

mounted, just as one of the maid-servants, in charge of a large parcel, entered the cab.

Certainly, Dr. Griesbach might have paid the lad's expenses to Woodford; but he was just the man to test Norman's assertion, that he wanted work, by making the task hard at the outset. His real purpose was to drive the boy to disclose his name and return to his friends. If so, he little knew the power of endurance that was his, and that would stand him in good stead at the abode to which Dr. Griesbach's strange note introduced him, and which he reached, footsore, and weary too, for want of sleep, about night-fall.

To be continued.

FENIANPHOBIA;

OR SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED.

LIZZIE CROFTON was one of the brightest, pleasantest lassies you would meet with in a day's march. Most people thought her pretty; for my part, I do not believe you ever saw more beautiful eyes than smiled and blinked beneath her arched brows; and as for her mouth, I may tell you confidentially that I never saw a more inviting, rosy, kissable little mouth in my life. I have told Annie Maria so more than once (she is in the next room busy with the baby); and I don't care in the least if she should come in and read what I have written.

Now, at the particular time of which I am about to treat, my little friend Lizzie had two serious things to contend with. The first was a lover, and the second a severe attack of the "scare," a disease which has seized numbers of both sexes recently, and indeed is still quite prevalent. Which of these two sources of anxiety preyed most heavily upon Lizzie it would be difficult to tell. In fact the two were so commingled that it would not be easy to analyze them, for the "scare" was more serious on account of the lover, and the lover more provoking on account of the "scare."

What brave volunteer has not heard of Captain Clubbuck and his crack company?

Ruddy with the flush of health, tall and well formed, with a firm and stately tread; a moustache, which I fully believe many a budding ensign and lieutenant of the regulars would give five years' pay to equal; merry hazel eyes, a well shaped mouth, and slightly aquiline nose;—there, that is Captain Clubbuck of the—Volunteers, and what is of more consequence to our story, that is—as nearly as I can photograph him—dear little Lizzie Crofton's troublesome lover.

Now, I do not wish my readers to suppose that Captain Clubbuck was not as loyal to his lady love, and as ready to die for her if need be, as he was for his queen; because that would be doing a man I respect very much a great injustice. At the same time I must confess that the Captain was what the ladies impressively denominate "a tease." I could tell you of some pretty fencing matches I have witnessed between the two lovers, in which, although Lizzie is no mean antagonist, I am free to confess that in my opinion the Captain came off with flying colours. But I am not going to tell tales out of school, at least not any which are unconnected with my story; and as that dates only a very few days back, I am not likely to gratify any idle curiosity the readers of the "SATURDAY" may feel upon the subject. I like to be frank; and should this declaration be deemed unmanly, let the gentle reader revenge himself by passing on to the next article.

On a certain night in this present month of March—I really do not remember the date—the whole world of Montreal retired to its feather beds and mattresses in peace. If I am not mistaken Captain Clubbuck and Lizzie had been to the Victoria rink during the evening, and I believe they had a very confidential chat on the way home. The Captain had discarded his customary role; and if you had heard the persuasive tones of the brave fellow's voice you would have believed that he was very much in earnest. And rightly so, for was he not pressing my little friend Lizzie to name the day which was, as he

said, to render him the happiest man in Canada? I do not like to play the eaves-dropper, but I could tell you if I would a great deal that passed. I might throw out sundry hints about clasped hands and—and—but there I won't; you must be satisfied with knowing that the Captain did not succeed in his purpose. His repulse, however, was so faint and wavering, that, like a true soldier, he determined to seize the first favourable opportunity for renewing the attack.

I have said that on this particular night the world of Montreal retired to rest in peace. It is true that our respectable friends the Fenians may have formed the subject of conversation amongst a score or so of grandmamas and venerable maiden aunts, but I am not disposed on that account to retract the statement. Lizzie Crofton's heart, too, fluttered somewhat more than usual as her graceful head dropped upon the pillow, but then her sensations were altogether pleasant; and as for the Captain, he felt, on the whole, quite satisfied with the results of his conversation with Lizzie, and soon dropped into a dreamless slumber.

But morning follows hard upon the longest night—at least my experience leads me to suppose so—and certainly it was the case with the night referred to above. And as the light which came at first faintly and by stealth, grew more saucy, and took possession of Captain Clubbuck's room, the noble fellow opened his eyes, rose, dressed, shaved, and, thinking of Lizzie, descended to his solitary breakfast.

Now the Captain had a very bad habit—at least Annie Maria assures me it is—of reading at his meals, and his first glance as he entered his breakfast room was for the morning paper. There it lay nicely folded and invitingly near the ham and toast. Settling himself comfortably in his chair he opened the paper—and—well what was it that made the Captain start, and sent the flash to his eyes and the colour to his cheeks? Suppose we peep over his shoulders, and see what he is devouring so eagerly. Ah this is it of course.

GENERAL ORDERS.

"10,000 volunteers to be called out."

In order to be prepared for any eventualities that may arise from threatened attacks upon our frontier by marauding bands, the Government have determined to call for ten thousand volunteers," &c., &c.

Now this was glorious news to Captain Clubbuck, for he had chafed consumedly over the tall talk and braggadocio we have been treated to, by our friends the Fenians from across the lines. Sweeny's obtrusive kindness manifested in telling us that he and a number of his comrades intend paying us an indefinitely long visit *sans invitation*, was regarded by the Captain as a piece of intolerable impertinence, and he was rejoiced to find that the Government looked upon the matter in the same light. Scant attention was given to the good things before him, and in a few minutes he was on his way down town to seek further information. But eager as he was, he could not, as he passed Lizzie Crofton's door, resist the temptation to step in and tell her the news.

Lizzie met him with a playful curtsy, "Good morning, Mr. Clubbuck; you have indeed honoured us with an early visit."

Now I am ashamed to say that our friend the Captain thought this salutation much too ceremonious, and endeavoured to claim a certain privilege—but there, I need not enter into particulars—the reader, if I have one, must be satisfied with knowing that Miss Lizzie gracefully eluded him, and provokingly kept the big Captain at bay.

"I wonder you dare attempt such unwarrantable liberties, Mr. Clubbuck, at this early hour of the morning."

I have more than once told you that the Captain is a brave fellow and I feel convinced he would not have shrunk from renewing the attack, but that he thought discretion, for the moment, the better part of valour. He contented himself with saying "I came in to tell you of an important announcement in the morning papers, Miss Crofton, but, on second thought, I think I had better leave it until the evening."

Your ladyship may feel inclined to be less ceremonious then. Good morning, Lizzie."

Miss Crofton had not expected this bold flank movement, and it compelled her to change front slightly.

"But, Harry—there, you may come a little nearer—what is it? Have those horrid Fenians been doing anything dreadful?"

Captain Clubbuck was a wise man, and did not avail himself of the permission.

"Oh! no, it certainly is connected with the Fenians, but it is of no consequence; I will tell you in the evening. Good bye, Lizzie."

Signs of capitulation manifested themselves on the part of my little friend.

"Oh stop! Harry, you must tell me now—I am sure something terrible has happened—do tell me, Harry, dear."

And now if the Captain did not "come a little nearer," the lady certainly did, and I need only record the fact that victory perched on the banners of the Captain, and in due time Lizzie learned that the Government had called for volunteers, and that Capt. Clubbuck was on his way to report for orders.

Now I wish you to believe that Lizzie Crofton is a sensible young lady. I give you my word of honour that I think her the prettiest, sensiblest, nicest little girl I know (always excepting Annie Maria). But I have told you that she has suffered from a terrible attack of the "scare" or "Fenianphobia," whichever you please to term it. The disease had manifested itself long before Capt. Clubbuck made the announcement as recorded above, but no more serious symptoms were apparent, and, to sum up in a few words, it was a very bad case indeed.

I do not wish to write a long story; in fact when I sat down I did not intend to fill more than one column of the SATURDAY READER, and I fear I have already exceeded that space considerably, so I must condense into as short a space as possible what I have got to write.

During the few days which followed the calling out of the volunteers, what with the lying dispatches telegraphed from Fenianism and published in the daily journals, which I am sorry to say Lizzie devoured whenever she could obtain a paper; what with the excitement of drilling, marching and patrolling there was quite enough to feed the disease which had seized upon my poor Lizzie. But the worst had not yet come, as you will presently see.

Some Silly Goose—I could almost find it in my heart to take off one of the slippers which at this present moment grace my delicate feet, and beat her—if I could catch her—from one end of Little St. James Street to the other. N. B. I select a short street because active exertion does not agree with my sixteen stone. Well some Silly Goose industriously instilled into Lizzie's mind the idea that an attack was to be made on Montreal on St. Patrick's day. Silly Goose was sure of it—she had heard it from scores of persons, and Mr. Bumble Blatherchin, who knew everything, had assured her that he had private information of the Fenian plans, and there could be no mistake at all about it.

I am half inclined to be angry with Lizzie that she did not at once see that Silly Goose was Silly Goose. I am sure she would have done so had not this inveterate "scare" taken such fast hold upon her. Jolly Captain Clubbuck industriously strove to cure her. He teased her, laughed at her, made fun of her (which by the way Lizzie thought very unkind), but all was of no avail, and there was nothing left the Captain but to wait and hope.

At last, as we all know, the seventeenth of March dawned upon Montreal. But stay! let me tell you first that Captain Clubbuck spent some part of the previous evening with Lizzie. He was amazingly provoking, and persisted in urging Lizzie to promise that if nothing terrible happened on the morrow she would at once capitulate in due form. But Lizzie was in no humour for promising. The "scare" was coming to a crisis, and Captain Clubbuck had to retire baffled and half chagrined.

Well, as I have said, the seventeenth of March dawned upon the world, and Lizzie Crofton awoke with terrible anticipations of coming evil. I