

may have in this country backwoodsmen excessively stupid and ignorant, but where (except within the precincts of a lunatic asylum) would you find even a brat of a boy, who would give the same reply which the free born Briton gave to Lord Ashley, one of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the lower classes in England, "That all he knew about God, was that he had often heard the workmen say God dam!" We say we thank Providence for this, for whatever other colonial drawbacks we may labor under, we are spared the spectacle of extreme social degradation side by side with fabulous wealth. Now to the point. Did you ever, my dear reader, know, from whence the first Know-Nothing hailed? Perhaps you will meet me with the common place reply, *cui bono*? Is not Know-Nothingism dead and buried? True, I reply; so is the builder of the pyramids dead, (or at least, unless he can beat old Methusaleh, he ought to be,) and still the enquiry about the originator has been going on for some time, and is likely to continue, although for any practical purpose, the origin of the Pyramids or of Know-Nothingism is of the same moment. Well, I assert clearly and most emphatically, that the first Know-Nothing, officially designated as such, lived at Cacouna, some seventy years ago. Now for the proof. About the end of the last century, an English vessel was stranded in the fall of the year, at Bic; the crew had lost everything, and as in those days the country below Quebec was thinly populated, they had to travel upwards on foot. Along the road, they obtained their food by begging it from the French Canadian peasantry, and of course, various questions were put to them, as to who they were, where they came from, where they were going to? This constant questioning became troublesome to the honest tars, who knew naught of the language of Louis XIV. The first effort they made was to try and learn to say that they could not understand the question put, and in a very few days, the stereotyped reply to all enquiries, was "J'en sçais rien." I don't know. One of them was rather a good looking fellow, and not being accustomed to snow-shoes, he got the *mal de raquette*, and had to stay behind; a wealthy Canadian peasant took pity on him, and admitted him under his hospitable roof. Jack was not long before falling a victim to the tender passion; and Mdlle. Josephthe, the daughter of the house, having shown him some kindness in his forlorn state, the gallant Briton, could do nothing less than lay his heart at her feet.

"Amour tu perdis, Troie,"

as old Lafontaine said in his fable of the cocks and hens; but for Jack the effect was diametrically opposite; it was his salvation, the dawn of a