

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE
Woodstock, Vermont.
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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

The Hartland Nature Club.

The April meeting of the Hartland Nature club, held Saturday the eighth, was well attended for the state of the traveling. One new member, Mrs. F. G. Spear, and a guest, Rev. Charles Browne, of Brookfield, Mass., were included among the number present.

In connection with arrangements for Arbor day, it was voted that with the co-operation of the superintendent of schools, an exhibit be made by each school, the nature of such exhibit to be determined by each teacher respectively; that the exhibits be left at the Village room not later than Monday before Arbor day; that a committee, consisting of Mrs. Gill, chairman; Miss Smith, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Rugg and Mr. Gill be appointed to award ribbons for these exhibits, according to first, second and third grades of excellence, every school to be included; also that each district school furnish one literary exercise for the program and each village school carry out a part of the last Arbor day program given in the magazine known as "Bird Lore."

It was voted, further, to co-operate with the county Y. M. C. A. in the coming corn-growing contest, and to thank Mr. Rugg for a recent publication on the "Trees of Hanover." Belated but grateful recognition is due Mr. and Mrs. Underwood for a very large gift of mounted specimens for the herbarium.

Among reports the very earliest date for the migration of crows was March 10 and 11; for the coming of robins, March 14; for the first bluebird, March 14; juncos, March 19; red-winged blackbirds, March 26; song sparrows March 27; horned larks, March 31; sparrow hawk, April 1; phoebe and red-tailed hawk, April 5; meadow larks, April 6; purple finches, in song, and pigeon hawk, April 8.

Mr. Underwood showed cocoons of the rare *Promethes* moth, which he found in Vermont recently; a plant, *Mimulus Langsdorffii*, new to Vermont, found in Reading by Mr. Rugg; *Epilobium palustre*, new to Vermont, found by himself in Franklin, and *Physalis heterophylla*, new to Hartland.

Because of illness, several numbers were omitted; but Miss Nelson read a carefully written and most entertaining paper on several great American astronomers and the observations connected with their work. This was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Ruggles gave a half humorous satire, and Mr. Underwood read a paper written by his late brother on how to keep plants fresh while collecting and on the fragrance of flowers. Special arrangements are being made for educational work, and for this reason, the teachers of Hartland are invited to become members of the Club at the next meeting to be held at Hartland May 13, or at any other time.

BLACK HAWK AND ETHAN ALLEN.

Old Controversy Over Their Sires Reviewed by Allen W. Thomson

II

Black Hawk could not have taken any of his characteristics from his reputed sire, Sherman Morgan, as he was a bright chestnut, less than thirteen and three-quarters hands, and in common flesh weighed less than 850 pounds; had a white strip in his face; off hind foot was white and it ran up half way to his back. He had a dishing face and a hollow back. These qualities he transmitted strong. He had a broad breast, wide between his forelegs, was very strong for so small a horse. He had no speed; horses of his make can have none, nor did he transmit any. One writer has stated the fact that more speed has descended from Black Hawk than all the other sons of Sherman Morgan.

It was claimed that Black Hawk

took his characteristics from his fine half blood English dam, taken from New Brunswick. She was black and could trot in three minutes.

Black Hawk's dam was a large, coarse, rawny mare, black with white hairs mixed in, called a steel mixed. She had a white stripe in the face. She was fast, but was mixed gaited; paced, single-footed and trotted. It was said when she was going fast it was about a straight line through from her back to her head, (that way paces go). Her origin unbreeding we give from John Bellow and F. A. Weir. She was bred at Walpole, N. H., by James Weir, foaled about 1820, sired by the black English horse, Traveller, from Connecticut, that stood the second time at Walpole about 1819. Her dam was a black Narragansett mare from Rhode Island.

About 1825 one of the Bellows family represented Walpole and Mr. Weir let him ride the Traveller mare to Concord, with leave to sell her, which he did. She was worked on a butcher cart at Concord a few years, then was one of the wheel-horses of a four-horse team that ran from Concord to Portsmouth, N. H. It was when on this team that Benjamin Kelley saw her at Haverhill, Mass., and swapped for her and took her to Durham, N. H. She was represented to him as a Narragansett mare.

Paddy was bred at Walpole by Aaron Hodgskin, but foaled at Lyndon, Vt., about 1809; was sired by the black English horse, Traveller, that stood at Walpole the first time about 1810. His dam was a bay mare, that showed part French; it was said she had a spavin, which Paddy had. Some of the Black Hawks had curbs spavins. The Morgans are free from all hock unsoundness.

Paddy was a dark mahogany bay, almost black at times. His fore parts were longer than his hind parts; weighed at times 950 pounds, and was about 15 hands. He had great speed as a trotter and was wonderful for a long drive. He was first called Young Traveller and so advertised by Royal Corbin at Craftsbury, Vt., and sire, given Old Traveller. After a while an Irishman owned him and he was then called Paddy.

One great writer says, "Time proves all things," and it has in regard to what breeds of horses produce the trotter. It has been found that the low, despised Canadian pacer has done much toward giving speed to the American trotter. It is blood which alone will produce the trotter. It was not so with the Morgan blood, which alone will not produce the trotter; an unbreasted Morgan has not speed.

This was proved when the daughters of Hale's Green Mountain was bred to their sire. They did not produce speed. It is only when the Morgans are crossed with the better striding horses that we find speed among those that are called Morgans. The shape of the Morgans, with their broad breasts, fore legs wide apart, short bodies, short legs and stride, show that they cannot have speed for a mile. Can they speed with a thin, narrow-breasted, long-striding horse, as was Lambert? Can a bull dog run with a greyhound, or can a white man beat a speed with an Indian canoe?

Black Hawk's pedigree breeding now looks reasonable, according to the laws of nature. His two crosses of Old Traveller gave him his jet black color, thoroughbred looks and style and his prepotency to transmit it. No sire can be a strong prepotent sire unless he has two or more crosses of thoroughbred blood. One can judge which horse would be the most likely to sire such a horse as was Black Hawk, one that had no speed, and that transmitted one like Sherman Morgan, or one that had great speed and transmitted it, like Young Traveller?

At the great show of Morgans and Black Morgans at the state fair at Rutland in 1852 Old Black Hawk was ridden around the track by his owner, Mr. Hill, and followed by nearly 100 of his descendants. On the opposite side of the track was Hale's Green Mountain, ridden by his owner, Mr. Hale, and followed by

My Mountain Land

By Charles Linsley of Rutland. Written before 1858.

Give me my own, my native land,
My rushing streams and swelling springs,
My verdant vales, where Flora flings
Her choicest flower with lavish hand.
Give me the hills, where eagles soar;
The frowning rocks, which storms defy;
The fleecy clouds that proudly lie
On Carmel's towering summit hoar.
Give me Winooki's sparkling flow,
Ascutey's bosom swelling high,
The countless flocks and herds that lie
In gay white fields where clovers grow.

Our hands are strong, our rifles true,
And though we're men of peace and laws,
Yet boldly we for freedom's cause
Will strike among our mountains blue.

We blanch not at the battle's noise;
We quail not when the foe is nigh;
On Plattsburgh plains our victor cry
Was heard, the bold "Green Mountain Boys."
For we are cradled in the storm,
And dauntless hearts possessed our sires;
When Stark's and Warner's battle fires
Flashed high, the patriot's heart to warm.

New England's Nile our border laves
New England's blood in us doth flow,
And heart and hand for her we'll go,
Where Champlain rolls her foaming waves.
Then give me my own mountain land,
My father-land, the land I love,
Whose dark green hills I prize above
Potosi's mines or India's strand.

This is No. 12 of a series of Vermont reprints which The Age purposes to publish weekly during the year. These reprints will also appear as leaflets, printed on good white paper 8-1/2x11 1/2 for distribution by Vermont citizens and for use in reading and study in Vermont public schools. The leaflets are sold in lots of not less than 25, for 25 cents, mailed post free.

The previous numbers are: "The Independent Farmer," by Thomas Green Fessenden; "Love and Liberty," by Royal Tyler; "The Green Mountain Boys," by William Cullen Bryant; "Vermont," by William G. Brown; "Ode to Independence Day," by Royal Tyler; "Vermont Winter-Song," by Mary Cutts; "A Picture," by Charles G. Eastman; "Comic Miseries," by John G. Saxe; "Come All Ye Laboring Hands," by Thomas Rowley; "The First Vermonters," by Samuel Williams; "Green Mountain Home," by Achsa W. Sprague.

A large number of genuine Morgans was the largest, finest and grandest show of fine horses ever seen in Vermont. The contrast in the looks and characteristics of the two classes was so glaring and striking that no disinterested impartial person could think or believe they had the same origin. The Black Hawks were such more bloodlike in their looks, and longer, slimmer necks, cleaner limbs; they averaged much larger. Some were 16 hands and weighed 1100 pounds; averaged much faster and much more stylish, showy, gentle horses in the harness and carriage, and in color they were nearly all black, while the Morgans were bays and chestnuts.

Mr. Linsley states that Black Hawk showed better in the harness than Green Mountain, and the latter showed better under the saddle. Frank Forester states how much more bloodlike Black Hawk was in his looks, that the Morgan had cleaner limbs. C. L. Flint, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in a very interesting article in the Agricultural Report for 1861, showed the great difference in the characteristics of the two classes of horses. It can be seen what horse he believed was the sire of Black Hawk. He personally told the writer that the looks of the horses showed that Sherman Morgan could not have been the sire of Black Hawk.

Mr. Linsley states that the color black rarely occurs with the Morgans, except in the Black Hawk family. Had Black Hawk had the chestnut color, dishing face, hollow back, flat, thin limbs, shape and speed of Sherman Morgan, or had they come out in his stock, then there could have been no doubt as to his sire. The fact that he and his stock were entirely different every way, shows that he could not have been sired by Sherman Morgan, as nature's laws don't lie.

In regard to Ethan's sire, there has been much feeling and interest shown and expressed as to which of two horses was his sire. It is hard at times to get the facts. When doubts were first expressed as to Ethan's sire he was young, had sired no stock, so it could not be judged then, as now, which horse his stock must resemble. It is claimed that the sire will show his breeding in his looks and the looks of his stock; that the never failing law of nature that the offspring will be in the likeness of its parents or grandparents is to be believed rather than the statements of interested, prejudiced, mistaken or dishonest persons.

Almost Persuaded.
"Oh, my dear, what a pretty, cozy little home you have!" exclaimed a caller to an east end lady the other day. "I should think you'd be perfectly happy in such a beautiful place as this."

"I am," beamed the hostess. "It really is a sweet place. Sometimes I actually feel like giving up my club work and living in it for awhile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Work on the survey for the Brattleboro-Hindale, N. H. link of the Boston & Maine railroad was begun a year ago last week, and the surveyors have practically completed their field operations.

A Good Yawn.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time as you yawn, stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting the feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch both arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn. The tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch, and the whole body will be rested.

The Four Lettered Name of God.

Is it not passingly singular at least that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language? In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aumn or Zent; East Indian, Egri or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Zenc; Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

It is announced in Washington that the number of troops along the Mexican border is sufficient "for any emergency that may arise"—at the same time adding no emergency will arise.—Kansas City Star.

MUSIC AND MISERY.

Physical Afflictions That Beset Professional Performers.

Pianist's cramp is more painful than writer's cramp and is the bane of all virtuosos. It is caused by the constant contraction and expansion of the muscles controlling the fingers. It becomes chronic when not guarded against, and many a promising virtuoso's career has been blighted in this way. The only remedy is to rest the overtaxed muscles and then to work them up gradually to meet the strain of constant playing.

All concert pianists are subject to split finger tips. The constant stroke of the balls of the fingers on the hard ivory makes the flesh so delicate and tender that frequently playing becomes acute agony. Some pianists suffer more than others from delicate finger tips. Lhevinne, the gigantic Russian player, who can extract as much tone from his instrument as any other living player, has finger tips that are like cushions. But they are exquisitely sensitive and continually breaking open.

Violinists suffer a great deal of physical inconvenience. Most of us have an idea that the violin is held against the neck and shoulder by the player's left hand, which grasps the arm of the instrument. All great violin teachers insist that the left hand be entirely free, and to achieve this the violin is actually held by the player's chin. To accomplish this his head is held in a distorted position, and this, working against the elevation of the left arm and shoulder, causes compression of the heart and lungs and curvature of the spine.

Performers on wind instruments suffer many inconveniences, and in some instances their work leads to permanent physical disability. Bulbar paralysis from continued use of the tongue and lips is an ever present danger. Doctors have a fearsome name for the commonest result of wind playing. In plain language, it is overdistention of the lungs. This stretching of the lungs from constantly heavy inflation leads to engorgement of the blood in the right cavities of the heart, and this produces dilatation of the heart and hypertrophy.

Mental peculiarities of oboe players are traditional in the orchestral world, in spite of the fact that most oboe players are normal. Some explain that the oboe player is mentally affected by the fact that he is forced to blow through an exceedingly small aperture and the expiration is unusually prolonged. Others insist that the peculiarly melancholy quality of the tone produced and the invariable character of the music written for the oboe are responsible for its peculiarities displayed by its executants.—Washington Star.

Mendelssohn in a Rage.

Mendelssohn in a rage was a fine sight, for then his eyes simply blazed out from under the long lashes. This was not rare with him. The orchestra at Dusseldorf was responsible for much of his irritation. He gives a humorous description of their lack of time and tune: "Every allegro leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E natural in C minor, and they carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine they do not cover them at all, and if you once heard me conduct this orchestra not even four horses could bring you there a second time."—Dole, "Famous Composers."

By Way of Apology.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher, who resented it and called on the gentleman to retract. "I will," replied the aggressor. "I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on referring to the book from which I thought it was taken I found it there."

Never Lost a Battle.

The Duke of Alva, one of the most eminent soldiers of the sixteenth century, never throughout his long and eventful career lost a battle. The archbishop of Cologne was struck by his effort to avoid a conflict, having on one occasion urged him to engage the Dutch.

Very Considerate.

"I suppose, Jennie, you wouldn't want to go to the concert Wednesday in your old hat?"
"You dear thing! I couldn't possibly think of showing myself in it."
"That's what I thought, so I"—
"What?"
"Bought only one ticket to the concert."—Chicago Herald Examiner.

STOPPED THE LEAK.

Daring and Ingenious Work by a Norwegian Skipper.

The most striking method ever devised to stop a vessel's leak was that which originated in the fertile brain of a Norwegian master of a bark flying the Norwegian flag.

This vessel, the *Flora*, bound for Cape Town, experienced such terrific weather in the bay of Biscay that she was obliged to lie to for six days. In the buffeting that the bark received she sprung a leak and began to take in water at the rate of six inches an hour. All hands were kept at the pumps day and night without intermission. As the gale abated, the bark drove before it into calmer seas.

The captain found that the leak was getting worse, so he set his brains to work. He constructed a great waterproof canvas bag, sixteen feet long, six feet in circumference and two feet in diameter. This he kept distended by means of hoops. A window of glass was let into the side, five feet from the bottom. The captain stepped into this bag, and by means of tackle was drawn under the water so that he could see the leak. The other end of the bag being open and above water, he had plenty of air and could communicate with his men. Two sleeves had been made in the bag, and were tied tightly about his wrists, so that he could work freely.

In this way, observing the leak through the inserted window, the captain worked steadily while the ship was heave to. The vessel rolled in a heavy swell, and sometimes the master found himself from seven to ten feet below the surface. At one time the chafing of his feet against the vessel's side wore a hole in the bag and the water entered and covered him. But he was drawn up in good time, the bag was repaired, the work continued, and the leak stopped.—Harper's.

The Hague.

The word "The" in the name The Hague, the capital of the Netherlands, is simply the anglicized form of the Dutch word "S Gravenhaag," or S Gravenhaze, either of which in the Dutch language means "the count's hedge" or "the count's grove" or "woods." Originally the location now occupied by the city of The Hague was the hunting grounds of the counts of Holland. About the year 1240 a palace was built in the grove. Presently a village sprang up around the palace—still it was called "The Count's Hedge"—and finally and lastly a large city which in the Dutch language has its original significance, but which in modern parlance has been evolved into "The Hague."

Studying Good Pictures.

It is said that good music often heard will give pleasure even to those who do not like it at first, but heard in the light of some explanation as to its meaning the pleasure will be doubled. This, too, is much the same with pictures. If we study carefully even such reproductions as can be given in a book or the pages of a magazine and learn something about what they mean and how they were produced and the ideas they represent we shall be well started toward some real appreciation of great paintings. Every true and vital thing we learn about any good picture helps us to judge correctly all other pictures.—St. Nicholas.

The Ocean Liner's Captain.

The captain's authority over an ocean liner, and equally, of course, his responsibility for her, extend only over the time when she is crossing the sea. Practically the responsibility ceases when she approaches land on either side, for the pilot assumes charge of her navigation as soon as he comes aboard. When the ship arrives at her pier, or as soon, to be exact, as she is within hailing distance, the captain is no longer in control. She is then under the authority of the marine superintendent, who is in command of the piers and tugs and harbor front equipment of the line and who takes charge of the docking of all vessels.

The Majesty of Brahms.

An interesting dinner party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends, Professor Doering, Naples and Von Herzogenberg, the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim in a few well chosen words was asking those present not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when before he could say the name Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out: "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked around, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed.