

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHAPTER DECEDED

"Tighe a Vobh with Shaun at his heels, was pursuing his road way to Corny O'Tool's abode. Frequently, however, he slackened his pace, as some sudden and pertinent thought gave him the occasion for a pithy remark; and when at length he stood within the little bachelor apartment, it was to cut such exasperated in his light—throwing up his hat and exclaiming, 'fancy step, which surpassed Corny's accomplishment as a ducer—as so astonished Mr. O'Tool that he could not find voice to make an explanation; and Shaun seemed equally surprised and puzzled by his master's strange conduct. "Wait till I tell you," said Tighe at last, when he had thrown up his hat in a final extraordinary caper, and flung himself into a chair. "It's the naughtiest piece of work you ever heard tell of, Corny; it bates every thing! Oh, but I was the sorry man that you weren't in the fore yesterday in the court!"

"I couldn't go, Tighe," answered Mr. O'Tool ruefully; "Mr. M. Gilligan's letter to her husband to write, and I had a proposal of marriage to compose for Shaun Carberry; he wanted to make an offer of himself to Judy at Corny, and as I knew she'd be coming for me to write an answer of acceptance, I thought I'd do the whole at once. So I have Judy's letter here waiting for her, and it's as fine a piece of composition as ever I wrote, Tighe."

"No doubt of it, Corny; you know me mother used to say that she took great pleasure in hearing of your diligent labors there—there was such devotion in them. But listen, Corny, while I tell you about yesterday—fath, it bates lotterly the way they had the other night, when they found it was messel that had escaped from the jail instead of the young man. My mother used to say that, Corny, an' how I could you could offer me when they pulled the cloak off her, an' lift me full in his sight!"

"I do, Tighe," said the little man chuckling gleefully at the remembrance. "Begorra, that's right, Tighe a Vobh, 'if the old villain loked like one man that night, he loked like the mad main yesterday!" and thereupon Tighe gave, in his own graphic and comical way, a full account of the proceedings which had terminated so ludicrously in the court on the previous day, explaining, "When that letter was sent, Corny, fath you'd think old Carberry's eyes were jumpin' out of their sockets with the surprise an' the rage he was in; an' if you see him coming through the crowd to get out—himself an' Garfield, only Garfield was afore him—an' every body around them holdin' their sides an' aboatun' wid the laughter, you'd a better think it was long as you named he Corny O'Tool. It was very divertin' to meel, Corny, an' I laughed wid the rest of 'em all at once. I thought of the trouble I'd soon be in—sure it would be all up wid messel an' Garfield now, an' I expected nothin' but that he'd be waitin' to shoot me. Fath, Corny, I was frightened, an' I began to think of puttin' in my word in order to think of a way to me mind—sure there was no tellin' what that old sin had been up to. Mebbe it's go to Captain Dennier he would, to demand satisfaction for the dooty; but he give him—the dooty that the Widly Moore's letter tak the place of—here Tighe chuckled, and Carberry, equally relating the laughable hoax which had been perpetrated in the exchange of papers, checked also; Tighe resumed: "Mebbe I'm suspected he Carther for havin' a hand in this thing, for there's no knowin' what the old sinner's head would think of; sare I was afeerd me'd be afeer me on account of the way the exchage was made; but he's afeer, but how an' fath that was, he never showed himself in me sight, an' that's bad, Corny, for wain could Carther kapes himself quiet, an' out of sight loked that you may be sare that he's puttin' somethin' wid his partner, the other divil would!" and Tighe's finger pointed significantly downwards.

"But how about that?" demanded Carberry, as deeply interested as was Tighe himself.

"Oh, sare, I was forgettin' the blarney of the dooty; fath, the dooty was the dooty, they say—fled Moore, the widly's brother, was waitin' for him to shoot him down; an' I gues the poor sinner, an' a match for me, he got wid 'em, for the say he ney waited long enough to buy a disguise, wain he quitted a country where he had such bad luck wid his love letters. His name is the sport of iverybody, an' the divil a bit, Corny, but you'll hear the soldiers an' the officers repeat the name of the dooty. An' this twain' comel' of the letter, an' fath, Dineen's name is captain; he loked like a man that had a couple of officers in his room, laughin' as if his heart would break with one of 'em was goin' through the whole thing, an' thryin' to remember the exact countin' of the letter? An' the Widly Moore—oh, Corny, but she'll never hold her head so high agin; they say she's goin' out of the country intirely, wid the shame she's in."

"That's too bad," said Carberry; "she was a fine, full woman, with a very dashin' way of her own."

"Ye," echoed Tighe; "but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—sure that letter, now, that was the degraadin' of her, mebbe it would be the savin' of 'em poor fellows that's on their thral; say they aren't got enough agin 'em, unless the paper is proof that the letter tuk the place of, an' fath they'll be a long tome hunan' till they found that paper!"

Again he chuckled, and Corny, as before, checked with him.

"He's movin'," returned Tighe, rising, "for the captain will be waitin' me; and waitin' to Shaun, who, having enclosed himself in a corner of Corny's bed, now at his master's signal thrust his head comely forth between the curtains, as if to be certain of the call before he quite disturbed himself."

Corny also rose, and opening the drawer of a little table, he discovered a disorderly contents carefully wrapped packet. Profiting by Tighe's remark, he said with great earnestness: "Mr. Carmody, permit me to intrust to your care a letter that I have written to your mother."

Tighe's face assumed a most ludicrous expression of surprise and perplexity. "A

letter to me mother, Corny—what's in it?"

"The expression of my honorable sentiments, Tighe; the revelation of my honest feelings—feelings that I shared in my heart when Timothy Carmody stepped in before me and carried the day by offering himself before I had a chance to compose the proposal of marriage it was my intention to make to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Tighe, prolonging the monosyllabic and giving a ludicrous twist to his face. "Tain you changed your mind, Corny, about leavin' her affections in the grave of her husband? fath, I think I'm in error in me opinion."

"No," interrupted Mr. O'Tool, warmly; "no, Mr. Carmody, I have no intention of disturbing her widowed affections, provided she still desires to leave them in the grave of her lamented husband; but in case she is not averse to withdrawing them, that—pointing to the packet which Tighe had taken—"with all her where she can deposit her delicate sentiments to the greatest advantage; it will tell her,"—Corny swallowed and flashed with the tremulous glow of his overwrought feelings—"that there is one heart, sir, that never ceased to beat with the deepest veneration and the most profound regard whenever the name of Mollie Carmody was mentioned."

Tighe turned aside on a pretense of looking for Shaun, but really to conceal the mirth with which he was inwardly convulsed, at the same time saying within himself; "Who iver thought of me mother turnin' a fellow's brain to that way? When his face had recovered its wonted expression, he turned back to Carberry, "I'm loth to take this, Corny, for there's no tellin' wain I'd be in Drommoch again—I don't loked to ex the captain to be lettin' me away too often, —so you'd better kape it while; or sure you could stand it the mail?"

"I could, Mr. Carmody, but I have my private reasons for wishing it to reach her hand from no one but you. So take it, Tighe, for fear I'd forget to give it to you, and deliver it at your convenience."

"Why well, Corny, since you're as this fied for me to give it to me, I have no objection there's no more to be said about the matter."

And Tighe pocketed the carefully sealed letter, and with another salute to Shaun, who, still reluctant to disturb him, did not yet wholly withdrawn from the bed, he departed. Arrived at the barracks, and on his way to his master's apartments, he suddenly encountered Mollie Carmody. The meeting was mutually unexpected and undesired, for both inwardly recoiled, but Tighe was the first to recover his wonted manner. "How do you do, Mr. Carberry; you're lookin' fine an' well, as if the world hadn't much agin you."

Corny looked sharply and suspiciously into the face of the speaker, but he gained nothing by the scrutiny.

The last time we had the pleasure of seeing each other, returned Tighe, determined to probe till he should elicit some expression of Carberry's feelings toward himself, "I didn't have much time to pay me respects to you; you see, wain he's meel, an' after bein' me own betwathen, I was so bothered that it med me fight me manners altogether!"

Sill Carberry did not answer; he only continued to look with a suspicious eye. "But I'll tell you one thing," pursued Tighe, approaching his listener, "I'm speakin' with a confidential air; I kept me word wid you, M. Carberry—I never told a widly's soul what I promised you, this I'd kape sacred; an' mebbe you'd have said he had the other night in the moonlight escapade—not a one bit, only that accident med me in the jail yard at the very time when the rope was thrown over, as I found iverybody."

Carberry's face brightened, and his voice assumed a conciliatory tone as he asked: "When did you see Mr. O'Donoghue, Tighe—when did you have an interview with him?"

Tighe eyed him with him before he answered, feigning intense anxiety lest there should be spectators, or eavesdroppers in the immediate vicinity; there were none, however, and he drew still closer to Carberry and whispered: "Will you kape the secret if I tell you somethin'—will you swear never to let it pass your lips if I give you a bit of information?"

Carberry was so eager as Tighe feigned to be, and in a glow of excitement, he instantly gave the desired pledge.

"Well, then," said Tighe, with his mouth close to his listener's ear, "it was spindin' the evening wid Ned Sutton, the warden, as I suppose you heard, an' wain we were both overcome by the whiskey, he said he thought of somethin' that had come to his knowledge, an' it was that there was an escape an' an artist that night; an' wain I happened in the jail yard, as I told you, sure you did see poppla' out for'nist me but the young man, an' at the same time the rope was let over the wall. This I fathed on me what Sutton said, an' some how I got into me mind that there'd be danger if Mr. O'Donoghue attempted to get away. I thried to make him go back; it was no use—he said he'd have to go on wid the venture, if only for the sake of one who was so good as to help him. Sare I gussed who that one was, for it's a power he always thought about you, Mollie, an' it kept me in me head to say that it was through you I was there, to bid him back to his cell as there was danger afore, an' that you had got warnin' of it."

"And did he go then?" asked Carberry, trembling with eagerness.

"Fath he did, an' I wint over the wall in his place."

"How you have done me an inestimable service!" and Carberry wrung Tighe a Vobh's hand. "Though you think I have played the part of a traitor in giving information to the authorities, I'm not the villain you believe; I planned an escape for poor Carroll, intending to show him, and I did receive warning of the discovery of the plans; but I was loth to lose the dear boy, or to get word to him in any way, and oh, the agony I suffered when I thought it was he they had captured!"

"I believe you, Mr. Carberry," said Tighe, with feigned earnestness; "didn't I see it in your face when I ketched a glimpse of you that night as they pulled the cloak off me? Perhaps your conscience assumed a very doubtful expression—as a good dale of 't is me that the people talk about you; an' mebbe you were drove to the one black act you committed, an'

mebbe you'd be thine to the master for the future!"

Carry eagerly seized the bait which Tighe shrewdly threw out. "I was driven to it," he said; "and Heaven knows that young O'Donoghue has no one more truly devoted to his interests than I am!"

"Mebbe you've spoken the thral," Mr. Carberry, answered Tighe with an expression in his face, and an accent in his voice, as if he were mentally struggling against some sudden conviction; "how an' iver, I'll believe you for the present—ye'll, I believe you—his voice growing firmer, as if he doubted of Carberry's sincerity had yielded to fullest trust—"an' I'll tell whether I'm in error in me opinion."

"I will, Tighe," answered Carberry with joyful animation; "and now tell me if you had any interview with Carroll since the night of his attempted escape?"

"Interview, is it? Why, thin, Mr. Carberry, wain you let your gumption at all? Sure they would have let the loike of me nist or nigh him."

"He is very strictly guarded," returned Carberry; "and that's why I'm here to-day—to seek Captain Dennier to use his influence with the governor of the jail in my favor; you know they are warm friends, Tighe, and if the captain speaks for me, I shall be admitted to Carroll's cell, an' I'll be able to see him, an' my poor fellow since the night of the attempted escape."

"I know it," responded Tighe. "An' now come along if you want to see the captain—he'll be ready to receive you about this time."

He led the way, Carberry following, and having taken the name of the latter to the officer and, in obedience to the orders he received, having ushered Mr. Carberry into Captain Dennier's presence, he retired to the adjoining apartment, where he vainly sought to distinguish a word of the interview. Nothing but an occasional sound of the voices reached him, and that only when either chanced to be pitched above an ordinary key; and every door leading to the room being tightly fastened, he could not make a pretense for putting one ear. His efforts all falling to accomplish his object, he shook his fist in the direction of the apartment and muttered:

"You could villain—it's well I know you—to get Captain Dennier to use his influence wid the governor of the jail; a likely story, thin, the captain wouldn't use his influence for thin he thinks more of than iver he thought of that old thral! An' him to be waitin' in defiance to get visitin' the young man; oh, Mollie Carberry, it's a wonder yer old excess don't med with the hope of hell that's coverin' you! Didn't Ned Sutton tell me that Carberry had the run of the whole prison? that the government loks upon him as the fittest informer in the whole of Ireland; an' that he has the countenance of the higher authorities to do as he loked wid the guards for the sake of 'intrapplin' more of the poor Fenians? I wonder, now, if it was a bid shrike for me to say what I did about Sutton! It was the first thing that came into me head, an' I thought if I could make Carberry believe that I thral him agin, mebbe he would blinnet the matter some how. 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