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AT THE OLD BULL'S HEAD.



NEW YORKERS who were of the rising generation twenty-five and thirty years ago, recall a burly phrase, now obsolete, then passing current in the gossip of their elders; as when some retailer of scandal would say: "But you mayn't tell So-and-so of it, or it will be known before night from Bull's Head to the Battery." Many, whose ears were wonted to this phrase in childhood, never understood its local origin and literal meaning. Yet, for a hundred and fifty years, Bull's Head Tavern, with its cattle-market, had been one of the institutions of Manhattan,—the main outpost of the city in its steady march northward to the Harlem River.

Respect for the pleading relics of the past is growing in New York, if even one out of a thousand journeying every quarter hour on Third avenue, sees anything to awaken a pleasant thought at Twenty-fourth street, where, looking westward, the eye is arrested by two long rows of mostly mean, low stables, bordering a badly paved and littered street, before it can reach a charming background

picture formed of the foliage and stately edifices of Madison square. Turning eastward, more stables form an unpleasant foreground to the sail-studded waters of the East River. There, on the north-west corner, stands the presiding genius of this unkempt scene: Old Bull's Head tavern, brown, angular and homely. Only an etching could catch the elusive charm of this weather-beaten structure. The more minutely it is described, the homelier it will appear. In style it rivals a coal-box; the avenue front is of brick, and the bluntest possible gable-end is of wood; and the three rows of windows on each side, above the first story, are too characterless for description. No æsthetic comfort can be drawn from its chimney. Even to look above the ground-floor is to feel rancorous toward the host, who, more fashionable than wise, took down the old sign-board,—with its grim bull's head that had butted against many a gale,—and, with a paint-brush, transformed the tavern into a new-fangled "hotel."

Barren as the prospect seems, these dingy

walls, and their associations, past and present, appeal most kindly to the inquiring visitor. A pleasant resting-place on a sunny autumn afternoon is a chair on the flagstones under the broad awning of the gable-end, where two or three gray-haired men will be seen talking or thinking of "by-gones," and perhaps a group of younger men, discussing the merits of the last phenomenal trotter. While Bull's Head market has maintained its prestige, the tavern has abdicated its influence. Its bustling days were those when butchers and drovers thronged the tap-room and the yard, and seven hundred cattle "with rural pictures in their great mirror-eyes," waited patiently outside for their executioner. It finds but little compensation, now, in being the center of the greatest horse-market in the world. With ancient sign-board lost, walls, floor and ceiling plead for a new device,—a bull's head in a horse-shoe frame, the symbol of stubborn conservatism left hopelessly behind by the swift feet of Time.

In the early periods of new communities, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and their kind, stand next in importance to the governor and magistrates. The old butchers' association had the pompous airs of an Antwerp guild. In all civic festivals it was an indispensable factor, and took a prominent part in the great federal procession of July 23, 1788. Bull's Head tavern advanced gradually to its present position in Twenty-fourth street. A little more than two hundred years ago, when Peter Stuyvesant's wooden-leg thumped across the floors of the Stadt Huys in Whitehall, the live-stock market adjoined Trinity churchyard. Years afterward, a drover's inn was built at the gates of the city, on the present site of the Astor House, where, from 1720 till 1740, Adam Van Der Bergh, a genial host, discussed cattle and small ale with the drovers. Bull's Head in the Bowery, with Stephen Carpenter as host, and standing where the Bowery Theater now is, was the last halting station for the stages, before the gallant six were whipped down Chatham square and up Chatham street, entering the city with that dash and clatter which were the charm of travel before the invention of the steam-engine reduced life to a mathematical formula. Richard Varian began a long proprietorship in 1776. Bull and bear baiting and dog fights were common, the brutal spectacle usually taking place in or near the public slaughter-house.

Daniel Drew, the farmer's lad of Putnam County, born July 29, 1797, when about

nineteen years of age first brought a few lambs to market. Down the Bowery Lane he guided his bleating flock, himself bare-footed and clad in an unbleached linen suit, the trowsers of which had climbed up above the ankles; an old straw hat covered his head, and it is said that the youthful purveyor of spring lamb cut such an awkward figure, that the Bowery urchins made him the butt of ridicule at first sight. But Daniel Drew had a genius for trading, and the gift of prophecy. He drove his lambs and throve, and soon aspired to sheep and calves. Once, when a drover refused to trust him for a bullock, young Drew contemptuously replied: "Who wants your bullock; I'll live to buy out your whole farm."

About the year 1825, the butchers' association purchased two blocks of ground on Twenty-fourth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, and converted the space into cattle-yards, Thomas Swift of Poughkeepsie at the same time building Bull's Head tavern. He was not a successful tavern-keeper, and rented the hostelry to Peter Valentine. The latter also abdicated about 1828 in favor of Daniel Drew. The reign of "Uncle Dan'l," as he was called, was the golden age at Bull's Head. The old sign-board swung from a post standing at the corner of the street, and underneath it hung the cheerful dinner-bell. A low Dutch stable stood beyond, and in front of this a wooden pump and trough. Cattle-pens filled the remaining space to Lexington avenue, and occupied also the opposite side of the street. The Sign of the Black Swan was a rival hostelry on the opposite corner fronting Third avenue, and between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-third streets was soon established a small tavern called Bull's Head Junior. Behind the Black Swan, in a cluster of apple-trees, stood the venerable farm-mansion of General Gates.

Two hundred years ago, four hundred head of cattle were enough to keep the burghers of New York in roasts and steaks for a whole year. In Daniel Drew's day, seven hundred cattle made a fair weekly market. These, with sheep, calves, and hogs in proportion, were driven into the pens, usually on Sunday evening. If too many cattle arrived, a meeting of drovers was called, and each one sent a quota of cattle to pasture, to await Thursday, the next market day. "Uncle Dan'l" set himself up as a "collector," cashing for the drovers their

bills on the butchers who had thirty days' credit, but retaining one per cent. for his trouble.

The pastures of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey were the principal tributaries to Bull's Head market till, about 1825, Felix Renick brought the pioneer herd of Ohio cattle through to the East. It was a bold undertaking and proved successful. Corn in Ohio was worth only ten cents a bushel, and since there were no railroads, to take advantage of the Eastern market the farmer was obliged to convert his produce into property that could transport itself. Early in March, herds of one hundred or more were set in motion for the East, and jogged along, for seven weeks, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day. A bullock was led in advance, a drover followed the herd to whip in stragglers, and a third, on horseback, rode alongside to punish refractory animals with the black-snake thong he deftly flourished. Before noon, the proprietor, called the "boss," rode forward to find a suitable resting-place for the night, and to purchase feed. The drovers wore the frontier costume,—linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts with narrow capes, and fringed on the seams. Their way led over the old national road from Wheeling to Baltimore. Care was taken to bring the herd into New York Sunday afternoon, or early Monday

morning. After disposing of his cattle and one or two horses, the "boss" returned home by stage, while his drovers retraced their footsteps. It was not considered an extraordinary feat, if they walked from New York to Columbus, Ohio, six hundred miles, in twelve days.

Daniel Drew was not a hearty, genial host; but he kept a comfortable, economical house, and introduced business methods that conduced to his profit and promoted the interests of the drover. When, in the dim light of the bar-room, he was seen solemnly pacing back and forth, with his hands folded beneath the tails of his blue swallow-tail coat with the brass buttons, and his introspective eyes partly shaded by the rim of a tall, bell-crowned hat, people understood that he was planning business. He could drive the hardest kind of a bargain if he happened to be in the mood for it, and during the last years of his proprietorship, he occasionally indulged in a "corner" in cattle, going to Philadelphia to intercept and buy up entire herds.

Various types of men mingled in the bar-room of the Bull's Head, from the rough countryman to the speculative citizen, butcher and horse-fancier. Plain apple-jack and brandy and water, at a sixpence the tumblerful, were the principal liquors passed over the bar. Guests were so numerous that at



BY-GONES.

the first peal of the dinner-bell, it was necessary to rush for the table or fare miserably after those first served. A long table in the bar-room was frequently surrounded at night by men throwing dice for small stakes. Every

lord at the tavern, bought a bony horse with saddle and bridle for \$60, and the same summer, "Mouser," as the horse was called, made himself famous by trotting a mile in 2:44.



A PRIZE BULL. (DRAWN BY MUHRMAN.)

evening crowds assembled in the ten-pin galleries of the Black Swan and Bull's Head Junior. A game, memorable to those who frequented the market, was bowled at the "Junior" between "Ike" Gardner, a noted character among cattle-dealers, and an Ohio drover. The contest began at night-fall and raged till day-break in the presence of a sleepless crowd. Gardner won a thousand dollars. Well-dressed thimble-riggers were always hovering about the market to prey on the unsophisticated.

At that time Third avenue was macadamized from Eighth street to Spark's Four-mile House at Sixtieth street, the two miles between the latter and Bull's Head being the finest drive on Manhattan Island. Horse-racing was a common sport, the motley crowd gathering either at the tavern or at the Willow Grove, near Thirtieth street. Occasionally a drover would bring from the West some sleepy old nag, with a wonderful amount of "go" in him, and succeed in victimizing the city sharpers who were always watching for an opportunity to fleece the drover. Alfred Abrams, the present land-

One reckless exploit among many that made sport for the loungers at the tavern is told of two young butchers, "Jim" Eastwood and Charley Cooper, both of whom were noted for their frolicsome enterprise. One evening Eastwood was riding a bay horse, while Cooper was driving a smart gray to a sulky. After several trials of trotting-speed, Cooper boasted that he could drive his gray and sulky anywhere that Eastwood could ride. Whereupon the latter rode at the half-dozen steps leading up to the door-way of the Black Swan, and, cheered by the crowd, horse and rider disappeared through the bar-room door. Cooper, not to be outdone, whipped his unwilling gray up the stairs, till head and withers entered the door-way. But the sulky was not made for climbing stairs, and wheels and axle separating from the sulky, Cooper and his gray fell in a heap at the foot of the steps, from which they were safely extricated, amid the raillery of the spectators.

Daniel Drew was already wealthy when, about 1835, he followed Commodore Van-

derbilt and Commodore Garrison into the steamboat business. In 1844 he entered Wall street with a fortune, and at the turning point of his success as the boldest operator on the street, his wealth was variously estimated at ten and fifteen millions. His tactics were successful till they were fully found out. Then the tables were turned on him and his little exploit of "going short of North-western" in November, 1872, probably cost him a million. In 1876, after repeated ill-luck, he went into voluntary bankruptcy, and now, at the age of eighty-one, divides his leisure between the city and Brewster's Station on the Harlem Railroad.

George Clinch—a jovial host, who is said to have been much addicted to apple-jack and story-telling—succeeded Daniel Drew at Bull's Head. While he was there the tavern caught fire, but was



DANIEL DREW.



RINGING THE DINNER-BELL.

not burned to the ground. John Wise and Elisha Fargo were proprietors after Clinch. In 1848, the cattle-market was warned by the encroaching population to move on. This it did, first to the site of the Grand Central Depot, then to One Hundredth street and Third avenue, settling down finally at Sixtieth street and Eleventh avenue. Weekly receipts of cattle in this market now range from twelve to fourteen thousand; two-thirds being consumed by the city and the other one-third divided between the suburbs and shipments of picked cattle to England. When the butchers and drovers withdrew from Bull's Head in Twenty-fourth street, the horse-dealers, who had been settled for many years in Washington and Liberty streets, eagerly took possession, making it, through many favoring circumstances, the equine capital of this continent and perhaps of the world.

There is a popular prejudice which laughs down any attempt to make a hero of the horse-dealer. The stable that makes a docile slave of "man's best friend," does not exert an elevating influence on the human being who passes half his waking hours in its society; yet many excellent men are engaged in the horse trade in Twenty-fourth street. The horse-dealer, from the uncertain character of his merchandise, is a diplomatist in mental processes and moral weaknesses; and it is unfortunate for his reputation that his diplomatic affairs are of the stable instead of the state. The old story of the Irish jockey, who tricked a gentleman into buying a blind horse, reads like recent European diplomacy. "Didn't you tell me, Pat," expostulated the

victim, "that the horse was without fault?" "Faith I did," replied the quick wit of Erin. "An' it's not his fault, sir. It's his misfortune."

One may walk through "the street," as the horse-dealer denominates the market,

shall be sent to his private stable for trial, and if the animal does not precisely suit Madame's ideas of color and style, the dealer sends several other horses, one by one, for trial. An elegant youth with a party of critical friends is examining a saddle-



TRICKING THE DROVERS.

on a pleasant afternoon and find it as sleepy as a row of gentlemen's stables. At another visit one may see knots of purchasers and dealers encumbering each stable door-way. Here, a groom stands at the head of a horse, whose "points" are being leisurely discussed by a group of men seated on chairs, inverted pails and boxes; there, three or four coach horses are successively raced up and down the long stable floor, for the benefit of two elderly gentlemen who have driven up in a barouche. Madame evidently wants a *coupé* horse. One of the gentlemen indicates which horse

horse, or watching a stable-boy show off a cob, or an Indian pony that by a little judicious use of the boy's heels is made to rear and caracole. A brewer wants a heavy draught-horse, and a noble Percheron or Norman is led out for inspection. He is too large to be shown to advantage on the stable floor, and, with curving neck, flowing mane, and ponderous sloping step, he moves along the curb-stone with the majesty of physical force. Four or five horses are being driven singly, under stiff rein and whip, back and forth, between Lexington and Third avenues. Occasionally, some dashing dealer drives a



"THE STREET."

"spanking" team through the street, attracting universal notice. To add to the life of the picture, several car-loads of horses (sixty or eighty in number) have just arrived from the West, and are brought from the depot in bunches of five or eight. They must be stalled in the cellar as fast as they arrive, if the stalls on the first floor happen to be already occupied. A horse naturally hesitates about going down into a strange cellar, so, while the hostler pulls on the halter, the proprietor uses the whip from behind. If this does not suffice, two grooms seize the horse by the hind legs, and half push, half carry him down into his new quarters. Those ten or twenty well-conditioned horses that are being brought from the stalls, each with a number freshly chalked on the rump, are about to be sent to some livery or horse-railway stable for trial.

Five or six wealthy dealers control the larger part of the business of the street, each one always having two or three hundred horses in the stable. There are fifteen or twenty dealers who do a moderate business or have a specialty. From eight to fifteen hundred horses (including all varieties), from an ordinary stage-horse to a gentleman's

roadster, may always be found on sale. The finest importations into the market are frequently bought up by outside dealers, who make a specialty of training fast roadsters and stylish carriage horses for wealthy and fashionable patrons. At the larger stables, the daily sales vary between twenty and seventy horses a day. February, March and April are the busiest months, and late autumn is the duller season of the year.

Buying for the market and buying or selling in the market are altogether two different things, as any one having various dealings in Twenty-fourth street soon discovers. Each large stable employs from ten to fourteen professional buyers, who travel from Maine to Minnesota and Texas. Their mission is difficult and requires great shrewdness, good sense, and acquaintance with all the ills that horse-flesh is heir to. "I never change my opinion of the value of a horse," says an experienced buyer. "If a farmer has one to sell, I look the animal over, form an opinion of what he will bring in the New York market, and make an offer. If the farmer doesn't accept, that's the end of it; or, frequently it isn't. For instance, I was re-

cently purchasing in Maine; a farmer had what he thought was a thousand-dollar roadster. I offered \$350; he refused. I traveled on; but when I came that way again, a month later, the farmer accepted my first offer." Indifference and persistency in having his own way serve the professional buyer many a good turn. Nevertheless, he is frequently deceived, and bad bargains in the country lead to sharp dealing in the market. To offset the bad bar-

higgle much over the price. Driving a sharp bargain, however, is a game in which the horse-dealer recognizes no superior. Three or four trustworthy and experienced men in the street, for a commission, make purchases on the order of gentlemen who seldom come near the market and find this the safest and cheapest way of procuring valuable horses. No reputable dealer ever asks a customer to buy a horse. But numerous men of doubtful character are always



THE BRAKE TEST.

gains, the shrewd buyer picks up many a scrawny young beast, in which he sees great possibilities. If the colt has a good frame and is naturally intelligent and honest, he frequently needs only an education and good living to become fitted for fashionable equine society. In the dullest times a really good horse is always salable.

Buying in the market is easy enough if one goes to a reputable dealer and doesn't

on the lookout for buyers. They are called "cappers," in street parlance, receive a small commission for service rendered, and do not hesitate to whisper in the ear of a prospective customer that a much better bargain is waiting across the way. Draught horses are put to the brake test. For this they are harnessed to a dray; a bar of wood is placed between the spokes of the wheels to block them; then seven or ten men jump

on the dray, and, incited by whip and yells, the horse tries to move the load. The weight of a man of average size is equivalent, in the brake test, to about seven hundred pounds. A brewer's wagon with a full load frequently weighs six and a half tons, for which reason the brewers use the heaviest Norman and Percheron horses. Driving horses are put to the test on the race-course or the road, but trials are sometimes deceptive.

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything, any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay, there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head,—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well, I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of swing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phrenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had nothing but the gentlest caresses for a tall, docile, sleek-limbed sorrel, that pricked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conver-



THE PHRENOLOGIST.

sation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jaw-bones broad, and wide apart under the throttle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-leg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind-leg with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, taste differs. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A

great many grays and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate, under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus-horse behind you is what many people call a calico-horse; now, I call him a genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature, and may happen anywhere."

In the larger stables of the market, horses will be found from every important breeding locality in the country. Kentucky horses were at one time very popular at Bull's Head. But so many buyers visit Kentucky that, as a rule, blue-grass stock is worth more, to sell, on its native turf than in the East. Kentucky is noted mainly for superb running, trotting and gentlemen's saddle-horses; but the opinion is held by some dealers that this stock deteriorates in the climate of the Atlantic coast. Ordinary grades of horses come largely from Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania. They are a medium-sized, hardy, serviceable animal, and bring from \$125 to \$200. The largest draught-horses are procured in Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and sell anywhere from \$280 to \$350. They are bred mostly from imported Norman and Percheron stock. Brewers occasionally pay as high as \$800 or \$1,000 for an exceptionally well-matched and heavy team. The compact and tough Percherons have met with great favor in this country. They are easily kept, have plenty of spirit and action as well as courage, but are not so strong-boned as the Norman. As a dealer expresses it, "Draught and coach horses, to be serviceable, must have strong pillars." The experiment is being tried of crossing the thoroughbred with Norman and Percheron mares for coach-horses. It promises great success, the cross being a stocky, stylish animal, sufficiently fiery, with high knee action, and an abundance of bone. New York State Royal George stock was long regarded as the model coach-horse. But this strain has been crossed with trotters till nothing remains of it—so dealers say—but a weedy, ill-grained animal bearing little resemblance to the fine, stately Royal George of old. Over-breeding to trotters is said to have had a pernicious effect on the native stock. The coach-horses of to-day are thought to be no improvement on those of thirty years ago. Indiana and Michigan supply excellent coach-horses, one-half to three-quarters thoroughbred, crossed with ordinary stock. A fine span of high steppers are worth from

\$600 to \$1,200, and it is now fashionable not to have the horses match in color if they are alike in size and action.

Good driving-horses are now very common. Fairly fast trotters are easily obtained at Bull's Head, and have greatly depreciated in value. Maine, Vermont, West Virginia and Kentucky breed the best trotters. Phenomenal trotters seldom pass into the hands of the general dealer. At one stable, at least, in Twenty-fourth street, may always be found from ten to thirty roadsters with three-minute records and purchasable for \$300 to \$500. Ten years ago they would have been worth nearly twice as much. Occasionally a horse with a 2:30 record may be bought for \$800. "2:40 nags," once the wonder and admiration of the world, are very ordinary roadsters in this fast age. Still a good, sure, three-minute horse is not despised by men who know what horses can do by the watch. New Jersey and Long Island are becoming more celebrated than Kentucky or Maryland for running or race horses.

Fine saddle-horses are hard to find. Good cobs, worth from \$140 to \$180 are bought in all parts of the country. French-Canadians make serviceable cobs. Polo ponies are brought from Kansas, Missouri and Texas. They are the ordinary Indian ponies, and, though very small, are tough, and often of beautiful shape. They are possessed of more than ordinary horse-sense, and intelligence and courage in a horse are said to go together. A good polo pony must possess almost the agility of a dog, the intelligence of a trick-horse, and the courage of a warrior-barb to endure the thumpings and shocks of that dashing mallet and ball game.

A prejudice exists in Twenty-fourth street against the tough and modest mule. He is not fashionable, and would probably kick against any attempt to drag him into vain society. A few are to be found on Long Island, and two or three thousand are sent annually to the West Indies and Central America. It is a popular superstition at Bull's Head that the mule was made exclusively for the negro. Also that, in general, mules are more intelligent than horses, "because they can be taught more things," and that men of small brains are solely chargeable with making this obstinate quadruped ugly in disposition.

Stage and car horses last on an average only four years, after which they are unable to sustain the great strain to which they are constantly subjected without rapidly deteri-

orating. It is for the interest of the owners to dispose of them just before the critical point is turned. Such horses find their way back to market, but seldom fall into the hands of the best dealers, who do not keep inferior or broken-down animals, known in the slang phrase of the street as "knackers." What with arsenic to give the poor beast frisky spirits and plumpness, and filing of the teeth, the knacker dealer often succeeds in selling a half-broken-down horse, twelve or sixteen years of age, for an eight-year-old. Dealers deny that arsenic is much used in this country, but affirm that English grooms, across the water, make extensive use of it to improve the appearance of overworked coach-horses. Given to horses, arsenic for a time imparts a gloss to their coat, makes them froth at the bit, and otherwise develops a false appearance of mettle. But the effect is only temporary. The doses must be steadily increased, and when the drug is withheld there is rapid and hopeless collapse.

Some curious characters are known about the market as "knacker dealers." Conspicuous among them are five gypsy brothers who pretend to be rag-merchants, but gain a living mainly by dealing in broken-down horses. They are connoisseurs in their line, and in

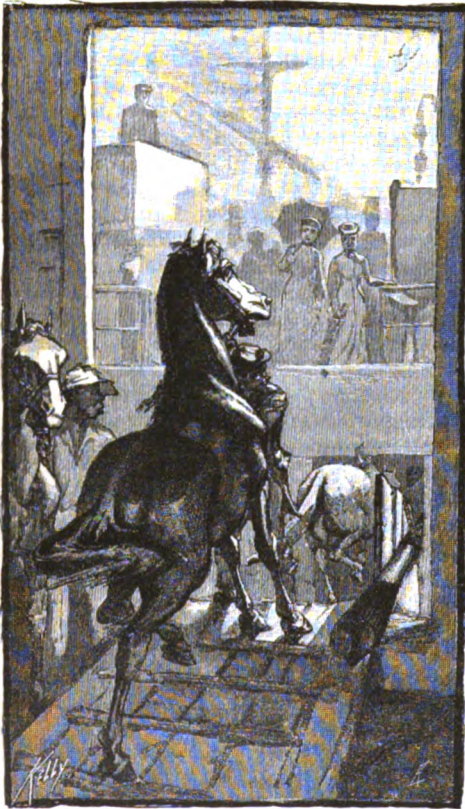
examining a "knacker," are particular to take an inventory of every blemish. An English jockey frequents Bull's Head, who buys "knackers" for the London market. He dotes on horses that look well to the eye, but have some disease or blemish not easily detected. In England he takes advantage of the reasonable supposition that a dealer would not be to the expense of importing an inferior American horse. One day he was driving a fine-looking span of horses through the street. "Them horses are cheap," said an honest dealer, "and just what that rascal would want, if they wasn't too good for him. If they had something real bad the matter with them, he'd buy them at the same price." A horse has some value so long as he is able to stand on his legs; and even afterward, when he will no longer bring forty or fifty dollars at a fair bargain, he is sent to the market in Sixty-eighth street, near the East River, and knocked down to the "knacker" dealer, or the glue manufacturer, for anything between three and fifty dollars.

The salable condition of a horse may be improved in many legitimate ways. If he comes into the market thin and lifeless, he may be the victim of some transitory disor-



THE CONNOISSURS.

der. Care is taken to discover the kind of food which he most relishes. The horse dentist is a very important person about the market, and lends himself frequently to deceitful as well as sanitary measures. If a



OFF FOR EUROPE.

horse has an overshot mouth, or his teeth are so worn by age as to render it impossible for him to chew his food properly, filing of the teeth frequently restores him to good condition and usefulness. Now and then a horse will annoy his driver by pulling on one side of the bit. This is a sign that his grinders have rough edges, and are chafing that side of the mouth. A little filing removes the cause. But the horse-dentist's special glory is to be able to transform a fourteen-year-old nag into a six-year-old. A young horse has cavities in his teeth which, with age and much chewing of hay, wear down, causing the cavities to disappear. It is customary to judge of a horse's age, therefore, by observing the extent to which the teeth are worn. If the horse is very old and the teeth irregular and much worn, the horse-dentist knows how to file them down even,

and on the cutting surfaces of the teeth to dig cavities that are colored black, as in nature, by the application of caustic.

After a steady decrease of business at Bull's Head since the panic of 1873, there are now indications of a return of old-time prosperity. Shipments to Europe have met with encouraging success. Since this foreign trade opened, about a year ago, some five dealers have sent a thousand horses each to London, Paris, and cities in Ireland and Germany. Only superb horses of good size are shipped, and so far they have met with ready sale. Five or six steamships have stalls fitted up forward, between decks, for the reception of sixty or more horses. They are taken aboard two or three hours before the steamship sails, being whipped and pulled over a gang-plank. Occasionally a horse shows no timidity, and walks the plank with all the courage of Young America embarking for Paris. Altogether, the embarkation makes a spirited picture. One by one the horses are boarded in, or pigeon-holed, so closely that they cannot lie down. Saw-dust cushions in front and behind afford them some protection against the pitching of the vessel. When all are in their berths, a double row of inquisitive heads is seen protruding into the middle aisle of the deck. Two or three horses frequently die of sea-sickness during the passage. When one is taken very sick, he is removed to a large stall called the hospital, and carefully nursed. Fresh clover hay, in season, and other delicacies are carried to tempt the appetites of the invalids.

Paris, and especially London, can show finer specimens of equine blood and lineage, but, in general, more noble horses are to be seen in New York's business streets and on her avenues, than in any commercial or political capital of the Christian world. And there are not many animate objects in nature more attractive, for a realistic picture, than a finely shaped, mettlesome horse. Henry Bergh and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are respected at Bull's Head, for it is believed that, through their humane work, the general character of the horses of the metropolis has been improved thirty per cent., at least. In many ways society is benefited by every effort to improve the national stock. The frieze of the Parthenon, the sculptured relics of ancient Rome, and the records of chivalry and the golden days of Arabia, are witnesses to the general truth that a noble race of horses is likely to be found in the possession of a noble race of men.