

NEW



ERA.

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The New Era

Is published weekly (Thursdays), by Wm. LIGHTFOOT, and distributed to every household within the City, at 25 cents per annum, payable at the end of each year. Those unable to pay will receive it free. A sufficient number will also be printed to supply the market every morning gratis. Advertisements 10 cents a line; subsequent insertions 5 cents.

PROSPECTUS.

IN publishing the NEW ERA, the Proprietor has in view the supplying of that want which has been long felt in Kingston—a medium of communication between all parties—a *genuine advertiser*. It is well known that an advertisement, even when inserted in all the city papers, falls far short of the desired result—of informing the whole people. Now, this is what the NEW ERA proposes to accomplish. That it may be a welcome weekly visitor to every fireside, it will be the proprietor's care to insert nothing of a sectarian character; but endeavor to carry out in spirit our motto: "That man to man, the world o'er, should brothers be and a' that." Its editorial will be principally on city matters, of interest to the *whole* people and the general welfare, and only attack those abuses patent to all. The city taxes—their collection and disbursement—will receive a large share of attention. And as this paper will enter every house in the different wards, we trust to have some little influence at the coming elections, in directing the people in the choice of representatives who will honestly look after their interests.

The NEW ERA will contain all the news of the week, in a condensed form, with items on Science and Art, Mechanics, Horticulture, Agriculture, Commerce, &c., together with amusing anecdotes and pleasing sketches.

Now, a word to advertisers: Do you want all the people to see your advertisements? If you do, advertise in the NEW ERA! If you *don't*, don't. Perhaps you will say it is too small (or mean). Well, were you not once all little pug-nosed fellows, and now you are Al men (physically, we mean). From this you see that the little NEW ERA only wants *pop* to make it grow. You may say again, babies run great risk of dying. Yes, some are killed by neglect, and others through kindness; but as none of *this* family ever dyed through the last named complaint, we will warrant the NEW ERA don't either, and therefore leave its existence in your hands.

As the inside pages will not appear in the same shape again, the first number may be found worth preserving for future reference. Besides, we intend to make the NEW ERA so interesting that it will make a pleasant volume if bound at the year's end. A short but Thrilling Tale commences in next number.

The carriers are not allowed to sell a single copy, and should they fail in distributing it regularly, parties will please notify the proprietor. Single copies can be had at Mr John Henderson's Book-store. Wholesale advertisers allowed extra copies to *mark* and send to their retail customers. W. LIGHTFOOT.

(Bona fide specimens of Advertisements.)

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.

WANTED 200 Advertisers to nurse the baby NEW ERA. If full of the milk of human kindness, a golden recompense will be given every week.

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

WANTED to rent, one or two rooms, or a shop, in a good business locality, suitable for a Job Printing Office. Address WM. LIGHTFOOT.

FOR SALE, next spring, 4000 Triomph de Gand Strawberry Plants, 200 Dahlia Bulbs, and a number of Catawba, Concord, and Delaware Grape Vines. Leave you orders early with WM. LIGHTFOOT.

BULBOUS ROOTS, from Germany, consisting of Double and Single Hyacinths and Tulips, Duc Von Thul, (very early), Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquills, &c, in great variety of colors, at the Medical Hall.

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.

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 *Grand* 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.

The New Era.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 10, 1865.

FOLKS—Would any of you have two servants continually quarrelling and disturbing your domestic quiet without immediately getting rid of one of them? Assuredly you would. Well, in the employ of your great domestic concern (the Corporation), you are aware that a continual fight has been going on for a long time between two of your servants, and that it is impossible to receive good services under such circumstances. We therefore say that it is your duty, laying aside all personal or political bias, to look closely and calmly into this matter, and sack one of them through the honest Council which you must elect next year. Do not allow candidates to put themselves forward; it disgraces worthier men from serving. Let a few of you in each ward talk over your grievances, elect a committee interested in the city's prosperity, and let them bring forward your representatives on one ticket. Those men who have been circumspect in their own private affairs, who have acted honestly in dealing with their fellow-men, will always be found worthy of confidence. Politics, sectarianism, and even friendship, should have little control over your feelings in this matter.

LITERARY NOTICES.—The *News*—snuffy and six dollars a year. The *Whig*—puffy. The *Dispatch*—A sickly concern—attended to by the Doctor. The *Herald* that was—no hopes entertained of its recovery. The *Churchman*—the worst paid printer.

SKATING.—That life-giving enjoyment will soon pay us a visit. From the preparations being made by the hardware merchants we warrant a jolly season.

"SCOTSMEN ARE MEAN."—We quote the above from a strange pen. Had the libeller lived near Kingston he might have got a lesson from the present Court of Queen's Bench.

Humor is getting so dry in Kingston that a certain Dr. is talking seriously of making Jamie King emperor.

The dear corner—the one occupied by your sweetheart.

Foreign News this week is not very interesting—neither is Domestic.

An acquaintance you never forget—Dick Corbett.

To see the spirit of your dream—take sheep's head for supper.

That puts us in mind of an Irishman's bed on board of a vessel that we were acquainted with (the vessel!) "Bedad," says he, "you talk about hardships, but this is the hardest ship that I was ever aboard of."

That was a singular Irishman, but not half so singular as a fellow we know—he sleeps every night with himself.

Dr. Litchfield wants to see the subscriber that promised the NEW ERA five hundred dollars.

Our new Scottish University—the Penitentiary.

The spoon to nurse your wrath with—a horn.

The place to find a pike—the fish-market. (No allusion to the Finians.)

A hard stick—a printer's.

If you should see any thing funny give credit to "Punch."

Dr. Barker's latest—the dean in a tin-box—sardine.

Strange that you never meet the letter Q without U being in its company.

The reason we are a little in northern (higher) latitude this week is—we have been attending to a typographical case in the Court of Queen's Bench. We hope to see it settled—although not sanguine.

One or two things left for next week.

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

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

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

HATS, CAPS AND FURS, in great variety at S. HYMAN'S, Princess street and King street.

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.

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.

A Proposal in the Sea.

I HAD often wondered how a pair, at once so well and ill matched as Mr. Cherriton and his wife, had come together. They were both young, both handsome, and evidently English by birth. A brief acquaintance with them, however, made it apparent that they must have been educated in, and habituated to, very different kinds of society at some time or other. I was determined, if possible, to hear something of both their previous lives, so acting upon a hint which had fallen in the course of the evening from Mr. Cherriton's lips, I turned the conversation dexterously to the topic which alone could gratify my curiosity. In this I was strenuously supported by Tom Hickery. I noticed that our host looked anxiously at his wife, once or twice as we were talking and I fancied I perceived her eyes were wet as she looked into her husband's face when a direct allusion was made to the circumstances which brought them together. However after one or two uneasy sucks at his pipe, Mr. Cherriton looked us full in the face, and said—

"Well! I'll tell you how it all happened, if you like."

"Doso, William, if it will amuse our guests" added pretty Mrs. Cherriton; "and meanwhile I cannot possibly be better employed than in preparing supper."

In vain we argued against this proposition. There was evidently some meaning in it, and as the tears were again welling to her eyes, we were unable to say any more about it.

Mr. Cherriton gave us a cautious wink. Tom Hickery played with his pipe in silence, my own pleadings ceased, and Mrs. Cherriton withdrew silently from the room.

We all refilled our pipes, drew closer round the fire, and although Mr. Cherriton seemed rather surprised at his wife's sudden disappearance, he was true to his word, and began, as far as I can remember, as follows:—

"You must know, Mr. Edgar—I address myself to you as being the greatest stranger here—that I am a native of the old country—a Lancashire man born and bred. I emigrated out here when I was very young—quite a lad in fact—so I may be said in some sort to be more of a Canadian than most of my neighbors. But after all I am wrong here, for I didn't regularly emigrate—that is to say, come out here with the intention of remaining—till about four years ago. Still I must tell you how it was I came out at all, to begin with. I was the son of a blacksmith in

a village near B—, a man with a large family to support, of whom I was the eldest. Cotton-Mills were just coming into full swing when I was a growing lad, and capital wages were given to almost children. So my father, instead of putting me to his own trade, which I liked immensely, sent me off to work at a Factory. Now, there was nothing I detested more than a life of confinement and restraint. I tried to persuade my father that indoor work would never do for a big, hulking fellow like me;—but there was something he liked better than me—my wages, which he spent, much to his own satisfaction, in the village pot-house. He turned a deaf ear to all my remonstrances; and when at last I ran away from the mill to escape the wrath of a brutal foreman after accidentally deranging a piece of machinery, he gave me a sound thrashing, and sent me back to the mill. This I could not stand, so I slipped off and made my way to Liverpool, and begged for a situation as cabin-boy. There was a great want of hands at that time; so no questions were asked, and I started on my first voyage to New York. I had a queer, romantic idea in my head at the time of making my way to the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, and becoming one of the famous hunters of whom I had heard of and read so much. But it so happened that in the vessel in which I sailed, there was a farmer emigrating with all his family to Upper Canada. He took an immense fancy to me, and I imagined I was deeply in love with his black-eyed daughter. I did not require much persuading to abandon my original resolve and join his party. Accordingly, I went with him and served him faithfully for several years. The world did not treat me kindly. Julia's black eyes sparkled for somebody else, and I grew heartily sick of serving any master at all. Besides, the sons and I disagreed. So one morning very early I shouldered my axe and rifle, and determined to go and make a clearance for myself as a squatter. I had no money to buy— I was forced to work. I fell in with two young fellows as poor and quite as independent as myself; and then, alter a deal of distress, matters began to mend. In five or six years I became a sort of considerable farmer in those parts; for we had tracked our way out here to Lake St. John.

"Well I had just got into very tolerable circumstances, when I heard quite by chance of my father's death. The idea suddenly struck me to go off home, and see what had become of my mother and the children.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.—Dean Swift once said that Providence showed how little it thought of riches by the fools it permitted to possess wealth.—Goodness takes up no room.—The table of interest is the dinner-table.—Alms-giving never made any man poor.—The world is his who knows how to come round it.—The real *carte de visite* is a doctor's brougham.—When an error is committed good advice is remembered—too late!—Never open the door to a little vice least a great one should enter.—To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another, is moral treason against society. Idleness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes it. . . . Man wants all he can get, and woman all she can't get. . . . If you hear a man publicly boasting of his piety, look out for a hypocrite. . . . When a wife hugs her husband it is always because she wishes to get *around* him. . . . A good motto for young ladies when beaux don't toe the mark—Double or quits. . . . Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered. . . . The line on which most accidents happen—C.R.I.N.O. line. . . . Few people know themselves, because they find such a stud^d but little calculated to satisfy their pride or vanity. . . . An editor remarking on spiritualism, says, "We don't believe in any medium except the 'circulating medium,' and that has become so scarce that our faith in it is shaky. . . . The great American branches of labor are said to be, blacksmiths 112,357, carpenters 252,958, clerks 184,485, farmers 2,423,825, farm hands 785,679, laborers 969,306, miners 147,750, shoemakers 164,680, tailors 101,808, teachers 110,469, servants 559,908. . . . Grand'ma to Charlie: "Well, Charlie, and what have you been learning to-day?" "Pneumatics, Grand'ma! and I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out so smooth as grandpa's head?" . . . A blacksmith's epitaph: My sledge and hammer lie reclined, my bellows too have lost their wind, my fire's extinct, my forge decayed, and in the dust my vice is laid, my coal is spent, my iron's gone, my nails are drove, my work is done. . . . In a Chinese geography, just translated by Dr. Madhurst, we have this choice description: "The English nation is poor but powerful, and being situated at a most important point, frequently attacks the others. . . . Prussia and Russia are negotiating a commercial treaty. . . . The export of sherry from Cadiz for the nine months amounts to 34,000 butts against 55,000 in '64. . . . It is expected that Prince Alfred will be promoted to the rank of commander in spring.

THE FARM, &c.—Cattle fatten rapidly at this season of the year. Provide salt and fresh water abundantly, feed regularly, keep warm, and give occasional changes of feed.—The high price of butter should lead to feeding oil-cake, carrots and other roots, cornmeal, bran, pumpkins, &c. which will increase the yield.—Provide shelter for calves, and feed so as not to check their growth.—Feed cows well so that they may be milked longer.—To store corn leave it in the ear, and spread to dry.—The great value of fruit this year should lead to its careful handling, and keep in cool, dry, airy cellars, but not to freeze.—Guard against water standing on grain fields.—Cook feed given to fattening hogs, and add occasionally a few handfuls of charcoal dust: pork is better fattened rapidly than slowly.—To have eggs in winter, keep the hens in warm light quarters, well ventilated and clean, and feed regularly, never too much or too little.—Dig and house roots, or cover in pits before hurt by frost; carrots and beets are tenderest.

THE GARDEN, &c.—Make new beds of asparagus, and give old beds a good covering of littersy manure.—Cover beets and carrots with sand in the cellar to prevent wetting.—Take up cabbage and protect.—Keep frames open when the weather is mild, and look out for mice, who do mischief among seeds and plants.—Parsnips improve left in the ground; have a supply for winter in the cellar.—Make new plantings of rhubarb, as it starts too early in the spring.—Cuttings of currants or gooseberries may be set, and plant trees if the soil is well prepared.—Cover strawberries at the approach of frost with straw not too deep.—October is the best month for planting bulbs, but it may done yet.—Take up dahlias, gladiolas, tigridias, and others planted in spring, dry in the sun a few hours, and store in a cool place out of the reach of frost; they will keep in any place suitable for potatoes.—The hardy perennials, and in fact every thing you cover will come out all the stronger in spring from a few forkfuls of manure thrown over them. The tender roses that cannot be wintered inside bend their branches down and cover with a few inches of earth.—Root pruning is practised on dwarf trees to keep them small, and upon standards to induce them to fruit; the operation is to dig out a trench all around the tree, at a distance, say, of three feet from the tree if it is three inches in diameter, and more or less accordingly, then cut off all the roots that are met with, and fill in rich compost.

☞ Farmers in purchasing goods should let the merchants know where they saw their advertisement; it makes things pleasant.