchased the Pandects and the civil law books in Latin and French and began to study them, he had first to learn both languages over again, for in twenty years disuse he had become unable to read either.

He stated that he had a fondness for the Roman law, which he never lost, and that when he went to Washington, D. C., in 1868, to reside, he commenced and, with the labor of several years, 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. This work, with others, remains in manuscript form, in the Supreme Court Library, at Washington City.

He remained in the practice of law at New Orleans for three years, and left there because Indian claims which he was prosecuting required him to be in Washington City the whole of the winter of 1855-56, after which he resumed his practice in Arkansas, and continued to live there until the Civil War broke into his plans, as was the case with many.

He relinquished the active practice of law about 1879, and after that appeared in the courts only by his briefs and pleadings in writing.



CHAPTER IX.

HE WAS A GREAT ORATOR, AND HIS UNOFFICIAL PUBLIC SERVICES WERE NUMEROUS, BUT 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.*

With all his other accomplishments, Pike was a great orator, who crossed swords with the most noted lawyers and statesmen of his time. His unofficial public services were considerable, and, having the courage of his convictions in an eminent degree, he exercised a potent influence.

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 who argued

against statehood on account of probable 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 participated in a Whig convention at Louisville in 1844, and made a speech which created a sensation.

In 1847 he threw out the suggestion of a Pacific railroad convention, to build a road which should be the Southern Pacific. In regard to this, 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 held accordingly. 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 afterward declined to attend the meeting at Knoxville because that subject had been agitated and the resolution was likely to be offered again. 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 termini on the Pacific at San Francisco and Guaymas.”

An extract from the lengthy speech which he delivered before the Louisiana legislature will be interesting, not only on account of his eloquent language and the logical reasons given for the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad, but because his comments evidence enthusiasm for the South, and feeling against the North which is somewhat surprising:

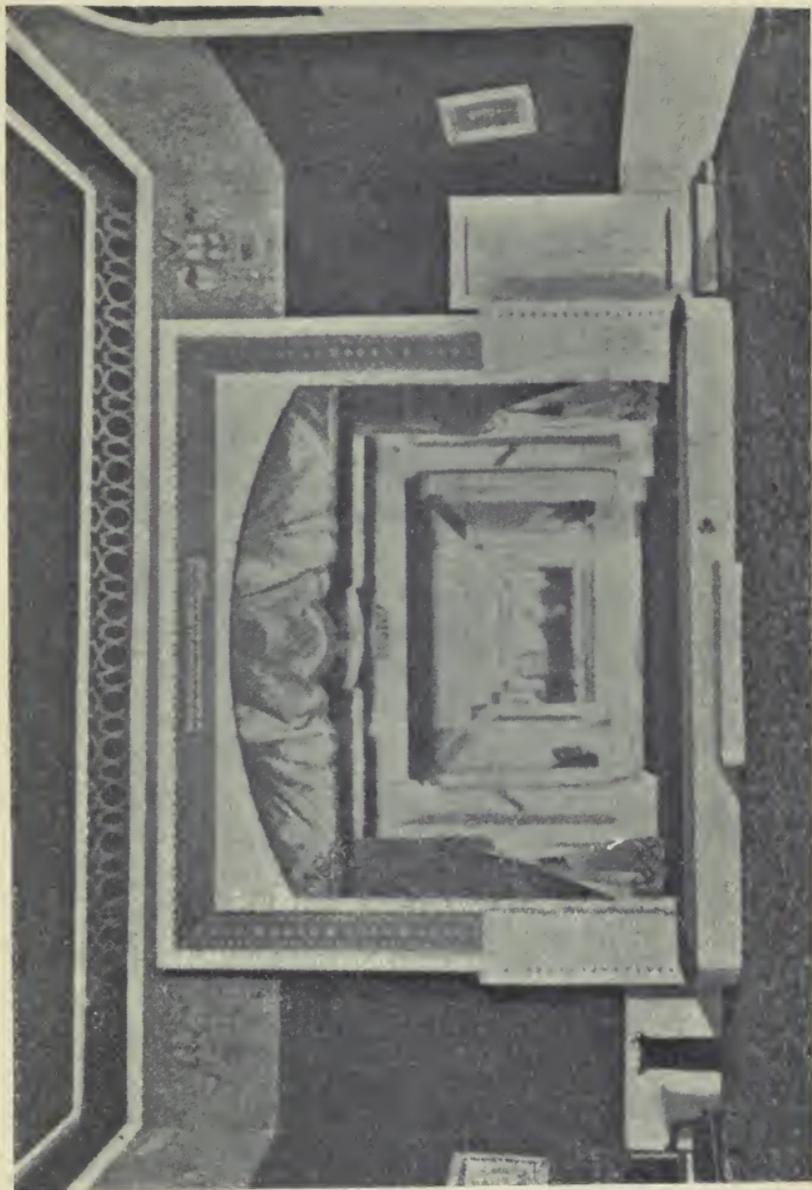
“Mr. Speaker, for four thousand years the history of nations has been, to a great extent, the history of a struggle for the trade of the East—of the Indies and of China. It was that trade, carried by caravans over the desert, that enriched Egypt, and enabled her to usurp the title, belonging perhaps to Hindostan, 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 Christoval Colon to the shores of Hispaniola, and succeeding navigators 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 Baalbec, Venice and Amsterdam; so, if we choose, it will build up great cities and powerful States in our own South.

“Only a very few years ago, when at the first Convention held at Memphis, Mr. Calhoun, as I was reminded today, said that in time the Atlantic would be connected by railroad with the Mississippi, and *the next generation* would see men assembled on the banks of the great river to consult about building an iron road to the Pacific. The next generation has not yet come; but we are here tonight; here, where only a few days since, and almost within the memory of some of us, the Indian hunter made his camp and built his fire upon the spot where the representatives of the people are now met to legislate for a great, an honored and honorable State; here we have met, to consult upon that which the wisest statesmen of the South thought might be done in another generation.

“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



INTERIOR ALBERT PIKE CONSISTORY

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 Hindostan. 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.

“Build a southern railroad on this route, 700 or 800 miles nearer by land and water, as it will make the distance to Canton or Calcutta, on a road built at far less expense, and therefore, able to carry at lower freights, south of those mighty snows that would bury an army of cars and locomotives in a winter, and no Northern or Central railroad could by any possibility compete with it. What merchant, anxious to take advantage of the market, having a cargo worth half a million on board an India ship, would allow it, when in the latitude of Guaymas or San Diego, to turn north and seek San Francisco, sailing three or four hundred miles directly out of the way, in order to find a railroad conveyance at least as many miles further across the continent than ours, and to be in reaching New York as many more miles out of the nearest and best track to Liverpool?

“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, led by a gentleman, to whom, whatever his follies, none can deny the merit of vast energy and perseverance, extensive and varied information, great weight of character, and a strange forwardness and singleness of purpose, perhaps the most efficient and valuable of all the qualifications of a statesman. He declares that he has the Pacific Railroad in his pocket—that capitalists are ready to build it, and that they ask from the general government only the right of way. The friends of a still more northern line are also in the field; and in the great Northwest new States are rapidly growing up, soon to have the power to devote the means of the general government to building a railroad to the Pacific, on Northern, or, as they choose to call it, on free soil, from Chicago, Rock Island, Davenport, or some point still further north.

“On our south a contract was, on the 23d of November last, executed with the President of Mexico, by an American, giving a company the exclusive right of building a railroad from El Paso to the Pacific, with the most extensive and valuable privileges.

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

“I like 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.’ I would have the South ask but one question: whether the road is necessary. If it is, it can be built.

“It is not only necessary, but indispensable, 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 se-

curity and the very existence of the South.

“Upon the two first reasons I need not weary you by enlarging. It is no longer necessary to argue in regard to them. It is a foregone 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 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, 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. Slavery is regarded everywhere else as a crime against which all the world may wage war. We are like an entrenched army in the enemy’s country. Batteries, masked if you please, are mounted with their full armament of guns, are thrown up against us on every side; the artillerists are at their posts, and their matches are lighted. If we would be safe and secure, we must develop our resources, increase our power, and grasp the commerce of the East.

“We cannot deceive ourselves, struggle to do so as we may, 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 Sena-

tors 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 upon our frontier, and leave them to relapse, if they choose, back into heathenism again, because they insist upon holding 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. 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 build up other cities at their expense. It is not in human nature to do that which shall benefit another and injure one's self.

“Accordingly, we see that we are not to have a South-

ern Pacific Railroad by Northern votes in Congress. He who expects it is almost a lunatic."

In a stirring speech delivered at Memphis, Tenn., in November, 1849, in making an appeal for action by the South, he said, among other things:

"Edmond Burke told the House of Commons, when the thirteen colonies claimed that taxation and representation should go together, that it was an undeniable axiom that countries three thousand 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 Oregon within a few days' journey of Washington that we can retain them as a 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."

A writer speaks of his taking part in the commercial convention of the Southern and Western states which was held at Charleston in 1854. Fifteen states were rep-

resented, and there were such delegates as William Dawson, Matthew F. Maury, Clement C. Clay, James C. Jones and John H. Reagan. Pike introduced a series of resolutions, favoring a confederacy of the Southern states to build the Southern Pacific railway, and made a powerful speech supporting them.

It was the custom of the principals of the Tulip Female Seminary and the Arkansas Military Academy, institutions chartered by the state, 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, Albert Pike delivered such an address, on the subject of education. On this occasion he was greeted by a vast 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."

All through his writings and in all his speeches he shows great 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 is so, she resolutely closes her eyes against all hindrances and obstacles, determines that the 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."

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

Before a railroad convention at Little Rock, on July 7, 1852, he warmly advocated that encouragement be given to the building of a road which was under discussion, and, in a peroration, warned objectors that they were as unreasonable as one "who stood in an open plain where the clouds were marshalling their armies in the sky above him, bared his head to the storm, challenged the quick lightning to a contest of strength, and expected to stand erect and unmoved upon his feet, after God's thunderbolt had struck him full upon the naked forehead."

Arkansas' first railroad was yet to be built, and in this speech he was advocating, with all the might of his great brain, that encouragement be given through the legislature to a proposed road from Memphis to Texarkana, which was to be called the Central Railroad. Realizing the disadvantages under which the people labored for want of cheap and speedy means of reaching the markets, and the small value of the lands on account of their inaccessibility, he said, "We of Arkansas must adopt as our motto, "Emigration, starvation or railroads."

It seems strange that there should have been opposition to the building of the first railroad into Arkansas, but it is a fact that there was. What Pike complained of mostly, however, was inertia. "Inertia," said he, "is the most effective species of opposition. If your antagonist will grow excited, enthusiastic, zealous, even angry and vociferous, you have some hope. A slight thing will change the direction of a body in rapid mo-

tion. But how to set going in the *right* direction a ponderous mass that sits squatted there, inert, helpless, log-like, needing a vast lever to set it in motion at all, in any direction whatever!"

On the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the "Masonic and Odd Fellows' Hall of Little Rock," he delivered a great oration to a large assemblage, from which the following quotation is 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 and lives 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 rage and unprotected 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 with his persuasive oratory and display of learning. The reading of some of these speeches, which have been preserved in books or newspaper files, show the bent of his mind and voice some of his beliefs on the great questions that concern mankind.

It is not recorded that he aligned himself with any church, but he said that he believed in a God, a 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, and as we saw them here, the loved ones who have died; and because this conviction has been planted in us, to be an 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 pleasures 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."

It was within the lodge, or connected with its work that Pike was best known, and exerted his greatest influence. He spoke in terms and 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 cultured his mind, that he never failed to touch responsive chords with his hearers.

The sayings of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius are not more wonderful than those of this sage. His writings, conversations and speeches abound in wisdom and his expressions were made beautiful by the imagery of his poetic nature.

He once said:—

"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."

"We are not born for ourselves alone," said he, "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 mutually do good to one another.”

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

“To my limited vision, as to yours, the system may appear unjust, as do all the sorrow and distress and calamity on earth. 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. The history of the world is full of evidence of this great truth.”

To show his detestation of hypocrisy, he said:

“No lady or gentleman, no upright man or woman, 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 liars’ heels.”

He was not a politician, although possessing such a charming personality, so many qualities of statesmanship, and the oratorical ability which would have made him a popular idol before the masses. Although he served as a Supreme Court Judge, by appointment, he never appears to have been a candidate for an office. He stated that he had an utter contempt for all public office. The following quotation from one of his poems expresses his feelings after he had stifled the call of the siren who 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.

He was large-minded, chivalrous, munificent, and at the same time sensitive and reserved toward strangers. Being a true poet, such sensitiveness was to be expected. A genuine poet simply could not be a successful politician.

As a matter of fact, his whig proclivities put him on the wrong side of the political fence to get public office. 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 of 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.

Here is a story which will illustrate the contempt in which whigs were held by some people in those days:

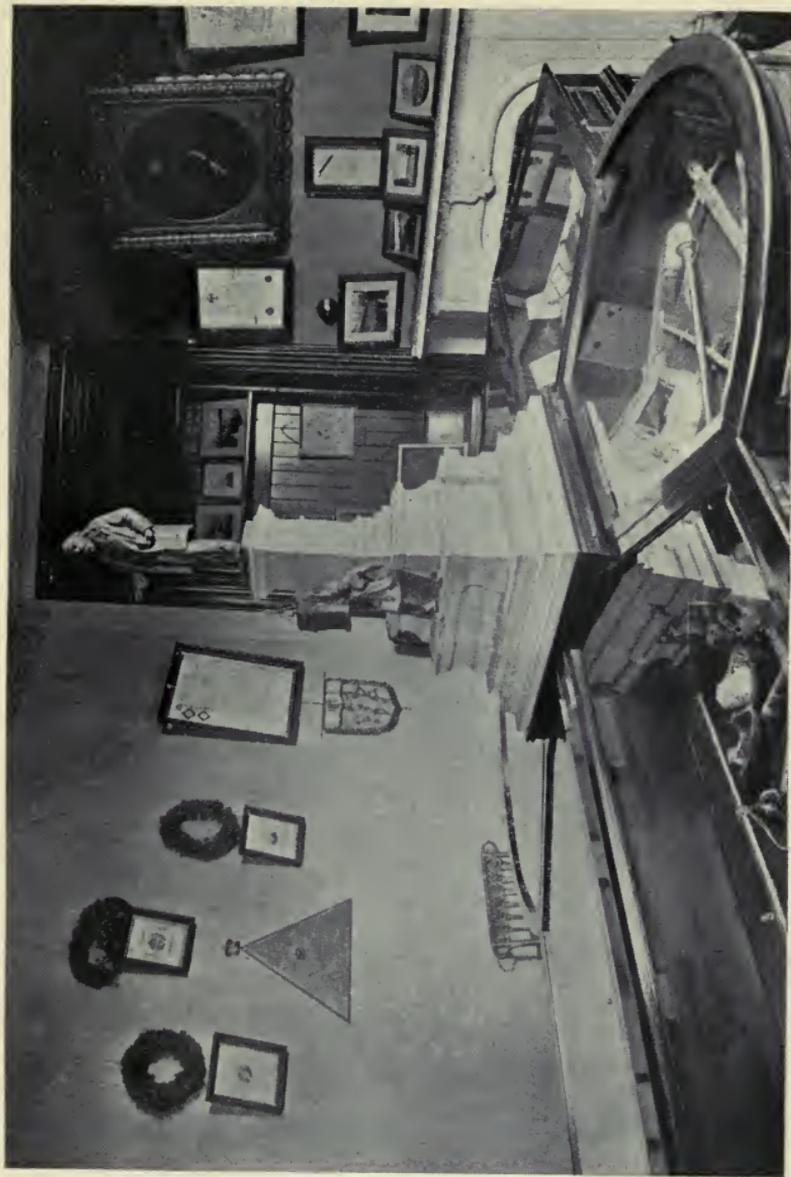
Two rival candidates for a legislative office had agreed to avoid personalities in their canvass for votes. One of them disregarded his promise in the opinion of the other; and the aggrieved one in taking his competitor to task for it recited some of the remarks which he had

heard, and said: "Now, you know that these statements are untrue, and if you don't retract them, I'll be dog-goned 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, and the Know-Nothing party sprang up, Pike was accused by the Catholics of being the chief organizer in Arkansas of its secret meetings. This party elected a full legislative and state ticket in 1854, and Pike wrote a great many articles for the newspapers in furtherance of its objects, some of which in relation to the Catholic church, were replied to by Bishop Byrne, of that denomination.

This controversy evidenced the fact that Pike's hand had not lost its cunning as a writer. But the trend of events was to precipitate him into new adventures.





PIKE MEMORIAL ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE TEMPLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
WHERE ALBERT PIKE DIED.

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!*

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 adventuresome spirit seems to have interested him in military affairs early in his career, for 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 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 surcharged 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 in Mexico with distinction. He participated in the celebrated battle of Buena Vista, on February 22-23, 1847, in the regiment of Archibald Yell, and received special mention for bravery from Generals Wool and Taylor. His company was one of three which on February 22 went to the relief of the exhausted Americans who had been holding the Mexican line after the battle which was precipitated when Santa Anna demanded the surrender of the United States troops, and which checked their advance. He met there Major Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, then a military engineer, two years his senior in age, who later became commanding general of the Confederate Army, and with whom he corresponded after the Mexican campaign.

It is a 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 volunteer soldiers like our hero.

Although not a West Pointer, but a citizen soldier, he paid this tribute to the trained soldier: "Men more accomplished in their profession, or in any 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 depreciate 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 Davis¹ 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 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 Bay-

1. Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Confederate States of America.

ard; proud, but neither haughty nor vain, educated, accomplished, ready for any duty or emergency."

"War," he said, "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 the death of others, whose virtue and feebleness were their only protection.

"Of the two first 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.

“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, and recognizing the existing tendency to war, he deprecates the necessity for war in these lines, which are very appropriate at the present time:

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 ENJOYS 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 gouts 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.*

Pike came back from the Mexican War with much to say. Not at that time owning a newspaper of his own, he took the columns of the Gazette to say what was in his mind, and 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 at the battle of Buena Vista, and he told Little Rock all about it. But the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, John Selden Roane, considered the criticisms as reflecting on him personally. A challenge resulted, and was promptly accepted. The meeting took place early in the morning, on the 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 Dr. James A. Dibrell, Sr., was his surgeon, while Pat Farrelly, William H. Cousin and Dr. T. Thruston accompanied him as friends. Roane was accompanied by Henry M. Rector and R. W. Johnson, as seconds, and Dr. Philip Burton as surgeon.

There was a number of spectators, including some Indians, but they were kept at a safe distance by the seconds and surgeons.

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

At call, both parties promptly stepped forward, distance ten paces, when duelling pistols were loaded and placed in their hands. Pike stood up stream, Roane down. Both were firm and determined, neither displaying the least agitation. At the word, both parties fired, but neither was wounded. A second fire was had, with the same result. Some say that Pike's beard was touched.

After the second fire, Pike and Dibrell were sitting on a cottonwood log on the edge of the forest which fringed the bar, when Dr. Burton approached with a slow and dignified step, and, when within a few paces, he beckoned Dr. Dibrell to meet him. Dibrell came forward, and he remarked: "Dibrell, 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 cessation of hostilities. So, let us, as surgeons, assume the responsibility and say they shall not fire another time; that unless they do as we desire, we will leave the field to them, helpless, however cruel it may be."

Dibrell replied that he knew nothing about the code, but would consult his principal. He then repeated to Pike Dr. Burton's proposition, 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 about it, 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 honorably to both parties.

Dr. Burton said, "I am happy to say that I am authorized by Mr. Roane's second, Mr. Rector (afterwards Governor Rector) to state that our principal, who was the challenging party, has declared himself as having received entire satisfaction."

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

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. But in a few minutes they were conversing with the party and with each other as if there had never been the slightest difference between them. And in a short while after the reconciliation had been effected all parties adjourned to a banquet at Fort Smith.

Pike and Roane afterwards became close friends and companions.

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.

This is said to have been the last duel between prominent persons in Arkansas.

Pike returned to Little Rock, and repaired to his law office.



CHAPTER XII.

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,
Bestrid 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.*

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 various parts of the Union.

His vacations were spent in the open, in hunting or fishing. Colonel J. N. Smithee calls attention to his great fondness for the prairie and the woods. For a quarter of a century prior to 1860 he says Pike never failed each year to take an 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 business would admit of his absence. It was in this way that he formed lasting

friendships with the Indians, who afterwards employed him as counsel to represent their interests at the National capital. His legal work of this character assumed huge proportions. He could talk to some of the tribes in their own language, and it is stated on good authority that he actually had been recognized as a chief of one tribe of Indians, which is certainly a remarkable thing. Albert Pike, the Indian chief!

Another war cloud has gathered. There is to be a terrible conflict between the brothers of the North and the South. Although born in the East, Pike had become thoroughly identified with the South, her institutions and interests. He espoused the southern cause in the conflict, because he believed that her constitutional rights should be upheld. He made an argument before the Secession Convention of Arkansas, which is said to have been a masterpiece. The convention accepted the tender of his services, and appointed him commander of the Indian Department, in the Indian Territory, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was sent to treat with the five civilized tribes on the western border, to attach them if possible to the Southern cause. He made treaties with the civilized tribes, and also with the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas, Kickapoos and other wild tribes. Where he could not secure their cooperation, he did good service in gaining their neutrality. He also recruited a brigade of Cherokees.

In the beginning of the war, at an army camp at Ft. McCulloch, on Bluff river, a few miles east of old Fort Washita, there was gathered a large delegation of the

wild and roving tribes of Kiowa, Comanche and Cherokee Indians. They had been summoned to council, as allies, by General Pike. It was a wonderful sight to see these Indians, as they 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 like a god, says W. E. Woodruff, Jr., in his "With the Light Guns."

The Indian regiments were ordered from the Indian Territory into Arkansas, and, under General Pike, took part in some skirmishes and one battle. This was the battle of Pea Ridge, which was usually known as the battle of Elkhorn,—so called from the name of a tavern near the battlefield. There were engaged in this battle 15,000 Confederates, under General Earl Van Dorn; and 20,000 Federals, commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis. The Indians rendered valiant service for the Confederates. The battle, however, was fought contrary to Pike's judgment and against his advice, and it terminated unsuccessfully to the Confederates, on account of the Confederate withdrawal by Van Dorn's command, although the Federals had been repulsed at every point.

In regard to their fighting qualities, Pike said that no matter how brave he may be, the Red man cannot stand up and face a discharge of cannon. At the first shots from the Federal cannon which flew over the heads of the Indians at the battle of Elkhorn, limbs of trees were shattered, which fell into the midst of the Indians, followed by bursted shells, which made more noise than

they did damage. The Indians broke and ran, and they never stopped running until they reached their homes, some of them hundreds of miles away. The Indian does not fight in the open. He must have a log, a tree or a rock behind which to hide.

Pike took part in many other activities of the war, with credit to himself, but resigned from the Confederate Army in 1864 to accept a place on the State Supreme Court Bench. His daughter is authority for the statement that his resignation was due to the fact that he became tired of being commanded by men of inferior intellect and of being treated with injustice. He could not bear subordination. In a poem entitled, "Reflections," he bares his heart in regard to War and declares his intention to dedicate himself to other services:

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.

Pike's war song, "Dixie," shows how strong were his feelings 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!

Halt not till 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!

Near the close of the War, when the Federals were in control of Little Rock, the seat of the Confederate state government was established at Washington, Ark., and Pike moved to that place. A short distance from that town, there is pointed out to the visitor an old-fashioned frame building of the southern type, with a big verandah in front and a wide hall running through the centre of it. It is in a sad state of decay. "That is where Albert Pike lived for awhile 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 impres-

sion on the people of that simple neighborhood, where he was a recluse for a short while, and recourse to his books no doubt enabled him in a measure to forget the turmoil of the times.

After the close of the War Between the States he wrote "A Lament for Dixie," consisting of nine verses, 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.

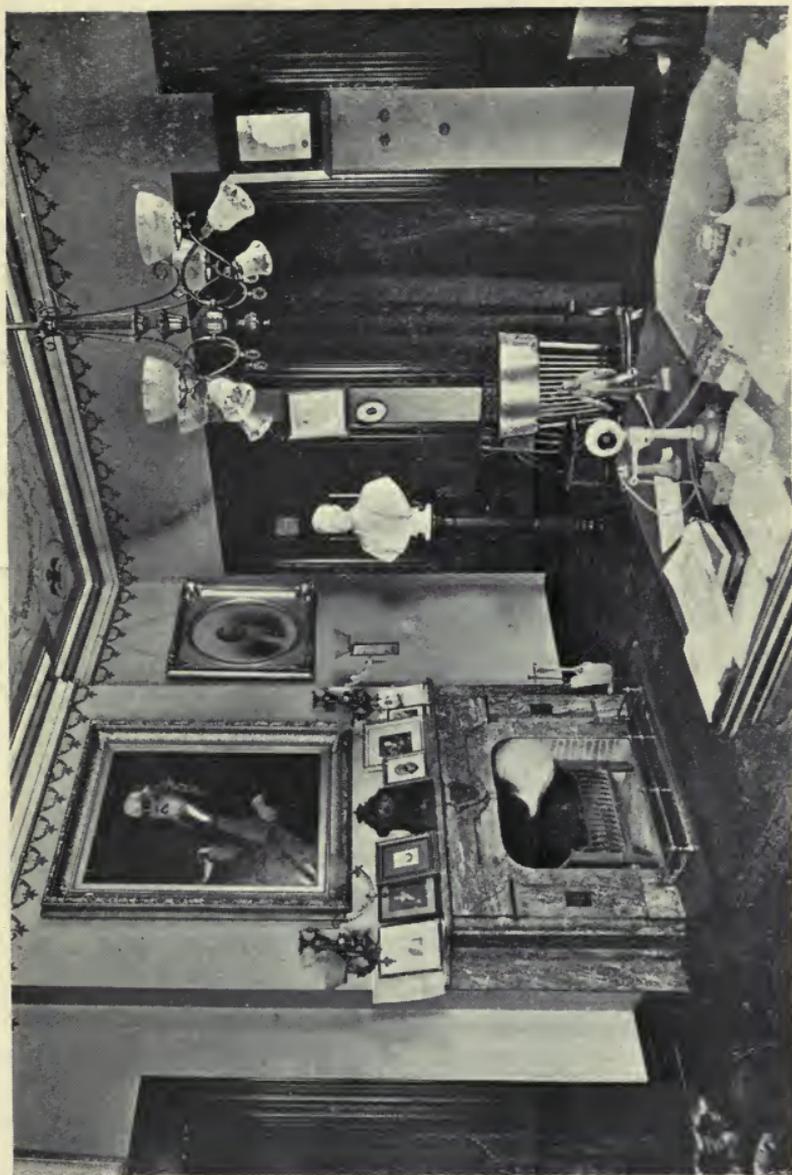


CHAPTER XIII.

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!*

Although, as Hempstead's History of Arkansas records, Pike was Arkansas' first great writer and has never lost his prestige as the state's greatest writer, his fame does not rest on his literary work. He is better known both as a lawyer and a Mason. And the reason that he is little known as a writer, in the first place, is that his newspaper work in Arkansas and Tennessee had small circulation. Arkansas during the time that he edited the Little Rock Advocate, in the 30's, was little better than a Territorial wilderness. Then, as to his poetry and miscellaneous prose writings, he was averse to allowing them to be printed in book form and offered for sale. Besides, he was not a mere dreamer, but a practical lawyer and man of action. He apparently 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." Said he: "I have so long devoted myself



GRAND COMMANDER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., USED BY GENERAL PIKE.

also to that ancient and crabbed, but very respectable mistress, the Law, that if I venture to renew my attentions 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."

His verse sprang spontaneously from a great poetic soul, without any desire for publicity or expectation of profit. He wrote that with him, "poetry has 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." This was doubtless true of him. At any rate, we have his word for it that he received no compensation for any of his poetry; and he would probably, in his high-mindedness, have scorned to accept pay for any of his efforts in this line.

It is no wonder then that an author whose work was done in Arkansas should have been so long neglected that, while his best poems were composed in the thirties and forties, it was not until the year 1900, and after his death, that his fame received the recognition of having an edition of his poems offered to the public.

His best known poetical pieces, after 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 Hymns were published in Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1839. The "Ode to the Mocking Bird," original-

ly published in Philadelphia in about 1836, was reprinted in Blackwood's for March 1840. "Ariel" appeared in a short lived publication in Boston in 1824. About the same time he published an "Indian Romance, Illustrative of the habits of the Comanche and Navajo Indians and of Mexican life at an early period of the Incursions by the Spaniards."

He was author of numerous other productions, many worthy pieces having been lost or forgotten, some having appeared in various publications, principally of a local character.

His "Nugae" was printed in 1854, supposedly at the request of friends and admirers, and he brought out 150 copies, for private distribution. It contained a selection of his poems, including lyrics, love songs and his "Hymns to the Gods." The book, which was exquisitely gotten up, contained the following modest preface:

"The trifles contained in this volume, so far as the original warp and wool 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. 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 that 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."

An unbound autographed copy of this book was, upon request, sent to the late Bishop H. N. Pierce, of Little Rock, accompanied by a friendly letter, in which the gifted 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 poem, which I place in my own 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.”

“He 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.” As might be expected, it was during this period, however, that he wrote 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 evidence 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—

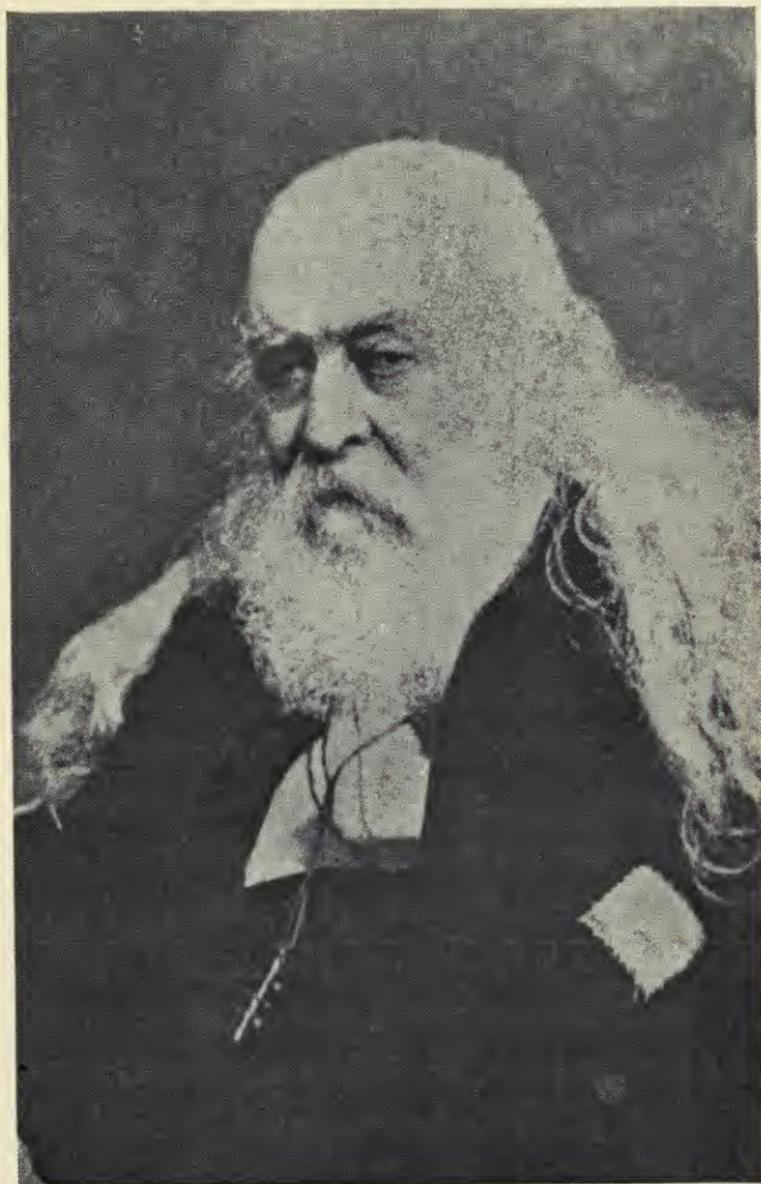
Life is a count of losses,
 Every year;
 For the weak are heavier crosses,
 Every year;
 Lost Springs with sobs replying
 Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
 While those we love are dying,
 Every year.

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.

A beam of hope usually brightens the eye of a reader as the closing stanza, which has often been quoted at funerals to console the bereaved, 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 "Hymns to the Gods," John Hallum's *Biographical and Pictorial History of Arkansas* (1887) contains the following:



GENERAL ALBERT PIKE.

“We copy from a recent periodical furnished the author by Colonel E. W. Boudinot—

“Nearly half a century ago Albert Pike contributed to Blackwood’s Magazine a poem of more than six hundred 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 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, Aug. 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 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 maga., which regularly reaches me here, one thousand 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,

“ALBERT PIKE.”

To which the great 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 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 Mr. Isaac 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.”

“One of the most interesting incidents in the history of literature,” says one writer, “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 literary man in New York recently made the as-

sertion that Pike was not an original thinker, but a great plagiarist. This critic was either unfair or not familiar with his writings. One cannot read Pike's poetry or prose without realizing that he had "a taste for elevated joys," or without finding original gems that give evidence of, not only talent, but versatile genius. He may not have been one of the greatest masters in that fine art of poetic literature, but his mind was certainly stored with knowledge and fanciful rythmical pictures, which he had the ability to portray. 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"—

The years come, and the years go,
And the leaves 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.

Some years ago it was charged that Poe had mistaken "recollection for invention" in patterning the "Raven" after Pike's "Isadore," which was first published in the New York Evening Mirror, while Poe was employed on that journal, and two years before the publication of the "Raven."

Poe is quoted as having pronounced Pike, who was born in the same year as himself, and in the same city, the most classic of American poets. A discussion of the question, "Did Pike influence Poe?" by Prof. William F. O'Donnell, recently appeared in a little publication called "The Book News Monthly."

A STANZA FROM ISADORE.

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 trim them, Love, they cannot grow
aright;

Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Pike's prose writings are by some admired more than his poetry. Judge Jeremiah Black said that he was one of the great masters of the English language.

A list of his literary, legal and Masonic works would make a large catalogue.

The reply by him for the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry to the letter "Humanum Genus" of Pope Leo XIII, issued from Charleston, S. C., in 1884, is one of the cherished historical papers of that order.

Without siding with either the Catholics or the Masons, it is safe to say after a reading of this reply to Pope Leo's Encyclical in denunciation of Freemasonry, that no more scholarly presentation of a subject was ever penned, or an abler argument ever made to support the brief of a lawyer.

It is generally supposed that the Masonic Order will not receive Roman Catholics into its membership, but that is denied in this pamphlet. It is stated therein:

“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; not denying their perfect right to be Atheists, but declining to accept them for 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.”

While his life in Washington was devoted almost exclusively to the work of the Scottish Rite branch of Masonry, he had accumulated a magnificent library, and

he here found time to do much reading. He spent his leisure hours during many years in translating and commenting on the Rig-Veda, the Zend-Avesta and other works of Aryan literature by Persian sages, in which studies he was greatly interested. Not only was he also familiar with Latin and Greek, but read with fluency French, Hebrew and Sanscrit.

We now come to one of the triumphs of his life. It will be remembered that when he was a boy, admission to Harvard was denied him because of insufficient funds. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors is authority for the statement that the faculty of that university conferred on him the degree of M. A. in 1859. The late Colonel Frederick Webber, his old friend and associate in Scottish Rite Masonry, stated to the writer in Little Rock a few years ago that 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 degree then.

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 in the delayed recognition which was accorded him, but he spurned the proffered degree.

As to how Pike was regarded among the people who knew him in Arkansas, Judge John Hallum, who paid exalted tribute to his genius and worth, states in his "Bench and Bar of Arkansas": "Learning that there was an old blind gentleman in the ancient village (Dan-

ville) 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 Absolom 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, who was no orator but 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 baptised 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 or marble or brass dedicated to mortal fame."

And such regard meant more to Pike than the degree of a university.

After his removal therefrom, Pike was not permitted by circumstances to be a frequent visitor to Arkansas, but he is said to have never referred to Little Rock without evidencing great emotion, and he retained a deep affection for many of his old associates in the 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 the state 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.”

A biography should be entirely truthful, and, with a respectful consideration for the honored dead, it must be stated that, while most of the old settlers who knew him speak of Pike with the greatest veneration, there are some who do not. A few are inclined to shake their heads, and to suggest that maybe Pike in his younger days did not always practice what he preached. None, however, have been found who could cite definite instances of remissness on his part. Every forceful man makes some enemies, and everybody will not speak well of anybody. None of his few detractors will gainsay that Pike was intellectually an unusual man.



ALBERT PIKE AND HIS MASONIC REGALIA.

CHAPTER XIV.

ACTIVITIES OF HIS LATER YEARS, AND 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 parasitic 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.

At the close of the Civil War and for several years afterward, General Pike seemed filled with a great restlessness. He attempted many lines of activity, but persisted in few. The war broke up previous connections. Some of his nearest and dearest had fled. One son was drowned in the Arkansas river in 1859. Another was killed during the war. His wife died in 1868, and his eldest daughter in 1869.

His song, "Love Blooms But Once," sadly expresses his feelings at this period:

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.

He tried a number of different spots, seeking peace and happiness in vain. He spent a short time in Canada, but his sojourn there seems to have been merely a period of rest. Returning to the United States, he spent about two years in Memphis, Tenn., where he practiced law for a time, then edited the *Memphis Appeal*, which was one of Tennessee's most influential newspapers, afterward absorbed by the present *Commercial-Appeal*. While living in Memphis he had also served as president of the Tennessee Bar Association. He is also traced there through his poetry, among other pieces, having written for Mrs. Washington Barrow the poem, "My Native Land, My Tennessee."

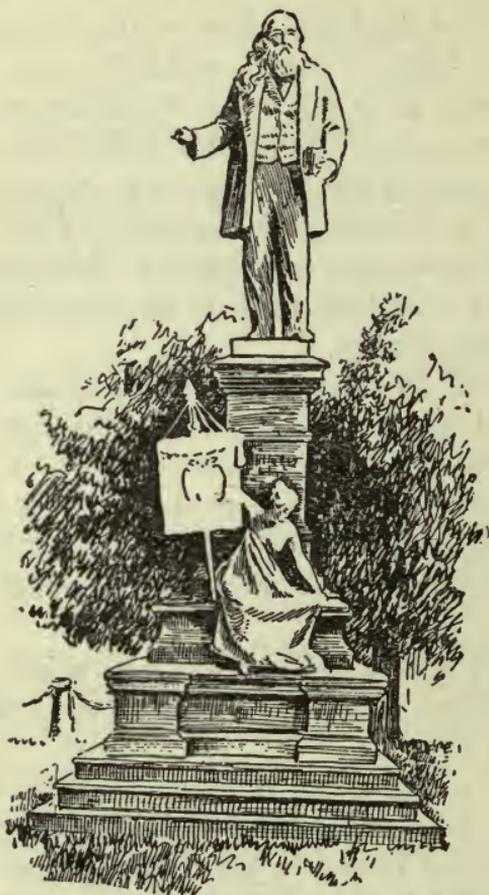
His final move was to Washington, D. C., in 1868.

There he continued to live about thirty-three years, except for a brief residence in Alexandria, Va. The learned Judge U. M. Rose, in his sketch of Chester Ashley, in Volume 3 of the Publications of the Arkansas Historical Society, writes of a visit which he made to Pike at that place, and, saying, "No one could be more interesting in conversation," he quotes Pike's remarks 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 in Washington City, which paper contained some of his best editorial and miscellaneous writings.

Among all the interesting adventures and varied experiences of General Pike's remarkable life, the most enviable held by him was probably the last. In the office of the House of the Temple of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, at Washington City, he was virtually a monarch of all he surveyed.

Although known to have suffered griefs, it cannot be doubted that there was to him a satisfaction in this congenial place.

With a commanding presence, flowing white hair framing the face of a poet and philosopher, he made a most interesting figure in this beautiful building, surrounded by the books he loved, the emblems and cherished mementoes of the great order which he revered and to which he had devoted so many years. He was visited and consulted by important persons from all over the world. And, when not otherwise engaged, he sat and



MONUMENT TO GEN. ALBERT PIKE
Erected by the Scottish Rite Masons in Washington,
D. C., in 1899.



Abner Pike

dreamed, and delved in ancient lore, as was his wont, smoking his favorite long meerschaum pipe, and watching his pet birds.

Pike was especially fond of birds. In his home in Washington 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 wrote of birds:

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the songs of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed, when,
With noon-heat, overwrought, the music-gush was gone.

He became an Oddfellow some time in the forties, and he composed several anthems for that order.

He had attained the zenith of distinction in Freemasonry. He was initiated in Western Star Lodge, Little Rock, in 1850, received the degree of Worshipful Master in the following July; was created a Knight Templar in 1853; served as Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Arkansas in 1852-54; received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite from the 4th to the 32nd degree in 1858, and in January, 1859, was elected M. P. Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council

for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States.

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 date October 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, Nueva Granada, and Honorary Grand Master and Grand Commander of the Supreme Councils of Brazil, Tunis and Egypt.

His daughter, Mrs. Lillian Pike Roome, states that Sovereign Grand Commander 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 thirty-two years, which is a remarkable record.

He was the compiler of the "Statutes and Regulations, Institutes, Laws and Grand Contributions of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite," in French and English; also, of "Morals and Dogma," a scholarly compendium of the philosophy and tenets of Freemasonry in all its degrees.

His Masonic associates say that he became the most eminent and best beloved Mason in the world, not merely by virtue of the exalted official 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.

His great qualities enabled him to build up the Scottish Rite, and to make the Supreme Council for 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 Supreme Councils of the world.

The Albert Pike Consistory at Little Rock, one of the finest Scottish Rite cathedrals in the country, was named in his honor. The Scottish Rite bodies have outgrown this home, and have recently decided to erect in Little Rock an Albert Pike Memorial Temple, to cost a million dollars or more, and, if the proposed plans are carried out, the Temple will be one of the most perfect Masonic structures in the world.

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 on August 1, 1920, thus spoke of Albert Pike and his own 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 served as its High Priest. He also served as Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Arkansas for two years. Hugh DePayens Commandery, Knights Templar, has the proud distinction of claiming this distinguished brother as its first Eminent Commander. For many years and until his death he was the only honorary member of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of Arkansas. Occidental Council, Royal and Select Masters, was, until the destruction of the Grand Lodge Masonic Temple in Little Rock, a year ago, 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."

Pike was the beloved apostle of the Scottish Rite, and the fervid preacher of fraternal association and the brotherhood of man. In one of his 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 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 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 network 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.

“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 great 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 calculation, 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 a 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 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 or other associations. We hear and know 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 Eleusinean 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 a 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.”



CHAPTER XV.

THE WAKE OF THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN WHO DIED
BEFORE HIS TIME; WITH SOME PERSONAL GLIMPSES.

*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.*

It is said that the ancients coveted the felicity of knowing what would be the eulogies and laments occasioned by their departures from the 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 Ben. Perley Poore's Reminiscences 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 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.

But, strange to say, at the last minute, while the lifeless body was expected, Pike, plus body and soul, arrived on the scene, 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 confounded 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 accordingly carried out, at Coyle's residence.

The event was well attended, wine flowed freely, and Jack Savage sang a humorous song which Pike had been induced to compose for the occasion, entitled, "The Life Wake of the Fine Arkansas Gentleman Who Died Before His Time."

After hearing the numerous eulogies which were 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 party grew exceedingly merry as the fun progressed, and when the crowd broke up, in the small hours of the morning, 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, 'though good, is too lengthy to quote in full. It continues 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, Byard, 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 appeals 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.

The wake, as may be imagined, was an immense success. It proved to be one of the most enjoyable festivals which ever took place at the national capital.

It is clearly seen that Pike was a versatile genius, that he had adaptability, was a good mixer, and a man of broad sympathies. It is noteworthy that, while essentially a pioneer, fond of the prairie and of wild life, an Indian chief by selection, he should hold his own with the most sophisticated and prove an epicure among bon vivants.

Quotation is made from an unpublished manuscript written by the late Colonel J. N. Smithee:

“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 board of Lucullus. Among them were the brightest, brainiest and wittiest men in the nation’s capital. They included editors, poets, authors and statesmen.”

There is no doubt that Pike was a man who enjoyed life. He was also generous to a fault. Although he had an extensive law practice at one time and received enormous fees, he accumulated no property. He was a great spender for the good things of life, as well as a liberal dispenser of charity when in funds. The following two verses from a ten-verse poem written by him, entitled, “An Anciente Fytte, Pleasant and Full of Pastyme, of a Dollar or Two,” further evidences his love of fun and keen sense of humor:

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.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLOSE OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

*Our afternoon of life has come,
Its darkening hours are here;
The evening shadows lengthen,
And the night is drawing near;*

*To some the sky is bright, to some
With clouds is overcast;
But still upon our Present smiles
The Light of Days long past.*

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, and he may have smiled 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 and suffered for many months; he wasted away to a mere shadow, but the golden gift of memory made his last moments sweet. His daughter Mrs. Lillian Pike Roome, 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 on the 2nd of April, 1891, at his residence in the Holy House of the Scottish Rite Temple at Washington, in his 82nd year.

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 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 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 rottenness 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."

The shell of this king of adventurers was laid away under the shade of a tree in a pretty spot in Oak Hill Cemetery at Washington. There rest the remains of a glorious man, who conquered almost everything except death.

The body was not subjected to the heartless fires of

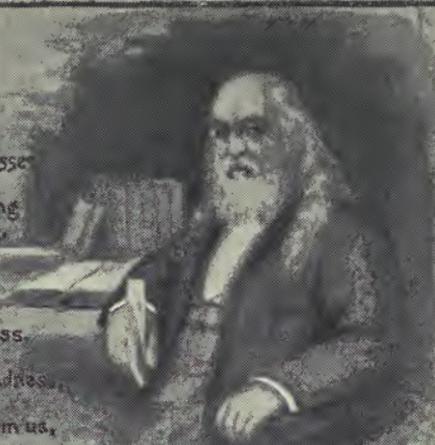
EVERY YEAR.

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.

cremation, but, as he desired, the Kadosh funeral services were held in the Congregational church in Washington.

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, the surviving members of the family, who had expressed the thought that the duty to do so rested upon them, placed over the grave a suitable stone of white marble, bearing the inscription which the deceased had wished to be placed there *if his body was to be 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 in the hearts and memories of my brethren of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite." A magnificent heroic bronze statue, designed and erected by Trentanove, the noted Italian sculptor, was erected to his memory at Washington by his brethren and associates of the Scottish Rite. It was unveiled at the session of the order in 1901 and presented to the government of the United States.

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 un-

veiling 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 and worth have been paid by the world at large.

Lodges of Sorrow *were* held in New Orleans, Little Rock and at Lyons, Iowa.

In a tribute to him, Colonel P. Dolan, of Fargo, S. D., said, "Albert Pike, a king among men by the divine right of merit; a giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul * * * * * climbed Fame's glittering ladder to its loftiest height, and stepped from its topmost round into the skies."

"To the past go more dead faces
Every Year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every Year."



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