

# THE SUPREME GRAND COUNCIL 33<sup>o</sup>,

AND

## Frederick the Great's Pipe.

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

Albert Pike was met in Vicksburg, Miss, a few weeks ago by the editor of the *Jackson Post*, and the latter tells how he was struck thus: "His long and luxuriant hair lay with the frosts of many winters, hung down in masses which almost covered his broad and sedwath 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 remember 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 meerschaum 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 on, 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 palebotomy—no slow or fast bleeding—none of your leeching processes that leeches the life out of a man by "degrees," the way lawyers go to heaven.

That "official pipe" is good—very good—its too good to be lost; and we now propose to make it the subject of the 34<sup>o</sup>. 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 Guastictos" 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 merschaum"—egad, we think that one whiff out of that would make a fellow see stars—*i. e.* police stars, if he smoked strong Frederick tobacco. Then only think of it, Frederick 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 effrontery 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, you have heard of the end of the boy that had an "if" to his name—he went where they woodbine twineth—up a spout.

But here comes in the "joke"—alas, poor Tisdall! We are willing now to pay  
**ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD,**

for any man living, dead, or expected to live, or expected to die, who can by any testimony that would be received in any court of Masons or anti-Masons, who will prove that Frederic the Great of Prussia ever signed the so-called Scotch Rite Statutes of 1786, or ever saw them. In fact, we will give the largest kind of a reward to anybody who shall refute and answer the evidence we have already furnished, that Frederic not only did not sign these Statutes, but that his signature thereto is the basest forgery that was perpetrated in the 19th century. Furthermore, we have proven that Frederic was not only diametrically opposed to any such degrees, but absolutely CONDEMNED THEM.

We had formed a high opinion of Bro. Tisdall, the Masonic editor of *Pomeroy's Democrat*, as a straightforward Masonic writer, who did not deal in cooperative nonsense, but, we must say that of late we have "let down" on him a little, and when he came out with the above it was "the straw that broke the camel's back," and now we say emphatically, (and mean no foolishness by it either) that Bro. Tisdall can produce the reliable evidence that the signature of Frederic the Great was not forged to the Statutes of 1786, and that the date of these Statutes is not a forgery, then he can draw on us for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD; and until he can do that we want no special pleadings and no explanations, *ex parte* and no tirades nor backbiting. We want "good work and square work," and we will not accept any work of impostors. It is an outrage on the Masonic fraternity, and a falsification of history that a paper with the tremendous circulation of *Pomeroy's Democrat* should be used for the dissemination of such Masonic nonsense under the head of "Masonic intelligence."

It is pretty near time that such misrepresentation was stopped. The craft has been gulled and bamboozled by all sorts of false statements of so-called "Masonic history" about long enough, by persons claiming the right of position to tell the world all sorts of stuff, and to this whole business "THE FREEMASON" has been opposed from beginning to end, and intends to be as long as we have anything to do with it.

We believe in telling the TRUTH and "nothing but the truth," hence the opinion of this paper is taken as that which amounts to something. If our opinion is asked upon any question, we give it according to the law, whether we agree with the law or not, but there is not money nor official positions enough to hire us to bend the knee to any power on the planet Earth, to say what we do not know to be a fact. Sycophany has no place on our editorial staff, and we intend to plunge the lancet in all masonic exercises, whether nurtured by friend or foe. We know no motto but the truth, and we will stick to that till the last plank of life is swallowed up in the abyss of death. As for that "official pipe" it must be mighty strong by this time—and in fact we will bet the cigars that Frederic never saw the merchantman in question.—*St. Louis Freemason.*