

# NEW



# ERA.

Printed Weekly, 1  
25 cents a-year, 1

KINGSTON, NOV. 17, 1865.

{ Number Two.  
{ 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.

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

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

**WANTED 300 Advertisers** to nurse the baby **NEW ERA**. If full of the milk of human kindness, a golden recompense will be given every week.

**DULBOUS ROOTS**, from Germany, consisting of **D**ouble and **S**ingle Hyacinths and **T**ulips, **Duc Von Thul**, (very early), **Crocus**, **Narcissus**, **Jonquills**, &c, in great variety of colors, at the **Medical Hall**.

**GIBBERTON & YARKEE** have now on hand their **S**ingle and **D**ouble Steel Improved **Axes**, **Curtis & Harvey's D C Powder**, **Rope** of every description, and **Glass** and **Patty**, all cheap. Arrived 1769 pairs **English Skates**, and to arrive 740 pairs **American Skates**.

**WM. 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 price 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.**

**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.

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

**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 and **highest 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.

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

**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 **McNee & 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**, **Oxter**, **South Seal**, **Persian** and **Russian Lamb**, **Fitch**, **Siberian Squirrel**, **British Sable**, **Mock Seal**, **Rock Martin**, **Imitation Lamb**, **Mock Ermine**, and **Buffalo Robes**. Also received a fine assortment of **Ladies' Silk Hats** and **inter Caps**.—**Furs** made to order, altered, and repaired on short notice. The highest price paid for raw furs.

**NOTICE**.—We have concluded to allow the **Carriers** to charge a **half-penny** for each copy, as many prefer to pay in that way. Should the **Carriers**, however, 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.**

OUR readers this week, we doubt not, will discern (we were going to say *see*, but we got enough of that) an improvement in our ideas. Let us again, William, *tell* our advertisers that our object is to make *something* out of Baby NEW ERA, and that it is impossible to do so unless the *milk* flows spontaneously. We only want a single *quilt* of advertisements to make Baby comfortable until winter is over, and we wager *it* will be a pride and pattern to the rising generation, and a joy and comfort to the old folks' declining days?

The Carriers are allowed to sell the *Baby*.

THAT many of the *Press*, through ignorance, prejudice, or their own selfish interests, have done, and are still doing an immense amount of damage to our glorious country, by insane ravings about raids, Fenians, and annexation, may be seen from many a stand-point, and its fruit be partaken of by future generations. In fostering such a *Press*, the people are preparing rods for their own scourging. From an affection to our friends and to our country we naturally contract an affection for that form of Government under which we live; and unless it be particularly oppressive to ourselves, we come as naturally to prefer it to all other modes, whether it deserve that preference or not. Were the multitude, who are wholly incapable of estimating the excellencies or defects of the various modes of government, to become dissatisfied with their own, and rise in a mass to change it for the better, the most horrible consequences would be the result. Of this truth the late American war affords too melancholy and convincing a proof. The man, therefore, who, under the pretence of enlightening the public mind by painting to the illiterate, in aggravated colors, the abuse of the Government which has hitherto protected them in the enjoyment of our present unsurpassed liberties, is one of the greatest criminals if his views be selfish, and one of the worst reasoners if disinterested, that our imagination can conceive. This reasoning should apply equally to our City government, and had the lines commencing this article not applied to *our* press in a twofold manner (hiding the sins of their friends, and multiplying those of their foes), the subject following would not have been brought forward by us. Some day Kingston will possess a *Press* worthy of "The Art preservative of all Arts," but it is not yet—*by leagues*.

TAXES!—O! horrid word. Take away the T and you have the nabob's play-things! TAXATION interests every body, but none more so than the hard-fisted, ill-paid working man. His lot is a hard, hard one, and shows forth with horrid nakedness the fearful curse pronounced on Adam, and rivited through Cain, his son. The rich have oppressed him from time immemorial, and nature heaps up his burdens in multiplying his offspring. Philanthropists now and again stretch out a helping hand for his regeneration, but soon retire discomfited. It is also observable, that when any of these "hewers of wood and drawers of water" chance to float over the head of an unfortunate brother, through some subtle agency, the reins of oppression are clutched with twofold energy, and the lash is applied with manifold force.

We have been led into this train through a tax-gatherer (or *two*), whose work we fearlessly call in question. They receive a large percentage for collecting the taxes, and, instead of acting as worthy servants of the people should, they sit on their throne like some nabob in Eastern story, and issue their warrants—taking another dollar out of the poor man's hard-earned pittance, and putting it into a pocket, the mouth of which is without conscience. Now a question or two: are the taxes at the present time all collected?—will they be collected next month?—or next?—Then why is fish made of one and flesh of another? If the tax-gatherer's office was *invented* for such a purpose, why could the Chamberlain not issue warrants, and save *your* pay and the *poor* man's dollar to the city?

FOLKS (that's a good old word)—here's a Q, and here's U, and the next is to bed (my ery), but before I do so (you will notice *I* am talking personal) I will put *them* to bed: QUERY.

One of our subscribers does not appreciate sardines in a tin-box! We wonder if he can appreciate a *Finnin haddie* or a *Broomielaw partan*. Queer stom-aches some folks have!

Some of our articles last week had so many *pints* that they have not been *digested* yet! Hope they will get an *eye-opener* this time!

QUERY—Did Kingston build its *Press*, or did its *Press* build Kingston?—or did both put their heads together to build ———? the NEW ERA—a physical representative!

## LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Great Britain is still there notwithstanding Mrs. Fenian's threats. The Bank of Ireland is still showing its *Bill!* Herrings in Scotland this year scarce and mostly *afloat*.

France, and a few other islands farther inland, are saying nothing to nobody. Queer!

China and Japan are doing something in the tea line. The Emperor Chow-Chow has mounted heavy guns in Fort William, Calcutta, and barricaded Flag street against the outside barbarians—the British tars.

Our American neighbors across the equator are picking the bones of their late discontent, and——As usual——telegraph *burst!*

## OUR GALLERY.

O'RIELLY (JAMES).—The *head* among the *hard cases*. He *nose* something, and generally makes the jury *It*. Physic is strength even to a lawyer.

BRITTON.—Too much brain for bottom—and will wear out soon unless he skips a lesson in Law for one in Physiology. Rather inclined to be honest in his profession, but may eventually get over that *peculiarity*.

HENDERSON.—Our favorite picture. A little less activity and more *weight* desirable, although this is made up by partner.

Sir HENRY SMITH, whose weight the *Whig* is well acquainted with. Would make a good-looking judge, and not be frightened at a jury.

MCEWEN.—Rather dry and costive in ideas, but withal an honest-hearted fellow, who will doubtless improve with *practice*.

Among the coming lawyers we saw young *Hopeful*. The others will be taken next court.

Advertisers pictures will appear next week, and those who don't advertise *wont!*

"NEW ERA's *nurses* will hardly believe the fine times its father has (this is *Baby's Cruel* mother speaking, who has him *curtained* to *hide* his perfections). He's got to rise betimes to give the darling *pap*, (it's an awful child for that), then he's got to cut wood and fix the fires; then he's got to prepare *diapers* (it uses three thousand diapers every week, the darling!) then he goes to the *apothecary's* for *physic* (which, I must tell you, is now very scarce); then he's got to do *jobbing*, fix his books, and see that the butcher and baker don't *go past* without a *nod*, then, although not forgetful of the the *Graces*, he's got *nine* new *Lights* of the world (that is counting in *Baby*) to *foot*, and, to *cap* the *climax*, he says nothing about *hard work* only—it *don't pay!* Is n't he a duck!" If you had said a *goose!*

## Answers to Correspondents.

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

"*Apprentice*" should not. You are only going to loose your own good opinion, which leaves an opening for other unmanly things to creep in. Serve out your time faithfully.

Here's a question of another kind—"Jane" wants to know how it is that the women get married sooner in New South Wales than in Canada. Well, "*Jane*," we thought we knew every thing, but this question nearly puzzles us. We can only give this guess as the reason—the whole population last year were 400,000, and of that number the females represented only 160,000.

"*John C.*" wants to know something about Mazeppa. His history was originally related by Voltaire and made popular by Byron. Mazeppa was a page at the Polish Court, and was caught in an intrigue with the wife of the Palatine of Podalis. He was seized by the enraged husband, stripped of his clothing, and bound to the back of a recently-captured wild horse, which was turned loose on the Polish steppes. He was ultimately rescued.

"*J. J., jr.*" we are more at home with.—It is certainly strange to receive your letters and presents without acknowledging them. The young lady may be bashful—have some patience—perhaps she is trying how foolish a husband you will make by and by.

We can tell "*Mechanic*" that the Victoria Bridge is about two miles in length, and cost \$5,000,000. The nominal cost of the Great Eastern was \$2,000,000, but few know her real cost. She could carry 10,000 troops.

"*P. H.*"—Yes, wear gloves at a dinner party and while partaking of refreshments at a ball.

"*Clerk.*"—Attempting to check perspiration in any part of the body is dangerous.

"*Student*" has been studying too hard; a little more exercise with the body, and a little less with the brain, will get you rid of cold feet. Stimulants will *not* cure you.

"*Atma.*"—No! a deserter is a deserter on either side of the line, and only gets the company of missworn fellows like himself. If your "conscience is clear," keep it so, and be a Briton still. Who have not their troubles?

"*Trusty*" must trust us to have a little idea of our own on such matters. Too personal!

"*Fanny.*" your lines on "first love" are *not* quite up to the mark. Never write, and especially never print, any thing that would cause a blush in after years.

"*S. M.*"—Perhaps, some future period, but at present your suggestions are premature.

"*J. H.*" and others will be attended to.

## A Proposal in the Sea.

"I had a sort of yearning, too, to see the old country again; and at last the longing got so strong, that off I went back to England, leaving my land in the care of a neighbour under a capital Scotchman I had got hold of. He is now a first rate farmer about Ottawa River, and was only a ploughboy when last he saw the Clyde. 'Thought I,' as I set off, 'if my brothers and sisters are in the mill, they will be glad to come over to my place and breathe fresh air, and need never be worried again with the eternal buzz, buzz, buzz, of those wheels from morning till night.' And then I pictured to myself, my mother, duly installed as head-manager of a real farmhouse! But what do you think I found when I got home! My mother married again, and to the very foreman who had been the bane of my existence when a lad! Most of my little brothers and sisters had died in consumption, and those left were so wedded to the dull routine of factory life that they would not hear of going back with me to Canada. So I saw that I must go back at last as I came—alone. I tried hard to fall in love with one of the village girls, but I could not manage it. There was nothing in any of them to take my fancy, and I was not hard to please then. As for the factory girls, with their frounces and parasols, pale faces and ringlets, they absolutely frightened me. But time was pressing; I knew I should be wanted back in my own place, and to finish up matters I had a quarrel with my stepfather. He set to work one night and railed at my father as a drunken profligate that I was obliged to stop him. It was a dreadful scene, and I am half afraid I struck him, my old hatred having got the better of my discretion. My mother took his part, so I left the house in high dudgeon, and tramped off again to Liverpool. I resolved to embark in the first vessel, and determined in the bitterness of my heart never to return to my native land again. I was just in time—at least not too late, for I found that the *Ocean Queen*, bound for Quebec, had dropped down the Mersey with passengers and cargo aboard, and as the wind was blowing dead ahead, she was compelled to anchor until it shifted. I hired a fishing-boat to take me to the vessel. The boatman trimmed the sails and I steered, and as the tide was running very fast we sped down the river at a gallant rate, and soon came in sight of the craft. Her huge black hull was standing between us and a sky glittering with a golden sunset. The people like little black specks, hustled one

another on her decks. I can picture the scene at this moment. I tried to round her, and get alongside where the force of the current would be broken by the vessel. We had a severe buffeting with the gale, and nearly upset as we passed merrily under the ship's bows. We halloed for a rope, but all seemed so busy on board to attend to us. Guess, then, how surprised I was when, in answer to my fifth or sixth shout of 'Oh-h-h-hoy there! throw us a rope!' I heard a sweet timorous voice reply—'I cannot get any of them to hear you, sir. I will throw a rope myself if you are afraid of being drowned!' I was thunderstruck when I looked up. Gazing upon me was the sweetest little face I had ever seen in the whole course of my life. She looked down upon me long and anxiously, as if I were some dear old friend, and in distress. The whole affair was so strange—the clear girlish voice—our ludicrous situation—that I was fascinated, and forgot what I was about. A false turn of the rudder pitched our boat against the chains of the ship, the wind caught her sails at the same instant, that the little vessel canted suddenly to the water's edge, and boatman and passenger were plunged into the river. As the water closed over my head I heard a loud and piercing shriek. I was not very frightened myself, for I knew I was a first-rate swimmer; but I saw the poor boatman carried off immediately by the sweep of the stream, and I had to make to his assistance. He could swim also, but being an old man, his strength was fast leaving as I came up with him. The shriek had done us good, as the seamen immediately lowered a boat, without which we could not possibly have been saved. We were picked up, and the fisherman's smack captured and righted. The first object that caught my eyes on arriving on board was the owner of the sweet little voice lying senseless on a heap of tarpaulin. No one appeared to be attending to or caring for her. I went up to the captain and asked who were her friends. He said she was quite alone, and recommended to his care by a lady of his acquaintance. I never felt as I did at that moment; and, dripping with wet as I was, I immediately took her in my arms, and carried her down into the cabin. There was a young sprig of an ensign on board, going to join his regiment in Canada, who thought he would improve the occasion by being facetious. My answer was to the point, and I felt we should never get on together. 'If I don't have that bonny little creature for a wife,' thought I to myself, 'I'll never have a wife at all!'

(Conclusion next week.)