

NEW



ERA.

Printed Weekly, }
25 cents a-year. }

KINGSTON, NOV. 24, 1865.

Number 3. }
Circulation 3000. }

The New Era

Published weekly (Thursdays), by Wm. Lightfoot, and distributed to every house within the City, at 25 cents per annum, payable at the end of six months, or one half-penny per copy, payable to the Carriers. Those unable to pay will receive it free. A sufficient number will also be printed to supply the market every morning gratis, so as to give our Advertisers the benefit of the widest circulation possible.

Advertisements 10 cents a line; subsequent insertions 5 cents.

FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS.—T. D. HOOD, Montreal, has again been awarded the first Premium for his celebrated Pianos, at the late Provincial Exhibition, Montreal. They are acknowledged by the Profession to be the only Standard Pianos manufactured in Canada—excelling all others in finish, purity of tone and durability, and equal to the best maker's in the United States, while the Pianos are considerably lower in price. W. BURROWS, Music Dealer, 81 King Street, is Agent for the above Piano Fortes.

FACT NO. 1, that Men, Women and Children require Boots. **FACT NO. 2,** that KIRK & ROSE have a large store in Princess Street full of all kinds of Boots and Shoes. **FACT NO. 3,** that KIRK & ROSE keep a first-rate article. **FACT NO. 4,** that (quality considered) KIRK & ROSE are the cheapest in the city. **RESULT**—that all rational persons reading the above will come to the conclusion that they will go to KIRK & ROSE for their own and their family's Boots and Shoes.

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF PURE WINES and Liquors. If you want your Scotch, Irish and Canadian Whiskeys, Port, Sherry, dry and fruity Brandies, Gin, Rum, and all other kinds of Liquors pure, buy at McRAE'S, Brock Street, where you will find the largest and cheapest Stock of Groceries in the city. W. R. McRAE, Merchant, Brock St. near the Market Square.

GIBERTON & YARKER have now on hand their single and double steel Improved Axes, Curtis & Harvey's D C Powder, Rope of every description, and Glass and Putty, all cheap. Arrived 1769 pairs English Skates, and to arrive 740 pairs American Skates.

W. M. BURROWS, Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Stationery of all kinds, No 81 King Street. New Music received weekly and mailed to order; Instruments repaired and tuned. Agent for Hood's first prize full iron frame over-strung Pianos.

FOX'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.—The success which this establishment is now enjoying may be understood from the fact that extensive premises are now opened, for the sale of these celebrated Pianos, in all the principal cities of Canada. Their great depth, richness and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and above all a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate powerful touch, place them at the head of Pianos manufactured on this continent, and has given them possession of the whole Canadian market—not one tenth of the Pianos formerly imported being now brought into Canada. J. C. FOX.

TOOLS, Bar Iron and Hardware of all kinds cheap for cash at 7 Bagot Street. A. CHOWN.

AT HENDERSON'S BOOK STORE, Princess-St. you can buy really cheap Photograph Albums, Bibles, for the Family, Pulpit, or Pocket, Testaments, Hymn Books, Psalm Books, Catechisms, Prayer Books for English Church and other denominations, School Books of every kind, Copy Books, Blank Books, Pocket Books, Slates, Foolscap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blotting, Tissue and Drawing Papers, Card and Pasteboard, Calling Cards, Conversation and Game Cards, Toy Books, Books for Presents in endless variety, all the Poets in rich gilt bindings, Cookery Books to suit every one, Ready Reckoners, Dictionaries, Letter Writers, Song Books Recitation and Dialogue Books, the latest and best Novels, Magazines and Newspapers, always on hand, Bill and Postage Stamps kept for sale, Country Merchants and Pedlars liberally dealt with.

ADVERTISEMENTS for the New Era should be sent in, or left at Mr. John Henderson's Book-Store, Princess-street, by Wednesday of each week.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE MEDICAL HALL, per Steamer Ottawa, one case Best English Hair Brushes, which will be sold cheap. G. S. HOBART.

KIRK & ROSE have on hand an immense stock of Boots and Shoes, of best quality and lowest prices. Call, see and believe.

PRINTING, in every variety, from a visiting card to a big tome, executed in an artistic manner, at reasonable prices. WM. LIGHTFOOT.

THE CHEAPEST LAMPS and Lamp Trimmings are to be had at R. WHITE'S Drug Store. Florida Water, a fresh stock, just received at R. WHITE'S Drug Store, Princess Street.

WHEN YOU SEE IT REPORTED that HORSEY is selling Cooking, Parlor, and Box Stoves, Coal Grates, &c. cheaper than any other house in town, don't believe it without calling and examining his stock when you will soon be convinced of the fact!

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, opposite to Messrs McNece & Waddell's, Princess Street. The Subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of the City of Kingston and vicinity, that he has opened the premises formerly occupied by George Hardy, Esq. and is now receiving a fine assortment of Electroplated Ware, Cutlery, English, French, and German Fancy Goods, &c. all of latest and newest styles. CHARLES GRIGOR.

CLARK WRIGHT, HATTER and FURRIER, 74 Wellington Street, has now on hand a large and fine assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furs, made up in the latest and most fashionable styles, comprising Mink, Otter, South Seal, Persian and Russian Lamb, Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, British Sable, Mock Seal, Rock Martin, Imitation Lamb Mock Ermine, and Buffalo Robes. Also just received a fine assortment of Ladies' Silk Hats and Winter Caps.—Furs made to order, altered, and relined on short notice. The highest price paid for fur wares.

IF YOU WANT COAL OIL, LAMPS, DYESTUFFS I Drugs, you will get the best and cheapest at the Medical Hall. G. S. HOBART.

The Baby is thriving well. It has been a little delicate since born, but now gives signs of vigorous life. Hold till it begins to *teeth*, then look out for squals—the darling! The tax-gatherer was shaking hands with nurse for love of Baby. He is going to buy it a rattle—the darling! when the other *things* about the Corporation are put to rights.

Tax-payers! prepare for the coming contest between honesty and corruption, and oust the distresser! The tax-gatherer's office has degenerated into a bumbailiff's living, and it is high time you gave it an overhauling!—"Know ye not that he who would be free himself must strike the blow!"

Dear girls,—the cry against your extravagance has gone out from all quarters of the globe. The same cry has been about since Eve first saw herself in the stream, but never with more truthful force than at present. It is true that the world is now rich in adornments, and far from us would be the *Adamant* saying that "beauty (woman) unadorned is adorned the most." This we say, however, that your present extravagance eclipses all that ever went before, and we do not wonder that at the present time, in a large European city, there are 8000 young men banded together not to marry until the women shall see fit to circumscribe their extravagant dress. Such style and display can not fail to bear hard on the generality of business men, for few can honestly afford to satisfy your appetite. It also unqualifies you from acting the part you were designed for—a help-meet to man—your whole time being taken up in display. We, Baby NEW ERA, therefore conjure you to temper your extravagance, and devote yourselves to a nobler purpose—To be mothers worthy of the glorious inheritance you will one day bequeath to your—babies!

From the weekly *litter-ary* notices in the *Whig*, people will soon believe that the printers live on *scapes*. No, gentlemen, a printer is not altogether an amphibious animal, but likes harder tack. Therefore put your heads together and pay the coon in financial style, for he puts more into your *crani* in a week for one cent than many of you got at school for a hundred dollars!

Kingston is going to make Wm. Robb's gray horse a *Mayor* next year! The people are so fond of *cheap BEEF and bones* to pick!

Why are our police like electricity when wanted? Because they are invisible!

For the Baby New Era.

Strike every ill, strike every wrong,
That Kingston's onward progress stays;
Hurl thou thy keenest shafts along,
Show forth Corruption's clouded ways.
With head and hand—with heart and soul,
Resist our foul oppressor's laws,
And thou at last shall win the goal,
And proudly reap your friends' applause.

Yes! Pretty! Very pretty! But a five-dollar advertisement would have been a beetle more persuasive! We remember getting similar advice in our *Courier* experience! "First-rate fellow!" (slap on the shoulder!) "Pitch into them!" Well, the coons that gave that advice were those that pitched *out* the dollars, where they? Yes! but not out of their own pockets! Out of the printer's! We paid a hundred a month for these little bits of advice, and, although our memory is not so *bright* on this subject as it once was, it's *some* bright yet. My dear fellow! the pine forests of Virginia could not supply pitch enough to keep our Corporation ship from *leaking*!

"FATHER'S AT SEA."

"Children! oh, children! awake from thy sleep;
The wild wind is raging—a storm's on the deep.
Come out to the beach, come quickly with me,
For a gale's sweeping on, and your father's at sea!"
Swiftly on to the beach ran the fisherman's wife,
For the storm threaten'd him who was dearer than life,
And the children ran with her, and knelt at her feet,
On the rock where the billows so angrily beat.
"Oh, daddy! dear daddy!" the little ones cried,
As closer they clung to the sad mother's side,
"Come back from your fishing, for dark is the night,
And we fear the loud thunder and lightning so bright.
"We heard mother call, and we jumped from the bed;
Willy started and cried that his daddy was dead."
"Hush, darlings! your words are a terror to me;
Pray with me for father in peril at sea."
The lightning played on the billows no more,
As the morning sun rose on a wreck-be-screw'd shore;
Still they watched and they pray'd, but ne'er should
The father who lay in the depths of the sea. [they see

We promised to give our Advertisers' pictures this week. See first page. They are all men of mark, and require no paint from us!

The Corporation, the Park, the Police, the Fore-stallers, and other hot-house plants, will receive Baby's attention at an early date.

When bent on matrimony and—babies—look more than skin-deep, dive farther than the pocket, and look after temper beyond the *humor* of the moment.

We know a beautiful young lady that accidentally broke a rib (in her crumoline), and could not go to church next day. Monday evening saw her rib well enough to dance a polka? Another young lady we know who can eat an eel but faints at the sight of a frog!

Just like the *Whig*—he won't exchange!

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Britain's debt is *pound-ous*; Napoleon *franc-ly* confesses his; and Spain says her's is *real*; but Mr Yankee is *dollar-ous* over his.

England is belligerent about beef. Scotch Grays ordered to Kingston (CW) for a supply for the *Mayor's* dinner. Water scarce, and consequently great distress among milkmen.

The Fenians surrounded in Dublin Castle by Captain Brick, and a tailor of the old cabbage stock of '48 taken privately. It is rumored that Corbett, the jailor, has the keys to their movements.

Scotland is making some noise about a *list* of whistles found in an old lady's garret near Glasgow. Something is expected to come out of it—the drone having whispered in the minister's ear "O'er the water to Charlie!"

Latest—Revolt in the new Scottish University (the Penitentiary)—one professor *kill*,—supposed to be a Fenian—others wounded about the *heart*, but not dangerously. Cause—putting a student in irons, feeding him on dry *brose*, and breaking a bottle of whiskey over his head for *launch*.

THE FARM.—(*Faint* ladies should not read this.) A hog should be *killed* and not murdered, as is too often the case—both for the sake of the hog himself and those who eat it. If a hog be well stuck, the blood will all flow out, and leave the flesh in a much better state than if the animal bleeds poorly. In killing a hog the knife is simply thrust into the throat of the animal, without making a large incision, in order not to expose the flesh to the influence of the hot water and dirt while the carcass is being dressed. Place the hog on his back, letting a man stand astride of him, and draw his fore legs back. Another lays his left hand on his under jaw and presses it downward, so as to close his mouth and keep his head and neck in line with his body, and with a "good sticking knife," about ten inches long, having a thin blade, the point in the middle, and two-edged two inches from the point, makes an incision about two inches long just back of the jowls, at the place where the head is cut off, exactly in the middle of the throat. Set the point of the knife in the incision, edge upward, glance the eye quickly over the animal to see if the knife is in a line with the body, so as not to thrust it on one side of the veins, and hold the handle so that the blade will point directly to the root of the tail, then with a firm hand thrust the knife quickly to the handle. If you follow these directions the animal will bleed well and die quickly.

Answers to Correspondents.

Parties addressing matters to this department, or any other, should pay their Communications. Answers will be given as space allows.

P. L's suggestion will receive attention. Your idea about the extravagances in that department we fully coincide with.

Cesar.—We care nothing what sort of specs Johnston has got. We cannot see through them, neither can Baby. We count him a dron in our bee-hive, and the sooner he is got rid of the better it will be for the commonwealth.

Ethiop must put up with his feelings. Livingston put up with your countrymen's and had to eat raw horse, and, if it was known, young niger too.

Sub, can be accommodated in our library. The book is out of print—that is, it can not be got in any bookstore.

Susan.—You lesson in natural history is a hard one, and we sympathize with you. All the consolation we can give is trust to time—the darkest day wears away.

Young Miser.—We think not. When you get five hundred, you will want five thousand. Misers generally keep scratching until the earth is scratched over them. True philosophy is to enjoy the work of your hands as time jogs along. Take a lesson from Nature—babies don't eat biscuit, nor men of old age pick bones.

Helen.—You are right. There are two Graces—the majestic and the familiar. The first belongs to commanding women, and the other to pretty ones; e. g. Minerva and Venus. Milton makes Adam and Eve fair specimens—

"For contemplation he, and valour, form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

A Boy.—We are afraid you are a bad boy. However, when your daddy commences to break every bone in your body, he has some work to accomplish. There ought to be, when you get your *wisdom teeth*, 248 bones to break.

Young-star.—Jupiter is the smartest. He tumbles a somersault once in 9 hours and 56 seconds; Venus takes 23½ hours, the Earth 3¼ minutes less than 24 hours, the moon (*lazy she*) takes 27 d. 7 hrs. 43¼ m. Mars 24 hrs. 40 m. Saturn 10 days 17 minutes.

A B C.—The English alphabet contains 26 letters, French 23, Hebrew 22, Persian 31, Turkish 33, Greek 24, Russian 43, Latin 22, Spanish 27, Italian 20, Tartarian 202, and Bengalese 21. The Chinese letters are words, or rather hieroglyphics, amounting to 80,000. Smart chap that knows his A B C's in that country.

John C.—Carat is a weight of 4 grains, and is used to express the fineness of gold. If gold was pure—which is *impossible*—it would be 24 carats. The finest is found at the mint to lack a grain of 24 carats fine. Therefore, John, if your watch and chain are 18 carats fine it must be 6 carats bad, that is ⅓ brass or other alloy. There is no such thing as pure gold, nor—anything else.

Margaret.—Absurd. If you are blessed as you describe, with a bright complexion, and large deep blue eyes, light brown hair and saucy nose, never mind your arms. Winter is coming, when you can keep them covered, and something may turn up before sleighing is over.

Briton.—A person with one parent English, or born in British dominion, or on board a British ship, is legally qualified to compete. Britain acknowledges all her progeny, and cares for them as well as a mother with such a large family possibly can.

Fifth Ward.—Yes, no time should be lost. Point out your men, see if they will serve, and we will print them, and see them put into harness. *Juo*, is hardly stiff enough, and K, though honest, don't know any thing, and might vote yea for nay in the hour of need. The other two are OK, but you must find out if they will serve. Your other ideas we agree with. Push!

A Proposal in the Sea.

We had a very long voyage of it, with the wind dead against us most of the way. I was not myself at all, and felt every day more and more miserable, owing to my increasing love for Margaret Willoughby—my little friend's name. She was the daughter of gentlefolks, who had died suddenly, in debt. To make it worse, I perceived that young Ensign Mauleverer began to fall in love with Margaret at the same time I did, and I was no match for him with his soft palavering ways. He was always boasting of his riches and family, and I am bound to say his face was pretty enough for all that. But I was determined not to be faint-hearted, and at last got so desperate that I told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife the moment we landed. She refused me, but in a way that cut her to the heart. My rival had been beforehand and wrung a promise from the poor girl. I felt he must have done so from the tears she shed. This was a finishing-stroke to all my misery. The vessel was now insupportable to me, so I slunk away like a guilty culprit to the bows where I huddled up on a coil of rope, shuddering at my utter desolation. The night came on and found me in the same position. We were tacking ship to clear Cape Breton—for the last time I hoped—when I heard a voice sing in the clear stillness of the night, "Fire! fire! fire!" I sprang to my feet. There was no mistaking the cry; so terrible was it that the blood seemed to freeze in my veins. I rushed on the quarter-deck, and as the cry came from the ship's stern, I looked that way and immediately saw smoke issuing from her side. I and the mate being near at hand, were the first to rush below into the after cabin. On the way, who should we meet but Ensign Mauleverer, staggering from the state-room, where he had been carousing with his companions—as pale as his shirt. He had grown quite civil all of a sudden, and said, "Good Heavens, Mr. Cherriton! what is the matter?" "The ship is on fire!" I answered. "Come and work like a man, there is no time to stand questioning." The mate, carpenter and I flew to work to cut a way into the hold; but before we could do so, the captain came to tell us that there were great tongues of fire leaping from the scuttle hole, and we were only adding to our danger. We therefore returned and commenced throwing water in the hold, all the male passengers working frantically. Even Ensign Mauleverer tore away like a madman at the buckets, until he was black as a sweep, and his whiskers singed off. In

the confusion the women had been forgot, in the cabin, and their shrieks were loud and piercing. I was afraid to leave my post to go to their assistance, least the people should imagine I had cut for it, and take panic. I said to Mauleverer, "Go and let the women out.—There's your own wife that is to be down there, she's in danger of her life." "Save her yourself, if you like," he answered; "win and wear. I'll have no millstones about my neck." The poor scorched mate took his place, and I rushed to the ladies' cabin. It was as I had feared, and I was not a moment too soon. The cabin was stifling with smoke, and the fire about breaking through. A crowd of women rushed shrieking past in their night clothes, calling on fathers husbands and brothers, and imploring them to save them. I had a guess where Margaret's berth was; and there found her in a swoon. I said nothing, but raised her in my arms, and made my way back on deck. There I found matters worse and worse—every one in wild confusion and terror—the fire making its appearance in different parts aft. Mauleverer came up and tried to pull her from me. I bade him stand off in such a manner that he did not need a second notice. At this moment the second mate and part of the crew were making off in the main-hatch boat, when such a number jumped into her that she was swamped, and all were drowned. When Margaret recovered, I endeavored to speak words of comfort to her, when she said, "Only don't leave me! only let us die together! I can die content if you do not desert me!" "Didn't I vow that I would never while life was in me. The whole of the ship abaft the mizenmast was now in flames, and approaching rapidly the fore-castle, where all were huddled together, awaiting our fearful doom. There was only one chance for any of us—the water—which I whispered to Margaret—where I could keep myself and her afloat for a while, and, by the blessing of God, some ship might see us and come to our rescue. Mauleverer all this time was looking with an idiotic stare. "Save me, Cherriton!" he said, quite deliriously. "Only save me! you are the best swimmer in the world. I will give you two, three, five thousand—." Here I and Margaret plunged into the sea, followed by Mauleverer, moaning "Save me! save me!" while clutching and doing his best to drown us all. "My life is all I want! save it!" We managed to get to a spar, thrown overboard, and a silvery voice whispered, "I care for only one thing—your love!" "Do you mean it, darling?" "Yes—for ever!" We were picked up half an hour afterwards." Here tea was announced.