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THE KNOW NOTHINGS.

AN EXPOSE

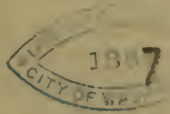
OF THE SECRET ORDER OF

KNOW NOTHINGS.

THE MOST LUDICROUS AND STARTLING YANKEE
"NOTION" EVER CONCEIVED.

BY A KNOW SOMETHING,
LATE OF THE GRAND COUNCIL.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-four, by CHARLES S. STEARNS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



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1854.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present century teems with revolutions and developments of the most startling character. However numerous may be the progressive movements on foot for the amelioration of humanity, and the advancement of science, art, philosophy, and general intelligence, it must be conceded, there are, at the same time, many signs indicating evils of prodigious enormity. With all our boasted intelligence, here in the middle of the nineteenth century, we are environed by a swarm of heterogeneous schemes, superstitions, marvels, mysterious orders, and pretended phenomena better becoming the darkest days of the Oriental continent, than this era of supernal splendor. The newspaper press of this country, at the present moment, teems with daily revealments of new cliques and fanatics banding together for the secret and nefarious purpose of overthrowing the existing order of things in general, and to restore back, in all their hideous blackness, the terrible enormities of by-gone generations, swept from the Eastern Hemisphere. We have in our very midst, a class of men and women who have sworn eternal hatred to all our existing institutions, and who, to carry certain points of their own, mounting some mad hobby-horse, would ride, rough-shod, over the Church, the State, and everything else on the track over which they are driving, to universal anarchy and ruin. Abolition brawlers are crying, "Down with the Union!" Spirit-rappers are endeavoring to disembowel the infernal regions, in order to knock all our old venerated ideas into a state of awful Pandemonium, and affright us with visions of the sheeted dead. Schools of philosophy are rampant, which would set the "sovereignty of the individual" above the laws of society, and allow everybody to do as they please, at their own cost, without allowing anybody to meddle or ask questions.

Akin to this philosophy seems to be the idea that has suggested, of late, the organization of a secret society, called by the public "The Know Nothings." In one form or another, secret societies have existed for ages; the first supposed to have been organized by the craftsmen employed in the building of Solomon's Temple, at the head of which stood Hiram Sniffin, the Grand Architect. But the lamentable fate of the Jewish craftsmen, and the ultimate fall of their gorgeous temple, are sad comments on the tendency of all secret associations which choose "darkness rather than light, because their deeds are"—best known to themselves. Since the utter downfall of Free-Masonry, caused by the exposure of William Morgan and the mysterious fate of that unfortunate man, who was willing to risk his life, in making revelations indispensable to the well-being of the world, many other private institutions have been organized, and have had their day. Odd Fellowship, Rechabism, Sons of Temperance, etc., etc., have each been permitted to flourish for a season, but now to give place to an order at this moment threatening to swallow up, with a single gulp, all other orders and associations on the American Continent. We need not name the "Know Nothings," now numbering towards 5,000,000 souls, and increasing at the rate of about 5,000 per week.

The free press of our country, has, of late, conjectured and commented much on the nature, origin, and objects of this secret society, but without being able to communicate any valuable information to the public. This is owing to the fact that no member of a free press is allowed to be initiated into the order, for the obvious reason that the order profess to "know nothing," and prohibiting the publication of anything, of course must proscribe all that respectable and valuable class of citizens whose profession and living induce them to publish everything. The *New York Tribune*, however, has ventured to suggest that the "Know Nothings" were banded for the purpose of defending the rights and institutions of the United States against foreign and Jesuistical aggression. Very likely! We are such a weak and an insignificant people, it is probably very indispensable for us to form secret conclaves for the joining of our hands, under solemn oaths, to defend our country, and our "loaves and fishes" against the political greediness of foreign aggressors. The Hon. Horace Greeley may be a genuine Yankee, ordinarily quite cute at guessing, but he ought to know that our adopted citizens, whether

Germans, Irish, English, Catholic or Protestant, are no more anxious for political offices and their emoluments, than native-born Americans are ; and where is the consistency of Americans banding themselves together in secret fraternity, on this score, since our government claims to offer equal protection and franchise to all of every blood and clime ? No ; the *Tribune*, *Herald*, and the entire press of the country have conjectured in vain, in regard to the objects of this new order ; for the *ultimate* is unknown to even the great mass of " Know Nothings" themselves.

So far, however, as one who has been initiated into all the secrets and mysteries hinted at up to the present date in the history of the order, may know and may reveal without peril to his life, shall now be given to the public as a warning to prepare for some great and unparalleled crisis. And in confirmation of the truthfulness of the revelations hereby made, let every reader of this Expose appeal to the members of the order in question, and on applying the tests, whether they profess to know anything or not, press home your inquiries, insist on your correctness, and if they do not frankly *confess* that you have their secret, you will see their faces blush with terror and remorse, to know that their absurd and appalling mysteries are no longer hidden, but brought forth naked to the light of heaven.

Americans, ponder on the revelations unfolded in this little volume! Again our country is imperilled ; not by the threatened invasion of foreign armies, nor by sham demagogues conjuring up " gorgons and chimeras dire," in regard to local questions, but by this secret and insidious league, solemnly sworn, in its native pride and power, to carry triumph over the entire western world, in spite of the " rest of mankind."

PENALTY OF THE



MUMSOME DEGREE.

(SEE PAGE 16.)

THE "KNOW NOTHINGS."

CHAPTER I.

REAL NAME OF THE "KNOW NOTHINGS."—MONSTROUS VAGARIES.

BEFORE the author proceeds to divulge the secrets, forms, and mode of initiation among the "Know Nothings," it may be well to state that the real name adopted by the order in general is BABELORIUM. An explanation of this name will appear in its proper place.

The order is divided into three degrees, each separate from the other. The first is called the Mumsome degree; the second Mummore; the third Mummost. However singular these names may seem to sound at first, they are exceedingly simple, and have a significance in striking correspondence with the phrase "Know Nothing," adopted by outsiders.

And is it not extraordinary, it may be remarked in passing, that in this day of the freedom of speech and of the press, when even lightning is permitted to talk, that there are multitudes of Americans banding them-

selves together in this order to suppress this freedom, and taking upon themselves an oath not to use their tongues, and that too, on subjects of the most vital moment.

While the order in general takes the name of Babelorium, the individual societies in different places, are called *Toweretts*. The number of Toweretts in the city of New York at this date, is almost two hundred and fifty, and applications for new ones are so numerous, that the initiating officers are overwhelmed with business.

The highest officer in the order is called, very strangely, *Old Seventy-Six*, and while presiding in the Grand Towerett of the Babelorium, is clothed in the regalia of an ancient soldier, with a three-cornered, continental cocked hat, crowned with an immense cockade, claimed to have been made of ramrods found sticking in the turf of Bunker Hill, after the great battle of '76, and of cotton taken from the bags behind which General Jackson fought at New Orleans. Instead of being seated in a chair, he is mounted astride a wooden image designed to represent a fiery steed, whose nostrils are snuffing the breeze of the Pacific Ocean, whose fore-legs are leaping the Rocky Mountains, while his heels are kicking at the Atlantic, and dashing its spray in the face and eyes of the eastern continent.

The chief officer of the Toweretts, is called Captain Mum, and seated on the image of a buffalo, is clothed in the wardrobe of an Indian chief in his wigwam.

When a candidate is initiated, his face is painted in a manner the most ludicrous; and if any improper questions are propounded, or any member grows too

communicative, the Captain Mum sets up a sort of Indian pow-wow, in which the whole Towerett joins, to the utter consternation of novitiates.

HOW TO BE PROPOSED AND GAIN ADMITTANCE.

Strangers find it very difficult to learn anything about the mode of admission into this secret order. So strange and secret are all its proceedings, it is utterly impossible for the uninitiated to gain the least information from its members. The strictest inquiry can elicit nothing; not even in regard to whether there is such an order or not, when or where it holds meetings, who are its members, or who can unite.

It is the policy of the fraternity to admit none into their secrets who seek admittance. If they find a man they desire to initiate, they put certain test questions in regard to his grand-parents; and if satisfactorily answered, he is proposed; and if elected, he is notified to appear and prepare himself. He is told *when*, but not *where*. The only direction he receives is to follow his nose till he arrives somewhere in a certain neighborhood, and if he can guess where there is a trap-door leading up into a tower, he must stamp three times with his heel, and he will instantly find himself raised up by a dumb-waiter into a sort of ante-room.

FORM OF INITIATION INTO THE MUMSOME OR FIRST DEGREE.

The candidate, on being thus suddenly elevated into the ante-room, is startled on finding himself confronted by a stalwart figure, disguised as a very old revolutionary warrior. Seizing him by the shoulder,

and wielding a bayonet over his head, the figure demands, "Come you with the wampum of peace, or with the sword of the eastern tyrant to rob the red man of his soil? Say PEACE! or your blood mingles with the red blood of martyrs and sires whose bones lie in the grave of America!" Terrified by this startling salutation, the candidate stammeringly signifies that he comes there with no warlike intentions; on which, the figure disguised as a revolutioner, whose office is that of Wampum Master, drops his bayonet and steps aside for the Usher, who is clothed in the ancient garb of a green mountain boy. Addressing the candidate, the Usher asks him if, with the introduction he has thus far received, he is now prepared to pass the ordeal requisite to an initiation, into "the lofty arena of the sublime and magnificent order of the Babelorium."

Profoundly ignorant of what the "Babelorium" is, the candidate, having gone thus far, is compelled to proceed, and to signify his willingness.

Whereupon the Usher introduces him to another of the initiating officers, called the *Ordealist*. The *Ordealist*, then, producing a stone tablet, claimed to have been cut from Plymouth Rock, and engraved with one of the shoes taken from the horse that General Putnam rode down the steps of Horse Neck, proceeds to read therefrom the following questions, enjoining the candidate "to answer truly and sincerely, on the peril of every bone in his body."

1. "Do you believe in the Great Jove that presides over the Universe?" *Candidate*. "I do."
2. "Are you a descendant of any sire, who, during

the time of five generations, fought in defence of liberty?" *Candidate.* "I am."

3. "Was you born under the star that shines to light the pathway of universal freedom?" *Candidate.* "I was."

4. Did you ever bow before the image of Babylon, or fear the horns of the apocalyptic beast?" *Candidate.* "Never."

5. "Do you believe in the brotherhood of the Universal Yankee Babelorium?" *Candidate.* "I do."

6. "Who is your uncle?" *Candidate.* "Uncle Sam."

7. "Who is your brother?" *Candidate.* "Brother Jonathan."

8. "Should Uncle Sam's farm, or Brother Jonathan's notions, ever be threatened by the cannibals of the uninhabited regions around the south pole, or by the Goths and Vandals that drove the Romans into the Mediterranean Sea, will you take up arms, pitch-forks, stove-pipes, wooden nutmegs, saw-logs, and swear by the great horn spoon, to lick all creation, or else cave in like a poltroon, before you will submit to the rantankerous compromise of inalienable rights and privileges transmitted down from unborn generations to future sires and sons of Columbia?" *Candidate.* "I will."

9. "Your answers thus far, my brother, give assurance of your fitness to become a member of our order. Are you now willing to proceed, and to pledge yourself never to reveal the least secret that may hereafter be imparted to you?" *Candidate.* "I am."

If the candidate hesitates in giving any of the answers correctly, the Usher whispers in his ear to prompt him. Instantly after passing the ordeal of these in-

terrogations, a fool's cap is drawn over his head and eyes; a cord is tied to his tongue, and the Wampum Master, leading him to the interior door of the ante-room, the Usher gives a slight tap with the toe of his boot on the bottom of the door. The inside door-keeper answers with a loud knock on the top of the door, and then opening a spring-window of stained glass, exclaims, "Who comes?"

Usher. "A fool."

"What does he know?"

Usher. "Nothing."

"Is he hood-winked and tongue-tied?"

Usher. "He is."

The inside keeper then makes the announcement to the Captain Mum within; whereupon the Captain exclaims:—

"Prepare the camp! An alarm without! Make ready the council-fires, the wampum, the calumet, the fife, drum, and all the armory of the ancient Towerett of Gideon and the rams' horns of Jerico! Inside guardsman, let the presumptuous stranger come in!"

On entering, led by the Wampum Master, and followed by the Usher, the candidate is conducted around the room, while the whole body rises and commences a most extraordinary concert, in which there is a strange mingling of old fifes, drums, bag-pipes, tin-ware, corn-stalk fiddles, horse-fiddles, dinner horns, distaff-sticks, and voices, repeating for three times, in the tune of Yankee Doodle, the following doggerel:

"Uncle Sammy, Jon-a-thany—
 All the world a wonder;
 Mighty nation, tall and brawny,
 Boiling o'er with thunder!"

Uncle Sammy, Jonathany,
 All the world are warning,
 All the world and Californy
 Our council-fires are joining !"

At the conclusion of this savage jargon, the candidate having been led around the room five times, he is stopped in the centre of the company, and the Captain Mum, bringing his tomahawk down on the stand before him, with a loud noise, demands,

"What would the stranger?"

Usher. "He would know the rites and mysteries of our Babelorium!"

Captain Mum. "Inquisitive man, is this thy errand?"

Candidate. "It is."

Captain Mum. "It is? Out with thy tongue! Know thou, that here thou art to know nothing. Prepare the block for the decapitation of that member which is set on fire of hell! Unseal his eyes, and let the stranger gaze on the august inquisition that awaits him."

At this moment, one of the officials withdraws the fool's cap from the eyes of the candidate; the Usher seizes him behind by the coat-collar with both hands and pulls back as if determined to cause strangulation; the Wampum Master, in front, draws on the cord tied to the candidate's tongue; and the Captain Mum stands a little on the left, with an upraised tomahawk.

The candidate, with lolling tongue, choaking throat, and distended eyes, gazes around, and in addition to the figures directly before him, is struck with ludicrous yet painful amazement, on beholding the room filled about him with the most indescribable images. Every

man of the assembly has on a fool's cap coming down over the eyebrows, and tapering back at an angle of forty-five degrees, about eighteen inches in length. Every man has the fore-finger of each hand in the corners of his mouth, and, with a broad grin on his face, tugs on the corners of his potato-trap, to see which can produce the most horrible grimace, and exhibit the deepest guttural cavern, studded with the longest rows of bad ivory.

After witnessing this spectacle for about one minute, the cap is suddenly drawn over his eyes again; the Captain Mum takes his seat, and strikes a signal with his tomahawk. On which the Usher relaxes his hold; the Wampum Master loosens the cord from the candidate's tongue, and, conducted in front of the Captain Mum, he is released from the durance of the fool's cap, and permitted to look around the room and see the assembled members now divested of their fool's caps, and their countenances as straight as their suppressed merriment will allow.

The Captain Mum, now addressing the candidate, says—

“Stranger, brother, before you proceed any further, it becomes necessary for you to take a solemn oath. Are you willing?”

Candidate. “I am.”

Captain Mum. “Then place your right hand on the top of your head, and your left on your left hip, and repeat after me as follows:—

“I, A. B., in presence of the august Towerett of the Grand Babelorium, here convened, do solemnly avow that I will never know anything of what is said or done in this or any similar conclave in the American

universe. That I, knowing nothing, will stick to all who stick to the same sublime sentiment, even at the peril of first coming out at the little end of the horn of Jupiter, and of then being whittled down to nothing by a Yankee jack-knife, whose blade shall be made of steel taken from the valor of Colonel Crockett, whose handle shall be of the teeth of the crocodile that craunched up a Mississippi flat-boat, and whose edge shall be made sharp by being whetted, during a thunder shower, on the cap-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. I do hereby furthermore vow to swum, that I will not allow anybody that knows anything to come any of their sokuskaborum games over me or over anybody that belongs to this august body of Babelorium; and that, if any northern bears, or southern hippopotamuses, or bulls, lions, pussy-cats, or top-knotted carnivorous critters from any quarter of the populous globe, attempt to exhibit their insidious persuasions against the natural born rights of humanitarian brotherhood, I will use my utmost endeavors to have them scattered sky-high, and potentially chawed up. I also declare and swear, with an oath as big as the pop-guns that our august body will one day range on top of the Rocky Mountains, to tell the whole world when the sun rises, that while I am willing to extend to all mankind the good-fellowship of common kindred, I will not, at the same time, tolerate any insinuations, squinting towards an invitation for us small fry of the Columbian Republic to hoist ourselves, bag and baggage, and be off to the uncivilized wilds beyond the Pacific ocean, and give place to the Bulls of Bashan and the rampant roarers that would cross the big-pond, and roam abroad in this Eden of the world, "seeking whom they

might catch—somebody” “ a sleeping on a rail.” I also declare that when any great crisis comes to our country, I will do my part, and vote or fight for whom I please, or let it alone; and if anybody asks me on which side I stand or run, I reckon they will find out some if not considerable more than anything nobody knows nothing about, by a long shot. I also promise to mind my own business when I have any, and never to meddle with the business of my neighbors or that of members of this order, unless they undertake to meddle with mine, and in such a case I solemnly vow to thrash them with nine skeins of street-yarn, until they are whipped into decent quietude, and can learn to wag their tongues otherwise than as though they were hung in the middle and made only to meddle about other folks’ bread and butter, and such like things. I also declare that I will consider myself and every member of this order, a sovereign individual, A No. 1, and nobody to boot, adopting the venerable adage that every tub must stand on its own bottom, if it has one, and if it has none, it is no better than no tub; and that, in the language of a great hero, I will assume the responsibility of whatever I say or do, and everybody else shall take the same position, until the flag of the brave and the free shall float unfurled from the topmost Towerett of our Grand Babelorium, over the entire territory of this terraqueous ball. To the true and faithful performance of all which, I pledge my most pertinacious logos, binding myself under a penalty no less than that of having my boots drawn off over my head, my hair twisted into a cord nine feet long, the skirts of my coat cut into forty-nine strips, and in this unfortunate plight suffer myself to

PENALTY OF THE



MUMMORE DEGREE.

(SEE PAGE 28.)

be rode on a three-cornered rail, nine feet long, over the railroad track of a Hamburg-rocket, at the rate of ninety-nine miles per hour !”

The candidate having taken this dangerous and remarkable oath, is farther addressed by the

Capt. Mum : “ My brother, having assumed the solemn obligation of the Mumsome degree, you will now receive further instruction in regard to our signs and secrets. But before I proceed, you will allow me to ask you whether you now know, and can tell us, how far you have already advanced in our sublime mysteries ? Do you know anything you are able and willing to communicate ?”

Cand. “ I think I do.”

Instantly, on his making this honest acknowledgment, all the members assembled break out into a terrible war-whoop, and dash at him as though desperate on executing the penalty he has just invoked. But giving a signal with his tomahawk, and commanding them to desist, the Captain Mum speaks :

“ Hold, warrior brothers ! Stranger brother, didst thou not swear to know nothing ? And why hast thou just declared thyself able and willing to communicate ? Know thou, from this, therefore, the danger of confessing that thou knowest anything. Hereafter let thy lips be sealed. Wilt thou take the lesson ?”

Cand. “ I will.”

Capt. Mum : “ Then I will proceed. The password of our order is, DLROW-EHT-NEH-TDNA-TSRIF-YRT-NUOC-RUC. This password is never to be given whole, but to be halved whenever used. Pass me your hand, and I will give you our grip. This, you will perceive, is given by twisting the little finger of your right hand

into the little finger of the right hand of a brother, and making the palm of your thumb to meet the palm of his thumb; thus. To gain admittance into a regular Towerett, you will first come to the door and give two gentle taps with the toe of your boot; on which the outside guardsman will open a small slide-door, and put his ear up close for you to whisper into it. In a low tone you will then say "MUM." He will answer "SOME," and admit you at once. Entering the ante-room, you will repair to the inside door and tap once with your boot on the bottom. The inside guardsman will open the sliding window, and put his ear up for you. You are to say "MUMSOME;" he will repeat the same. You will then say "MUM," and he will answer "MUM," if all is right, and admit you. On entering the room, you will mount that block in the centre, and salute the valorous Captain Mum, by placing your right hand on the top of your head, and your left hand on your left hip, the attitude in which you took your oath. This form of salutation is to indicate that sooner than reveal any of the secrets of the Towerett, you will have your hair twisted out into a cord nine feet long, and your hip dislocated by riding a rail ninety-nine miles an hour. Remember this, my brother, and consider the lamentable consequences of such an extraordinary rate and mode of traveling; for you may rest assured, that should such a penalty ever be inflicted upon you, one single hour's ride on the three-cornered appendage to a fence, prescribed by our laws, would subject you to such a terrible exposure, that the smallest remnant of your slitted coat-skirts would not be found as a memento to console your disconsolate friends, and on your bald head would remain a

supply of hair insufficient even to tie up the tapering extremity of a juvenile swine !

“The signal by which the brothers of our order may recognize each other, at all times and in all places, you will now receive. If you meet a stranger whom you wish to test, place your right hand over your mouth, and cough three times in succession, holding your hand as though struggling to suppress or smuggle the cough. If the man is a member of the order, he will answer by hemming three times, as though clearing his throat to make a speech.

“On leaving the room before the Towerett closes, you will pass to the centre and salute the Captain Mum, by lifting up your right foot so as to be able to touch the toe of your boot, which is to remind you to walk secretly and circumspectly, and also to refresh your memory in regard to the penalty to follow a violation of the solemn compact on which you have entered. You will consider the import of that penalty again, and as you give the parting salute, casting your eye down on the leathern protection to your pedal extremities, let horrid imagination attempt to picture the frightful breaches which would inevitably be left in your boots, should they be drawn off over your head. Ponder solemnly on your ways and words, and think not to escape the sad consequences of any dereliction from your pledges ; for though you should wear shoes or slippers, instead of boots, or boots made of India-rubber instead of leather, so much the more terrible will be your retribution ; for if the penalty cannot be enforced in full in one direction, it will be doubly enforced in another particular ; so that in case, for instance, the boot part could not be carried out,

the speed of locomotion on the rail stipulated by the usages of our order, would be increased to *one hundred and ninety-eight* miles an hour, and become a caution to lightning itself.

“ You are now, my brother, initiated into the Mum—some degree of this Towerett, whose objects and interests you will ever bear in mind. You will be punctual in your attendance on all its meetings. In order that you may know when and where its meetings are held, especially meetings called for a specific object, at some great crisis, all you have to do is to salivate your thumb-nail, place thereon a piece of straw about three inches long, notice how many times the straw turns around before it finally stops and points in a particular direction. The number of times it turns around, indicates what o’clock the meeting is to be held, and the straw will point in the precise direction you are to take to find the place of assemblage. Should you ever be left in any doubt or perplexity on this subject, look at the first weather-cock that comes in sight, and if that fails to tell you which way the wind blows, follow your nose and it will infallibly lead you to some man who can swear that he knows where your nose will conduct you to the conclave of noses knowing nothing.

“ With these instructions, my brother, you will be able to work your way through all the kingdoms and empires of the Babelorium family of man, and be able at last, when your sublunary peregrinations are ended, to shuffle off this mortal coil, and go to sleep like the Indian that wrapped his mantle around him, and went over Niagara Falls into the unbounded hunting-grounds of his spirit-sires of many generations.

“But one word more, my brother, and I am done. Since you have now passed our first ordeal, you will please inform us what we are to call you, and what you are?”

Cand. “I don’t know, sir.”

“Truly answered, my brother You don’t know. You may never know. It is your business to know nothing. But if you desire to pass into the higher degrees of our order, you *may* know more than you now do. Till then, be content, and remember that ‘where ignorance is bliss ’tis folly to be wise.’ Thus endeth the first step on the ladder of this Towerett, and as you ascend higher and higher in aspirations after the celestial realm of our Grand Babelorium, be particularly cautious you don’t fall and make yourself a fool as flat as a flounder.”

CHAPTER II.

THE MUMMORE, OR SECOND DEGREE.

IN taking the Mummore degree, the candidate is met in the ante-room by the Ordealist, and is first asked:

1. “Are you thus far satisfied with our order, and are you now prepared to go on endeavoring to know more and more about nothing?”

Cand. “I am.”

2. “Do you believe the members of this order to be *some*, and that they *will* be more and more?”

Cand. “I do.”

3. “Then you are qualified to take the Mummore

degree, in case you feel yourself capable of undertaking anything that may be imposed on you by the force of circumstances, as they shall transpire from time to time, past and future. In the presumption of human weakness dare you pledge yourself ready at a moment's warning to go on a subterranean exploring expedition in search of the fish that swallowed Jonah, or mount a streak of greased lightning to carry a message to a brother cast away in distress on the desolate coast of the next planet the celebrated Capt. Peter Wilkinson may chance to discover?"

Cand. "I dare."

"Daring mortal, then, prepare!" exclaims the Ordealist; and the candidate is suddenly seized by unseen hands and hurried round and round, he knows not where, till at last he finds himself seated alone on the block in the centre of the room, surrounded by the silent members of the conclave, enveloped in almost total darkness. After a short pause, the room gradually grows light, and the Captain Mum rises, addressing the candidate:

"My brother! this is life. Borne along by the tide of time, anon we are lost as in a dark dream, till we come to ourselves and find that we are what we are. Thus you find yourself. Rejoice, that you are not in the condition of millions of our race, who have, in all this desolate and weary world, no resting place like that block on which you are seated, which is a block sawed from the log on which one of our forefathers floated across the Atlantic to the rock-bound shores of New England. While on his lonely voyage he was met by a buffalo, and the buffalo, struck with compassion, offered to tow him ashore, if, on landing; he

SALUTATION OF THE



MUMMORE DEGREE.

(SEE PAGE 27.)

would erect some monument of gratitude, and use measures to prevent the Aborigines of the American soil from being driven off beyond the further extremity of nothing. Thus, you see, my brother, the significance of this wooden image in the form of a buffalo, by my side. The old revolutionary warrior who held you tongue-tied on your initiation into the first degree, was the forefather to whom I alluded, and the usher, dressed like an unsophisticated child of nature, was his son. Though they both appear still young, the father is 239 years old, and the son 200 years. In these venerable relics, you see a demonstration of the superiority of living on the products of honest industry, and drinking nothing stronger than a doubly distilled concoction of the bang of bunkum and Babelorium blunderbusses and baboon blood.

“If you are satisfied thus far, my brother, you will now arise, spread out your feet three feet apart, take hold of the top of your ears with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and repeat after me as follows :

“I, A. B.—In presence of Mumsome degree here congregated, do most omnipotently promulgate, that, in addition to all that I have heretofore asseverated, I will keep solemnly sacred in the caverns of my own bosom, everything divulged to me in this degree, whereof I am incapable of comprehending. I also undertake to say that, in order that I may execute the portentous duties and designs of the Grand Babelorium, I will, if necessary, mount the highest peak of our continent, leap up to the planet Saturn, seize its biggest ring, turn it into a hoop, pull out the north pole for a trundling-stick, and run a race with any comet in creation, around the entire arena of the out-

skirts of the terrestrial regions of space. I also do most promiscuously promise to help every brother of this degree, and every man and woman whose circumstances are such as to warrant that all things are about right on the track of Babelorium progress towards the excelsior, E Pluribus Unum of this everlasting generation of go-a-head-a-bilities. To all of which I pledge my most consummate determination, under a no less judgment than that of having my ears spliced out six inches long, and then bored; a three foot stick put between my limbs from knee to knee; a calf's head tied to each of my feet; and in this plight, suffer myself to be hung by the ears on the horns of a new moon, and there swing for eight and forty hours, as the laughing stock of the man in the moon, and of all mortal bipeds beneath, whose risibilities are so hardened as to get the better of their sympathy for such an unfortunate fellow-being, as I should be, in such a suspended predicament."

The candidate having taken this treasonable and extravagant oath, is next informed in regard to the salutation, grip and password of the Mumsome degree. But as the grip and the password cannot be significantly explained on paper, the uninitiated reader will pardon the omission. The salutation is given by the candidate's placing himself in the attitude in which he took the last oath. This is to remind him of the penalty.

"And this, my brother," adds the Captain Mum, "should seem to impress your mind with the importance of ever keeping your ears open, while your mouth is shut; for consider the danger of opening your mouth unguardedly, or of failing to fulfill your

solemn obligations. To have the awful penalty of this degree inflicted on you, what would be the result! For an individual of ordinary mould to hang on a tree only one night, would expose him to a death-cold in the damp air. But for a sensitive brother of the Mummore degree to be suspended two long days and nights far up on the horns of the moon—I forbear to conjecture the lamentable results. And then to consider the effect it might have on that ornamental part of the human head divine, called the ear. Alas, my dear brother, the longest soap-locks that were ever permitted to flourish beneath the culture of macassar onguents would never remedy the sad rents consequent thereon, however anxiously weeping friends might pray that ‘the winds of heaven would not visit them too roughly.’”

Thus endeth the Mummore degree.

CHAPTER III.

THE MUMMOST, OR THIRD DEGREE.

IN this degree there is but little besides an explanation of certain words and symbols used in the first and second degrees. But the explanations are generally more lucid in revealing darkness rather than light.

It is said that the name Babelorium, refers to the Tower of Babel. The tower went on well, it is said, till the craftsmen began to meddle with each other's work and private affairs, and grew too communicative. Then, as a judgment, a confusion of tongues ensued, as a warning against meddlesome people in all ages.

As no state of things can be worse than where there is a jargon of strange, confused, and clamorous tongues, the "Know Nothings" take the word Babelorium, to remind them of the danger into which the Babel builders ran, and to warn all men to beware of saying or knowing anything detrimental to certain great interests.

The term Towerett, alludes to certain sections of the great Tower of Babel, where the wiser architects of the edifice were wont to hold their councils.

It is explained that the "Know Nothing" order was first suggested by a Cape Cod fisherman, who was wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland, and was saved by floating for seventeen days and nights on the bung-stave of a fishing barrel. While thus tossed precariously on the briny deep, it is said that first a German, then an Irish, then an English, then a Spanish, and at last a Southern fishing captain, all of whom had had bad luck, came up to him and offered to take him on board, if he would conduct them to the best fishing ground in that vicinity. To each and all of whom the obstinate Cape Codman shook his head, said he knew nothing about it, and swowed that if he did, sooner than tell, he would fast forty days on his old cowhide boots, and whittle himself ashore with his jack-knife!

Sensible American citizens will judge in regard to the reasonableness of this story. And can it be possible, that intelligent beings can allow themselves to be so deluded as to join a secret society of such absurd claims and pretensions!

To prove that this society is the climax of folly,

madness, treason, and wickedness, we have but to give a closing scene in the Mummost degree.

The candidate after being gagged with a huge puff-ball filled with snuff, is seized by the hair of his head from behind, by one officer; another seizes him by one skirt of his coat, and another by the remaining skirt; and he is dragged around the room backwards, three times, amid a most horrible concert of voices, and outlandish implements, till he is made to stumble over the block in the centre, and left sprawling on his back. While in this situation, he is asked what he wants? and what he knows? Attempting to speak, he expells the snuff from the puff-ball in his mouth, and fills his olfactory appendage with the ingredient that provokes a succession of tremendous sneezes, to the infinite amusement of the assembled conclave. With his countenance sprinkled with snuff and perspiration, he is at last consoled with the prospect of relief, and is assured that this last process must have awakened up his ideas sufficient to enable him to comprehend the sublimity of the Grand Babelorium. The Mummost oath, which exceeds in extravagance the preceding, is then administered; the penalty of which is,—to have the candidate “turned inside out by the hooks on which Arnold hung his hopes of traitorous success—his hide suspended on a liberty pole till dried to a whisp, then taken down and pounded to powder, and the powder to be put into a fifty pounder—to be fired off on the ensuing Fourth of July, amid nine loud and thundering groans of defiance going up from the assembled millions of the Grand Babelorium, gathered together from every Towerett on the habitable globe!”

CONCLUDING REFLECTION.

Thus, reader, these startling revelations, for the present, must close. But the time is not distant when, unless the American public arouses from its death-like torpor, the whole world will rise aghast and appalled at the awful doings that will stalk forth with leviathan stride, and herculean might, and hydra-headed horror, to dash down to eternal ruin the last lingering hopes of bleeding, gasping, dying humanity. With fear and trembling, the author folds these pages, and as a last legacy to his kindred, he gives them to the world, and escapes for his life from the inquisition of the Babelorium already on his track. Ye mountains and caverns that shelter the fugitive martyrs from the blood-snuffing throng, sworn for revenge against the daring and the brave—welcome him to your lonely retreat, and let posterity bless his memory for perishing in the noblest heroism.

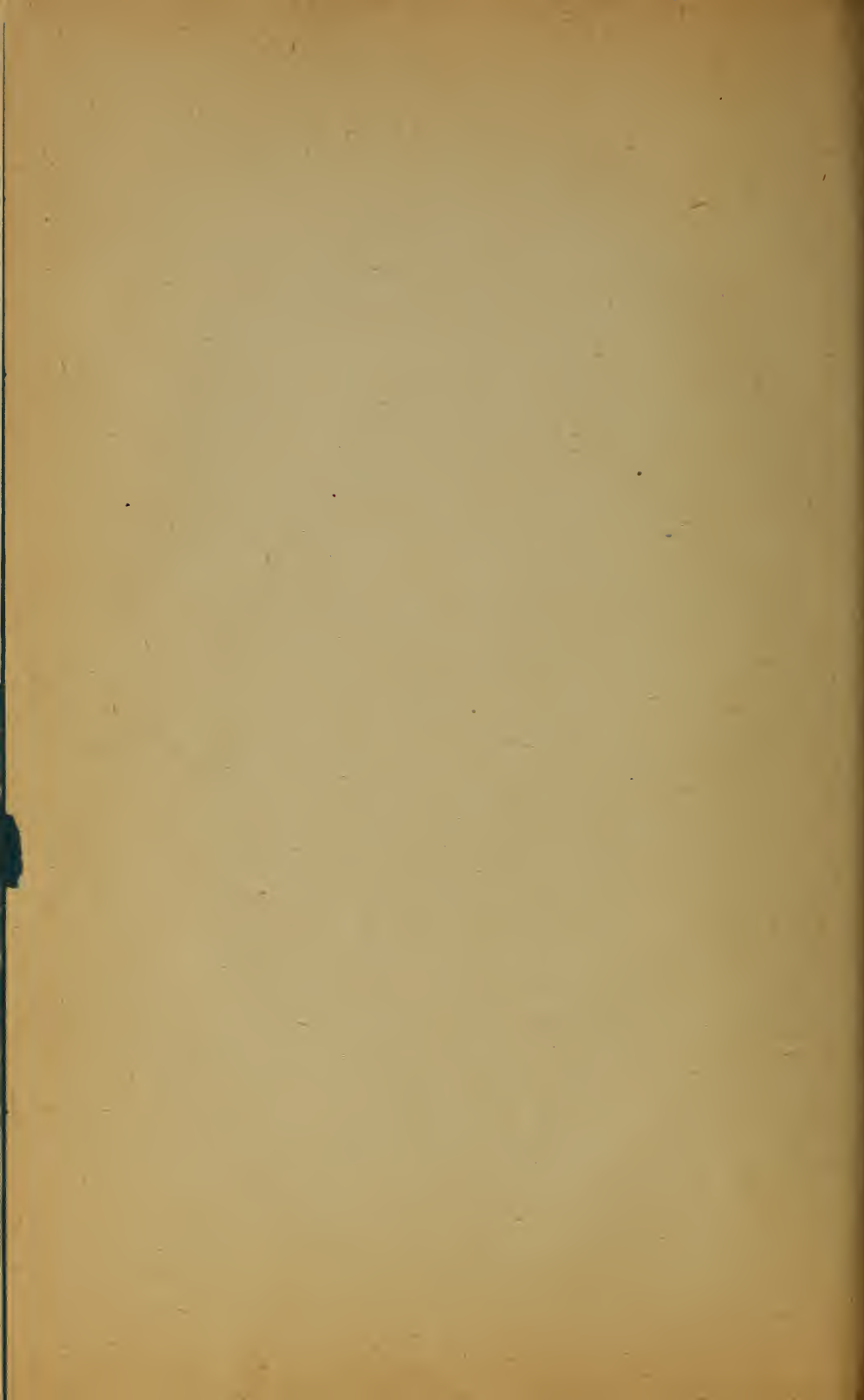
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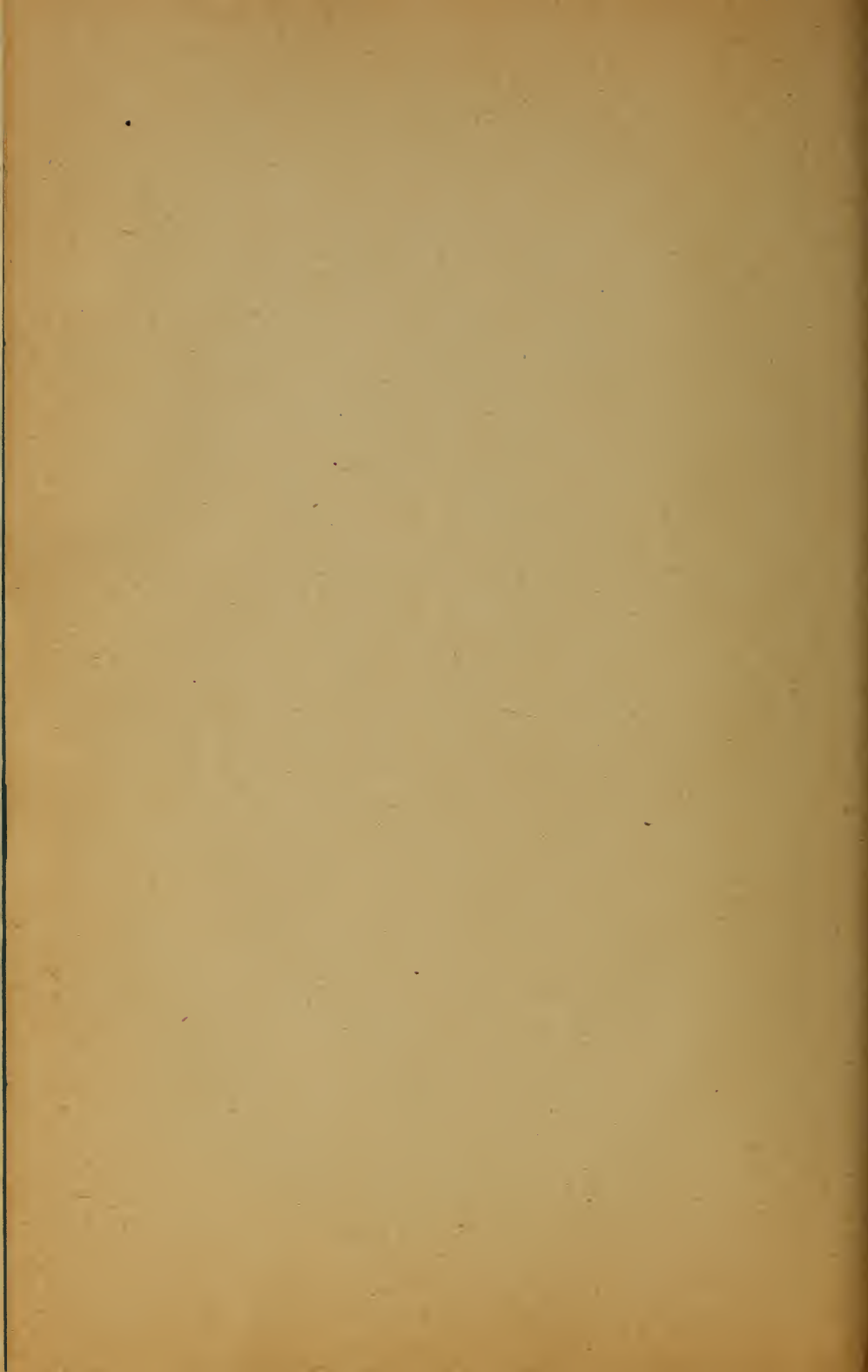
GLANMORE;
THE
BANDIT OF SARATOGA LAKE.
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