

## THE BRAINLESS FOOTMAN;

NOT

By the Author of the "Headless Horseman."

CHAPTER I.—ALPHONSE *Sans Ceremonie.*

ONE sultry evening about noon, in the commencement of December, when the summer sun was beginning to tinge with a cerulean hue, the withered and verdant surface of a street not a thousand miles from the capital of the Dominion of Canada, a mud-spattered and highly varnished carriage, which rivalled in its brilliancy the dazzling tints of the canary's wing, might have been seen rolling along the dusty but well-trodden track.

Two daintily caparisoned steeds, perfect in all their parts, and whose hides surpassed in smoothness the sand-paper at the bottom of Eddy's telegraph match-boxes, pawed the ground. A sable coachman, with a leery eye, and who as a casual observer must have seen at a glance, came from the wilds of Circassia, sat on the box. He was a man of Herculean strength and gigantic stature, and from between his puny fingers might be seen issuing those reins of tawny buffalo-hide which restrained the impetuous fury of the matchless Pegasus-s-s-s-s-s-s-ses.

By his side, lounging in an upright and recumbent posture, stood the hero of this o'ertrue tale. He was a man of some 23 Summers, 18 Winters, numerous Falls, and more Springs than the carriage on which he rode.

As Alphonse, the footman, will engross the attention of all readers of this thrilling and overpowering romance, it is desirable that an accurate description of him should be given: 5 feet 6 inches and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in height, and measuring from the centre of his back to the nail on his dexter hand 11 feet 13 inches, by which he was enabled to remove at pleasure the snapping musquito, or whistling gnat from the horse's left auricular, he looked the very essence of an *enfant du sol*. His ample *Culottes* proved that he came from a *Bully* family, and the fiery and proud look in his weather-stained eye-ball, showed a defiant and indomitable air not to be *Cowed* by any adverse stroke of fortune; his thin and wiry lips extending for several inches across his countenance, gave evidence of a stern and flexible will; his aquiline nose tending slightly to a *retrouisse*, stood out prominently like a *basso relievo* against the murky atmosphere; while his ears seemed to rival in their unwonted dimensions, the twin paddles on either side of the Great Eastern steamship; and to make the idiosyncrasy more apparent, his tall beaver hat formed of the finest tissue of silk from the looms of Lyons resembled the funnels of that most successful example of naval architecture.

To attempt to describe his brow would be impossible, since it did not exist; for nature in her beneficence, had entirely overlooked the cerebral development of this extraordinary man. Such was the Brainless Footman.

## CHAPTER II.—BLANDINA B. JONES.

Reclining at length on cushions stuffed with the downy plumes of the Canadian goose, (*Anser Hochelagius*), the fairest of the daughters of Griffintown lay extended; her right hand caressed with affectionate fervour the silken tresses of a brindled English Bulldog; whilst the other restrained the impetuosity of a Maltese Lapdog, fit for the possession of an Arab Shiek.

Her translucent digits gleamed with gems from the mines of Golconda, whilst her finger-nails proved her to be an heiress already in possession of not a little landed property.

The alabaster whiteness of her skin, surpassing the powers of idyllic verse, may be likened to the parchment upon which the wills of our ancestral forefathers used to be engrossed. Her teeth, few and far between,—those which cream-candy had yet spared to her,—can be better imagined than described. By the side of her raven tresses the raven itself would appear less ravenous, and compared to them the sablest Indian pigment, imported direct from the Continent of Borneo, would have appeared as white as the driven and newly-fallen snow. Her nose was of that type called by discerning tho' partial critics, the Roman straight,—very far removed from the Grecian Bend.—Could any one be fairer? Compared to her, the Venus, de Medici, de Milo, de Canova, were vulgar cooks, whilst the Apollo Belvidere was only fit to be classed among the five-cent shoeblacks.

Her right orb was gazing with characteristic fondness on the back-hair parting of the Brainless Footman, whilst her left optic scanned the horizon through the window at the back of the travelling carriage. Her heathen nostril, dilated and quivering, denoted fear lest the author of her being should be a—

(To be continued.)

## WANTED—FOR AN OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

A feather from the left wing of the 78th High-Flyers.  
Some phosphorus from a La Crosse match.  
One of the rockers from the Cradle of the Deep.  
The key of the "Larboard-Watch."  
One of the steps of "A Flight of Fancy."  
The eye-glass of an Organ Swell.  
Some butter from a Toast at a Public Meeting.  
A splinter from St. James' Club.  
And, a sheet of paper from a Church Quire.

## ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

## No. 4.—"WHISKY."

WHISKY is a social subject—who says taint?—Whisky is socialest conjuncted with sugar, lemins, and bilin water. Whisky is good medsin, took internal. Whisky is of varis kinds, Scotch, Irish, Bourbon, Rye, etseterer, and is somtimes made into cok tales. The French calles them "coos de coq." "Coquin" is French for "come and have a cok tale." Try it sum day and see if it goes down. Whisky makes people tight if took in sufficient quantity arter dinner. First have a good *blow out* and then its no wunder if you get *tight*. Whisky is made in stills.—"Thy memory haunts me, still," as the Irishman said to the gajer, who got him fined £100. Take your whisky by degrees—but keep at it. Some peepke calls whisky-flasks pocket pistols—I callis 'em 48 pounders, cos they brings you down with a *long shot*. Watch whisky well, and mind your r(e)ye. Animus tuus ego (Latin). They ex-ryal families of France, Spain, and Naples, got kaved in cos they was addicted to a Bourbon policy. N.B.—The Prince of Wales don't drink whisky.