

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 blurred 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, 1883.

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 lives 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 hostile. 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
special 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, reassuring. 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 noth-
ing 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 es-
pecially 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 carabinieri, 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—
few 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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