

\$100 IN GOLD REWARD.

ABOUT ALBERT PIKE.

In one of our exchanges we came across the following about our esteemed personal friend and Ill. Bro. Albert Pike, 33°, Sov. Gr. Commander Southern Supreme Council :

Albert Pike was met in Vicksburg, Miss, a few weeks ago by the editor of the *Jackson Pilot*, and the latter tells how he was struck thus : "His long and luxuriant hair, gray with the frosts of many winters, hung down in masses which almost covered his broad and stalwart shoulders. His eyes were clear and piercing. The element of poetry, which is so strongly recognizable in his character, shone very plainly, notwithstanding he was smoking a pipe of enormous construction, and whose strength and vileness would destroy the eyesight of ordinary men. He wore an old "slouch hat," and his clothes were seedy, but he had that lordly air about him which his seedy clothing and careless habits could not disguise ; a leonine aspect—the very face and front of Jove (as we remembered Jove)."

Now, the above is pretty good for a *first* observation, and as regards the general appearance of our Ill. friend is in the main correct ; for if Albert Pike wore the costume of a Choctaw, he would still look the intelligent gentleman he is. But there is a nasty fling in the above we don't like. It is about the *pipe* and the *tobacco*. As to the former, it is one of the finest specimens of the *meerscham* ever seen in America, it being the official pipe used by Frederick the Great, when he presided over the Supreme Council in Berlin, and signed the Statutes of 1786, and now, by hereditary descent, the rightful property of Bro. Pike, as his lawful successor." —*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

If there is anything in the world we like, it is a *joke*. We like those full blooded jokes that admit of no phlebotomy—no slow or fast bleeding—none of your leeching processes that draws the life out of a man by "degrees", the way lawyers go to heaven.

That "official pipe" is good—very good—its to good to be lost ; and we now propose to make it the subject of the 34°. Such a pipe would and should be immortal ; it should be a first class calumet, to be smoked by all the craft in the eternal bonds of peace—in fact, we think if such a pipe had been placed to King William's lips, there would have been no war in France, and no hundreds of thousands of people laid out in the cold. Oh, that "official pipe" !

"Illustrious" Bro Tisdall has made a discovery that should be the means of creating him the "Grand Guaiasticutos" of the "Mother Supreme Council of the World." Well, we have lived to little purpose and Freemasons have been the grandest ignoramus in the world, not to have found out before this, that there is such a thing as an "official masonic meerscham"—egad, we think that one whif out of that would make a fellow see stars—i e, police stars, if he smoked strong Frederic tobacco. Then only think of it, Frederic smoked *that* pipe "when he presided over the Supreme Council at Berlin and signed the Statutes of 1786 !" Just imagine how "Old Fritz" must have held that pipe—the "official pipe"—when he signed his august name to the *Statutes* ! The smoke must have burnt his eyes, for the signature is very crooked, or else the old fellow had just got through a first class wine dinner.

We like that "hereditary descent"—that is richness unalloyed, and as for the "lawful successor" it is strawberries smothered in cream. If we had the imagination and gullibility of a Tisdall and the effrontry and brass of a Pike, and the power of the Almighty, we could create a dozen worlds that would beat this one all hollow. But, dear reader,