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ON and after December 1st, the price of Board will be ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per day.
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Merritt's Building, Water Street,
nov 19 d 3m SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The Daily Tribune.
J. L. STEWART,.....EDITOR.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872

A Touching Spectacle.

The Toronto *Globe* is sad. It droops like a potato top in a dry season. It has been forced to praise Rt. Hon. Sir John Macdonald, and it yields with a pang that must cause its bitterest foe to pity it. Its distress, while meditating what to say of Mr. Blake's appointment to the Vice Chancellorship of Ontario, must have been a touching scene. Could it charge the Minister of Justice with attempting to buy up the Blake family? No; it was left for meaner and less sensible opponents of Sir John to make that charge. And it had to submit to the inevitable. After a preliminary growl on account of the news having been first published in the papers friendly to the government, it says: "The acceptance by Mr. Blake of a judicial office will give general satisfaction. *He was the man undoubtedly who, by the suffrages of the legal profession, would have been indicated as the proper recipient of the honor.* Although he has taken no very prominent part in public affairs, *Mr. Blake has been a steady and warm opponent of the Minister who has now conferred upon him the Vice-Chancellorship*, and has attained the dignity without for one moment sacrificing his personal independence. To those who view the matter from a professional standpoint, the selection made by the Minister of Justice will not appear at all surprising. *Whatever errors may have marked Sir Jno. A. Macdonald's administrations his judicial appointments have generally been regulated by a regard for the character of the Bench and the standing at the Bar of those appointed as judges.*"

We could not refrain from introducing a few italics, as we consider the tribute Sir John has thus wrung from his bitterest and least scrupulous personal and political enemy worthy of being engraved on any statesman's tombstone. Let it be preserved.

Froude, the Historian.

While Mr. Froude and Father Burke were tilting at each other, giving and taking hard blows, public journals, as a rule, had the good taste and common sense to confine themselves to quoting from both speakers. No journal of prominence meddled in the discussion. They kept the ropes and cheered on the combatants. Now that the battle is over there are many criticisms on the discussion. The case has gone to the jury, and the jury cannot agree. Among those who thought it necessary to rush to Father Burke's assistance was Wendell Phillips. The Bostsn *Post*, in rebuking this orator for his utterances, gives an estimate of Froude, as a historian, that will meet the views of more people than any other criticism that has yet been published. We give the *Post's* article entire:

Mr. Phillips, in his brilliant and bitter tirade against the historian Froude at Tremont Temple, quoted Emerson as having said, "He is a fool that flies quickly at results." It would be unjust to apply so uncompromising an adage to the eloquent speaker himself; but it must be confessed that his taste in pronouncing Mr. Froude no historian, but a mere writer of party pamphlets, is flying at a result against which Mr. Froude's readers will generally and emphatically protest. Mr Phillips is nothing if not dogmatic, and his oracular utterances find no boundary, but wander confidently over the whole territory of thought and events. He speaks with equal self-sufficiency on every topic which engages public attention, as if there resided in him an intellectual infallibility that it were rank heresy to question. He calls to task Presidents and Kings, professors and historians, city governments and railway corporations, hospital supervisors and judges of the courts, with the complacent ease of Doctor Busby chastising his recreant school-boys, and wields his pedagogic lash with refreshing impartiality over the heads of all. It is very true that Mr. Froude has spent many laborious years among original sources of historical information, has visited the spots and studied the localities of the events about which he writes, and has delved with rare persistency and toil among the vast heaps of manuscripts placed at his disposal, in search of a little historical wheat amid the chaff of useless lore But Mr Phillips, by a sort of intuition, doubtless, with which he seems to have been exclusively endowed, assumes to possess an exhaustive knowledge of Irish history, and does not "recognize" the facts of Mr. Froude's picture. They are "fragmentary," "discordant" and "one sided." Mr. Phillips, who claims to have gone over the same ground before, finds himself in a perplexing maze, with only a few names, such as the O'Neils and O'Connells to tell him, like signboards, in what region he is

It is unjust to say that Mr Froude is not a historian, and a historian of rare eminence and merit. His zealous researches have enabled him to unearth many new and most valuable facts concerning the Tudor era; his judgment of historical characters is often clear and stamped with evident truth and impartiality; his style is singularly attractive, graphic and yet simple, and has a charm peculiarly adapted to holding the interest and impressing facts and causes upon the mind. Still, the main charge which Mr. Phillips brings against him, of partisanship, cannot be rebutted. Mr. Froude, both in his histories and his lectures, has been unable to resist the fascination which historical study seldom fails to create, of being the champion of certain parties and characters. A lively imagination and enthusiasm are especially subject to this danger; and it is nearly as impossible a feat as there is in literary science, to be a judicial historian. Macaulay shows himself a violent partisan on nearly every page; Gibbon, amid all his stately calm and imposing march, has not escaped a similar temptation; while Hume, who began to write his history a Whig, and became a Tory as he wrote, thus proved his sincerity, and gave the most convincing proof extant of historical impartiality. Mr. Froude's evident admiration of the Tudors, his laudation of Henry, his defence of Elizabeth, the care with which he softens the traditional portrait of Bloody Mary, betray in what direction his zeal and fancy have led his powers as an advocate. An advocate, and not a judge, he must be called; for upon his conclusions an intelligent reader may pronounce, though the facts which he has evolved from oblivion with a care and patience deserving all praise and honor, may hardly with modesty be called in question by any one who cannot claim to have undertaken the same task, and thus possessed himself of the same fruits.

St. Stephen has a Town Council, a Mayor, two live weekly newspapers, a daily ready to be launched very soon, a railway or two, and yet the postmaster is without assistants and is forced to lock up while he sorts the mail and goes to dinner. People didn't mind it so much before he was married, as it didn't take him long to go to dinner and back then, but they can't stand it now, and the demand is for the appointment of an assistant by the Inspector. It is really discreditable to the postal department of Canada that a place like St. Stephen should have its post office in one corner of a variety store, and that business men are forced to hang around the door waiting for the postmaster to return from his meals.

The defeat of the party of the Left in the French Assembly in the election for the Committee of Thirty has caused fresh rumors of Thiers' probable resignation, and weakened confidence in the permanence of the Republic. The Orleanist Right Centre, the Legitimist Right and Extreme Right, were joined by the Extreme Left Communists, and the united factions of moderate Republicans—the Left and the Left Centre—were outnumbered. The Committee is considered hostile to the Republic. In the absence of fusion between the Orleanists and Legitimists, however, there is little danger.

In Italy the watercourses have been confined to their narrow channels by artificial banks, and every year we hear of the destruction caused by their overflowing. The dirt brought down from the mountains gradually raises the beds of the streams and they must expand or rise. The banks that were formerly high enough are now inadequate, and the beautiful plains of Italy are annually devastated by a flood.

Somebody who had designs on the hand of one of the daughters of Horace Greeley, or a desire to advertise the *Herald*, started the idea of raising an endowment fund for the great man's orphaned daughters, although they inherited comfortable fortunes from father and mother. The young ladies very properly snub the officious *Herald* men by declining to receive the subscriptions, as they have as much money now as they want to give their future husbands.

The St. Stephen *Journal* seems disposed to go into Opposition. It grumbles at many things, and says:

"Better Terms" for New Brunswick have hitherto got the go-by: and if the present party be continued in power, so far as we know the prospect is that "Better Terms" won't be realized in haste, and will remain for many a day a something looming in the future.

The fact that two murderers were hanged in the United States yesterday is an assurance that justice is done occasionally. Still the hangings are few while the murders are many.

The exclusion of the members of the press from the meeting of the Halifax School Board is still a matter of complaint.

The case of the Merchant's National Bank of Memphis, Tennessee, versus National Bank of Commerce of Boston, which has occupied United States Circuit Court several days has resulted in verdict for plaintiffs' for $34,584,23. The suit was brought to recover damages for negligence on the part of the defendants in giving up to the Consignees the bills lading of a lot of cotton upon the acceptance by the Consignees of a thirty days draft drawn against the shipment, and attached to the bills of lading, and sent into the defendants' Bank for collection. The plaintiffs contended that it was the duty of the bank to keep the collateral until the draft was paid, and that by reason of giving up the bills of lading the plaintiffs' lost their security, the Consignees having failed before expiration of 30 days after acceptance.

The Charge of Letter Robbery Against Fred Blizard.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: In common with many others, I was much pained in reading in yesterday's *Telegraph* a somewhat lengthy and, in some respects, an interesting account of a missing money letter. I was pained to read the strictures, aspersions and charges against a young man who has always borne an honest character and an honorable reputation in our community, and I was interested more in Mr. Hallett's *manner* of telling a story than in the *matter* which his very circumstantial narrative contained. In that correspondence are charges preferred of a very grave and very serious nature. The *tone* of the letter is not that of a man who has really suffered from loss; it is a jocular, almost hilarious letter, and more stress is made in the fact that 6 cents for postage have irretrievably vanished than that one hundred and ninety-five dollars "lawful currency" of this province, have gone astray through criminal carelessness of one of the P. O. officials. The letter, too, loses its force in its weak, unargumentative style, and it is sadly overburdened with backneyed and threadbare quotations, incorrectly rendered. Perhaps it is better it should be taken up *secundum artem*, so that the public can thoroughly understand the whole tenor and drift of the matter. Mr. Hallett *says* he went, on the 14th of September last, to the Sussex Post Office with a letter in blank containing an order for goods, and addressed Stephens & Figgures. In that letter were contained in bills one hundred and ninety-five dollars, at least Mr. Hallett would have us believe that such was the case, though there is not the slightest ground for us to harbor such belief from any published statement of his. And then Mr. Hallett issues to the world this astounding logical deduction; "It contained $195, in bank bills, *bills that an equal amount of gold would not have purchased*, the reason for which is obvious," (very). This sentence would baffle Sir Wm. Hamilton, and Lyall's metaphysical mind would wander in perplexed labyrinths over it. It is far worse than anything Tupper ever wrote in his Proverbial Philosophy, and more abstruse than a young collegian's first newspaper article. Mr. H. hands the letter to Robert D. Boal, the P. M. of Sussex, and here follows a dialogue of much pith on the part of Mr. H., and considerable mathematical discernment on the part of the Post Master of Sussex. "How much is the postage?" asked Mr. Hallett, twirling in his fingers a coin of the realm. The P. M. paused, weighed the letter, and said, "six cents." Mr. H. then said in a "jocular way" "lawful money" and Mr. Blizard convulsed, of course, at this ebullition of wit, smiled and forthwith is that smile noted, proving as the sequel shows, no doubt, or rather as Mr. Hallett would have us believe, with Shakespeare, "that a man may smile and be a villain." Mr. H. then paid more postal arrearages and Mr. Boal broke the invariable rule of the office which clearly enough demonstrates that no credit shall be given to any person. Mr. H. asked Mr. B. if the letter were in time for the down mail, and mark, gentle reader, the astute and cogent reply of Mr. B., "Yes" or "O Yes." Here is where the narration is a little defective, and as Mr. H. is so very clear and precise in minor details it seems a matter of regret he should have taken down this part of the story so carelessly. This point is reserved. Mr. Blizard, by request, it seems, took the letter and twirled it a while in his fingers. The letter danced, as it were, and Mr. Blizard evinced a lively demeanor thereat. But the money sender felt uneasy and he looked after the retreating form of Mr. Blizard as he watched through the dirty pane of glass in the P. O. and saw still in the dim air his letter waltzing and polkaing on the palm of Mr. Blizard's hand, and he turned to Col. Beer and he listened to the oracular words of that hero. And Col. Beer opened his lips and said, "You ought to have registered that letter;' but the wily, sagacious and sapient J. Moore Hallett in answer said the letter was safe enough; but the Colonel still adhered to his original remark and Mr. Hallett pondered on the materialism of post office matters. Mr. H. had changed the bills he once had for some of larger dimensions and it is a great pity he does not tell us just how many bills there were. This point is really important. It would show the bulk of the letter and it would also show how much postage there would be on the packet. It would take *but a few bills beside an order and a communication* beneath the folds of an envelope to come to six cents for postage. This is worth reflection. There is nothing to show that the letter Mr. Hallett really posted was the one addressed to Stephens & Figgures. We have not the affidavit of Postmaster Boal to prove this and it is impossible for Mr. Howe to tell what letters come or go in the office at St. John, unless they are registered ones; and this letter was not registered. I would not charge J. Moore Hallett with fraud: but he hardly clears his skirts of suspicion. Is it not within the range of probability that the letter which Blizard had given to him was addressed to some one other than Stephens & Figgures? In the whole communication of over a column of the *Telegraph* there is not the slightest proof to show that Hallett's letter on which 6 cents were paid was a letter addressed to S. & F., nor does the Postmaster corroborate in any degree this varnished tale of Mr. J. Moore Hallett.

Mr. Blizard would hardly dare to retain a letter and rob its contents in a case of this kind, even if he were addicted to that species of kleptomania, when a few days only would prove to the world who the culprit was. There were too many witnesses. The P. O. robber steals in secret, and Mr. Hallett's unfounded charges against Mr. Blizard are a flagrant outrage against that young man's character, which might ruin him for life. It is horrible to read such a bold statement as this, "Most of all the postal irregularities which have occurred, have been among those letters which have gone by Mr. Blizard's car on his day." If such is the case, an investigation should be held and it will require something more than Mr. Hallett's mere statement, unsubstantiated as it is, to convince a jury that Mr. Blizard is a dishonest man. Mr. Hallett can hardly comprehend what he has set down, or its consequences, else he would not be so hasty in charging one of the most obliging post office officials on the road, with letter robbing. If Mr. H. *has really lost* a letter with $195 in it, it is a pity; but the means he takes to ventilate his grievance are hardly justifiable to say the least. In no branch of public service, has there been more charges made against men in its control, and after an investigation, nine out of every ten have been found to be gross mistakes. Letters now-a-days seldom go astray and post office robbers might appropriately be ranked with Gould's "Myths of the Middle Ages," or as Mr. Dickens would perhaps term it, "Middling Ages." Mr. Blizard owes it to himself and to his friends to at once have the whole affair properly inquired into. In the meantime it would perhaps be well to lock Mr. Hallett up for defamation of character.

ELFIN.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 7, 1872.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A Yankee circus is delighting the rural people of Belgium.

Hans Christian Andersen, the author, is seriously ill.

Improvements and alterations continue to be made along the Thames embankment, London.

Londoners are agitating the question of a better and more general supply of water.

Recruiting in the English army has never been so dull as at present, especially for India.

A son of Victor Emanuel, of Italy, is a banker in Naples, and is said to be one of the most obliging to tourists in that city.

One hundred thousand dollars' worth of paintings by the old masters have been wantonly mutilated by somebody in the Berlin Museum.

Antique plate is now very fashionable in London. Old English Apostle spoons, candle cups, three pronged forks, cat tail spoons, etc., are the favorite articles.

A massive granite pedestal and iron standard surmounted by a board, to mark the spot where it shall be lawful to hold public meetings, has been erected in Hyde Park, London.

They have a handsome female banker in Munich, Fraulein Adele Spitzider. She loans money to the poor at low interest, and has the entire confidence of the rural population of Bavaria.

The Mayor of Oldham, England, and his family were recently mobbed for not attending church when the pious roughs thought they should.

A remorseful man in Troy, N. Y., lately left, while on his death-bed, $10,000 to a woman whom he had jilted a number of years before.

The Boston *Post* says: The colored gentleman who is now the most promising candidate for Mayor of Tuscaloosa, Ala., has hitherto been addressed as "Old Hoss." In future he will probably be called the "old Mayor."

The Paris *Nouvelle Press Libre* has now an advertisement which runs as follows: "A young man of twenty-five, well brought up, and of excellent family, wishes to be adopted as a prince by a foreign or native prince. Address Fils adoptif. a M. Rodolphe Mossu, Vienna, Seilerstrasso, No. 3."

At Chicago, on Thursday, a New York jeweller, stopping at Cuhn's hotel, had his trunk robbed of $15,000 worth of watches, while eating supper. The thief put the booty into a carpet-bag, coolly walked down stairs, paid his bill at the clerk's office and departed.

At length it is proved that a man has more vanity than a woman. This is the way that it came to pass: A curious investigator watched while a thousand men passed a looking-glass used as a sign on the sidewalk in Broadway. The result of his observation showed that nine hundred and ninety-nine men glanced complacently at their image as they passed. The other man was blind. Four hundred and fifty two women passed during the same hour and a half, and none of them looked in the mirror—all of them being intently examining each other's appearance and dress.

The last number of the Nazareth *News* received at this office has the following: Laborers working under the direction of a distinguished French lady, the Princess de la Tour d'Auverque, have just discovered on the Mount of Olives, near the Church of the Pater, a splendid specimen of ancient mosaic in four colors—white, red, black and yellow. It is sixteen feet long, but as yet only six feet of its width have been uncovered. This relic it is believed belonged to some sumptuous Roman habitation.

The South Pole has been very much neglected for these many years past. Many an expedition has gone into the frozen regions of the north, and some of them have never come out again. The secrets of the Arctic circle are slowly being extracted from the frozen grip, but since Captain Cook roamed the Southern seas in search of the Antarctic continent very little has been done for the South Pole. A learned German has just written a book intended to set on an expedition to that unexplored end of the globe. It is but fair that at least one poor vessel's crew should be frozen to death in the realms of ice and snow about the Southern Pole.

Some time ago the object glass of the big telescope of the Alleghany Observatory, near Pittsburg, Pa., was stolen. The lens, which is worth about $4,000, has just been recovered and the authorities think they are on the track of the thief. It was about as stupid a theft as a man could make, for the value of the lens depended on its being uninjured, and glasses of that size are not so common that they may be disposed of at any pawn-broker's without detection. It appears that this had been hidden all the while, the thief not daring to do anything with it, and it was undoubtedly as uncomfortable a possession as he could possibly have had.

A Lake City (Florida) letter reports the fatally shooting in cold blood at Ellisville, of Leonard James (colored) and James Barr, a merchant, and his clerk and cousin, John Barr, by two desperadoes named Wingate and Carroll. No cause is assigned for the three murders, and there is great excitement.

At Fort Garry the Presbyterian congregation has grown so rapidly that an addition has to be built to the church. The weather is very cold, the thermometer ranging from twenty to thirty below zero, and there is but little snow. Building is still going on rapidly. Dinners, balls, and other social gatherings are the order of the day.

Bridgewater, N. S., is without a lock up this season, and a local paper notifies inebriates that if they lose their money or freeze to death they will do it on their own responsibility. A benevolent individual has suggested that molasses puncheons lined with straw be placed along the roads in hard weather for the benefit of those afflicted with the falling sickness. When the inmate is discovered in the morning, the puncheon is to be turned on end and the occupant not let out, till he has subscribed to the temperance society.

The question of women riding astride of horses seems not to be set at rest yet. No less a lady than Grace Greenwood confesses to having tried it in her recent travels in California and to having liked it, too. She says: "After a trial of some fifteen miles one day and twenty-six the second, we all came to the conclusion that this style of riding is the safest, easiest, and, therefore, the most sensible for long mountain expeditions, and for steep, rough and narrow trails. If nature intended woman to rise horse back at all she doubtless intended it should be after this fashion; otherwise we should have been a sort af land variety of the mermaid."

HORACE GREELEY.

Earth, let thy softest mantle rest
This wearied child to thee returning,
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast,
Who loved thee with such tender yearning!
He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
And deemed thy humblest son his brother:—
Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
We yield him back, O gentle Mother!

Of praise, of blame, he drank his fill:
Who has not read the life-long story?
And dear we hold his fame, but still
The man was dearer than his glory.
And now to us are left alone
The closet where his shadow lingers,
The vacant chair—that was a throne—
The pen, just fallen from his fingers.

Wrath changed to kindness on that pen;
Though dipped in gall it flowed with honey;
One flash from out the cloud, and then
The skies with smile and jest were sunny;
Of hate he surely lacked the art,
Who made his enemy his lover;
O reverend head and Christian heart!
Where now their like the round world over?

He saw the goodness, not the taint,
In many a poor, do nothing creature,
And gave to sinner and to saint,
But kept his faith in human nature;
Perchance he was not worldly wise,
Yet we who noted, standing nearer,
The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes,
For every weakness held him dearer.

Alas! that unto him who gave
So much, so little should be given!
Himself alone, he might not save
Of all for whom his hands had striven.
Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed;
Men took, and passed, and left him lonely;
What marvel, if beneath his load,
At times he craved—for justice only!

Yet thanklessness, the serpent's tooth,
His lofty purpose could not alter;
Toil had no power to bend his youth,
Or make his lusty manhood falter;
For envy's sling, from slander's dart,
That armored soul the body shielded,
Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
And then he bowed his head, and yielded.

Now, now we measure at its worth
The gracious presence gone forever!
The wrinkled East, that gave him birth,
Laments with every laboring river;
Wild moans the free winds of the West
For him who gathered to her prairies
The sons of men, and made each crest
The haunts of happy household fairies;

And anguish sits upon the mouth
Of her who came to know him latest:
His heart was ever thine, O South!
He was thy truest friend, and greatest;
He shunned thee in thy splendid shame,
He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow;
The day thou shalt forget his name,
Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

The tears that fall from eyes unused.—
The hands above his grave united,—
The words of men whose lips he loosed,
Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he righted;
Could he but know, and rest with this!
Yet stay, through Death's low-lying hollow,
His one last foe's insatiate hiss
On that benignant shade would follow.

Peace! while we shroud this man of men
Let no unhallowed word be spoken!
He will not answer thee again,
His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.
Some holier cause, some vaster trust
Beyond the vail, he doth inherit;
O gently, Earth, receive his dust,
And Heaven soothe his troubled spirit!

E. C. STEDMAN.

—*From the N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wet Nurse for the Foreign Commerce and Shipbuilding Interests of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5.

The House Commerce Committee determined to-day to report to the House and press to a vote as soon as possible Mr. Shellabarger's bill for the encouragement of the foreign commerce of the United States, providing for a board of Commissioners of Commerce, consisting of the Secretaries of the Treasury, Navy and Interior and Postmaster-General, subject to the control of the President, whose duties will be of a most important character, as they will have to prepare and execute and cause to be enforced all contracts in which the Government is interested, and which may be made in aid of foreign or domestic commerce and in the interests of emigrants and American seamen; to collect, arrange and report to the President statistics concerning the commerce of the United States with other nations, calculated to show the wants of American commerce, together with any recommendations they may deem proper for such commerce. They are also to be authorized to offer a bounty of not more than $15 per ton, to be paid each year for a period of five years for the construction in the United States of iron steamships, of $12 per ton for other steamships of not less than one thousand tons each, nor exceeding five hundred thousand tons in the aggregate; and not more than one hundred thousand tons shall be authorised in any one year, these ships to be employed exclusively in the foreign trade. The Board shall, in making provision for and entering into any contract for payment of a bounty, provide for one line of iron steamships, of the description mentioned, between some port or ports in the United States and one or more in the principal ports of Great Britain, and also one or more of the principal ports of the Continent of Europe, one first-class line between New York city and some principal port or ports in the West Indies and Mexico, one between New Orleans and the West Indies and Brazil, between New Orleans and Mexico, and one between San Francisco and Australia and New Zealand, and other islands of the Pacific. Several other provisions are made in the bill, including bonded stores and supplies free of duty to United States vessels employed in the foreign trade or in the fisheries, under regulations prescribed by the Commissioners. This bill has been "boiled down" from several others on the same subject, and is believed to be quite complete in detail. All of the Republican members of the House Committee favor the bill, and one of the Democratic members may also vote for it in the House. It will, however, be generally considered in the light of a purely partisan measure, and may encounter the opposition of almost the entire Democratic side.

Indications are that the shipbuilding clause in the new Tariff bill will be amended so as to clear up the present ambiguities, and to put on the free list more articles used in shipbuilding. A strong effort will be made to allow free importations of wire, rope, anchors and chains for shipbuilding, and free iron for making them, as well as free copper and spelter for the manufacture of sheathings.

LOCALS.

For a list of Agents for the sale of the DAILY TRIBUNE see first page.

For advertisements of WANTED, LOST, FOUND, FOR SALE, or TO LET, see Auction column.

New Advertisements.

Advertisers must send in their favors before 12 o'clock noon, in order to insure their appearance in this list.

Amusements—	Flora Myres' Theatre
New Goods—	Page Brothers
Grand Christmas Sale—	Likely, Cameron & Golding
Blankets—	Lansdowne & Martin
Evening Gloves—	do
Photographic Stock—	Hanington Bros
Christmas Goods—	do
Arrivals—	J. & A. McMillan
Holiday Season—	T. H. Hall
Christmas Presents—	G. H. Martin
AUCTIONS.	
Bankrupt Stock—	E McLeod

Brevities.

The Institute course of lectures is to be opened by a concert by the Choral Society.

The epizoo is becoming extinct. Away and smash up took place in Dock street yesterday.

Professor Stone is in Amherst.

Seven thousand barrels of apples for the Eoglish market were purchased in Annapolis last month,

DUKE STREET CHAPEL.—Preaching by Elder Garraty to-morrow at 11 o'clock. Theme: Our Citizenship and Anticipations. Evening: Wonderful Visit of Eastern Magi. Seats all free.

Good sleighing continues about the city.

The sewer excavations have rendered Prince William street almost impassable for teams.

The New Brunswick left Boston at 11 a. m. yesterday and arrived here at 10 a. m. to-day.

Albion Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., was officially visited by the officers of the Grand Lodge at its regular communication last evening.

Change for the Changeless.

Persons requiring cents can be supplied at our Counting Room.

Shipping Notes.

The brigantine Hannah G., before reported ashore at Carrickfurgus is not now owned by S. J. Golding Esq., having been sold by him to an English firm some three months ago.

Upwards of 900 coasters have sought Portland harbor for shelter since the storm of the 30th ult. On Saturday last the channel was so completely blocked up as to prevent the sailing of the steamer Moravian.

The First Day's Curling.

The Curling Club Rink was flooded this week, and the ice is in excellent condition. Many of the members will probably play this afternoon.

A Sad Accident.

A young lady named Thompson, who had a leg and an arm broken while skating at Boston, is being brought to her mother in this city, in the steamer New Brunswick which arrives this evening.

Another Accident.

A little girl, whose parents reside in Lower Cove, swallowed a piece of brass on Thursday last. Dr. Walker was at once called in but he did not succeed in extracting the dangerous metal from her stomach. Fears are entertained that it might corrode and thereby cause her death.

Boy Thieves.

A bright little boy of ten who a day or two ago rejoiced in the possession of a new cap and overcoat now mourns their loss; and it happened this wise. He was standing on the street in front of his father's house when a ragged urchin came along and after admiring the appearance of the new clothing asked to try it on. The request was granted whereupon the urchin, ragged no longer, silently stole away and has not since been seen. For the benefit of housekeepers, it may be stated that juvenile thieves are abundant at this season of the year.

The DAILY TRIBUNE *is not excelled as a city advertising medium.*