

# TRUE KNOW-NOTHING ORGAN AND SPIRIT OF '76.



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## POETRY.

### Waken, Sons of Earth.

Waken, sons of earth awake!  
On the mountain shrouds the day!  
Night her shadowy shroud has taken  
Over the hills and far away!  
Where the western hollow rills,  
Where the storm-clouds sweep along,  
Where the shadowy glebe,  
Where the birds alight their song.  
Waken! for the day begins,  
And 'tis time ye were awake,  
For ye know not what it brings,  
Nor the changes it will make.  
Waken, no longer dream ye,  
Life was never made for sleep—  
That it hath no trials deem ye!  
It hath trials stern and deep,  
Up, both the; dream no longer,  
Time is best, heed, do not wait,  
Dreams will never make you stronger,  
With a bold heart meet your fate,  
Think not, yield not, be undaunted,  
Still the path of right pursue;  
Fear not, if by evil haunted,  
Be firm, be loyal, and be true.  
Onward, then, and never falter,  
For life's cause is just and good,  
Live for something, do not sleep,  
Act your part as brave men should,  
Up, then, quickly, be in earnest,  
"Onward, upward," ever keep,  
This lesson those first learnest—  
"Live for something, do not sleep."

### Gentle Words.

A young rose in the summer time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glows the many stars  
That shimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands that clasp mine own,  
Are better than the fairest flowers,  
Or stars that ever shone.  
The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
And voices that are sweet and low,  
And brighter than the dew,  
It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh, if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

### Wide-Awake.

Wide-awake! wide-awake! foggy and deeper,  
Dream not the battle of life;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! lagged and creoper,  
Lugging is losing the strife;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! office and honor,  
Fly from the deceiver away;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! keep your eye on  
her,  
Fortune is gay;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! up and be doing;  
All that's worth having is won but by woeing.  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! while the game's  
going,  
Try it, and have a hand in;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! while the wind's  
blowing,  
Look to your helm and your win;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! print and law-  
maker,  
Up! or be left in the sea;  
Wide-awake! wide-awake! people—the breaker  
is always ahead that's to fear.

### Madrigal.

Oh, stream on whose fair breast the sandalwood  
glows,  
If'er thy banks my gentle love should stray  
Keep thou her gentle image to thy bosom clear,  
To bless my eyes when next I wander near.  
And thou, too, Zephyr! when she passes by,  
If she should gladly sing, or faintly sigh,  
Oh, keep the sounds, and but repeat them when  
I, her fond lover, seeks her haunts again.

## The Betrayer Betrayed; OR A KALEIDOSCOPE OF BOSTON.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"Why, she might have married en-  
ough the King on his throne, if she had  
liked. She need not have married me, and  
she wouldn't if she hadn't seen something  
in me worth while; I deserve to have my  
head punched in trying to think it, possi-  
ble that she was with a tip-top love match."  
"This was always his argument, when  
anything like doubt arose in his mind as  
to her sincerity. The gossip might watch  
her every turn, might twist and distort  
every circumstance of her life to suit their  
views, but with all their sagacity, the  
clear, open, happy disposition of Mrs.  
Thornton, completely balked their designs.  
There was no guile in that sunny face—  
there was no deception in those radiant  
eyes, and nothing but purity, gentleness,  
and angelic goodness in the character  
which was daily developing some fresh  
trait of excellence. The poor had in her a  
constant friend. Like her husband, she  
chose rather to believe too much than too  
little, and although there were, as there  
always will be, instances in which their  
bounty was abused, as a general rule, their  
charities brought them in ten-fold in the  
barter of money for gratitude. While oc-  
casionally mingling in the pastimes of  
their circle, the larger half of their time  
was devoted to the promotion of useful-  
ness. About twenty times a day, Old Job  
would say to himself, if there ever was an  
angel on the earth, that there wife of mine  
is one, in which belief all who had the  
pleasure of her acquaintance cordially as-  
sented to."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

What is love, but another word for pain,  
For aching heart and throbbing brain?  
For aching heart and throbbing brain?  
What is love but another word for pain?  
For the death of hope—for tumultuous fears;  
'Tis a fragile bark on life's troubled sea,  
To be wrecked by its intense intensity!

A day of unusual brilliancy had gone  
down upon a night of storm and darkness!  
The light and rain chased each other over  
the hills and around the corners of the  
streets—sometimes running against hurrying  
pedestrians, and in their haste bearing  
away with them luckless umbrellas, hats,  
caps, *ed genis bonis*—sometimes leaping  
down chimneys with a rush which sent  
the smouldering embers whirling about  
the room. The awnings cracked and  
groaned in their frightful loneliness,  
while the clashing blinds and the rattling  
windows suggested all that such a night  
would suggest of discomfort.

And discomfort there was—perhaps if  
the city could have been unroofed—in  
every dwelling wherein the spirit of the  
storm strove for admittance! And discom-  
fort there certainly was in the dwell-  
ing of the superb and fortunate millionaire,  
Mr. Welman. From the grand assembly,  
where she had shone in all her regal beau-  
ty, the envied of a thousand hearts, Anna  
Vermon had returned to droop down in  
all her finery, a statue of misery and de-  
spair! There she lay, as if every nerve  
was prostrate, that regal woman, who, on-  
ly an hour before, had turned the heads  
and hearts of a crowd of followers. Flow-  
ers, crushed and broken, were matted in  
among her long curls, sending out a faint  
perfume—a dying moan as it were—that  
she should thus have served the purpose  
of a woman's vanity, to fall a victim to a  
woman's woe! Jewels flung out of their  
radiant gleam from folds of brocade, and  
clasped, as if in mockery, the round, white  
arms, which were folded above the head  
of her who lay crushed, moaning and de-  
spairing—mingling her will with the  
storm-ery that assailed her dwelling—  
Were there thoughts *there* of the hearts  
she had broken—were there memories of  
slaves and despairs that she had created!  
*Alas!* no! Her own grief, her own sor-  
row, and her own despair had shut her  
senses from all external things. Her de-  
mon projects were falling far when she  
thought them most secure. She had seen  
May, in her quiet insanity, unliking  
how her knot of hair tying—she had seen  
her restored, not alone to reason, but to  
the affection of her beloved—she had seen  
her that very evening, radiant with hap-  
piness, leaning on the arm which she had  
sworn to reject. She had seen it all,  
calm, seemingly joyous and rejoicing, till  
the mockery of the ball was over. Her

"These are strong accusations to bring  
against your mother, Anna!"  
"Strong but true! My life has been a  
lie, from the beginning to the end of it,  
and now it is over. There is nothing but  
ever lived so utterly false, so utterly sat-  
urated with degradation as myself. False  
to my nature, false to my friends, false to  
my husband."  
"Anna—Anna! you do not know of  
what you accuse yourself!"  
"Are there no crimes but the actual,  
manifest ones? Is imagination nothing? Is de-  
sire, will nothing? It matters little now,  
mother. Time was when the mistake of  
supposing only happiness could arise from  
position, might have been rectified, but it is  
too late now, mother—too late—too late!"

Anna had lain down again with her  
face half buried in the pillows, while the  
serpent tangled itself among her curls and  
seemed ready to spring out upon the self-  
convinced mother.  
"Can I help you to redeem what you  
have lost in that—that—man?"  
"Something may be done, care not  
what! He has owned my influence—he  
shall again. She must be disgraced—he  
must be separated from her! It is too  
late now to stop at means. There have  
been times when I might have felt hum-  
bled down to own to you how entirely he  
has brought me to worship him; those  
times are past, with much else that should  
never have been. I have tried to be a  
woman, and have made a failure of it—  
a magnificent failure hidden from the know-  
ledge of all but myself—and that I own  
it to you now, is because I thought that  
you should help me to do it. There is  
nothing that binds him to my side. Only  
one thing can do it—her disgrace. Drive  
her from society, and you drive her from  
me. In the first place, she would not  
suffer him to share in her downfall, in the  
next, he is too sensitive to stand alone in  
her disgrace."  
"But her position is too firm now easily  
to be shaken. Her only misfortune is an  
understanding in society, and yet she has  
its recognition!"  
"Because it is an understood thing.  
Take it up, blow it into life—discuss it as  
something but now having reached your  
ears—that is the part to be taken. You  
play while my passive silence shall con-  
vince him that I am not the instrument  
of her disgrace. If you recede from her,  
leading the fashion as you do, there is not  
one person out of ten that will dare up-  
hold her."  
"This is to have mothers who teach  
their children every thing but what they  
most need to learn! If you had taught  
me to pay that deference to worth which  
you have to wealth, this horrible episode  
never would have marred my existence."  
"More bitter tears, more anguished sobs,  
and the morning sun all the brighter for  
the night's storm, crossed the still burn-  
ing lamp, and fell upon the swollen eyes  
and flushed cheeks of Anna Vermon.

Mrs. Welman had retired to her cham-  
ber, but not to sleep. The thought of  
what a lonely, half-savage sort of a life this  
living alone is, and that she would have  
escaped the alternative, but Anna's hap-  
piness demanded it, and that decided her.

Perhaps the knowledge that at the feet of  
her deleterious system of education lay  
an unequal love, you said, and will ill-  
likely to result therefrom, aided her de-  
sire to see her child more free and  
happy. Disgrace Mary Stetson! All the  
long hours it rang like a doom upon her  
brain, which not even the languor of sleep  
could overcome. It echoed in the shiv-  
ering storm and in the pitiless wind.  
Disgrace Mary Stetson! Fall gently  
shadows upon the closed eyes of the hap-  
py sleeper, for the short season of peace  
which fortune has allotted thee will soon  
melt away into suffering and dismay!

"Where is your womanhood?"  
"Gone! lost! bartered forever and for-  
ever! You are my mother! You have  
taught me to love me, and here is the  
wreck of my womanhood!"  
The miserable woman had shook off her  
mother's hand, and now stood recklessly  
defiant, in the full glare of the lamp!

"This is to me to me, Anna?"  
"Mother, it is time we understood each  
other! It was time for that years ago.  
We should have done it, before in your  
school I had unlearned all that nature, in-  
nocence and purity taught me! We should  
have come to an explanation before my  
whole nature was black and putrid with  
deformity!"

"I will not say you are mad, Anna—I  
will leave you to your own thoughts!  
Perhaps to-morrow."  
"No, mother! not to-morrow, but to-  
night! I have been an obedient daugh-  
ter to you, have I not? When you saw  
me as a girl, stooping to what you thought  
a necessary expedient to make me a wife,  
you inculcated me with pride, with vani-  
ty, with self-esteem, you taught me that  
only knowledge was power—that only evil  
position could be made an available weapon  
in the battle of life. There was a time  
when I could have married the man of  
my choice, and have been happy. You  
treated the subject with scorn, and com-  
batted it with a wealthy suit! That  
suit—was it not yours? Did you, for  
one moment, believe I loved that man?  
Did you care whether I did or not? Did  
you care, if the next hour found me pil-  
lowed in the arms of a criminal passion,  
so the world saw it not?"

Among the most bitter and sarcastic of  
all the bitter and sarcastic persons who  
reviled the marriage of Uncle Job Thor-  
nton with the youthful Genevive Conant,  
was Miss Margaretta Pincher, the fashio-  
nable keeper of the fashionable boarding-  
house. I don't say she had any positive  
designs upon him, but she had been  
chick and if he wanted chicken, nobody  
else had pork—his cup of coffee was the  
first to be poured from the shining urn.  
The bath was saved till positive infor-  
mation was obtained from Uncle Job that  
he could dispense with it. It was, "ask Mr.  
Thornton," and "it Mr. Thornton loses it,"  
and "just as Mr. Thornton pleases,"  
from morning till night. In fact it had  
become rather a standing joke among the  
boarders, that Mr. Thornton ruled the

roost—while he, good simple soul, saw  
only a kindness of feeling, which he  
flattered himself was extended to all the  
establishment alike. Had he imagined  
that there were any designs upon his lib-  
erty, he would have been a different man  
entirely. He had been the first to be re-  
-treated from the dangerous premises.

It was with very fierce eyes and a very  
bitter heart, that Miss Margaretta looked  
on the manoeuvres of "that artful little  
mix," as she called Genevive, and with a  
very precise view of saving him from the  
clutches of a designing girl, that she  
redoubled her exertions to make him  
in love with his present quarters, and un-  
willing to change. How her head  
throbed and leapt when he nudged her  
arm and winked in his old awkward way  
for her to follow him into the library.  
"I want to consult on a matter as re-  
quires a previous deal of judgment," he  
whispered as she passed him in going out.  
He wanted to consult her, and upon  
what other subject could he possibly re-  
quire her judgment! After all that had  
passed, he never could have the face to  
mention to any person, to her as his  
intended. No indeed! The time had  
come for which she had hoped so long—  
the fish was caught for which she had  
angled with all sorts of bait—Miss Mar-  
garetta would be Miss Margaretta no longer.  
With a step springy as a girl's, she  
started to obey his request. Her eyes  
gave one look at her mirror, settled her  
cap into more becoming form, and  
tucked away a lock of sprinkled hair  
which had crept out from under her false  
tresses.

"I'll not give in too soon," thought the  
venerable spinster. He shall not find me  
too easily purchased. Let me see—shall  
I go in sort of abashed, as if I knew he  
was about to propose; or pretend that  
I've no suspicion of his intentions in that  
regard? I'll take the chances—follow  
his suit—that will be the safest way; ah,  
but I wonder which side of the mouth  
people will laugh from now; and in im-  
agination she had already out some of her  
acquaintances who had presumed to joke  
her upon her predilections for the bach-  
elor.

Miss Pinchin did understand, or fondly  
imagined she did, as a firmer compression  
of the mouth, and a keener flashing of the  
grey eyes, attested.  
"Now am I right, or am I not right?"  
"Right, I think Mr. Thornton. With  
you, I believe we have a mission upon the  
earth which extends to the more than living  
for self!"  
"I'm certain of it! To be sure mar-  
riage is a thing which should not be did  
without proper reflection. It is an easy  
knot to tie, but as the saying is, it takes  
more than teeth to untie it. And, as for  
some of the wives I've seen, I'd sooner  
go into the cage with a lion and put my  
head in his mouth, knowing for certain  
he'd bite it off, than get bedevilled up  
into a snare with any of their kidney."  
But when people affectionate each other,  
there is kindness on both sides, and for-  
bearance on both sides, and happiness on  
both sides. That's the kind of marriage  
state I hope to enter. Now tell me, can-  
didly and truly what you think of it?"  
Uncle Job, in his eagerness, had again  
secured the venerable spinster's hand.  
"Since you have been so open and  
frank with me, its only fair that I should  
deal as candidly with you. To say that it  
is unexpected to me, is only what you  
may premise!"

"Of course—of course—I haven't given  
the subject more'n a century's thought!"  
"You have been one of the family as  
one might say, so long that I think I know  
all your wants and necessities, and if I  
have tried to meet them when you were  
nothing but a boarder like the rest of my  
establishment, as a wife, I should be still  
more anxious to contribute to your con-  
fort."  
Here Miss Pinchin pressed the hand  
which held her own, and tried to look  
sentimental.

"I—I—beg your pardon Miss Pinchin!  
I hope I've not made a meddle of what I  
intended to say; I hope I've made it  
clearer than I'm afraid to have."  
"Had I been foolishly young and senti-  
mental, I might have affected not to  
understand you—but when a woman  
verges towards thirty—(she had been to-  
wards thirty for fifteen years at least)—  
sentiment becomes sense; therefore I say  
again, that as your wife!"  
"Miss Pinchin!" exclaimed Uncle Job,  
bounding from his chair, "do you mean  
to say that you have imagined me propos-  
ing to you all this time?"  
"Certainly, Mr. Thornton, why not?"  
"Why not? Because I'm not a fool,  
Miss Pinchin, that's why not! and because  
you are old enough to be my wife's grand-  
mother, Miss Pinchin, that's why not!"  
and because when I want a Molly Coddle  
I'll hire a nurse, Miss Pinchin, that's why  
not!"

"Sir!"  
"I can't help it—I'm up! and when  
I'm up there's no contrivance of me to  
think that you could be stupid and ridicu-  
lous enough to think I meant you! I'm  
sorry if I'm wrong, Miss Pinchin, but I  
know as well as you do, that there's no  
love lost on either side—that you would  
have married my money and not me—  
and that you would have led me by the  
nose like a caged baboon, Miss Pinchin,  
allowing it had been you, which it wasn't.  
I hope you'll forgive me for speak-  
ing plain. I thought that was what I  
didn't all the time, but as you didn't un-  
derstand the foreign talk, it is necessary  
to be plain now, that there may be no more  
mistakes."  
"And may I ask who is the happy bride,  
Mr. Thornton?"  
"Certainly—certainly! Miss Genevive—  
pretty little Genny Colton!"

"I trust you may be happy Mr. Thor-  
nton! Let the mistake pass as if it had  
never occurred. I trust she will make  
you the good wife you deserve. You have  
said some severe things, but I forgive  
them, and if ever it lays in my power to  
serve you command me." A great tear  
glittered in the spinster's hard eyes, and  
rolling down over nose dashed itself to  
pieces on the table before her.  
"Oh come now—none of that! I'm  
really sorry I said anything about it!"  
"It is better as it! If it must be, I  
could hear it better from your lips, than  
from those of any one else! I trust you  
may never regret your choice, but I fear  
it—I fear it!"

With an ominous shake of the head,  
Miss Pinchin hurriedly left the room—  
Uncle Job thought to indulge in the femi-  
nine luxury of a good cry, but if he could  
have leaped in upon her a minute after,  
and seen in her face a more earnest hatred  
ground the daguerotype she had copied  
from him, under her foot, the twinges of  
conscience which occasionally stung him  
on her account, would have grown "small  
by degrees and beautifully less." From  
that period, under the garb of friendship,  
Miss Pinchin became the inveterate enemy  
of pretty Genevive.  
Newport was in its glory, and, of course,  
to gratify his young wife, Uncle Job al-  
lowed himself to be borne off in the  
whirlpool of fashion which set towards

that place. Had he consulted his own  
happiness, he would have selected some  
quiet spot, unknown to fashion, wherein  
to have evaded the city's summer heat.—  
But Newport was the vote, and to New-  
port they went. The jaded old hack  
horses were switching their tails lazily  
under the shadow of the elms which "our  
party" alighted amid a wilderness of bag-  
gage at the door of the "Ocean House."  
The balcony was filled with young men,  
indolently smoking their cigars, to whom  
sensation was a thing unknown. So large  
a party could not help attracting their at-  
tention, particularly when its chief ele-  
ment were youthful bloom and beauty.  
The undisguised admiration which follow-  
ed Genevive, greatly annoyed her husband.  
It was his first admixture with fashionable  
conditions, and the long-levelled eye-  
glass, the bold stare and the liberal prin-  
ciple bestowed upon her, seemed to him un-  
bearable impertinence, and it was only a  
sweet unconsciousness of admiration with  
which she met the adulation of the crowd,  
that saved one of two of the most forward  
youths a journey over the balcony into the  
long grass. Of course he was spotted at  
once as a victim for the quizzical powers  
of the reigning set at the Hotel. The  
youth, the intellect and the beauty of his  
surroundings, however, soon turned the  
scale in his favor, and before he had been  
there a week, an introduction to Mr.  
Thornton, and through him to his party,  
was one of the most desirable things im-  
aginable. The Westerner no longer  
shamed of the relationship, since Mrs.  
Stetson patronized it, were his  
staunch adherents. There were men  
there, few and far between, shining out  
from the effeminate enervated mass, like  
stars in a circle of paste. To whom  
Uncle Job adhered, and from whom he  
strived to fashion his own ideas, and bring  
into something like polished form, the  
strong good sense which had lain *peridus*  
under its crust of ignorance. At first,  
the bold, free manner of the men had  
something wrong in it, but when he saw  
that it was not only tolerated, but encour-  
aged by the women, he began to think  
that the wrong lay at the feet of fashion,  
and desired more than ever to withdraw  
from its influence. An overpowering ma-  
nia for notoriety was the prevalent disease  
of the season of which I write. No mat-  
ter how vulgar in manners, or how low  
the word notorious could be tacked to a  
title, that was enough to pass the magic  
boundary which separated the common-  
place from the fashionable. Women  
dressed for notoriety—talked for notoriety  
—and flirted for notoriety. To be follow-  
ed by the gaping crowd, to be seen, to be  
talked of, that was the aim of every  
celebrated so-and-so—was inducement  
enough to make any sacrifice short of pos-  
sible crime. This is no libel upon fashio-  
nable society at crowded, temporary re-  
sorts. For many years, I have been a  
constant witness at some one or other of  
our fashionable watering places. I have  
neither wealth nor notoriety, I have been  
in the crowd, but not of it, and conse-  
quently have had no difficulty in achieving  
my purpose—that of studying the differ-  
ent phases of life. Under the influences,  
and excitements of town-ish life, it is im-  
possible that society should retain its  
firmness and muscle of independence. This  
evening, Mrs. Highflyer is the belle of the  
Hotel. She is handsome, brilliant, intel-  
lectual, (as times go) and gorgeously  
dressed. A dozen coxcombs follow her  
steps as she floats up and down the hall,  
and are happy if only to catch a glimpse  
of her splendid eyes. Now and then such  
exclamations as the following reach her  
from the envious wall-flowers, upon whom  
she curls her lip in ineffable disdain.  
"I didn't know that *stirring* was among  
Mrs. Highflyer's accomplishments," and  
"her husband must feel gratified,"—while  
Mrs. Topnot, who was the star of last  
evening's assemblage, denounces in the  
harsh terms, the shamelessness with  
which married women—meaning Mrs.  
Highflyer—throw out their lures to catch  
soft-pated young men. From that moment  
Mrs. Topnot and Mrs. Highflyer are rivals  
for the ridiculous honor of *belles*. If  
Mrs. Highflyer dresses four times to-day,  
Mrs. Topnot will beat her time by at least  
one to-morrow!  
If Mrs. Highflyer wears her dress ridi-  
culously low necked to-day, Mrs. Topnot's  
plump shoulders will glitter at least  
an hour in the sunlight to-morrow.  
If Mrs. Highflyer's soft glances turn the  
brains of softer men to-day, Mrs. Topnot  
will employ something more than glances  
to-morrow, but that her rivals' followers  
shall remove their allegiance to her  
shrine! And so they go on, from bad to  
worse, until all their purity is ques-  
tioned, their husband's name com-  
promised, and they, further from happiness  
than ever. I have always observed to,  
that the fiercest antagonisms are those  
carried on by married women. Men are  
more susceptible to their loves from the  
very impossibility which hedges them  
around; and if the heart is sometimes  
caught in the rebound—and if the hap-

