

MONTREAL MORNING

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

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OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Cr.

For the Favorite.

"IMPROMPTU."

BY H. PATTERSON.

Never give way to repining,
Brood not over the thankless Past;
Darkest clouds have a silvery lining,
The Future's unbounded and vast.

Life's all too fleeting for sorrow,
The Present is ours alone.
Action let pledge the To-morrow,—
To-morrow take care of its own!

What if we gain not the laurel
And royal bay-leaf of the bard,
Shall we then foolishly quarrel,
And call our being "ill-star'd"?

No—'twere poor satisfaction
To quarrel with any at all;
The height of desperate action,
Ourselves then out with to fall!

MONTREAL, 28th Feb., 1873.

For the Favorite.

"Where the Laugh came in."

BY ISABELLA VALANCOY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO, ONT.

"Oh, of course!" roared Buffalo, "you're pretty fellows! Know a lot about it, don't you? Oh, of course!" and Buffalo whistled like Boreas through the rigging of an old-fashioned man-of-war, a whistle expressive of contempt and defiance, and then glared, and snorted at Whiffler and myself, his bosom friends, until Whiffler's toy-terrier thrust its head out of his coat-pocket, in which spot he generally boarded, and barked defiance back again.

"You're a pretty fellow!" retorted Whiffler, excitedly, "you're a donkey!" and Whiffler threw his cigar into the ash-tray, and raising his eyes all over, beginning at the Hyperion curls of his classic head, and ending at the toe of his boot. He laughed a short sardonic laugh.

"Try it by all means," he said, "but don't expect sympathy when you're sacked. Daisy Darlington, indeed!"

"And why not Daisy Darlington, sir?" inquired Buffalo with awful politeness, but perhaps you have some ideas in that direction yourself?"

"Perhaps I have," said Whiffler, coolly. "I'm not a penniless scamp of a reporter!" and the abominable snob sneered up into Buffalo's visage, and rattled some loose silver in his pocket.

"Open the door, Jackson!" said Buffalo, eyeing Whiffler with his head lowered in that position which had gained him his sobriquet.

I never liked Whiffler, and though I tried to feel a Christian dislike to aiding in Buffalo's project, that door managed to get open extremely fast.

"Now, you pitiful little cur," said Buffalo, laying his hand on the little collar of Whiffler's faithful little dog, and swinging him clear off the ground, while his little legs flattered in the air, "I'll help you downstairs in a twinkling!" and with a couple of strides Buffalo reached the lobby, and quietly dropped Whiffler over the banisters into the hall below.

Whiffler darted through the air like a meteor, and alighted on the tea-tray which Mrs. Bordwell was carrying into the dining-room. There was a horrid yell, a clatter as of a thousand bottles falling, a china-shop, and Whiffler reposed on the floor in the midst of Mrs. Bordwell's best tea-service,—his little head in the slop-basin—the cream-sweat inverted on his chest.

"Laws!" said Buffalo, trying to back noiselessly out of sight. "I've done it now, and no mistake!"

"You're the most ungrateful creature, Mr. Anxer, as ever drew the breath of life!" cried Mrs. Bordwell, looking up at Buffalo, and beginning to dissolve in tears. "A-droppin' of gentleness onto my best charyna, when, goodness knows! time an' again I've went by with the cool-scuffle, which unbreakable it is, an' you never as much as flung a cat down, an' mo' so'n' up your collar, an' fronts myself, reglar, an' not sparin' to put starch an' the feelin's of a mother into the job!"

"Mr. Whiffler, sir, are you dead?"

"No," said Whiffler, sitting up amongst the



"MR. WHIFFLER AND TROUNCER."

fragments, and glaring up at Buffalo. "Oh! I'm not dead, thank you! As I shall let some people know to their cost!"

The little serpent had a very deadly eye as he said this, and looked almost tragic as he got up and walked away to his room.

"I'm almost sorry I did it!" said Buffalo, thoughtfully. "He's Daisy's cousin, you know!"

"Cousin, or no cousin," moaned Mrs. Bordwell, "you've ruined the charyna my uncle Jerry give me the very day me an' Bordwell was married, an' ever value it special, did me an' Bordwell, because the cream-jug favored poor uncle Jerry's figure to a T, an' we never had a neighbor in to a cup of tea, without, as you may say, havin' poor uncle Jerry cal'ed up afore us, like a spirit, from his nice oak coffin with plated handles."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Mrs. Bordwell," said Buffalo meekly, "but when a fellow's temper is up even cream pots with a family likeness are likely to suffer. I'll make it all right with you, though!"

"That I'm awser of, Mr. Anxer," said Mrs. Bordwell gradually. "Says I to Miss Daisy only yesterday. 'This much I will say, that whatever Mr. Anxer's little fallin's may be, which none of us is born Angels or Marthas (by which she meant martyrs); his spirituous part is manifest, an' such a thing as carryin' over in washin' bills unknown.'"

"Well, and what did she say?" said Buffalo, leaning his mane of jetty curls over the banisters, and reddening furiously from his resplendent tie to the exquisite parting of his ambrosial locks.

"Ah, Susan," says the sweet creature, "isn't it a pity he's so dreadfully dissipated. Papa, an' them as shall be nameless, says it's awful the

way he drinks and gambles, but 'he looks as if he meant to be good,' says she."

"Did she say that?" said Buffalo, looking wistfully down at good Mrs. Bordwell, as she sat on the oil-cloth vainly trying to piece the memento of uncle Jerry.

"That she did!" said Mrs. Bordwell, "an' the answer I made her was: 'Miss Daisy, long before you was thought of, or me comin' to nurse you, an' meetin' Bordwell, an' us goin' into the boardin'-house here, I nursed Mr. Dick Anxer bringin' him up by hand, which his poor ma died the day he was born, an' a gooder young man, except when led astray by them as might be called Whiffler, or might be called Jackson, never was wrapped in cotton waddin, which small he was, though no one would believe it now, to look at you, Mr. Dickoy, my dear!"

Buffalo smiled placidly at his expansive chest and pulled that moustache, which I never could see any beauty in (for, to my mind, it looked exactly like what my grand-sunt Tabitha called her "monkey-skin tippet"), and turned to me.

"Come, Jack," said he, "let's go up town I want to look up some china for Mrs. Bordwell."

"An' if you could carry the shape of the cream-jug in your mind's eye, Mr. Anxer, called out the worthy matron, "which uncommon bulky for its height it was, I'd take it kind of you, for feelin's is feelin's, an' not so much a photograph of my poor, dear uncle Jerry in the house."

"All right!" sang out Buffalo, in high good-humor. "Come along, Jack!" and off he swaggered, followed by his dog Trouncer, a sweet animal, as black as a coal, and with a white patch over one eye.

A synopsis of Trouncer's traits of character occurs somewhere in the Poets.

"Silent and sure as the stars in the sky." He didn't bark much, but he was very sure indeed to bite, on which account he generally took the air with his nose done carefully up in about a mile of leather straps, frightening old ladies with catches, and young ladies with beaux into incipient hysterics, and was only allowed full liberty 'neath when there were plenty of bones at hand to distract his attention from the human subject. Did I like Trouncer? Not much, but he liked me a great deal, especially about the calves.

"China! No, we never thought of such a thing, for in the distance Buffalo espied a blue velvet suit, and a very curly white feather, tripping down the street which he swore, at the distance of a good half mile, to contain the lovely person of Miss Daisy Darlington, while behind her walked a little foot-page, carrying her skates, the latter outful being, blazing like a constellation with gilt buttons.

"I'm off!" I said, as soon as this vision burst upon us. "Buttons can play gooseberry!"

"The deuce he can!" exclaimed Buffalo piously, "don't leave me, there's a good fellow!"

Now Miss Daisy Darlington's golden head reached to somewhere in the neighborhood of my friend's elbow, and her general appearance was that of a modest, blue-eyed dove, but nevertheless, at the remotest flutter of her dainty raiment, at the most distant wink of her fresh little eye, Buffalo's heart sank within him, and he required the moral support of such a nature as mine, to carry him through an interview with his divinity creditably. My Jove! what idiots fellows in love are, to be sure! I never have been in that ridiculous state, and never mean to be, except with myself.

"How do you do, Mr. Jackson?" said Daisy, "and oh! is that you, Mr. Anxer? What a lovely day it is!"

"Yes, Miss Darlington," said Buffalo, desperately trying to say something, "Ah-n! What a lovely day it is, Miss Darlington."

"So it is," said Daisy sweetly. "I've been down to the rink skating. Papa is away in the country at grandma's, and I felt so lonely at home with only aunty."

"Do you think, Miss Darlington," I said with ready tact, "that your estimable aunt would like a very charming little poodle I know of? No bigger than a muff I assure you."

"Oh, so much!" said Daisy, "Adonis died of apoplexy a week ago, and poor, dear aunty misses him so much you can't think."

"I'll bring him to-night," I said resolutely, "or, if I can't come myself, Mr. Anxer, will bring him I'm sure, won't you Dick?"

Of course he would! and while Daisy tripped off duly attended by her little foot-page, who though small was obese, and from whom Trouncer parted with many a backward glance of tender regret, and much dewy glistening of his muzzled nose, Buffalo and I went on our way rejoicing.

"I'll stand you a champagne supper for that," said Buffalo, gratefully, "the old dad away and a little-dittle with Daisy! Delicious! I'll pop tonight. The old chap can't hate me worse than he does, and as for Daisy—"

Buffalo, who having arrived at home, looked in the hall glass, and smiled sweetly.

"I'll make it all square to-night before that sneak Whiffler has a change of making mischief."

I might have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a straw-colored head suddenly pop back from behind, over the banisters in the upper regions. I don't think I was, though, for Trouncer with the speed of light, (from the dog-star of course), glided unobtrusively up the stairs. There was the sound of rapidly retreating feet, the soft closing of a door, and Trouncer re-appeared, with an air of melancholy resignation, and seated himself sorrowing on the door-mat.

"Good Trouncer!" said Buffalo, benignly, "he shall come and pay a visit to a lithe angel, to-night."

Trouncer made an effort to lick his chops, as though he were speculating as to the peculiar flavor of an angel—an article of diet which as yet he had had little experience of—and wagged his ample tail in penitence and anticipation of the treat.

I have reason to believe that Miss Daisy and her aunt Julia, received Buffalo with, as the papers say, "distinguished consideration;" Cupid, the poodle, was pronounced a gem, and fully occupied aunty's attention which, added to the joyful fact that she were as deaf as a