

SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

I am thine in ray gladness,
I am thine in thy tears,
My love it can change not,
With absence or years.
Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
My home it should be,
For its gloom would be sunshine
If I were with thee.
But the light has no beauty
Of thee, love, bereft,
I am thine and thine only,
"Thine over the left."

As the wild Arab hails
On his desolate way,
The palm-tree which tells
Where the cool fountains play;
So thy presence is ever
The herald of bliss,
For there's love in thy smile
And there's joy in thy kiss;
Thou hast won me—then wear me,
Of thee, love, bereft,
I should fade like a flower,
Yes! "over the left!"

THE DAVENPORT CABINET.

The Davenport Cabinet, (Davenport Brothers,) seems a more extraordinary one than the Coalition one at Quebec. If we may judge by the account of the marvels said to be enacted therein. It seems that our worthy Mayor, (with his usual sagacity,) first proposed that there should be a detective committee in order, as he expressed himself, to prevent collision; and he suggested further that the city detectives should be employed; but a doubt as to whether it would be proper to employ detectives to watch conjuring, flashed across his worship's mind, and he gave up the idea. A friend of his then proposed, (no other in fact, we are given to understand, than the talented editor of the *Watchman*), that the Mayor and himself should form a committee. "I'm *sangine*, I'm *sangine*, we should find," said the worthy Editor, "that Popery is at the bottom of the whole of it, and that them brothers is Jesuits." "Nonsense, Dick," said the Mayor, "'t would be degrading of ourselves for to spy out conjurers' tricks. I'm no conjuror," said his worship, truthfully enough, so that Committee fell to the ground, and another was formed of two gentlemen much better fitted, (we should say,) to detect any imposture. The entertainment was given and the committee were active. They opened the Cabinet doors and shut them, inspected and superintended the knotty point of tying the mediums—encouraging the ancient mariner who performed that duty, by quoting *in medio tutissimus ibis*, and then ensued a scene not equalled since,

"Hoigh, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
'And the dish ran away with the spoon."

The trumpet walked gravely out of the Cabinet and proceeded slowly down the platform, borrowed

a light from a spectator, and producing a handsome cigar case lighted a real Havanna, bowing gracefully to the spectators meanwhile, saying in a distinct and rather fast voice, "Bring me a pint of half-and-half from the English Porter House, in the pewter, mind, damme!" The bell stepped out on the table and taking a cane from the hand of a gentleman present, wrote the following in a good firm hand:—

"Two sons of Adam on this table,
You now can see, a *cane* and a *bell*."

The harp blunderig ungracefully along the platform to a lady's dress and very uncourtously only remarked, "That he was the harp of Tara's Halls and they couldn't expect any thing else." They then danced a four handed Scotch reel, the obliging and talented Editor of the *Watchman* making the fourth by the particular desire of Mr. Medcalf, and afterwards executed a beautiful "no Popery" dance, which *pas seul* was much admired. One of the two gentlemen composing the committee said that he had several times felt a ladies hand patting him on the back and in fact encouraging him, particularly when in his duty as a vigilance committee man he shut the cabinet door, but to so gallant and devoted an admirer of the fair sex as this gentleman is known to be, we think that a special notice by any female spirit is nothing to be wondered at. The committee men differed in their accounts of the strange bands which were protruded from time to time from the interior of the cabinet, one saying that the grasp was muscular the other comparing it to a pig's foot. Perhaps, the most singular part of the entertainment consisted of the flying guitar, which was announced as capable of carrying two people through the air. Some little hesitation was evinced at first, but Mr. Medcalf and Mr. Reynolds dared the risk, and were carried up and down the chamber with apparent ease. The Mayor said, on regaining *terra firma*, his feelings "were delightful," and Mr. Reynolds described the motion as most "perickler delightful," and so closed the entertainment. As a successful manifestation of spiritualism, this exhibition was, we think, decidedly a failure; as an extraordinary and impudent display of humbug, it was a very decided success.

North Ontario.

— Electors of North Ontario, now is the time for you to do your duty! Now is your opportunity to replace the shuffling "Jim Crow" politician who has so long misrepresented you, by electing an upright and honourable man, in the person of M. C. Cameron, Esq., to represent you! Canada expects that every man who is a loyal subject of the British Crown, in North Ontario, this time will "do his duty."

— We are informed, on good authority, that a prominent legal gentleman of the City has received instructions from the Government to take proceedings against two individuals, Grits of the first water, who have been holding back certain funds collected on the York Roads during the past year. More anon.

TOO LATE!

Too late! too late! the rain has come at last,
Sweet flowers! Ah! die not, and the help so near ye.
But ye are stricken with the fierce sun blast
And worn with watching; the faint earth is weary.
Fresh buds may spring again, with equal glory,
To die, as ye have died, withered by Fate.
Restore our youth! Why that's an old world story
As old as Genesis: Too late! too late!

WEST TORONTO IN A SHADE.

About 14 months since Mr. John McDonald promised the Electors that if he was elected for West Toronto, we should have no vacant houses, as he would bring Parliament to Toronto—that our taxes would be lower, as he would insist upon the Ministry which he supported and make them take the jail off the hands of the City, also in all cases he would support the interests of his constituents. Well, how has Mr. McDonald kept his pledges? First he suffered a ministry whose avowed policy was that Parliament should not come back to Toronto. Secondly, he was either too stupid or too careless to urge upon his friends the taking of the jail as a reformatory. And lastly, the City has petitioned, for two sessions of Parliament, to have Assurance Company's taxed, and for a Bill to equalize the assessment, but these matters were too trifling for Mr. McDonald, although he could find time to oppose the City's interests in the Water Lot question, also to write silly letters about "our unhappy and divided country."

A voice from the Commissariat.

— "We have them this pop, bet your pile on that! General Grant is a hero and a giant in war." We believe the gentleman who is the author of the classical sentence quoted above, is the Commissary General of the Army of the Potomac. An admirable judge, no doubt, of a bullock's flank, not so skilful, perhaps, in flanking an army; great on a salt pork question, but scarcely so learned in assault; a good judge of pickles, not sufficiently sharp to see that the Army of the Potomac is getting into one. As regards flour, no doubt a second Marshal Saxe; as to boots, another Blucher; but a capital provision general by no means indicates a general prevision.

The Alabama.

— This noble little "Southerner" has, after a most remarkable career,—to use the words of our expressive friends on the other side of the lines—"kicked the bucket." Never before did any war vessel inflict so vast an amount of injury to an enemy as did the famous "290;" and it has been the surpris of every one that the United States, with all their vast maritime resources, were unable to destroy or capture the "terror of their merchantmen" ere this. As it is, her fate is worthy of her. Daring characterized her from the beginning, and daring her end. The combat was unequal, but she did not shrink from it. And it is, at all events, a source of satisfaction that her noble and gallant commander will have another opportunity of meeting on better terms of equality the "Kearsage," or any other "pot" of the United States Navy.