



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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ANECDOTES OF HENRY BERGH.

Henry Bergh, the New York philanthropist, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, discovered his true mission in life in St. Petersburg about the year 1862, when he was secretary of the United States legation. In Russia the common people have or had a profound respect for official position, and 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 have 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 executive officer sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruelist," 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 poetry in an off handed way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife finding the double windows and large furnaces of St. Petersburg damaging to their health, Mr. Bergh resigned his office and, returning to New York, devoted the remaining portion of his life to the cause of humanity toward the lower animals. In 1866, after the passage of the charter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and laws by which its principles might be enforced, Mr. Bergh, the President, sallied forth armed with new authority to battle for the dumb animals. His attention was attracted to a brutal driver beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pummel 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.

In the early days of the movement Mr. Bergh was subjected to constant disappointment, principally through the unfaithfulness of the officers who would not administer the law. His wife, who was a tower of encouragement and a 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." The next morn-

ing always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

One June morning he met, opposite the city hall of New York, two young 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.

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 hour's 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 in a girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workers, 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,

to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order these 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.

Through such deeds as these Mr. Bergh has made his influence felt in New York city and throughout this continent.

HOW A FAN SAVED A MISSIONARY.

The women of Bulgaria do not wear hats, and when the children in the street saw the missionary's wife and her little girl out walking, they ran after them calling them names and saying, "See these people with pails on their heads!" "For," said the little daughter who herself told me the story, "their pails and baskets have no handles, and are shaped like our hats with wooden brims to hang them up by, their shelves being only wooden slats far enough apart to let the lower part of the pail through."

The Bulgarian children grew bolder and bolder, and at last their leader, a great rough boy, began to throw stones at the missionary's wife.

She had in her hand a fan that would open and shut, a thing unknown in that country. Opening it to its widest extent, she advanced upon the ringleader, and fanned him vigorously. The boy started back, and ran away at his utmost speed, crying in Bulgarian, "No doubt Satan helps these people with baskets on their heads, for that woman made a wind in my face just by shaking a stick at me." And this was the last and only time they were ever stoned in the street.

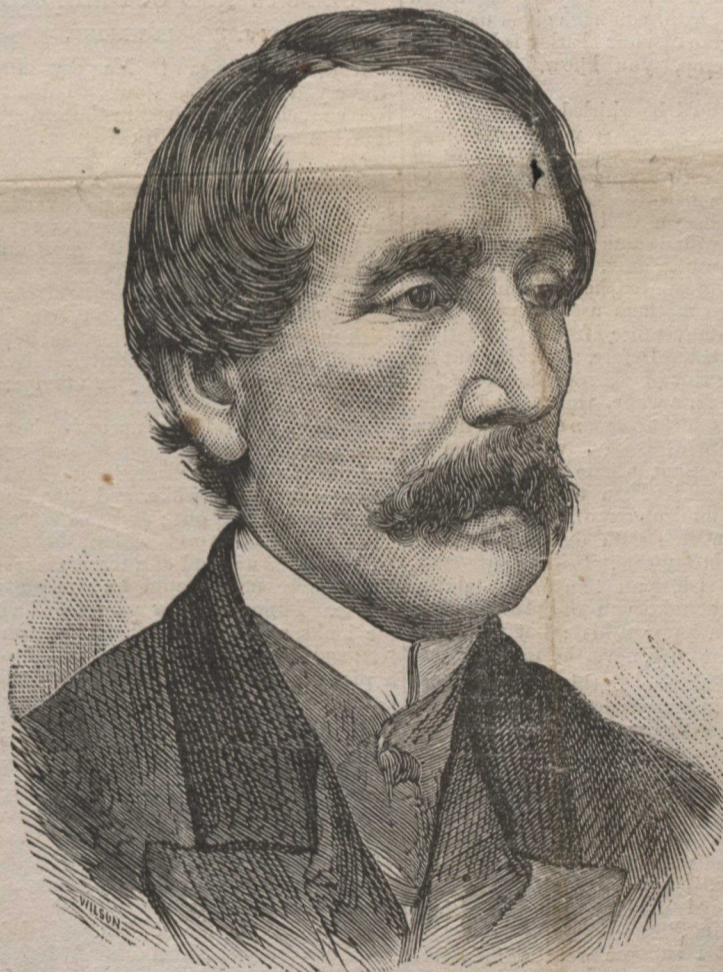
I wish I had time to tell you of another Bulgarian boy who, before he graduated at school, came to the missionary and asked him if he might go to a village near there, where many were dying of a contagious disease, to tell them about Jesus.

"But you have not finished your school yet," said the minister.

"I know it," he answered, "but I will go and teach them as long as my learning holds out, and then I will come back and get some more knowledge."

So he went to the village, and told them of the Saviour's love, till he too caught the fatal disease. But his last message to his teacher was that he was glad he came, for now he should the sooner see Jesus.—*Child's Paper*.

NEVER NEGLECT one duty under pretence of attending to another. You honor God as much in attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees, or in his house.



HENRY BERGH.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, that may be, but the milk is nature's and belongs to the flourishing 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 veally ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the street when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the

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