

“ You don’t tell me, sor ! I see in the ‘ Hur’ld ’ that they call it the Civil War, but it’s nothin’ but oncivil, sor, for to fight agin’ your ould home.”

“ You are right,” assented the captain. “ There’s nothing civil about war. I suppose the old house has long been deserted.”

“ Sure, look at the forage, thin. ’Tis piled up as natelty as you plaze. Wait till the b’ys git at it ! Look at the smoke of the chimbly. Barrin’ the jay-birds, ’tis the peacefulest sight I’ve seen.”

“ My people are gone,” said the captain. “ My father was a Union man. I would n’t be surprised to hear of him somewhere at the North. The day that I was eighteen he gave me a larruping for disobedience, and I ran away.”

“ Don’t spake of it, sor.” O’Halloran held up his hands. “ Many’s the time I’ve had me feelin’s hurted wit’ a bar’l stave.”

“ That was in 1860,” said the captain. “ I was too proud to go back home, but when the war began I remembered what a strong Union man my father was, and I joined the Union army.”

“ ’Tis a great scheme for a play,” said the big Irishman solemnly.