



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1865.

NUMBER 3

### POETICAL.



#### THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain, & mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then he calls them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones  
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now in everlasting song  
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in Paradise.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is life—there is no death.

#### THE WORLD IS BRIGHT.

The world is bright before thee,  
Its summer flowers are thine;  
Its blue sky is o'er thee—  
Thy bosom virtue's shrine;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To Nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—  
The death-dire of the sky—  
That tell, ere dawn of morn,  
These charms may fade away;  
The sun's bright beam be shaded,  
The sky be blue no more,  
The summer's flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely  
Thy evening home may be;  
Though Beauty's beque can only  
Float on a summer sea;  
Though time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild-dove's breath of feeling—  
The sunbeam of the heart.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Natural History—The Copperhead

This curious animal is a native of North America, and is found in all parts of the Union, as well as in New Jersey, Swazey and Marlow. Large numbers have also emigrated to Canada, where they thrive very well, notwithstanding the contempt in which they are held by the inhabitants. Specimens have been sent in Europe, but they are probably carried thither by nobles for curiosities. The copperhead as it now exists is of recent origin, being a hybrid produced by a "cross" between a Southern rebel and a Northern dough-face, but animals of the same genus have existed in all ages of the world, and Agassiz is said to have discovered petrified remains of one in the formation of the Saurian period.

From its form and talent of mimicry it has been supposed by some to belong to the monkey tribe, but this has been zealously opposed by the friends of the latter as being disparaging to the monkey. In form it very much resembles the human species. The male is from five to six feet in height, generally of dirt color, and when none have been cut off to avoid the draft, has five toes and five claws at the extremity of each fore paw or arm. It is blustering and frothy, but cowardly.

The female is smaller, but vicious and savage. She generally has rings in her ears, and heard on her upper lip. Her bite is poisonous and deadly. We have heard of no instance in which one has been successfully tamed.

The copperhead is naturally a clumsy animal, but when nearly cornered by an opponent, it leaps from position to position with wonderful agility. It is generally a biped, but just before election it becomes a quadruped. It feeds upon offal and the bodies of dead patriots, which accounts for its joy when the Union armies have been defeated and large numbers of soldiers slain. Some attempts have been made to make use of the copperhead in the present war, but though it will travel northward, (towards Canada) no means have been found to induce him southward, which is probably owing to the fear of the negro. But next to the dog, the male copperhead is probably the most intelligent of the animal creation. He can be taught to chop wood, chew tobacco, and even vote and hold office.

### WAS IT EVER PARALLELED?

The year we are now pushing through, this eighteen hundred and sixty-five, stands out in grand, bold relief from all its predecessors, a Star of the first magnitude in Time's constellation.

It saw the end of the imperious Slaveholder's Rebellion.

It saw the end of American Slavery.

Its earliest flowers covered the bier of a nation's murdered Hero.

The sun and showers of its young months freshen the green grass over the martyr's grave.

Its Spring time witnessed the grandest funeral pageant that ever honored the dead, or graced the living.

It saw a nation, Thirty Millions strong, drop scalding tears of sorrow on the tomb of their slain Chief.

It saw the murderer's dishonored corpse sunk in an unknown place, ere the victim reached his grave.

It saw a procession of grief struck mourners two thousand miles in length.

It saw the Great Dead carried to his home by a Nation, in whose Funeral Train cities were pall-bearers, military chieftains the corpse watchers, high civic functionaries guardians of his Bier, great Imperial States chief mourners, millions of uncovered heads bowed in tearful grief as the mighty cortege wound its solemn march under the sun-light of day and the torch-light of night, from the scene of active duty, to the quiet rest of an honest man's grave.

It saw millions of a down trodden race lifted to dignities and responsibilities of humanity.

It saw those millions bowed down, and their heads bent with grief as sorrowing as children feel at a father's grave.

It saw Villages clothed in mourning, Towns draped in Death's insignia, great Cities suspended their traffic, the busy marts of commerce hushed with the awe, while the silence of living Death covered with costly badges of woe, and the homes of the poor draped in the more simple and eloquent symbols of a People's sorrow.

It heard holy ministers of Christ's Gospel speak words of peace for the murdered Dead, and comforting condolence for the living.

It heard the heart prayer of sincere millions for the rest of the departed, and that his death might not leave the nation in the utter darkness of desolation.

It heard a nation of mourners chant solemn dirges in accord with organ peals and the thunder of artillery, over the passing body of the nation's martyr.

If respectful, manifest sorrow for the dead, be any proof of civilization, then did Sixty-five witness a greater and more perfect civilization than any other child of Father Time.

As the days of Sixty-five rolled into weeks, and the weeks wheeled into months, the meridian of the year saw the people of other lands meet in sorrow for the stricken nation, heard their grief utterances, saw their Anointed Rulers bow their heads in awe of sorrowing sympathy and for once a child of Time, saw

"A world in tears."

Sixty-five saw in the mourned one the incarnation of Freedom-loving, Liberty-practicing people, this impersonation of capabilities and possibilities of Institutions based on the voice of men echoing the voice of God in the recognition of human rights and manly duties, the Emancipator of a Race, and the Guarantor of their Liberties.

It saw in the "deep damnation his taking off" the possibilities and capabilities of the barbaric system which the GREAT MARTYR had, with a pen mightier than a conqueror's sword, condemned to utter destruction.

It saw the world old conflict between Liberty and Slavery and in favor of Liberty regulated by Law, of Justice founded on Humanity, of Civilization based on Right.

Was it ever paralleled?

SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

#### If You Mean no, Say no.

When a man has made up his mind to do or not to do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so, plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with "I'll think the matter over," or "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I will let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy"; but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity is passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to avert himself pain. Men with out decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say "No." They can think "No"—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to say, "Yes"—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true these bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by straight-forward declarations? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow-men in a manly, straight-forward way. Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean "No," out with it!

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the loyal fraternity, the toast was given: "An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God;" but an old farmer in the ball, rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarest."

### A Loyal East Tennessean.

The Knoxville *Whig* has the following history of a loyal East Tennessean who has endured much in his opposition to the rebellion:

"Every loyal man and woman in East Tennessee has heard of Captain Shade T. Harris. Three years ago, at the age of 20, he left the home of parents surpassed by few in East Tennessee in wealth, and entered the Federal army as captain of a company which he recruited. In one month he returned with the first raid made into East Tennessee—that of General Carter. On this raid, he left the small cavalry command of Carter for the purpose of recruiting, and was captured through the treachery of a rebel who pretended to be a Union man.

"From the place of capture Captain Harris was brought to Knoxville, lodged in jail and doubled-ironed, having shackles on his feet and handcuffed. Before leaving home Captain Harris had been enrolled in the rebel army. That is, the rebel enrolling officer wrote his name on his book, personally being well acquainted with young Harris and hating him because of his bold declarations of loyalty. The rebels themselves officially declared his enrolment illegal because of the mode in which it was made. Notwithstanding this, young Harris was court-martialed as a deserter from the rebel service, and sentenced to be shot on the 13th February, '63.

"The Judge-Advocate of this Court-martial was a third-rate county court lawyer of Knoxville, who had many Union men cow-arded, and whose name will be forever infamous in the history of the war in East Tennessee. We refer to William Claiborne Kain. Kain, in the prosecution of parties, was unscrupulous, so great was his thirst for the blood of all Union men.

"Captain Harris was kept in the Knoxville jail seven months. From this place he was taken to Columbia, S. C., and imprisoned nineteen months. In all he was imprisoned twenty-six months. For twenty-five months Captain Harris was in irons, a great part of the time in a dungeon—at no time allowed to communicate with any one. Capt. Harris would have been executed, but the Federal authorities held a Tennessee 'blood' as hostage for him. He was exchanged on the 1st of March, and for some time walked on the side of his feet from having worn shackles twenty-five months.

"During the whole time Captain Harris was in prison he was defiant, denouncing the confederacy and pleading the cause of the Union when taunted and insulted by rebel officers and citizens. For a youth his heroism was sublime. With bloodhounds ferocity he was persecuted, and his hanging demanded by W. C. Kain, John E. Toole, W. D. Fain and other citizens of East Tennessee. If Captain Harris should shoot any of these men he would be excusable.

"While in the prison at Knoxville, he broke his fetters, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, got out of jail, and was pursued and re-captured by soldiers and citizens. Eleven guns were fired at him within fifteen steps. Prominent in the pursuit of young Harris was an old citizen of this place William Beard. When Harris was captured, Beard cursed him and called on the guard to kill him. There was no personal difficulty between them—it was the spirit of the rebellion.

"We mention these facts that our thousands of subscribers in the free States may learn the character of a large element with which the loyal men of East Tennessee have to contend."

### The Blues.

We take issue with the poet who says, "man was made to mourn." To be continually, or even frequently, in the dumps, is bad philosophy and worse theology. The woe-begone individual who insists that this is a world of misery, torture and wrong, feels the beneficent Being who made it and him, and misuses his own gifts and slanders the Giver.

Stocks go down and the skies are black to Gripus, who speculated for a rise; but to Toughpenny, who operated for a fall, they are bright and glorious. To the Christian philosopher they are never wholly dark.—He sees the silver lining through the cloud, and the shadows before him give comfortable assurance that the sun is at his back.—When people talk of having the Blues, or being in despair, and all that sort of thing, the inference is that something is the matter either with their consciences, or their digestive apparatus. If the latter, exercise, diet and regimen will change the color of their thoughts; if the former, there is "balm in Gilead" and a "physician there." We have little sympathy for a man who suffers himself to be prostrated by pecuniary loss, and much less with him who succumbs to the anticipation of it. Such a man distrusts both himself and God. While he prates of panic, he is himself its contemptible embodiment.—What! give up and wilt down under misfortune; and especially in a country like this, where every energetic man's brain is a bank, and there is a certain income derived from every toiler's shews and muscles! The idea is monstrous! The prolific earth cries shame upon it. True manhood laughs it to scorn.—Despair is not excusable even in those who are inhabited from all useful occupations by the dispensations of Providence.—Not even the sick, the crippled and the blind are justified in considering their fate un-supportable. There are ten good Samaritans to every Levite in this generous land; and when did disabled and helpless honesty appeal to American hearts for succor in vain?

Unless a man has lost "the immediate jewel of his soul," his character, he has no cause for despair, however poor. Even in that case, although of all losses the loss of reputation is the most difficult to retrieve, reform is still possible, and the backslider who sets about the work in earnest will find encouragement and material aid as he gets along.

### PLEASURES OF HOME.

Two birds in one nest,  
Two flowers on one stem,  
Two drops that unite  
In one crystal gem.

The birds rocked to rest  
In the leafy trees;  
The flowers caressed  
By the whispering breeze.

The crystal concealed  
In the heart of a rose,  
While around it the folds  
Of its soft petals close.

Two hearts that unite  
'Neath one bosom to beat,  
Beating to time  
Of love's dancing feet.

### Ignorance a Crime in a Republic.

Under the above title Horace Mann thus eloquently and earnestly discourses on the subject of popular education:—

"In all the dungeons of the Old World, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that he, the depositaries of freedom, and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred faith;—while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores; to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy amongst us, to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

"The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us,—they implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power.

"For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that, in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the State than it is guilt in the perpetrator."

### PRESERVE YOUR STRENGTH.

Some of our newspapers think that as we have shown ourselves so strong as to put down the rebellion, we ought to go to work bullying England and France. On this the Philadelphia Ledger remarks:

"The way to make England and France respect our national rights is to keep ourselves strong by peace, not weakening ourselves with foreign wars. We may be strong enough to chastise rebellion, but it does not follow that just as we come out of such a contest, with three millions of debt to pay for it, we are prepared to attack two of the most powerful nations on the globe, for a matter of opinion in one instance and a question of equity in the other. Let us continue to mind our own business as we have hitherto done, and go diligently to work at the arts of industry; then we may repair the ravages of the war we have just finished. That this war did not dry up our entire resources, we have reason to thank Heaven for, but have no excuse at all for wasting them now in another and more doubtful experiment to gain nothing, but merely to show how strong we are.

### SERMON TO A PREACHER.

Never shall I forget the remark of a learned legal friend, who was at one time somewhat skeptical in his views. Said he to me: "Did I believe as you do, that the masses of our race are perishing in sin I could have no rest. I would labor day and night. I would speak with all the energy and pathos I could summon.—I would warn and exhortate and entreat my fellow-men to turn unto Christ, and receive salvation at his hands. I am astonished at the manner in which the majority of you ministers tell your message.—Why, you do not act as if you believed your own words. You have not the earnestness in preaching that we lawyers have in pleading. If we were as tame as you are, we would never carry a single suit."

A decade of years has passed away since that remark was made. I bless God it was addressed to me. It put fire in my bones which I hope will burn as long as I live.—God preached a stirring sermon to me that day by the mouth of that infidel lawyer.

"You are dismissed," said the superintendent, austere, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other, interrupting him, "why I asked to be restored." "How so?" Why, sir, if I had any doubt before, as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied. I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation by his jest, and, it is said, kept it afterwards by his greater prudence.

Why is a hen seated on a fence like a coat? Because the head is on one side and the tail on the other.

An incident, not generally known concerning one of the St. Albans raiders, has recently come to light. Immediately after his acquittal, one of the raiders, having little faith in the Judge's decision, determined to leave the country. It being unsafe to travel unless disguised, he bethought himself for a while. The difficulty was perplexing, and time was scarce; if he stopped much longer, he would likely be arrested, and there were few disguises the lynx-eyed officers of the law had not seen through. The idea, however, struck him. He hired a baby, paying \$400 as security for its safe return. He then dressed himself as a lady, and started for Halifax with the child, and for a great part of the way had for an escort the very officer detailed to catch him. He, however, gives the detective a very good recommendation for gallantry, for during the trip, there was nothing either himself or child needed that the officer of the law did not get for them. He arrived safely in Halifax, and took passage for Europe.

APT REPLY.—A veteran relates the following:—It happened that a mule driver was engaged in leading an unruly mule for a short distance, which job proved as much as he was able to do, and gave full employment for both of his hands. As he was thus engaged, a newly appointed brigadier rode by near him, in all the consequential radiance of his starlight, when the mule-driver halted him as follows:

"I say, I wish you would send a couple of men down here to help me manage this mule."

The brigadier, indignant at being so familiarly addressed, sternly replied:

"Do you know who you are addressing?"

"Yes," was the reply; "you are General I believe."

"Then why do you not salute me before addressing me?" inquired the brigadier.

"I will," responded the M.D., "if you will get off and hold the mule."

The brigadier retired in good order.

REAL ELOQUENCE.—There are no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squallor and raggedness. His heart smote him as he passed, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, with a degree of peevishness, "Why do you not beg?"

"Sure, it is beggin' hard I am, your honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Of course not your honor; but see how the skin is spakin' through the holes in me trousers, and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that is starin' in me eyes! Man alive isn't it beggin' I am with a thousand tongues?"

What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health to depend? What is the cause of despondency?—What is the meaning of it?—The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin.—Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder cloud. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be gilded by sunshine, we must not, for mere momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

The Kentucky rebel sympathizers are curing their children with bad names. The Louisville Press says that at a quilting party in the neighborhood of Bloomfield the other day, where all the neighbors had gathered for a jollification, there was of course, a grand array of the "young hopefuls" of the country. A friend took the names of the rising generation, and found three Jeffs, two Bragg's two John Morgans, two Beauregards, one Stonewall, one Dixie, and one Sue Monday.

The race for getting married displays itself in sundry matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers. Those who desire to attempt the lottery of marriage, should remember what Dr. Johnson said of it, that it was like flies on a window, those outside wanting to get in, those inside wanting to get out; or the words of Sir Thomas More's father, who compares a man disposed to marry, to one who put his hand into a bag containing one eel to a hundred snakes, where the adventurer is more likely to be bitten than to secure a prize.

The bottle is the devil's crucible, in which everything is melted.

The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller but one.

A matter in everything is generally good for nothing.

Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.

At a fashionable dinner eat slowly—as a matter of course.

Do GOOD DEEDS.—One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into all eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hour of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

Idea is a shadow that departeth; speech is fleeting as the wind; reading is an unnumbered pastime; but writing is eternal.

A DOG STORY.—A friend of his—said President Lincoln—passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, killed the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pump the wheel, till little vestige of canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes."—"I know it," was the reply; but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—Isaac was reading to his mother the head lines of a telegraph column of the Tribune, of last week, and when he came to "Jeff Davis to be confined at Fort Lafayette," "the old lady threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Laws-a-mee! I knew that he wore petticoats, but I didn't think that would happen to him! Well; the confederacy is a comin' to pieces!" The old lady resumed her knitting, and Isaac his reading.

A HANDY ARTICLE.—Adam Shoemaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntingdon Furnace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of snuffers, he asked—

"What's them for?"

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just then needed attention, and Adam, with his thumb and finger pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying—

"Well, now, them's handy."

A Yankee auctioneer lately indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic:

"Hentlemen, if my father and mother stood where you do, and didn't buy these boots, these elegant boots, when they were going for one dollar, I should feel it my duty as a son, to tell both of them, that they were false to themselves and false to their country!"

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy looking lad, walking into a hardware shop the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor, "we keep all kind of nails. What kind will you have, sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and a pound and a half of toe nails."

A little girl about four years old, and a little boy, about six, had been cautioned not to take away the nest eggs; but one morning, when they went for the egg, the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Mother! Sussey' been and got the egg the old hen measured by!"

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners, begging every man that passed for a chew.

The New London Star tells us of an old fellow who visited that city, who for the first time in his life, had a ride in the railroad cars. Noticing that there was a rush of passengers, he said to the conductor, "I should be glad to see you, but I don't think I should be able to get on."

Old toper chancing to break a glass of water, for want of something "little stronger," smacked his lip, and turned to one of his companions, remarking: "Why it don't taste bad; I have no doubt 'tis wholesome to females and tender children."

How to Rise.—The girls in Connecticut, says a Yankee contemporary, who are remarkable for their industry, drink about a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them rise early in the morning."

Josh Billings says that "If a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures out onions, as well as when he hollers glory hal-lue-ye!"

Why is a photographic album like the drainer of a bar-counter? Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

One of our soldiers says he asked a Kentucky farmer why he did not plant fruit trees. "Do you think," said he, "that I want a perch of rocks and clubs thrown into my lot every year? No, sir, I do not want any apple trees on my farm."

What's whiskey bringing? Inquired a large dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows and women and children to want," was the truthful reply.

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? Ans.—One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "I saw craps on the door the next morning."

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?

Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness whether it has come or not.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—That which is put into it.