

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY SUBMUNDANE TELEGRAPH.

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE.

TERRIFIC ENGAGEMENT.

IMMENSE SLAUGHTER.

VICTORY OF THE CONQUERORS.

DEFEAT OF THE CONQUERED.

Through the medium of the submundane magnesia telegraph, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in advance of all contemporaries, the particulars of another sanguinary combat.

Tuesday, 21st June, at 6 p.m., the main body of our army, comprising the York Field Battery, had a brush with the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief, Count Helliwell, gave the word of command to the battery, left wheel into line, advance limbers, oil trunnions, shake swords—forward. The enemy's position had not been completely ascertained, but from reliable sources of information it was supposed they were secreted behind two pine stumps on our right.

A brigade of the Yorkville Cavalry, under General Denison, was detailed to scour the country and uncover the enemy, which was successfully accomplished. With the exception of two men placed hors de combat in jumping the Creek, and the loss of a horseshoe, two helmets and a meerscham pipe, the gallant troopers suffered triflingly.

The main division now came into action, opening with a terrific cannonade that lasted eight minutes this destructive fire forced the enemy to retreat to their line of fortifications, where they took up a strong position on a snake fence. Our army endeavored to ford the creek and drive them from this commanding position; but, it was so much swollen from being made the receptacle of two tubs of dirty soapsuds treacherously poured out by a neighboring washerwoman (bribed thereto by the enemy), they were compelled to relinquish the attempt.

They retired, however, in good order.

Darkness coming on, both armies retired. It is confidently expected that the combat will be renewed on Saturday, and "expectation stands on stilts" to see that bloody day.

From an accurate computation made on the field the loss is estimated at 5—panes of glass, 4 swallows, and a hedge-hog.

Lieutenant General Patterson's moustache was terrifically siged from a match in the hands of an artilleryman.

Lieutenant Frank Joseph was mortally—frightened.

Major Cull, slightly—kilt.

The plan of operations for next combat will be settled by Council of War, to meet at the Torrapin on Friday.

TEMPERANCE.

The Hon. J. E. Vinton has been enlightening Toronto on the Temperance question. He delivered a public lecture in the Temperance Hall, on Thursday evening, which, the papers tell us, was prefaced by prayer. We were not present, but from the published reports, the lecture must have been a sublime thing. Before going into the marrow of the subject, he congratulated those present on the rather novel fact that—

"Temperance people rejoiced in the extension and dissemination of the principles of temperance."

This no doubt is a matter for congratulation, and we shall not quarrel with the temperance people for monopolizing all the joy arising therefrom. The lecturer next claims some special merits for temperance people, or to use his own expression for those endowed with this "god-like virtue." Wherever temperance was adopted, he says:

"The standard of morals was elevated, the mind was enlarged, and man approached nearer to the similitude of that Great Being, in whose image he was originally created."

This sentiment conveys a neat and delicate compliment to those benighted individuals who do not belong to the Temperance Association. The general prejudice is in favour of allowing elevated morals, enlarged minds, and other good qualities to many who have not the honor of belonging to the Temperance Association. But the Hon. J. E. Vinton will have it that those qualities are the special property of the members of the Temperance Association.

In order to clinch the matter of selling grog, and prove incontrovertibly that it is wrong, the lecturer asks three questions, the first of which is a specimen of the three:—

"Don't the business of liquor selling as such, cease to be a business the very moment it ceases to tempt men from their lawful callings, to the grogery—to make idle and worthless loungers of them—even criminals?"

We certainly will not attempt to answer the questions. But we should like to know, if it is not a business, what it is?

On the whole the lecture was a good specimen of the ridiculous, bombastic style adopted by American orators. And the "God-like virtue" of Temperance is only injured by such nonsense. By the way, which of the Gods do the temperance people claim as a teetotaler. They cannot claim Love. Perhaps they claim Bacchus!

A MIGHTY POEM NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A recent number of a British Review, in a criticism on Hiawatha, and American poetry in general, asserts that no great poem has yet been produced by a native of this benighted continent. Pondering deeply on this remark, during a recent stroll in the classic shades of Brooks' bush we determined to remove the slur as soon as possible, or earlier if convenient. Scarcely had the resolve been formed when we found ourselves on the lake beach, near the bend of the island. The view from this spot was calculated to awaken feelings of awe and sublimity in the mind of the most illiterate heathen. Fancy then its effect upon the vivid imagination of

an ardent worshipper at the shrine of nature. To our right the slow but irresistible current of the Don swept silently under the Grand Trunk bridge, and past the machine step, out into the magnificent bay that forms the Southern boundary of our fair City. In front the placid waters of the Lake, extended interminably, bearing on their surface a mighty fleet of scows laden with cordwood. On the gunwales of these vessels, each with a short duceen between his teeth, sat the weather-beaten skippers. But why continue the description; prose is all too weak a medium for the conveyance of our feelings big with the prospect of future glory for ourselves and country. O that a fate so brilliant should be marred by an unhappy accident! Weaving the circumstance into verse may afford us some slight relief by obtaining the sympathy of our million and one readers. So here goes:—

Slow sank the sun above the golden west,  
And scarce Ontario heaved his billowy breast;  
And were it not that on the pebbly strand  
A ripple broke, in which I dipped my hand  
And felt his mighty pulse, I would have thought  
That worn by tempests—which so oft had wrought  
His waves to fury—his great heart was dead  
And that no more he'd shake his crested head.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'd wandered first and from the bench I rose,  
The banks to clamber, that I might repose  
In some lone nook, and their communion hold  
With nature, and her varied charms unfold.  
Beneath a giant elm, a moss-grown stoop  
Half buried lay, I sat me down alone,  
Thinking if Pope had seen the landscape here  
His " Windsor Forest " were not half so dear.

Enrapt I gazed, and offered up a prayer  
Unto the Genius of a spot so fair—  
A prayer for language, that I might convey  
The thoughts which filled me in my book away.  
She seemed to answer, words in measure came,  
Smould'ring ideas burst at once to flame;  
And now, I cried, whole ages yet unborn—  
Delightful thought!—shall listen to my song.  
I grasped my pencil, and the paper spread,  
But could not trace a letter with the lead.  
(Some hint that it found lodgings in my head,  
Not so: some demon had my pathway crossed;  
His polst was broken and my penknife lost.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We beg to call attention to the fact that Mr. Schreiber Colburn street, has just received a fresh supply of the finest Lager Beer. It is, without doubt, the finest in the City, and to those who desire a mild and refreshing summer beverage, we unhesitatingly recommend it. Mr. S. is exceedingly attentive and affable to his patrons, his house is kept in the best and most orderly style, and none of our readers will regret it if, following our advice, they give him an early call.

The lovers of cool and pleasant summer drinks can not be better gratified than in testing the excellent Soda Water, manufactured by the Milligan Brothers, at Mrs. Cook's Confectionery Establishment, Yonge Street, and supplied to all the principal saloons of the city. We can speak in high terms of this beverage, and hope it will be extensively used.

The attention of our city readers must on this have been called to that stately edifice erected on Bay Street, a few steps below King Street, known as "The Athenaeum." Mr. Prevett into of the Russia House, is the Lessee of that portion of the building devoted to a Restaurant, and from his well known ability as a caterer, his long experience both in England and in this country, we are persuaded he will give satisfaction. His selection of liquors, cigars, &c., is of the best class.

THE GRUMBLER

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