

SHOP FRONTS.

Shop fronts are daily "higher" raised,
Our master's "ire" as often;
Would they but raise our "hire" a bit,
'T would much our mis'ries soften.

THE SHOEMEN, POOR DEVILS.

NEW AND IMPORTANT BOOKS.

"The Railed Savage Men, with notes on the Gorilla, the tailed men of Africa, and Mayor Medcalf of Toronto."

"Penny wise (perhaps) but pound foolish; or, Westward Ho! and back again," By Captain William Stratton Prince, Chief of Police.

"Dunnebrown," a Drama, in three acts." By Messrs. Holton and J. S. Macdonald, with notes, critical and explanatory, by M. Dorion.

"The Bucknigger's Song Book." Containing the following favourite songs, words, and music: "I kill a chile de toder day," "I lub for to miscegenate," "White gals lub Sambo dresful well," "Dis nigger's berry sure of Heaben."

"The Menagerie; or, Records of the Council Chamber." Showing the identity of the present City Council of Toronto with the celebrated German "Veheme Gericht," or red brotherhood of the fifteenth century, with an enquiry into the use of Kilkenny cats, wrangling washerwomen, or combatant councilmen. (Calif bound.)

"The Pedigree Hunter; or, Modern Stud-book." Containing an accurate table of the descent of the noted Indian horse "Lightfoot," (the property of Alderman Baxter) from the Arab mare which the prophet Mahomet rode to Mecca, A.D. 732.

Attention!

"Our old friends," whom we have neglected making mention of lately, must not feel offended, or think we are forgetting them—not but that "the cold shoulder" is very refreshing this warm weather. It is our intention, unless they "turn over a new leaf" before dog-days are over, to renew our attentions, and walk into their affections indiscriminately.

O, Mighty Coalition!

Brown and Mowat are going in without opposition; but the Jona(h) of the Cabinet is likely to be thrown overboard. The people of North Ontario are tired of their political mountebank. He defeated Cameron once by accident, and through the treachery of a false friend, who basely sold himself to the tempter; but now there is a fair field, and we hope every honest man in North Ontario will vote for M. C. Cameron.

The boot(y) on the other leg.

The Northern accounts state rather dolefully, that "The Confederates, in their present Maryland raid, plunder indiscriminately." Example is deucedly contagious, and as the Southerners, by so doing, are only following the example the Northerners have set them for these last three years, why our friends at the North needn't wonder.

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

"It's gude to hae a friend at Coort,
Whin'll geede ye muckle help, sir;
It's gude to hae a muckle pouch
Well fitted wi' m'ale an' sulphur."

DEAR GRUMBLES,—The Semiannual Agricultural Horticultural Floricultural Mechanical Industrial Exhibition of Messrs. Baxter, Briggs, Tibbodo, Flanigan, and Wilson, came off here, in the King Street Wood Shed, last night, and never did the managers better sustain their reputation for knowing their own rights and daring to maintain them. The old shed looked as gay as a girl at a christening; all the big bits of bark and chips were nicely gathered into a corner, and the small ones raked level and tramped down. The roof and sides were nicely whitewashed, and the rafters fizzlejigged with paper gimcracks; in fact, in the graphic language of Josey's stump speech at the opening: "Hovery thin' wud ootility could devise, himmaginashun suggest, hand taste happrove, was 'appily combined in a grand focus, not forgettin' the ladies, dear thing." I verily believe, as my uncle Toby says, that the scheme of the managers, for boldness of conception and brilliancy of execution, is not to be surpassed by any undertaking short of an Asiatic or European fame. Old Larry, the North Star and shining light of the concern, was as busy as a weaver's shuttle, flying to and fro lest the judges should make asses of themselves by not awarding prizes to him. But to particularize is invidious. All the managers vied with each other in directing the judges aright, and they succeeded to a charm; the most entire satisfaction pervaded the exhibitors—I mean the managers—I mean the Judges—for each was *Polter*, and *Polter* was each, three in one, an inglorious Trinity. Subjoined is a list of the most important of successful exhibitors:

Agriculture.—Best Cow, J. J. Burrows; Best Calif, Charles Wilson; Best Steer, Peter O'Reilly.

Horticulture.—Best bunch of Carrots, M. W. Strange; Best Cabbage, J. L. Snook.

Manufactures.—Best assortment of Crockery, Noel Kent; Best Cradle, J. Parke; Best Office Furniture, P. J. Buckley.

Fine Arts.—Best Portrait in Oil, Sir William Allen; Second best, A. S. Kirkpatrick; Honourable mention, John O'Shea.

Water Colours.—Best Landscape, R. M. Wilkinson—Subject: "A Lucius on the St. Lawrence;" Second best, R. M. Wilkinson—Subject: "Provincial Penitentiary; Honourable mention, Messrs. Hope, Deacon, and Vandon.

Statuary.—Best work in Bronze, Sir Henry Smith; Second best, in Plaster, Alex. Phillips; Honourable mention, John Newman.

Armourers' Work.—First Prize, Wm. Mantou; Honourable mention, Tom Flynn.

MORE anon,

TEMPUS FUUGIT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUSSELL, Kingston.—Have received no answer to our letter. How's that?

P. C. A., Chatham.—Please remit.

OLD MAN, Quebec.—A few lines would be acceptable. Will see you in the "ancient capital" soon.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

Toronto, C. W., June 10, 1864.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Herald,

DEAR SIR:—This City is indeed a good school to learn the value and sincerity of British neutrality towards our glorious, self-sustaining, world-defying, Union. I have been here now nearly a week, have used my ears and eyes as your correspondent should do, and a more filthy Gomorrah of Secession was never anathematized by that truly Christian minister, the excellent Brownlow. The openly disgusting predilection of the inhabitants of this City for the South—and the Southern cause, is perfectly revolting. A man calls for a glass of beer in a Toronto restaurant—let him be ever so thirsty, before he drinks, he turns his head towards the South almost invariably, and utters a sort of formula, "God send them luck." An old hypocrite attempted to explain this away one day, by representing that the words were really "her's luck," and the turning round purely accidental, but I am not so to be deceived. All water pails are painted blue, formerly, (say four years ago,) they were invariably red! When pressed, the inhabitants themselves cannot explain this away. Southern wood is cultivated in every *parterre* and is worn in every lady's *boquet* in profusion. Formerly it was considered vulgar, "A Southerly wind and a cloudy sky," is the song at all sporting parties, and the Front Street bordering on the bay, I hear, is to be called Front Street! I have noticed particularly the houses now in course of erection. The front is generally Southwards, but if not, the back of the house is sure to face the North. This can never be accidental. A complimentary species of nick-name has, of late, come up for those young ladies who spend a great deal of time in promenading the fashionable streets and ogling young gentlemen Secessionists. These gay damsels are called "Beauregard's." Miss _____, a well-known belle of Toronto, is known as "the General," that is General Beauregard. I give one more instance. Two men, one described as a North countryman, were brought up the other day before the Police Magistrate here, for being intoxicated. The one, a Hamilton man, who was proved to have assaulted the police, was fined half a dollar and given six-months to pay that trifling sum. The other was fined fifty dollars! I attended, thinking the poor fellow might be a Yankee, but I found he was a Yorkshireman, from England. Great was the magistrate's confusion when I explained that the man, in effect, was an Englishman, and not a Northerner, as they had fancied. "I said 50c's," said the worthy dispenser of the law; and for that sum the North Countryman got off. But why relate these things? There is no need to inflame the already just wrath of the great Eagle, who sits calmly on her eyrie, waiting till the mist of the rebellion has floated away, that she may drive her powerful talons deep, deep, into this pestiferous hot-bed of smoking and violent secession.

NONES.

"Ice pitchers"
—An ice pitcher must be closely akin to a snowball thrower. They should be discouraged.