

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. CCCCXLVIII.

## RIDING IN NEW YORK.

BY A RIDER.

THE Central Park had been open for pleasure some years before it became evident that its bridle-path had not been made in vain. Even yet, astonishing as the progress of the last decade has been in the diffusion of knowledge about the uses of the bridle-path, there is no reason to believe that riding in New York has by any means reached its limit. Each new riding-school finds itself full of business without perceptibly diminishing the business of its older rivals. Fifteen years ago there was but one riding-school. Now there are four considerable, not to mention the Riding Club, which includes among its functions those of an academy.

There were horsemen in New York before the riding "fad" set in. One well known and now venerable physician has ridden in the suburban roads for fifty years, and may even yet be seen of sunny afternoons in the Park, or of stormy afternoons in the ring, taking his constitutional on a cob that is quite capable of throwing younger horsemen. He informs the present writer that when he began to ride in New York, during the remote thirties and under the consulate of Van Buren, at least one of his fellow-physicians made his professional rounds on horseback. It was a good many years after this, early in the fifties, in fact, that a riding-school was established "opposite the Hay Scales." How many of the readers of this paper know as much about the site of the Hay Scales as about the site of the choragic monument of Lysicrates? Yet the Hay Scales stood where the Cooper Institute now stands, and opposite, at the foot of Fourth Avenue, was "Disbrow's," which migrated twice afterward, and in its latest habitat subsisted until the war, when it was merged in another

school that again migrated and still flourishes. The late William B. Astor was a rider in those days, and built a riding-hall on his own grounds for his use in bad weather. In good weather, though the Park was not, the unpaved roads were more accessible than now from the heart of the town, and along the Bloomingdale Road, now the dusty Boulevard, horsemen might have been seen as regularly, and in about the same numbers, as in the opening chapters of the then famous G. P. R. James.

Before the Park was fairly opened, and while its main lines were laying through a region of rocks and shanties, compounded of a goat pasture and a mining camp, the equestrian pioneers were exploring its untrimmed surfaces, and making the goal of their rides one of the road-houses to which the trotting men, then as now, resorted in much greater numbers. One little band of these was known to the keeper of the hostelry they frequented as the "literary cavalry." Mr. Charles A. Dana is, I think, the sole survivor of this informal club, which included, besides, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, whose white pacer was known to his companions as "The Little Villain," in allusion to an amenity of journalism current in those days, Mr. Frey, remembered as the stalwart and emphatic musical critic of the *Tribune*, and Edmond O'Flaherty, known then and long afterward in New York as William Stuart. There were already women who rode also, though for the most part they had learned to ride elsewhere, and there was the same scarcity of well-broken saddle-horses for ladies of which Fanny Kemble had complained years before, upon her first visit to these shores. Even after the Park was completed, the ordeal of riding to it attended by a company of

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grinning and hooting boys was very trying to the nerves of the weaker sex. Now the riding-schools have all been moved to the immediate neighborhood of the Park, and "a lady on horseback" is so familiar a sight that even the most excitable of the circumjacent small boys is not moved to make proclamation of it. Perhaps the strongest proof that riding had not become a fashionable amusement until a good many years after the facilities for it had been provided by the Park Commissioners is that the late Horace Greeley addicted himself to it during his latter years. Of course he rode in a sad sincerity, and because he thought it was good for him, but he submitted himself to a regular course of instruction, and he proved so plastic in the hands of his riding-master that those who have seen him ride declare that, if he did not precisely witch the world with noble horsemanship, he looked at all events considerably less irregular on horseback than he did on foot. Another candidate for the Presidency was an even earlier and a much more constant horseman. Twenty years ago, at least, Samuel J. Tilden used to disport himself in the Park on horseback, and he continued his riding until he was forced to abandon it by physical infirmity. Most of us remember among the cipher despatches the admonition, "Tell Russia saddle Blackstone," and this was in the crisis of November, 1876. When he was Governor of New York it was Mr. Tilden's habit to do his official reviewing on horseback, and once or twice this practice led him into perils from which it was a feat of horsemanship to extricate one's self. Nevertheless there are those who disparage his horsemanship, and not on political grounds. "He rode single-footers," says my informant, more in sorrow than in anger.

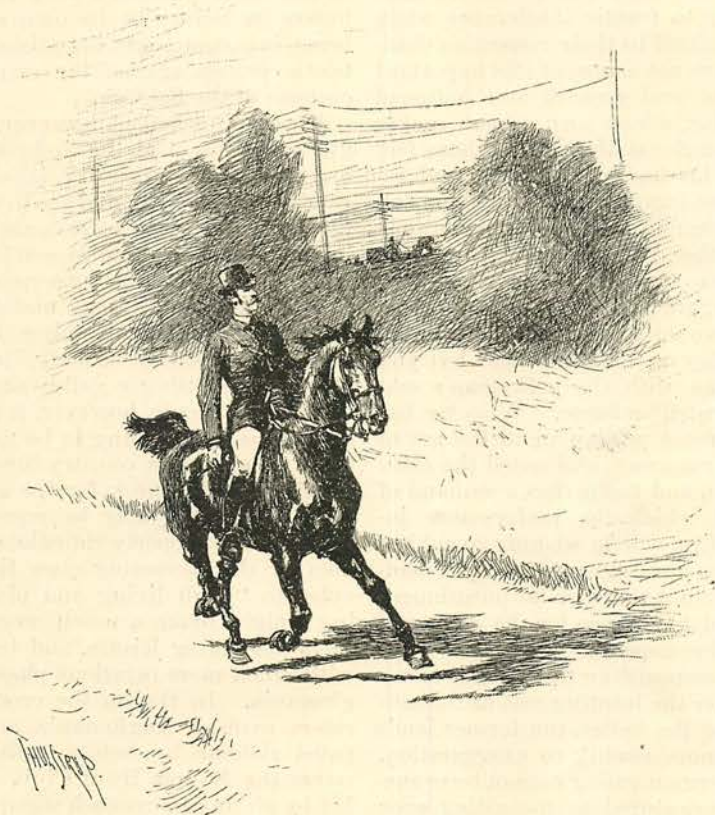
It is only fair to say that my informant is a German, and that in Germany, as for the matter of that in England, the walk, the trot, and the gallop (the latter subdivided in England into the canter and the gallop) are the only gaits permitted to a well-regulated saddle-horse. The single-foot and its variant, the rack, are cultivated only in regions, like our own Southern States, of which the horsemanship is ultimately derived from Spain. So that it is perhaps a piece of too Teutonic stringency to put a man out of court altogether as a rider because he prefers the languors of

the single-foot to the strenuous joys of the German trot. For Germans there be who despise him who rises in the trot even as him who rides single-footers, and are prepared to maintain that he only rides who merely bobs and bumps. This view prevails chiefly, it is true, among those Germans who immigrated some years ago, and before rising in the trot had been enjoined upon the German cavalry as a proved preventive of sore backs. It is none the less held as an article of faith, and as it is well known that there is no other being on earth quite so uncompromising as a German professor of anything, it is inculcated by those who hold it in all its rigor.

This leads me to remark upon the vulgar error that riding in New York is mainly a phase of Anglomania, an error which appears in the scornful treatment of the equestrian dudes of the metropolis by a fearless Western press. In point of fact it is quite as much an importation from the land to which we owe our culture in beer and Beethoven, if not rather more. The proportion of Germans who ride for pleasure is at least as large as that of natives. Three of the four principal riding-schools are owned and managed by Germans, and at one of them German is the prevailing language. At another there is a Reitelclubb, composed mainly of Germans, who pursue equitation with a German thoroughness, and have attained in it, perhaps, a greater proficiency than any other like body. Even in horseflesh German ideas have made their way, and horses imported from the great Prussian breeding establishment at Trakene, or their progeny, are preferred by many riders, Americans as well as Germans, for the work of an all-round saddle-horse, to the weight-carrying hunter or the half-bred Park hack which is the ideal of the Anglo-maniac. In its effect upon horsemanship here the German influence is distinctly greater than the English. The German teachers outnumber the English probably three to one, and leave their impress upon their pupils, while the land of Baucher and the *haute école* is scarcely represented at all. Even at "the Club," which is commonly supposed to be the centre and citadel of Anglomania, the head riding-master is, or lately was, a German. Along with the vigor and rigor which, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, characterize the German professorial mind in general,

go the systematic and exact methods of German instruction. Apart altogether from the much-discussed question of the superiority for general purposes of the military seat or the hunting seat—a question not to be mooted here—the superior-

thus has his disadvantages in teaching and in training. It must be owned that he is apt to have his revenges also when there is “a downright nasty brute” to be mounted, or an obdurate refuser to be jumped. As for American riding, one



DER REITMEISTER.

ity, for the purposes of teaching, of the systematic instruction which the Germans have received, over the more or less happy-go-lucky way in which Englishmen learn to ride without knowing how they learned, is scarcely to be disputed. Inasmuch as almost all the German teachers “have served,” and transmit the military seat which they have learned, it is not surprising that their pupils should sit rather like German cavalymen than like cross-country riders, notwithstanding the English hunting man’s sneer that the three men who cannot possibly ride horses are “a sailor, a tailor, and a cavalry officer.” The Englishman who has learned to ride by riding, and not by being taught to ride,

may occasionally see in the Park the actual cow-boy in his deep saddle astride of his loping broncho, but he does not commend himself as a model for Park riding. The West Point seat, again, may be seen as exemplified not only by casual graduates of the Academy taking their pleasure, but also by the mounted policemen, many of whom are old troopers. Seats, however, as the excellent and entertaining Major Dwyer has shown, depend upon saddles, and as it is only with stirrups hung well forward that the characteristic hunting seat can be attained, so it is only in the McClellan saddles that are used by the mounted Metropolitans out in Seventh Avenue and the region beyond Macomb’s Dam, but have

been discarded for the Whitman by the Park police proper, that the fork seat and the straight leg with the toe rather down than up can be seen in perfection. The cross-country man and the *Reitmeister* agree in disapproving this seat, though they are both aware that men may ride horses well in many ways. Their disapproval rises to frantic intolerance when it is transmitted to their respective disciples, who are not aware of this important truth. The well greaved and buttoned Anglomaniac, whose own person makes a violent angle at the waist, whose feet lie out on his horse's shoulders, and between whose legs, when he trots, the following horseman gets really panoramic views of the landscape, declares that the policeman "cawn't ride." The vigorous and rigorous and procrustean German, who would rather fall off by bumping than stay on by rising, will tell you that no man with the policeman's seat "gan mannich" a horse. Whoever has seen a mounted policeman in the act of catching a runaway, and noted the skill, the coolness, and the perfect command of his animal which the performance involves, could not help wishing to subject his critics to the same test of horsemanship, were it not that capital punishment is somewhat too severe for the offence of rash and incompetent criticism. It is not to risk committing this offence to say that, whether the hunting seat or the military seat be the better, the former lends itself the more readily to exaggeration, and that German riding cannot be so successfully caricatured as the riding even of an English groom is unconsciously caricatured by his complacent disciple when he takes a "kenter in the Pork."

These differences of horsemanship are very much softened when the question becomes of horsemanship. They are not enforced by so widely different theories and practices of saddlery, and the male German who insists upon bumping for himself concedes to the weaker vessel the privilege of rising. The Kentuckian or Virginian equestrienne reveals her training mainly by holding her left hand with the reins in it level with the elbow and across the body, cavalry fashion, while the fair Anglomaniac can testify her devotion no otherwise than by exhibiting a crop instead of a whip, and by carrying both elbows as nearly as may be on a level with her shoulders—a posture which,

she will be pained to learn, is regarded by British horsemen as characteristic of the British cad. To Anglomaniac used to be imputed the banging of horses' tails, which has no longer anything distinctive, since a long-tailed saddle-horse has become an exceptional object, either on the road or in the ring. Where a long tail is seen, unless its beauty be its own excuse for being, it is commonly brandished as a patriotic protest against the manners and customs of the English.

It cannot be denied, however, that Anglomaniac has had its influence. The hunting in this country is, of course, English in its origin, and the humorists of the press hold it up to ridicule by pointing out that it is an anise-seed bag that is hunted—as if fox-hunting were anywhere a cheap and expeditious method of destroying foxes, or anything beyond a means, like "steeple-chasing," in its literal sense, of getting a gallop across country. The ridicule, however, is gradually ceasing as it is coming to be understood what riding across country involves. A man risking his neck for the sake of an exciting exercise may be reprehensible, but he is not properly ridiculous. Young men of the increasing class that is devoted to "high living and plain thinking" might make a much worse use of their abounding leisure, and be infected with much more injurious phases of Anglomaniac. In Boston the cross-country riders avowed Anglomaniac and anticipated ridicule by boldly calling themselves the Myopia Hunt Club, and possibly by glazing an eye each when they rode to the meet. There is no need of such an avowal on the part of the gilded youth who ride to hounds in Long Island and in New Jersey, and whose dock-tailed horses and pink coats and buckskin breeches and "hunt balls" to the neighboring yeomanry so excite the risibility of one class of patriots and the wrath of another. It is not quite true, by-the-way, that all fox-hunting, even in the Northern States, is imported. In Chester County, Pennsylvania, there is an indigenous hunt, with a pack of hounds and horses of native breed. The farmers ride after foxes as their fathers before them rode, and they would be as astonished to hear that they were imitating the English as was Molière's hero to learn that he conversed in prose. Nevertheless they have what to the scornors is one of the chief "notes" of



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

A TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

Engraved by Lindsay.

Anglomania, in that they do not pretend to hunt for the sake of the game, but only for the sake of the hunting. With them, as with the gilded youth of the suburban hunts, it is "not the conquest but the battle" that allures. "We cannot afford to kill foxes," said one of them to the present writer, implying, of course, that a fox that is hunted and runs away may live to be hunted another day, but explaining that early in the season it was customary to give one fox to the hounds in order to encourage them thereafter. But for our immediate purpose fox-hunting may be regarded as an importation, with all the modifications it has induced in horses, seats, and equipment, and these are many and considerable.

The seasons for riding in the Park are the spring and the autumn, and year by year the habitual rider notes the progress of riding by noting the increasing throng in the bridle-path. Mr. Olmsted, in his notes on the proposed suburban park of Boston, observes that by the opening of the Central Park, among other things, the number of saddle-horses kept in New York has increased a hundredfold. If we limit the statement to horses kept exclusively or mainly for the saddle, it is doubtless literally true. The Club alone houses 250 saddle-horses. The four principal riding-schools have together about 700 more. There is also another school, which is scarcely in the competition, being as yet but a small beginning, though it testifies in a powerful and pathetic way to the steady growth of the interest in riding, having a ring the size of a large drawing-room, in which sensitive persons may take secluded lessons and have their initiatory contortions veiled from the unfeeling and critical experts who lie in wait for them in the more frequented schools. Here we have a total of not far from a thousand horses, and to this is to be added the number of saddle-horses, not so easily ascertainable, kept in the private stables of their owners. In all, it seems safe to estimate that there are 1200 saddle-horses in New York, and it is not likely that there were a full dozen before the Park was opened. To help the reader realize how considerable this number is, it may be pointed out that the entertaining author of *Living Paris* cites as a proof of the luxuriousness of that city of luxury that there are at least 8000 private horses kept in Paris—meaning kept for pleasure.

Comparing the number of those who drive and those who ride in New York, rapidly as this latter number increases, it seems likely that in this article of luxury the American "metropolis" surpasses the capital of the world. The number of riders, at any rate, like the expenses of one of the departments in Washington, according to a memorable report of its chief, has "exceeded the most sanguine anticipations." The projectors of the bridle-path were censured at the time of laying it out for allotting so much space to so little purpose. Since the Park was opened the bridle-path has been extended across the foot of it, and has already become in some respects inadequate. Experience has shown that some of the turns are dangerously sharp, and to avert the danger, so far as possible, signs are now put up to forbid "running or galloping" on the bridle-path, except around the reservoir, where the road has long straight stretches, and a horse approaching can be seen around the turns. Frightened horses, however, pay no heed to these warnings, and reckless horsemen, whether boys or "Sunday riders," pay little more, and there is an evident necessity that some of the sharper turns shall be straightened and made gradual against the increased chances of accident that increased numbers bring. The number of riders apt to be encountered at any point is not as yet so great as in Rotten Row during the London season, where the equestrians are often brought to a walk. If the suggestion made a short time since in the press for the establishment of a Rotten Row in Central Park were carried out, there might before long be danger of a like engorgement. This suggestion, it is not unfair to suspect, emanated from those equestrian visitors to the Park to whom their own visibility is an important consideration, but it is not likely to be carried out. In spite of the "Carriage Concourse" that was provided in the original plan of the Park, it is fortunate for the comfort of visitors in general that there is no one point in the circuit of it, as there is in Hyde Park, that is consecrated by usage to a general assembly. Both "carriage people" and equestrians can be conveniently observed from Mount St. Vincent, where the bridle-path joins the East Drive, which thence becomes the common highway to the upper end of the Park. The most eligible coigne of vantage for



THE HUNTING MAN.

seeing the riders alone is perhaps the east side of the reservoir, where fast riding is permitted, and where from five of a fine afternoon there is for nearly an hour a passage of horsemen and horsewomen so constant as to assume the character of a procession. The procession includes many men whose names are known throughout and beyond their own country—men eminent in all the professions and in nearly all the great industries. There are physicians, whose profession notoriously induces a fondness for horseflesh, and who here at least show a creditable willingness to take their own prescriptions; there are lawyers, men of letters, artists, “railroad men”;

“Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad”—

for riding is so far from being regarded as an unclerical recreation that among many clergymen who ride there is at least one prelate, by no means recognizable from the poet’s description, but apt to be seen bestriding an animal much less

episcopal of aspect and action and much less easily manageable than “an ambling pad,” which I take to be mediæval for a single-footing cob.

It is no disparagement to these dignitaries to say that they do not compose the most attractive part of this daily procession. The “troop of damsels glad,” under escort of a riding-master, or the family party of the same, personally conducted by paterfamilias, or the solitary horsewoman followed at a respectful distance by a belted groom, or accompanied by a more interesting male—these are the objects which the judicious spectator deems it worth while to retain his perch alongside the reservoir to see. The fashion in riding-habits abjures anything that suggests romance. The trailing robes and sweeping plumes of the last generation of horsewomen are banished to remote rural parts of the Southern States. A “silk hat” on man or woman seems the negation of romance, and nothing can be more prosaic and severely business-like

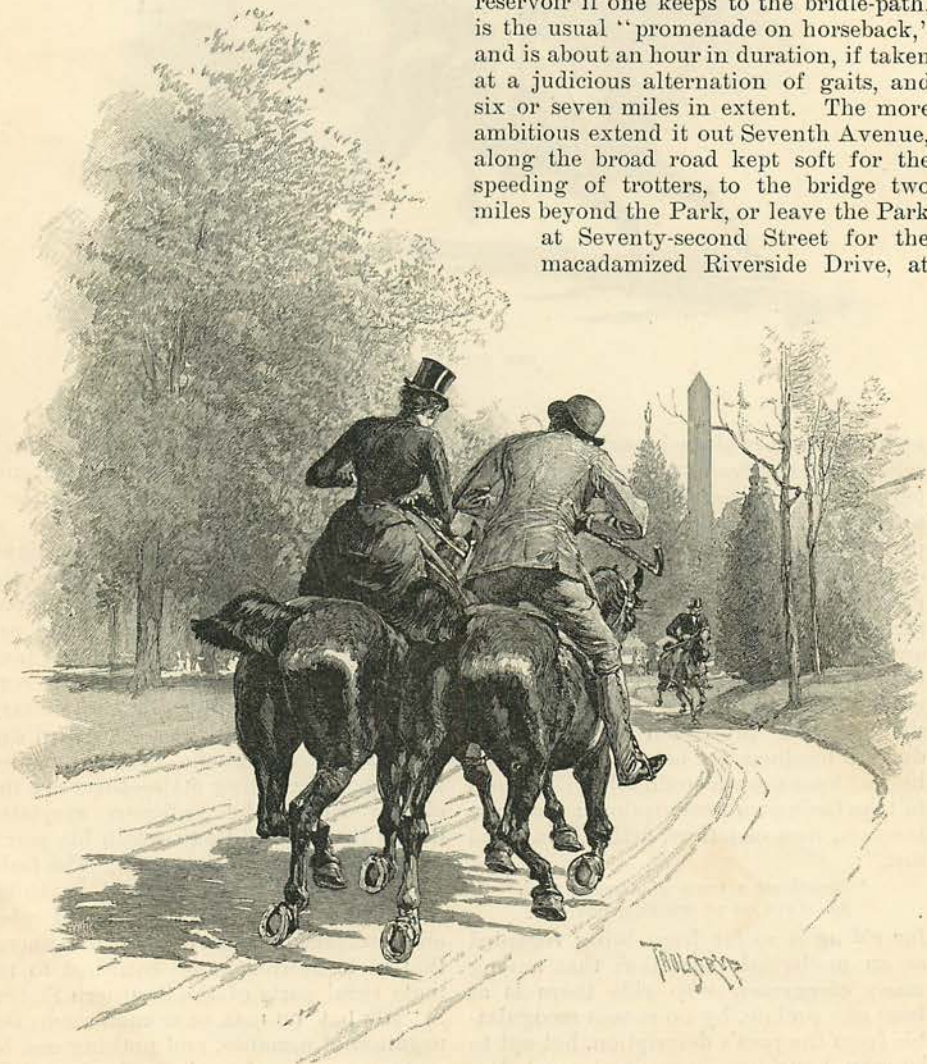
than the habit which it surmounts, the absolutely plain garment in dark monochrome, of which the requirements are that it shall be without ornament, and that it shall fit and hang without a wrinkle. It is a fact as familiar as it is consolatory that no fashion can make a pretty girl look otherwise than pretty. The looker-on is inclined to believe, as Simplesse Munditiis passes him at a canter, that there was never any equestrian costume so exquisite, and that Queen Guinevere, with her gown of grass-green silk and her golden clasps and her light green tuft of plumes closed in a golden ring, was dressed very inappropriately for the sad-

dle compared with his tailor-made vision of loveliness. If of a romantic mind, he may drop again into Tennyson:

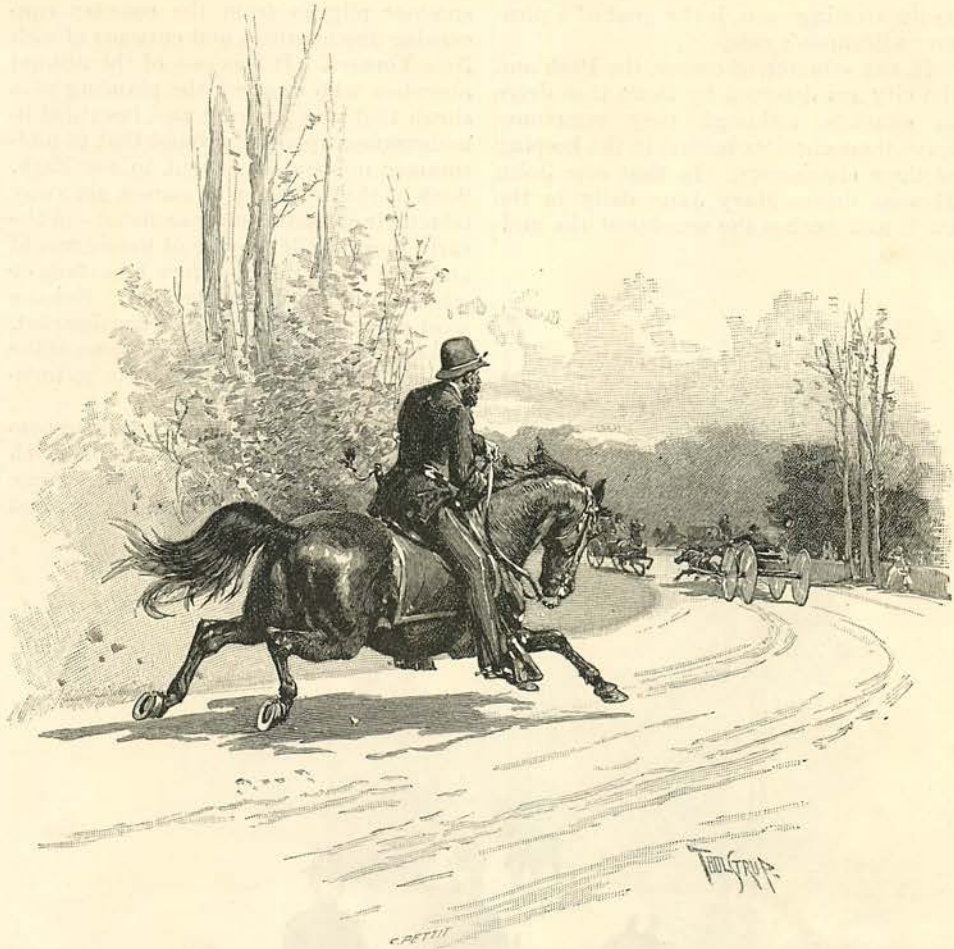
"As she fled fast through sun and shade  
The happy wind upon her played,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;  
She looked so lovely as she swayed  
The rein with dainty finger tips!"—

we need not go on, though we may have every reason to suspect that the young man who escorts her has "gone on," under the friendly shade of the grove at the turn, where it is the custom of young couples of assorted sexes to pass at a walk before they come into the unsheltered straight stretch and break into a canter.

Around the Park, or twice around the reservoir if one keeps to the bridle-path, is the usual "promenade on horseback," and is about an hour in duration, if taken at a judicious alternation of gaits, and six or seven miles in extent. The more ambitious extend it out Seventh Avenue, along the broad road kept soft for the speeding of trotters, to the bridge two miles beyond the Park, or leave the Park at Seventy-second Street for the macadamized Riverside Drive, at







MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

the upper end of which there is half a mile or so of straight bridle-path. If the project is executed that was authorized by the last Legislature to connect the upper end of the Central Park with the upper end of Riverside Drive, by paving the connecting streets like the driveways in the Park for pleasure traffic, there will be a continuous driveway of some nine miles. To complete the felicity of the riders it will be necessary only to carry the bridle-path along the whole extent of the Riverside, for which there is ample room.

When one has more time than the hour or hour and a half to which most riders of the male sex are restricted for their constitucionals, there is a choice of suburban excursions, though the choice is not so large as it should be, and as it

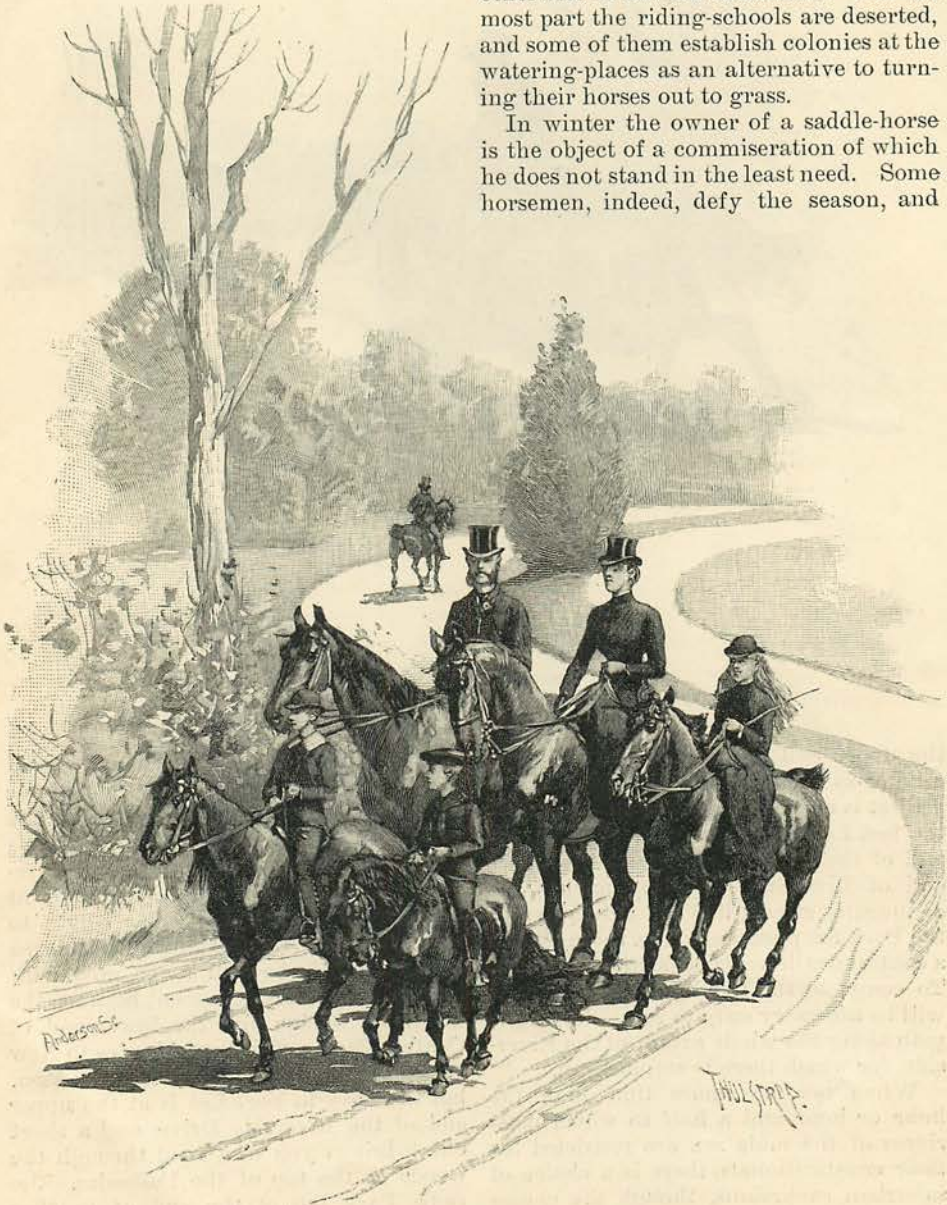
is to be hoped it will be when it comes to be recognized that people who ride or drive for pleasure have rights as to the paving of a limited number of streets which drivers of drays are bound to respect. The bridging of the East River at Blackwell's Island, if it ever comes to pass, will make Long Island accessible, as it can scarcely be said to be now, with four miles of block pavement between the Brooklyn Bridge and the lower end of Central Park. The lower ferries to New Jersey are impracticable for a like reason, but the ferry to Fort Lee is at the upper end of the Riverside Drive, and a short climb brings you to a road through the woods at the top of the Palisades. Jerome Park, too, at the end of another stretch of soft road which the riders owe

to the trotting men, is the goal of a pleasant afternoon's ride.

In the summer, of course, the Park and the city are deserted by them that drive in chariots, although they sometimes leave their chariots behind in the keeping of their charioteers. In that case John Thomas drives Mary Jane daily in the Park, and excites the wonder of the mid-

summer pilgrim from the country concerning the manners and customs of rich New-Yorkers. It was one of the annual absentees who opposed the planting of a shrub that was fragrant and beautiful in midsummer upon the ground that in midsummer nobody ever went to the Park. Such of the horsemen as cannot get away take their constitutionals as usual—in the early morning, if they be of heroic mould and able to do things before breakfast, or otherwise in the late afternoon. For the most part the riding-schools are deserted, and some of them establish colonies at the watering-places as an alternative to turning their horses out to grass.

In winter the owner of a saddle-horse is the object of a commiseration of which he does not stand in the least need. Some horsemen, indeed, defy the season, and



A FAMILY GROUP.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIDER.

ride out-of-doors all winter long, although in midwinter it is to less hardy souls and bodies an abuse of language to call such riding riding for pleasure. At least one horsewoman there is who pursues the same courageous practice, and for whom no weather that a man can ride in is too severe. Most riders, after the winter has fairly set in, and until it has fairly broken, know the bridle-path only once or twice a month, when the weather relents for a day and the ice disappears from the roadway. But these enjoy their exercise little less for being compelled to take it under cover. This is the season for teaching, and the "rings"—the rectangles of riding-schools are always rings—are at their busiest. The timid and awkward girl who is hoisted upon a horse for the first time in December, and totters there in a state of highly unstable bodily equilibrium and of keen mental anguish—this

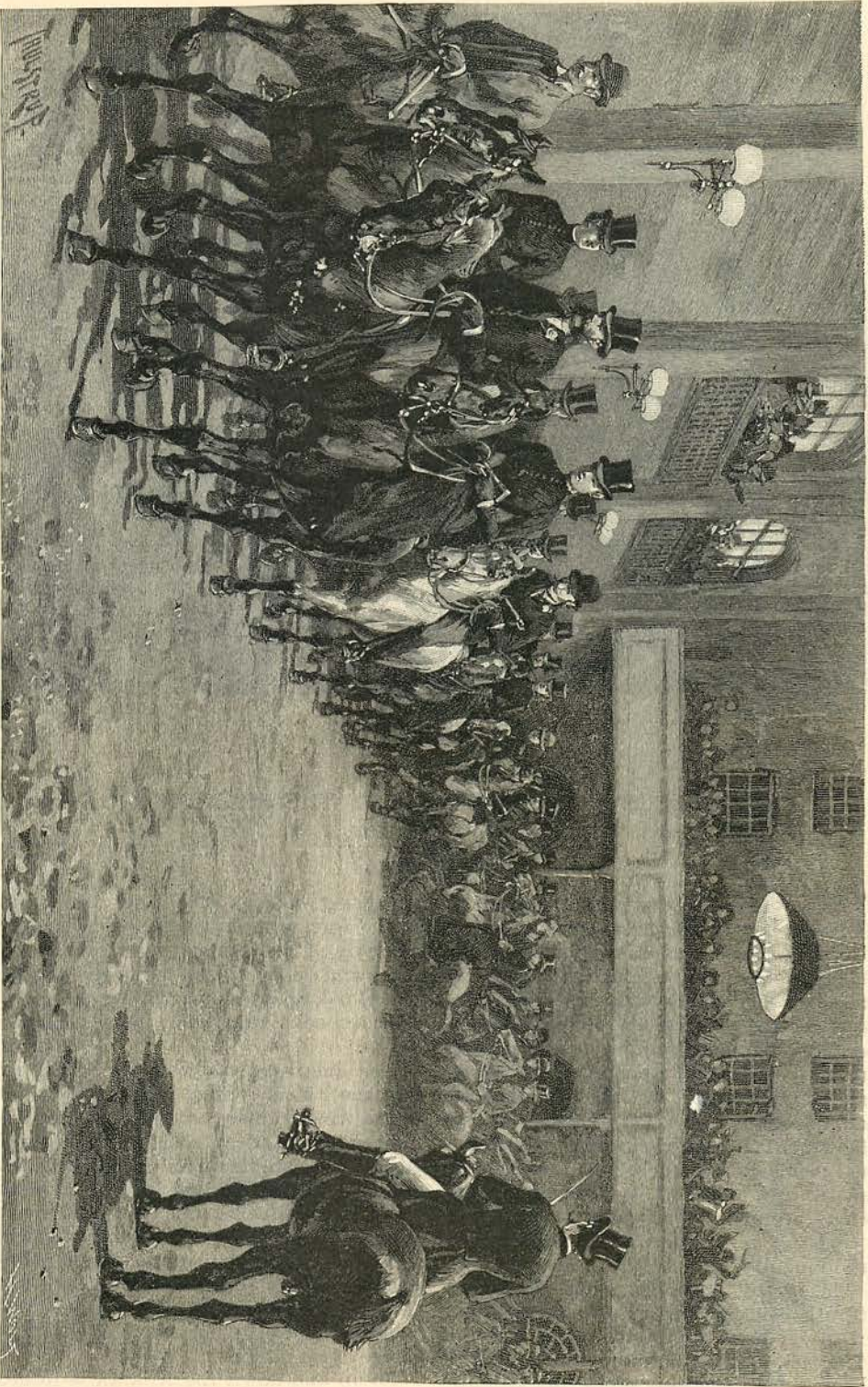
autumnal grub bursts the chrysalis of the ring in April, and appears upon the bridle-path as a fully developed horsewoman. All the morning is given over to lessons, but at the usual riding hour, between business and dinner, in the afternoon, the ring is shut against them, and opened for class riding. There are so many horses that some order has to be observed. At least everybody must ride in the same direction until a change is ordered by the ring-master. Even with this minimum of order riders going each his own gait are sure to obstruct one another, and it is for the general comfort that the riders shall form a line, and ride at the same gait by the word of command, the tedium of walking being relieved by the performance of such simple manœuvres as require only a moderate horsemanship. This is the daily practice during the winter in the larger schools. In addition to this daily

ride, there is once a week, or oftener, a "music ride" in the evening, and last season one of the schools set the excellent example of a daily music ride—an example that will no doubt be followed.

Those riders who are ambitious to carry their horsemanship beyond the standard required at the music rides associate themselves in clubs for that purpose, and one of these clubs has for several years made an excursion of a fortnight on horseback. It is not defamatory to suggest that "The First Hussars," an independent military organization recently founded, with its head-quarters at one of the riding-schools, is in the nature of a riding club, and that its objects are rather equestrian than warlike.

Of course these clubs are not to be confounded with *the Club*, the objects of which may be said to be equestrian and social, and which, though not yet five years of age, has had a very powerful influence in developing the practice of riding and in giving it a status in "society." The New York Riding Club was founded by a few owners of saddle-horses who constabulated, so to speak, at one of the riding-schools, and to whom it appeared desirable that there should be a school in which they could select their own associates. No sooner was the project formed than it became evident that it met that long-felt want to which the projectors of new enterprises invariably appeal. Already it has nearly five hundred members, and one honorary member, I know not by what merit raised to that lonely eminence. Of the active members more than half are actual horse owners and riders, and all of them may be supposed to cherish more or less definite aspirations toward horsemanship. The actual membership is much larger than the figures indicate, since by the constitution of the club the ladies of a member's family and his minor sons are entitled to its privileges, the daughters forfeiting their privileges when they marry, unless they marry into the club, as it were. There must thus be quite twice as many virtual members of the club as appear upon the club list, and it is to these unenrolled members that the club is most nearly indispensable. Its male members might find their own requirements very nearly as well met in all essentials at one of the public riding-schools. But a place of instruction and exercise to which ladies

and children can resort unattended, and about the associations of which they may be quite secure, has the same advantage over even the most carefully conducted public school that an ordinary club has over a restaurant. As has been hinted, the club is regarded by outsiders as a citadel of Anglomania, nor is the charge without some plausibility. The attendants are habited in plush and small-clothes, and exhibit those balustraded calves that are the trade-mark of the British flunky. When the visitor has got over his aversion to this grewsome spectacle he will find little else to offend his patriotic sensibilities, unless he considers a high degree of luxury in the living-rooms of the club, and an absolutely flawless neatness in the stables, corrupting to the simplicity of republican manners. The club-house is within a few hundred feet of the Fifth Avenue entrance to the park. Its area is about 200 feet by 125, and gives room for a ring in the centre 107 by 94, with a range of rooms along the street front, and spacious stables for some 300 horses in the rear. The dimensions of the ring, when it was built, were the largest in New York, though they have since been exceeded by one or two of the public schools, and of course by such a monument of capricious extravagance as the famous subterranean riding-hall of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. It is proposed to enlarge it still further, but it is now ample for the music rides, or, as they are called at the club, the "drills," which occur during the winter twice a week in the afternoon, and in which some sixty or seventy horsemen and horsewomen usually take part. There are few prettier sights to lovers of horseflesh and horsemanship than one of these drills, exhibiting practised riders, on the best and best-looking saddle-horses that can be bred or bought, executing more intricate evolutions than the schools for the most part venture on, with admirable precision, and upon occasion at a smart pace. There is not one of the riders who is not deriving physical benefit from an exercise for which very few of them would find any substitute if this were not at their command. If riding in New York be, as with many of its votaries it must be owned to be, a matter of fashion mainly, the philanthropist may be well satisfied if fashion inspires nothing less useful or less delightful.



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

A MUSIC HIDE.

Engraved by Wolf.