

**THE  
OILED FEATHER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649018314

The oiled feather by P. B. Power

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**P. B. POWER**

**THE  
OILED FEATHER**





The first person Sam Parsons came in sight of was old Biddy Magrath, the woman who sold apples at the corner of the street. "Good morning, Biddy," said Sam.—See page 35.

THE  
**OILED FEATHER**

*Illustrated.*

BY THE  
**REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.,**  
LATE INCUMBENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, WORTHING.



LONDON:  
**HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.**  
MDCCLXXI.

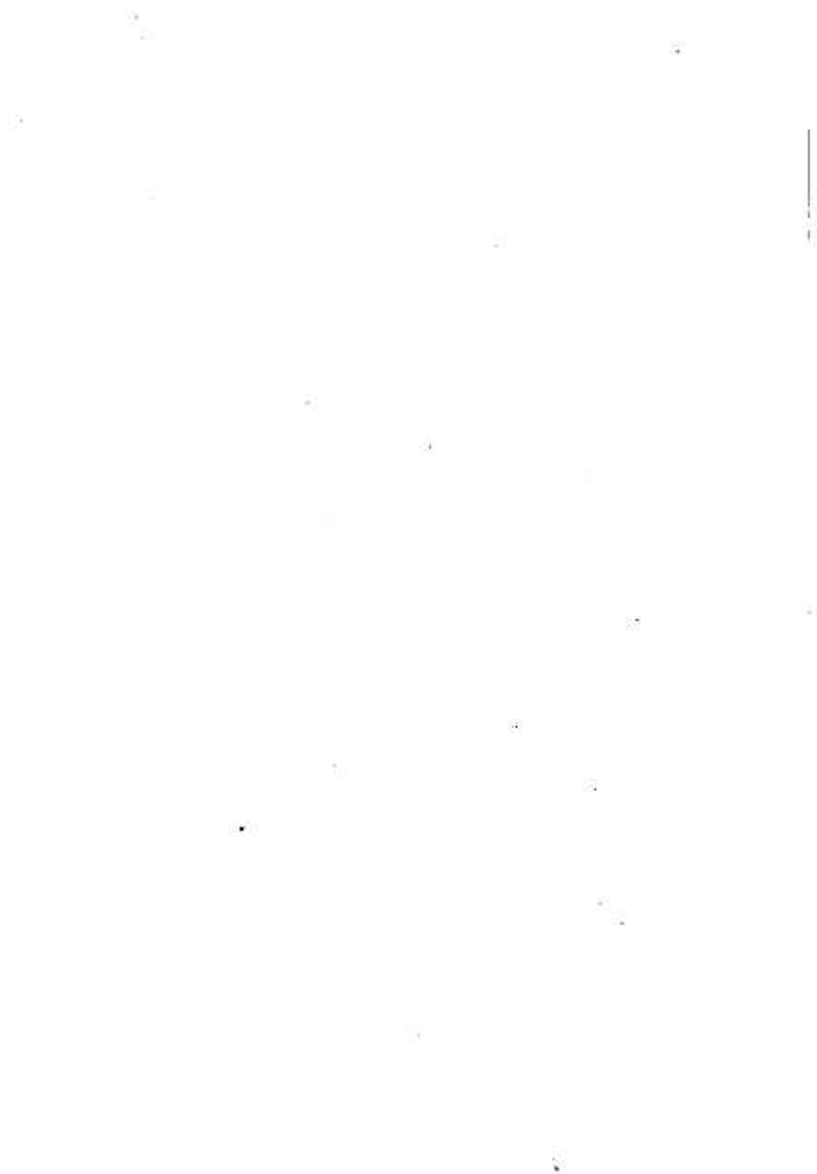
1489. e 728

## To the Reader.

---

ALL male and female Joes here see,  
How tempers sour bring misery ;  
What's soft and kind, and sweet and tender,  
Suits male and female,—either gender.  
“ You shall !” “ I say !” “ Come now !” “ You  
must !”

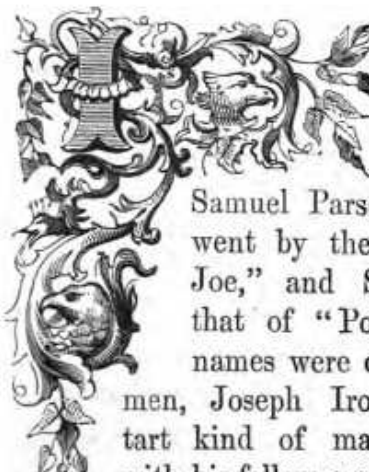
Is just so much corroding rust.  
Love is the secret,—love, the oil  
To keep hearts bright, nor let them spoil.  
Wife, husband oil,—and husband, wife,  
And you shall lead a happy life.  
The cross, the rude, the hard, the fickle,  
Cannot resist this feather's tickle ;  
The oil that's on it is so sly,  
One drop is oft enough to try.  
You need not use enough to smother,  
But just enough to please each other.  
The way to meet life's rusting weather,  
Is just to use a well “ Oiled Feather !”







## Chapter First.



IN THE VILLAGE of Hurst lived two neighbours named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe," and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men, Joseph Irons being a short tart kind of man in his dealings with his fellow-creatures; and Samuel Parsons being on the other hand genial and civil. Joseph Irons wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man, not he! he

wouldn't waste his time with palavering people with fine words, no, not he! if folk didn't like his goods, they may leave them; and if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions; in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent living, was disliked by almost everybody; and, in truth, no one could be surprised.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favourite; he had a salute for every one who came in the way; he didn't think himself a bit the worse man, because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the squire, as well as bobbed his head to the old apple-woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was that, they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones; and they certainly slipped more pleasant-like out of one's mouth; and so it came to pass, that go wherever you would, all the country round, amongst all sorts and conditions of men,



everybody liked Sam Parsons, and we may wind up this paragraph, just as we did the last, by saying, and in truth, no one could be surprised.

“Polished Sam” and “Rusty Joe” might have lived on to the end of the world, for aught that we have to do with