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The Chronicle.

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Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—This Bank, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Discount days—Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

Commercial Bank.

Commercial Bank.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Discount days—Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

Bank of Halifax.

Bank of Halifax.—North America—(Saint John Branch)—R. H. Linton, Esq. Manager, Discount Days, Wednesday and Saturday—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Discount days—Director next week: John Robertson, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilcox, Esq. President—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Marine Insurance.

Marine Insurance.—L. L. Beall, Broker, The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted).

Marine Insurance Company.

Marine Insurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 12 o'clock.—[All applications for insurance to be made in writing.]

Interchange.

JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS TO UNCLE JOSIEBA DOWNING. The only authentic history of the late War in our Disputed Territory. New York.

LETTER VIII.

Which contained an account of the close of the war—the great rejoicings at Smithville, on the return of Sargent Johnson's company, and the getting up a public dinner in honour of the Smithville detachment.

"John, oh, John, ain't you going to stop?" But Sargent Johnson shook his head at her, and called out to his company, "head up, keep time!" and they marched right by us straight as loons. Old grandfather by this time had hobbled out to the door, and stood leaning over his staff, and when he saw them march by so straight without stopping or looking one way or another, says he—

"Ah, that looks military. How that company has improved in discipline since they've been gone! Why, they march as well as British regulars, and seems to me John holds his head up and steps the best of any of 'em."

We stood and watched 'em till they got clear up to the tavern, and then they wasn't so far off but what we could hear Sargent Johnson give off the word of command.

"Halt; front face. Make ready; take aim; fire!" When they'd let go their broadside, Sargent Johnson made a speech to 'em, and thanked 'em for their bravery and good conduct while they'd been gone, and told 'em if ever their country was in danger again, he hoped they'd always be ready to go at a moment's warning and fight to the last drop of their blood, if it was necessary, to keep off thieves and trespassers, and all such like. And says he—

"Now, my brave feller soldiers, I bid you farewell, and take leave of you, as General Washington took leave of his feller soldiers when he got through the revolutionary war. I've read it in his life, and I feel as if I wanted to cry every time I read it. Now I'll stand here, and I want you all to come round one after another and shake hands with me, and that'll wind the business up."

And they all marched round one after another and shook hands with Sargent Johnson, and then he told 'em they were dismissed, and would carry the thanks of their country with 'em the longest day they lived. As soon as they were dismissed, John turned and ran right down towards our house full chisel. We was all out doors waiting for him, and such a time as there was when he got there! I guess you never see. Such a looking round him and shaking hands, and such a hugging among the children, it beat all nater. My wife, she couldn't help kissing him, for all he's such a great boy, most seventeen years old. When the first hug among 'em was over, we all went into the house, and old grandfather he hobbled along and went into our house to, for all he's so lame he hadn't been in before for high upon six months. My wife she flew round John like a hen that's found a lost chicken. She got hold of his arm and looked in his face, and says she—

"Now, Johnny, ain't you been shot no where? Seems to me you look kind of pale and thin; I'm afraid you ain't well."

John said he never felt better in his life, and as for being shot, he hadn't come any wheres nigh it but once, and that was when they took the longing camp.

"Guns, too, when we fired over the line, and thought it was best for him to keep out of the way and be quiet. At any rate, I guess, between General Scott and our company, that war is put a stop to for one while. They say General Scott is a master feller to talk to folks and keep 'em from fighting; but if they will fight, they must look out, for he'll put it into 'em just like old General Jackson."

While we was talking Squire Bean come in, and said the folks over to the tavern thought it was best to get up a public dinner for Sargent Johnson and his company, and wanted to know if I wouldn't give 'em. I told him I was perfectly willing to, for I believed the boys deserved a good dinner as much as any set of fellers ever did. So we went back to the tavern, and they concluded to go right to work and get the dinner ready for to-day.

Says I, "John, what a pity 'tis General Scott didn't come round this way from Augusta, so as to eat this public dinner with us."

"They say he never does such things as that," said John; "he never stops any where to eat public dinners, and never goes round to do any thing; but let his business be what 'twill and where 'twill, he always goes straight to it and does it."

"Well," says I, "I think that's about as good a way as any, arter all."

There was considerable of a bustle over to the tavern last night and this morning, cooking and getting the dinner ready; and we let two of our gals go over and help 'em. John offered to go over and help about it, but I told him, being the dinner was going to be given in honour of him and his company, it wouldn't look well.

"Why," says he, "father, who cares for looks! I looks is nobin'—behaviour's all!"

I told him, as to behaviour, he stood very well on that score, but still I thought he better not go over till dinner was ready. Accordingly, to-day about twelve o'clock, they blew the horn over to the tavern, and that was the signal that the dinner was ready, and so I and John walked over. There was about fifty collected there to eat the dinner, and we all marched into the hall where the table was set, and it was enough to do any one's eyes good to look at it. A better dinner a body couldn't hardly wish to see, even on Thanksgiving day. There was baked salt beef, and pork and potatoes and cabbage, and baked Indian puddings, and fried pork and eggs, and pickled cucumbers, and soured tripe, and roast spareribs, and stewed apple, and butter, and cheese, and hot bread, and cider, and I don't know what all.

Squire Bean was president of the table, and he made Sargent Johnson set down at his right hand and my son John at his left, and the rest of the company along next to 'em, and we spectators sat round the rest of the table.

So we sat down and fell tuck and eat as hearty as bears. There's such a dilly! stand no more chance afore us, than the British would afore Sargent Johnson and his company, if they'd a met 'em. Arter we got through eating, Squire Bean says—

"Now we must have some toasts. Now bring on the jugs of cider and todders."

We are most all temperance folks up here in Smithville, and don't drink much of any thing stronger than cider. So they brought on five or six gallon jugs full of cider, and a tumbler apiece for about three quarters of us, and the rest of us had jugs. Then Squire Bean says—

"Now, gentlemen, please to charge for my toast."

"So we poured out the cider all round, and got all ready, and then Squire Bean got up and says he—

"Now, gentlemen, I give you the memory of one of our feller soldiers that's been wounded in the cause of his country, and by that means prevented from joining with us on this festive occasion. I give you the memory of Billy Wiggins—a feller apt to go off too quick, but always good spunk, and as ready to put it into the British if they don't let our disputed territory alone and quit stealing our logs, as I am to pour this cider down my throat."

At that we took a drink round and then give three cheers for Billy Wiggins. And then Squire Bean says—

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