

WOLFE.

THE changeful moon has passed behind a cloud,
Cape Diamond rears its huge, gigantic bust,
Dimly as if the Night had thrown a shroud
Upon it, mindful of a hero's dust.
Well may she weep; her's is no common trust;
His Cenotaph may crumble on the plain,
But this vast pile defies the traitor's lust
For spoliation; here his hate were vain;
Nature, enraged, alone could rend the mass in twain.

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height!
The Titan Strength has here set up his throne;
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—
A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.

Fall'n in the prime of his ambitious years,
As falls the young oak when the mountain blast
Rings like a clarion, and the tempest jeers
To see its pride to earth untimely cast.
So fell brave WOLFE, heroic to the last,
Amid the tempest and grim scorn of war;
While leering Fate with look triumphant passed,
Pleased with the slaughter and the horrid jar
That lured him hence to see how paled a hero's star,

Only to rise amid the heavens of Fame
With more celestial radiance; as the sun
That sets at Eve a passionate mass of flame
Returns with calmer glory. He had run
The race that fortune bade him, and had won
The prize which thousands perish for in vain,—
For he had triumphed; they depart undone,
Like a dark day that sinks in cloud and rain,
But never can return, nor see the morn again.

High on the classic record of the brave
His name will blaze for centuries to come,
With those stern patriots whose burnished glaive
Upheld the Right, and struck Oppression dumb:
Men whose whole lives were passed amid the hum
The crash, the tumult, and the direful strife
Of camps and battlefields; to whom the drum
Sounding the midnight "larum brought new life,
Although it led to scenes with death and danger rife.

Heroic Wolfe! the martial path he chose
Nipped his long-cherished dreams just when the
bud
Of his fair promise opening to a rose
Was drenched in tears and stained with life's dear
blood.

A hero-martyr, for his country's good
Yielding up life, and all he held most dear;
A mind with finest sympathies imbued,
A wise companion and a friend sincere,
A soul to burn with love, a nature to reverse.*

Kingston, C. W.

CHAS. SANGSTER.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 284.

CHAPTER LXXXI. HOW MR. KECKWITCH PASSED THE SUMMER HOURS.

Returning to his chambers weary and anxious, Saxon was not particularly delighted to find his dear friend, Mr. Laurence Greatorex, in possession of a sofa, making himself thoroughly at home with a newspaper, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Somewhat over-demonstrative at the best of times, the banker's greetings were more than commonly oppressive on this occasion.

"I happened to drop into the club," he said, "and, hearing that you had been seen there to-day, I wouldn't lose an hour in coming to see you, my dear boy—not an hour!"

And then he shook hands with Saxon for the twentieth time, and again protested that he was never so glad to see any one in his life—never, by Jove!

* Stanzas cxxxiv to cxxxix of the new (unpublished) *St. Lawrence and the Saguenay*.

"But you don't look much the better for your Norwegian trip," he added.

"I suppose I am tired," replied Saxon, with a glance at the timepiece. "I have been travelling incessantly for some days."

"I hope you are not too tired to hear something that I have to tell you," said the banker.

"What is it about?"

"Well, it's about your precious cousin in Chancery-lane."

Saxon shook his head impatiently.

"Oh, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "that will wait till to-morrow."

"I am not so sure that it will. I am not sure, Trefalden, that you have come one day too soon."

"If you mean that the new company is all a bubble," said Saxon, gloomily, "I know it already."

"You do?"

Saxon nodded.

"Lost money by it?"

"Yes; some."

"All that Mr. Trefalden undertook to invest for you?"

"No; less than one hundredth part of it. Only sixteen thousand pounds."

"Less than one hundredth part of it!" repeated the banker. "By all the powers, then, you had entrusted him with something like two millions of money!"

"Just two millions."

"What has become of the remaining nineteen hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds?"

"It is re-invested, I presume, in government stock."

"You presume? What do you mean by saying you 'presume?' Who told you so?"

"My cousin himself, not an hour ago. He said he would send one of his clerks with me to-morrow to the Bank of England, that I might satisfy myself as to the safety of my money."

Mr. Greatorex got up and took three or four turns about the room, thinking profoundly.

"Did he tell you he was going shortly out of town?"

"No."

"And you took him by surprise, did you not?"

"Quite by surprise."

"Humph! Made an appointment with you for to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At his office."

"What hour?"

"Twelve."

Mr. Greatorex struck the table sharply with his open hand.

"Then he won't keep it!" exclaimed he. "I'd stake my head that he won't keep it!"

Saxon, leaning his head moodily upon his hands, was of the same opinion.

"Now, look here, Trefalden," said the banker, excitedly, "I have had my suspicions of your cousin all along. You know that; but some queer things have come to my ears of late. Do you know where he lives?"

"No."

"I do. Do you know *how* he lives?"

"Not in the least."

"I do."

"How did you come by your knowledge?"

"By means of his own head clerk—a fat fellow with a wheezy voice, and a face like an over-boiled apple-pudding."

"I know the man—Mr. Keckwitch."

"The same. And now, if you will just listen to me for five minutes, I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

And with this, Mr. Greatorex related all about his interview with the lawyer, telling how William Trefalden had faltered and changed colour at the first mention of the new Company; how speciously he had explained away Saxon's statement regarding the investment; and how, at the close of the interview, the banker found that he had not really advanced one step towards the corroboration of his doubts. About a week or ten days, however, after this interview, Mr. Abel Keckwitch presented himself in Lombard-street, and, with an infinite deal of cautious circumlocution, gave Laurence Greatorex to understand

that he would be willing to co-operate with him to any safe extent, against William Trefalden. Then came a string of strange disclosures. Then, for the first time, the banker learned the mystery of the lawyer's private life. A long course of secret and profuse expenditure, of debt, of pleasure, of reckless self-indulgence, was laid open to his astonished eyes. The history of the fair but frail Madame Duvernay, and every detail of the ménage of Elton House, down to the annual sum-total of Mr. Trefalden's wine-bill and the salary of his French cook, were unfolded with a degree of method and precision eminently characteristic of Mr. Keckwitch's peculiar talents. He had devoted the leisure of the whole summer to this delightful task, and had exhausted his ingenuity in its accomplishment. He had learned everything which it was possible for any man not actually residing within the walls of Elton House to know. He had followed Madame's elegant little brougham to the Parks, listened to her singing in the stillness of the summer evenings, and watched his employer in and out of the house, over and over again. He had ingratiated himself with the Kensington tradespeople; he had made acquaintance with the tax-collector; he had even achieved a ponderous, respectable, church-going flirtation with Madame's house-keeper, who was a serious person, with an account at the savings-bank. In short, when Mr. Keckwitch brought his information to Lombard-street, he knew quite enough to be a valuable coadjutor, and Mr. Laurence Greatorex was only too glad to grasp at the proffered alliance.

"And now, my dear boy," said the banker, "the most important fact of all is just this—William Trefalden is preparing to bolt. For the last two days he has been posting up his accounts, clearing out old papers, and the like. He tells the people in Chancery-lane that he is going out of town for a few weeks; but Keckwitch don't believe it, and no more do I. He has his eye upon the stars and stripes, as sure as your name is Saxon Trefalden!"

CHAPTER LXXXII. ON GUARD.

Saxon was fixed in his determination not to have recourse to the law. In vain the banker entreated permission to call in the aid of Mr. Nicodemus Kidd; in vain represented the urgency of the case, the magnitude of the stakes, and the difficulty—it might almost be said, the impossibility—of doing anything really effectual in their own unassisted persons. To all this, Saxon only replied that there were but three surviving Trefaldens, and, happen what might, he would not disgrace that old Cornish name by dragging his cousin before a public tribunal. This was his stand-point, and nothing could move him from it.

A little after midnight the banker left him, and, repairing straight to Pentonville, roused the virtuous Keckwitch from his first sleep, and sat with him in strict council for more than an hour and a half. By three o'clock, he was back again in Saxon's chambers; and by five, ere the first grey of the misty September morning was visible overhead, the two young men had alighted from a cab at the top of Slade's-lane, and were briskly patrolling the deserted pavement.

Dawn came, and then day. The shabby suburban sparrows woke up in their nesting places, and, after much preliminary chirruping, came down and hopped familiarly in the path of the watchers. Presently a sweep went by with his brushes over his shoulder, and was followed by three or four labourers, going to their work in the neighbouring cabbage-gardens. Then a cart rumbled along the High-street; then three or four in succession; and after that the tide of wheels set fairly in, and never ceased. By-and-by, when the policeman at the corner had almost grown tired of keeping his eye upon them, and the young men themselves had begun to weary of the fruitless tramping to and fro, they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. Keckwitch.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "but I thought I'd best come over. Two heads, you know, are better than one, and maybe three are better than two. Anyhow, here I am."

Whereupon the head clerk, who was quite out of breath from fast walking, took off his hat and