



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY CH. C. RABOTEAU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR
\$3 00 IF PAYMENT IS DELAYED SIX MONTHS.

VOL II.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1849.

NO 36.

TERMS.

The RALEIGH TIMES will be sent to Subscribers at Two Dollars and a half per annum, if paid in advance. Three Dollars will be charged, if payment is delayed six months. These Terms will be variably adhered to.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For every Sixteen lines, or less, One Dollar for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Orders, &c. will be charged 25 per cent. higher; but a reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
If Letters on business, and all Communications intended for publication, must be addressed to the Editor, and post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Wilmington Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR:—Happening a few days since to be in the country and in the neighborhood of a military (political) muster, I was prevailed upon to accompany some friends to the ground. The day was fine, the place selected was a beautiful shady grove, and every thing would seem to conspire to make the day pass off agreeably and pleasantly to all. On arriving at the spot, we found a large number gathered, some "equipped as the law directs," others apparently idle spectators. Soon the drum beat to arms, and the valorous ones with gun in hand marched off, and all hands formed a line as straight as their experience in such matters would allow. The roll was called, and after going through some evolutions which it would be difficult to describe, they were marched back to the shade, and the candidates were informed that they now had an opportunity of addressing the assembled multitude. A ring was soon formed, a bench was brought forward, and a man of moderate size mounted it. He was dressed in brown linen clothes, which showed unmistakable signs of long usage; several long rents showed themselves in the back of the coat; these had been partially drawn up with black thread in a manner that showed that delicate hands had had nothing to do with it. He had high projecting cheek bones, large nose and mouth, and a certain peculiar look in the eye, which seemed to say, I know what I am about.

He commenced by informing his hearers that ours was a Republican form of Government; that every man, no matter how humble his parentage or condition in life, was at liberty to offer himself as a candidate for any office, and that the dear people had the privilege of voting for the candidate they liked best; he then offered himself as a candidate for Clerk of one of the Courts, and went on to say that he was one of "the people"—that he had been raised with them—was one among them, and knew what they wanted. He had been a Farmer, knew all about grubbing, mauling, and ditching, and could do as much at either as the next man. He then went on to review the claims of his opponent. He said that he was not one of "the people," that he had been raised behind a counter, and had made his money out of "the people," in selling lace and ribbons. That he had married twice, and that each wife had brought a fortune to him, and after having a fortune he had turned gentleman Farmer in order to impose himself upon the Democracy as one of "the people." He then accused him of being a renegade Whig, who had come over to the Democrats to obtain an office, and that he could not be trusted. He then wound up by again assuring them that this was a free and independent Government. His opponent then took the bench. He was a small man, with sharp features, dressed in homespun, and spoke with a good deal of fluency. He insisted that he was a Farmer, that he was one of "the people"—and that if he had been married twice it showed that he stood higher with the ladies than his opponent. But it was "no go." I saw he was not looked upon as one of "the people," and that his chance for being elected was very poor.

What all this had to do with the relative qualifications for the office I am entirely unable to inform you. The crowd was then addressed by two other gentlemen who offered themselves as candidates for another Clerkship in a neat and becoming manner. The bench was then mounted by a stout chunky man, with a round full face. He wore a broad brim white hat, and had a pair of saddle bags slung over his shoulder; he informed the company that their taxes were due and must be paid soon, and then at the top of his voice invited all hands to drink. To give you any tolerable description of the scene that followed is entirely out of the question. Several temporary tables had been constructed under the shade, and were bountifully supplied with "knock-kneed Whiskey and Yankee Rum," and all hands fell to it with a zeal that showed that they felt deeply the result of the coming elections. As they drank, their zeal, their patriotism, and their love of country, increased until they could scarcely control them. I could frequently hear bursts of patriotic like the following: Huzzah for Brogden's liquor—huzzah for Jack Green's Pull—huzzah for the liquor that will come and drink Aycock's liquor—here is Bryant's liquor as free as water; and various other patriotic expressions.

A little on one side was some half dozen men dancing to the music of the drum, and on the other side another company dancing after the life. One man swears that he will shoot any one that says Jack Green is not a good fellow; another says he can whip any ten men that will vote against Aycock; another swears he will

lick any six men that says Brogden's liquor is not the best. By this time, coats were thrown off, shirt sleeves rolled up, and friends had to interfere with friends to keep patriotism from running too high.

On one side I saw two men leading another, which put me in mind of the blind leading the blind. In another direction two men were trying to help their friend upon his horse, and back of me sat a young man holding the head of his Father, who swears Brogden's liquor was not good and he could not keep it.

At this stage of the proceedings we left the ground. On our way we saw several whose patriotism had overcome them, and some were lying in the corners of the fence and some in the road. What became of those left on the ground I know not; if they all got away without broken bones or bruised heads, they may consider themselves lucky. The whole scene, from beginning to end, was disgusting in the extreme to every sober, well informed man.

In a country where we boast of the ability of the people to make their own laws—where we rely on the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the people to vote advisedly, that when they are called together with the avowed object of informing themselves on the political questions of the day, and the merits and qualifications of the candidates, that they should be furnished by those candidates with that which makes beasts of themselves, and renders them unable to judge between right and wrong, is a baroque on our boasted ability to make our own laws, disgraceful to the American character, and should be frowned down by every well wisher of his country. I am pleased to learn that in some of the counties the practice of treating has been put down by the influential part of the citizens, and I hope the time is near at hand when so barbarous a practice shall be frowned down by every good citizen.

Yours,

A. B. C.

Goldboro', July 24th, 1849.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I learn that one of the Patriots we left on the ground was murdered in a drunken row.

I would simply ask, if those who furnished the Liquor are not in some measure morally culpable for the effects it produced?

GENTLEMEN.

It is certainly strange that the authority of Washington should be quoted by Englishmen in justification of the regard paid to the aristocracy in appointments and promotions in the British army. The remark of *Mister Washington*, as he was once called by British generals and writers, that an officer should "be a gentleman," is now quoted in England to vindicate the practice of sustaining the younger sons of the nobility at the expense of the State. But the definition of the term "gentleman" is somewhat different in England and America. A gentleman in England is one who has gentle or noble blood, and who follows no business vocation. A gentleman in England may be a very great blackguard, and still be a gentleman. Here, every man in every station is a gentleman who has an upright and honorable nature. Consequently, when Washington spoke of gentlemen, he did not confine his remark to men of aristocratic descent, for then he would have pronounced condemnation upon some of the best and bravest generals and officers in the American service, first among whom may be mentioned one second only to Washington himself as a great military leader, Nathaniel Greene, the Blacksmith of Rhode Island.

Napoleon, who is not more distinguished for his own merit as a great Captain, than his discernment of the military qualities of other men, selected his officers principally from the ranks. The result justified his wonderful penetration. Never was any great conqueror ever surrounded before by such a galaxy of splendid military genius. His "gentlemen" were those whom Nature had made such, and every battle field of Europe bore witness to their science and chivalry. The only two Generals who ever failed him in his hour of need, were "gentlemen" of rank, people whose only recommendation was a pedigree.

Nature shows no partiality in distributing her favors. She confers talents and brave and generous souls on the poor as well as the rich. It is indeed more rare to find great genius allied with nobility, than with poverty. No country can prosper in the long run which forgets this truth, and proscribes in any branch of its service those upon whom Nature has set her royal seal.—*Richmond Republican.*

PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry, is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man, not dependent upon external conditions. At twelve years of age he was an idle fishing boy—at fifteen a clerk in a court-house—at twenty honestly doling the dusty earth with his own hands to obtain a livelihood—at twenty-four a bankrupt merchant—at twenty-seven suddenly bursting from obscurity into a rich popularity, by a bold, noble and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "the greatest orator that ever lived."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

Week before last, according to a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, the brethren of the Lodge of Odd Fellows at Woodstock determined to have their Hall swept out and cleaned; and it was unanimously resolved that Mrs. Keep Secret should be employed to do the job.

After the meeting adjourned, the lamp lighter, who well knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. Keep Secret, went and procured a monstrous Billy Goat, and placed him in the closet which was kept as a reservoir for all "secret things." He then proceeded to the domicile of the good lady, informed her of the job of cleaning and sweeping, and requested her to come early next morning, as he would be at leisure to show her what was to be done.

The morning came, and Mrs. Keep Secret appeared, according to promise, with her brooms, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., the doorkeeper in waiting for her.

'Now, madam,' said the mischievous doorkeeper, 'I will tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you.'

'One of the brethren said it would be difficult to get any body to do the job, who would not be meddling with our secrets in that closet, because we have lost the key and can't lock it. I assured them that you could be trusted, and so they ordered me to call on you, as I knew you could be depended upon.'

'Depended upon!' exclaimed the madam, 'I guess I was. My poor dead-and-gone husband, who belonged to the Freemasons, or Anti-masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the consens; and when he showed me the marks of the grid-iron when he was initiated, and told me all how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a livin' soul to this day; and if nobody troubles the closet to find out your secrets till I do, they'll lay there till they rot—that they will!'

'I thought so,' says the doorkeeper; 'and now I want you to commence at that corner, pointing to a place where some undignified and indecent brother had thrown out quids of tobacco, and give the whole room a decent cleansing; and I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to promise. If Don't go in that closet! and then left her lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the last sound of his feet upon the last step of stairs, than she exclaimed, 'That closet! what on earth can be there? I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some other nonsense just like the Anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I'll just take a peep, and nobody will be any the wiser but me, and I'll keep it to myself.' Suiting the action to the word, she stepped softly to the door of the forbidden closet—turned the button—no sooner done than ba, ba, ba, went Billy, with a spring to regain his liberty, which cannot high upsetting her ladyship. But she started for the doorway, which was filled with her implements of house-cleaning, when all was swept clear from their position to the bottom of the stairs. The noise and confusion occasioned by such an unceremonious getting down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mr. Keep Secret's effort to get from under a pile of goats, pails, tubs, brooms, and scrubbing brushes.

Who should be first on the ground but the rascally doorkeeper, who, after releasing the goat, made a cripple for life, and unpiling the other rubbish which bound the good lady to the floor, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees? 'Taking the degrees!' exclaimed our lady, 'if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with a ternal grut to jump upon you as you go, taking things by degrees, I have; and if you generally frighten folks as bad as you have me, and hurt 'em to boot, I'll warrant you they'll make as much noise as me.'

'I hope you didn't open the closet, madam?' said the doorkeeper.

'Open the closet! an' sure I did; and didn't Eve eat the apple when forbidden? If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to, and she'll do it, certain. I couldn't stand the temptation; there was the secret: I wanted to know it, and as I opened the closet, out popped the ternal grut right in my face. I thought be sure it was the Devil, and I ran for the stairs, with him at my heels, when I fell over the tubs, and we all arrived at the bottom as you found us, in a heap together.'

'But, madam,' said the doorkeeper, 'you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, and you must be initiated, sworn. Sworn and ride the goat in the regular way.'

'Regular way?' exclaimed the lady; do you suppose I'm going to go nearer that ternal critter again—and without a bride or a lady's saddle?—no never; I don't want nothin' to do with it, or a man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a goat—wouldn't I? I'll never go near it again, nor your Hall neither; and, if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join any of the Odd Fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a Freemason or an Anti-mason, and be broiled on a grid-iron as long as a fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead-and-gone husband used to tell me they served him, than to live over again such a ride as I took with the goat to-day; and you may rest assured I shall never see a goat but that I shall think of the Odd Fellows. Clean your ternal Odd Hall yourselves! And the good lady vanished in high dodgery.

SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT.

Madame Jeannine Deroin, a Socialist lady in Paris, is, it is said, one of the many political aspirants of France. This lady gave a toast at a Socialist banquet to "The Social Advancement of Woman," and she argued against there being any longer delay in freeing women from their slavery, and in allowing them to enjoy the same political rights as are possessed by men. She complained that a great fault had been committed in the revolution of February, in not proclaiming the enfranchisement of the fair sex—the men having, she said, kept all the privileges to themselves.

We believe Willis is the author of the story that, in some portion of the continent of Europe, the ladies are beginning to cultivate mustaches, which are probably considered an addition to the beauty of the fair, or the dignity of a dark countenance. In most countries, both in Europe and America, there is also developed, in the same gentle sex, an occasional desire for "the breeches," which a renowned lady has carried so far as not only to obtain that domestic supremacy which is signified by this ancient and popular metaphor, but to wear sometimes the identical article, to the great scandal of all grave and meditative persons. We have ourselves seen an article of female attire, which strongly resembles that masculine garment, a "sack"—a thing which a man might well receive from a woman, but which seems scarcely in good taste when bestowed by a man upon a woman.—Taking all these developments into consideration, we think the ambitious and enterprising Madame Deroin might be satisfied that the age is on the advance, and that the prospect of the women's getting those "privileges" which the men have been trying to "keep to themselves" are "bright and brightening."

Imagine a woman arrayed in one of those sacks, in a neat little pair of breeches, with a dark and silken moustache, and a slight cane in her hand! Imagine an assembly of such women convened in the State Capitol or the House of Congress, deliberating upon the affairs of the nation, and passing laws for man and womankind! What an imposing spectacle. Imagine the efforts to get a hearing, for ladies are not less anxious to be heard than "unadorned members" of the coarser sex. The ear is confused by soft and shrill cries of "Mr. Speaker." One of the fair orators succeeds in catching the eye of the Chair, who forthwith proclaims,—"The Lady from — has the floor." The Honorable female then proceeds with her oration.—This would be better than the Theatre, or even the Opera.

We advise Mrs. Abby Kelly Folsom, and other of our own philanthropic ladies to reflect upon the example of the French Reformer, and see if, instead of abolishing the slavery of men, they cannot free themselves and their suffering sex! What an outrage that they should not be allowed to vote or be voted for; that they should have to go and come at the beck of their lords and masters; that, instead of wearing the breeches their duties should be confined to mending them. Let Abby get up a Revolt on forthwith,—a sort of Three Days of Yankeeedom. They need not resort to violence, but let them refuse to mend, sew, cook, or perform other duties appertaining to the household, until their implacable tyrants are starved into an acknowledgment of female rights.

Happily, our American women are not easily carried away by these progressive French notions. They like French fashions better than French principles. Their house is their castle, and whether it be an humble cottage or a princely hall, it satisfies their ambition and their love of influence. It is enough for them that they are the wives or the mothers of heroes and statesmen. Home should be the only dominion of woman; and, if her sphere be obscure, and her daily life unattended by excitement or applause, it is her consolation, that, in moulding the character of her child, she is exercising an influence upon the destinies of the world, second to none which is wielded by man in his highest pride of power and place.—*Rich. Republican.*

ENDURING GRIEF OF WIDOWS.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, I think he called her, was courted, and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted of course," said Grosman. "No she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," said she, "you're too late: four weeks ago it was, I shook hands with Pat Sweeney upon it, that I would have him a decent time after poor McPhee was underboard." "Well," said Grosman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman, whose husband, Diedrick Von Prent, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Copp's-hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, and constantly kept it in her bed for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way—'Maybe it is well enough to split up old Von Prent, and stick up shingles.'"

There is a rose bush flourishing near Bristol, Penn. known to be more than a hundred years old.

MR. WALKER AND LITTLE JOES.

During the reign of the last immaculate administration, there was a young landsman, a clerk in the Treasury Department by the name of Brown—quite a pet of the late Secretary Walker. After the result of the Presidential election was known, it became desirable to provide permanently for young Brown. What was to be done? Mr. Walker naturally looked to his favorite asylum for distressed friends—the revenue marine. He could draw as much money as he pleased for the revenue service from his collectors before it went into the Treasury. So provision was to be made on this establishment for young Brown.

Forthwith this treasury clerk, who had never smelled salt water, was made third lieutenant in the revenue service. But this was not enough.—He was detailed on special duty, and made bearer of important despatches to Capt. Frazer, of the revenue service, then on his way to California.—So young Brown received an order on the collector of New York for an advance of three months' pay—for an advance of six hundred dollars, on account of his expenses, and a settlement of the second three months' pay upon his family, and off he started as the bearer of important despatches to Capt. Frazer.

But the despatches—ay, the despatches!—what were the despatches which he was sent with after that old salt, Capt. Frazer? They conveyed the information that despatches were taking place at San Francisco—and took place, and to communicate the facts, with his advice in the premises to Capt. Frazer. Now, next to taking Commodore Perry for the law-adviser of Judge Mason, we think must stand the selection of young Brown for this special and peculiar service. Capt. Frazer hardly required that Mr. Brown should be sent all the way from Washington to find out for him that the sailors left their ships because they found themselves in the neighborhood of the gold mines, and that they did it, as is well known to Commodore Perry and other salt-water jurists, by the process of tilting log-bail. And yet, for-voth, all the way to California young Brown must go, to pick up this information for Capt. Frazer, whom he overtook at Rio de Janeiro, and who has been doubtless highly and deeply edified by his interesting communication on the subject of despatches.

After Brown had made himself familiar with this interesting subject he was at liberty to proceed to Oregon, but with the especial understanding that he was to expect nothing on that score from the Government except his pay, his passage money, his actual expenses, and "incidental charges!" This is giving a shrewd man a pretty wide margin. "Incidental charges!" Why we know a man, and a pretty great man, too, who has made an enormous fortune out of the Government in this mere matter of incidental charges.

But none of this money came out of the Treasury, indeed. None of the much money that Mr. Walker expended on the revenue service came out of the Treasury. He fingered it before it got into the Treasury; and hence it was that the service had grown so monstrously, and had become such a burden to the country, that Mr. Meredith was compelled, for the mere lack of means, to make a very large reduction in it. Among the victims, we suppose, was young Brown. But he had got a fair start in the world—he was set down in California, with rocks in both pockets, and a fair chance at the gold mines; and if Uncle Sam had to pay for it, it was only one case of a thousand and just like it, in which our uncle was called upon to suffer during the last four years.

We shall have occasion to recur to this subject again. Young Brown's story is striking, but it is not peculiar. There are some more left of the same sort. And we hope that the Locofoco clerks who still crowd the Treasury Department, standing between the people and the light will furnish the particulars of all such cases for the Opposition journals.—*Wash. Republic.*

THE ILLINOIS SENATORSHIP.

We learn from the Mississippi Republican that Hon. Archibald Williams, a learned lawyer and prominent actor in the Constitutional Convention, has given his opinion that Gov. French has the power, and that it is his duty, under the circumstances, to appoint a U. S. Senator for Illinois in place of Gen. Shields; and that the expense of an extra session of the General Assembly is entirely needless. The Illinois journals consider this evidence conclusive, and urge Governor F. to take action.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in the ditch.

"Halloo, Father Wesley, I'm glad to see you. How do you do?"

"I don't know you," said Mr. W., reining up his horse. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me? Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me."

"I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting up to his horse, "at least one thing is evident, the Lord had nothing to do about it."

The Pittsburgh Gazette speaks of the destructive inroads of a "new insect" among the wheat, in that region. "In the early stages of the destruction the worms are white and soft, but become red as they approach to maturity, and are exceedingly lively."

THE NEW BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass in those days that Zachary the Whig, (who was also a man mighty in war, and who had smote the enemies of the tribe of Jonathan with a great slaughter,) was chosen ruler over the people.

2. Now when Zachary the Whig began to reign over the tribes of Jonathan, he found the high places of the land had been taken possession of by the enemies of the people.

3. And the enemies of the people had hedged themselves in as with a wall, even the wall of the office holders, and had committed great spoil.

4. And had stirred the people up one against another, and had set up the gods of free trade, that the poor might be deceived to their own undoing, and had in all things departed from the faith of their fathers.

5. And had said all manner of evil things of the true prophets, and had stoned them from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, until the land was made desolate and was preyed upon by the doors of iniquity.

6. And when Zachary the ruler learned these things, he became exceedingly wroth, and said unto his Captains, "what shall be done unto the spoilers of the people, and unto those who preach false doctrines as a snare to the unwary?"

7. And the Captains with one accord said: "even as they have done, let it be done unto them.—Let the spoilers be cast out from the strong holds of trust and honor, and let the worthy among the people be put in their stead."

8. And Zachary the ruler said: "the Captains have spoken well; let it be done unto the spoilers even as they themselves have done."

9. And the more wicked and stiff-necked among the tribe of office-holders were cast out, even as Zachary the ruler of the people, had commanded.

10. And the spoilers set up a great cry; even from the waters of the South to the waters of the North went up cries, and lamentations, and cursing.

CHAPTER II.

1. And the spoilers took counsel one with another saying "the favor of the people must be turned away from Zachary, the chief ruler, lest we be utterly rooted out from the treasure-houses of the land and from the drippings thereof."

2. And they said, "let us employ cunning writers, whose wages are the wages of an hireling, that they may write unto the people all the things wherewith we are persecuted by Zachary the chief ruler."

3. And the scribes, (who were also Pharisees after the strictest sect of Locofocos,) wrote as the spoilers commanded them.

4. And Thomas, whose surname was Ritchie, (and who was called "father" by reason of his age and of his many infirmities,) commanded the scribes who were to go up to war against Zachary the chief ruler.

5. And Thomas annotated himself with the "oil of palms," which was kept in the treasury of the children of Jonathan, and having consulted the oracles of the "Virginia resolutions of 98," went forth into the highways and shouted with a loud voice, *proscription! proscription!*

6. And he foamed at the mouth like one possessed of devils, and tore his garments, and plucked his beard, and refused to be comforted, because many of the spoilers were not.

7. But the multitude laughed Thomas and the other scribes to scorn, and said with one voice, "why do the scribes and spoilers rage? Did they not do those things, yea, and more also, when they held the tribes of their adversaries in the 20 years' bondage?"

8. "And of the Whigs in office did they save one, upon whom they could lay their hands, and slay him not?"

9. "And in the reigns of Andrew, and Martin, and John (who was also called Judas), and James were not the Whigs as strangers in the land of the fathers, bearing no rule and having no voice that was heeded in the council of the tribes, yea, even the tribes of their brethren?"

10. "Wherefore counteth this lamentation and mourning? From the lips of the armed-men who never showed mercy to the captives of their bow and spear, what time they went down into the battle of the ballot-box, in the reign of Andrew and Martin?"

11. "For shame! Have the warriors of the spoilers, their captains and fighting men, and their men mighty in counsel become as little babes that cry out for the breast and refuse to be comforted because it is not?"

12. And the multitude with one accord made themselves merry with the lamentations of the scribes, (who were also Pharisees.)

13. And the rest of the doings of the scribes against Zachary, the chief ruler, are they not written in the book of STUBBS?

OLD WHITEY.

General Taylor's war-horse has arrived in Washington. A correspondent of the Union, who signs himself "Heddie Age," perpetuates about a column of nonsense on the occasion, which would be exceedingly annoying to the old horse.

"The horse dith neigh.
And the sun will lay."