

of this when they are beating into their children their own faults; but it is true nevertheless. There is no doubt that the command over the wills of others by pain leads by degrees to all the several stages of irritation, injustice, cruelty, oppression, and tyranny.

When a boy at the Blue-coat school hanged himself long ago, rather than submit to the hardships of the school, another "old Blue-coat boy" came forward and described the punishments practised in that richly endowed establishment. "The punishments," he says, "were simply brutal in their severity, and were often meted out with but scanty justice."\* There is a further point to be mentioned. The tyranny of teachers to their scholars implants in them a tyranny towards others. Blows teach them cruelty to the objects which are in their power. As their sense of pain has been disregarded, so do they acquire a disregard for the pains of others. They come to take a pleasure in inflicting pain upon school-fellows under their own age, and upon dumb, sentient creatures.

There is an enormous amount of cruelty practised upon

\* The Rev. Andrew A. W. Drew, M. A., made an appeal to the public on the subject in a letter to the *Times*. "Fortunately," he says, "I was never flogged myself, but as long as I live I shall never forget a scene that I witnessed in the case of another boy, who had been flogged. He was a small and delicate lad, by name Blount, and he slept in the bed next to me. A big boy had compelled Blount to go and bring him some lumps of sugar out of the monitor's sugar-basin. The big boy ate the sugar himself, and the small boy had none of it. The facts of the case became known to the monitor, who reported it to the Steward, who flogged Blount as a thief, and did not punish the big boy. That night poor little Blount could not sleep, and at last he begged me to help him. I accordingly took his shirt off, and found his back, from the shoulders down to the waist, one mass of lacerated flesh, the blood sticking to the shirt so as to cause agony in getting it off. I then, with my finger and thumb, pulled out of his back at least a dozen pieces of birch-rod, which had penetrated deep into the flesh. The boy's back looked more like a piece of raw meat than anything else. . . . Compare this, sir, with a modern garroter's flogging at the Old Bailey, where, as the newspapers tell us, 'the man's back was slightly reddened, but no blood drawn,' and let your readers say what they think of a Christ's Hospital flogging."

animals, originating, we believe, in the physical punishment which has been received in the family or in the school. You see it in a lot of boys beating a poor ass upon a common—or in drowning a cat—or in tying a pan to a dog's tail—or in spinning a cockchafer, or in sundry other boyish diversions. Parents and teachers ought carefully to teach children to have a tender respect for everything that possesses life, and to abstain from the infliction of all unnecessary pain; and they cannot do this more effectually than by abstaining from the infliction of all unnecessary suffering upon them.

We have mentioned donkeys. This animal is by no means unkind. It carries heavy loads with dogged sure-footedness. In Switzerland you see the donkeys heavily laden with wood, walking along the brink of precipices, and duly coming home with their load. The donkey is the poor man's daily helper. People say it is obstinate. But that arises from the ill-treatment which it receives. We have known affectionate donkeys—most willing and persevering workers.

The expression "dumb animals" is perhaps fallacious. Animals seem to have the means of communicating with each other, though not in spoken words. They whimper, or mutter, or cry. They communicate with each other by arbitrary signs. They know even the language of man. They come when they are called. Dogs, horses, elephants, and other animals, obey the human voice.

The dog is, of all animals, the most trusted. The dog possesses love, obedience, discipline, conscience, and even reason. Lord Brougham has told a story of a shepherd who lost his collie at a fair. The dog searched about in all directions, and at last scented the footsteps of his master. He followed the scent along a certain road, until he came to a point at which three roads diverged. He scented the first road, then the second, and then, without scenting the third, he galloped into it. The dog's reasoning seemed to be this: my master has not gone into this, the first road; he has not gone into this, the second road; he must therefore have gone into this, the third road. Q. E. D.

Then about conscience. A dog rushed out of his kennel one night in the dark, and bit an old woman. She shrieked, and the dog quitted his grip in an instant. It was the old woman who had fed him! What distress the dog was in! If he could have spoken, he would have said, "I have bitten my best friend—the one who fed me and showed me every kindness. What a brute I have been!" The dog was thoroughly ashamed of his ingratitude. He would not come out of his kennel for three days, not even for food. At last the old woman made it up with the dog, and he overwhelmed her with expressions of love and gratitude.

Then how affectionate the dog is! Everybody knows the story of the faithful dog Bobby. The dog attended his master's funeral at the Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. There was no stone to mark the place, but for four years Bobby watched over the little mound. He never forgot the spot in which his master was buried. In summer or winter—in rain or in snow—Bobby was there. Though driven from the grave by whipping, he always returned. He loved his master better than himself. He became skin and bone—a tattered, hunger-stricken dog.

At last the facts were brought to light by the revenue officers, who wished to levy a tax upon the dog. But there was no one to claim him. His master lay below. Some gave him food, some wished to claim him, but he would not leave the grave. His was a love utterly unselfish. After four years' watching and waiting, the affectionate dog died. And then a monument was erected in the street outside the gate of Greyfriars' Churchyard to perpetuate the memory of the faithful and self-sacrificing Bobby. What a lesson of gratitude and love for human beings.

Captain Hall relates an incident of Sir Walter Scott's boyhood, which had a powerful influence upon his after life. One day, a dog coming toward him, he took up a stone and threw it. He broke the dog's leg. The poor dog had strength enough left to crawl up to him and lick his feet. This incident, he said, had given him the bitterest remorse. He could never forget it; because he was a thoroughly tender-hearted man. He had always his pets about him. He had a fund of

kindness for every created being. He wrote his novels with his dogs about him—Maida, Nimrod, and Bran. Maida was his favorite. It died during his lifetime, and he had a sculptured monument of it set up before his door. In his novel of "Woodstock" he commemorated the elaborate and affectionate portraiture of old Maida under the name of Bevis.

Wonderful are the fidelity and attachments of dogs. Have we not the famous Bedgellert of Wales? the St. Bernards who have saved so many lives from the snow of the Alps? the famous dogs Rab and Nipper, so wonderfully described by Dr. John Brown? the dog of Montargis, who vainly defended his master, Aubri de Montdidier, when set upon by his deadly foe Macaire, and afterward led to the discovery of the murderer? and the Duke of Richmond's dog, commemorated by Vandyke, whose sagacity and courage saved his master from assassination?

Sir Walter Scott, in his journal, relates the story of a dog that saved its master from being burned alive. "Lord R. Kerr," he says, "told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation, which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him with the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his powers of resistance and of escape." This is very different from most cases of preservation by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

And lastly, there are the dogs of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The cast of the former is taken from the ash cavity in which he was discovered. He died of suffocation and agony. But, like the sentinel, he never left his post. The Herculaneum dog Delta has left behind him a wonderful record of valor. In the disinterment of the buried city his skeleton was found stretched over that of a boy of about

twelve years old, most probably clasping his charge to prevent his being suffocated or burned. The boy perished as well as the faithful Delta; but a collar remains to tell of the noble courage of the dog. It relates that he had three times saved the life of his master—from the sea, from robbers, and from wolves.

It will thus be seen that the moral and intellectual tendencies of man are foreshadowed in a remarkable degree in the animal mind; that they are capable of love, fidelity, gratitude, sense of duty, conscientiousness, friendship, and the highest self-sacrifice. Hartley, in his "Observations on Man," says of the dog, that we seem to be in the place of God to him; to be his vicegerents, and empowered to receive homage from them in his name; and he adds that we are obliged, by the same tenure, to be their guardians and benefactors.

Darwin says, "We see some distant approach to this state of mind in the deep love of a dog for his master, associated with self-submission, some fear, and perhaps other feelings. The behavior of a dog when returning to his master after an absence, and, as I may add, of a monkey to his beloved keeper, is widely different from that toward his fellows. In the latter case the transports of joy appear to be somewhat less, and the sense of equality is shown in every action."\* Thus, says Nicholson, many animals are wiser and better than many men, and some entire races of men.

Here, for instance, is a case in which the brute was much better than the man. A certain dog belonged to a farmer in Cumberland. The man made a bet that his dog would drive a flock of sheep from Cumberland to Liverpool, a distance of more than a hundred miles, without help or supervision. Considering the tortuous road, the groups of animals and conveyances to be met on the road, and the length of the journey, the dog's chances seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, in the course of a few days the dog reached Liverpool with all his flock. The dog had done his duty, but he was famished. After delivering up his charge, he

\* "Descent of Man," i. 68.

fell down dead on the street of Liverpool—a victim to his master's brutality.

Every one will remember the story of "Androcles and the Lion." Androcles had hid himself in a cave when he saw a lion approaching. He feared that he should be devoured. But the lion was limping, and appeared to be in great pain. Androcles approached with courage, took up the lion's paw, and took out a large splinter of wood which had caused the flesh to fester. The lion was most grateful, and fawned upon him. Afterward, when Androcles was taken prisoner and sent to Rome to be delivered up to the wild beasts, a lion was let loose to devour him. It was the same lion that Androcles had relieved in his agony. The animal remembered with gratitude his deliverer, and, instead of devouring him, went up and fawned upon him. Appian declares that he witnessed with his own eyes the scene between Androcles and the lion in the Roman circus.

Has an animal any rights? No legal rights, certainly, except those provided by law. But it has the right to live and to enjoy. Justice, says John Lawrence, in which are included mercy and compassion, obviously refers to sense and feeling; and justice in any form may be applied to it. "The question," says Jeremy Bentham, "is not, Can they reason? nor, Can they speak; but, Can they suffer? This is the gist of the whole question. The conscience of the most civilized people tells them to treat animals kindly, to consult their happiness as well as that of the people about them."

Sir Arthur Helps quotes a passage from Voltaire, in which we find him speaking in defence of the rights of animals:

"Is it possible any one should say or affirm in writing that beasts are machines, void of knowledge and sense, have a sameness in all their operations, neither learning nor perfecting anything? How! This bird which makes a semi-circular nest when he fixes it against a wall, which, when in an angle, shapes it like a quadrant, and circular when he builds it in a tree; is this having a sameness in its operations? Does this hound, after three months' teaching, know

no more than when you took him in hand? Your bullfinch, does he repeat a tune at first hearing? or rather, is it not some time before you can bring him to it? is he not often found out, and does he not improve by practice?

"Is it from my speaking that you allow me sense, memory, or ideas? Well, I am silent; but you see me come home very melancholy, and with eager anxiety look for a paper, open the bureau where I remember to have put it, take it up, and read it with apparent joy. You hence infer that I have felt pain and pleasure, and think I have memory and knowledge.

"Make the like reference concerning this dog, which, having lost his master, searches for him in all the streets with cries of sorrow, and comes home agitated and restless; he goes up-stairs, down-stairs, roves from room to room, till at length he finds his beloved master in his closet, and betokens gladness by his soft whispers, his gesticulations, and his caresses.

"This dog, so very superior to man in his affection, is seized by some barbarian virtuosos, who nail him down to a table, and dissect him while living, the better to show you the mezeriac veins. All the same organs of sensation which are in yourselves you perceive in him. Now, anatomists, what say you? Answer me, Has nature created all the springs of feeling in this animal that it may not feel? Has he nerves to be without pleasure or pain? For shame! charge not nature with such weakness or inconsistency.

"But the scholastic doctors asked what the soul of beasts is? That is a question I do not understand. . . . Who formed all these properties? Who has implanted all these faculties? He who causes the grass of the field to grow, and the earth to gravitate toward the sun."

Strange how a dumb animal can wind itself round the human heart. Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymer, said, "If 'twere not for my cat and dog I think I scarce could live." Even a cat may attach a person to his home. Once a little boy left school, and did not know what to do with himself. He became unquiet. He longed to run away. He wished to see the world and the things it contained. But

he had a great affection for the old Tabby. He thought it might be drowned or given away; so he remained at home. It was well that he did so, as all things turned up right for him in the end.

Thoreau, of Concord, Massachusetts, was like the old hermits in his love for animals. He took to the woods, near Walden Pond, in 1845. He began to build a house, to the surprise of the raccoons and squirrels. But the animals soon began to know that he meant them no harm. He would lie down on a fallen tree, or on the edge of a rock, and remain quite immovable. The squirrel, or raccoon, or woodchuck would come closer and closer upon him, and even touch him. The news went through the woods that there was a man among them who would not kill them. There arose a beautiful sympathy between the man and the birds and animals. They came at his call. Even the snakes would wind round his legs. On taking a squirrel from a tree, the little creature would refuse to leave him, and hide its head in Thoreau's waistcoat. Even the fish in the river knew him. They would let him lift them up from the water in entire confidence that he would do them no harm. He had built his house over a wood-mouse's nest; and at length the wood-mouse, at first terrified, came and picked up the crumbs at his feet. Then it would run over his shoes and over his clothes. At last the wood-mouse became so tame that it ran up his clothes, and along his sleeves, while he was sitting at his bench, and round and round the paper which held his dinner. When he took up a bit of cheese, the wood-mouse came and nibbled it, sitting in his hand, and when it was finished, it cleaned its face and paws like a fly, and walked away. We have never heard of such a communion between man and animals, except in the case of the hermits, so plentifully recorded by Kenelm Digby, in his "*Mores Catholici*."

When Theodore Parker took up a stone to throw at a tortoise in a pond, he felt himself restrained by something within him. He went home and asked his mother what that something was? She told him that this something was what was commonly called conscience, but she preferred to

call it the voice of God within him. "This," said Parker, "was the turning point in my life;" and this was his mode of accepting the truth of the divinity of the Eternal Spirit that speaks to our own spirits.

"There is nothing," says the Rev. J. S. Wood, "in the will of man half so powerful in educating the lower animals as thoughtful kindness. Inflexible decision, combined with gentleness and sympathy, are irresistible weapons in the hands of man; and I do not believe that there is any animal which cannot be subdued if the right man undertakes the task.

"By the mixture of firmness and kindness, that raging wild beast of a horse 'Cruiser,' was in three hours rendered gentle and subservient, obeying the least sign of his conqueror, and allowing himself to be freely handled without displaying the least resentment.

"I once saw Mr. Rarey operate on a splendid little black Arab horse that flew like a tiger at him, kicking, biting, and screaming at once, now attacking him with his jaws, now with his heels. . . . Within half an hour Rarey and the horse were lying together on the ground, Rarey's head resting on one of the hind hoofs, and the other hoof being laid on his temple. . . . He had impressed upon the animal's memory that no harm was intended; and so the horse, instead of feeling fear and anger, conceived an affection for the man, who inflicted no pain, and yet showed that he must be obeyed."\*

A great deal of cruelty to birds and animals exists everywhere, partly from want of thought. In Italy it quite sickens one. Birds are used for the amusement of children. A string is tied to a bird's leg. When the bird tries to fly it is pulled down by the string. When its powers of flight are exhausted it is generally plucked alive, and dismembered. The children do not understand that a beast or a bird can be a fellow-creature. When expostulated with, they answer, "Non e Cristiano."—It is not a Christian.

\* Wood's "Man and Beast," i. 296-7.

At Naples you see the active little horses galloping about, carrying whole loads of passengers behind them. The harness cuts into their flanks until they are quite red. As you pass along the roads you see the horses lying useless. They are waiting for their wounds to heal, and then they are set to work again. One morning an open car was seen coming down the Strada de Roma, heavily overladen. It contained men and women coming to the market, with their vegetable produce. A priest was in the midst of them. The horse was galloping as usual. The street was wet; the horse missed its foot and fell. There was a shriek, and a general scattering of the passengers over the horse's back—women, cabbages, men, oranges, and priest. It was but a wonder of the moment. The horse was pulled up; the car was filled with the baskets; the women, the men, and the priest clambered in. The horse was flogged, and away it went galloping down the street.

There is no slavery in England! But look at the 'bus and cab and cart horses, and you will find that slavery exists for horses. It was said by James Howell, Clerk of the Council, as long ago as 1642, that England is called "The hell of horses, and not without cause." Cabs are driven by worn-out animals, and one or more of their feet are full of pain. You see how one of them gently lifts up its fore foot, and gently lets it down again. Perhaps the road along which it is driven is full of big stones, along which it has to crawl. Ask the cart-horse how it is treated. It is doomed through a long life of labor to be kicked and flogged, to strain and stagger under its burdens, to bear heat and cold and hunger without resistance. At last he is consigned to the knacker's yard.

To mitigate the torture of heavy-laden horses, climbing and often slipping on the steep streets leading from the Thames near London Bridge, a kind lady came out daily with her servant, and strewed the roads with gravel. We have often seen her in the midst of the traffic, under the very noses of the horses, strewing gravel along the paths; she continued this work for many years. When she died she did not forget the poor horses. She left a considerable

sum in the hands of trustees to be applied "forever" to the distribution of gravel in steep and slippery London roadways. Her name should not be forgotten. She was Miss Lisetta Rest; and had filled the place of organist at the Church of Allhallows, Barking, Tower Street, for forty-three years.

Ask the carriage-horse, galled with its detestable bearing-rein, drawing the proud beauty along the Row, with its mouth covered with foam and sometimes with blood; and what would it say? That men and women were alike its merciless tyrants. And yet such ladies go to anti-vivisection meetings to protest against cruelty to animals!\*

Man has enslaved the horse, the ass, the camel, the reindeer, and other animals. They do his bidding; they bear his burdens; they lose a life of freedom in one of pain and labor. They groan and wince under the lash, the curb, and the chain. At one steeple-chase at Liverpool no less than five horses had to be killed after the race. Three had their backs broken, and two had their legs snapped.

"I sometimes think," said Sir Arthur Helps, "that it was a misfortune for the world that the horse was ever subju-

\* The following letter is from the *Times*, April 28, 1880: "Sir: In the cause of helpless suffering I appeal to you for a little space in your columns to protest against the cruelty practised daily on carriage-horses—generally those of the most valuable kind. Besides the tight bearing rein, bits are now in use which cause positive torture. A well-appointed landau, drawn by a magnificent pair of grays, passed me yesterday in Bond Street; the bearing-rein was frightfully tightened, and the mouth of the 'off' horse was *foaming with blood*. Is it possible, I thought, that the young couple, the occupants of the carriage, can know of all this suffering? To those who, like myself, love horses and study their comfort, these sights are heart-rending. We are close observers of horses, and can see at a glance if they are at ease. Alas! nothing escapes us, and the afternoon's drive is almost daily embittered by sights such as I have described—either the mouth full of blood, or the tongue swollen and nearly black from the pressure of the bit, the head braced up to an unnatural position with other signs of distress. I would ask, Is all this miserable suffering inflicted by ignorance, or heedlessness, or merciless cruelty? Let me entreat those who are the owners of horses to have mercy on them; they are among the noblest of God's creatures, and the most devoted and faithful servants of man."

gated. The horse is the animal that has been the worst treated by man; and his subjugation has not been altogether a gain to mankind. The oppressions he has aided in were, from the earliest ages, excessive. He it is to whom we owe much of the rapine of 'the dark ages.' And I have a great notion that he has been the main instrument of the bloodiest warfare. I wish men had their own cannon to drag up hill. I doubt whether they would not rebel at that. And a commander obliged to be on foot throughout the campaign would very soon get tired of war."\*

In the book of Job, written some 3400 years ago, we have a description of the war-horse. "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword; he smelleth the battle from afar off . . . the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Virgil, in his Third Georgic, written many centuries later, again speaks of the war-horse:

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far  
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,  
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,  
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight."

The war-horses in the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens, now placed in the British Museum as the Elgin Marbles, show the Greeks' pride in these noble animals. They are triumphantly pawing and galloping on, as if to a fight. At a later period we know that Mexico and Peru were conquered principally through the aid of the horse. The natives looked upon the horse-mounted warrior as a god. They flew before his charges, and were destroyed by thousands. And yet these countries had attained to a high degree of civilization without the use of the horse. The Spaniards, when they devastated the country, found thousands of houses

\* "Animals and their Masters," p. 20.

well built, with gardens attached to them. "I doubt," says Sir Arthur Helps, "whether there was a single Mexican so ill lodged as millions of our poor countrymen are." Thus the question often recurs, Are we really making any progress in civilization? Are we better than the Greeks, or the Romans, or the Mexicans were, in the times of their greatest enlightenment?

## CHAPTER XIV.

## HUMANITY TO HORSES—EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER.

He was the soul of goodness,  
And all our praises of him are like streams  
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave  
The part remaining greatest. SHAKESPEARE.

He prayeth well, who loveth well,  
Both man, and bird, and beast;  
He prayeth best, who loveth best,  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all. COLERIDGE.

The gentleness of chivalry, properly so called, depends on the recognition of the order and awe of lower and loftier animal life. . . . There is, perhaps, in all the Iliad, nothing more deep in significance—there is nothing in all literature more perfect in human tenderness and honor for the mystery of inferior life—than the verses that describe the sorrow of the divine horses at the death of Patroclus, and the comfort given them by the greatest of the gods.—RUSKIN.

HOW much do we owe to the horse! He is the source of joy and pleasure to many. In his youth and beauty he is the pet of his owner. Men, women, and boys love the horse; his trot, his canter, or gallop, show him at his best. The horse carries us long and faithfully; he draws our burdens; he relieves man of a great load of labor. But the time comes when he is degraded and made a slave.

The cart-horse is kicked and beaten, and compelled to draw heavier weights than he is fit to carry; the carriage-horse is gagged with brutal bits until he draws his burden with torture. The cab-horse is exposed to constant labor, often in the worst weather. He works till he can scarcely stand. His feet become diseased by dragging his freight