

“I tell you what, John,” he said to his son, “I don’t like to be harborin’ nary side. It’s agin’ my principles. I don’t like this colloguin’ an’ palaverin’ betwixt folks that ought to be by good rights a-knockin’ one another on the head. If they want to collogue an’ palaver, why don’t they go som’ers else?”

The squire’s son tried to explain, but the old gentleman hooted at the explanation. “Come on, Jule, let ’s go and see what they ’re up to.”

As they approached, the Irishman glanced at Captain Fambrough, and saw that he had turned away, cap in hand, to hide his emotion.

“You ’re just in time,” the Irishman said to Squire Fambrough in a bantering tone, “to watch the continding armies. This mite of a Johnny will swindle the Government, if I don’t kape me eye on him.”

“Is this what you call war?” the Squire inquired sarcastically. “Who axed you to come trespassin’ on my land?”

“Oh, we ’ll put the leaves back where we found them,” said Kilpatrick, “if we have to git a furlough.”

“Right you are!” said the Irishman.