

# THE GRUMBLER.

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NO. 9.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a'your coats  
I rede you tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1860.

### ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY. GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

SANDY HOOK, 8th May, 1860.

The most illustrious the Ambassadors from Japan arrived at the Hook this morning in the Japanese steamer Scorr Kaudis-carry-marry-wurry. This long and anxiously expected event was announced to the citizens of our own great and progressive Republic by the booming of the guns of United States Frigate Bowhattan, which fired a salute of thirteen guns in honor of this unprecedented arrival. If ever there was an occasion when an American felt proud of his country—proud that he was an American citizen, it was when the Japanese Embassy were going ashore with the cannons of three American men of war thundering away—celebrating an event which no nation upon the face of the globe had been able to accomplish.

The grumbling Lion of haughty England and the double-jointed Vulture of France may alike become prostrate in the dust, before the mighty uncaged American bird, whose flights in the atmosphere of diplomacy take her out of sight of the benighted eyes of the falling and decaying despotisms of Europe.

It were a task worthy the quill of the immortal historian to chronicle this advent of the enlightened Japanese in our country—the only land on the face of this globe or any other, on which they have condescended to press their illustrious shoes. And we are bold to say, that this is an honor that they will not confer on any other.

The United States Frigate Jumper bearing its noble freight steamed up the Sound, with the Stars and Stripes on her jib-boom-poop, and the royal Japanese Ensign on her oft-gallant-spunker, amidst the deafening acclamations of the multitudes on shore, and the thundering sounds of the six-pounder at Fort Hamilton.

As the royal party neared the shore the enlivening harmonics of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle became audible, the Screechtown and Manhattan brassbands having been specially engaged by the authorities constituted to give effect to the arrival.

The greatest delight was expressed by the principal members of the Embassy at the brilliancy of their reception. The music affording them much pleasure and astonishment.

Immediately on their arrival there a splendid lunch of Sandwiches and cold whisky was provided, to which ample justice was done by our own officials; the Japanese being an abstemious people ate very sparingly.

About two hundred tons of presents for the President have been brought by the Japanese, consisting chiefly we believe of fire-crackers, sky-rockets, wheels, and rope mats. These are carefully guarded by a detachment of Japanese soldiers, who never sleep but watch their treasure like the winkless dragon of Wantley.

[The dress and appearance of the illustrious Strangers will furnish us with an article for our next issue.]

### DOWN BY THE LONELY WELL.

Down by the lonely well,  
Whose waters, cool and clear,  
It's rippling bosom swell  
Brings back to me a tear:  
For once a gentle maiden  
In beauty there did dwell  
In that sweet, quiet valley,  
Down by the lonely well.

Too rare, too fair, a flower  
To bloom in beauty there:  
A wooing tongue came to thee,  
Thou listened to his prayer;  
He took thee from that valley  
A bruised flower, to dwell  
Away from those that loved thee,  
Down by the lonely well.

The herd and kine thou tended  
Wilt bleed full oft for thee.  
The happy days are ended  
That oft thou passed with me.  
No more in that sweet valley  
Does the gentle maiden dwell;  
She sleeps in death's cold slumber,  
Far from the lonely well.

### SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

(AS PRACTISED BY THE BEST FAMILIES.)

No. I.—Cricket.

We are indebted to the spirited Editor of "Bell's Life in the College Avenue" for the following spirited sketch of the noble English game. We may observe that this is the first of a series of sporting articles which we flatter ourselves will knock the *N. Y. Clipper* into a boot-jack.

We give our correspondent's story in his own words:—

My name is Richard Rabble; my father, singular to relate bore the same name; my paternal grandfather was called the "agreeable Rabble," and his name, thank goodness, has been embelmed by that most amiable and worthless of men, Oliver Goldsmith. But as I am not going to give you an autobiography I will cut these family matters exceedingly short. The remainder of my remarks follow in the annexed extract from my diary:—

April 11th.—Did rise at 9.35 a. m., and after partaking of ham, eggs and coffee, and giving a parting salute to my pretty neighbor, did sally out. Finding the morning bracing and my new summer coat comfortable, did feel good generally, and consented to accompany sundry friends to the head of the College Avenue. After scouting a proposal of a springy friend, (one Budding-out by name) to march through the principle streets with shouldered bats and wickets, did pitch the latter and essay to play. Having ferretted a new copper from the ymost recesses of my new vest-pocket, did give it to ye muscular party. Ye muscular party did thereupon twirl ye new Canadian cent in the air, but as ye tosee did get two tails to ye one head of ye muscular toser, therefore ye cadaverous opponent achieved the victory.. The muscular did choose ye corpulent supposing him to be the best hitter; after divers selections, I, the descendant of "ye agreeable Rattle" was last taken in consequence of a threat to intercept the lager-beer then in transitu.

Being a temporary appendage to ye cadaverous party's side, and having the first innings, did lie by and utter satirical remarks in reference to the bowling of the corpulent and muscular creatures. Disinayed at seeing the defeat of my comrades, four of whom were caught out by the tall and highly favoured Budding-out did take ye bat to retrieve the lost fortunes of the side. After flourishing the bat gallantly did see the ball start from the hand of the muscular party; did strike there at and fainted away; all the city coroners came up in ten minutes, but seeing that the corpse exhibited signs of vitality, they retired to Caesar Howell, to toss up for the next body. (We have since been informed that Coroner Scott got it.—Ed G.) On coming to myself I was informed that the muscular party had made a row in my timber yard; or as my factious compeer with the grizzly gaites explained it, knocked the bales off my wicket. This was the end of our innings. I may remark that the witty friend aforesaid is not merely a cricketer, but also an equestrian; and so great a creature is he in the sporting way, that he offers to bet 15 to 1 on his iron grey steed against Buccancer for the Derby.

Mr. Budding-out who made a "point" of catching my colleagues out, is also a versatile genius, he is a syendid boxer and goeth in for ye "Benecia boy," whom he veritably regardeth as a heavier hitter than Sampon before he got shaved. To return to the match. The corpulent and muscular ones both took the bats. The corpulent and enthusiastic one got a syendid leg hit for which he would have scored fifteen but for his laziness,—the long stop be'ng off for a drink. As it was he ran thrice and got tired: At this stage of the proceedings our cadaverous friend who was bowling got a bat from the ball and went down. Leaving him to weller in his sanguinary fluid, the rest retired to lunch; after which, your correspondent paired off and departed. The score up