

NOAH BROWN.

WHAT'S this? what! a letter from England? lor bless us! why, I declare!
For me! Joe Tompkins! you're foolin', it's not for me, that I'll swear!
I haint no friend in that country, leastwise so far as I know,
And my sister is gone, God bless her, for she died ten year ago.

What? open it? well, if you say so, Landsakes! here, fetch us a light;
Why, here's old Noah Brown, boys, as says he's a barronite.
And he writes like the same old Noah with the heart of sterling gold,
To his "dear old chum, Joe Tompkins," recalling the days of old.

And he says that his name war'nt Noah, that he come on a bit of a spree,
To rough it and tough it a spell in the backwoods of Canady.
And he says as he got all the roughin' he needs for the rest of his life,
And he's master of thousands of acres and has gotten a beautiful wife.

And he says "Dear Joe, remember, we were friends in the days gone by,
If you're ever in need of the needful, you know just where to apply,
For you'll find, whether wealthy or poor, lad, or up in your luck or down,
That the same heart beats in Augustus as beat in Noah Brown."

But stay, why you didn't know him, it was long before your time,
For you're but a youthful stager, and barely yet in your prime,
And his name was well nigh forgotten ere you and your brother came,
To work in the lumber shanty on the bank of the river Brame.

Ah, lad, 'twas a pleasure to see him, so courteous like and kind,
For he'd had an eddication, and was superior like, you mind,
And he hummed and hawed like a dandy—but I tell you when talk was spent,
He could handle his fists like lightnin' to strengthen his argument.

Ay! he was a noble feller, and to see the way that he worked!
Rain or shine 'twas the same, lad, never a duty shirked,
Allus the first to the choppin', and allus the last to leave,
With a derved fine, healthy appetite, and a derved fine, healthy heave.

Now, you've scoffed at the bloods and the dandies, and said in your foolish way,
That the bloom soon fades from the timber, and that firtrees soon decay,
And though clothes makes a gent genteeler, yet the man as is always smart
Though he's decked in gaudy plumage, is derved poor grit at heart.

You can scoff till you're black in the face, lad, in mockin' their slap-up style,
With their swell biled shirts and their collars, and their cooked up company smile,
But I tell you, in workin' or fightin', or playing an up-hill game,
These fine-fledged roosters gets there, yes, they gets there all the same.

He never said where he come from, but he come to our camp and stayed,
And many a frolic the boys had, and many a trick they played,
But he cared not a continental and he joined in the laugh and sport,
Saying, "laugh while you can, my hearties, for life at the best is short."

But the boys soon stopped their chaffin' and opened their blessed eyes,
When they found he tackled the timber of greatest length and size,
And they gazed in admiration when they found that the slender blood,
Learned to ride his log like a hero, and swam in the fiercest flood.

But the settlers' gals, lor bless 'em! ah! he was the dandy there!
For he acted the fine lord genelman, and he tuk 'em unaware,
And there wasn't a gal in the townships or in this self-same town,
But would gladly have shook her lover for the sake of Noah Brown.

For he'd ask 'em to dance so wheedlin', with a smile on his face like this,

"May I promise myself the pleasure of the next Schottischv, Miss?"
And when it come to the dancin', he'd off with his coat and vest,
And he'd lay for the derved old fiddle, and he'd hoe it down with the best.

But he tuk no stock in 'em, no sir, and he left on a sudden, too,
And I reckon the camp was lonesome, and the boys and the gals looked blue,
And he never told where he went to, and it's give me a kind of a fright,
To think I chummed for a twelvemonth with a blamed young barronite.

F. M. D.

RECIPROCITY.

THE AMERICAN MISAPPREHENSIONS.

MR. GEORGE HAGUE, writing to the *Commercial Bulletin*, of New York, says: "The well known fairness of the *Bulletin* in discussing international and commercial questions, emboldens me to crave a line or two of space for comment on your article of Wednesday respecting Canada. The old reciprocity treaty, being one in natural products, did not affect the trade of Canada with Great Britain at all. But Unrestricted Reciprocity would simply mean admitting a large variety of manufactured goods from the United States free, while imposing a duty on the very same articles when imported from the Mother Country. To suppose that Great Britain would quietly submit to this is preposterous. It would be dishonourable and unreasonable in Canada to ask it. It could not be done. It is against common sense and against all the laws that govern the intercourse of dependencies with the Mother Country. It would, moreover, necessitate the assimilation of our tariff to yours. The American people are not such fools as to allow us to import European goods at a lower tariff than theirs, and then to send them across the border free. But in an assimilation of tariffs how could we expect to have a voice equal to that of the United States, which outnumbers us twelve to one. Our tariff would therefore be made for us at Washington. If our tariff were made at Washington, we might just as well have all our laws made there. This is where the charge of disloyalty comes in. In the one case, a disloyalty to Great Britain, and in the other, disloyalty to ourselves as a practically self-governing people. The truth is, there are the most extraordinary misapprehensions on your side about this country. Americans have a fixed impression that Canada is slow, unprogressive and unenterprising. The exact contrary is the fact.

Since the Declaration of Independence, your population has increased twenty-fold; our population has increased thirty-five fold. Since the war of 1812, your population has increased eight-fold; ours has increased twelve-fold.

Our first bank statistics were compiled about thirty years ago. The deposits in the banks in 1858 were less than fifteen millions, and there was no other place of deposit in the country. Deposits now are made not only with the banks, but with Government and other savings banks and loan companies. They amount to about 220 millions:

Since 1878 the value of our bank stocks	
has increased.....	\$27,000,000
Bank and other savings deposits have	
increased.....	110,000,000
Bank discounts have increased.....	63,000,000
Railways have increased in length, miles.....	8,000
The freight carried yearly has increased, tons.....	12,000,000

In 1878 the tonnage was under two tons per head of population; to-day it is close upon four tons per head. Our principal western city, Toronto, has increased during the last ten years at the same ratio as Chicago. Montreal has increased at nearly the same ratio as New York. Both these cities have swallowed up dozens of square miles of the surrounding country since I came to Canada in 1854. I have lived in both of them some years, and have seen the process.

More might be said, but this is sufficient for the purpose. I write as a man of business and not as a politician, and