

A BROTHER'S INQUEST,

Over a Brother's Grave,

OR THE QUESTION

WHO MURDERED DR. JOHN R. GOODWIN?

CANDIDLY CONSIDERED.

[AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF BROOKVILLE.]

BY

REV. T. A. GOODWIN, A. M.

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O, ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me."—*Job*.

PRINTED BY THE INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH
OF THE

Women's Christian Temperance Union.

READ AND CIRCULATE.

Indianapolis

CENTRAL PRINTING Co., 24 EAST MARKET ST.

1880.

EN

23780 CEN

WOMENS' CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

NATIONAL UNION.

PRESIDENT.

MISS FRANCIS E. WILLARD, - - - EVANSTON, ILL.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

MRS. MARY T. BURT, - - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

MRS. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, - - - RAVENNA, O.

ASST. RECORDING SECRETARY.

MRS. CAROLINE B. BUELL, - - - EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

TREASURER.

MISS ESTHER PUGH, - - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

INDIANA STATE UNION.

PRESIDENT.

MRS. Z. G. WALLACE, - - - INDIANAPOLIS.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

MRS. M. M. FINCH, - - - INDIANAPOLIS.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

MISS ALICE A. VINING, - - - INDIANAPOLIS.

TREASURER.

MRS. A. M. NOE, - - - INDIANAPOLIS.

LECTURER.

MRS. EMMA MOLLOY, - - - LA PORT.

The Christian Temperance Union appeals to all Christian women to help them in their war upon the common foe. They need your co-operation in organization, in prayer and in contributions. If only a half dozen faithful women can be found who will meet statedly, once a week, or even once a month, for prayer and conference, that little company will become a power in your neighborhood. They need your help in circulating temperance literature. The liquor interest is using hundreds of thousands of dollars in their work. Money now spent in antagonizing the foe may save the spending of a hundred times as much amid the agonies of caring for a drunken son or husband. A pamphlet that may cost less than a dime may, through your prayers and good words, reform some man, or prevent some son from becoming a drunkard. Women of Indiana who wish to form a local union, will correspond with Mrs. M. M. Finch, Indianapolis.

For this pamphlet, address the author, Rev. T. A. Goodwin, Indianapolis, Ind. Price, by mail, single copy, ten cents; twenty copies, \$1.00; by express, one hundred and twenty-five copies, \$5.00; five hundred, \$15.00; one thousand, \$25.00.

A BROTHER'S INQUEST.

NOTE—As Dr. John R. Goodwin, of Brookville, Indiana, was walking homeward on the evening of May 3, 1880, he was fatally shot by his brother Robert. This appeal is made to the people of Brookville with a view of calling their attention to the well known facts bearing upon the shocking tragedy, that indignation and punishment may be meted out to the real murderer.

When the sorrowing man of Uz was bending under the accumulated calamities which had fallen upon him, after a touching statement of his griefs, he exclaimed: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me." There are times in human sufferings when the stricken one wishes to be left alone in his grief that he may brood over his sorrows. He desires to see no one, to hear no one, for no words or looks can assuage the pangs which rend his heart, and even the attempt to alleviate his suffering becomes the most cruel mockery, and in his increased agony, he says: "Miserable comforters are ye all." Again there are times when he seeks society, that he may find some relief through human sympathy. Then the burden of every word and every look is, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me." There is no higher or holier duty than to weep with those that weep. The Son of Man never appeared more godlike than when weeping with the sisters of Lazarus; and no act of our lives makes us more like the Son of God than such as are intended to comfort the broken heart. In all the missions of the angels there is none in which they appear to a better advantage than when we see them in the garden, ministering to the Man of Sorrows. More than any other one thing the fellowship of suffering makes the whole world kin.

I need not tell you what is the immediate occasion of the grief which weighs me down, as no other grief ever did—as all former griefs combined never did, and which induces me to appeal to you, and to say with suffering Job: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me," Never did words convey more meaning than the telegram I received on the third day of May: "Robert has shot John, badly. Come." In an instant I comprehended it all. I knew that badly meant fatally, and I knew too well that the madness of drunkenness upon the part of the murderer was the cause. Two hours later came the words, "John is dead." That is the whole story, so far as human language can express it. The rest is unwritten, and must forever remain unspoken, for no words can convey to another the overwhelming anguish which seized me, and which has never abated. No lapse of time, no change of scenes, neither business nor pleasure not even the services of the sanctuary, have ever more than momentarily suspended that grief. I move among men mechanically, performing every duty without relish. It would have been terrible had the murderer been a stranger, a highwayman, a midnight assassin, but that murderer was his brother, and mine—nay, he was more than

Hist. Rev 12-9-16

11641
G6
that, he was to both of us at once a brother and a son; for when our father died, leaving him a promising and good boy, we, being much older, at once assumed such a guardianship over him as love prompted. This was specially the case with John, who lived nearer him and who, since the poor besotted boy had squandered all his property, came to his relief in food and clothing. Every article of clothing that he had on when he committed the murder was furnished him by John. It was thus a double calamity: the loss of a brother near my own age, my companion in childhood, and my trusted and trusting friend all along the years of our maturer manhood. He was to me more than a brother, he was a counselor and friend in many a time of need, illustrating in his life that a brother is born for adversity. And then, there was the consummation of a life of shame and dissipation, in that other brother, whose very vices had made him an object of the most tender solicitude and care, himself the murderer. Had he killed any other man; had he in a drunken fray killed a drunken companion, or had he, under some real or imaginary provocation, killed any other good and useful citizen, this would have been an inexpressible grief. Could human sorrow be greater than mine?

It is under these circumstances that, with this sad heart, I undertake to perform a sad duty. By the side of the fresh grave of my murdered brother, and under the grated window of the cell of his murderer, my brother also, I propose to make inquisition for blood. It may seem indelicate that I do so; it is painful that I must. A most atrocious crime has been committed, and it is imperative that somebody do this, and as no other one has undertaken it, or is likely to, I offer no apology for attempting the delicate and painful task myself of answering the question, "who murdered my brother John?"

The common theory, the surface indications are that Robert Goodwin killed him. It was thus announced in the papers of May 4th, from Maine to California. This was the word that passed from mouth to mouth for a few days. Its atrocity was the theme of discussion in every social circle, on 'change, on the streets, in the cars, everywhere, for a few hours. Then it gave way to some new sensation, to some question in politics, to some project for making money or to some new private grief of a similar character; and the world outside of the little family or business circle of which he formed a part, moves along with a stolid indifference to our broken hearts mocking our grief by its hum of merry laughter and its unremitting devotion to business, as if the affair was every way a natural one and as if no other hearts were exposed to a similar calamity, and as if nothing could be done or should be done to prevent its frequent recurrence. No one stops to hold a serious inquest. The surface facts are accepted as final, and the work of death goes on; and other hearts are made to bleed with even worse forms of agony. But let us pause by this grave-side, and under this grated window, and at least make one honest attempt to ferret out the murderer of this good man, who had not an enemy upon earth. Robert Goodwin was not the murderer of his brother John. That thing was impossible.

Those of you who knew Robert twenty-five to thirty years ago, the real Robert, knew him as one of the most loving and loveable youths of your community. He was industrious and dutiful as a boy, quick and ready as a student, agreeable and polite as a companion. In the days of his young manhood, no circle of young people, such as Brookville was then famous for, was complete without him. In the Sunday school and the day school he was a universal favorite. When, after his graduation, he became a teacher in the Brookville college; and later, when he was admitted to the bar as a young attorney, no young man ever gave better promise of usefulness, and even prominence in life. When he forsook all this at the call of his country, he soon acquired a reputation for gallantry in the field and efficiency as an officer which gave him a rank that was truly enviable. Why, then, has he imbrued his hands in his brother's blood? The answer is on everybody's tongue: "It was strong drink that did it!" But who is responsible for this? I do not exculpate him. Drunkenness is a crime against society which ought of itself to be severely punished at every stage, and instead of being pleaded as an abatement for the punishment due to another crime, it should intensify that punishment. He ought to have resisted the evil influences which surrounded him, but he did not.

In our following up the chain of evidence which is to lead to a detection of the real murderer of John R. Goodwin, there is one important fact to be borne in mind. Robert did not learn to drink intoxicants at home. The home lives of these two brothers were as identical as it was possible for such a thing to be. They were equally under the influence of religion in the family, and of such moral and religious helps as one of the most devoted christians that Brookville ever knew could render. The result of this training was seen in the life of the elder brother, this murdered man, as you have been familiar with it. His life was a model of goodness in every walk. In the church he was faithful and exemplary; and in business, irreproachable.

In our inquest we are compelled to pause and consider one event in the life of this young man, which had an important bearing upon the more immediate causes of this calamity. The difference between the maturer lives of these brothers, thus starting out from under the same home influences, is to be found largely in the fact that the elder brother was favored with the counsels and advice of a wise father through that dangerous formative period of youth which is so fearfully beset with snares and pitfalls. That father lived not only to exert a favorable influence over the boy, but to witness the ripening of the early promise, and to be cheered and comforted by the still further promise of a good and useful life. But when he was called by death to leave the guardianship of Robert to others, the boy was only about seventeen years of age. That he was to leave one so dear to him to the possibilities of youth without a father's influence, was the only regret that he expressed at dying so young. He had seen so many young men, religiously and carefully trained, fall under the temptations of youth, when left without the care and

influence of a father, that he often would say: "If I could only live to see Robert educated, and his habits formed, I could die more willingly." No other words that were not perfect resignation escaped his lips during those months of suffering which ended in death. Was there a premonition of the awful life that boy was to lead? or was it only the common dread which every thoughtful father must feel as he weighs the probabilities of the future of his boy when left to battle with his enemies without a father's help?

He had been industrious and frugal, and he left for his widow and children a fair amount of worldly goods. For the protection and care of this, the State had made ample provisions. Good and true men were required to leave their own affairs long enough to make an inventory of every thing, and fix a value upon it. Every pig and calf and colt on the farm—even the chairs and beds of the desolated old homestead were appraised, and an inventory of all was filed in the office prepared for such papers, so carefully does the State provide for protecting and preserving the material wealth of a dead man. But what of the boy? While all this was going on as to the things which perish with their using, the machinery of that same State had provided at least a dozen able-bodied men in the little town of Brookville, with every needed appliance, to rob that widow of her boy, and to prepare him for what he now is, a miserable drunkard and fratricide. The officers who had charge of the pigs and colts and old chairs, all performed their respective duties faithfully. Not one cent was lost. And equally successful were those who took charge of that fatherless boy. He is just what they intended he should be, a ruined man; just what the State knew he was liable to become when it took the price of his blood as a compensation for the protection it threw around the men it employed, with a full understanding of the probable result, for this is no new development of the liquor traffic. It is only one case of thousands upon thousands.

These facts throw light upon all that was dark in this dreadful tragedy. It brings us face to face with the real murderer of John R. Goodwin, and it is as wicked as it is weak and cowardly to shrink from the duty which this discovery forces upon us. No hoary-headedness of the murderer, no social or commercial or political connection with the incarnate demon which thus preys upon the beauty and pride of our families, must shield it one moment from the extreme penalty of the law. It must die; not only as a punishment for this and ten thousand bloodier deeds, but as the only security for the thousands it is now lying in wait to destroy.

I have spoken of bloodier deeds. It may seem indelicate; I know that it is painful to say in this presence that the shooting down of John R. Goodwin, on your streets, was neither the first nor the most terrible murder committed in our family by this universal murderer, through the immediate agency of this poor unfortunate brother. There are living deaths which it were a mercy to terminate by a pistol shot, which are long endured in silence, known only to the sufferer and to God. Only the necessity of revealing the real

murderer of my brother John in his true character, that I may in some degree enlist your aid in his condign punishment, could induce me to uncover the gaping wounds of our sainted mother as year after year she went sorrowing to her grave, with the iron piercing her very soul. It was not merely the anguish that any mother feels who sees her son leading a life of dissipation, but it was that once loving and lovable son transformed by this arch murderer into a monster that seemed to take delight in all manner of torments and indignities. Some of you remember the sad countenance which that once cheerful and happy woman wore all the later years of her life. You might have known the cause had you stopped to consider that this son having squandered the patrimony he inherited, and having wasted all the accumulations of his earlier and better manhood, and having become a moral and physical wreck, returned to Brookville, not merely to enjoy the refuge which even a dissipated son may hope to find in a mother's heart and a mother's home, but to embitter every joy of that good woman by such words and such deeds as find their inspiration only in rum. The pistol shot which so suddenly terminated the life of John was an angel of mercy compared with the unceasing torment which that mother suffered for years. Nay more, in those three hours of suffering which intervened between the shooting and death there was not a moment of such anguish as this affectionate brother had been compelled to suffer day after day for years, in seeing this once excellent brother loafing around the streets in a state of maudlin drunkenness or raving in the madness of delirium tremens. Is it nothing that so tender and affectionate a son as Robert was when his father died should be transformed by dissipation into such a monster that his mother would often exclaim: "O why could he not have died in battle and received a soldier's burial, rather than live to kill me by his conduct?" I can never forget her anguish of spirit the last time I visited her before her death. She spoke of the incessant and excruciating pain of the malignant tumor which was eating its way to her vitals, and then added, in tones whose echoes yet pain me: "But, Thomas, all this is nothing. Poor Robert! he is killing me by inches." It was a mother's love struggling for a supremacy over a mother's anguish.

The inquests which men make are often superficial and hasty, and unsatisfactory. There is usually wanting a sufficiency of facts or an inability to trace a proper connection between the facts we have and the deed of blood. Let us in this inquest be honest and candid, and let no false delicacy prevent our thorough investigation and application of every fact bearing upon the question, Who murdered John R. Goodwin? When God comes to make inquisition for blood he will weigh even remote influences in his impartial balances and will, with unerring certainty, say to the guilty one, "Thou art the man." In the superficial inquest which the public has made over the sad ending of my brother the verdict has gone forth, "Killed by his brother Robert." Let us, now that we are further removed from the frightful tragedy, honestly traverse this verdict. If it be true, then no punishment known among men can be too severe for the murderer,

if it be untrue than the guilty party stalks abroad in our land seeking new victims; and every consideration of humanity, our own safety and the safety of our children, demand that we suspend every other pursuit until he is detected, arrested and executed. If an Indian only once in a decade should steal into your streets and shoot down such a man, we would suspend plowing and planting, and buying and selling, and voting, until the whole tribe was exterminated. Shall this wholesale murderer be alone exempt from the punishment due to his crime? Dare we sit down and quietly see him plan to pounce upon our own households, and either from cowardice or indifference never move a hand or foot or tongue or pen to prevent his scheme of death? Even if your own family is safe, will you see him murder some other family and make no attempt to save the intended victim? But your family is not safe. No family in Brookville or in the world appeared to be less likely to be thus stricken than the family of Samuel Goodwin the day that his neighbors returned from his funeral.

In our inquest thus far we have found two facts that are indisputable, which must serve as the basis of all honest investigation, and with which every less obvious fact must quadrate. The first is that Robert Goodwin is a drunkard. That alone accounts for the part he took in the deed of death. No man in your community denies that. The second fact is that he became a drunkard entirely through the instrumentality of tippling houses. I do not suppose that he ever drank a drop of intoxicants in his father's house during the life of his father. Samuel Goodwin was among the very first to embrace the temperance reformation and to banish intoxicants from the harvest field and the side-board, all of which was done before Robert was born. Robert, however, began to drink much earlier than has been generally supposed. He was, indeed, until his promotion in the army began, a very moderate drinker; yet from the first it grew upon him, as it grows upon every one. His was the experience of the whole army of common drunkards. He never intended to become a drunkard. He only intended to drink genteelly, and to drink or let it alone. His first tippling was at the drug store, that open door to hell through which more educated and genteel young men annually pass to the lowest class of doggeries, and thence to the lowest depths of misery and shame and crime than through ordinary dram shops.

I can never forget the anguish of his mother when she first discovered a bottle of wine in his room; for with all of a mother's hope that her son could not become a drunkard, she knew too well the almost certain ending of such a beginning. In vain were all our remonstrances and entreaties. He repelled them with indignation. *He* would never become a drunkard! But his history is the common history of drunkenness and crime, except, perhaps, that his progress was at first not as rapid as is usual. The recollection of a father's example and prayers, the tears and prayers of his mother, the influence of his elder brothers and of the Sunday school and of such society as he moved in while rum had not yet destroyed that nobleness of nature which he possessed in an eminent degree, all tended

to retard his progress, until he was removed from all these in the army. Then the descent became rapid, until for years, now, he has been a poor vagabond, a common street drunkard, with scarcely a friend left but this brother whom he so ruthlessly shot; an uncommon drunkard only in the nobleness and culture which would often crop out amidst his lowest surroundings.

Now, who is responsible for the blood so wantonly shed in your streets? That is the question of this hour, and it shall remain the question of every hour until the guilty party is discovered and deprived of his power to repeat the deed of blood; and who is responsible for that greater crime, the worse than murder of the still living younger brother?

Hard as it was to lay away John's mutilated corpse, there were many things to mitigate our grief: there was the memory of his beautiful life, so pure, so unselfish, so noble; and there was the legacy of those three hours of dying, so full of words of comfort and of christian triumph, which thrilled every man who heard them, and which have passed from mouth to mouth, even in the haunts of dissipation, showing how a christian can die; and there comes from all this and above all that star of hope, that ray of light which pierces the gloom of the beyond, and assures us of a brighter and better life to those who die in the Lord. But Robert is worse than murdered. A life that might have been even grander than John's, for his early promise was greater than that of any of his brothers, has been not merely wasted, but in everything except the service which he rendered in the army, it has been a burden and a detriment, a source of constant grief to those who loved him, and full of moral pestilence to such a degree that the firing of that fatal pistol may be justly ranked among the least of his crimes against society and his kindred. And then the beyond! Let us not lift the curtain, if we could!

To prevent such scenes of blood as were witnessed on your streets, the State has built jails and penitentiaries and gallowses, and maintains an expensive system of courts and juries and executive officers, and as a consequence such scenes are rare, and would be much rarer but for the cause precedent. But to prevent the greater crime, the making of drunkards and the fruitful cause of nine-tenths of all the murders which afflict us, it does nothing; nay, worse, it not merely permits these worse than murderers to go unpunished by shutting its eyes to the crimes, but it specially fosters and protects them. For an insignificant sum of money it throws around the entire machinery of the business the shield of its courts and juries; and the murderers erect their dens of death in our most frequented streets, and we abandon to its machinations the flower of the land—our best loved sons and daughters.

But let us not allow the special atrocity of the deed which has led to this investigation to mislead us to words of reproach or special censure of the men who gild the saloons and manipulate the glasses. Their guilt is no greater than the guilt of those who accept the money and frame the mischief by a law. They are no worse than those legions of cowards who witness all

this and then quietly fold their hands and permit it without one manly protest, or honest, earnest effort to prevent it. When Pilate took water and washed his hands in token of his innocence of the blood of that just man, he knew that he was lying. His apology was itself a confession of his guilt. It was his duty to prevent the consummation of the conspiracy if it had required the mustering of every soldier under his command. But he saw that to do this would raise a tumult, and he therefore abandoned the Savior to the mob, with this mock ceremony and feeble protestation of innocence. The guilt lay upon his heart where no water could efface it, and no words palliate it. The man who tolerates our system of making drunkards by his indifference is as guilty of the blood of John R. Goodwin as Pilate was of the blood of Christ, and this murder is but one of a thousand of daily occurrence. These dens of death exist because we want them to, for we could prevent them if we wished to. We see them, and we see the throngs of men that visit them, and see in these throngs our own best beloved, yet with a cowardice that would shame Pilate we stand off and permit it. We are too busy to attend a temperance meeting, we are too much interested in the conversion of the heathen to contribute to the rescue of even our own children from this hell upon earth into which they are plunging; we are so intent upon making money for our sons or sons-in-law to spend in these gilded saloons that we cannot spare one hour even to talk about temperance as something that we ought to be interested in. *That* is well enough for the vulgar. Lawyers who have no clients, doctors who have no patients, merchants who have no customers—men who are not great men or busy men can look after this threadbare and profitless matter. Alas, how many of these great men; too great to identify themselves with any aggressive temperance work, too busy to even listen patiently a few minutes to the entreaties of men and women whose hearts have been touched by their own sufferings and the sufferings of others, have found time to bury a drunken son or brother, or to take home a heart-broken daughter who is worse than a widow, and finally have found time to die, and to bequeath to the rumseller all the accumulations of his years of toil and selfishness, and to go only a little ahead of his victims to whatever hell is, for such a man, leading such a life, whether in church or out of church, can have no place in heaven. The society of the pure and good and unselfish in the life beyond, would be undying worms, unquenchable flames to his selfish, sinful soul. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto me. Depart therefore," are the words of the judge who separates the righteous from the wicked. And the deepest and darkest abode of all the damned is for those canting hypocrites who, for the sake of political preferment or business interests have sold their children to the drunkard maker. With solemn mockery they pray, "Lead us not into temptation," yet vote for the men who fasten upon society this legalized curse, and otherwise display their indifference. I have said it is worse to make a drunkard than to murder a man. The fate of these two brothers illustrates my meaning. No sane man would

prefer that of Robert. No father would rather his son should be such as Robert is, and where he is, with what awaits him in time and in the eternities than to be what John is with the precious legacy of a good name, and with the hopes of such an eternity as follows a life of patient continuance in well doing. Besides, John was murdered by the liquor traffic. I mean to say he was murdered by that public sentiment, which not only tolerates it but licenses and protects it. Robert was but the instrument of the State, differing from the pistol which he used only in the volition which he exercised at every step of his downward course. We are the murderers of John. The sin lies at our doors because we make the laws that foster these murderous dens, and refuse to make laws to prohibit them. Yet how few brought these facts home to themselves on that sorrowful Monday evening, when this good man was dying of the wounds he had received at the hands of the laws for which we are responsible! Indignation ran high for an hour against the wretched man who was himself worse than dead, with an occasional objurgation of the saloons which had been unmistakably the author of this bloodshed—of our saloons; not ours by permission only, but by creation and protection. And the men who were most emphatic in such language as savored of encouraging, if not organizing, mob violence against the poor deluded drunken man, were generally those who had been most indifferent to the existence of the saloons which had caused all this, and most denunciatory of the woman's crusade, which proposed to break up saloons by the least objectionable form of mob violence—by singing and praying in them. To them, for the moment, it seemed the right thing to take the life of the man who had taken the life of his brother, because of the possible refusal of the State to meet out suitable punishment for the murder; but whenever it has been proposed to rid the community of the real murderer by violence, these men have been marked by what they are pleased to call conservatism, and now, foremost among those who demand that this crime against the State must be expiated by the life of him who did the shooting, are the identical men who have been foremost in their endorsement of the system of tippling houses, which is the real murderer. I do not, in this paper, discuss the question of the punishment of this intermediate murderer, but I do say that he is less guilty than the law under which he has become what he is; less guilty than the men who made the law, either by direct effort or by silent indifference.

But why need we dwell on this murder? It is only one of a thousand, and less shocking in its details than many. My only apology is the hope that by my brother's grave, in the community which is at least for a moment awakened to the enormity of the traffic which produces such results, I may be more successful in arousing you to duty than I was twenty-six years ago, when I held up before you the wickedness of tolerating these dens of death in your midst. Some of you remember how I was assaulted at your court-house door by a county officer, for no other cause than my uncompromising hostility to this demon which has just now killed one brother and worse than killed another. You remember how the organ of the li or interest

defamed me, and even invaded the sacred precincts of my family in hunt of scandal, and all because I was opposed to these murderous institutions.

True, this grief which breaks my heart is not your grief. You have seen one of the best men that ever lived in Brookville shot down in your streets by this unchanged and unchangeable monster, and you have in jail, worse than dead, one of the brightest and best youths you ever knew, transformed into one of the worst men that ever tormented your rum-cursed town—yet this grief is mine, but I am not alone in cursing this slayer of men. There is not a family or the remnant of a family that lived in Brookville then that has not been invaded by this monster within these twenty-six years. Many of the active participants in that hostility to the temperance work of twenty-six years ago long since filled drunkard's graves, and many a son and many a daughter have lived to curse their parents. It would be a long list to name the young men and the old men who have fallen or are now beyond recovery, and of the daughters whose lives have been made wretched by drunken husbands. When I call the roll of the victims of this murderer in Brookville, and when I find there such names as the Jocelyns, the Nobles, the Tests, the Tyners, the McClerys, the McCartys, not to mention names less prominent in the religious, commercial and professional circles of your town—in short, when I do not find a family of the old Brookville that I knew twenty-five to fifty years ago that has not suffered, and then when I remember that no town in Indiana has fared any better, I ask if it is not time to be alarmed?

But let us not uncover the unhealed wounds of the survivors who go sadly to their graves, because of the triumph of the wicked. Let me only add that the demon lives and is as rapacious and insatiable as ever. He is even more defiant and exacting now than he was then, and he demands and will have new victims. The old drunkards who have not died will soon die, but new ones are filling their places, and your present Sunday-schools, for whose interests this good man labored so faithfully, will turn out some future Robert Goodwin. There is not a boy in your school less likely to be a drunkard and murderer than he was when his father died.

There is but one possible preventive, and that is absolute prohibition of the cause of these crimes. Does any man suppose that if the prohibitory law of 1855 had remained in force, amended and intensified as experience would have suggested, that Robert Goodwin would have been in a felon's cell to-day, awaiting a trial for murder in the first degree? Would you have followed to the grave of the drunkard so many of the pride of the town? Would you see reeling in your streets daily so many who are but little if any less drunkards than Robert Goodwin, and who, though they may not have shot a brother, or wife, or mother, have, no less than he, crushed the very life out of wife and mother and father and brother and sister? Old men, mere wrecks of their former selves—men who were, twenty-five years ago, leading physicians, merchants, lawyers, mechanics and laboring men, some of whom were members of church, are to-day

recognized as only common drunkards, their business gone, their property gone, their manhood gone. Am I mad that I thus expose to public gaze the festering sores of so many? With sadness I have laid bare the wounds that the traffic has made in my own family. You know that we have not been the only sufferers. Excepting the shooting, ours has not been the worst case. Some may not have been as bad, but all have been bad enough to arouse a man of stone to resentment. I confess that I am mad. And the wonder is that I am not mad enough to lead those who have suffered as I have, to close every saloon; with clubs and pistols if need be. When I see my brother Robert loafing around your lowest saloons day after day, following some man in who has not quite spent his last cent, to beg at his hand, by that strange fraternity of the common degradation of sots, only one dram; when I see him begging of the proprietor of one of the lowest dens—the son of the best class leader that Brookville ever had, begging a dram of the son of one of the members of his class; and when I see well-dressed men, sober men, church members, loving fathers of promising boys, and even the low, drunken trash, whose fathers my father would have scorned to set with the dogs of his flock, all passing him by with loathing, and saying, more in contempt than in pity: “That’s ‘Bob’ Goodwin, a brother of the banker. He has two brothers who are preachers. He is a son of the old class-leader, the pioneer Methodist, who did more to bear the burdens of early Methodism in Brookville than all others, whose hospitalities and labors for thirty years in behalf of the church were without a parallel.” And when I see all equally indifferent to his degradation, and all equally silent as to the cause of it, I confess that I am mad, and I most cordially despise the manhood of any man who, seeing all this, even at the distance of a mere spectator, does not run to the rescue of that ruined man. But when I see men and women, whose sons and husbands and fathers are already reduced to the same level, and notice that they say nothing and do nothing, but think it a christian duty to submit to all this, and the worse which is sure to follow, with what they are pleased to call christian resignation, my anger is poorly characterized by calling it inexpressible indignation. Neither have I patience with those young fathers who lead their sweet boys of six to ten to the Sunday school, and dandle them upon their knees at home, who never look out upon the machinery in their midst which the State has created and most carefully protects, for the sole purpose of making drunkards and murderers of those sweet boys. The rapacious maw of the monster demands new victims, and you are as liable to supply that demand with those boys as Samuel Goodwin was when his boy, this drunkard and murderer, was the pride and comfort of his heart. Mad! I wish I was mad enough to put the thoughts which stir me into words that would awaken you from the lethargy on which this parent of murders thrives. I wish you were all as mad as I am, and then there should be a method in our madness which would organize a crusade against this monster which should not be a crusade of songs and prayers only, nor yet a crusade of clubs

and pistols. It would be a crusade of ballots and courts and jails, and penitentiaries, and if nothing else would do, a crusade of gallowses. By just so much as Robert's condition is every way worse than John's, by so much is the man who puts the bottle to his neighbors lips to make him drunk therewith a man to be dealt with by the extreme penalties of the law. Robert was only intermediately the murderer of John. The man who sold and gave him the liquor which transformed him from one of the most affectionate brothers to the wreck of a man who waylaid and shot his brother, are only intermediately the murderers. But who is the real murderer? Let us pursue our inquiry until every candid man will single out the guilty party and say in plain language, "Thou art the man."

When the brothers of Joseph found themselves in an Egyptian dungeon, the past rushed before them, and in the silence of that darkness the echoes of a boy's entreaties for help haunted them. It was the voice of their youthful brother Joseph, as he appealed to Simeon and Levi and Reuben to save him from the heartless slave traders' grasp. More than twenty years had elapsed since they sat down to their quiet dinner in Shechem, as the Ishmaelites bore hence their brother to a fate that they neither knew nor cared for. But now, they were themselves in bondage and helpless, and down through the years comes that same voice, as plaintive and earnest as when its echoes died away among the mountains of Canaan. Now, they were in a condition to hear but in no condition to help, and they confess to one another: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." But in what did that guilt consist? They had not stoned their brother, and they had not starved him. They had only sold him—they had, for a money consideration, licensed the Ishmaelites to make a slave of him, and what else? Why, when he entreated them by their love for the father who would mourn over his great loss; by their kinship as brothers, they simply resumed their dinner and would not hear. Their guilt was in what they refused to do. They just let the slave-traders alone, that was all. And here lies our guilt. The men who would not hear the entreaties of this drunken man, after he had lost control of himself, and of the ten thousands of similar drunkards, are guilty of his disgrace and of his brother's blood. There are Reubens among us also. This elder brother at first entered a mild protest, but when he found himself out-voted, he at once acquiesced, and, taking his share of the blood-money, he joined in fabricating the lie which was to lay the blame of their cruelty upon the innocent lions. Our Reubens occasionally protest mildly against the traffic, but because the majority, or an earnest and persistent minority, demand it, they quietly pocket their share of the money, and when a drunken man kills his brother they piously say, "did we not say do not sin against the child?" Out upon such hypocrisy! The man who does not openly and boldly, and resolutely and persistently fight this traffic is as guilty of the murder of John R. Goodwin as any of the acquiescing class, and the sullen, lazy, indifferent acquiescers are as guilty as the active participants, and a great deal more contemptible.

In such a contest as this, neutrality is treason, and he is a cow-

ard and hypocrite of the first water who only takes spasms of hostility under special provocation, such as an atrocious murder or some terrible development of cruelty inflicted by the traffic; while there are some who pretend to be Christians, whose hearts, if they have hearts, are bleeding at every pore, yet they never lift a hand to slay the destroyer; they hardly so much as say with cowardly Reuben, "don't sin against the child." They pretend to believe that church work will save the drunkard, and they go on with their praying, though under church work for a thousand years the monster has rioted in blood. These, too, are among the murderers of John R. Goodwin, and they are the murderers of their own children in many cases. Nay, they are worse than murderers of them. It had been a mercy to Robert and to some of your children if some assassin had plunged a dagger into their hearts in the days of their innocence and beauty, and you would have acted like a Christian and an affectionate parent as well, if you had stood tamely by and seen the bloody deed with only such a mild remonstrance as would have encouraged the murderer to seek another victim in the same family, or any other, compared with the fate of these boys and the conduct of their fathers.

I have thus answered the question I started out with: Who murdered John R. Goodwin? and I have at the same time answered another question, though one but seldom asked in this connection: Who is responsible for the condition of my brother Robert, so much worse than murdered? And herein is one of the bitterest ingredients of the cup I have had to drink since the third day of May. Men of culture and piety, who have not meant to add to my grief, have tendered their sympathy on the death of my good, noble brother, whose death was so tranquil and godlike that no one doubts that our loss was his gain; but there lies that other brother in a felon's cell, once as pure and noble as John, now so besotted and ruined that not a trace of his former self remains, and men speak of him with bated breath, as if ashamed or afraid to mention his name to me. Is he not my brother still? Can I forget what he was because of what he is? Do you wonder that I have not relished a morsel of food since that fatal hour, and that I walk the streets, and read and write, and preach and pray, with a sadness that grows sadder every day as the fate of the living brother stares me in the face. The dead is safe. Beautiful flowers already adorn his grave, and the savor of a good name fills the air with a rich perfume. No, the death of John is nothing; it is on account of the living yet dead Robert that I appeal to you my old neighbors, and my brothers' neighbors, and with a heart wrung with anguish I say, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me." But as you love me, don't break me in pieces with your words. Show your pity by helping me to detect and arrest and execute the murderer. You know that I would despise you, you would despise yourself, and every honest man would despise you, if the body of any man were found in your streets, shot through and through, and a clue were discovered to the murderer and you refused to join hands with all honest men for the arrest and punishment of the murderer. Your

time and your money would be freely given, that the crime might not be repeated, and that you or yours might not be the next victim. But yonder lies my poor brother in a felon's cell, worse off by far than the brother whose body you buried with so many tokens of grief, and his destroyer is plying his work of death as unremittingly as ever, and he already has his bloody hands on the throats of the children of some of you, and the work is so far progressed that recovery is improbable if not impossible, and he is waiting only for your death or for some other favoring opportunity to begin upon new victims—those sweet little boys. Will you mock my grief by refusing to help? I shall not dictate methods. I am clear as to my own method. Necessarily in such a work, men equally honest and earnest may differ as to the best means of accomplishing the end. You had no more earnest worker in the temperance cause than this murdered brother, and it needed not a drunken brother to enlist his great heart in this cause of humanity, though possibly what he suffered from this affliction may have occasionally goaded him to use words not always most palatable to the family of drunkard makers. Such was his known devotion to the cause of prohibition that when the Prohibitionists, a year ago, placed a State ticket in the field a leading position upon it was tendered him. He, however, declined. The method did not strike him at the time as the best. He answered that he thought the best method was to secure the success of the Republican party, such was his confidence in the party which had been in power more than half the time since the repeal of the prohibitory law of 1855, and which had done nothing that even savored of temperance legislation except the imbecile Baxter law, which accomplished nothing where it was most needed. Only a few weeks, however, before his death, in the very last letter I ever received from him, he wrote: "It is now too late to organize a success for this year, but since the betrayal of the temperance men of Ohio, by the Republican party, after their repeated pledges, I am prepared to adopt the resolution of the East Ohio Conference, and say that after this year I will make prohibition paramount to all other questions, with or without a separate political organization as circumstances may dictate."

In his mistaken confidence in the Republican party, he has had the company of most of the earnest prohibitionists of the State, all these twenty-five years, until hope, so long deferred, has made the heart sick; until confidence, so often betrayed, has fled; and, now, thousands upon thousands of the men who fought the early battles of that party because it was the party of the poor and enslaved, still hoping that it would be true to humanity, like him, are pledged to make prohibition paramount to every thing else, especially after this year, it being thought too late to organize a victory at this time. Arrange the matter of method with God and your own conscience. Remember that the people are sovereign. You dare not petition and beg. That is the office of cowards and slaves. It is yours to command, and the command of an American citizen can be given only at the ballot box. Speak out on this subject as authoritatively as you

would if it were your money instead of your children that you were seeking to protect.

If you are satisfied with the method adopted and pursued for the last twenty-five years, which has resulted in the best law for protecting the traffic that we ever had, then continue to ignore the interest of temperance in your political action; and twenty-five years hence, when one of your sons or brothers, made a drunkard at the saloons you have fostered, shall have killed his brother, then advise the people to still consult politicians who consult only drunkard makers in their legislation, and thus you can perpetuate the system if you like it, for another and another century. Or, if you affect to despise the utility of law, except a law to license and protect the traffic; if in your extreme faith in God and the church, you scorn so carnal a weapon as the ballot on this subject, be consistent and despise it on theft and arson and other moral questions.

How long would you allow a band of brigands to dictate the laws which relate to the rights of property, after they had developed a purpose to prey upon that property at pleasure? Would you say that this is a crisis in politics, and that you must this once vote the party ticket, just as you have said at every election? No, never! You would say that any party that does not protect your property from the depredations of thieves shall not have your vote. Say as much concerning the protection of the olive branches about your tables as you have already said of your orchards and vineyards; or even of the trees in your forests or door yards, and your children will be safe. In this sorest calamity there is wanting to me one ingredient of grief whose presence, it seems to me, would make my cup overflow, and would kill me. With an honest heart I can say that my brother is a drunkard through no neglect of mine. For a third of a century I have been the unceasing enemy of this murderer of men. The warfare has cost me all my worldly goods, and left me in my old age without any inheritance, save the consciousness of a life spent in trying to save others. Thirty-one years ago last April, I delivered the first prohibitory speech ever delivered in Indiana, or so far as I know, in the West; and from that key note I have never been allured by any sickly sentimentality, or plea for compromise. I have been assaulted by violent men more than once; I have been the song of the drunkard, and the butt of the jeers and jibes and slanders of vile editors and not less vile politicians; and now this calamity has fallen upon me to embitter the closing years of my life, now far in its evening, only in obedience to that law which sends the noisome pestilence which has its origin in the slums of the city, into the cleanliest and best ventilated homes, and as a striking refutation of the lie, "it will never hurt you if you let it alone," behind which many a man has skulked when conscience and humanity urged him to help. It lets no man, woman or child alone. It spares neither age nor sex nor condition in its indiscriminate attacks upon our race, and no man who has a heart to feel for the sufferings of another, should fail to move upon its works. Even self-love, the mere animal

instincts of self preservation, bids every thinking man to slay this universal destroyer.

If it were a mad dog that was creating such havoc, you would kill every dog in christendom, if necessary, to stay the ravages. Yet the ravings of this poor man, in your streets and in his room, under the delirium of drunkenness, have been worse than the ravings of any man suffering from hydrophobia, for while the pain was no less, there was the sense of moral degradation and ruin, which, even in the sufferer himself, intensified and overshadowed every physical agony, not to mention the grief it caused his friends. When the yellow fever broke out in Memphis, men, unacclimated, rushed to the rescue of the suffering, only to die of yellow fever, until the people of Memphis had to beg them to smother their humane impulses and remain away; and the people sent contributions to the sufferers from every town and city. And then, that the plague might not again break out or that its future ravages might be less, the government spent half a million in one year to employ men of science to investigate the cause, and to propose some probable preventive. But here is this pestilence visiting every town and city in the land, whose victims annually outnumber the victims of yellow fever ten-fold, and Congress, though often asked, refuses to appoint a commission, even without pay, to investigate it, and men die, and no man lays it to heart. When such a man as John R. Goodwin is shot, under peculiarly revolting circumstances, the doors of business houses, saloons included, are closed during the hour of his funeral, "out of respect for the departed," but they are opened immediately afterwards, and the work of death goes on as before.

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends!" have pity upon that stricken widow, have pity upon that poor, wretched man in the jail yonder, but more than all, have pity on your own children. Save them from such a death as my brother John died, and from such a fate as has overtaken my brother Robert, and thus save yourselves from an anguish which no words can express. Help me ye old men, who have little to live for but to do good; help me ye young men, whose manhood should be devoted to making the world better and happier, and not in the accumulation of wealth to be squandered in places of dissipation, lest the time shall come when even the All Father shall laugh at your calamities; help me ye mothers and wives and sisters, who are in most cases the greatest of sufferers; help me ye drinking men, for your present life is miserable, and your only security is in removing the temptation by absolute prohibition, and may the God of my father help me in continuing my war upon the murderer of my brothers.

THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION.

After lying seven months in the gloomy cells of your county jail, this young man, just in the prime of life, was taken before a tribunal which you call a court. It consists of judges, sheriffs, bailiffs, jurors, and men learned in the law, and is presumed to be an institution of civilization, designed to do justice between man and man. One set of men had, in secret, made an ex parte examination of the facts of the killing and had, upon their oaths, said that Robert had, with malice, killed his brother. Now comes the open examination. Twelve "discreet householders" of the county had been selected to listen to the law as expounded by the learned judge, and to the facts as they should be developed, and to the arguments of able counsel, and express their opinion as to his guilt. They listened patiently more than a week and then said, on their oaths, that they believed every element of murder in the first degree entered into the transaction and that he must expiate his crime against the State by spending the remainder of his life in the penitentiary, shut in from the joys and comforts of ordinary life; and then the court adjourned as if it had vindicated the rights of society.

I appeal to you, citizens of Brookville, and ask you if human ingenuity could devise a greater mockery of justice? Look at the facts as you know them. Thirty years ago the State licensed men to make drunkards, in Brookville. It did it with a perfect knowledge that drunkards become capable of any crime. This ruined man is only one of thousands of victims. In a fit of drunkenness he committed murder. Now this same State, as if shocked at its own work, goes through the forms of what you are pleased to call a trial. It empannels a jury to indict and a jury to try. It employs three of your most eminent lawyers to prosecute, and to show its entire fairness, it employs three others, equally eminent, to defend, the accused being unable to employ counsel, and for more than a week the shuttle-cock proceedings went on, and a verdict of guilty was the result. I do not criticise the rulings of the court or the verdict of the jury. Perhaps, as the law reads, they were right, but there is a higher law than that written by man and executed by courts, which will hold the men who sold that man the liquor which made him a drunkard and a murderer, as the really guilty party—second in guilt only to the preachers and lawyers and others who made the law which protects those infamous murderers. Did you not notice with what self-possession and air of innocence some of these identical liquor sellers testified? Did you not hear one say that after Robert's money was exhausted he took the feather bed which his dying mother had given him? Yet, under the forms of law Robert must spend the remnant of his life in the penitentiary, while you meet these men on terms of entire equality in social and business life. Nay, more; you allow them to dictate for whom you may vote and for what you may vote; you do this, too, knowing that they already have the sons of some of the best of you in training for a future murderer and for a future penitentiary or gallows. There is a worse fact than this known to others if not to you. The iron has already pierced the soul of more than one of you, if you have a soul, and yet you vote for the men who make the laws just what they are. As for myself, I swear by the Eternal God who made me, to take the blood of my murdered brother and the shame of the brother who is worse than murdered, and beg the men and women of Indiana to save their own sons and brothers from such a fate as has befallen these brothers of mine; and in my heart I shall curse every sniveling coward and canting hypocrite who stands tamely by and sees this work of death go on without a manly protest accompanied with such manly acts as indicate that the lives of men are more sacred than the interests of political parties, or the few paltry dollars that you make from your commercial intercourse with these murderers. Robert must linger in the penitentiary while the real murderers of John are greeted with your smiles and caresses. You are either cowards and are afraid of them, or you are willing and contented partners in their crime—I mean such of you as make no earnest effort to get rid of them. In either case the curse of a broken-hearted brother shall follow you.

OBITUARY.

John R. Goodwin was born in Brookville, Indiana, July 15, 1820. He was the second son of Samuel Goodwin, one of the earliest settlers of Indiana. He was graduated at Asbury University in 1845, and at the Ohio Medical College in 1847. He served three years in the army as surgeon, with marked ability, and, subsequently, six years as Chief Disbursing Clerk of the Department of the Interior at Washington, handling millions of money with such fidelity that at any time he could have surrendered his trust and accounted for every dollar in twenty-four hours notice. He was for many years cashier of the Brookville National Bank, and after the closing of that bank he was president and principal owner of the Brookville Bank. He was a devoted christian and a faithful worker in his church. The cause of temperance found in him an able advocate, and the Sunday school cause a faithful and devoted friend. At the time of his death he was a lay delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, then in session at Cincinnati, and one of the board of trustees of Indiana Asbury University, to whose endowment fund he had planned to give \$10,000 at the next meeting of the board, which he provided for in the verbal will made on his death bed. In every walk in life he was a model man.

On the afternoon of May 3d, while returning from the bank between two friends, he was met on the street by his brother Robert, who, without a word of warning, fired at him. The shot proved fatal. He lingered but about three hours. The murderer has never given any reason for the deed, and none can be surmised but the fact that for years the liquor sellers of Brookville and his drunken associates had railed at this brother because he refused to support him in his life of dissipation by paying for the liquor he drank, until a morbid hatred had been cultivated. This was intensified by the act of certain humane citizens of Brookville, who, in order to try the effects of a few months of enforced abstinence, had him sent to the insane asylum on the plea of insanity. He conceived the idea that his brother John was the chief agent in this and he plotted the deed evidently before his discharge from the hospital, for every movement about the time of his discharge and after his return, as explained by the shooting, related to and was preparatory for this. When he could no longer be retained in the institution under the guise of insanity, he went out to murder the only man who was a true friend to him in the home of his childhood.