

The Editor of the *Grumbler* proudly announces that he has at last succeeded in making arrangements with some eminent young American Literati, who have long been employed in writing *thrilling and exciting* novelettes for the New York weeklies. The following splendid story, beautifully portraying New York life in its fashionable phase, he now has the honor of presenting to his readers:—

THE STRICKEN HEART.

A STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

BY WASHINGTON H. BURNS,

The talented author of "Tullamow, or the Bloody Reptile."

CHAPTER I.

Gracefully, oh! how gracefully did the lovely Euphemia St. Julien glide through the dance that night. The glorious creature moved with that proud and swan-like freedom known only to women whose infancy has been swaddled in the star-spangled banner; freedom, to which neither the awkward yet haughty aristocrat of London, nor her superior, the elaborate-mannered and artificial dame of Paris, can ever pretend. The costly velvet carpet (from Bulby & Bucks, 169 Broadway) scarcely yielded to her white satin slipper as she skimmed along, and the alabaster symphonies, wherewith Hiram Powers' gifted chisel had garnished the magnificent *salon*, scarcely ebbed in elegance its beautiful young mistress. How superbly she looked, as the strains of the world-renowned Gammony Hall Band bore her on their stream of melody. How the diamonds, with which her robe was thickly set at every hem, flashed in the light of one of Lyman Mugg & Son's world-famous chandeliers. She was indeed a rapture and a *gush*, an emanation from the very stars.

Music, ah! what need had Euphemia for music to mark her steps; she had imbibed, it is true, the teaching of our most celebrated professors, whose skill (as is admitted by all who have seen American dancing) is unequalled, but she needed it not. The plash-dew from the marble fountain in her gilded hall fell not more certainly upon the rich mosaic pavement than did her tiny foot touch the embossed flowers at the given moment when it was due; her heart, her soul, were in the dance, and a planet might have strayed from its appointed orbit more easily than could the heavenly Euphemia have swerved from her graceful career.

The Honorable Jefferson F. Kidoodle watched her with a lover's intense gaze. Could aught earthily come up to Euphemia, yet that god-like form, redolent of nature's nobility, might seem to balance her. A tall pale forehead, lustrous as marble, exquisitely voluptuous Grecian features, eyes of the most unutterable violet, hair jetty as the raven's wing: such was Jefferson F. Kidoodle. Already he had distinguished himself in the field and in the council, though still under twenty-five, the dauntless young Republican had made his voice heard in the noble halls of the Legislature of his great country; and though he looked delicately feminine, those who glanced at his rose-colored vest, might see between it and his richly embroidered shirt a silver handled bowie knife, which had been drawn three times, and thrice had his country lost a son. He leaned against the jetty mantel-piece, and his small white hand, adorned with a priceless emerald, lay like a snow flake upon a nigger. As Euphemia and her partner rested for a moment from the polka, Jefferson F. Kidoodle concluded to ask her hand.

"Pretty lady," he said, in the rich sweet voice,

peculiar only to the Italian and the American, "may my devotion aspire to the next spin with you?"

"I would hope," said her partner, a Judge of great celebrity, "that I have acquitted myself so well, that I shall not be discharged as yet."

"I guess you are a queer Judge now," retorted the *spiritual* Jefferson F. Kidoodle; "not to know that a discharge always follows an acquittal."

"Then I move for a new Trial," said the Judge, displeased at being thus successfully tripped up by one so much younger. "Rule refused with costs," responded Jefferson F., and the next moment his arm was around the yielding waist of the beauty, and he bore her away. The dark eye of the Judge lowered flashingly upon him, but it was for an instant only. Trained to conceal his fiercest emotions, Judge Bowie mastered his countenance, for at that moment Mr. St. Julien, one of our wealthiest New York merchant princes, came up.

"Saw you at the Cars this morning, Judge, and afterwards at the Tombs."

"I did not see you," replied the Judge.

At that instant the sight of Euphemia and Jefferson F. revolving with excessive grace, and looking the delight each felt at the others admiration, stung the haughty Judge with an unaccustomed pang, and he vowed vengeance. Accustomed to all the artifices of Law, a plot with Judge Bowie was but the work of a moment. His friendly smile followed the coruscating couple; and as the costly robe of Euphemia touched him like a seraph's wing in her flight, he said to the merchant prince, glancing at Jefferson F., "I hope that he means to escape. Swindling is but smartness in exaggeration, but forgery is a blunder."

The old man's eyes opened widely, but the expression on the Judge's face defied his scrutiny. After a moment or two of vacant staring, the merchant prince led him into a charmingly furnished *boudoir*, where three golden lamps spread at once soft light and perfumed incense, and seating himself upon a splendid white satin couch, demanded what he meant.

[This thrilling life-like story will be continued in our next.]

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY ON A VISIT TO ST. PATRICK.

The *Colonist* of the 20th, says, that at the St. Patrick's Anniversary Dinner, Mr. Harman, the President of the St. George's Society, in replying to the toast of the "Sister Societies," very appropriately announced that the charitable body which he represented, was "throwing bread upon the waters of their 'troubled countrymen, and that they would, after 'many days, find it'!" This is, as far as we can remember, the very first practical application of Southey's *flowry* idea: but we confess we don't quite understand the operation, and have some doubts as to its success. Dry bread is poor stuff in all conscience, but why should Mr. Harman throw the Society's loaves into the water! And if he insists upon soaking the bread, why should not his "troubled countrymen" be allowed to find it "until after many days," by which time the chances are that it will have assumed a condition of poultice? May we take the liberty of suggesting that the bread (like Mr. Harman himself, at St. Patrick's dinner) should be *toasted before being soaked*;—such a course would more nearly equalize the two occasions, for it would impart a clearing, although deceptive color to those waters of charity, and make them almost as generous to the eye as are those other liquids in which convivial toasts are usually steeped.

TO ROSE.

My Rose is a pretty lass

With sweetly dimpled cheek,
With eyes reflecting like a glass,
Her soul so pure, so meek,
Her softly waving, golden hair
Gilds down her neck in curls,
Each passing breeze, while lingering there,
Her ringlets fondly twirls.

Her voice, so musical and low,
My bosom strangely thrills,
When e'er I hear his silvery flow
My soul with rapture fills.
Her artless converse charms my ear
Like music from above;
Oh! that I could, when she is near,
But prove how much I love.

THE TABLES TURNED.

LOWER CANADA IN A STATE OF FERMENT.

UPPER CANADIAN TYRANNY.

YE ANCIENT CAPITAL TO THE RESCUE.

Terrible state of Confusion.

[Special Telegraph to the *Grumbler*.]

QUEBEC, 6 p. m., March 19, 1860.

Every one here is in the state of the wildest confusion and consternation. Business is entirely suspended, and so will Brown be if he do not clear out immediately. The *moultins* are enraged; their Gallic blood is fired, and they swear eternal reuenance on the author of their misery. The military have been called out, and as I telegraph you, they are forming into line in front of the Parliament House. The streets are crowded with excited citizens who, tearing their coats from their backs, and tossing their hats into the air, shout dire and dreadful destruction on the leader of the opposition. *Notre langue, nos lois, et nos institutions*, are endangered. Brown has "fired the first gun,"* but Frenchmen will not stand quietly by and see their rights and liberties trodden under foot by a ranting, howling Clear Grit from Upper Canada. They are a free people; freedom they must have, and for freedom they will fight while a drop of pure French blood courses in their veins. What the result of this dreadful state of things may be I cannot say at present, but I shall telegraph you anon. Brown, I think, must swing. Tell his friends so, and let them come to his rescue, or it may be too late.

[Since we received the above we are happy to state that the excitement has abated; Mr. Brown did not attempt to fire more than one gun, which entirely relieved the minds of the populace, and they have returned to smoke their pipes and drink their rum as quietly as before. Mr. Brown's friends may therefore make themselves easy in regard to his personal safety. He has promised to fire no more guns. The very warm nature of our telegraphic despatch arises from the fact that our correspondent is of French extraction, and therefore any little inaccuracies he may have committed must be attributed to the warmth of his feelings.]—ED. GRUMBLER.

*See the *Globe* of a late date, on Mr. Brown's having presented to the House, a petition praying for constitutional changes, in accordance with the wishes of the convention lately held in this city.

Hacked.

—The Reformer's bone of contention.—"The Joint Authority."