

THE GRUMBLER.

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WHOLE No. 32.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede you tent it !
A cife!'s among you tinking notes,
And, faith, he'll patch it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

(Special-despatch to the Grumbler.)

SAN JUAN, Sept. 1859.

Yesterday the American Army, under the command of Generals Scott and Harney, attacked San Juan, and after a hard fight took it at the point of the bayonet.

The following are the particulars as far as we yet have learned them:—

At an early hour in the morning of the 18th Inst. The American bugles sounded to arms, upon which the soldiers to a man took to their legs, and, shouldering their arms, were soon in attacking order. General Scott soon arrived on the ground, and as each one of his attending officers carried a large flambeau, in order that the general might see to avoid the ruts which infested the badly made roads, he may, with all truthfulness, be said to have been attended by a brilliant staff. The troops were reviewed shortly after 5 a.m.; when General Harney addressed them to the following effect:—

"O great American soldiers bearing almighty sway from the pole to the sky* a great day is about to dawn upon you. Through the struggling mist you can already behold that place once sacred to liberty, and the stars and stripes—but now alas, in the possession of your natural born foes, and consequently the natural born foes of all that is good and holy in the earth beneath, and in the sky above.

"You must take that place by storm, oh Americans! Our native eagle is ready for the swoop. Already I see him whetting his bill and sharpening his talons, in order that he may spring upon the foe, and gorge his empty stomach with the carcases and fixins of the vile Britishers.

"Oh Americans, you are a great nation, that's certain! There never was, neither is there, nor never will there be a nation so valiant in arms, so gentle in love, so almighty in science, so resistless in eloquence, so great at everything, from ballooning up to repudiation, as the free and enlightened, filibusterin' American nation.

"If I wanted to raise your dander in an uncommon manner, I could easily do so—but then you would be for skivven over to the other side of the Atlantic, and lickin' common sense into the tar-nation, thick hide of old John Bull himself. No! I

won't raise your dander. But to stimulate you to high and heroic deeds—to teach you to be merciful to your enemies arter you lick them, I will point your attention to Caines Look at the deeds of valor performed by our army and our flot at China. John Bull was rowed up Salt Lake pretty quick there. But America was received with open arms. Our Minister was received at Pekin, the English minister at Pehoi!

"Go to American soldiers, and lick your enemies."

The effect of this thrilling oration on the American army was of the most astounding kind. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The standards were displayed, the "stars and stripes" were unfurled, and the attack commenced. A murderous fire was opened upon the devoted Island, under cover of which the Americans effected a landing on a deserted and wild part of the Island. Up to this time not a sight of an enemy could be had, save a goat and two Jerusalem ponies, which the army charged en masse, and captured at the point of the bayonet.

After this the army was arrayed in marching order—the capital of the Island being its destination. After a long march, during which not a living being was visible, the Capital of the Island, to use a nautical phrase, "hove in sight." Preparations for siege at once commenced. The cannon and mortars were ordered to the front, and soon opened a murderous fire on the city. Still none of the enemy dared to show their noses. The city was then ordered to be regularly invested—an operation which was performed with little bloodshed, as the enemy never fired a musket, and the besiegers numbered 3,000. As soon as the place was completely surrounded, the American fire was redoubled. The effects were soon seen.

The fortifications were battered down, every building in the city was demolished, in fact a complete victory had been gained by the Americans. Up to this period, however, not a single enemy ventured to show his audacious nose. Upon this the Americans waxed wildly valiant, and an assault was immediately determined upon. Prayers were said in the camp, two hymns were sung, the troops liquored, and at the given signal, the entire army, with a roar like the voice of thunder, rushed into the devoted town. The troops which rushed in at the east side, headed by General Scott, continued their victorious career, until they met the troops headed by General Harney, continuing their victorious way from the west. In their ardour the two wings were near mistaking each other for the enemy. Indeed, so imbued were the troops under General Harney, with this belief, that at least one body of the division turned round to run away as soon as they caught sight of each other.

Discovering their mistake, however, both divisions pressed on to the north side of the town, which was reported to be the British stronghold.

Soon the enemy appeared in the distance. A halt was instantly called—the troops were strictly enjoined not to allow their good nature to overcome them so far as to run away. Meanwhile the enemy had also halted, and seemed disposed to make a retreat. Upon this the east and west wings bore down upon them with resistless fury. This was too much for the enemy. They instantly abandoned their guns, threw away their luggage and fled. The victorious army pursued immediately, when lo, just as they caught up with the flying foe, it turned out that they had been chasing their own countrymen; who it appears had committed the same mistake as the east and west divisions, and who would doubtless have displayed as much bravery as their brethren if they had such generals as Scott and Harney. The victorious armies now formally took possession of the city, and of course the Island. Upon investigation it turned out that none of the American army were killed or even wounded, which can only be accounted for from the fact that there was not a single musket found on the whole island—except those the invaders brought with them.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The man who tried to read by "the light of his countenance" was compelled to have a shade on it.

The man who gave measure by his "weight in society" has been ficed by the inspector for having a light standard.

The individual "who is generally looked up to" has by way of variety consented to be "looked down upon."

The "man of standing" was last week discovered lying. It is generally believed he belongs to the Editorial Staff of *Old Double*.

The Rum fellow has immigrated from Jamaica on account of the Poll tax.

We regret to say the health of "Old Tom" has not been improved since his trip to "Holland."

DE LAVE'S FEET.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the papers that Mr. De Lave attempted to carry a man over the Gensseo Falls and fell down on the rope, narrowly escaping drowning himself and the man on his back.

Now, sir, when De Lave left the shore and could not keep his feet, but came very near leaving himself in the water, and very likely leaving himself there also, how can you or anybody else call the performance a great feat? I wout deny but that De Lave may have great feet; indeed it seems to me that he has great feet—a great deal too large for rope-walking.

Yours truly,

AN ENQUIRER.

* The General must be an Irishman. [Ed. G.]