

HORSES—ORIGIN OF THE MORGAN BREED.

I will now endeavour to point out what appear to be the chief points of distinction between the Morgan breed and the horses of Norman French descent, produced in Canada. Let me premise that a great variety of races exists in the Canadian breed, yet all clearly impressed with a certain general character. The breed, however, is looking head, with the ears far apart, thick neck, general stoutness of frame, full breast and strong shoulders, with a round or fleshy croup; the low set muscles and large sinews, with those tough feet, that know not disease, are distinguishing marks of the French Canadian horse. The shagreened or abundance of hair in the mane and tail and on the legs, are much owing to the severity of the climate, with the manner of rearing the animals, and may be expected in a great measure to disappear under good cultivation, long before the innate excellences and peculiarities will perceptibly change.

The Morgan horse does not partake of all these marks in common with the Canadian. The clear and deep toned bay color, too, which prevails in the Morgan, is rare among Canadian horses. It occurs in individuals; but, unless characteristic of the race for a long period of time, it could hardly be supposed that this color would so generally occur as it does in the Morgan horses of the present day. Peculiarities produced by a single cross are apt to wear away in a few generations, unless maintained by a careful selection on the part of the breeder. If, then, (supposing the Morgan horse to have come from Canada,) his color was an accidental variety, it would not have so generally marked his numerous offspring, unless great pains were taken to preserve it by selection, which has not been the case. It appears evident, from the prevalence of this color through several successive generations, as well as the similar descent of various qualities, which are authenticated as having belonged to the first known sire, that the Morgan horse, whatever may have been its origin, was of one pure stock; that is, that he was not cross bred, or produced by the union of two different breeds; for in that case, there must have been a greater variety in his progeny, some running to one family and some to the other, whereas a remarkable similarity is known to prevail in all of this race. And here we may notice that the breeder is apt to find an essential difference in the two races: the Morgan, crossed or mixed with the various common breeds, inclines to retain its peculiar characteristics and its small size in the offspring for many generations while all the French Canadian races, though not larger for the most part than the Morgan, when used as a cross, increase the size of the progeny, and frequently assimilate so that the blood can only be recognized by a practiced observer, in the great development and robustness of form, and the courage, spirit, and aptness to thrive, which are commonly reckoned as constitutional health.

The Morgan differs essentially from the Canadian horses in their action or mode of travelling. A Morgan horse glides over the ground eight or nine miles an hour, with such easy movements of his legs, that one would think they only felt relieved when so employed; the Canadian, when he has speed, seems to go by main strength, every stride arising plainly from a purposed exertion of his powerful muscles.

Another principal dissimilarity is in the endurance of the feet; and here the Canadian horse has all the advantage. The Morgan appears to be subject, as much as equally strong constitutioned horses of any breed, to founder and other diseases of the feet, while with the Canadian such ailments are less known, perhaps, than with any other breed in the world. There are numbers of horses in Canada that, under a mass of shaggy hair, possess dry, sinewy legs, on which the severest service never raises a wind-gall. The legs of the Morgan, though destitute of long hair, have this excellent conformation in a very high degree.

The Morgan is a great traveller, an untiring all day horse, but seldom a very fast trotter or galloper, and less frequently a perfect saddle horse. The Canadian, if he has the power of rapid locomotion, inclines for the most part to put forth his energies only for a short time, and then to take a leisurely gait, as if a slight sense of fatigue overbalanced the alacrity of his nervous system. There are, however, splendid exceptions to this description, horses that, with no light load behind them, will travel eighty and even ninety miles in a day. Some of the lighter footed Canadian horses too, are very pleasant under the saddle, though in general the weight of the neck and uprightness of the shoulder disqualify them for this use. The head of the Morgan, though not less energetic, is somewhat dissimilar to that of the Canadian. The ears of one are upright,

of the other more apart. The head of the Canadian horse is broader at the upper part than that of the other. Each has a great breadth between the eyes, which is considered a sure indication of energy in an animal. The Morgan has the best open nostril for wind and bottom, more like that of the race horse; and the whole of the muzzle, as well as the eye and ear, indicate more breeding, or a longer period of cultivation, than those of the Canadian. There is a difference of shape observable throughout the whole figure. The Morgan is long in the side, but always short on the back, and strong and beautiful in the loins. His fine shoulder, too, differs from that of the Canadian horse. It is deep, well sloped, comparatively thin at the top and heavy at the bottom, serving, conjointly with a wide chest and the forelegs set far apart, to give the horse an appearance of strength and endurance scarcely to be looked for in one of his spirit and fleetness.

The high crested neck and thick wavy tail of the Morgan, show much of the character of some races of the Canadian.

Whether the Morgan be a scion of the Canadian stock, or be derived from the Dutch or some other breed which has disappeared in the United States, appears to be a question of some importance to those who would make good selections in order to improve the breed of horses; and whoever can throw any light upon the subject, will gratify a large portion of your readers by making known his information through the Cultivator. If the French Canadian did not supply the Morgan, I, for one, should be glad to learn what other breed has ever been known upon this continent that could boast such excellent qualities for common service as are universally admitted to distinguish both of these breeds.

GEORGE BARNARD.

Sherbrooke, L. C., Oct. 25, 1841.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

Waste not your time at political meetings. They are generally got up by the interested and indolent—the office seeker and the parasite. These meetings, if often frequented, lead to bad habits, and too frequently associate you with bad company; take you from your business and your family, and inflame passions which are at war at once with your quiet and prosperity in life. Look about you, and take warning from the condition of meddling officious politicians, who neglect their own to take care of the public concerns. I subjoin for your instruction as well as amusement, the soliloquy and plea of a noisy politician, whose prototype may be found in almost every town and village.

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at the elbows—out at the knees—out of pockets—out of spirits, and out in the street—an “out and outer” in every respect. He sat upon the curbstone leaning his head upon his hand, his elbows being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth forlornly into the gutter. At length leaving a deep sigh he spoke.—“They used to tell me put not your trust in Princes, and I haven’t. None of them never wanted to borrow nothing of me, and I never see any of them to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh! Put not your trust in Politicians! that’s my sentiments. There’s no two mediums about that. Haven’t I been serving my country these five years like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzing my daylight out, and getting as blue as blazes; haven’t I blocked the windows, got locked fifty times, carried I don’t know how many black eyes and broken noses for the good of the commonwealth, and the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why for nix. If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can’t get no office! Republics is ungrateful, I’m swaggared if they ain’t! “Come with me” said Charley, helping him along, “I’ll take care of you”; but what made you a politician—haven’t you got a trade? “Trade! yes; but what’s a trade when a feller’s got a soul—a whole soul. Trade! I love my country, and wanted an office—I didn’t care what it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I’m made for—talking, that’s my line. Talking in the oyster cellars—in the bar rooms, any where; I can talk all day, only stopping for meals and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike, I’ve been on all sides—tried ‘em and know—none of ‘em gave me any thing, and I’ve a great mind to knock off and call it half a day.—Am. Pop.