

## HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK.

It may almost be said of Henry Bergh that he has invented a new type of goodness, since invention is only the perception and application of truths that are eternal. He has certainly laid restraining hands on a fundamental evil, that blind and strangely human passion of cruelty, the taint of barbarism that lingers through ages of refining influences, to vent its cowardly malice on weak humanity and defenseless dumb animals. Henry Bergh is a stalwart hero, a moral reformer worthy of an enlightened and practical epoch. This is easily said and maintained now that a denial of the beneficence of his work would be accepted by most persons as a confession of moral turpitude; it is here said in simple justice to one "who has braved more obloquy in the discharge of an honorable duty than any other man in the community," and carried a worthy cause, through ridicule and abuse, to assured success.

The position Mr. Bergh occupies at the head of one of the greatest moral agencies of the time, is not more unique than his personal character. Here is a man of refined sensibilities and tender feelings, who relinquished an honored position and the enjoyment of wealth, to become the target of sneers and public laughter, for the sake of principles of humanity the most unselfish. By day and by night, in sunshine and storm, he gives his strength to the cause as freely as he aided it with his fortune. For a few years his person and his purposes were objects of ridicule, in the less scrupulous public prints, and on the streets. He was bullied by lawyers in courts of justice, and took his revenge according to Gospel precept. He was called a fanatic, a visionary, a seeker after notoriety, and a follower of Don Quixote. But faith and courage never forsook him, nor the will to shield a dumb animal from a brutal blow and help a fellow human to control his evil passions. The results and his reward are already proportionate to his labors, for the legislatures of thirty-three states have decided that dumb animals have rights that masters must respect; and the Court of Errors, the highest tribunal in the Empire State, has recently confirmed the equity and constitutionality of the cruelly laws.

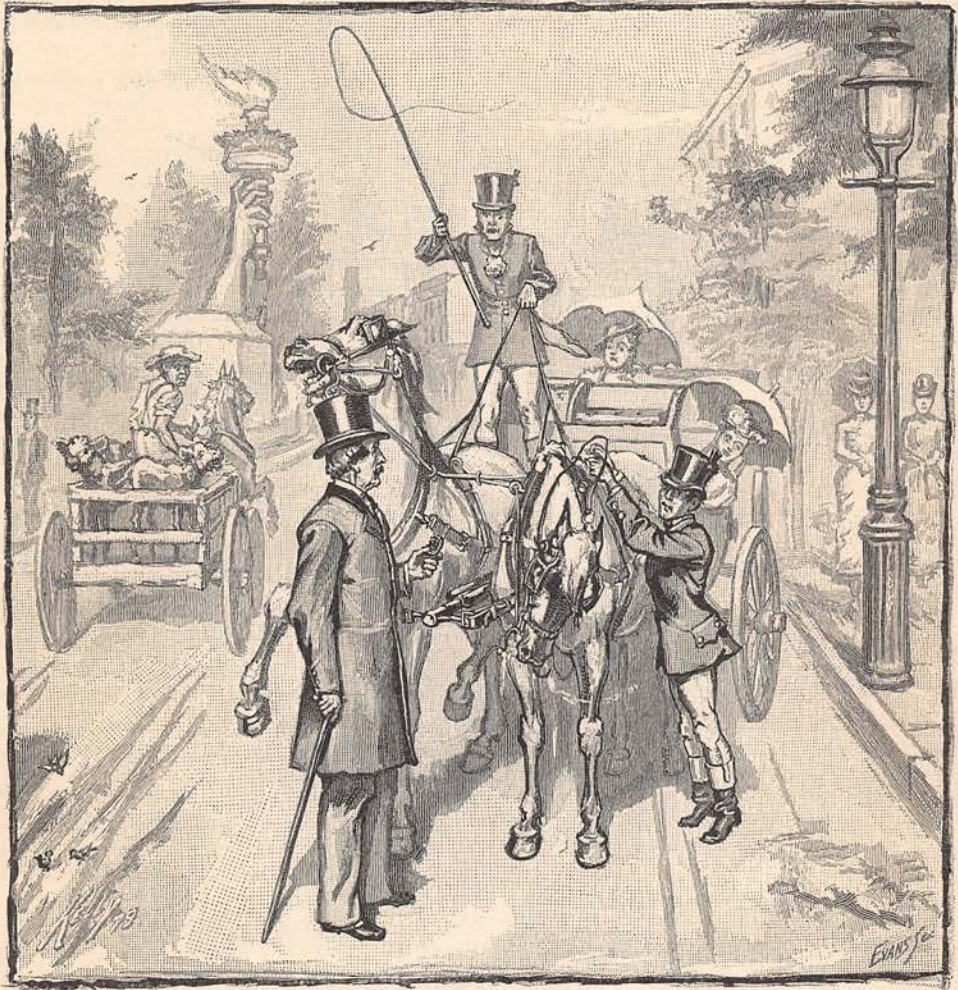
Thirteen years of devoted labor have

wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defense without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street, he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiseled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility.

Almost every fourth person knows him by

sight, and the whisper, "That's Henry Bergh," follows him, like a tardy herald, wherever he goes. Parents stop and point out to their children "the man who is kind to the dumb animals." Many enthusiastic men and women address themselves to him, often saying: "You don't know me, Mr. Bergh, but I know you and want to grasp

the alert eye of the Jehu, dropping on a familiar figure, knows at once with whom he has to deal. If he sees a disabled or overloaded horse he stops the vehicle and lets his judgment decide whether the lame animal shall be sent to the stable, or the load reduced. Frequently the driver is willing to argue the question, but not so often now as formerly.



HENRY BERGH ON DUTY. (CAPTURING A BURR BIT.)

your hand and tell how much I am in sympathy with your work." He courteously offers his hand and his thanks, says a pleasant word freighted with quiet humor or common sense,—for he is a quick and ready conversationalist,—and bows himself on his way. When he sees an omnibus driver in a passion with his horses, he raises his cane and

Mr. Bergh's town residence is well located on Fifth avenue (his summer residence being situated on the shores of Lake Mahopac). After the heavy snow storm in January last, as he was taking his customary morning walk down the avenue toward his office, he saw at a cross street on Murray Hill a burly fellow whip-

ping a stout horse, who was yet unable to budge a heavy load of wood, owing to the depth of the snow. Mr. Bergh went to the animal's defense and told the driver to lessen the load by getting down. The latter offered to do as he pleased about that, adding that it "wasn't no load at all." Several characters of sympathetic roughness came up and volunteered the opinion that it "wasn't no load at all." They made loud remarks, too, about "arbitrary action," and the value of a "free country." "Enough," said Mr. Bergh, stepping into the snow; "we'll call it 'no load at all,' but you get down and then we'll see if you wont have to take off half your load." The driver stood up and beat his horse in defiance, and by this time a large crowd was awaiting the result of the conflict. Mr. Bergh stepped to the horse's head and in a moderate tone of voice that wanted no element of authority said: "You get off that load at once or I shall take you off." The driver obeyed and the horse started the load. "When you came over here," he concluded, addressing himself to the driver's sympathizers, "you thought a free country was a place where you could do whatever you

lar strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an altercation pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner of Washington square, inspecting the horses of the Seventh Avenue Railroad. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of overloaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curb-stone three feet distant, turning a deaf ear till the spectators began to urge the bully on. Then, losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with.

This is one of his "curb-stone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once, Mr. Bergh



THE STAY OF THE FAMILY.

liked. That's a mistaken idea of a free country."

Moral suasion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscu-

ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal which would

have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out of the crowd and said :

"Mike, you better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the gospel in this city."

"The law and the gospel is it then?"

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" (*Thierschutzverein* is the facile German condensation of it) walks into the general offices at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. He does not start as every new-comer does at sight of the stuffed Newfoundland dog in the vestibule.

In the main business office on the first floor are exhibited instruments of cruelty to animals, of brutal and ingenious patterns, and the effigies of bloody game-cocks and bull-dogs, and photographs of pitiable horses,—a perfect chamber of horrors. On the second floor is Mr. Bergh's office, a light and cheerful room comfortably furnished, in which his letters are written and received. On the day of the writer's visit, a check for \$100 was received from a lady. Many such letters are received from women, who sympathize most warmly in the work of Mr. Bergh's society. "Yes," he adds in reply to a question, "I suppose it is a mark of confidence in me. If I were dependent upon the society for a salary it might be different. The chief obstacle to success of movements like this is, that they almost invariably gravitate into questions of money or politics. Such questions are repudiated here completely. There is no sum of money or public position that I could take. If I were paid a large salary, or perhaps any salary, I should lose that enthusiasm which has been my strength and my safeguard."

"I dread to visit those butchers," said Mr. Bergh one morning, "and have postponed going till it amounts to criminal neglect. Three-fourths of the butchers of the city are Hebrews. Their religion obliges them to bleed to death the animals they slaughter. So they hook a chain around the hind leg of a bullock, jerk up the struggling beast, head downward, and cut his throat. Well, their religion doesn't require them to suspend an animal by the hind leg,—which frequently dislocates the hip and lacerates the flesh. This brutal and shocking torture must be stopped."

Among the letters to be answered are those calling for suggestions for founding similar societies, and this class of corre-



ONE OF THE SOCIETY'S FOUNTAINS.

replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit like it."

"No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench."

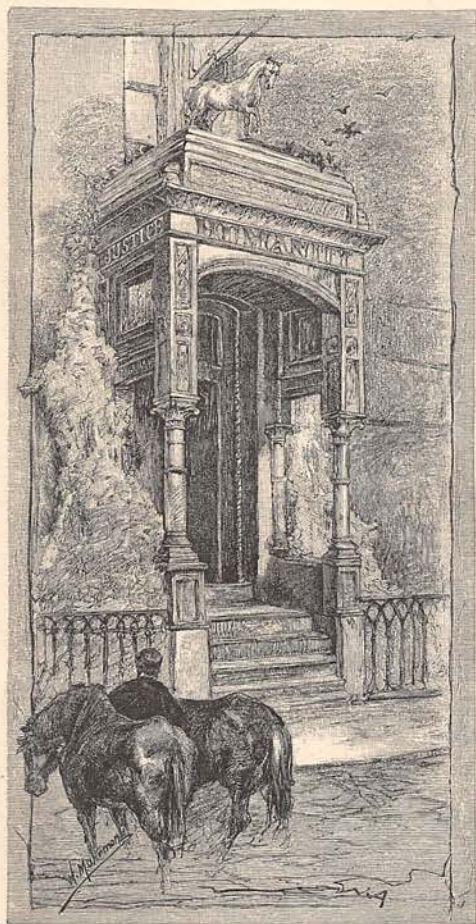
And the trench was filled.

It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great authority, that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the city; these people may frequently be seen lifting their hats to him, a courtesy always acknowledged with a bow. Horse-car drivers have been known to leave their cars and run to the assistance of his officers, notably when Superintendent Hartfield was attacked at Madison square.

About half-past nine or ten o'clock in the morning, the President of the "American

spondence has come from South America or remoter parts of the globe. Recently Mr. Bergh drafted a bill of cruelty laws to be presented to the legislature of Arkansas. If no other business offers itself, he sallies forth to look for "cruelists."

Very little has reached the public concerning Henry Bergh's personality. Photographers and portrait painters find him implacable. When several influential gentlemen pro-



ENTRANCE TO THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

posed to erect a bronze statue to his honor, he said: "No, gentlemen, your well-meant kindness would injure the cause." Henry Bergh believes that fate called him to his work, and that nature expressly fitted him for it. It gave him an imposing stature and muscular strength. Circumstances provided him with the power of honest money and the travels and ambitions of his early life educated him in experience of men and the world, and for successful effort on the plat-

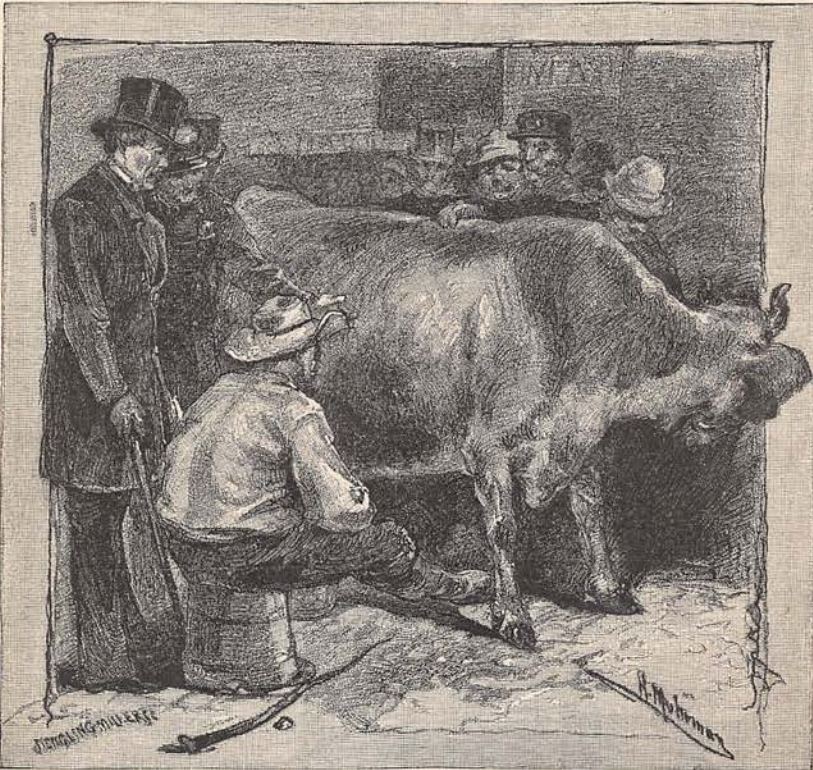
form and at the bar. If men are what they are born,—a theory growing in popularity,—Henry Bergh's obligations to his ancestors can be plainly traced. He was born in the city of New York, "of rich but honest parents," in 1823, but since he was once heard to remark, "Age is a point I'm very tender upon—I'm never going to be more than forty-five," each reader is left to solve the easily formed equation. One hundred and fifty years ago his German ancestors emigrated from the banks of the Rhine and settled on the Hudson. His father, Christian Bergh, who died about twenty-five years ago at the age of eighty-three, was regularly apprenticed when a boy to a builder of small vessels. After attaining by degrees the position of master carpenter, he began business for himself, eventually establishing a ship-yard at the foot of Scammel street, East River, opposite the Navy Yard. When he died he was called the senior member of his craft, and had built more ships than any other ship-master in the country. For several years he was in the service of the Government; he built the frigate *President* during the war of 1812, when the American navy astonished the world by its valor. Ill-luck, however, quickly overtook the *President*. The treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814. During the following month, both sides being ignorant of the treaty of peace, the *President*, in attempting to put to sea from New York Harbor, was pursued by the English frigate *Endymion* of forty guns. The *President* showed fight and might have come off victorious but for the arrival of other vessels that hastened to aid the *Endymion*, compelling Commodore Decatur to strike his colors. Years ago, when Henry Bergh was riding on the Thames in a yacht, he steamed under the oaken bows of the *President*, then a hoary captive still pulling at the anchors that chained her to foreign waters.

Christian Bergh built several of the Greek frigates that fought in the war of deliverance with Turkey. He was a man of iron will and steadfastness of purpose. As tall as his son, his dignified stature and long white hair gave him the appearance of a patriarch. He was a member of Tammany Hall, and because he could not be induced to take office was a favorite with the society, and was usually asked to preside at public meetings. The idol of his soul was honesty, and his acute dread of being in debt, for a man in his circumstances, was

a curious virtue. On his death-bed, it troubled him to think that he might die before his physicians were paid, and his son was compelled to draw a check to their order to calm the steadfast spirit in its last moments on earth. It was the verdict of the press that a useful man and a great builder of ships had passed away, and that "he was known to be a perfectly honest man." Henry Bergh once said that the

at intervals, he visited every part of the Continent, and traveled extensively in the East.

Literature was the object of Henry Bergh's youthful ambition, and he pursued it till well advanced in life. He had a strong desire to succeed as a playwright, and wrote poetry. Ten or twelve plays are the fruit of his foreign leisure, and they abound in genuine humor. London dram-



MILKING A COW IN THE STREET.

most of what was in him that was good he owed to his mother, who was Elizabeth Ivers, the daughter of a Connecticut family, an amiable and excellent woman and a devoted Christian.

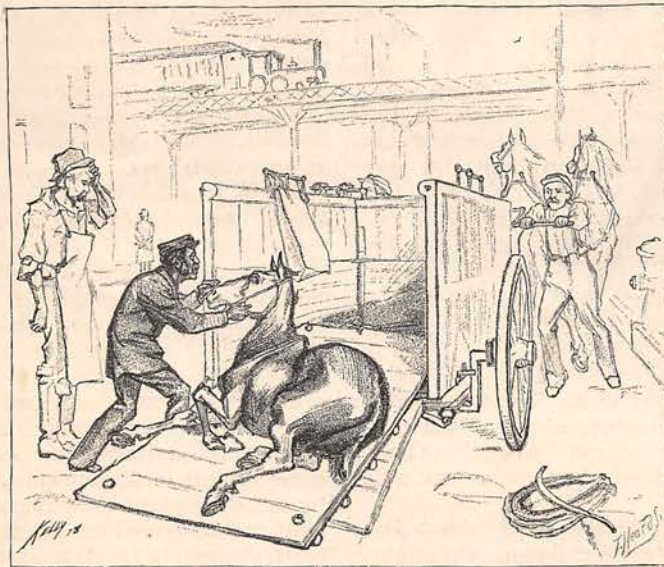
The fortune of the great ship-builder was shared by three children, of whom the daughter died in middle life. Henry Bergh entered Columbia College, but before he had completed his course or his minority made his first visit to Europe. Shortly after his return, in his twenty-fifth year, he married a New York lady, the daughter of Thomas Taylor, her parents being English. During a residence of twelve years abroad, during which period he returned home

artists have commended them, but managers here were loth to attempt their representation. One of his shortest pieces was acted with some success in Philadelphia. Among his unpublished plays are "Human Chattels," written for a New York manager and satirizing the mania of American mothers for securing alliances of their daughters with the pauper nobility of Europe; "A Decided Scamp," a comedietta; "An Extraordinary Envoy," a melodrama, and "Peculiar People," a comedy. He has published a book of tales and sketches, including "The Streets of New York," "The Ocean Paragon," "The Portentous Telegram," and a serio-comic drama in five acts, blank verse,

entitled "Love's Alternative," the scene of which is the terrace and castle of Lahneck on the Rhine, opposite Stolzenfels,—a ruin which Mr. Bergh once could have purchased for \$100; in the play it is supposed to have been purchased and rebuilt by an English earl. Nearly twenty years ago he published in London a poem called "Married Off," dealing with the same subject of marriage with noble "tramps." Mr. Bergh still adheres to the opinion that it was not a bad poem, but the London critics handled it without mercy. He went at once in anguish of spirit to his publisher in Cheapside, with numerous newspaper slips in his hand. "Look at that!" he cried to the cheerful bookman, "they have literally skinned me alive." Taking him apart, Cheapside wisdom remarked, consolingly: "I will give you a little advice that may serve you well through life. If you are bound to appear in print, well and good if the newspapers speak in praise of you; but, next to praise, being cut to pieces is the best thing to be hoped for. What we have to fear most is that we wont be noticed at all.

His experienced pen has been of vast service to him in his philanthropic work.

Whisperings of his true mission in life came to Henry Bergh about the time of his appointment as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1862. For years he had taken note of the cruelties practiced on dumb animals in European countries, and the brutal sports in which animal life was sacrificed. His strong sense of justice and human obligation led him to regard such cruelty as one of the greatest blemishes on human character. In Russia the common people have, or had, a profound respect for official position. Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I've found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as



AN AMBULANCE AT WORK.

Silence is fatal." In after years, Mr. Bergh, in alluding briefly to his literary experience, said: "I had once, with an unpardonable want of discretion, published a little book. (O that the enemies of the brute creation would write a book!) The critics got hold of it and tore it to pieces."

executive officer, sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. This coachman was a rather pompous *muzhik*, who spoke bad French to his master and prided himself on his command of Russian billingsgate. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruel-

ist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a "regular blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect, though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting pastoral poetry in an off-hand way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife found the out-door climate of St. Petersburg beneficial, but the in-door climate was very damaging to health, owing to the double windows and to the large furnaces that burned all the oxygen out of the atmosphere. He was forced to resign his office on account of ill health, though he was much pleased with the country, as the Russian officials were with him, for he received the extraordinary compliment of having the emperor's yacht placed at his disposal to visit the naval station of Cronstadt. The vessel on this occasion carried the American flag. Secretary Seward in accepting Mr. Bergh's resignation wrote that the government did so with great reluctance.

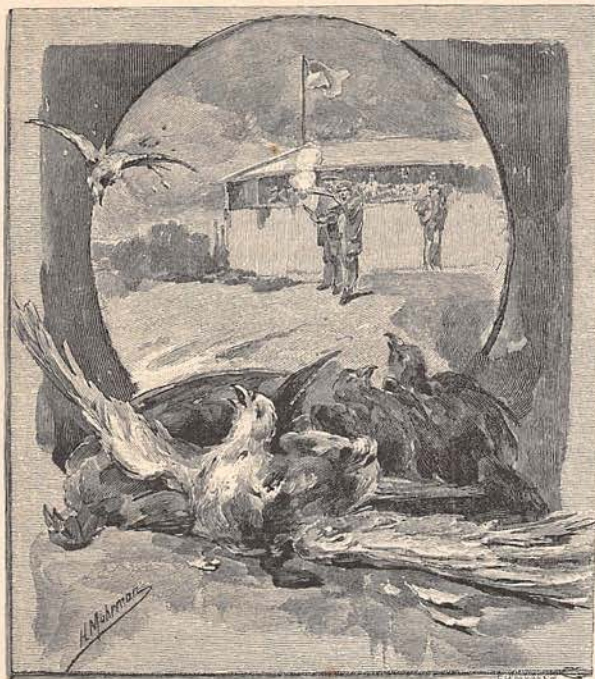
Before leaving Russia he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the interests of dumb animals, and on his way home stopped in London to confer with Lord Harrowby, president of the English society that was afterward Mr. Bergh's model. He landed at New York in the autumn of 1864 and spent a year in maturing his plans. First of all, he took himself aside, as it were, and scrupulously inquired if he had the strength to carry on such a work and the ability to make the necessary sacrifices. He concluded that he was equal to the task.

A paper now hangs on the walls of the office bearing the signatures of seventy citizens of New York and inspiring almost as much reverence of a kind as the Declaration of Independence. It proclaims the duty of protecting animals from cruelty, and among the signers are Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George Bancroft, John A. Dix, Henry W. Bellows, Mayor Hoffman, John Jacob Astor and Alexander T. Stewart. After procuring this paper, Mr. Bergh next prepared a charter and laws, and successfully urged their passage at Albany. On the evening of February 8th, 1866, Mayor Hoffman, A. T. Stewart and a few other gentlemen, came through rain and six inches of slush to listen to Mr. Bergh at Clinton Hall. In the following April the society was legally organized, Henry Bergh being elected president and George Bancroft a vice-president. At the close of his brief address the enthusiastic president

cried: "This, gentlemen, is the verdict you have this day rendered, that the blood-red hand of cruelty shall no longer torture dumb beasts with impunity."

That same evening Henry Bergh buttoned his overcoat and went forth to defend the laws he had been mainly instrumental in securing, aware that on himself more than on any other man depended whether they were laughed at or obeyed. They were a radical innovation, for up to 1865 no law for the protection of animals from cruelty could be found on the statute book of any state in the Union. The common law regarded animals simply as property, and their masters, in wanton cruelty, or anger (for which Rozan, the French moralist, says there is no better definition than "temporary insanity"), might torture his sentient chattels without legal hindrance or accountability. Henry Bergh put on this new armor of the law to battle no less for humanity than for dumb animals. A timely arrival at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, where a brutal driver was beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip resulted in an indecisive skirmish. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pommel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia, where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry. The next day, from an omnibus, he saw a butcher's wagon loaded with live sheep and calves, thrown together like so much wood, their heads hanging over the edges of the wagon box and their large innocent eyes pleading in dumb agony. He alighted, and made a sensation by arresting the butcher and taking him before a magistrate, but New York justice was not at that time quite prepared to act without a precedent. Early in May Mr. Bergh succeeded in having a Brooklyn butcher fined for similar acts of cruelty, and numerous arrests, resulting in a few convictions, were made in New York. He visited the market-places and the river piers and walked the busy streets, searching his brains for some means of bringing his cause prominently before the people. One morning, late in May, he saw a schooner just arrived in port from Florida with a cargo of live turtles that had made the passage on their backs, their flippers having been pierced and tied with strings. Seeing his opportunity to make a stir, Mr. Bergh arrested the captain and the entire





AN OBSOLESCENT SPORT.

crew for cruelty to animals and marched them into court, the judge sharing the amusement of the spectators and the lawyers. The captain's counsel urged that turtles were not animals within the meaning of the law, but fish, and if they were animals the treatment was not cruelty because painless. The learned judge, in giving a decision favorable to the prisoners, said it was past his belief that cruelty could have been inflicted on the turtles when the sense of pain caused by boring holes in their fins was about what a human being would experience from a mosquito bite. Professor Agassiz afterward came to Henry Bergh's assistance in the long struggle to "make it legally apparent," as the latter said, "if not otherwise, to the torturers of the poor despised turtle, that the great Creator, in endowing it with life, gave to it feeling and certain rights, as well as to ourselves."

Mr. Bennett had already begun in his newspaper to ridicule the society and Mr. Bergh as the "Moses of the movement," while a little later he aided the cause with money. He did the greatest possible good to the movement, however, two or three days after the turtle suit, by publishing a satire several columns long, purporting to be a report of a mass meeting of animals at Union Square, Mr. Bergh

"in the chair." Each animal expressed his honest conviction concerning the work, and the article was so amusing and keen that before forty-eight hours had passed Mr. Bergh and his society had engaged the attention of perhaps half a million of people. From that day the cause moved steadily forward.

By August the new society was in a flourishing condition financially, Mr. and Mrs. Bergh having bequeathed a valuable property to it. Drinking fountains for horses and dogs were placed on the streets in convenient and thronged localities. "That ubiquitous and humane biped," as Mr. Bergh was called, was attacked for inconsistency in not interfering against the wholesale slaughter of dogs in the city pound. He replied: "It does not necessarily follow that there is cruelty in taking animal life; otherwise the butcher exposes himself to this charge,

and all who eat flesh are to a certain extent, accomplices. \* \* \* In the case of the dogs, it is more a question of death than cruelty, and I am free to confess that I am not quite satisfied in my own mind whether life or speedy dissolution is most to be coveted by man or beast in this hot and disagreeable



THE BULL-DOG OF THE FUTURE.

world." This was a summer of many discouragements, and his words were, as to the last sentiment, doubtless colored by his disappointment. His wife, who has been a tower of encouragement and never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go upstairs to his room and have a "jolly good cry." Yet the next morning always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

In November, 1866, was begun a controversy with the professors of the medical colleges on the subject of vivisection. It was kept up at intervals for several years, Mr. Bergh maintaining his position against vivisection, except with the use of anesthetics, in several eloquent letters, saying, in one of the first, "I protest in the name of heaven, public morality, and of this society against these fearful cruelties inflicted on dumb, unresisting creatures confided to the merciful protection of mankind." In Mr. Bergh's office may be seen a lithograph portrait of Majendie, who appears to be as handsome and as finely organized a person as Washington Irving. Underneath the picture, in Mr. Bergh's bold handwriting, is this scathing commentary: "A French physiologist, otherwise known as the 'Prince of Brute Torturers,' who dissected, alive, 40,000 dumb animals, and ere he died confessed that vivisection was a failure!!"

During the three years following, Mr. Bergh had use for all his pluck and courage. In the trial of dealers who had been detected in mixing marble dust with horse-feed, Mr. Bergh, as usual, conducted the prosecution himself, and being called to task in court for his personal interference, exclaimed: "I stand here as a humble defender of the much-injured brute creation. I am here as an advocate for the people." To the Superintendent of Police he wrote, on deep provocation: "I claim a right not only to the assistance of your officers, but also especially to exemption from contempt and insult." At another time he says: "Two or three years of ridicule and abuse have thickened the epidermis of my sensibilities, and I have acquired the habit of doing the thing I think right, regardless of public clamor."

By persistent interference on behalf of lame and overloaded car-horses he made himself the object of much abuse and oppo-

sition, but finally corrected the shameful evil and gained at least the outward respect of horse-railway companies. The president of an east-side railroad made a futile effort to have him convicted for obstructing travel. In 1872, when the horse epidemic was so prevalent and fatal, Mr. Bergh worked with tireless energy. As at other strategic points, he stood at the Bowery and Fifth street, where two lines converge, stopping every down car with a sick horse attached, and compelling the passengers to alight. "If we are a civilized and Christian people," he would say to them, "let us show it now and walk." Public opinion sustained him.

Such incidents as follow, were of frequent occurrence in his daily life.

One June morning he met, opposite the City Hall, two men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist; "that may be, but the milk is Nature's and belongs to the famishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the men, in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging, and frisking its tail in vealy ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the streets when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hours' rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home. During the erection of a brick building in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow iron girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workmen, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries, and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause, and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down

the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr. Bergh, "to prosper in your business with such a crime sealed up in your building? How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order those walls taken down at once, or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed, and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out, with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

As soon as Mr. Bergh saw his way clear to success he began a vigorous crusade against the dog-fighters, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, who carried on their brutal sports in the vilest quarters of the city with little attempt at secrecy. Within two or three years these degrading exhibitions were almost banished from Manhattan Island, and Mr. Bergh carried the war into Brooklyn and Westchester County. With dauntless bravery, himself and agents, sometimes making a party of three or five, would make a descent on a dog-pit where one or two hundred of the roughest men were gathered, and break up the fight, always making numerous arrests. Their success was complete in New York, but dog and cock fighting still prevail on the outskirts of Brooklyn, in which city Mr. Bergh has been compelled, from lack of the support of the authorities, almost to abandon all effort. One of the greatest services rendered to New York was the exposure and prosecution of those who were engaged in the "swill milk" crime. Cows were kept in stables under ground and fed upon garbage and distillery slops. Sometimes the animals were so diseased that they had to be supported by belts from the ceiling. The New York public was horrified by the revelations made. But in his report for 1877, Mr. Bergh says: "Swill milk still continues to be one of the preferred beverages of Long Island, and in deference to the popular aphorism, *vox populi suprema lex*, we have determined not to interfere further with their enjoyment of it." He wrote a letter to the farmers of Long Island asking them to co-operate against the attempt to introduce fox-hunting as a sport, but could awaken no enthusiasm. He calls Long Island the "jumping-off place," and has predicted that it will be taken possession of some day by all the thieves and desperate tramps of the country, who will intrench themselves, and defy the whole power of government. "Figs do not grow on thistles," he says, "and if the

devil be at the head of a people it is simply because the people are devilish."

In suppressing pigeon-shooting he had to confront the influence of wealth and position, and to encounter many personal indignities, but he succeeded as in everything else that he has undertaken. Hollow glass balls thrown from spring traps now frequently take the place of the live birds. By impartial arrest he compelled wealthy residents to blanket clipped horses in cold weather. The coachmen of the city, mostly without the knowledge of their employers, began using a round leather bit-guard, barbed with short spikes, so that when the reins were tightened, the nails sunk into the side of the horse's head, and made the animal exhibit a very fashionable degree of mettle. These were discovered and quickly captured. So considerate is this class now, that if a peculiar check-rein or binding-strap is used on a coach-horse to correct "pulling" on the bit or other equine foibles, the horse is often driven to the society's offices to get Mr. Bergh's sanction.

At the outset, Henry Bergh found it necessary to attend personally to the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, for humane feeling and moral courage were more useful than profound legal knowledge to secure legal penalties, without which his society and his laws, no less than himself, would soon have become failures. To enable him to practice as counsel for the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, the Attorney General of the state and the District Attorney of the county clothed him with representative power. His clear, impressive voice is still heard almost from day to day in the Court of Sessions, where he has done some of his most valuable and characteristic work. Mr. Bergh was once brought up for contempt of court because he wrote a letter to a grand jury, but the strong effort made to punish him for this failed. Once when a New Jersey magistrate refused to sentence a man who had been guilty of great cruelty, Mr. Bergh wrote him a very sharp letter, saying: "Next time, if you will not do your duty in the premises, I shall take measures to punish you legally." New Jersey justice was not always indifferent. A young man in Hackensack was courting a young lady in Paterson, and because the drive was a long one and a cold one, would bask unconscionably long in the beams of his sweetheart's countenance, leaving his horse to starve and shiver in the wind. The

magistrate, before whom the lover was taken, cooled his ardor with a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs.

From time to time unscrupulous newspapers attacked Mr. Bergh on various grounds. Most frequently he was accused of inflicting cruelty on human beings in his over zeal to protect animals. But, in fact, he has been very considerate, and has privately shown charity. One day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to drag a rickety wagon and the poverty-stricken driver. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but look at the horse, look at the wagon, look at the harness, and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken limb past use; but I have a wife and two children at home, as wretched as we here, and just as hungry."

"Come with me," Mr. Bergh replied, "I have a stable down this street; come and let me give one good square meal to your poor horse, and something to yourself and family." He placed oats and hay before the stay of the family, and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.

He has often pleaded in court for some person arrested for cruelty, whose miserable poverty and the dependence of wife and children were made to appear by the testimony.

In Mr. Bergh's office hangs the portrait of a man of almost repulsive features, in whose countenance there is yet something peculiarly attractive and re-assuring. It is Louis Bonard, next to Mr. Bergh the society's chief benefactor. He was a Frenchman who, leaving Rouen a poor man, came to this country, and made a fortune in trafficking with the Indians, which he greatly increased by judicious investments in New York real estate. When he was taken sick in 1871 and removed to St. Vincent's Hospital he sent for Mr. Bergh, who happened to be in Washington but soon returned. Bonard, at his own request had a will drawn bequeathing his entire property, \$150,000, to the society, believing, as he said, that he had no relatives living. After his death Mr. Bergh saw him decently buried in Greenwood, near Battle Avenue, and erected a monument to his memory. In

his memorandum book, over a space of a few years, was found occasional mention of Mr. Bergh's name but no commentary. Alleged relatives in Rouen endeavored to break the will on the assumption that Bonard was a believer in metempsychosis or the doctrine of transmigration of souls. A long litigation confirmed the society's right to the property. Similar interest in animals is not infrequent. It was a New Jersey bachelor who left \$400,000 for the "use, benefit and behoof of his horses for ten years," his relations being put off for that length of time. A French lady offered to leave \$20,000 to the society. Wills aggregating half a million dollars in bequests have been drawn by philanthropic men still living, in favor of the society, which now needs ready money more than the prospect of stepping into dead men's shoes.

Before the Bonard bequest the society lived in a little upstairs room at Broadway and Fourth street, plainly furnished with a manilla carpet and a few chairs. No room of its size on this continent, it was admitted, wielded the same power and moral influence. Mr. Bergh could look out of his window and note the condition of passing horses. During heavy snow storms, he would stand in the street protected by a heavy coat and top boots. Once, when the snow was ten inches deep, he turned back every stage, compelled the passengers to walk, and in this work finally reached Union Square, where the crowd of people that had gathered gave him three rousing cheers. With the Bonard money available it was decided to seek more imposing quarters. The building at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street was purchased and decorated according to Mr. Bergh's plan, so as to attract the attention of all passers-by and remind them of the society and its work. In 1874, Mr. Bergh rescued two little girls from inhuman women,—most notably the shockingly treated little "Mary Ellen." This led to the founding of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The previous year he made a lecturing tour over the principal cities of the West, which resulted in the formation of several societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He spoke twice before committees of the Evangelical Alliance and once before the Episcopal Convention, which confirmed a new canon to the effect that Protestant Episcopal ministers should, at least once a year, preach a sermon on cruelty and mercy to

animals. He has often addressed school children, and frequently advocated the cause of the animals in pulpit and on platform. Elbridge T. Gerry, the legal counselor of the society and a grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose name he bears, is a self-sacrificing co-worker. A neat illustrated journal, called "Our Animal Friends," is published under the auspices of the society, and is now in its sixth year.

Henry Bergh and his officers cannot be everywhere at once, but they sometimes think that some mysterious providence leads them to cases of cruelty, so successful are they in being at the right place at the right time. All members of the society have a badge of authority, and frequently supplement the officers' efforts. Many gentlemen with no authority assume it. In January last a Broad street merchant was seen to rush out of his office into the street and shake his fist at a teamster sitting on fifteen bales of cotton, with his truck fast in the snow, the merchant exclaiming: "You ruffian! Stop licking those horses, or I'll have you locked up!" The driver stopped. Two ambulances for disabled horses are now kept ready for public use. When the ambulance was first introduced, it was passing Wallack's Theatre one evening with a noble white horse that had been injured, standing in it. The novel spectacle attracted the crowds that were passing into the theater. They turned around, waited for the cavalcade to pass, and gave three cheers for the society. A clergyman

once said: "That ambulance preaches a better sermon than I can." Devices for raising animals out of street excavations and various other appliances are kept at the principal office.

Every few days the superintendent, with an officer, drives at six o'clock in the morning to the pork-packing establishments on the west side, where horses are made to draw enormous loads; then to the trains at Forty-first street, where live hogs are unloaded; thence down the west side, stopping at all the Jersey ferries to examine the milk-cart horses and truck horses; thence to Washington Market and Fulton Market to look at the peddlers' horses, getting back to the office at nine o'clock, ready for the daily routine. Up to the present time, the society has interfered, without making arrests, to prevent seventeen thousand disabled animals from being worked, and has prosecuted in over six thousand cases of cruelty.

Great as are the material benefits society derives from Henry Bergh's work, in the economy of animal life, the moral benefits obtained are vastly greater. Indeed, the work was first rendered possible by the liberation of the slave, because a reasonable people could not have listened to the claims of dumb animals while human beings, held in more ignoble bondage, were subjected to greater cruelty and added outrage. He took up the principles of humanity, for which two chief martyrs fell, crowned with human love, and is carrying them forward by teaching men to be noble and strong through pity and self restraint.

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### THE PORTRAIT.

BEAUTY of yonder portrait! 'tis from thee  
 That thy descendant hath the loveliness  
 Of her arch smile, and blue eyes' thoughtfulness.  
 Telling thy tale, she bade me laughingly  
 Beware thy ghost. Thus lost in reverie  
 I heard the rustle of a silken dress  
 And saw what seemed the ghostly ancestress  
 Enter my lonely chamber stealthily.  
 Close by she passed, a little hand I caught,—  
 'Twas snatched away,—she vanished into air,  
 Leaving a ring so small its size with naught  
 But Cinderella's slipper might compare,  
 Which, strange to say, when like the Prince I sought  
 An unknown bride, one hand alone could wear.