

tion in matters of conduct and culture. He did not believe in the *a priori* construction of any system of philosophy; he could not agree with Kant that at least geometrical axioms were bed-rock intuitions beyond any necessity of experimental proof. Even though his beloved Goethe, whose "Faust" was always on his lips, advanced the proposition that colors owe their existence to the blending of light and shade, he flouted the idea mercilessly, and talked of the poet's "egregious failure" in this sphere of natural philosophy. But, after all, if he insisted that, as sheer materialists, we must prove everything, not less did his intellectual processes ever lead upward and onward. If he dissected the eye, he gloried in the rainbow and the sunset; if he analyzed the mechanism of the ear, he revelled in the music of voice and instrument. If he discussed the relation of optics to painting, it

was with the wish that he, as one who, in climbing a noble mountain, had himself noted a few good points of view, might help the artist. If he applied to the principle of the conservation of energy the most rigorous inquiry into all that occurs in the long series of natural phenomena, he held no doctrine of pessimism, before which individuality must collapse in nothingness. With fine suggestion, he asked whether our dull mortal senses might not be deaf to the inner meaning of life. For him who fights valiantly the battle of a better, purer day, he taught that no effort is wasted in the final economy of things, but that "in our intelligence, our civic order, and our morality, we are living on the inheritance that our forefathers gained for us, while that which we acquire and add will, in like manner, ennoble the life of posterity."

*Thomas Commerford Martin.*



## THE HORSE-MARKET.



well-regulated person enters the horse-market, especially in the capacity of buyer, without a certain thrill of excitement. Conventional and tame as life has become, a man cannot yet rid himself of the notion that he ought to be familiar with a horse as well as with a gun and a boat. Hence, to be "done" in a horse trade, though the most common of misfortunes, is felt to carry with it a measure of disgrace. On the other hand, there is always the possibility that you may obtain a steed young, sound, and kind. Such animals certainly exist; and although the jockeys would doubtless prefer to deal exclusively in diseased and vicious horses, a few good nags must occa-

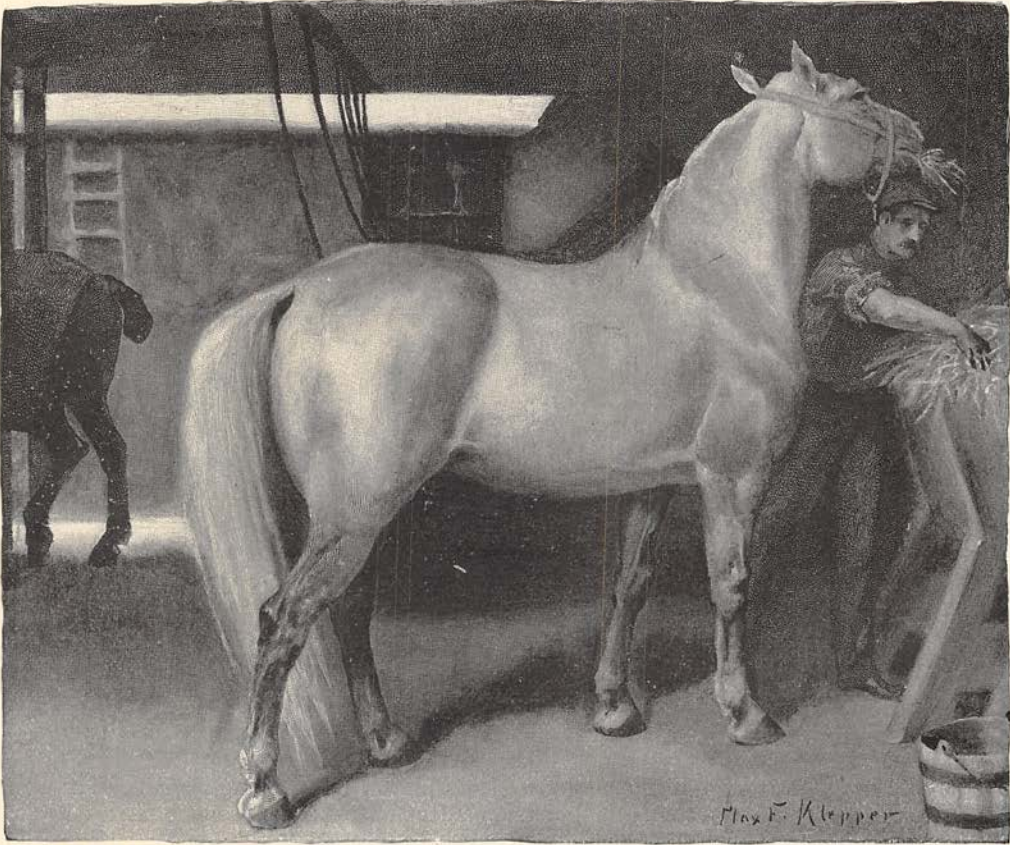
sionally pass through their hands, if only by accident. To buy a Houyhnhnm is, again, much better than to sell him; for he can be bought without moral deterioration on the part of the purchaser, and this is considered by some squeamish persons to be an advantage in the transaction.

In winter the horse-market languishes. Auction sales are slimly attended, and the bidders are chiefly suburban and country dealers looking for bargains. The moral as well as the physical atmosphere is depressing. The auctioneer knows that eloquence would be wasted; the cold eyes and thin lips of the jocks who stand about him in a ring chill his fervor; the damp, piercing air of the sale-stable chokes his voice; the apple-woman shivers behind her basket; coat-collars are turned up; gusts of wind sweep in through the big, open doors; and

even the red faces of the whisky-drinking dealers assume a purplish tinge. Then follows early spring, when farmers come to town to buy horses for the plow. These go about in greatcoats with capacious pockets, whip in hand, open-mouthed, and wearing the desperate expression of men who realize that they are doomed to be cheated. At this season work-horses abound: gray Percherons with handsome heads, gentle eyes, and heavy foretops; big bay fellows with long and shaggy fetlocks

they are described is of a simple, homely character, very different from the florid and rhetorical style in which the light-harness horse is painted by the pen-wielding jock. I cull a few specimens for the reader's delectation from a recent catalogue:

- Nos. 1 and 2. A nice pair of chunks. Extra good actors and workers. Down-pullers. Well broke.  
 No. 3. Extra good chunk. Good actor. Low built.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

A PERCHERON.

indicative of the ancient Shire breed — the oldest breed of horses in England; and occasionally a pair of rangy, slim-necked draft-steeds from Pennsylvania, a remnant of the once popular Conestoga family.

All these have their tails neatly braided, and tied with red ribbon. They are shod before, but not behind; and when a possible purchaser walks past the stalls where they stand, they glance backward with curious looks, as if they wondered what new experience was in store for them.

These heavy horses are commonly sold by big, heavy men; and the language in which

- Nos. 4 and 5. Very handsome pair blocks.  
 Nos. 6 and 7. As good as grows. Extra pair blocks. Good bone and feet. Well broke.  
 Nos. 8 and 9. Good blocks. Extra pattern and bone. An extra-nice team all over.

I need not say that "blocks" and "chunks" are stout, low-standing cart-horses, nor that the expression "good actor" refers to general conduct, and not to any special histrionic ability.

What force there is in these rude terms! Napoleon's words, Emerson remarked, were like cannon-balls; these words are at least like brickbats. They have the solidity of things,

rather than of words. The very disregard of grammar in their use, still more perhaps the omission of prepositions and other verbal small fry, give them strength and picturesque-ness.

In May the horse-market reaches its acme; the light wagons of the dealers whisk about the streets from morning till night; in the sale-stable region there are an incessant cracking of whips, a continual stirring of horses up and down the street, much whispering in corners, and a merry jingle of glasses in the adjacent bar-rooms. Auction sales are now attended by a throng of miscellaneous and diverse bidders. The dealers are there, as before, but they are outnumbered by the consumers, by paterfamilias, by the innocent and unsophisticated buyer. Arts are now resorted to which in the winter are disused as being ineffectual. One of the firm, usually a big man with a big voice, stands out on the floor, whip in hand, and, whenever the auctioneer pauses for breath, expatiates upon the good qualities of the animal under the hammer. Now and then he goes so far as to interrupt the auctioneer. Raising one hand aloft, he solemnly asseverates: "Gentlemen, this hoss is worth \$300 of any man's money" (the present bid being \$100 or so). "He's a nice-headed hoss, a very shapy hoss; he'll road you twelve miles an hour, and a woman can drive him." Sometimes the refrain is taken up by a third person, who sits in the auctioneer's box; and altogether there is so much of protestation and exaggeration, there are such emotional appeals and such dramatic by-play, that the innocent purchaser is incited to bid at least twenty-five per cent. more than he had intended.

In the spring the middleman, or "capper" ("coper" is the English term), enjoys his heyday. Neither stable nor horse belongs to him, but he officiates in the character of friend and adviser to unsophisticated persons, taking a fee both from his clients and from the dealers who effect a sale upon his recommendation.

Some of these men have regular customers; others are free-lances and pirates, who rage up and down the market, seeking whom they may devour. The most costly of all cappers are the coachmen who pick out horses for their masters to buy, and, as a condition of



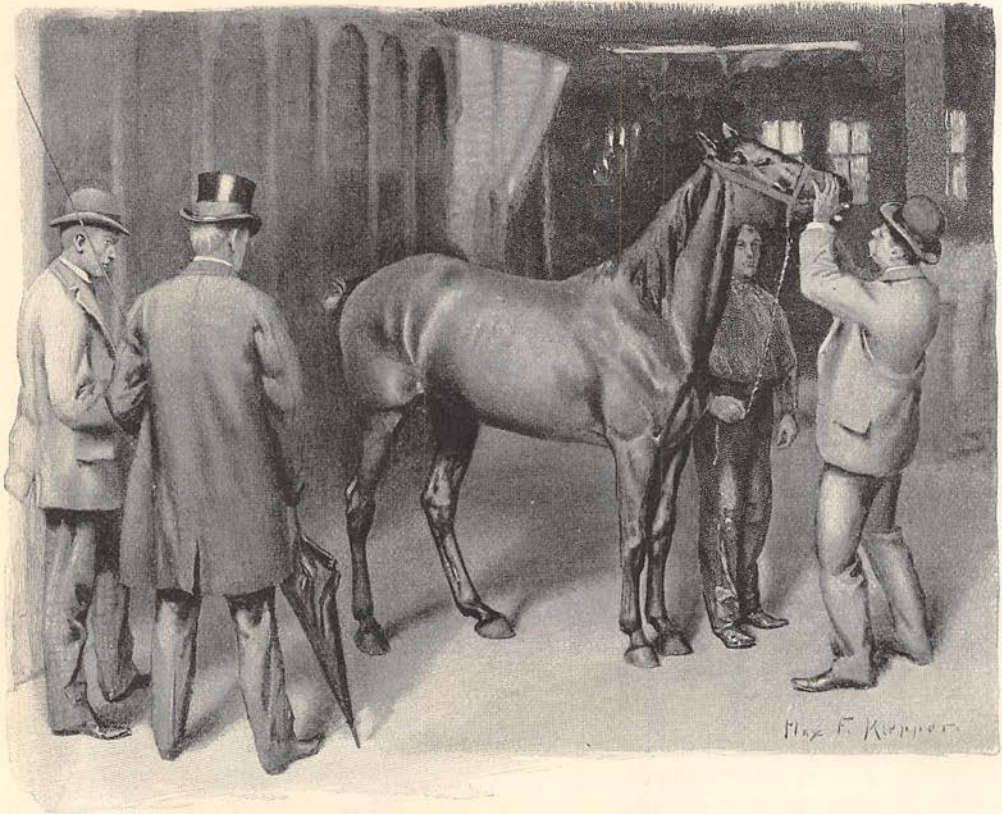
DRAWN BY M. COLIN.

THE "WIDOW LADY."

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

recommending them, demand a large commission from the dealer, which he pays, adding it, of course, to the price of the horses. This is an old abuse in London, and it is now common in all large cities in this country where English servants are employed.

After May and June comes a reaction, and through the summer months languor reigns in the horse-dealers' haunts. But in the autumn the market is flooded again, and a kind of hectic activity is noticeable. Almost everybody now wants to sell, and the only buyers are professional persons looking far ahead to next year's spring season. Autumn sales are melancholy affairs. Many a fine steed which trotted gaily up and down in front of the auctioneer's box three months before, now comes back jaded and subdued by his summer's work, lamed per-



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

EXAMINATION BY A VETERINARY.

haps by unskilful shoeing, broken down by cruel or ignorant driving, thin and spiritless from want of care. He has ministered to the health and pleasure of the people who owned him, carrying them on many long drives which were delightful to them, but wearisome to him, and now he is cast off like an old shoe.

I remember one fall auction which was unique in some respects. It was a sale of horses that had been used during the summer on a coach running in the neighborhood of Boston. These coachers were fine animals originally, bought chiefly in Maine, and they were shown in high bodily condition; but either from bad driving, or from over-driving before they became hardened to their work, they were for the most part shamefully broken down in legs or feet.

However, being exhibited on the tan-bark of a riding-school, where the footing was deep and soft, their unsoundness was not very apparent. Great pains were taken to give éclat to the sale. An auctioneer was brought on from New York—an Englishman with a shining silk hat, a well-fitting frock-coat, and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. He began the proceedings with a pleasant little speech of an

after-dinner character, in which he made a neat allusion to Bunker Hill. Then the horses, handsomely harnessed, were shown to a gaily painted break, and at intervals sandwiches and claret-cup were handed round on trays. All this flummery was not without effect, for the animals sold at about double their actual value.

Of buying horses there are numerous ways. Perhaps the worst one is to respond to a newspaper advertisement, unless you know the advertiser. Not long ago a beautiful gray cob, sound and kind, was offered for sale as the property of a "widow lady" about to go abroad, application to be made at a certain boarding-stable. A young woman who wanted a cob for her village cart answered this notice in person, accompanied by her groom. She examined the horse, and drove him up and down the level street in front of the stable. The little gray went well, and appeared to be sound and kind, so the young woman bought him. But the first time that she attempted to drive her new steed down a hill he kicked so viciously and perseveringly that her cart was demolished, to say nothing of the fright and danger that she experienced. This trick of kicking when he was asked to go down hill proved

to be a confirmed habit, and the new cob had to be sold for a song. The "widow lady," meanwhile, was reported as having sailed for foreign parts.

Here, again, is an advertisement designed to gull some countryman. I copy it verbatim—omitting the street name at the end—from a leading Boston paper in which similar advertisements have appeared almost every day for some years past.

**\$150 CASH** buys my pretty Wilkes mare Ladora Wilkes; to one that will be kind and good to her and not drive her to death or let her out of the family or work her hard on the farm, and to one that will give her the best of care I will let have at this low price; Ladora Wilkes, sister to the fastest Wilkes horse ever bred, is known on the Arsenal road as the fastest to sleigh last winter; I warrant her to trot better than 2:30, her dam was one of the fastest and best bred in the State, and you all know how fast the sire is; Ladora's exact age 9, weight 1000 lbs., sound, fat, handsome, safe for lady to drive or speed; I should require writing that purchaser would not sell to a jockey or put her on the race track even if he was offered a large price; one of the best to breed from, as I hold her full pedigree in writing. P. S.—To purchaser only I will pay \$20 a month to board my old trotting mare Hella Wilkes through the summer and next winter; must have best care and exercised every pleasant day. Call at residence, ———.

"Lady Wilkes," etc.; but she is always a beast of no pedigree, worthless or nearly worthless. Nevertheless, this double bait of a wonderfully cheap brood mare, and a horse to board at two or three times the usual price, never fails to attract some honest farmer, who hastens to town, and exchanges his hard-earned money for a delusion. As to the much-loved "old trotting mare" (more frequently described as "my old family horse"), when the time for shipment arrives, somehow or other she always fails to get on board, and is unfortunately left behind. In one case that I know of she went as far as the railroad station, but changed her mind at the last minute.

It is astonishing what extraordinary things will be done in the horse line even by persons of high respectability—when they have some assurance of not being found out. For example, Mr. A. B——, having been run away with at the sea-shore, narrowly escaping death or serious injury, forthwith sent the offending horse up to town to be sold at auction, with



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

THE "ACCLIMATED" HORSE.

"Ladora Wilkes" is intended as a safe counterfeit of "Balsora Wilkes," a well-known name among trotting-horse men. Sometimes "Ladora Wilkes" figures as "Queen Wilkes,"

no intimation whatever to the purchaser as to his reason for selling.

Perhaps the safest plan is to buy of some long-established and reputable dealer; that is,

of a dealer comparatively reputable, for too much must not be expected of a person in this line of business. The retail dealer usually represents that his horses were "personally selected" in the wilds of Vermont or of Maine, or in the blue-grass region of Kentucky; whereas, as a matter of fact, they are commonly bought at auction in the same city where the dealer lives. But this, of course, does not affect the intrinsic value of the animals.

Many fine horses, both for saddle and harness, are brought to New York and Boston from Kentucky by residents of that State, who put up their charges at some boarding- or sale-stable. So far as my observation goes, these men are trustworthy, and their saddlers are highly trained. Many Kentucky horses are also sold at special auction sales in Eastern cities during the spring; and these animals, too, are commonly sound and kind. And yet—lest I should flatter purchasers into a false security—I will add that I know of one case where a very beautiful horse was bought for a large sum at one of these sales, and proved to be subject to fits—an incurable disease. The buyer, I regret to say, sent him to New York to be sold, in order that he might cheat somebody else, as he himself had been cheated.

The best driving and carriage horses come, I think, from Maine and Vermont, being tougher, as a rule, than the Kentucky horses, and no less intelligent. High-steppers, for the most part, are natives of Maine or of Canada. Western horses, especially those from Indiana, Iowa, and Ohio, are corn-fed and soft; and they often lack that "quality" which the Kentucky horses derive from the thoroughbred strain in their blood. The best hunters—perhaps the best "combination" saddle and harness horses—come from the Genesee valley, where there is a great deal of good blood, and where real fox-hunting is pursued.

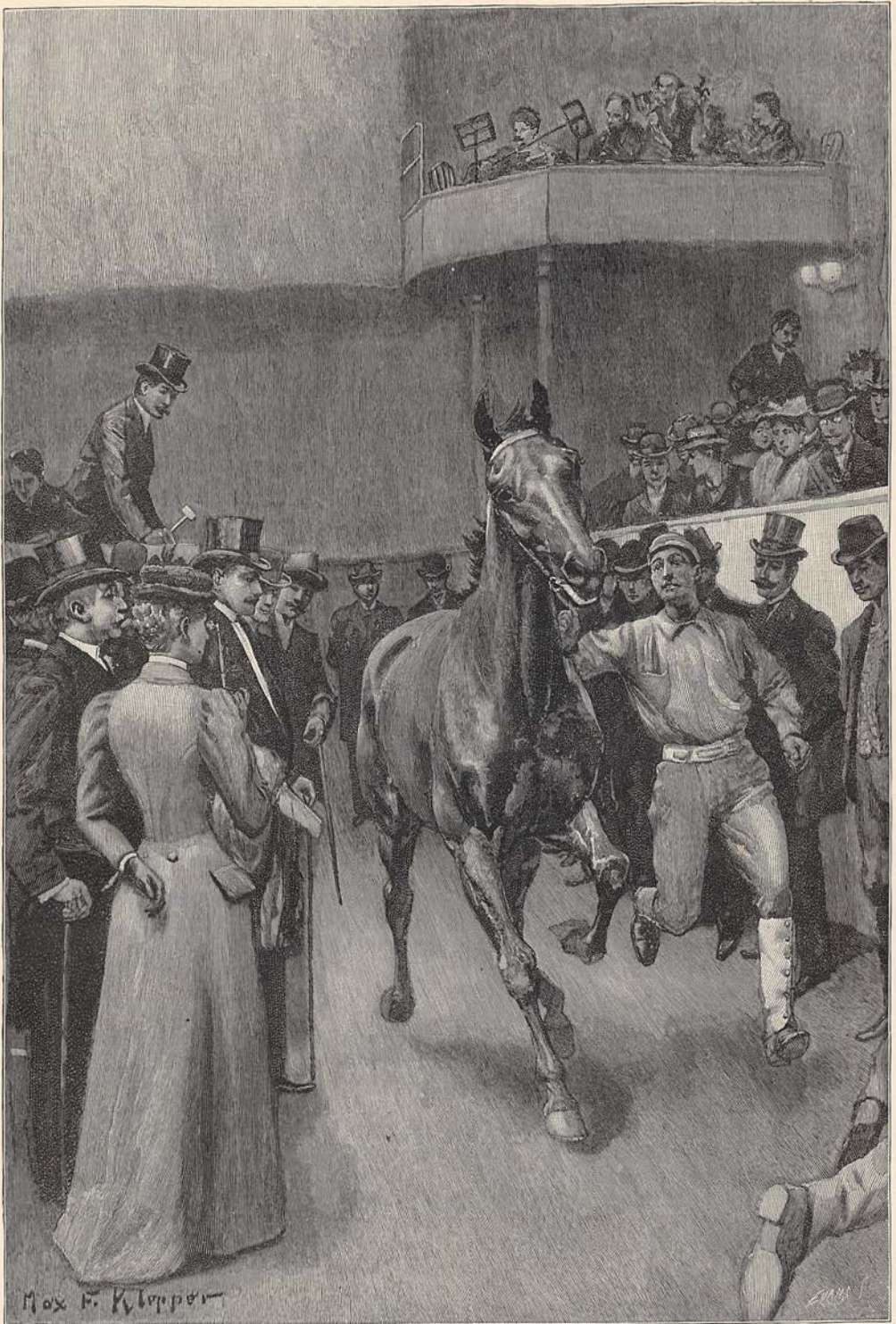
Auction sales of second-hand, or "acclimated," horses, as they are euphemistically called, must be regarded with suspicion. Occasionally bargains can be picked up at them, especially in the autumn; but there is always the possibility that a horse thus obtained will prove to be vicious or diseased. A nag subject to fits, for example, is, I take it, absolutely sure to find his way to the auction-mart sooner or later. The warranty is not an adequate protection. On one occasion I watched three strong men spend fifteen minutes in putting a bridle on the head of a vicious horse that was about to be sold. After violent efforts they succeeded. The horse was then led up-stairs, harnessed to a wagon, driven a little to show his paces, and then knocked down to some unfortunate with the warranty "sound and kind." If the purchaser brought this horse back on

the following day, he was probably told that the animal never had been known to misbehave before, and that something must have occurred in his new home to shock his sensitive nature.

The pleasantest and most satisfactory way of buying a horse, though one not open to everybody, is to go into the country and pick him out of a pasture. Then you see him at his worst, whereas in the city dealer's hands he appears at his best, and you can expect no improvement. Besides, there is a great pleasure in going to the source, in finding your horse at the very spot where he was born. The search itself, if you have time to pursue it at leisure, is full of entertainment. You make your headquarters, we will suppose, in some remote village, ten or fifteen miles from a railroad. Contact with the railroad is something which New England character seems unable to endure. Wherever the iron horse goes you find rudeness, vulgarity, and dirt; but in the as yet unviolated region of New England the people are extremely civil, obliging, and humorous. The best plan is to make daily excursions with your own or a hired horse, as the case may be, taking your lunch and the nag's dinner with you. On pleasant days you will, of course, enjoy the noonday meal in the woods, at some inviting spot where a stream of water crosses the road. On cold and stormy days a big, hospitable barn will receive you. The farmer's wife is always willing to furnish boiling water for tea; and if you leave with her a pretty china cup and saucer, such as can be bought cheaply in the city, she will cherish the memory of your visit for years.

At every house or village where you stop, you will learn of fresh fields and pastures new which it is your bounden duty to explore. The best horse that I ever owned, I heard of by chance at a little cross-road "store" and post-office where I met an old sheep-dealer. "Want a good roadster, do ye?" he inquired, as he hoisted a sack of flour on his buckboard. "Well, I've got a mare to hum that I druv from Portland last fall in twelve hours; and she's only four year old this July. Ain't that good enough for ye?" Yes, it was quite good enough; but inasmuch as the distance from Portland was at least seventy miles, I thought either that the statement must be a lie, which was the more probable, or else that the journey had ruined the sheep-dealer's mare. But on investigation I discovered both that the story was true, and that the filly was as "sound as a trout."<sup>1</sup> We came upon her in one of those

<sup>1</sup> This is a time-honored expression, and yet, as all sportsmen know, even trout are not always sound; for they are liable to a kind of consumption. I once fished a whole day in Lake Moosetockmoguntic, and caught but a single trout, and he was a consumptive.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A FASHIONABLE AUCTION.

magnificent pastures which abound in Maine, a great tract of rough but fertile land, including ravines, valleys, water-courses, and a steep and lofty hillside crowned with woods which afforded shelter from the sun and from cold winds. The feed was poor, for there had been a drought, and the filly, a coal-black Morgan, was thin, and footsore from the stoniness of the pasture; her mane was ragged and tangled, her coat faded and rusty: but she had the legs and feet, the structure and the blood, that I wanted. In three months she had gained sixty pounds, besides traveling a great many miles. All the best things in life—experience, amusement, clients, friends, and horses—come to one by accident. You have only to put yourself in the way of getting them, and Providence will do the rest.

As for prices of horseflesh in the country, they are commonly not lower—indeed, I think they are higher—than they are in large cities. But this statement is to be taken with one qualification. In the country the price of a horse does not depend upon who sells him—farmer, deacon, or squire, it makes no difference; whereas in the city fashionable dealers obtain about double the market rates.

But supposing the buyer has no time or no inclination to run about country pastures looking for a horse, and supposing, further, that he has no special knowledge of the animal, so as to purchase him in the city or elsewhere with some assurance of not being cheated, what is he to do? What antidote is there for the glib falsehoods of the jock? Paterfamilias need not quite despair: civilization has provided a remedy in the shape of the "vet." Time was—one need not be old to remember it—when we had no vets in this country. There were only "horse-doctors," shabby fellows, addicted to clay pipes and to the consumption of much liquor, whole hemispheres removed from the vet who has education and a smart equipage and a good practice. The vet will tell the age and pass upon the soundness of any horse submitted to him. Often the mere mention of his name is sufficient to put a sharper to flight. On other occasions the jock declares his perfect willingness to submit the animal in question to any vet who can tell a horse from a cow; and sometimes when he has been taken at his word, and his horse rejected for incipient spavin, the triumph of paterfamilias, and the glory reflected upon him from the acuteness of his adviser, are well worth the moderate fee charged for the examination.

And this brings us to consider what are the marks of a good, serviceable horse, such as most people want to buy. The chief points are the eye and head; for, whether on the score of safety or of pleasure in ownership, the essen-

tial thing is to have a horse that is intelligent and gentle, or one that is intelligent and vicious, rather than stupid, for stupid horses are the most dangerous of all. Every horse shows his character in his head, and chiefly in the eye, just as certainly as a man shows his character in his face; although, as in the case of men, it is not always easy to read what is written in the equine features. But as to horses of positive character, positively good or positively bad, there need be no mistake. I once bought a mare of a dealer, for a woman's use, without even taking her out of the stable. She seemed to be sound, and I felt sure from her eye that she was unusually gentle and safe, and so she proved to be. On the other hand, out of six or eight horses shown to me at a sale-stable, on another occasion, I rejected one—the best in the lot otherwise—because his eye, though not absolutely bad, was such as to arouse suspicion; and the owner afterward admitted to me that the animal was different from the rest in being a little "mean." I mention these instances to show that any person of average intelligence can learn, by taking pains, to read the equine character. Horse-dealers and trainers seldom make a study of this matter, because they do not care about it. What you should look for is a large, clear, luminous eye; what you should distrust is a small eye, a protruding eye, a sunken eye, an eye that shows the white, glancing backward, which indicates bad temper; and above all, a glassy, tremulous eye, which indicates stupidity. It is hard to describe, but easily recognized. There should be a considerable space between the eyes. The ears and the carriage of them are hardly less significant. Well-cut ears that move continually with a general tendency to be pricked forward indicate a good and lively disposition. Large ears, if well shaped, are better than very small or "mouse" ears. Lop-ears, coarse ears, ears planted either very far apart or very close together, are to be viewed with great distrust.

Next in importance to the head come the feet. They should be of medium size, neither steep like a mule's, nor flat, but sloping at a medium angle. The best feet are "cup-shaped"; that is, so formed that when you pick them up they will hold water.

As to the other points of a horse, I shall not attempt to go into details, because I fear that they would convey information only to those who do not need it. But this may be said generally by way of advice: Avoid a long-backed or thin-waisted, still more a long-legged, horse. Look for a compact, rather low-standing beast, with a good head, good eyes, and well-shaped ears, and you cannot go far wrong.

And now we will suppose that an animal answering this description has finally been se-



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

SADDLE-HORSES FROM KENTUCKY.



Max F. Klepper

lected, and certified by the vet to besound and of proper age—that is, not under five. There remains for him and for paterfamilias only the ordeal of the family. When the new purchase—harnessed, we will assume, to a two-seated wagon—is brought around for the first drive, he is received in gloomy silence, the young ladies being disgusted with his color. They expected a strawberry roan, or at least a rich bay, whereas he is of a shade which they stigmatize at once as “yellow ocher.” The eldest son, who by continually frequenting the nearest livery-stable has acquired some reputation in the family as a horse-man, would be glad to suggest curb, or quarter-crack, or weakness in the off knee; but being overawed by the superior authority of the vet, he contents himself with a critical examination of the animal’s eye, in which he professes to discover a spirit of devilish malignity that bodes ill for life and limb.

Cheered by this prophecy, the family take

their seats, paterfamilias firmly grasping the reins, and prepared for the worst. The first drive with a new horse is commonly one of silent and resolute anticipation. That the animal will behave well no one expects. The only doubt is as to whether he will stand still and kick, run away, or suddenly develop some incurable disease; but as mile after mile is slowly but steadily reeled off without accident, the horse exhibiting no special depravity and no signs of lameness, the spirits of paterfamilias rise. He touches the new steed with his whip, cuts out an express-wagon in grand style, and finally brings up with a flourish at the home curbstone.

Already the new horse has passed from the awful region of the mysterious to that of the homely and familiar, and now presents himself to the imagination of his owners, not as an unknown brute, but as a faithful Dobbin, destined, let us hope, to a long and useful career.

*Henry Childs Merwin.*

## PIETER DE HOOCH.

1632 (?) — 1681 (?)



MUCH of the meager information concerning Pieter de Hooch is doubtful. He appears to have been born either at Utrecht or Ouderschic, a suburb of Rotterdam, about the year 1632. In 1655 he became a member of the Painters’ Guild at Delft, but left that city in 1657 for either Haarlem or Amsterdam, and it is conjectured that he must have died soon after 1681, as this date is the latest on his pictures. The greater part of the pictures (about a hundred) known to be by his hand are in private English collections.

Hooch is one of the most charming of the Dutch masters. He delights in giving us glimpses of the cheerful and peaceful aspect of the domestic life of the time. One might linger hours before his simple scenes with the greatest delight without tiring of them, and wonder what it is that gives so mysterious a charm to his works. Much of the secret of his fascination is due to his wonderful feeling for light and shade, and his refined sensitiveness for values, though much more, no doubt, to the sweet contentment and love of home that must have characterized a gentle and refined nature. A man must paint what he is. Hooch is a poet of rare and delicate fiber. No other master can compare with him in the representation of the poetry of light, and in that marvelous brilliancy and clearness with which he calls it

forth in various distances till the background is reached, which is generally illumined by a fresh beam.

“The Buttery,” which I have engraved, is in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, and ranks among the finest examples of Hooch, and nothing, surely, could be more delightful. The action of the servant as she presents the jug to the child to sip is expressive of gentleness and endearment; and what could be more charming than the glimpse of the inside room, with its picture, and the casement, and the cushioned chair, and the court beyond in sunlight? How bright and sunny and joyful all this is! It is full of the sentiment of home. Hooch’s pictures are never very large; this one measures  $25\frac{3}{4}$  inches high by  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. There are other wonderful works by Hooch in the Ryks Museum. The Louvre also possesses a rare gem by this master known as “A Dutch Interior,” representing a richly decorated room in which, by the side of a sculptured fireplace, a group is engaged at cards. The rich chamber is flooded with mellow light, which is reflected from the golden stamped leather of the walls, and a charming comfort and lovely mystery pervade. Yet, full as it seems of light, much is kept out by the heavy curtains beyond the card-players, near which a loving couple snatch a stolen opportunity for communing. A page enters noiselessly from another room with his salver, glass, and flask of wine.

*Timothy Cole.*