

ADVICE FOR ANGLOMANIACS.

BEING A FEW RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF YANKS AND CANUCKS.

If you're anxious for to pose as a subject of the Rose, which is England's emblem red, You should try to learn by heart a simple little part which will stand you in excellent stead. Cultivate some English phrases, for such the present craze is, and use them when you can. If you'd have the people say as abroad you take your way, "There's a high-toned Englishman." With some words you then must start and commit them well to heart; say "clarkly" never "clerkly," and every British swell for Pall Mall says "Pell Mell," and "Barkley's" right, not "Berkley." "St Leger's" never dealt with according as its spelt, but "Sellinger" you must say, Though "onion" is not "injun," "St. John" is spoken "Sinjun," for that's the West End way. An "h" you must not drop for 'tis very malaprop, unless 'tis after "w." In such words as where and when and whence and whis- key, then you must and none will trouble you. Say the "gunnor" not "papa," and drop the final "r" whenever you get a chance, And a shilling is a "bob" to any but a snob, and trow- sers are never "pants." Be ill-persuaded never to say "smart" in place of "clever" for the latter's the better "form." If you would not be annoyed "sidewhiskers" please avoid, or your friends will make you warm. A plug hat you must don when you have a frock coat on, or else your "form" is bad, And nothing but a "tile" is considered proper style in a man who's not a "cad." "Marrybun" for Marylebone is the highest kind of tone, and Magdalen's "Mawullen," please, And even a solicitor knows that Cirencester's "Cissiter," and that Caus Col. Cam. is "Keys." Never Glamis, always "Glames," and be sure say "Tems" not Thames, and Knollys pronounce thus, "Noles," Your "suspenders" are your "braces," and in cul- tured English places you always call coal "coals." And the name, with mouth so mealy you pronounce as Cholmondeley is "Chumley," Beauchamp's "Beacham." Tho' many won't believe, and imagine we deceive when this fact we strive to teach 'em. Then, for the sake of mercy, call your undershirt your "jersey" and a pitcher always "jug." And if porter you should drink, invariably shrink from aught but a pewter mug. After bathing, as you rub, bear in mind a bath's a "rub," hot frog is known as "punch"; The parquette is the "pit"; in good health you're known as "fit"; say "luncheon," never "lunch." Now, I've mentioned but a few of the things you ought to do; remember them if you can, With a little art you'll pass for a thorough English ass, if not for an Englishman.



THE FATAL GLASS,

OR, THE MAIDEN TEMPTED AND HE FELL.

A TEMPRANCE TALE.

CHAP. I.

"Surely, surely you will not refuse me this one boon," said the peerless Edilgitha de Featherstonehaugh, as she proffered a crystal goblet of wine to her accepted lover, Hubert Fitz Huggins, on that bright May day morn which 'was her birthday. "Surely you will accept this and drink to the health of your own G-G-Gertrude," and she threw herself on his manly 4½ inch breast and sobbed despairingly.

Hubert turned away his face to hide the look of agony which passed athwart his god-like features. But four brief weeks ago he had solemnly sworn off for the third timesince New Year's day, and here he was, tempted as never man yet was tempted, and the intensity of his emotions was distinctly visible in the nervous twitchings of his lips which opened and shut "with a dull thud."

"Hubert," wept the maiden;—his bride that was to be,—"An ye refuse me this, I spurn ye from me." The Featherstonehaugh blood was rising, and the lovely Edilgitha's respiration was quick and hurried; her pulse registered 81° temperature, normal, and Edilgitha unconsciously spoke in the idiom of her bold ancestors, the most renowned chicken thieves of the "bonnie north cuntry," who had borne their scourgings at the cart's tail in days of yore with a fortitude—but pshaw! let me to my tale. "Strong as I thought myself," replied Hubert, "a woman's tears and the prospective loss of her wealth have overcome me: My resolutions are bust; I can hold out no longer, so here's fun," and doubling the arm whose muscles, twisted and gnarled like the roots of some old forest oak, seemed as though about to split the coat sleeve that could scarce contain it, he raised the sparkling cup on high and quaffed the ruby liquid to its deepest dregs. "Good boy, Hubert," murmured Edilgitha, fondly gazing into her lovers eyes, "I knew you could not go back on me."

Thus do a woman's tears cause the sternest resolves to melt away like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean.

CHAP. II.

Four years had rolled away.

Let them roll.

Hubert and Edilgitha were one.

Has the latter ever had cause to repent that she forced that fatal glass upon her noble, high-souled lover? for well does he deserve these epithets; no counter skipper more so than he, who would scorn to cabrage more than four inches out of every twelve when measuring "dress-goods, trowserings or towellings," and he holds the proud position of chief salesman in a first-class drapery; (avaunt ye fiends who would tempt me to write Dry Goods store.)

We shall see.

She sits in her boudoir, and though the hour of dinner has long since passed, Hubert comes not. Can it be that draught of wine, four years ago, has roused the dormant appetite? Ah! vain were her self-reproaches now, but, oh! how bitter her thoughts! how poignant her regrets! She rises and walks to



the window, and beholds a sight that causes the pulsing lifeblood to arrest its course as though the finger of a blizzard were laid upon it. She totters and barely saves herself from falling, with pulse scarcely perceptible; respiration 2; temperature freezing.

Can that be her Herculean husband, whose feats of strength at the gymnasium have been the talk of the city? Can yonder be he, leaning, staggering, wobbling on the arm of his friend Mortimer, as they advance up the street. Horror! it is, it is. Mark his flushed cheek, how lack lustre his eye, how drooping his moustache and how he falters in his gait.

Ah! me. Fatal, fatal glass.
Be still, my heart, be still.

CHAP. III.

"Oh! Hu-Hu-Hubert! How could you?" "Oh! G-G-Gertrude, I can't. Here, Mort,"—turning to his friend, "take my boot off. Edilgitha, my ownest, my gazelle, I am not what you think but—" "But what then,



Hubert? Nay, keep me in suspense. Why this disorder and flushness of face, etc. etc.?" "Behold this arm, 16½ inches, would'st see me with it in a sling?" he asks. "Never, Hubert, never," she replies, "almost rather would I see a sling in thee; but proceed." "Could I cast the ponderous 4lb. shot ten feet as now I do were I crippled in the shoulder? I trow not." "Explain, Hubert, expound." "Thou knowest that smallpox is rife within this city and that I fear it? aye; well then, rather than be disabled I—" "What, Hubert? account for thine unsteady walk as thou comest up street on Mr. Mortimer's arm; that look of utter humptiness on thine countenance; reveal." "I had me vaccinated in the calf of my right leg and the inflammation has gone down, via tendon's Achilles, which thou knowest terminates the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles, into my foot, and, whew! Mort, go easy on that boot, for 'tis deathly agony and racks me grievously."

With a sigh of relief Edilgitha touches the bell rope. A liveried menial appears, for though but a boss counter skipper, Fitz Huggins piles on style, and his flunkies wear each three cockades in their plug hats. "Didst thou dispose of all the liquors in the house to yonder varlet at the hostlerie as I commandedst thou but a few brief moments ago?" asked Edilgitha, speaking in the aristocratic phraseology of her patrician ancestors. "No, madam, not yet, but I—" "Thou needs't not."

The flunkey bowed and withdrew.

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny.

"I haven't got any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with."—*Et.*

"What can a boy do?" asked an exchange. Leave him alone in the house with a pot of paint, a sharp knife and a bounding ball. Come back in an hour and see what he has accomplished.