SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1848.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. “Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.” Number 45.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & ... at their office, ... brick building of L. H. ... & Son, ... Wm. street.

Terms—10s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

July.		R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
15	Saturday,	4 38	7 32	3 59	10 45
16	Sunday	4 39	7 31	Rises	11 27
17	Monday,	4 40	7 31	8 17	ev. 6
18	Tuesday,	4 41	7 30	8 54	0 46
19	Wednesday,	4 42	7 29	9 29	1 23
20	Thursday,	4 42	7 28	10 3	2 2
21	Friday,	4 43	7 27	10 27	2 44

Full Moon 16th. 4h. 37m morning.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.
I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Secretary.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)
Robert F. Hazen, Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

Loans.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, of half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

Low rates of Premium.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

Divisions of Profits.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
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FREDERICK R. STARR.
Managers, St. John, N. B.
February, 1848.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.
King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M. D.
January 30, 1846.

Wine, Pale Ale, Porter, and BROWN STOUT.
Landing ex "Cambria" from London.
2 P[illegible] Hhds. 2 Qr. Casks Choice Old PORT WINE;
5 Hhds. Fine GOLDEN SHERRY;
1 Puncheon very old Jamaica RUM;
50 Casks Byass' best East India Pale Ale, Porter, and BROWN STOUT—in pint and quart bottles.
For sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Farm for Sale.
A FARM fronting on the Fredericton Road, about 28 miles from the City St. John, containing 100 Acres, with a good frame BARN, and LOG HOUSE thereon; and about 15 [illegible]
PA[illegible] H. BABBIT.

To [illegible] paying Customers.
M[illegible]
[illegible]—4 Hhds. best quality [illegible]
JOHN KINNEAR.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,
Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work, in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black-Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.
GEORGE CRAIG.
September 3.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line, intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to.
St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuge DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city.)
WILLIAM CARVILL.
February 18. Nelson street.

BUTTER & OATMEAL.
Per schooner Sackville Packet from Sackville.

20 FIRKINS & Tubs very choice Cumberland BUTTER from Rivers Napan and Macan; 10 barrels new Ground OATMEAL for sale by
H. G. KINNEAR.
April 14, 1848.

Salt, Sugar, Molasses.
Ex schr. *Democrat*, Clements, Master, from Yarmouth, now landing at York Point Slip:
2500 BUSHELS Turk's Island SALT;
56 Hhds. SUGAR;
Hhds Molasses.
For sale low from the vessel.
March 31. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland *to* Mrs. Ann Mellish, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

Madam,
If Mr. Holloway will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.
(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the Marquis of Westminster, K. G.
Lord Westminster has just received Mr. Holloway's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.
Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the Mighty Powers of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Billious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever
Head-ache,	cause, &c., &c.

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petticodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

Miscellany.

THE BIBLE IN KAFFIRLAND.

Our road lay through a pleasant, country, where the grass was green, and the mimosas bright with their golden clusters of flowers At the spots where we outspanned, a waggon, driven by Fingoes, had halted: it was drawn close up to a bush, and the party in charge of it, consisting of two men, three women, and their children were seated in the shade. To our surprise, we observed that one man was reading aloud to the party: and anxious to hear the language, which is peculiarly soft and liquid, we walked up to the group. Our surprise was increased when we found that the book occupying their attention was the Bible, translated into the Kaffir language, which, by the way, scarcely differs from the Fingo. The sight of this dusky group so employed, had a strange effect, and the flowing ease and beauty of the language in which the Word of God was explained to the attentive listeners, increased the interest we felt in the scene. None of them could speak English; but the reader, pointing the book uttered the single word 'Good' impressively.

* * * *

One of the most interesting anecdotes I have heard, was told me the other day, relative to a Fingooman, and tallies well with the scene I have alluded to of the group reading the Bible under the shade of the mimosa-bush. A poor Fingoo had made several applications, from Graham's-town, to a missionary nearly fifty miles off, for a Bible; but for some time there had not been sufficient number printed to meet the devout wishes of those 'who would become Christians.' Two years elapsed from the time this man first asked for his Bible. At last, one day, he suddenly appeared at the station, and asked the missionary for one. The latter replied, that he was afraid he yet had none to spare; 'but,' said he to the Fingoo, 'if you will do what business you may have on hand in the neighbourhood, and come to me before you leave it, I will endeavour to procure one, if such a thing is to be had;' but the poor traveller surprised the missionary when he said he had no business to transact there, save the one thing which had brought him so far. He had come all the way from Graham's-town on foot, for the Bible: he would wait till one was found, or printed for him! So the missionary was constrained to seek for one immediately, which he succeeded in obtaining; and the Fingo then offered half-a-crown (the price of the book being eighteen-pence), the missionary offered the shilling in change, but the traveller waited not. With the precious book it had cost him such toil to obtain, in one hand, and his knob-kiurrie in the other, away he trudged, light of foot, and certainly light of heart. He evidently considered his prize as more to be 'desired than gold, yea than fine gold." Such instances of sincere conversion are very rare.—*Five years in Kaffirland, by Harriet Ward.*

TREATMENT OF PLANTS IN POTS.

Repotting is demanded by at least two important principles in the economy of vegetation—the dependance of the plant on the state of the root, and the quality of the soil. Turn out one of your last year's pelargoniums, and you will find the pot so full of roots that you will wonder what has become of the bulk of mould they have displaced. These roots have evidently been seeking after more house-room, for they have wandered round and round the pot in curious spiral forms, until at last no place remains for their lively wanderings, and they grow wearied with the search, remain motionless, and stiffen in their texture. In this state no healthy growth of the plant can take place, and the first thing to be done is to cut away large portions of the old roots, leaving only those which are youngest, in greater or less quantities according to the size of the head they are to sustain. When this is carefully done, and the plant has been in its new circumstances for a few days, fresh spongioles or little roots will push forth, and a corresponding healthy growth of the foliage be developed. It must be observed that this treatment will not answer if the plants have made much progress. The autumn is the proper time for root-pruning, and the plants should be cut down in proportion as the roots are cut away. But all deciduous plants, such as fuchsias, which are just now pushing forth leaves, may be treated thus with advantage.

Repotting is demanded further by the deterioration of the soil. In this open ground plants are supplied with proper nutriment by the application of manure, and their roots being being unconfined they can stray where they please in search of food; but in a pot these conditions are not fulfiled. A little soil only can be given, and however rich it may be in fertilising qualities, they are soon filtered away by artificial watering. Then again, soil should be porous and open for a healthy vegetation to be secured; and therefore, although liquid manure might supply the losses of the soil, it would not serve to keep it light and open. The next thing therefore to be done, after the roots are reduced in size, is to repot them into an appropriate soil. What that is depends, of course, upon the nature and natural circumstances of the plants; but, for general use, any rich mould which allows water to permeate freely will answer the purpose. If, when you have repoted your plants, you find the pot feels as heavy as lead—that water applied to the surface stops there, and only gradually disappears—you may be sure your labour has been thrown away; for no plant will remain healthy in such a mass of clay.—On the other hand, if the mould feels elastic when pressed down, and water applied runs rapidly through it, your work may be considered properly done. What is called good garden mould, with about one-third its bulk in rotten leaves, and one-third of coarse sand, will make a compost adapted to general purposes.

Many gardeners mistake the requirement of plants by seeking for what they call fine mould; and some sift it to secure this fancied advantage. Coarse lumps, and even stones, will be of use rather than otherwise in keeping the drainage clear. Every pot should have also about 2 inches of broken crockery put into the bottom of it. For the same reason, water should always be supplied in very small quantities. As much as will moisten without running through should, if possible, be given since every portion beyond that washes the soil of its best properties.

PARISIAN LODGINGS.

I must tell you how one lodges in Paris. A hotel is a huge edifice, mostly in form of a parallelogram, and built around a paved court yard, which serves as a landing for carriages as well as for persons on foot, and leads up to the apartments by one or more staircases. In the centre of the front wall is a wide door (a *porte cochere*), opening from the street, and just inside a lodge (a *concierge*) and a porter, who walks night and day over the concerns of the establishment. This porter is an important individual, and holds about the same place in a Paris hotel that Cerberus holds.—(I leave you a place for the rhyme.) He is usually a great rogue, a spy of the government, and a shoemaker; he cobbles the holes he makes in your boots, while his wife darns those she makes in your stockings. He is always a bad enemy and a useful friend, and you purchase his good will by money and condescension, as a first minister's. He lets you rooms, he attends them, receives parcels, letters, messages, runs errands, answers your visits, and fines you a shilling if you stay out after twelve; and his relation with many lodgers enables him to give you these services, I am ashamed to tell you how cheap. By proper attentions also to his wife there will come to your bed every morning, at the hour you appoint, a cup of coffee or tea, and the entertainment of the lady's conversation while you sip it. Each storey of hotel is divided into apartments and rooms; that is, accommodations for whole families or individuals; distinction, and of course price decreasing upwards. For example, he who lives a storey lower down thinks himself above you, and you in return, consider him overhead below you. A third storey in the Rue Castiglione or Rivoli is equal in rank to a second storey any where else. The porter's lodge is a little niche about eight feet square. It pays no rent, but receives a salary, usually of sixty dollars a-year, from the proprietor. Our porter is a man of several talents. He tunes pianos for ten sous, and plays at the petit Lazaris of a night for two francs. Indeed his whole family plays; his grandmother plays the "Mother of the Gracchi." He takes care too of his wife's father, but he dresses him up as a pair de France, or a doge, and makes a good deal out of him also. Besides, he has a dog which he expects soon to play the "Chien de Montargis" he is studying, and a magpie which plays already in the "Pie Voleuse." It is by these several industries that he is enabled to clean my boots once a day, take care of my room, and do all the domestic services required by a bachelor at six francs a month; and he has grown into good circumstances. But, alas! impartial fate knocks at the porter's lodge as at the gate of the Louvre. He had an only son, who in playing Colin last winter, a shepherd's part in a vaudeville, had to wear a pair of white muslin breeches in the middle of the inclement season, and he took cold and died of a *fluxion de poitrine!* The mother wept in telling this story, and then, some one coming in, she smiled.—*Letters from Paris, by an American.*

Electric Light.—The electric light, with a continuous stream obtained by the new battery of MM. Lemolt and Archerau, forms a new era in artificial lightning. This light, the first trials of which have been recently made at 42 Passage Jouffroy, has been introduced by the managers of the theatre in the palais royal, for illuminating the last scene of the "Banc d' Huitres." The intensity of this light is such that it quite eclipses by its splendour the foot light and the chandeliers, which actually cast a shadow on the back of the scene. By the help of an ingenious mechanism in connection with the poles of the battery, the actor Lemenil, placed in front of the stage, produced from a binocle two lights, whose glowing brightness illuminated the spectators as with a sunbeam; then one of these same bright lights, starting from a point in the second gallery, inundated the scene in the field of the cloth of gold with a blaze of light like the brightest daylight. The important point in the perfecting of the invention consists in giving to the electric spark a continuity of splendour and duration not hitherto obtained, but which is now destined to applications on a large scale; for example, to lighting large squares and public avenues, theatres, signals, telegraphs, and even to the studio of the painter, for the winter season, since the electric light does not interfere with colours. The electric light of the diameter of a large pea, and thirty times smaller than a gas light, equals more than 300 jets of gas, and relatively [illegible] volume is equivalent to a mass of [illegible] considerable. As to its splend[illegible]atever be their number, all hydrog[illegible]ects its rays three times the distan[illegible] of an apparatus of only 30 squar[illegible] Lemolt is engaged in making [illegible]ents, so as to replace, with a trip[illegible]ge and intensity, every species of artificial light, even that obtained by the most powerful light house reflectors. An electric ray emanating from this apparatus, and glancing on one of the terraces of the Passage Jouffroy, at the elongation of the two Rues Viviennes, gave a sufficient light to allow of a placard being read placed on the steps at the entrance of the palais royal, a distance of 1100 yards. M. Lemolt has also, by concentrating the rays of electric light by means of a lense, inflamed at various distances several combustible substances.—*London Mercury.*

The Coolest Impudence.—George White, who once had a wider notoriety as a thief than any other man, and who was an inmate of almost every jail and prison in the commonwealth, was arraigned for stealing before Judge Sedgwick (from whose lips the story comes) presided James Sullivan, who was an Attorney General, argued the case for the government. In the course of his speech, one of the Jury leaning forward, rested his elbow on his knee, and covered his eyes with his hand. White rose up in the bar, and addressing the speaker, said:—'You may as well stop, Mr. Sullivan; you have talked one of the jury to sleep." Sullivan, who was quick and passionate, turned to the bar, exclaiming with much vehemence, 'You thief, your forehead bears the letter T, which stamps your character,"—and proceeded to lecture him most severely for his frequent arraignments, not forgetting to tell him of the nine indictments now pending against him at that court. The whole audiance was roused to the highest pitch of attention by this singular scene. White stood as unmoved as marble through the stinging reproof of the Attorney General, and when it was finished quietly remarked: 'You may proceed with your argument, Mr. Sullivan, you have waked him up." The audience was convulsed with laughter. Judge Sedgwick remarked that he never in all his life found it so difficult as then to maintain the dignity that belonged to his judicial station.

Evening.—There are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—youth and old age. In youth we love its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes, we commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship, while there are none to witness, but the generous heaven, and the spirits which hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around; and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waving wings and melting song of other and purer worlds. It accords with the light flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy, and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of calm and tranquil close of busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator enstamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

Anecdote.—The late Chancellor Kent was one of those men whose innate dignity enabled him to take in good part familiarities—the result of ignorance or accident. He was exceedingly fond of martial music; and, hearing the drums of a recruiting party, who had taken a station at the corner of the street beating a point of war, he walked out to listen to it nearer. Insensibly he was whistling the burthen of the tune when the man of war accosted him:

'You are fond of music, then, my fine fellow?'

'Very' was the reply.

'Well then,' said Serjeant Kite, 'why not join us?—good quarters—good pay—large bounty; besides our Captain is a glorious fellow. Why won't you now? You can't do better?'

'Well said the Chancellor, 'I have one pretty strong objection.'

'What is it?' asked the Sergeant.

'Why, just now, I happen to have a better trade.'

'What trade is it?' said the inquisitor.

'I am Chancellor of the State of New York.'

'Whew!' interjected the sergeant. 'Strike up!—quick!—time forward march!' Off tramped the military man, without looking behind him; leaving the Chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adventure. *Home Journal.*

THE HUSBANDMAN.

What occupation is more full of dignity, what duties are more full of joy than those which distinguish the husbandman. When was it that man ever rose from a state of servitude and dependence to proprietorship of land, that did not learn self-respect, and become more elevated in his own esteem? Then it is that an entire change takes place. Then it is that breathing no low or abject spirit, he reaps from soil a harvest of virtues. The sobriety of the father, the economy of a mother, the devoted labor of the son, the chastity of the daughter—these are the fruits of the glorious agriculture. And this is my advice to all who decry it. And pity those who do nothing, or are incapable of enjoying the soothing and unsurpassing influence which agriculture sheds over the mind and heart of man.

An Editor in Trouble.—Perry Howe, editor of the Oxford (Miss.) Democrat, thus humourously describes some of his labors and the result of his wife's:—"We have been particularly during the most part of this week, cutting up domestics into slips of suitable size and shape: preparing lard and beeswax pap, &c.; washing dishes; keeping a small army of Howes from raising the old boy, and otherwise domestically amusing ourself, in consequence of which interesting, philosophical, philanthropical, divertisement, we are unable to issue but half a sheet to-day. Fine boy; fat and saucy; very image of his daddy; weight 12 pounds; astonishing babe; ate a quart bowl of mush the first day, and squalled for more; lively as a colt; grows a pound a day; doing tolerably well; so's his mammy. Hope our subscribers will excuse us. Don' happen but once a year."

A TERRIBLE TIME.

'Well, there's a row over at our house.'

'What on airth's the matter, you little sarpint?'

'Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow's got a calf, Sal's got married and run away with the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pin, and Lui's looked at the Arora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles. That ain't all, nother.'

'What else upon airth.'

'Rose spilt the batter box and broke the pancakes, and one of the maltese kittens has got her head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and—Oh, how hungry I am.'

TRICKING A TOPER.

One of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Walsh, of a man who was in the country on a visit where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bitters. None to be had, of course he felt bad.

"How far is it to the nearest tavern?"

"Four miles."

So off this thirsty soul started—walked four miles in a precious state of mind, arrived at the tavern, and found it was a Temperance House.

[*From the Dublin Warder, June 10.*]

PROTESTANT ORGANIZATION.—THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

It is with feelings of exultation we have to announce that the work of Protestant union "goes bravely on." Amongst several warrants taken out this week from the grand Lodge of Ireland for the formation of new Orange Lodges, was one for a Lodge in this city to be called by the expressive name "Luther," No. 1,852.—The interesting ceremony of opening it was gone through on Tuesday evening.—The worshipful Grand Master, and other officers of the Dublin County Grand Lodge were in attendance and installed the officers of the new lodge. Several visitors from the various Dublin Lodges were also present. A considerable number of members were duly initiated, and in the course of the evening the following address was unanimously adopted:—

TO THE PROTESTANTS OF DUBLIN.

Fellow Protestants.—We are a body of Protestants who, urged by the necessities of the times, and a sense of duty, have formed ourselves into a Orange Lodge, for the purpose of maintaining more steadfastly and surely with God's blessing, the principles which are alike dear to Protestants and Orangemen, of exposing the false arguments and the vile misrepresentation of our common foes, whether under the guise of Protestants, or avowed members of the Romish communion, and counteracting so far as God may give us power and opportunity, their malignant, seditious, and trescherous manœuvres.

We have called our Lodge after the name of the earth's greatest hero and reformer—the nation's bravest and most illustrious deliverer—the world-famous man above world-famous men—the wonderful, the magnanimous, the immortal "Martin Luther."

We have chosen this name with a consciousness of our own weakness, but with reliance on the truth of our principles and the justice of our cause; and rallying under the banner which Luther unfurled, attached to the faith which he so powerfully vindicated, and animated by the spirit of a love for truth and resistance to tyranny, which made him invunerable against legions of enemies, we here proclaim our willingness to stand or fall together. May we be witnesses for the truth as he was! May we be protestors against falsehood and oppression as he was! And, fellow Protestants, may both you and we recollect that in this time of trial and trouble, of doubt and difficulty, we have the high honour and glorious privilege of struggling and working for the advancement of the same cause as that for which prophets prophesied, apostles preached, patriots suffered, and martyrs bled.

We claim your co-operation, therefore, in this work, whose results we are content to leave in the hands of God. It is enough for us to know that it is our duty to perform it. 'Paul may plant, and Appollos may water, but God alone giveth the increase."

Bear with us now, respected and beloved brethren, while we direct your attention to a subject of considerable importance to all of us; and through you we hope to reach the ears of our Protestant fellow-countrymen—of our Irish brethren in England—of the Protestants of England and Scotland—also of the government of the country, and the legislators of both houses of Parliament.

We allude to the existence of the Irish metropolis of a thing called 'The Protestant Repeal Association;' and we beg to mention some facts connected therewith which will place it in its true light before you and the whole community.

You are aware, brethren, how for a long series of years the minds of the Roman Catholics of this country have been drawn by knavish agitators from the contemplation of the falsehood of their religious opinions, and glorious advantages which would arise to themselves and their country from the abandonment of them, and the substitution in their stead of the holy and eternal principles of truth.—The consideration of this momentous and transcendently important subject is almost a thing impossible in times of sedition excitement, and turbulence. Hence the throbbing anxiety of the popish bishops and priests to drag their miserable flocks bound hand and foot at the chariot-wheels of their political associations. Hence the mild, seducing, and flattering tones in which they proffer the right hand of concord, fellowship, and love to those Protestants who may not be rooted in their principle altogether; and hence the establishment and existence of the aforesaid Protestant Repeal Association. You are also acquainted with the manner in which some fiery spirits, disguised with the profligacy and duplicity displayed by those who call themselves leaders of the people, threatened that they would orginate a civil war rather than be deprived any longer of the means of governing this nation themselves. To carry on this threatened warfare against the authorities and the Protestants of Ireland, the ill disposed were called upon to arm themselves with pikes and rifles, and to be prepared with vitriol, boiling water, and lead, in order to render more terrible the measure of their vengeance. But after the most ridiculous displays of the little they could do—after much

'Strutting and vapouring in an empty field,'

and nothing more—they became contemptible in the eyes of each other and of the world, and saw that the game was up unless a new element were introduced into the Repeal movement. Then it was discovered that their seditions schemes would be hopeless without the temporary juncture of the Protestants of Ireland—the men for whose destruction their pikes were sharpened and rifles made, their vitriol and boiling oil recommended—and they said, 'If we can only get even the semblance or shadow of the Protestants with us, the government will give up the day, and the Repeal be at last accomplished.' To carry out the design, the phantom of a Protestant Repeal Association was thought of, and it was hoped that it would frighten statesmen out of their senses, and thus the ruin of Ireland be secured by a *coup-de main*—a trick—a manœuvre.

And now Protestants of Dublin, judge for yourselves from the following *expose*, the character of the body which meets in your city, whose object is to indemnify you and the Protestants of Ireland with men who are traitors to the Queen and liars to their God,' and with principles which we know you abhor.

We are determined to speak strongly. The times do not admit of smooth speaking. [illegible] are in earnest—we are in earnest and we [illegible] believe that you are in earnest also, [illegible] words in everything to the touchst[illegible] Fling from you with scorn the oft repe[illegible]tion of bigotry against those men who remain true to principle, and to principal only; and tell any persons who attempt to bring such an accusation,

OR COPY