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12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Vol. IV.

SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1839.

No. 10.

The Chronicle.

Published every Friday, by Lewis M. Deary & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M. Millar's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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Weekly Almanac.

Table with columns for dates (9 Saturday, 10 Sunday, 11 Monday, 12 Tuesday, 13 Wednesday, 14 Thursday, 15 Friday) and corresponding numbers.

First quarter, 14th. 4th. 24th. month.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—This Loan Office, 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.

Commercial Bank.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday—Hours of business, from 10 to 3—Notes for Discount must be left before 3 o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Discount Days.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—E. H. Lister, Esq. Manager. 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.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilford, Esq. President—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President—Office hours, from 10 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

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

Marine Insurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock.

JOHN SMITH'S LETTERS TO UNCLE JOSHUA DOWNING.

The only authentic history extant of the Late War in our Disputed Territory. New York.

LETTER I.

Dear General Morris, I was more struck upon my life than I was night before last, about eight o'clock in the evening, when Cousin Debby came running into my room, all of a giggle and most out of breath; and says she, "Cousin John, here's news for you; they've got you in the New York Mirror, as true as my name is Debby Smith."

By and by she came to where it said, "no honest man would change his name for that of Smith." "Stop," says she, "I mean about that little House man that had occasion to change their names; 'tis rogues and knaves that change their names; and when they do, they try to pick for the likeliest and most respectable name they can find, and therefore they take the name of Smith. And this is one reason that Smiths are so plenty. There is a hundred real Smiths in the world, and I don't think for there are a great many counterfeit ones. But that don't hurt the real Smiths, nor make 'em any less respectable. If you had a true silver dollar in your pocket, would you care to sell it for a counterfeit one? No, say I; you'd care for your neighbor had a counterfeit one? If you ever come across a person by the name of Smith that don't bear a good character, but when we leave the kind and dear, 'Tis not what the soul would teach. Where'er we grasp the hands of those who have been long for any crime, have always confessed privately under the gallows, just before they were swung off; that their true name wasn't Smith, but Johnson, or Davis, or some such name; and now, my dear General Morris, this makes me think of another thing. There was my cousin Major Jack Downing—he's a cousin to me on the mother's side, and as good a fellow as ever lived—open and honest, and no slouch at writing. Well, he went down to Portland, in the State of Maine, seven or eight years ago, and went to write a letter in the Portland Courant, and then he went off to Washington, and staid along with General Jackson some time, and writ letters to the Portland Courant; and when he got his name in the paper, folks began to counterfeit his letters and his name too, like smoke, all over the country. Most all the counterfeits were so badly done, that any body could tell 'em the moment they put 'em alongside the true ones. There was one chap in your city that carried on a great trade of counterfeiting these letters, and signing Major Jack Downing's name to 'em for a year or two, and I don't know but more—let's see, what was his name? Seems to me it begun with a D— Well, he used to put in some kind of motto into 'em that made 'em ring, and had a neck of gossamer of 'em over, so that he made 'em go quite current in your city and round there. But you put 'em along side of cousin Jack's, and you'd see in a minute they weren't the true silver. But he didn't care for that, as long as he could make 'em go, and make the folks round New York think he was the real Major Jack Downing. And that's the way of a good and respectable name; and you may depend upon it that it is the true secret why there are so many Smiths."

After Debby had got through reading the piece, we all sat as much as ten minutes, and did not say nothing. At last, says Uncle John, what do you think of it? "Think of it!" says he—why, I think it's the foolishness me of humbug that ever I read put into a newspaper. In my opinion, it doesn't contain one single good reason why you should change your name. And there is no reason in the world why you should, but a thousand why you should not. And what are they, Uncle John?" says I. "Why," says he, "it is a very old and respectable name; it has been in our family a great while; it is the most popular name to be called by the name of John Smith. And in the next place, it is the most popular name in the country; so that if popularity is worth any thing, that proves John Smith to be the best name in the country. And in the next place, it is a very short name; you don't waste but little time in speaking it. And in the next place, it is a name that is not so common as to be called by the name of John Smith. And in the next place, it is a name that is not so common as to be called by the name of John Smith. And in the next place, it is a name that is not so common as to be called by the name of John Smith."

head back as if she'd had a curb bit in her mouth. Says she, "Uncle John, you are the biggest plague that ever I see, and if you was worth a minding, I would be mad with you; 'tis the only way was for us to try to make a kind of a joke of the matter all round, till Debby got cooled down a little; for she was in too much of a flutteration to read now."

"Says she, 'I come John, fill up the mug with cider again and hand it round'—this was to my son John; he is my oldest son, and will be seventeen years old in the month of the fifth day of next May; and he is a smart boy as you will see in a thousand, and he takes after me very much—says I. "Come, John, hand round the cider, beginning with the oldest, clear down to the youngest, and give it to cousin Debby last." At that Debby began to laugh, and says she, "Cousin John, you are almost as big a pecker as my Uncle John himself, and one set worth a minding any more than the other."

"After we took a drink of cider round, and each one took another apple, Debby got so calmed down that we got her hold of the paper again. She wouldn't touch the specs though, but after she got the candle fixed right, she made out to read it very well. And sure enough there was a whole column all about my changing my name. I never felt so queer before in my life. But when she read the line at the top, 'Reasons for John Smith's change his name,' says I, 'Debby, now before you begin, how do you know that meanest me? I have a name John Smith in the world besides me.' 'Why, because,' says she, 'every body knows it means you. Here you've been selected, of Smithville, this seven years; have been member of the senate, and on the school committee, and town agent, and had twice representative to the Legislature, and had a square's commission five years; and it's pretty likely the piece could mean any body else but you. Suppose General Washington was alive to this day, and such a piece should be published, saying George Washington ought to change his name? 'Wouldn't every body know it meant General Washington?'"

"Well," says I, "Debby, to be honest about it, I think it's pretty likely it does mean me. But let me see the five letters that spell Smith, stand for a Small—Mean—Insouciant—Trashy—Humbug, my son John started up as if he'd been shot—he looked as red as a rooster, and says he, 'Father, I wouldn't stand that no how; I'd go right to New York and put it into that chap what writ that article.' Says I, 'John, you haven't seen enough of the world yet to know which is the best road to mill. You are young and inexperienced, and you must try to keep your temper down and take things more moderate. I shall write to General Morris and get him to see to it, and then, if the fellow that's dared to call me a humbug, don't take it back, he must look out—that's all.' "Read on, Debby."

"By and by she came to where it said, 'no honest man would change his name for that of Smith.' "Stop," says she, "I mean about that little House man that had occasion to change their names; 'tis rogues and knaves that change their names; and when they do, they try to pick for the likeliest and most respectable name they can find, and therefore they take the name of Smith. And this is one reason that Smiths are so plenty. There is a hundred real Smiths in the world, and I don't think for there are a great many counterfeit ones. But that don't hurt the real Smiths, nor make 'em any less respectable. If you had a true silver dollar in your pocket, would you care to sell it for a counterfeit one? No, say I; you'd care for your neighbor had a counterfeit one? If you ever come across a person by the name of Smith that don't bear a good character, but when we leave the kind and dear, 'Tis not what the soul would teach. Where'er we grasp the hands of those who have been long for any crime, have always confessed privately under the gallows, just before they were swung off; that their true name wasn't Smith, but Johnson, or Davis, or some such name; and now, my dear General Morris, this makes me think of another thing. There was my cousin Major Jack Downing—he's a cousin to me on the mother's side, and as good a fellow as ever lived—open and honest, and no slouch at writing. Well, he went down to Portland, in the State of Maine, seven or eight years ago, and went to write a letter in the Portland Courant, and then he went off to Washington, and staid along with General Jackson some time, and writ letters to the Portland Courant; and when he got his name in the paper, folks began to counterfeit his letters and his name too, like smoke, all over the country. Most all the counterfeits were so badly done, that any body could tell 'em the moment they put 'em alongside the true ones. There was one chap in your city that carried on a great trade of counterfeiting these letters, and signing Major Jack Downing's name to 'em for a year or two, and I don't know but more—let's see, what was his name? Seems to me it begun with a D— Well, he used to put in some kind of motto into 'em that made 'em ring, and had a neck of gossamer of 'em over, so that he made 'em go quite current in your city and round there. But you put 'em along side of cousin Jack's, and you'd see in a minute they weren't the true silver. But he didn't care for that, as long as he could make 'em go, and make the folks round New York think he was the real Major Jack Downing. And that's the way of a good and respectable name; and you may depend upon it that it is the true secret why there are so many Smiths."

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Well, said Aunt Ruth, and cousin Debby, and mother, and Aunt Jane, and me, wife, and my son John, all expressed the same opinion as Uncle John, only some of 'em a great deal more earnest. Mother, she sighed, and said she thought the man must be an awful wretch to want to make her son change his

name, when it was the best name there was in the world. Especially the John, and she had picked it out when she gave it to me, out of that chapter where the angel give it to the child of Zachariah and Elizabeth. My wife, she almost cried, and said she should go crazy, if she thought I should ever change my name, and leave all her children poor orphans. So among all the other reasons, General, against my changing my name, you see what a disturbance it would make in my family. And, on the whole, I've made up my mind decided by John's side. I don't know how it is in New York, but down east, and in Smithville, and all round here, not only Smith, but John Smith, is considered the best and most honorable name there is going. It has come down to me in a straight line, clear from Capt. John Smith that first settled in old Virginia. And a braver man than he was never lived. I've got his coat of arms now, that's come down long with my name, three 'Tarks' heads made up in a pater, hanging up in our fore room. I said his name came down to me in a straight line; but it wasn't exactly a straight line, for it crooked out of the line a little in one place, and that was in the case of my father, whose name was James. I'll tell you how it happened. When my grandfather, whose name was John, carried my father to meetin' to be christened, it happened that the same day that he was going to call on the minister, his cousin, John Smith carried two of his children to be christened. And when the minister was ready, my grandfather, being a very pious man, beckoned to his cousin John to carry his children up first. So he carried 'em up, and good old parson John Smith, who preached in grandfather's parish then, whispered to me as he handed up the first child, and asked him his name. His name is John, and my grandfather's cousin, the parson christened him John. The second child was then handed up, and the parson whispered again and asked its name. His name is John, said my grandfather's cousin. The good old parson shook his head, and whispered again, and told him he had christened the other one John. My grandfather's cousin shook his head too, and told the parson to never mind, but christen him John; 'for,' says he, 'I had a hundred children, I would call them all John. So the parson christened the second child John. Then my grandfather went up with his child; and I've heard my grandfather say that his face was red as a blaze all the way to the minister who whispered to him and asked him what the child's name was. Grandfather choked a little, and says he, 'The name is John, and my grandfather's cousin, the parson christened the second child John. 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