VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion. $1.50 Per Year.

VOLUME XVII. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1863. NUMBER 15.

POETICAL.

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
When life was new and dear
When rose clouds veiled the future path,
And heaven seemed so near.
Before the heart's bright, trusting faith,
Was robbed by worldly lore,
And yielded up the garnered joys
It trusted in before.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
When Nature seemed more bright—
When each returning Spring would bring
A dreamy, soft delight.
When 'neath the whispering beechen shade,
We spoke love's tender vow;
And all the charms of poetry
Seemed far more sweet than now.

Oh! give me back the olden time,
Before a cruel war
Had sprung up, like some horrid fiend,
To blight our land to mar!
When life passed like a summer dream,
In mild and pleasant ways,
And Peace shed o'er our happy homes
Her soft and cheerful rays.

Ah no! 'tis vain the iron hand
Of fate points the way;
We scarce can pause to scan the past,
But hope on, day by day—
Still looking for that better time
When we shall all be free;
Oh, God! teach us to live aright,
And put our trust in Thee!

SONG OF THE IRISH EXILE.

BY J. T. B.

O Erin, *Avourniu,*
A cushla machree!
Tho absent in body,
My spirit's with thee—
As ever with thee, love,
Wherever I go,
And yearns for thee, darling,
As hart for the roe.

O, Erin, my true love,
My mistress, my wife,
My treasure, my being,
My more than my life;
For thee do I sigh,
And would deem myself blest
Could I die in thine arms
With my head on my breast.

O, Erin my jewel,
Bright star of my heart,
I weep to behold
In thy bosom the dart;
Unable to aid thee,
I live in despair—
O, Erin, *Avourniu,*
I'm tortured with care.

I'd die for thee, sweetest,
If dying could save
Thy limbs from the fetters
Which hold thee a slave;
Yes, I'd pour out my life
A hundred times o'er,
To see thee exalted
And throned as of yore.

An exile from thee, love,
Aweary I roam.
Awaiting the summons
Which bids me fly home—
O, when will thy children
In majesty see
The banner of Freedom
A waving o'er thee!

MISCELLANY.

"What Could He Do in Heaven?"

It was about thirty years ago or more when stage coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach. It was cold wintry weather, and the coachman as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as so shock all the passengers. The old clergyman who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixing his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last, the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said, "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?"

The clergyman said, with his eyes fixed upon him, "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses, in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven?"

Do not the words apply to every human being, whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good, and who delights in saying what is evil. There is no swearing money in heaven, there is no promotion, there is no gossip, there is no idleness, there is no controversy, there is no detraction in heaven. *I cannot think what you will do when you get to Heaven.*

Time.

It waits for no man—it travels on with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course; moments press after moments; day treads upon day; year rolls after year. Does man loiter? procrastinate? Is he listless or indolent? Behold the days, and months and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings may be suspended by sleep, darkness and silence, and death may reign around us, but Time knows no stoppages. We may dam up mighty rivers, stop them in journeying to the ocean, press them back to their source, but the arrest of Time is beyond the power of any human being, besides Omnipotence. The clock may cease to strike, the bell to toll, the sun may cease to shine, the moon and the stars withhold their light, but the busy hours pass on.

A Romantic Story.

The Louisville Journal of the 26th, narrates the following romantic story:

A few weeks since a captain, accompanied by a young soldier apparently about seventeen years of age, arrived in this city in charge of some rebel prisoners. During their stay in the city the young soldier alluded to had occasion to visit headquarters, and at once attracted the attention of Colonel Munday as being exceedingly sprightly and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Being in needs of such a man at barracks No. 1, the Colonel detailed him for service in that institution. He soon won the esteem of his superior officers, and became a general favorite with all connected with the barracks.

A few days ago, however, the startling secret was disclosed that the supposed young man was a young lady, and the fact was established beyond doubt by a soldier who was raised in the same town with her and knew her parents.

She "acknowledged the corn," and begged to be retained in her position to which she was assigned; having been in the service ten months, she desired to serve during the war. Her wish was accordingly granted, and she is still at her post.

"Frank" was born near Bristol, Pa., and her parents now reside in Alleghany City, Pa., where she was raised. They are highly respectable people, and in very good circumstances. She was sent to the convent in Wheeling, Va., at twelve years of age, where she remained until the breaking out of the war, having acquired a superior education and the accomplishments of modern usage. She visited home after leaving the convent, and after taking leave of her parents, proceeded to this city in July last, with the design of enlisting in the 2d East Tennessee cavalry, which she accomplished, and accompanied the Army of the Cumberland to Nashville.

She was in the thickest of the fight at Murfreesboro' and was severely wounded in the shoulder, but fought gallantly, and waded the Stone river into Murfreesboro' on the memorable Sunday on which our forces were driven back. She had her wound dressed, and here her sex was disclosed, and Gen. Rosecrans made acquainted with the fact.—She was accordingly mustered out of the service, notwithstanding her earnest entreaty to be allowed to serve the cause she loved so well. The General was favorably impressed with her daring bravery and superintended the arrangements for her safe transmission to her parents. She left the Army of the Cumberland, resolved to enlist again in the first regiment she met. When at Bowling Green she found the 8th Michigan there, and enlisted, since which time she has been, and is now connected with it.

She is represented as an excellent horseman, and has been honored with the position of regimental bugler in the regiment. She had seen and endured all the privations and hardships incident to the life of a soldier, and gained an enviable reputation as a scout, having made several wonderful expeditions, which were attended with signal success.

"Frank" is only eighteen years of age, quite small and a beautiful figure. She has auburn hair, which she wears quite short, and huge blue eyes, beaming with brightness and intelligence. Her complexion is naturally very fair, though slightly bronzed at present from the effects of exposure. She is exceedingly pretty, and very amiable. Her conversation denotes more than ordinary accomplishments, and, what is stranger than all, she appears very refined in her manners giving no evidence whatever of the rudeness which might naturally be expected from her life associations.

"Frank" informs us that she has discovered a great many females in the army, and is now intimately acquainted with a young lady who is a lieutenant in the army. She had assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times whose sex was unknown to any but herself.

Big Words and small Ideas.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conception. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education.

It is a very common but very egregious mistake, to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying at last, they "decease."

The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of the Saxon derivation, and the people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation, delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a foot and a half long.

HUMORS OF THE DRAFT.—At the drawing for the draft in New Haven, Conn., on Saturday last, the greatest good humor is said to have prevailed. Seven hundred and sixty-seven names were drawn, including the Mayor of the city Congressman English, the whole board of enrollment, seven postoffice officials, nearly half the city police, six employees from the Courier newspaper, and a plentiful sprinkling from the other local journals. The lucky winners of prizes take the matter pleasantly, mount a red ribbon in their button holes, and affect to look down on those who drew blanks.

Archbishop Purcell on the Day of Thanksgiving.

In the Cinnatti Catholic Telegraph is published the patriotic order of the archbishop of the diocese for the celebration of the national Thanksgiving Day:

The observance of thanksgiving day, and of days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, recommended by the President of the United States and the Governor of Ohio, was left by the ecclesiastical authorities of this diocese, in former years, to the well known public spirit and piety of our reverend clergy, and their respective congregations. Events, however, of recent occurrence, seems to require that the sixth day of the present month should be observed with special devotion by all our people. We trust, therefore, that our churches will be thrown open, and solemn religious services be performed, to thank the Lord of Hosts that victory after victory has been granted to the justice of our cause and the valor and patience of our armies; that the devastating ravages of war have been repelled from our beloved State; that the obstructions to the free navigation of the glorious rivers which fertilize our territory, and bear on their bosoms our rich commerce to the ocean, have been removed; and that the resistance to the laws, and the wicked and disgraceful riots which have elsewhere occurred, have found among us but few accomplices.

In raising our hearts and voices to God in gratitude for these blessings, we protest against the unjust imputation that we rejoice at the evils which have overwhelmed brethren, who, by their counsels and acts, became enemies. It is not, Heaven a thousand times forbid, for the shedding of their blood, the capture of an hundred thousand of their soldiers, the storming of their strongholds, the desolation of their once flourishing plantations, and the crushing of their industry, that we rejoice; but that rebellion has been suppressed, treason discomfitted, and suicidal overtures to foreign Powers disappointed and baffled. It is for these results we lift our eyes and hands to Heaven. And we pray in his words who was once the honored chief of our hierarchy, the kinsman of one so long known as the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, the friend of Franklin, and his colleague in the mission from our Government to the Canadian people, that (this bad war once happily concluded) we may be restored to, and for evermore preserved in union;—and that safe at once from foreign foe and domestic treason, we may continue to realize that glorious destiny which was so bountifully shared with the oppressed and the downtrodden of Europe, and which exhibited our Constitution and laws as the wisest and best ever framed by man for his welfare and happiness in this temporal state.

And we add to this prayer the expression not of a hope, but of a conviction, that the people of the United States and the Government at Washington will not impose hard conditions on the State, or States of the South that may desire to return to the Union, but welcome them back with the magnanimity of a great Christian nation, forgiving and forgetting the past, in the joy of a present and everlasting reunion.

By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop,
C. H. BORGESS, Secretary.

Maryland's "Day."

The "Methodist," New York, was started in the interests of conservatism and its earlier numbers opposed anti-slavery action in the church. A recent number contains the following:

"Now is the time, of all others, to make the issue with slavery in Maryland. Never before, since the institution attained to strength in the land has it been so weak in that State as now. The war has done what ages of peaceful controversy could not reasonably promise to effect; and will, not the friends of emancipation—the true friends of the old Commonwealth—join their strength with that of divine Providence, and aid heaven itself in striking the decisive blow? Now the press is free, as never before, and so is speech. Such universal and thorough liberty Maryland has not known for fifty years past. What the *American* now prints, its editors could scarcely have whispered three years ago. Then let the unmanacled press and the ungagged mouth work, and that with an energy proportioned to their long rest.

"The result of emancipation in Maryland will be an almost preternatural advancement of her material prosperity. The tide of population will flow in upon her immediately and rapidly. This is made certain by her nearness to the seaboard, by the extent of her area in proportion to her scant population, by her beautiful climate, mediating between the enervating South and the frigid North, and by her rivers and bays abounding with fish and inviting the trade of all continents. Why should emigrants go thousands of miles westward for land, when the very ships that bring them over the Atlantic may set them down on the shores of free Maryland? Only emancipate the old State and all the advantages which the Free States possess she will necessarily share with them. Besides, if Maryland will now at once, and irrevocably, pledge herself to emancipation, that will be the loudest and most powerful broadside she could possibly discharge against the rebellion."

ADVICE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl; help yourself in your own virtue, and seek of God and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with soldiers' honor, bless God and die.

Speech of General Sickles at Saratoga.

The following is a full report of the speech of General Sickles, at Saratoga, last Friday evening, made in response to a serenade:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is embarrassing to be the sole recipient of honors which others should share. I am quite aware that I am mainly indebted for this graceful compliment to your just admiration for the brilliant conduct of the Third Army Corps at Chancellorville and Gettysburg. So far, however, as I am permitted to receive your visit as an expression of personal regard, I thank you heartily for it. A day in Saratoga reminds us of anything but war. The sacrifices of the North, great as they have been, have not, apparently, disturbed our pleasures nor diminished our resources. One more campaign—in which the army and navy shall feel that their valor and devotion are appreciated by the nation—and this sad war will then end in the re-establishment of the National Government over all the possessions of the United States. It is not too much to say that we have already accomplished more than was deemed possible by warlike nations and high military authority in Europe; and when the declining energies of the rebellion relinquish the sword, now held with a feeble grasp, this country will take its place in the foremost rank of nations; we will enter upon a career of grandeur and renown which no imagination has foreseen and no human agency can arrest.—Among those present I am gratified to recognize the familiar and cherished faces of old friends. To these it will not be without interest to know that I shall be in command of my corps when the next battle is fought.—It is reserved for the Army of the Potomac to make the final and decisive campaign against the last and greatest of the armies of the rebellion. I have had the honor to belong to the Army of the Potomac during my brief military service—with it, and especially with the 3d Army Corps, my destiny is cast; proud of my association with so many heroes, their fortunes will ever be mine—and nothing can be dearer to me than their honor and fame, and happiness. When the enemies of the republic lay down their arms—when Charleston and Chattanooga, and Richmond, are garrisoned by Federal troops; when the Constitution and the laws, and the flag of the Union are recognized from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—as now they are honored and loved from the Penobscot to the Susquehanna—then, and not until then, will we have an honorable peace. Meanwhile, those who are most impatient for the termination of hostilities should do all they can in aid of the Government and the army; those who are willing to impair the authority of the Government, and seek the Southern hand which spurns them, let them not be unmindful that they contribute to the worst of calamities—the recognition of a hostile and hateful Confederacy. Separation is war—endless war; union is peace. My friends, good-night, and farewell.

Advice to a Copperhead.

The Committee of the Washington Union Club of Memphis, Tenn., have replied to the declination of Hon. Emerson Etheridge to address the people of that city, and the letter has been published, and is very severe on Etheridge, whose letter was not, by any means, polite or gentlemanly. The committee close as follows:

As you have been exceedingly generous in the bestowal of your advice, we will make no apology for offering a little of ours:

1. If you have been indulging too freely in the use of "tanglefoot," desist and join some temperance society.

2. Quit the Copperheads.

3. If you can't be a better Union man than John Minor Botts, try to be as good, and keep still.

4. Cease insulting American women.

5. Try by every means to regain the little respectability you have had and lost.

6. Offer yourself as a substitute for some negro soldier over forty-five years of age; or,

7. Apologize to the President, and as Cooper is legally incompetent to hold the office of assessor in this district, you will stand a fair chance of being appointed.

8. Take moderate doses of Vermifuge and a cold bath three times a day.

9. Purchase and read a small book called "Etiquette for American Gentlemen," especially that chapter directing how to reply to polite invitations.

10. If it is true that you are crazy, endeavor to get into a good lunatic assylum.

By carefully digesting these brief, gentle, and friendly admonitions, and also the 20th chapter of Exodus, together with General Butler's recent speeches, you may yet be able to rescue your name, not from contempt, but from infamy.

John Burns over 70 years of age, a resident of Gettysburg, fought throughout the battle of the first day, and was wounded no less than five times—the last shot taking effect in his ankle, wounding him severely.—He came up to Col. Wister in the thickest of the fight, shook hands with him, and said he came to help. He was dressed in his best, consisting of a light blue swallow tailed coat, with brass buttons, corduroy pantaloons, and a stove pipe hat of considerable height, all of ancient pattern. He was armed with a regulation musket. He loaded and fired unflinchingly until the last of his five wounds brought him down. He will recover. His little cottage was burned by the rebels. A purse of one hundred dollars was been sent to him from Germantown. *Bravo John Burns.—Germantown Telegraph.*

Wonder why the wearing of copperheads has all at once become so fashionable by the union papers? Have they just discovered that it is a symbol of disloyalty and that instead of honor it is a badge of infamy?

An Honest Confession.

Unlike several of our Northern journals, the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* considers it a great crime to conceal the truth. It announces that it will, therefore, tell the truth, no matter what may be the consequence and begins by this confession:

From the beginning of the war until the present, the enemy has slowly but surely gained upon us; and but for the extraordinary endurance and courage of our troops, his flag would now be floating at the capital of every State. We have lost Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Mississippi Valley, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and considerable portions of other States.—Vicksburg has fallen, as we feared many months ago it would; Port Hudson has fallen; Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah will probably go next. General Lee is attempting to retire from Maryland with his spoils, but no substantial victory has crowned his arms. We are weaker to-day than when he crossed the Potomac into Maryland. Our recruits in the way of conscripts will scarcely keep our regiments full, and we cannot hope to add materially to our forces. *Our fighting population is pretty well exhausted. Everybody knows this; the North knows this, and so does Europe.* On the contrary, our enemies, flushed with triumph have a large army in the field, and their President has just called for three hundred thousand more. He will get them. The movement on Pennsylvania by General Lee, and the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, have hushed all clamors for peace in the North and have banded the people there as one man for the prosecution of the war. We have nothing to hope for from foreign nations, and just as our cause is, we see no indications that Providence is about to interpose in our behalf.—The war, then, will go on. Our side or the other must conquer. Will five millions of whites conquer twenty millions of the same race? Will they conquer a peace on the very soil of these twenty millions? Not in any event, if these twenty millions possess ordinary manhood, and fight.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by ex-Governor Boutwell of the Treasury Department:

The Government has not been framed which can sustain a struggle such as inevitably must result from the existence of any considerable number of men who entertain the ideas which these men entertain. The war that is now desolating our land, is not, the result of the preaching of anybody, North or South. It is not the result of what has been done in Congress, or of what Congress has failed to do; and if you will search the records of time, you will find that this rebellion, in which we are engaged, this war which we are prosecuting, hand to hand with the enemies of the republic, is the most logical and most inevitable of which history gives us any account. It is not spasmodic nor exceptional. It is necessary, because we have founded a Government upon two antagonistic hostile ideas. You might as well hope to establish a harmonious and enduring church upon the Koran and the Bible, as to expect to maintain through successive ages institutions and forms of government based in part upon the equality of man, and in part upon the subjugation of men to tyranny. [Prolonged applause.] In saying this, I make no reflections upon the men who framed this Government. If, on the other hand, the men of the North had believed that slavery would be extended and perpetuated, they never would have put their hands to the compact; and if the men of the South at that day had believed in the institution of slavery they had too much respect for the truth, to have asked their friends in the North to form an alliance with them. The men of the North and South believed that slavery was temporary, transitory, and even then passing away; and that liberty was permanent and universal in its application to all men.

Some of those whom I address remember the memorable event of the presence of the Hungarian exile, Kossuth, in our country. It was my fortune to introduce him in Faneuil Hall, in Massachusetts, and I recall to-night the opening passage of his speech; not in language but in meaning. Said he, "you err in speaking of 'American Liberty.' You should say Liberty in America. There can be no such thing as American Liberty. God is God; Liberty is Liberty."

Now, then, reviewing the past, I can but come to the conclusion, that one great source of our failure is, that we have undertaken to establish here, upon this continent, American liberty, and have confined its application to men of a particular color, and have, acting upon that idea, disregarded entirely, the rights of one-eighth of the people occupying the territory of the United States. Believing, as I do, in an overruling Providence, I cannot doubt, that the suffering through which we are called to pass, is, in some way or other, a punishment upon the nation for its great sin in this respect. Therefore, if I am either a patriot or a Christian, it is my duty to declare that there can be no peace until the institution of slavery is exterminated. [Continued applause.]

HOW TO SUBDUE SIN.—A Scotch warrior, at the hour of battle, thus appealed to his companions in arms:

"Noo, lads, there's the enemy, if ye dinna shoot them, they'll shoot you."

Reader, you must battle with sin, or sin will be the death of you. Sin is the great enemy of man. It hath slain its millions already, and is still insatiable. It is digging a grave for you, and, if not timely resisted, will secure your second and eternal death.

The woman who utters her first oath, utters an insult to the lips of man.

HUMOROUS.

The Vicksburg troops lived several weeks upon mule meat. That's what made the rascals so stubborn.

The miser is a wretch who starves himself in one world to be damned in an other.

A Western girl, after giving her lover a hasty smack, exclaimed: "Dog my cats, if you havn't taken a little rye, old hoss."

A man may be nettled by a rose if his sweetheart gives it to hissival.

Judas betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; many professing Christians have, by a similar service, made ten times the money.

Why should a teetotaler refrain from marrying? Because if he got a wife his principles would not permit him to sup porter.

A Physician's Toast—may the poor people never get sick.

[redacted]

Upon comming into the office the other day, we asked the "devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he;

"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semi-colon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

Muggins recently reproached a friend for reading that treasonable sheet the New York World.

It begets a religious frame of mind was the reply.

How?

It makes me long for another and better world.

Why is a negro with no hair on the top of his head like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members? Because he's a black bald individual.

An English astronomer has discovered that we are several million miles nearer the sun than has been supposed. A cotemporary thinks this is very satisfactory when coal is $12 a ton, and wood is $10 a cord, and scarce at that.

The Grand Rapids *Eagle* man says he wouldn't mind the high prices of wood half so much, if all the neighbors hadn't taken to the disgusting habit of locking their wood house doors at night.

In Wheeling, Virginia, recently, a soldier in pursuit of a deserter had occasion to fire at him. For this the Copperhead Mayor fined the soldier $10. Hearing of the affair, Governor Boreman sent for the Mayor and lectured him in this wise:

"Sir, you were aware that this soldier was acting in accordance with the authority he has received, and is justifiable in all he did. Now, sir, hand over to him the $10 you took from him, and get $500 bail for your future good conduct. If you cut up any more such didoes I'll put you where the dogs won't bite you."

TAKING SOMETHING.—The Provost Marshal of Gen. Meade's army, has in his custody a Union prisoner, who is a dull specimen of a Yankee. He was asked by a visitor what he was arrested for.

"For taking something," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said he, "one morning I did not feel very well, and went to see the surgeon. He was busy writing at the time, and when I went in, he stopped and looked at me, saying, 'well, you do look bad, you had better take something.' He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked around, and saw nothing I could take except his gold watch, and I took that. That's what I am here for."

A WILL.—"I give and bequeath to Mary my wife, the sum o' one hundred pounds a year. Is that written down maester?"

"Yes. But she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? most people do."

Ah, do they? Well, write again, and say: And if my wife marries, I give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, maester?

"Way, it's generally the other way; the legacy is lessoned if the widow maries again."

"Aye, but he that gets her'll deserve it."

Advantages of Printing.

Mr. B—, a well known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old bible in her hand.

"I want, said she, that you should print it over again. It's getting a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was.—How much do you ax?

Fifty cents.

Can you have it done in half an hour? I wish you would—want to get home? live a good ways out in the country.

Certainly.

When the old lady went out, he went around to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

Lor sakes a massy! exclaimed the old woman when she came to look at it, how good you have fixed it!—its e'en a most as good as new. I never seed nothing so curious as wat printing is!