

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

over rough stones, or by standing in sloppy pools. If he does not fall down and die, he is condemned to the knacker's yard, and there he ends his life of labor and torture.

In the south of France the horse is put an end to in a different way. The *Courrier du Centre* says that the speculators of Bordeaux are trying to make their fortunes out of that disgusting object, the leech. They have made artificial swamps on the banks of the Garonne, and filled the swamps with leeches. Into these swamps all the old and worn-out horses of the province are sent. The leeches fasten on them instantly by thousands. An eye-witness describes in terms of horrible vividness the vain struggles of the animals, drawn downward into the mud, bleeding at every pore, striving in frantic terror to shake off the leeches which hang on their eyes, their lips, their nostrils, all their most sensitive parts, and at last, exhausted by loss of blood, sucked down into the noxious slime, they are seen no more. From eighteen to twenty thousand horses are annually sacrificed in this manner at Bordeaux.

France must be "the hell of horses" as well as England. But let us look at home. It is not every one, who, like the Duke of Wellington, allows the charger that bore him in his last victory to live out his life in peace and plenty. Horses are for the most part tortured while they live, and thrown away when they become useless. Miss Braddon speaks of the "high-mettled horses champing their bits in that eloquent martyrdom, by which fashion contrives to make the life of a three hundred guinea pair of carriage-horses a good deal worse than that of a coster-monger's donkey." A lady wrote recently to *Truth*, describing the tortures which she had seen inflicted on a pair of horses standing in Regent Street.

"I observed," she said, "an open barouche and a pair of horses standing at the side of the street. So tightly were the bearing-reins fastened back that it was impossible for the poor brutes to close their mouths, and their distress was so painful to behold that I went and tried in vain to get the coachman to loosen the reins a little. All I could get from the man was, 'They are used to it; missus likes 'em

to be like that.' The off-side horse seemed to suffer the most. In vain the poor brute tried to get relief; the look of misery in its eyes will haunt me for many a long day."

The man who has done more to abate the misery of carriage-horses than any other is Edward Fordham Flower. He may almost be called "The Missionary of Horses." He has devoted his time, his money, and his labor, to suppressing the cruelty of gag bearing-reins. He has taken up the work with his usual determination. He has written pamphlets, and addressed meetings in all parts of the country. There was no uncertain tone in his language. At a public meeting called by the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, he compared that cruel instrument, the gag bearing-rein, to the soldier's stock of former days; and he maintained that those who used it—though as a rule they were not cabmen, but private ladies and gentlemen—should be sent to jail! Mr. Flower has a room in his house called the "Chamber of Torture," in which the dreadful bits are arranged in a row, as a protest against the cruelty of man to animals. Mr. Flower has also been a consistent and thorough advocate of the abolition of slavery of men as well as of horses, as the following narrative will show; though we fear we cannot give it in the vivid manner in which he relates the story of his past life.

Mr. Flower was born at Hertford in 1805. He was the youngest of a family of five. His father, who was a man of property, bought the estate of Marden Hill, about three and a half miles from Hertford. The family went to live there in 1808. Young Edward had a great fancy for animals. When five years old he began to ride. He had a small Shetland pony called "Little Moses." He rode to the post office daily for the letters. The pony became his greatest friend. They were like play-fellows together.

At six he got a pony. His uncle, Edward King Fordham, bought him a beautiful present—a saddle, bridle, and whip. One day he was out with his father, and flogged the pony because he shied at something on the road. His father saw it, and called him back. "Now, Ned, why did you flog that pony?" "Because it shied." "Well, don't

you see that there was a deep hole into which you were leading him?" His father took from his hand the whip, and laid it across his shoulders. "Do you like that?" "No," said the boy, "I detest it." "Well, then, Ned, never flog a pony unless it is absolutely necessary."

Shortly after an accident befell him. He went one day to the new threshing-machine to see how it worked. He put his fingers among the cogs. He was caught, and his arm would have been drawn in but for a laborer who stopped the machine and drew his arm out. As it was, he lost about half of one of his fingers. He was then laid up sick for a time. He could not read, he could not write. Though Hertford was only about three miles off, he did not go to school. He disliked learning, and his father did not wish to force him to go to school.

While at Marden his father had often to go from his country seat to London; and while on the journey with his son, he would call upon him to "jump out and unhook the bearing-reins." This, he afterward said, gave him the first idea of bits and bearing-reins upon the pleasant going of a horse.

The farms at Marden Hill and West End—consisting of about a thousand acres—did not answer very well. Mr. Flower had been unfortunate in introducing merino sheep. They could not breed nor thrive there. Besides, the condition of agriculture was much depressed in England after the conclusion of the French war. George, the eldest son, had been sent out to the United States to descry the glories of the land. He sent home a letter to his father, saying it was the richest and most prosperous country in the world. "Come out here," he said, "and you will have no cause to regret it."

Mr. Flower sold his English property in 1817, and prepared, with all his family, to emigrate to the United States. Young Flower was then twelve years old. His father hired two ships at Liverpool to contain his belongings. Besides his family, he took out about a hundred men and women, including laborers, blacksmiths, ploughsmiths, a shepherd, and a coachman, as well as several domestic ser-

vants. The cargo included two cows, a dozen sheep, some English pigs, six couples of hounds, and two Scotch stag-hounds. The ships sailed from Liverpool to America in March, 1818.

One of the ships (the *Anna Maria*) went to New York, and the other to Philadelphia. At New York the family went on shore to see the wonders of the great western city. As young Flower and his father were going along Broadway they met William Cobbett coming along the street in his shirt-sleeves. Mr. Flower being a well-known political character in his own country, they recognized each other, and had some conversations to the state of affairs in England and America.

The *Anna Maria* went round from New York to Philadelphia to join its sister ship. All the laborers, the servants, and the cattle were disembarked. Philadelphia was then a nice clean Quartier town—not large in population, nor very much separated from the unclaimed land to the west. About fifty miles from Philadelphia no roads had yet been made. The Philadelphians had not yet borrowed the money to make the roads and canals, which they afterward repudiated. Shortly after landing, Mr. Flower proceeded to make up his convoy, for the purpose of travelling westward to the large tract of land, amounting to about 20,000 acres, which his eldest son had purchased in Wabash, Illinois. He hired three wagons, each drawn by six horses, and three wagons with a pair of horses for the servants.

The whole convoy started from Philadelphia in May, 1818. As the weather was very fine, the travelling must have been delightful. The country was only half settled. The uncleared primeval forest was avoided, and the cavalcade of wagons clung along the beaten track. As there were no inns nor resting-places along the road, the emigrants slept in the wagons at night, watched by their powerful dogs. Occasionally they passed a village, the beginning of some future town or city. They kept up their stock of food and bread by buying from the settlers. Gettysburg was one of these. Though quiet and peaceful then, it was afterward the scene of one of the bloodiest battles in

modern times. The convoy went on to Chambersburg, where it crossed the Alleghany Mountains. The ascent of the hills was very steep, and the wagons went on, with many a stoppage to give the horses rest. They could only travel at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day.

After this difficulty had been surmounted they went on to Pittsburg, where they came in sight of the river Ohio. There were no steamboats on the river at that time; accordingly, Mr. Flower determined to float his cargo down the Ohio to the place of his destination. He had three large arks or rafts constructed, on which he embarked the men, the wagons, the horses, sheep, cows, hounds, and everything. The rafts went down the river slowly, passing villages and towns along the bank, until they reached Cincinnati, then a small town, though now a large city. After stopping there for a time the rafts went on again, along the south coast of Indiana, to Louisville. The Flowers stayed for some time at Lexington. Mr. Henry Clay lived there at that time. Mr. Flower made his acquaintance. Mr. Clay, in his kindly manner, offered to take charge of the cows and their calves, for better feeding on shore, until Mr. Flower could return for them.

It was now that the Flowers began to understand slavery. The river Ohio ran between the Free States and the Slave States. On the one hand was Kentucky, and on the other Indiana and Illinois. The slaves often crossed the river to seek freedom, and were followed by the kidnappers, who took them back again to slavery.

One morning Mr. Flower heard a terrible screaming going on in the cellar underneath. He at once rose from his chair, rushed down to the cellar, peeped through the door, and found the master flogging a young negro girl. He burst open the door, stood between the girl and her master, and dared him to strike another blow. The girl was rescued for the time. The master threatened to prosecute Mr. Flower. But he refrained, and his guest left unharmed.

The convoy again proceeded over land to find out the estate on which the emigrants were to settle. It was situ-

ated west of the Wabash, in Edwards County, Illinois. On their way they passed the settlement of Harmony, founded by George Rapp and his German followers. It consisted of a number of log-houses, with a church, a school, a grist-mill, and some workshops. The place was afterward purchased by Robert Owen, and the Rappites removed to Economy, near Pittsburg.*

The convoy went up the east side of the Wabash to the ferry. The country was then entirely without population. The ferryman was the only person they saw. They had to wait for him for some time, but at last he arrived. Business was not pressing in those parts. They succeeded in crossing the ferry. It took a long time for the whole convoy of persons, beasts, and wagons to pass over. After a rest they made their way northward through the prairies. Beautiful were the prairies! They lay in long swelling, far-reaching mounds, covered with grass and lovely wild flowers. A silvery haze lay over them, and stretched away into the measureless distance. At night the fireflies came out in infinite numbers, and floated away into the darkness. The grass on the prairies was so high as to cover a man and his horse. The convoy now went entirely by the compass, for

* It has been said of the Rappites that the mystical tendency of the members in their religious seclusion, and their millenarian expectation of a speedy advent of Christ, were in strange contrast with their practical good sense and thrifty habits of life. They are not Spiritualists, like the Shakers. Father Rapp taught them to be practical Christians, and inculcated the "duties of humility, simplicity of living, self-sacrifice, love to neighbors, regular and persevering industry, prayer and self-examination." As they held community of goods, in imitation of the early Christians, to be one of their articles of faith, every one was bound to work with his own hands. "As each labors for all," said one of them to Nordhoff, a German traveller, "and as the interest of one is the interest of all, there is no occasion for selfishness, and no room for waste. We were brought up to be economical; to waste is to sin. We live simply, and each has enough, all that he can eat and wear, and no man can do more than that." They are fond of flowers and music, painting and sculpture. Father Rapp's house contained a number of pictures of great value, and they had a library; still, the traveller was told, "the Bible is the chief book read among us."

there was no other means to guide them, except the constellations of the heavens. There was "George's Wain" to lead them to the north.

After about a thousand miles of travelling by road, and track, and rafts, they were at last reaching their home in the Far West. There was nothing to the west of them save the prairies and the desert, with occasional Indians, trappers, and squatters. They made for Piankishaw, formerly an Indian settlement, from which the Shawnees had just departed. It was difficult to found a home in that far-off district. But they set to work with a will. The laborers and blacksmiths sawed down the highest trees in a neighboring forest, and by dint of daily labor they set up a log hut for the family and servants—the family in the meanwhile sleeping in the wagons. Then the men built log huts for themselves. At last a settlement was made. But death comes everywhere. Young Flower was the first to dig a grave in the country. It was to contain the first dead—the child of his eldest brother.

But what were they to do for food for the living? The season was too far advanced to plough the land. It was now July. After eating up the provisions they had they began to feel extremely hungry. Occasionally a deer was killed, and that sufficed for a time; but there were more than a hundred persons to be fed, and that was not enough. It was only occasionally that a deer was brought home with rejoicing. "What shall he have that killed the deer?"

At length the colony became so starved that they had to find food elsewhere. Young Flower set out with some men to Shawnee Town for provisions. The place was a long way off. It took the men two days to reach it, though it was only sixty miles off. They gave their horses rest at night, while about them they heard the howling of wolves. Their brave dogs protected them. At Shawnee Town they were so fortunate as to obtain flour, meal, and several hams, with which they set off at once for home. The horses had to swim the Little Wabash going and returning. There was the greatest difficulty in getting the food across without wetting it. When they got safely to land they lit

a great fire, dried their clothes, and warmed themselves and the horses, and laid themselves down to sleep. In the early morning they mounted and galloped home with the food. One may imagine the joyfulness with which they were received.

Thus the colony struggled on. After the family had lived for some time in the log hut, the site of a house was marked out, and Park House was built. Young Edward went over to Lexington to bring his mother to the new house. She had been living there while the colony was in its greatest straits. And now she found a happy family to gather round her. In the meantime new settlements had been made in the district. There was Warrington, log-built; and the town of Albion was begun—now the capitol of Edwards County.

When Edward was fourteen and a half years old his father began to think of his education. A schoolmaster had settled in a log hut at Warrington. "Now, Ned," said his father, "you have been very sharp and clever, and we must do something for you. You must go to the schoolmaster, and there get some knowledge and education." The school was a good way off. To shorten the way, the scholar went through a bog when the weather was fine. It was the resort of wild turkeys. Of course the scholar took his gun and dog with him. On his way to school he brought down a splendid turkey, and took it to the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster was elated at the idea of dining on a turkey, and Ned became a great favorite.

Next day he said he would like to present the schoolmaster with a deer. The schoolmaster went out hunting with him, and hunted constantly. Deer, and turkeys, and game flowed into the schoolmaster's house. He thought there was nothing like it. But Edward's education went on very badly. In fact, he hated learning, and liked hunting much better. One day, at home, he was catechised about the multiplication table. He began to answer: "Twice two's three; twice four's five; twice five's eight." "Stop," said his mother; "that's all nonsense. Go back to the schoolmaster."

But the schoolmaster went out hunting with him as before. Ned never settled down to schooling. His father tried him in arithmetic as before. He was no better. "Twice two's six; twice three's eight," and so on. He had been six months at school, and this was the result. At last his father took him away to look after the cattle at home. And this was the only learning he received in America.

Edward still continued to hunt the deer, which was, of course, one of the necessities for food. One day he went out hunting with some friends on foot. After long walking, his dog at last struck the trail of a deer. He took the scent, and ran forward, but stopped until his master came up. He had left his friends far behind. After a long trail through the woods the dog pointed, and he shot the deer. It was now late, and he was twenty-five miles from home. He *cooed* to his friends, but none of them were within reach of his voice. They were on their way homeward. Desirous of possessing his deer, he sat himself down at the foot of a tree, with his dog beside him, and fell fast asleep. He was awakened suddenly by the howling of wolves. They had scented the prey, and were on their way to devour it. He fired his rifle at them again and again to drive them away; but he still heard them whirring about him, and howling from time to time. The night was as dark as a pocket. At length, as the morning light streamed through the forest branches, he got up and went his way home. When he reached it he was dreadfully hungry, for he had been thirty hours without food.

When the Flowers first went to Illinois there were many bears about—black bears, grizzly bears, and such like. "One morning," says Mr. Flower, "when I was riding through a field of maize, to cut down trees in the neighboring wood, I saw a great big fat bear rise up. He went through a swamp to escape us. There were four men with me and my dogs. Three of the men went with me to attack the bear. The dogs went first. The bear grasped the dogs, hugged them, and killed them. Then we went at him with our axes, and after a heavy fight we killed him,

brought him home, and ate him. He was a great help to our provender during the winter."

One evening at dusk, while Edward was on horseback, with his rifle slung behind him, his dog began to bark at something approaching. He was then near the prairie, with a small forest close at hand. He looked up, and thought he observed a large beast coming on. On approaching nearer, he found that it was a man on horseback. "Are you an Englishman?" the man cried. "Yes, I am!" "Where are you going?" "Well, I am just going home. Come with me, and receive our hospitality." Indeed, any stranger was welcome in these lonely plains in the forest or the prairie. They were all treated with the usual kindness and hospitality.

After a large outlay of capital the face of the country became greatly changed. Corn was raised and cattle bred, but not without immense labor of various kinds—not the least of which was protecting the crops and live stock from the attacks of wild animals. Edward Fordham took an active part in all this work, and it was doubtless this early training—and not the Warrington schoolmaster—that helped to form his remarkably energetic character, and taught him not to shrink from any undertaking because it is difficult, nor from any obstruction that might be overcome by energy and labor.

The fact is, that the elder Mr. Flower had made a mistake in purchasing so large a property before it became surrounded by a consuming population. The country was still unpeopled. It took about twenty years before the emigrants came as far westward as the Wabash. Albion was five hundred miles in advance of the settlers. The consequence was that Mr. Flower had the greatest difficulty in selling his stock. Yet the emigrants were coming nearer, and many of them came to settle near Albion. Many of the free negroes who had bought their liberty lived in the town, and it became a thriving place. A few of the English emigrants failed, and were forced to return home again. Among these was Mr. Hookham (now librarian in Bond Street, London), who emigrated with his wife, and tried to settle.