

## DISSENSION.

"Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love."  
—Moore.

The widest breach that rends the height  
Of mountains, where the travellers pass,  
At first was opened to the light  
By rift as small as blade of grass.  
Thus storms commence in gusty flaws,  
That spread the plain in cloud of dust,  
Accretion comes by nature's laws  
Obedient to the rule, "thou must."

The careless word, the look unkind,  
That momentary pique dictates,  
Destroys a hero in the mind  
Of him whom Self thus manly rates.  
The careless word but hurried the form;  
The look unkind disturbed the poise;  
Then struggling fumes from passion's storm  
Laid low the idol, 'mid its noise.  
Montreal, April 27, 1893.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton  
the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley  
the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Used your poor mother believe it?"  
asked he half tremulously.

"I can scarcely say, sir; I can barely  
remember her; but I have heard papa  
blame her for not interesting her high  
connections in England in his suit; he  
often thought that a word to the ambas-  
sador at Athens would have almost de-  
cided the case.

"High connections, indeed!" burst he  
forth. "By my conscience, they're  
pretty much out at elbows, like himself;  
and if we were trying to recover our own  
right to-morrow, the look-out would be  
bleak enough!"

"Papa is not easily cast down, sir; he  
has a very sanguine spirit."

"Maybe you think it's what is wanting  
in my case, eh Nina? Say it out girl; tell  
me, I'd be better for a little of your  
father's hopefulness, eh?"

"You could not change to anything  
I could like better than what you are,"  
said she.

"Ah, you're a rare one to say coaxing  
things," said he, looking fondly on her.  
"I believe you'd be the best advocate for  
either of us, if the courts would let you  
plead for us."

"I wish they would," said she proudly.  
"What is that?" cried he suddenly;  
"sure it's not putting myself you are in  
the picture?"

"Of course I am, sir. Was not the  
O'Carney your ancestor? Is it likely  
than an old race had not traits of feature  
and lineament that ages of decent could  
not effect? I'd swear that strong brow  
and frank look must be an heirloom."

"Faith, then, almost the only one!" said  
he, sighing. "Who's making that noise  
out there?" said he, rising and going to  
the window. "Oh, it's Kate with her  
dogs. I often tell her she'd keep a pair  
of ponies for less than those troublesome  
brutes cost her."

"They are great company to her, she  
says, and she livies so much in the open  
air."

"I know she does," said he, dropping  
his head, and sitting like one whose  
thoughts had taken a brooding, despon-  
dent turn.

"One more sitting I must have, sir, for  
the hair. You had it beautifully yester-  
day; it fell over on one side with a most  
perfect light on a large lock here. Will  
you give me half an hour to-morrow,  
say?"

"I can't promise you, my dear. Tom  
Gill has been urging me to go over to  
Loughrea for the fair; and if we go, we  
ought to be there by Saturday, and have  
a quiet look at the stock before the sales  
begin."

"And are you to be long away?" said  
she, poutingly, as she leaned over the  
back of his chair, and suffered  
her curls to fall half across his face.

"I'll be right glad to be back again,"  
said he, pressing her head down till he  
could kiss her cheek, "right glad!"

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE BLUE GOAT.

THE Blue Goat in the small town of  
Moate is scarcely a model hostler. The  
entrance-hall is too much encumbered  
by tramps and beggars of various orders  
and ages, who not only resort there to  
their meals and play at cards, but to  
divide the spoil and settle the accounts  
of their "industries," and occasionally to  
clear off other scores which demand  
police interference. On the left is the

bar; the right-hand, being used as the  
office of a land-agent, is besieged by  
crowds of country people, in whom, lan-  
guage is to be trusted, the grievous  
wrongs of land-tenure are painfully por-  
trayed—nothing but complaint, dogged  
determination, and resistance being  
heard on every side. Behind the bar is a  
long, low-ceilinged apartment, the parlor  
par excellence, only used by distin-  
guished visitors, and reserved on one  
especial evening of the week for the  
meeting of the "Goats," as the members  
of a club call themselves—the chief,  
indeed the founder, being our friend  
Maurice Kearney, whose title of sover-  
eignty was "Buck-Goat," and whose por-  
trait, painted by a native artist and pre-  
sented by the society, figured over the  
chimney-piece. The village Vandyke  
would seem to have invested largely in  
carmine, and though far from parsimon-  
ious of it on the cheeks and nose of his  
sitter, he was driven to work off some of  
his superabundant stock on the cravat,  
and even the hands, which, though  
amicably crossed in front of the white-  
waistcoated stomach, are fearfully sug-  
gestive of some recent deed of blood. The  
pleasant geniality of the countenance is,  
however, re-assuring. Nor—except a  
decided squint, by which the artist had  
ambitiously attempted to convey a  
humoristic drollery to the expression—is  
there anything sinister in the portrait.

An inscription on the frame announces  
that this picture of their respected  
founder was presented, on his fiftieth  
birthday, "To Maurice Kearney, sixth  
Viscount Kilgobbin;" various devices  
of "caprine" significance, heads, horns,  
and hoofs, profusely decorating the  
frame. If the antiquarian should lose  
himself in researches for the origin of  
this society, it is as well to admit, at  
once, that the landlord's sign of the Blue  
Goat gave the initiative to the name, and  
that the worthy associates derived nothing  
from classical authority, and never  
assumed to be descendants of fauns or  
satyrs, but respectable shop-keepers of  
Moate, and unexceptional judges of  
"poteen." A large jug of this insinuat-  
ing liquor figured on the table, and was  
called "Goat's milk;" and if these  
humoristic traits are so carefully enu-  
merated, it is because they comprise all  
that was specially droll or quaint in these  
social gatherings, the members of which  
were a very commonplace set of men,  
who discussed their little local topics in  
very ordinary fashion, slightly elevated,  
perhaps, in self-esteem, by thinking how  
little the outer world knew of their dull-  
ness and dreariness.

As the meetings were usually deter-  
mined on by the will of the president,  
who announced at the hour of separation  
when they were to reassemble, and as,  
since his niece's arrival, Kearney had  
almost totally forgotten his old associates,  
the club-room ceased to be regarded as  
the holy of holies, and was occasionally  
used by the land-lord for the reception of  
such visitors as he deemed worthy of  
peculiar honor.

It was on a very wet night of that  
especially rainy month in the Irish calen-  
dar, July, that two travelers sat over a  
turf fire in this sacred chamber out to  
dry before the blaze, the owners of which  
actually steamed with the effects of the  
heat upon their damp habiliments.

Some fishing-tackle and two knap-  
sacks, which lay in a corner, showed they  
were pedestrians, and their looks, voice,  
and manner proclaimed them still more  
unmistakably to be gentlemen.

One was a tall, sunburnt, soldier-like  
man of six or seven-and-thirty, power-  
fully built, and with that solidity of  
gesture and firmness of tread sometimes  
so marked with strong men. A mere  
glance at him showed he was a cold,  
silent, somewhat haughty man, not  
giving to hasty resolves, or in any way  
impulsive, and it is just possible that a  
long acquaintance with him would not  
have revealed a great deal more. He  
had served in a half dozen regiments;  
and although all declared that Henry  
Lockwood was an honorable fellow, a  
good soldier, and thoroughly "safe"—a  
very meaning epithet—there were no  
very deep regrets when he "exchanged,"  
nor was there, perhaps, one man who felt  
he had lost his "pal" by his going. He  
was now in the carbiniers, and serving  
as an extra aid-de-camp to the viceroy.

Not a little unlike him in most respects  
was the man who sat opposite him: a  
pale, finely featured, almost effeminate-  
looking young fellow, with a small line  
of dark moustache, and a beard on Henri  
Quatre, to the effects of which a collar  
cut in Vandyke fashion gave an especial  
significance. Cecil Walpole was disposed

to be pictorial in his get-up, and the  
purple dye of his knickerbocker stockings  
the slouching plumage of his Tyrot hat,  
and the graceful hang of his jacket, had  
excited envy in quarters where envy was  
fame. He, too, was on the vice-regal  
staff, being private secretary to his rela-  
tive, the lord lieutenant, during whose  
absence in England they had undertaken  
a ramble to the Westmeath lakes, not  
very positive whether their object was to  
angle for trout or to fish for that "know-  
ledge of Ireland" so popularly sought  
after in our day, and which displays  
itself so profusely in platform speeches  
and letters to the Times. Lockwood, not  
impossibly, would have said it was "to be  
a bit of walking" he had come. He had  
gained eight pounds by that indolent  
Phoenix Park life he was leading, and he  
had no fancy to go back to Leicestershire:  
too heavy for his cattle. He was not—  
his hunting men are—an ardent fisher-  
man; and as for the vexed questions of  
Irish politics, he did not see why he was  
to trouble his head to unravel the puzzles  
that were too much for Mr. Gladstone;  
not to say that he felt to meddle with  
these matters was like interfering with  
another man's department. "I don't  
suspect," he would say, "I should fancy  
John Bright coming to 'stables' and  
dictating to me how my Irish horses  
should be shod, or what was the best bit  
for a 'borer.'" He saw, besides, that the  
game of politics was a game of com-  
promises; something was deemed ad-  
mirable now that had been hitherto al-  
most execrable, and that which was  
utterly impossible to-day, if done last  
year would have been a triumphant suc-  
cess, and consequently he pronounced  
the whole thing an "imposition and a  
humbug." "I can understand a right  
and a wrong as well as any man," he  
would say, "but I know nothing about  
things that are neither or both, according  
to who's in or who's out of the Cabinet.  
Give me the command of twelve thous-  
and men, let me divide them into three  
flying columns, and if I don't keep Ire-  
land quiet, draft me into a West Indian  
regiment, that's all." And as to the idea  
of issuing special commissioners, passing  
new Acts of Parliament, or suspending  
old ones, to do what he or any other in-  
telligent soldier could do without any  
knavery or any corruption, "John Bright  
might tell us," but he couldn't. And  
here it may be well to observe that it  
was a favorite form of speech with him  
to refer to this illustrious public man in  
this familiar manner, but always to show  
what a condition of muddle and confusion  
must ensue if we followed the counsels  
that name emblemized, nor did he  
know a more cutting sarcasm to reply to  
an adversary than when he had said:  
"Oh, John Bright would agree with you."  
or, "I don't think John Bright could go  
farther."

Of a very different stamp was his com-  
panion. He was a young gentleman  
whom we cannot more easily charac-  
terize than by calling him, in the cant of  
the day, "of the period." He was es-  
sentially the most recent product of the  
age we live in. Manly enough in some  
things, he was fastidious in others to the  
very verge of effeminacy, an aristocrat  
by birth and by predilection, he made a  
parade of democratic opinions. He  
affected a sort of Crichtonism in the  
variety of his gifts, and as linguist,  
musician, artist, poet, and philosopher,  
loved to display the scores of things he  
might be, instead of that mild, very or-  
dinary young gentleman that he was.  
He had done a little of almost everything,  
he had been in the Guards, in diplomacy,  
in the House for a brief session, had  
made an African tour, written a pleasant  
little book about the Nile, with the illus-  
trations by his own hand. Still he was  
greater in promise than performance.  
There was an opera of his partly finished,  
a five-act comedy almost ready for the  
stage, a half-executed group he had left  
in some sculpture studio. When his  
distinguished relative him from his post  
as secretary of legation in Italy, to join  
him at his Irish seat of government, the  
phrase in which he invited him to return  
is not without its significance, and we  
give it as it occurred in the context. "I  
have no fancy for the post they have  
assigned me, nor is it what I had hoped  
for. They say, however, I shall succeed  
her. *Nous verrons.* Meanwhile I re-  
member your often remarking, "There  
is a great game to be played in Ireland."  
Come over at once, then, and let me  
have a talk with you over it. I shall  
manage the question of your leave, by  
making you private secretary for the  
moment. We shall have many difficul-  
ties, but Ireland will be the worst of

them. Do not delay, therefore, for I  
shall only go over to be sworn in, etc.,  
and return for the third reading of the  
Church Bill, and I should like to see you  
in Dublin (and leave you there) when I  
go."

Except that they were both members  
of the household, and English by birth,  
there was scarcely a tie between these  
very dissimilar natures, but somewhat  
the accidents of daily life, stronger than  
the traits of disposition, threw them into  
intimacy, and they agreed it would be a  
good thing "to see something of Ireland,"  
and with this wise resolve they had set  
out on that half-fishing excursion, which,  
having taken them over the Westmeath  
lakes, now was directing them to the  
Shannon, but with an infirmity of pur-  
pose which lack of sport and disastrous  
weather were contributing powerfully  
at the moment we have presented them  
to our reader.

To employ the phrase which it is  
possible each might have used, they  
"liked each other well enough"—that  
is, each found something in the other he  
"could get on with," but there was no  
stronger tie of regard or friendship  
between them, and each thought he per-  
ceived some flaw of pretension, or  
affected wisdom, or selfishness, or vanity  
in the other, and actually believed he  
amused himself by its display. In natures  
tastes, and dispositions, they were miles  
asunder, and disagreement between them  
would have been unceasing on every  
subject, had they not both been gentle-  
men. It was this alone—this gentleman  
element—made their companionship  
possible, and, in the long run, not un-  
pleasant. So much more has good-breed-  
ing to do in the common working of daily  
life than the more valuable qualities of  
mind and temperament.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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