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Mahoney's Livery Stables, GERRAIN STREET, (Nearby Opposite Trinity Church).

THE Subscriber has removed his Livery Stable from the Waterfront to the new location, where he is prepared to furnish HORSE CARRIAGES of all descriptions. COACHES in attendance on all times. WILLIAM MAHONEY, Proprietor, oct 14 4m

HORACE GREELY. His Fitness and Death - Dying Words - His Life and Character as Viewed by Leading Journals.

The Tribune says: The melancholy announcement of the death of the editor and founder of the Tribune, though for a few days it had been expected by his family and intimate friends, falls upon us with all the shock of sudden calamity. He had reached, indeed, a ripe old age, but time had not laid its withering touch upon him. His splendid constitution easily bore the strain of enormous labor. His mind was as fresh and strong and vigorous as in the prime of life. His generous impulses were unshaken by the disheartening experience through the trying campaign which has just closed. His physical vigor, his tact, his unobtrusive activity, surprised even those who knew him best and seemed to promise many years of usefulness. It is certain that no history of the most critical period in our national life can ever be written in which Horace Greely shall not be a conspicuous figure; but the noblest career in his eyes was that which is given up to others' wants. The successful life was that which was won in conduct with wrong and vice. The only ambition worth following was the ambition to alleviate human misery and leave the world a little better than he found it. That he had done this was the consolation which brightened his last days and assured him that he had not lived in vain. It is not for us, in the first hour of our loss, to pain his character or catalogue his virtues, although for several months we have missed the inspiration of his presence and the guidance of his counsel. His spirit has never ceased to animate those chosen to continue his work and the close bond of sympathy between the chief and his assistants has never been broken. We leave his praise to the posterity which he has so nobly served. We lifted up to the slave whose back he saved from the lash, and to the oppressor whose wrong he made his own.

The Daily Tribune. J. L. STEWART, Editor. MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1873. The Deaths in the Harbor.

The port of St. John will never recover from the odium of allowing five broad men to perish in the harbor in broad daylight. The schooner Reward was going to pieces on the Foul Ground, seven hulled and nearly exhausted men clung to her rigging hoping for succor, and hundreds of men gazed on the scene from the wharves for fully an hour. The feelings of the poor fellows during this terrible crisis may be imagined. They must have been sick at heart at the apparent indifference with which their fate was viewed. On shore everybody took an intense interest in the awful scene. Everybody asked if the perishing men's rescue was not to be attempted, and there was nobody to lead in the perilous enterprise. It was nobody's special business to rescue the exposed men, and a precious hour elapsed before a crew came together. Then the lifeboat was found to be all most unfit for service. There was a leak in the bottom that had to be corked with a pocket handkerchief, the thole-pieces were defective, and there were no oars. At last the boat was launched, and it reached the scene just in time to rescue the perishing men. The other five found watery graves. They cast a last despairing glance at ocean, sky and shore, gave a last thought to home and friends, and were swept to eternity.

CLOSING HOURS OF HORACE GREELY - IT IS DONE!

The following additional details of Greely's closing hours have been received: During the day, as is usual in cases of inflammation of the brain, his physical strength was extraordinary, but increased mental activity of his mind was evident from the exterior manifestations. At half past six, he was in his study, and a familiar friend, known as Austin Lawson, entered and approached his bed. Mr. Greely, who had been resting, asked, "Do you know who this is?" "Yes," answered the friend, "it is I, your old friend, Austin Lawson." "Again being asked if he recognized Mr. Reid, he looked up with immediate recognition, lifted his hand, grasped Mr. Reid's hand, and said, "Yes, yes." When asked if he was in pain, he laid his hand upon his breast, but without otherwise replying, and returned to his semiconscious state. Lying with closed eyes and hands clasped, he remained in this position until generally still. At half past six he stirred uneasily and began to mutter indistinctly something which the friends around could not catch. His daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Chesapeake, Dr. Choate, and Austin Lawson, were all in the room anxious to hear the last words. Mr. Greely indistinctly murmured for awhile and at last feebly said: "It is done." There was a visible change in his countenance, a little smile of perfect peace. Dr. Choate was by the bedside, and putting his hand to Mr. Greely's heart, said, "He is gone."

THE STORM ON SATURDAY. Further effects of its Violence: LOSS OF THE SCHOONER ELLEN IN THE HARBOR. Escape of the Captain and Crew from Death. OTHER DISASTERS ABOUT THE HARBOR AND ON LAND.

Although on Saturday afternoon much of the violence of the storm had died away, the wind continued to blow somewhat strongly and a heavy sea prevailed in the harbor. The night then presented was dreary in the extreme and could not but fill with mournfulness all who walked along the wharves and streets. As yet no point of the wrecks of wreck and ruin were to be seen dashing in shore-shattered spars, fragments of timbers, masses of cordage and other melancholy relics of the brief fury which had prevailed among the elements. After the bodies of the unfortunate men Thomas Hill and Lemuel Bryson had been washed ashore, hundreds of those who sadly wandered on the beach gazed at each dark object which came drifting in, and wondered if it might be the cold remains of another of the hapless crew, and the prayer of many who thus watched was the vain appeal of "O SEA, GIVE UP THE DEAD!"

THE FAIRVILLE LECTURE SEASON.

For a number of years past lectures have been given by prominent gentlemen interested in intellectual advancement, and the growth of an intelligent public opinion - at the instance of a local committee - at Fairville - which have for the most part been very largely and influentially attended. Special efforts have been made for the names of a number of the most popular and effective of our public speakers. We understand that upwards of 100 family tickets have been disposed of. The course is to be opened by John Boyd, Esq., on Friday evening.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

A rather contemptible trick was played on one of our young clerks Sunday night. He bought a cut-glass bottle of cognac, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with, but on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the stoop and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cognac for his own use, and refilled the bottle with hashbrown from the family jar, and then hung round to observe the result. In a little while the young man slipped off the stoop, and securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlor, where, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the bleating girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed. They didn't put it out staff like that when she was a girl it was kept in a china tea cup, and it was kept together by samples of all the family's hair. Her was very much pleased. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful pearls of her mother on the table, and fetched a pull at the contents that furnished her with bubbles. Then she laid the bottle down, and picked up a brass snuff box she showed instead, and said she was as good as she could say anything. "Where is that sticking out?" "Ah, he, all unconscious of what had happened was in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at the trick. And an old woman, after you, well-yep leper. And then she basted him one on the ear. And he, being by nature more elegant with his legs than his tongue, hastened from there howling like mad, and accompanied to the gate by that brazen-mouthed scoundrel. He says he would give anything on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made."

EXPLANATORY.

A letter containing names of new subscribers, written by our Agent, in Sanborn, at Hampstead, on the 24th November, did not reach this office until 30th Nov. This accounts for new subscribers at Round Hill W. O. and elsewhere not getting Weeklies last week.

BARK "UNION."

ALL PERSONS who have any claims against the estate of the late Mr. J. W. O. are requested to call on the undersigned at the office of the Receiver, at Round Hill W. O., on the 10th inst. ROBERT PAULKES, Master. nov 10 SCAMMELL BROS., Clerks.

THE STORM ON SATURDAY. Further effects of its Violence: LOSS OF THE SCHOONER ELLEN IN THE HARBOR. Escape of the Captain and Crew from Death. OTHER DISASTERS ABOUT THE HARBOR AND ON LAND.

coal added power to the blows from which she suffered and there seemed indeed no hope. "MUST THEY ALL PERISH?" was the pitiful cry, and another effort was made to launch the life boat. At this time the water had become more calm, and the vessel had been carried beyond the breakers. The boat was already and preparations made to equip it with a crew, but in the meantime a disorderly crowd of volunteers, the majority utterly ignorant of the use of an oar, surrounded the boat, and no less than eighteen were prepared to throw their lives away without the slightest hope of doing benefit. The boat was finally manned by seven men, four of whom, it is said, were under the influence of liquor, and thus manned she left the shore on an errand of rescue! As might be expected, the errand was fruitless, and resulted not only in the failure of the crew to find the vessel, but in their getting ashore in Courtney Bay and leaving the boat to go adrift. The boat was wrecked and the demolition of this mockery of safety was the only practical benefit from the foolishly expected. In the meantime Capt. Brooks and his men, believing that the Heavens help those who help themselves, started in their own boat and reached the shore in safety. Their escape is due to their own promptness and presence of mind. Four vessels are reported a-hove at Mus-tash and it is probable that dire tales are yet to be told from the surrounding shores.

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.

QUACK RUN.

The fastest sailing this year has been accomplished by the bark Ida E. Deane, a schooner, which sailed from Boston at noon on Saturday last and arrived at this port yesterday at 2 p. m., making the run in 20 hours. This puts the International steamers in the shade.

THE STORM ON SATURDAY.

The bleak December wind sighed a request for the lost, and the dark dashing waves seemed to divide for the time the dead, who but a few brief hours before had lived in the glory of their manly strength. In every direction the shattered hulks of vessels might be discerned. On the portion of Courtney Bay near Courthouse wharf, the schooner Pioneer, belonging to Mr. Peter Blake, of Mill Village, N. S. She had been bound from Windsor to Portland, and had been one of the vessels which went ashore about eight o'clock on Saturday morning. She was a regular crew in the boat of the schooner, and were being cared for in the neighboring houses. A short distance from her lay the schooner Enterprise, of Millville, and also the schooner Addie Bryson, on which the crew had remained, while the Volunteer lay at Annapolis wharf.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE CRY.

"A vessel adrift!" and a stream of people looked to West Point, their hearts called upon to witness another sacrifice of human life. The vessel ashore was the schooner Ellen, 120 tons, Capt. Brooks, and owned by Mr. L. O'Mahoney of Courtney. She was coming up to make the West Channel without sail, two of her crew, disabled, preventing the work being done. Despite all her efforts she continued to make much way and still further attempts were made to hoist the mainsail. Only the peak was raised. An effort was made to raise the vessel and in the act of doing this the vessel struck on the foul ground. The water at this place was white with breakers and it seemed as if all shore that the vessel was doomed.

WHERE IS THE LIFE BOAT?

was the cry raised, and it was echoed among the multitude who stood helplessly looking on. The mayor who was at West Point asked one of the men accustomed to look out for the boat could not be sent without oars, lacking badly, and unfit to make another attempt! A cry came for a tug, but none was near, and the anxious crowd full of wild excitement, stood and watched the vessel and shore. The vessel still remained on the rocks at times lifting with the waves and falling with a force which was terrible. Her cargo of

TO AGENTS.

We did intend publishing a list of Local Agents, but find we are unable to find the space so long a list names would occupy. All those persons who would promptly respond to our Circular, will please consider themselves Agents for the TRIBUNE, and govern themselves accordingly. Agents will please deduct their commissions when remitting to this office.

BOOKS.

The number of books shipped from this port for the month of November, 1873, is 144,883, valued at \$87,317; for 1871, 127,213, valued at \$63,917.

TIDES.

Owing to the strong south-easterly wind which prevails, the tides are unusually high. At noon to-day the long rolling sea was making a clear beach over the Anchor Line and International wharves.

STEARNS.

The New Brunswick did not leave for Boston as usual this morning. The captain has expressed his determination not to leave port until there is a prospect of fine weather. Present appearances indicate another gale.

THE S.O.D. SOCIETY'S DINNER.

The 74th annual dinner of the Saint Andrew's Society was eaten at the Victoria, Saturday evening. The members and their guests gathered to the dining room to the music of the bagpipes. The President, Lobs Stewart, Esq., occupied the head of the table, the Vice President, Jas. Milligan, Esq., and Dr. James Christie, did the honors at the foot. The dinner was excellent and well served, and the best of feeling prevailed - regular Scottish plaid. The pipe marched around the tables several times, drowning the voices of the talkers with martial strains. The toasts were drunk "with a will." Everybody said something to give the rest an excuse for hammering the table forcibly and cheering lustily, and then he sat down.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

"The Governor General" was responded to by T. W. Anglin, M. P., and "The Lieutenant Governor," by E. Willis, M. P., and "The President of the United States," by J. G. Forbes, in behalf of Mrs. Forbes. Vice President Milligan paid tribute to the "best men and bonny lasses" of New Brunswick. President Stewart made a speech in acknowledgment of his election to office. Vice President Christie addressed the Society on the subject of its charities. Rev. R. J. Cameron spoke on the origin of the connection between the Scotch and the British. Col. Shiers and Major Christopher Armstrong spoke on "The Army and Navy." C. Armstrong and Wm. Elder responded for the Saint Patrick's Society, and S. Matthews for St. George's. W. J. Mack, W. W. Mack, and J. G. Forbes, and Wm. Fogarty acknowledged the compliment to the bar, and, as a matter of course, George Stewart, Esq., and Wm. Pugsley were called upon to respond for the "Good Old Scotch Whisky." The dinner was a success. The President, Vice President, and all the members of the Society, were present.

YESTERDAY MORNING.

Yesterday morning, about half past six o'clock, as Edward Quigley was walking along the shore in the vicinity of the wharves, he found a human body much disfigured, lying on the beach, where it had been cast up by the storm. Assistance was at once procured, and the body brought to the city and placed in the Dead House. It proved to be the remains of pilot James Daley, who was drowned while attempting to hoist a brig three weeks ago last Thursday. The remains were much disfigured, the face being beyond recognition, and only the clothing remaining to prove the identity of the body. The remains were removed to the house of the deceased's mother, where an inquest was held at ten o'clock this morning. The witnesses attending were Pilot Richard Cline, and Edward Quigley. The former deposed to the circumstances by which Daley lost his life, and as published in THE TRIBUNE at the time of the unfortunate occurrence. Quigley gave evidence in regard to finding the body and its conveyance to the city. The Jury returned a verdict of accidentally drowned. Mr. Daley was a young man of facilities habits, a dutiful son, and it is said by all to whom he was known, a faithful friend. He was remarkably proficient in his calling, and his death has evoked much expression of sincere regret. A true feeling of sympathy must be felt for his bereaved mother.

THE SOCIAL LITERARY ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Y. M. U. Association are to be recommended to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. Readings of a varied and interesting character will be given by members of the Society. The public are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

TOMORROW'S WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

The WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be issued early to-morrow morning. Its contents embrace a complete epitome of the news of the world for the past week, full reports of the conclusion of the enquiry into the South Bay Railway tragedy, a graphic and exhaustive description of the great storm, with its shipwrecks and loss of life, and a mass of other interesting matter.

A WANTED AD.

Between two and three o'clock, yesterday morning, the police found one of the large and handsome pieces of plate glass in the counting rooms of the Globe office broken by some parties unknown. The damage, whether willful or accidental, is much to be regretted, as the glass had been procured at a heavy cost and added greatly to the appearance of that portion of Prince William street.

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