

NEW



ERA.

Printed Weekly, }
25 cents a-year.

KINGSTON, DEC. 1, 1865.

{ Number 4.
{ Circulation 3000.

The New Era

Is 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.

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.

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.

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF PURE WINES AND LIQUORS. If you want your Scotch, Irish and Canadian Whiskeys, Port, Sherry, dry and fruity Brandy, 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 DC 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 or 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.

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

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 furs.

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

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.

A T 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 NEW ERA should be sent in, or left at Mr. G. S. Henderson's Book-Store, Princess-street, by Wednesday of each week.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE MEDICAL HALL, per Steamship 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.

Cheap meat is a commodity which, for some time to come, will probably be a rarity in Canada, in consequence of our cousins on the other side having depleted our stock. This has increased the price to such a figure as to make it be felt by all classes, but more especially the poor, on whom it can not fail to tell with the greatest severity. No doubt many a man lives and thrives without animal food, or with animal food eaten but seldom; still, good and wholesome food, as far as possible, ought to be within reach of the poor. Amongst the extreme poor, by whom meat is comparatively unattainable, a good flesh-forming substitute may be obtained by the free use of onions, cabbages, and other vegetables; but the price of such is about the same as meat. Altogether, things look dreary this winter for the poor, and we trust those that have to spare will deal it out with no niggard hand, remembering that we were all born alike, and in the grave there is no difference.

The best possible way to become very conceited, or to get the conceit thoroughly taken out of you, is to become an editor. It is interesting, and often makes us laugh heartily to hear how many people we have pleased, and how many we have offended. We can understand the displeasure of the Kingston press—none of their ideas having ever risen above a dollar bill in their own pockets, in forwarding the interests of the people of the place. The one calls "Old Granny," and the other "Old Grandfather," and that is the truest and highest pieces of intelligence at their command. The writing a police report by the one, and calling the poor unfortunates all sorts of bad names because they have no means of retaliating, and the discussing the best beer and magazine by the other, is appropriate; but the idea of writing on the politics, the institutions of the country, or any thing of import to the people, is simply a *ridiculous* piece of egotism—no body caring a *whiff* what they think about "The Last Days of Pompey," or any other *man*. We know that Baby is *sap-*

ping their dry bones a little, but they must not stab it in the dark, and expect to get off *Scot* free. The bright side of the picture is every way encouraging, and Baby can afford to crow at mean and selfish *things*.

ST. ANDREW'S FESTIVAL.—This gay gran' affair o' Scotia's sons cam aff wi' muckle joy last nicht in the City Ha'. Donal an' his lawlan' brithers, wi' a' their bonnie lassies, makin' sich an' imposin' sicht, that it was guid for sare een ta see't. The Bard's sang was sung be oor auld freen Aleck McKenzie, but na muckle ta the satisfacton o' mony ane there, or a' thegither ta the Bard's likin'. "We're a' John Tamson's Bairns" was sung be a gay clever chiel, ca'd Jamie Gildersleeve, but the heart was na' put intil't, and the guid auld Doric was wantin'. We thoct Tam wu'd ha' lik'd't better if ane o' his ain bairns cu'd ha' sung it. An' lookin' o'er the program, we were unca muckle amaz'd at the fa'in' awa' among the Scotch sangs an' singers o' former years. We heard, but didna' believe 't, that the Secretry had ta gee the printin' ta an auld chap ca'd Dr. Barker (an Englishman, an' ane that's nane o'er fond o' the Scotch), sa as ta mak up the list o' singers. Fra a' this, we ken that oor Scotch fo'ks, in the way o' singin' is growin' awfu' sma' indeed. There was na' a guid auld-fashion'd, heart-dirrlin' sang sung a' the nicht, and mair's the pity. The Scotchmen hereawa' dinna agree well at a'. The haf o' them are purse-pruid, an' the ither haf puir-pruid. This is the muckle truth o' the maiter, and canna be ganesay'd. Chiels wha didna ken sa muckle Scotch as a flech, just sang ony thing that cam in their puir heeds, never thinkin' it was the a gran' nicht o' a' the year for Scotlan's sons an' dauchters ta enjoy themsels wi' their ain country's sangs. Hooever, the callants had a fine opportunity o' showin' aff their kids and wais-coats afore sich a lot o' bonnie lassies, an' they didna lose it. A' thegither, it was a gran' success as a concert, but it wasna Scottish at a', at a', an', as we said afore, mair's the pity.

RECKLESS DRIVING.—Driving the printer's account out of your mind.

THE DISPATCH'S EDITORIAL.—Words that burn, and thoughts that kindle—the fire.

HOGGISH.—Why is a pig more intelligent than the *News*? Because he *nose* everything.

POLICE.—The reporter of the — before the Police Magistrate this morning. Same old story—light-fingered in taking notes the previous evening at St. Andrew's Festival.

A Cow's age can be learned from her year marks on her horns.

A Yankee strike—striking for their country and their homes at Bull's Run.

Creighton got the prize at the Double XX Porter Show; the judges having first got tight on Fisher's brewing. Hamilton will get a diploma next year—that is, if the corks don't fly out before the judges come round.—Dr Barker *wasn't* one of the judges—having a dislike to *alf-an-alf*. Try him with a *whole*.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

ENGLAND.—Special Atlantic Telegram to the British Whig (the only paper that gets the Montreal markets)—“The Ministry have taken your advice in filling up the vacancies, and organizing the new Government. Please send in your account, making it large enough to allow a generous discount, and continue in our confidence.—RUSSELL.

IRELAND.—The Fenians are still furiously forking over their fifties for flight to Canada—especially the O'Flanigans. [We have two prominent Flanigans in Kingston, but which is the O'Flanigan we can not tell. The one that spells his name with an *I*, may be him; but he has always an eye to the *financial flowers*, so there is no fear of his fifties going afloat.—Ed. N. E.]

SCOTLAND.—The Kist o' Whistles has at last burst forth its notes to Charlie with no uncertain sound, and wherever there was a pie made last night, Sandie had his muckle finger intil't. [Glorious country o' ours! how oor wame rumies at the thocht o' thy auld bicker o' brose, an' oor back kittles for the Duke o' Argyle—God bless him!—Ed. N. E.]

YANKEE LAND. We have now so much money that there is no end to murders about it. Cousin Canada will please take a lesson. [Mrs Canada does, and thanks! We haven't a *cint*, nor won't have, so there's no use in coming to see us this winter. P. S.—Bread and beer is *ris*, and you know where the beef, butter, chickens and eggs *wint*.—Ed. N. E.]

Answers to Correspondents.

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

Poor Man with large Family we feelingly sympathize with. If the bakers have joined together to raise the price of bread (which we can easily believe from the present price of flour), we would advise Poor Man, and every body else, to do their own baking. It will not require much extra fire during winter to do so, and by next summer the bakers may come to know that (like our brewers) a monopoly of the staff of life is not the *cheese*. We shall next week tell Poor Man how to make bread, cheap and good.

Jimmy Cheek, we're afraid, has more cheek than brains. Next time you have a quire of cream wove paper to spare, send it along *clean*. If you had read our Prospectus with more care you would have seen that such personalities are not in our line. Jimmy, folks in glass houses should'nt throw stones. The “poetry,” however, is amusing, and as it is appropriate to yourself, and, consequently, feelingly written, we give two verses:

I wud knot dye in ortum,
With peaches fit for eating,
When the wavy korn is getting wripe,
& candidates are treating,
Phor these and other wreasons
I'd not dye in the phall;
& sinse I've thort it over,
I wud not dye a tail.

I wud knot dye in winter,
When whisky punches fo—
When pooty gals are skating
Our fields of ice and sno—
When sassage meet is phrying,
& hickery nuts are thik;
Owe! who kud think of dighing,
Or even getting sick?

Hope has had a lover's quarrel, and asks our advice how to make it up. We quote a charming stanza for Hope's benefit—

“As thro' the field at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ear's,
We fell out, my love and I—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why—
And kissed again with tears.”

Robin.—More verses! Ah, Robin, we can not oblige you “just one time.” We're afraid “Jessie” would be after us with a *tickler*.—You must have been out with the tom cat “that night,” invoking the *news*, to write such stuff. Try the *Whig*; he prints for one named “Canada.”

Orator wants to be a good speaker—who does not? As a help, study Demosthenes, Pitt, Burke, Canning, Whately, and Gladstone.—Think over you subject well, divide it into heads, and practice talking to yourself—not in the street, mind you.

J. W.—What has come over our correspondents this week? No, it cannot appear—no personalities! See answer to Jimmy Cheek. You may have all the women in the country to *shoe*, and the men to *boot*, but you can not *snob* it through the NEW ERA.

Jenny, the line is from Sir John Suckling's (no relation to *Baby*) "Ballad on a Wedding" and runs thus—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like like mice, stole in and out
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fair a sight.

Alice asks whether husband or wife should black the boots. We would rather not answer that question. If husband and *Alice* are fond of one another, these little domestic concerns are easily surmounted.

Pat is smart, but we always knew that the *left* leg of a goose was the best. This part of the paper is not for conundrums.

THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

RIP VAN WINKLE, easy man,
Was gossiping and lazy;
Fond of drinking muddy beer
Until his wits were lazy;
Fond of lounging round his farm,
Instead of honest working;
Liked to smoke his pipe and chat,
The spade and hayfork shirking.

Rip's wife was dreaded as a scold,
And read him many a lecture;
But that he e'er improved a jot
Nobody could conjecture.
He blew a cloud, he drank his beer,
With Wolfe, his dog, went strolling,
And when the goodwife raised her voice,
A merry song was trolling.

This ne'er-do-well, so frank and free,
No inkling had of that skill
Which made his neighbors' farms so rich
Around the lofty Kaatskill—
Those mountains famed in Yankee land,
The Hudson river near to,
A spot to those of Dutch descent,
Its thriving children, dear to.

One day when Frow Van Winkle's tongue
Had rated him for drinking,
He took his gun, and with his dog,
Strolled up the Kaatskill, thinking;
For Rip that day was rather dull—
We can't be always jolly—
And blamed himself for giving way
So much to drink and folly.

He wandered on, unknowing where,
And, truth to tell, not caring,
Until he reached the mountain top,
Then wondered at his daring;
And while with straining eye he gazed
Upon the prospect round him,
Close to his ear he heard his name
In tones which quite fear-bound him.

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"
The voice was strange and hollow:
And turning round, he saw a man,
Who beckoned him to follow—
A short, stout man, in antique garb,
Wide breeches, hat and feather,
Who led him to a lonely place,
Where others stood together—

Strange, silent men, who gravely played
At ninepins, to his wonder,
And at each ball, the noise it made,
The mountain shook like thunder.
Rip trembled—he had never seen
Gamesters so grim and ghastly;
But when they offered him a keg,
He drank and liked it vastly.

'Twas right old Hollands, glorious stuff—
He drank and praised it roundly,
And swigged again, till down he fell
And snored in sleep most soundly.
When he awoke the scene was changed;
No ninepin players near him;
So cold was he, his joints so stiff,
His legs could scarcely bear him.

His hair was long, his clothes in rags,
He missed his dog so trusty,
And by his side, but useless quite,
His gun was lying rusty.
With tottering gait he reached his home,
Each step some wonder bringing—
King George upon the sign had gone,
And Washington was swinging.

His little girl, a woman grown,
A child in arms was holding;
His wife was dead—"Ah, well," tho't Rip,
"I shall escape her scolding."
Quite strange at first, his tale, when told,
Secured him friends in plenty:
It seem'd he'd slept for many years,
At least, they said 'twas twenty.

Long time he lived to tell the tale
(And make his hearers shiver)
Of Hendrick Hudson and his crew
('Twas he who named the river)—
Who in the Kaatskill mountains met,
And frightened who came straying,
By showing them the Dutch-built ghosts
At phantom ninepins playing.