

The Decline and Fall of London the Less.

"Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed."

From *The London Free Press*, August 1, 1863.

It is now only three weeks since the military shook off the dust of London from their feet, and alas, what a fearful change has passed over our fair city. Ruin and decay every where stares you in the face. Oh, Bowles! Bowles! this is terrible retribution. No longer through Dundas street roll luxuriant equipages with the fair unmarried daughters of the upper ten. There are no heroes now, the rattle of whose swords upon our sidewalks thrilled the tender susceptibilities of the fair. The pork-pie hat, the Balmoral skirt, with its attendant liver, and all the other little artifices of the matrimonial stock-brokers have disappeared. Even crinolines is shrivelled up in this "winter of our discontent." The Crystal Block is almost deserted. No longer do the farmers' female hopes linger wistfully in the gay streets of the city. The nurse with her perambulator is seen but seldom, for the red coat and green facings of her dear "63," have vanished from her sight like the happy dream of one who wakes from shadowy joys to toil and sadness. The lights burn dim in the shebeen shops, and the sound of martial revelry is heard in them no more. Thirty licensed victuallers have voluntarily "shuffled off this mortal coil" in despair, and the only consolation left us, is that whiskey is less adulterated than of yore. The measured tread of the piquet no longer strikes upon the ear of night. The grass grows thick upon the streets, in spite of the efforts of the cows to keep it in subjection; pigs wallow with impunity in the mud, and the geese hiss contemptuously at the hapless denizens of our city. We have no New Zealander in our immediate vicinity, so we must content ourselves with an "aboriginal Indian," and cannot help thinking, that gone the red man will stand upon the broken timbers of Westminster Bridge, (which is already going to the bad) and sketch the ruins of Robinson Hall; or, perhaps, waiting for the afternoon train, at what will then be only a flag station, him for the instruction of posterity the tottering walls of the Tecumseh House. There is one comfort, the rude cause of our desolation has suffered as well as we. Cornish is now only second engineer to a threshing machine, he drives the horses outside the barn. But enough of this, what is to be done in the premises? Business is suspended, ruin stares us in the face, the Sheriff's office is stacked with writs of *fieri facias*, and the public creditors themselves threaten to seize the whole city. Let us make one last effort to emerge from the sea of trouble or perish in the attempt. Carling, to the rescue! When trouble is brewing in the city, you ought surely to exercise your business talents on its behalf. "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," but first of all pay for your paper, ye Canadian Cockneys. Bowles! Cornish! O Sir Fenwick, the inexorable.

Verdant.

—Hon. George Brown stated at the St. Patrick's dinner, that when he was in Britain he took a long roll on the grass. The area he covered must have been "prodigious;" we only hope he did not bring home any of the colour of it on his person.

St. George's Concert in St. George's Church.

We dined an hour earlier, put on our most clerical necktie, and our best "go to meeting" manners on the 26th, to go (at the unusually early hour of half-past seven) to the Concert in St. George's Church. We entered with our customary good behaviour (reading the makers name inside our hat, which Mr. *Punch* informs us is the way all religious people enter a church), and having sat down most respectfully with our back to the altar, we began to prepare ourselves for the awful solemnity of the occasion! Just as we thought Dr. Fuller was about to say "Let us pray," he requested the persons in the Auditorium to refrain from applauding as much as possible, and of course, being of an obedient turn of mind, we congratulated ourselves upon the probability of not bursting our new kid gloves—and didn't. Everything went off well, with one or two exceptions—one being the fact, that the organ was very much out of tune, which made the singers in most cases sing ditto. During the intermission, a gentleman, whose name did not appear in the programme (and whom we first took to be a tuner), sat down to, or rather "squared up" to the organ, and from his manner—which seemed to convey the idea that all would be right now he was there—we naturally thought that he was about to regulate the stops, or do something to conduce to the better delivery of the sounds, which so far had been anything but harmonious or agreeable.

Contrary to our "Great Expectations," however, after he had extemporized for some time to his own edification (for it was certainly not ours), we arrived at the conclusion that he was merely amusing himself with a few extempore bars. It's a pity his performance was not put in the programme, for then we might have known what he was aiming at, with this innocent organic attempt which was given with much "abandonment," and only required a little more "Accarezzevole," and entire "Abkuzungen," to render this gentleman's effort quite captivating. We thought every two or three bars he was going into something, instead of which he went into nothing, and very properly stopped there.

Our little favorite, Miss Kate McDonald, sang as usual charmingly. In fact, we regretted much that we were not allowed to give proof of our great approbation of her sweet and exquisitely rendered solos, "With Verdure Clad," and "The Infant's Prayer." We would willingly burst a dozen pair of kids to greet our "Little Kate." Mrs. J. G. Beard, Jr., also deservedly won our royal favor, inasmuch that the lady possesses a fine sympathetic voice. Mr. Farley (as he always does whenever he is in a programme) gave us several rich vocal treats, and as everybody else appeared to do their best, gallantry forbids that we should grumble. We cannot conclude, however, without grumbling at not being allowed to exercise our own "Dasso Buffo" in "God save the Queen," since the conductor would not permit the audience to sing the chorus, but cruelly cut it out! When will Englishmen know their national anthem? Echo answers, "When."

ROYAL LYCEUM.

We beg to call special attention to the fact that Mr. George Evans, the talented artist of the Lyceum, takes his farewell benefit on Tuesday evening next. He will be assisted by several popular volunteers, and we trust that he will have a bumper house.

London Junior.

—Why is the Mayor of London, Jr., peculiarly unfortunate? Because he lost by his game at Bowl(s). Why is he very fortunate? Because he made a "strike" at Bowl(s). The author of these wretched conundrums keeps a ten pin alley.

Genealogical.

—Mr. Cartier will have it that he is descended from Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, and is in high dudgeon if any one disputes it. We shouldn't wonder if it be true, but the descent from the navigator to the politician is a very great one indeed.

The Evils of Intemperance.

Sir F. Williams, of Kars, (as the *Globe* carefully adds, as if the defence of that stronghold were a reproach to the General), ought to have taken the Mayor of London's name into consideration before he censured them so severely. It may be true that he was unusually "corned" on that occasion, but it is an undoubted fact that he is known to be always Corn-ish.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICES.

FOR BOOKS, STATIONERY and PERIODICALS, the Cheapest and Best establishment in Toronto, is that of friend G. A. BACKUS, near the Post Office, Toronto St.

Agents and Canvasers should apply early for samples of Brookes' & Rodds' Patent self-measuring and self-ventilating Funnel, 27 King Street West, Toronto, P.O. Box, 659. Sample forwarded on receipt of \$1. Liberal terms.

WARNER'S SOIREES.—We are pleased to see this well-conducted place of amusement so well patronized by our citizens.—The fine vocalizations of the Newton family, and of Little Ivy especially, are excellent, and enough to draw a crowd anywhere. Beyond this, the enterprising proprietor has also engaged Mr. Aiken, already, probably, known as a good Vocalist and Pianist.

JUST RECEIVED direct from GEORGE NEWBOLD the celebrated print publisher, of 363 and 364 Strand, London, England. Life like photographs of TON SAYERS, JOHN C. HEBNAN, JEM MACE, TOM KING, JOE GOSS, JEM DILLON, JEM WARD, HARRY BRUNTON, JACK McDONALD, BOB TRAVELS, ALIC KEENE, NAT LANGHAM, and every other Puffist in England. All the above are full size, in private dress and fighting attitude, framed and unframed. Specimens may be seen at G. E. H. HARRIS and G. A. BACKUS' NEWS DEPOTS, TORONTO.

Those that are first in the market with their commodities are always those that reap the most advantages, and draw the largest custom. This may be truly said of E. R. & Co., 35 King Street West. Their papers, English, American or Canadian, are invariably in advance. They have lately introduced BOW BELLS, the PENNY ILLUSTRATED, and the HALF-PENNY MISCELLANEOUS, and the PENNY JOURNAL, which far surpasses American story papers. No one should pass E. R. & Co. without purchasing a sample, and certain it is that, when it has been perused, it will give so much mental pleasure that the easy work of purchasing other papers will be reported.

THE GRUMBLES would heartily commend to the notice of its million and one readers, the excellent arrangement at the Torrarin. The enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Carlisle and McCorky, are doing everything that possibly can be done to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on them. Their attention and urbanity are not the least of the many attractions to pay a visit to their establishment, which surpasses anything of the sort in the City, or even in Canada. Dinners and Suppers are served up on five minutes notice, at most reasonable charges. A musical entertainment takes place every evening, in the handsome Hall of the Torrarin, under the patronage of Messrs. Bird and Harbortock.