

THE BRAINLESS FOOTMAN;
NOT

By the Author of the "Headless Horseman."

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER II.



ITNESS to the overpowering passion that consumed her very heart's diaphragm, causing her the most excruciating attacks of palpitation, and necessitating the letting out of her well-fitting bodice, in order to give it more play. After scanning the horizon for several miles, and rapidly observing all the foot-passengers in the whole of the New England States bordering upon the Dominion of Canada, and taking one hasty glance up towards the Hudson Bay territory,

she came to the conclusion that she was not watched. This being the case, she desired the coachman to drive with all speed to the Station at the Junction, where she had arranged for a special train to convey her and the object of her affection to Caughnawaga and across Latitude 45 into the United States.

Once there, she felt she would be safe.
The danger would be over. WAS IT TO BE SO?

CHAPTER III.—ON THE CARS! OFF THE TRACK!!!

Having arrived at the superb edifice that forms the Station, the Hero and Heroine of our story quickly passed up the spacious platform, and enquiring for the obsequious, urbane, polite, and courteous Agent, found that he was then absent from his post, acquiring property in the snow-clad region of New Brunswick.

The still more obsequious, more urbane, more polite, and more courteous Conductor informed them that the cars would be ready in the space of five minutes, six seconds and a quarter, P. M. Knowing the necessity for punctuality in all things pertaining to this great Railway, they were ready, when two hours later, one of the finest locomotives running on this continent, brought up to the platform some of the magnificent State and Bridal Cars in ordinary use. The signal of "All aboard" being given, the train dashed off at lightning speed, and the more fully to describe its rapidity it may be said that it very nearly overtook a steamer proceeding up the Canal, which runs parallel to the track in this neighborhood. It did not, however, quite do so, as the steamer had to pass through three locks within one mile.

Having left Blondina and Alphonse comfortably seated on the luxurious cushions of the palatial cars, we must cast one hurried glance towards her home to see what had occurred during her absence. Her male parent having got wind of what was in the wind, and taking to himself seven friends more fiendish than himself, determined to be equal to the emergency, and to take a "rise" out of the Brainless. Truth compels us to add that these hired conspirators armed themselves with ties (not matrimonial), and sleepers (very heavy),

and went to a spot along the track near the Green Night-caps, where they found a culvert and a cattle-guard convenient for their fell purpose. Placing their burden on end in the cattle-guard, so as to form an impenetrable barrier to anything proceeding along the track, they blackened their faces, and, night coming on, prepared to act as Black-Guards. It was not many minutes before the hoarse grunt and shrill bell of the locomotive could be heard booming along in the distance, and every few moments apparently approaching nearer and nearer. Each man nervously clutched his neighbour with both hands, at the same time brandishing his shillelah above his head, and was ready for the grand denouement of their hellish scheme.

Still nearer and yet still more near, and still again a little nearer still, came the train.

Everything was still.

Not a man spoke! not a wheel spoke!! none of the sleepers spoke!!! when

(To be concluded next week.)

NOTE-LETS ON SHAKSPERE.

The following quotation forms an admirable receipt for cooking a beef-steak:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
"It were done quickly."

Macbeth, Act I: Sc. 7.

From the context, however, it appears that this refers to the cooking of Duncan's goose.

—The use of the word *party* to denote an individual is happily not common in the Dominion of Canada. It is an odious vulgarism, most frequently heard in London, where it is employed by cabmen, omnibus-cads, and the whole tribe of Cockneys. Nevertheless, they could (if they were aware of the fact) plead Shakspeare's authority in justification of their practice:

Caliban.—Thou shalt be lord of it (the island) and I'll serve thee.

Stephano.—How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Caliban.—Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

The Tempest, Act III: Sc. 2.

—The following passage seems to contain something very like a *bull*:

Lavinia, live: *outlive* thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Titus Anthonicus, Act I: Sc. 1.

A HINT TO BOHEMIA.

"Wherever you see a head, hit it," has been rather too common a motto of late. Certain free-pen-men have been too fond of indulging their acidity of temperament by slanderous attacks on persons who are far above them in the social and moral scale, but who, unfortunately, have no means of repelling or retaliating their sting. Of such pestilent gad-flies DIOGENES would ask, "Who gave you commission to invade the domestic hearth and assail the private character of respectable citizens?"

Genuine wit is as far removed from vulgar personality as light is from darkness. A certain amount of wholesome criticism is often beneficial in the correction of abuses, which might otherwise grow rank and luxuriant; but it should never form a pretext for the slightest departure from truth, or for the petty gratification of personal spite.