One day young Flower called upon them, and found them killing a fowl. The lady fainted when she saw the blood. They gave up their settlement and returned to England.

Another difficulty the Flowers had to encounter was with the slaves, bond and free. It will be remembered that the river Ohio separated the Free State of Illinois from the Slave State of Kentucky. There were many slaves, who, in the hands of kind owners, were allowed to buy their liberty. Those in the western parts of Kentucky crossed the river, and for the most part settled in the rising town of Albion. But there were also multitudes of slaves in the hands of their owners across the river, who were treated with barbarous cruelty. Husbands, wives, and children were separated from each other, and sold indiscriminately in all parts of the Slave States. Many of the slaves, men and women, escaped from their masters, crossed the rivers, and concealed themselves in swamps and forests, to enjoy liberty. Many swam the Ohio, and took refuge at Albion. Others went northward until they reached the free country of Canada.

The slave-owners tracked their slaves with bloodhounds, and often brought them back to their work, and increased their floggings. And now a regular set of kidnappers crossed the Ohio, and endeavored to capture the negroes both slave and free, in order to take them down the Mississippi and sell them at New Orleans. One of the slave negroes was hired by Mr. Flower. He was a fine large negro—an excellent man, and a faithful servant. Mr. Flower said to him one day, "You must surely be a slave; or have you bought your liberty?" "No, massa," said the slave; "but my owner flogs me so, and treats me so badly, that I was forced to escape from him." Not long after the master, with his gang, followed him, and found him working on Mr. Flower's farm. He immediately seized the man, handcuffed him, and dragged him away.

But the slave again fled from his master, and took refuge with Mr. Flower. He was exhausted and half starved. "The master 's just behind me," he said. Young Flower put the man into a well, and put a board over it. He threw

in bread from time to time. The master, who followed his property, searched all about, and could not find the slave. Young Flower dragged the man out of his pit, loaded him with bread, and told him to fly for his life. He at once set out northward toward Canada. But before the man could cross the river his pursuers had placed themselves on his track. They caught him, hand-cuffed him, and delivered him over to "justice"! He told his master that he would never be a slave, that he would not return with him, even at the cost of his life. So, when the constable came up and apprehended him for being a runaway slave, he took out a pistol which he had concealed about his person and shot him dead. The runaway slave was immediately hanged.

There were scores of cases such as these. Mr. Flower was inexpressibly shamed by such deeds occurring in a so-called free country. He began to think of leaving the country; but he had invested so much capital in settling and opening up the district that for a time he forbore. The kidnappers continued to increase. They came in gangs, hunting about the country for negroes. The slave-dealers determined, if they could, to get Flower out of the State. But he would not go without a hard fight. The magistrates were then a very queer lot. One day, when Mr. Flower went to Mr. De Pugh, the nearest magistrate, to get some documents signed, he found De Pugh sitting up stark naked in his bed. "Now," he said, "I think I must get some of my little jackets on." Accordingly, he got up and signed the documents. Mr. Flower made the acquaintance of another magistrate, Mr. Moses Michel, who afterward proved of some use to him, as the following account will show:

"I was now eighteen or nineteen years old," says Mr. Edward Flower. "I was coming home with another person, very tired and weary, having been out walking all day. As we neared home we came to a spot in the forest where we heard a great altercation going on among the bushes. I heard the words, 'I will never leave hold of these reins as long as I live.' It was the voice of my father! I immedi-

ately rushed in with my companion, and found my father holding the reins of a horse, on the back of which was strapped one of our free negroes. 'If you don't let go,' said one of the kidnappers, 'I'll shoot you in an instant.' I immediately went at him, and cut him down with my axe. My companion went at the other, and nearly cut off his arm. My father was saved, and the kidnappers immediately fled through the wood.

"We immediately got a warrant for their apprehension from Moses Michel, the magistrate. We supposed that the kidnappers had come across the Wabash at a particular place. We determined to capture them. I undertook to head our party, and the magistrate accompanied us. We started late at night, and got to the Wabash just before the break of morning. We went to the ferry, and found that the kidnappers had not passed. We then returned, and tied up the horses to the trees, and advanced about half a mile forward, to the track along which the kidnappers would come. After waiting for some time, we heard the traffickers approaching on horse-back. We heard them by their tramp over the decayed leaves and broken branches. They came nearer, and were now in sight. The magistrate ordered us to cover every man with his rifle. We were all ready. Every man of the approaching gang was covered; the rifles were at full cock.

"The magistrate advanced forward. 'Men,' he said, 'surrender! Every man of you is covered! I have a warrant for the apprehension of every one of you.' The men stopped to take counsel. 'No, no!' said the magistrate, 'surrender immediately. If you move you are shot. Now, all of you unclothe, and come here to be bound.' At last they laid down their arms, they unclothed, they came forward one by one, and were bound.

"There were eight of them in all. They were about to be carried back twenty miles to Albion to be tried. But as we were on our way, the magistrate said to me, 'I think we have got too many on hand: there are two good sort of fellows whom you may let off with a word of counsel.' They were unbound, and allowed to go. Two more men were

sounded, and they promised never again to take part in such an enterprise. They were also let off. The prisoners were now reduced to four—those who had been most inveterate in their attempts to capture the free negro. The four were tried, sentenced, and condemned to two years' imprisonment with hard labor in the penitentiary of Vandalia," Thus the entire system of kidnapping was broken up along the Ohio, and by the powerful efforts of Mr. Flower and the English colony, Illinois was prevented from becoming a Slave State.

Meanwhile the kidnappers thirsted for young Flower's blood; and a gang was got up for the purpose of assassinating him. He had been the most active and energetic person in the colony to put down kidnapping; and now he or his relations were to suffer for it. It happened that Jack Ellis, the backwoodsman, became acquainted with their doings. Jack had been young Flower's trainer, and accompanied him in his deer-stalkings through the woods and prairies. He had thus acquired a fondness for his young master. Somehow he got entangled with the kidnappers; and then he knew of their intention to assassinate Edward. He had before been shot at while sitting round the fireside. One night a bullet came smashing through the window, and broke the looking-glass behind his head. The whole family sprang up, rushed to the door; but the kidnappers had escaped.

The war grew hotter. One night Jack Ellis came to Edward's sister, and told her as a secret that the kidnappers were determined at all hazards to have her brother's life. "My advice is," said he, "that Ned should leave the country at once; that is, if he would avoid being murdered." Jack's advice was taken. The elder Mr. Flower roused Edward from his bed early next morning, and they set out at once for England. But now comes the tragedy. Two nights after, when it was not known that they had started, some six kidnappers called at the house, and asked for young Mr. Flower. It was pitch dark, and the men could not be recognized. A young fellow, Richard, Edward Flower's cousin, and very like him, went to the door. The men at

once laid hold of him, cut him down with their axes, and left him dead on the spot. Poor Richard was very much regretted; but his murderers were never discovered.

When Edward left his home he ordered "Little Penn," his favorite dog, to be shut up. The dog was always with him, slept with him, and hunted with him. The dog would not be separated from his master. He somehow got out, followed his master's track down to the boat, and got on board. He was sent out, and put into the arms of Flower's brother. When the boat left the pier the dog sprang out of his brother's arms and leaped into the Ohio. Of course the dog could not be waited for. The boat went on, and the last thing that Flower saw was the little dog swimming up the Ohio, until he became a mere speck in the distance.

Edward and his father embarked for England in a little brig of 150 tons. They were the only passengers. They landed at Liverpool in 1824. Nearly seven years had passed since they had left the same port, and everything was greatly changed. Edward had grown from a boy of thirteen to a well-grown man of nearly twenty. He was still dressed in the clothes of a backwoodsman—a coon cap with the tail hanging down his back, a hunting shirt with fringes, corduroy trousers, black leggings, moccasin shoes, and a dark great-coat over all. He was soon dressed up in civilized clothing.

Shortly after the two made their way to Barford, in Warwickshire. After staying there for some time they went to visit Benjamin Flower, editor of a Cambridge newspaper. His daughters were Eliza and Sarah Flower. The latter was the author of the beautiful hymn, sung in all churches, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A few months later Edward went to New Lanark, in Scotland, to meet Robert Owen, who was then regarded as a great philanthropist. On his return to London to join his father he told him that it was his intention to remain in England to get some education. His father was surprised, but the son remained firm to his purpose. He did not tell his secret; but it was love that constrained him to remain in England. His father agreed to give him £2000 of American stock, out of the income of

which he might contrive to live; and if not, there was his home in America, to which he might return any day.

After seeing his father off from Liverpool, he returned to New Lanark with Robert Dale Owen. There he received his first literary education, though the practical education which he received in the backwoods proved much more useful to him in life. He lived for a fortnight in Robert Owen's home, and afterward in lodgings. One day, when he was walking out, he met a gentleman, who asked him the way to New Lanark. He answered, "I will take you to it; I live there myself." The two got into conversation, and became very friendly. It proved that the gentleman was Dr. Andrew Combe, of Edinburgh, who was on his way to see for himself the wondrous things done in the education of factory boys and girls at New Lanark. Dr. Combe dined with the young backwoodsman, when the latter freely communicated his history and his intentions to "get education." "Well," said the Doctor, "get Murray's Grammar, and take to reading directly. Read the best books, and think about them. You will find no difficulty." Flower remained for six months at his studies at New Lanark. He worked so close at his books that he lost his health. There was indeed a great difference between sitting on a chair in a small room, occupying his brain with learning and writing words, and roaming about the prairies of the Far West, drinking in the delightful breezes of the unpolluted skies. At last he left New Lanark, and travelled from Edinburgh to London on foot, through towns and cities, which were always a wonder to him. He lived with Dr. Kelly, of Trinity Square, London, as a pupil, for six months; and with him he perfected himself in arithmetic, algebra, and other branches of superior education.

He was now twenty-one, and ready for business. He went to Birmingham, and was engaged as clerk to a corn merchant on commission, at £100 a year. He was found so useful that, in two years, his salary was raised to £400. He then got married to a noble and affectionate wife; and after that his way through life was pleasant. He settled at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he became one of the greatest

brewers of the country. He was mayor of the town for four years, and justice of the peace for the county of Warwick. Everywhere he was honored and respected. His home was the home of hospitality. Above all, he loved his American friends, and in summer time his house was full of them. He organized and carried out the Shakesperian Tercentenary of 1864 in his own gallant manner.

In that year he had a stroke of paralysis, and retired from business. But he had a wonderful amount of strength and pluck in him. In 1865 he had another attack, and lost the use of one side of his body. Yet in 1868 he stood as a candidate for the House of Commons for North Warwickshire. He was defeated, but not cast down. He tried for Coventry in 1872, but was again defeated. He had another stroke in 1869, and lost the use of the English language. He had to begin again with nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and so on.

He went to Rome, and his health improved. Then he went to Pau in the south of France. In all places he saw the cruelty inflicted upon horses, mules, and donkeys. He almost cried over them. When he came to live in London, in 1873, he set himself to work to cure the mischief that was being done to horses—especially by the use of bits and bearing-reins. He bought a black horse. It had previously been curbed, bitted, and tortured. He cured the horse at once by taking off the instruments of torture. He wrote a letter to the *Times*, and through the instrumentality of the late Sir Arthur Helps, it was inserted. It was at his instance that Sir Arthur composed his work upon "Animals and their Masters." He went to a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and found a dozen carriages at the door with the horses gagged up by bits and bearing-reins, standing there for hours together. He went to the Committee, but they would not hear him. The chairman ordered him out of the room.

He went on his way, nevertheless. He was not to be gagged. He wrote letters to all the daily papers, which were inserted. He thus roused public opinion on the subject. He next published his pamphlet on "Bits and Bearing-Reins," and scattered it broadcast throughout the country. It was followed by "Horses and Harness," a sequel to the first pamphlet; and that, too, was largely circulated. Mr. Flower gives the following description of the harnessing of the horses of a fashionable "turn-out": "A tight bearing-rein is used to pull the horses' heads up, a fixed martingale to pull them down, close blinkers to prevent them seeing their way, cruppers which are obliged to be tight to hold the bearing-reins in their places, so that the heads and tails of the animals are tied tight together. To obtain a little ease by shortening its back when standing still, the horse extends its fore legs beyond their natural position, while the hinder ones are proportionately thrown back, causing inflammation and navicular lameness. The tight bearing-rein, by holding the head in an unnatural and fixed position, strains the windpipe and respiratory organs, inducing roaring and other maladies. The front part of the bridle is frequently too short, thereby hurting the lower part of the ears; also the winker strap, which, when tight, besides drawing the winkers too close, pulls forward the top of the bridle so as to press upon and hurt the back of the ears; and when the horse shows signs of uneasiness by throwing up its head, he is punished by more and tighter straps, the coachman seldom troubling himself to find out and remedy the cause of the irritation.

"Fashion is strong—stronger, I fear, than humanity—but still I have hopes. Fashion no longer orders horses to be cropped, docked, and nicked; therefore these new forms of distortion and cruelty may give way. If a few leaders of fashion would join with men and women of common sense and lovers of humanity, we should soon wipe out this blot upon our civilization. I am happy to have been allowed to raise my feeble voice in the cause; and I heartily thank all those (and they are many) who have come forward to help and encourage me. I shall persevere, and, though I am old, I do not despair of living long enough to have it engraved upon my tombstone: 'He was one of those men who caused the bearing-rein to be abolished.'"

Mr. Flower appeals to the ladies, as if ladies were the most cruel of all in their treatment of dumb animals.

"Ladies," he says, are accused of liking to see horses with their heads stuck up in the air and their legs prancing. Surely it is because they do not know how much more graceful it is to see a handsome, well-fed horse in its free and natural attitudes. Do, ladies, look at your horses' mouths. Do not mind what your coachmen say about the necessity of the barbarous atrocity of gag bearing-reins, and sharp bits, and the irritating use of the whip. Make yourselves acquainted with the delicate organs of the animals to whom you owe so much of your comfort and pleasure, and they will repay you for any consideration and kindness."

The result of Mr. Flower's labors up to the present time has been that about thirty per cent of the torture inflicted by bearing-reins has been done away with by humane gentlemen. It only remains to enlist kind ladies to do away with the rest of the cruelty. "It is ignorance, prejudice, fashion, and, in too many cases, wilful cruelty, that has to be contended with. I am happy to have made many converts, and I hope to be able to go on talking, writing with the aid of my wife, probably boring my friends and the public, till the sight, now every day to be seen, of horses foaming, fretting, prancing, maddened with pain from their curbs, gags, and whips, is banished from this so-called civilized country. Go into the Park or fashionable streets: just look at the gagged up horses, either standing or in motion, and you will see that my picture of 'Torture' is no exaggeration; and the fair occupants of the carriages sit smilingly unconscious of the pain they are causing; the coachman careless of it, perhaps rejoicing that he has the power to tyrannize over the unhappy victims of his ignorance, bad temper, or conceit."

Lord Leigh wrote to Mr. Flower a short time ago, "I congratulate you on your success, and I trust the day is not far distant when a horse with a bearing-rein on him will be as rare an object as a soldier in armor; and should that happy day arrive, you may have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done as great a service to the poor horses as Wilberforce did in his day to the poor slaves."

Mr. Flower was not content with helping the carriage-horses. He next came to the help of the cart-horses. In his seventy-fifth year, after his golden wedding had passed, he wrote, with the help of his wife, "The Stones of London," very different from Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." He prefaced his work with a portrait of Macadam, the great improver of roads. But the principles of Macadam had long been forgotten. The roads in London were found covered with large stones; and his heart would have bled to see the effect of his system, as carried out by ignorant vestries in league with corrupt contractors. In Macadam's time the stones had to pass through a two-inch ring, and were to be of not more than six ounces in weight. The stones were to be broken so as to unite by their own angles into a firm, compact and impenetrable body. But the stones have now become so large that many of them are as big as the size of a man's fist. How can the poor cart-horses drag their heavy loads over stones so impracticable? This set Mr. Flower's mind to work; and hence his pamphlet. He invaded the vestry boards, and poured out his complaints. Wisdom herself cries out in the streets, but no vestryman regardeth her. Let us hope that Mr. Flower's voice will not call out longer in vain!

Altogether, we regard Mr. Flower as a true lover of his fellow-creatures—not only of men, but of animals. During the war between North and South in America he went all over this country lecturing upon the liberation of African slaves. He remained true to the instincts which he had imbibed in Illinois. When his father died in America, while the Civil War was raging, an American journalist said of him, "In the eventful strife which accompanied the daring attempt in 1823 to legalize slavery in Illinois, no one enlisted with a truer heroism than he. We, of the present day, and amid the dire commotion of civil war, can but poorly comprehend the ferocity and the gloomy portents of that struggle. So nearly balanced were the contending parties of the State, that the vote of the English colony, ever true to the instincts of freedom, turned the scale; a handful of sturdy Britons being the forlorn hope to stay the triumph of wrong and oppression, whose success might

have sealed forever the doom of republican and constitutional liberty in America."

Let this not be forgotten when the engraving on Edward Fordham Flower's tombstone comes to be written. May he yet see an end put to the tortures inflicted upon horses which he has so gallantly contended against during his lifetime.

CHAPTER XV.

RESPONSIBILITY.

So when a good man dies,
For years beyond his kin,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW.

For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.

LORD LITTLETON *on Thomson.*

I earn as if you were to live forever: live as if you were to die tomorrow.—ANSALUS DE INSULIS.

DUTY begins with life, and ends with death. It encompasses our whole being. It bids us do what is right, and forbids our doing what is wrong. It begins with the upbringing of children. It bids us nurture them, instruct them, educate them, and bring them, by our example, into the ways of well-doing.

Duty accompanies us through life. It goes out of our households to the help of others. The master owes duty to his servants, and the servants to their master. We owe our duty to our neighbor, to our country, to the state. The doing of our duty to all involves an immense responsibility. No one can lead a true life unless he feels this sense, and energetically acts up to it.

In human society, social rights necessitate their own observance. When the sense of responsibility is blunted, society goes to ruin. "The race of mankind," says Sir Wal-