

BUNDICK'S  
LECTURES



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W. T. BUNDICK.

# BUNDICK'S LECTURES

A Series of Temperance Lectures

BY

W. T. BUNDICK.

ONANCOCK, VA.

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## A SHORT BIOGRAPHY.

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WILLIAM T. BUNDICK was born near Locust Mount, Accomack County, Virginia, February 15, 1847. His early boyhood was passed upon the farm, in sight of the Atlantic Ocean. All the hardy sports of boating, fishing, and shooting, known to boys living along the ocean shore, were enjoyed by him during the intervals of rest incident to farm life on the peninsula known as the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia. While a small boy not more than ten years old his fondness for public speaking was manifest. He often collected his little play-fellows Sunday afternoons, and going to the pine woods near his home he would mount a stump, and entertain them by preaching to them. His chances for an education were those of an old field school in the

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neighborhood. His early manhood was given to helping his father on the farm, and reading as his means permitted investment in books. After leaving the farm, he conducted for several years the steam saw-mill business, then being developed in his section of the State. Later he moved to the town of Onancock, and entered the mercantile business, which he pursued until, through the persuasion of his friends, he took the platform as a State temperance lecturer. In his work, in an amazingly short period, he won national fame as a conservative advocate of the subject of temperance. Mr. Bundick is a born platform genius, and possesses the power of making friends for the cause of temperance, even where influences are most antagonistic.

He married Miss Kate S. Ames, of Accomack County, and has raised a family of four children. He was converted April 22, 1894, and connected himself with the Church. Since that time he has toured sixteen States and the District of Columbia, lectured in over 2,755 churches, been indorsed by 1,450 promi-

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ment ministers, and received more than 800 complimentary press notices in different parts of America. His lectures on "Personal Responsibility," "The Blot on Our Civilization," "Old Theoricus," "American Citizenship," "The Inquest," and "Belshazzar's Feast" are gems of their kind, and are characteristic of the strong yet temperance utterances of one of America's greatest temperance orators. Mr. Bundick is at this time about fifty-seven years old, in the prime of vigorous manhood, and given entirely to the work of making a Christian temperance citizenship for his country. BY A FRIEND.

*Onancock, Va., June 22, 1904.*



## INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. DR. A. C. DIXON.

MR. W. T. BUNDICK'S addresses have charmed hundreds of audiences in America, and I rejoice that he has decided to put them in book form, that future generations may be blessed by reading them. The best parts of many temperance speeches are the stories which are told to excite laughter, move to tears, or point a moral. I confess to a delightful sensation while listening to Mr. Bundick for the first time. He held my attention without a story, humorous or pathetic. He convinced my reason by his array of sound arguments, without the least trace of pedantry. His smooth flowing and yet forceful style made it easy to listen, while the genuine earnestness of the man won my confidence. One could not help feeling that the best blood of his warm heart was enlisted in the subject,

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which he believed to be of vast importance to every individual in his audience.

Behind it all was a man redeemed by the blood of Christ, eager to proclaim Jesus Christ as the drunkard's Savior; and I do not hesitate to commend this book to the public, and sincerely hope that it will have thousands of readers.

A. C. DIXON.

*Boston, Mass.*

## PREFACE.

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DEAR READER:

IT was while sitting in the soft twilight of "an old Kentucky Home," taking a retrospective view of my past life that I conceived the idea of putting my lectures in book form, and offering them to the public, with the hope that what little good I have done the temperance cause might not be forgotten, but that the heartfelt utterances contained in my lectures might live on after the writer had ceased to exist.

The thought came to me, as the shadows grew longer and the twilight deepened, like an inspiration, and it carried me back to my boyhood home where the grand old Atlantic Ocean and the beautiful waters of the Chesapeake Bay wash its shelving shores, and thoughts of home, friends, and acquaintances came crowding thick and fast upon my brain, and I wondered if my lectures would be forgotten and fail to accomplish good in the years that were to come.

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Do you know that in the rush and whirl of a business life we are too often seemingly negligent of our living friends, but twilight reveries, in a distant land, fraternal societies, and many other agencies have a tendency to take us back to our friends' hearts and fire-sides, and cement the links of brotherhood into a strong, unbreakable chain of love; thus it is while we live, but when we die, alas, too often, we are soon forgotten, and the work we have done is interred with our bones.

I have for ten long years given to the public my best thoughts and time, and must the work begun end when it is said of the author, he is dead? This thought worried me, and I determined, then and there, to put my lectures into such form that they could be preserved in your homes, and it is my earnest prayer that they may continue to reclaim the "Wandering Boy," bring light and sunshine into the heart of the drunkard's wife, build up once desolate homes, and make better men, happier women, and pleasanter homes all over our land.

THE AUTHOR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

*As delivered in the First Baptist Church at  
Owensboro, Ky., and at Laurel Street  
Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rich-  
mond, Va.*



## PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

IT is a curious fact that this old world, sun-kissed and flower-laden as it is, has ever been, since it was spoken into existence, a huge scarred battle-field. Man may be said to be born a soldier; a warrior by birthright and instinct. Nations and individuals run as naturally to combat as if the pathway to carnage was an inclined plane, and military ambition an irresistible momentum. A war-map of the world through all its ages would be curiously flecked with little flags pointing out its battle-fields. Barbaric tribes make war a pastime. Civilized armies are equipped and clashed together as toys and playthings in wanton sport. Spots of earth here and there are reddened with gore; nations impover-

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ished, crippled, and sometimes devastated. But then has come a season of exhaustion and peace. Flags are furled, cannons cease to roar, drums are hushed, swords are returned to rust for awhile in their scabbards; and comity and commerce usurp for a season the reign of combat and cruelty.

But there is one war that never ends; one campaign that, beginning coeval with the beginning of time, will only end with its close—the combat between good and evil, between right and wrong. The field upon which this struggle is waged is as wide and broad as the world. It is a campaign without armistice to treat for peace or sue for compromise. The wounded are borne away and the dead hustled into furrows; but the combat still goes on. Here and there success may perch for awhile on one or another standard; but the grand sum total of victory hangs to-day in the balances. No man may dodge his place in these ranks. There are no substitutes. Wherever society springs up, or is trans-

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planted, men divide to array themselves on one side or the other—ready volunteers, poor conscripts of circumstance and chance; scarred veterans and raw recruits; heroes and cowards. The fight is not always carried on in open field, beneath waving flags and under the blare of trumpets. Incidents of bravery, heroism, sacrifices, hunger, and wounds, or of hypocrisy, cowardice, and desertion too often escape the eye of the war correspondent, and are not always blazoned to the world in startling headlines. The history of this war has only been so far written in feeble episode. The full and complete details will be open to human eyes only when the grand reveille shall summon all the living and dead to the bar of judgment.

Take an example: I have known a young man—and doubtless you have known others—who, yielding to the fascination for strong drink, went from one stage of desperation to another, until every sentiment of manly dignity and self-respect was crushed out of him. And yet I know that every step in that

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poor fellow's downward career was marked by feats of heroism and deeds of valor, of which a veteran warrior might well be proud. Such a one—a schoolmate of mine—ended the hopeless struggle at last with a pistol-ball through his brain. It was the last desperate, despairing act in a long and losing fight for victory. Pitiful! You say? O! Who can tell the pity in it? Who describe the agony of remorse when the wine has ceased to sparkle in the cup, and the dregs are biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder! But, alas! it was only an incident of the campaign. The grave of this poor conscript—a conquered hero, if you will—is without a stone to mark it; his name hardly a memory.

Take another: A neighbor of mine had four sons. He was a thrifty farmer; the boys were bright, intelligent lads, and the household peaceful and happy. But the father took a notion to build a little country store at his gate; and in order to draw trade he licensed it for whisky. The evils and dangers of the experiment were pointed out to him; but he

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wanted to advance the interests of his boys and make their prospects better. Well, this father himself died in less than ten years of delirium tremens; the farm was sold for debt; one of the lads met the same horrible fate as his father before he was out of his teens; another was shot down in a bar-room during a drunken brawl; the third died a felon in a State's prison; and the fourth, the youngest, is now a broken-down, decrepit, and thriftless old man. Here is a case in which "the sin of the father was visited on the children." "Horrible!" you say? Well, but whose pen is graphic enough to portray the evils of that one family tragedy—the anguish and despair that were in it? Who could gauge even the cruel grief and shame that broke the heart of the wife and the mother? But it was only a passing episode in a great drama. I rode by that house only a few days ago. The incident had almost been forgotten.

The theologic discussion of the origin of evil and of the moral forces Providence has arrayed on the side of good need not enter

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into this argument. We are not here to deal with first causes. Perhaps the most profound theologian of the world has not yet sounded the depths of that stern decree, "It must needs be that offenses come." What concerns us most is the personal relation we may bear to the situation before us; the obligation of individual responsibility—the weight of meaning in that awful judgment, "Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh!"

There is no doubt, my friends, that personal responsibility is the most serious consideration of human existence, the profoundest essence of human destiny. There is a shock in the reflection that in every moment of our lives the opportunity is presented to us to choose between right and wrong, to correct our latitude and longitude by observation and experience, and lay our course clear of error and danger. And so this fact brings with it the startling realization that the man who deliberately chooses evil inevitably fills every moment of his life with guilt; that he piles up, as it were, day by day a cumulative

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account against himself. True, extraneous influences may constantly beset us. The tide of battle surges to and fro. Adverse currents and contrary winds disturb our wisest calculations, and the judgment of the world is too apt to overlook the important fact that much may depend upon which side of a narrow line of chance our lots may be cast.

But all these considerations are not to be weighed alone in the balances of human judgment. They belong rather to the arbitrament of Supreme Justice, to God's omniscience and mercy. My poor friend holding a pistol to his head in abject despair, after a long and impotent struggle with his appetite—yielding himself a sacrifice, body and soul, to the evil that had overcome him—was the murdered victim of some thoughtless friend. My poor neighbor lad, locked up night after night with fiends of remorse in a felon's cell, may have reasoned bitterly to the end as to the justice and fairness of that vicarious punishment visited upon him for the sin of his father. The father himself, rushing upon his

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doom in that little road-side dram-shop, may in his few sober moments have as bitterly condemned the law and custom that in a Christian land authorized and licensed and encouraged him to pull down about his head the temple of his own household gods.

My friends, I pity such human weaklings; from the bottom of my heart I pity them. I could shed tears over these poor conscripts of circumstance and chance! These boys might have been your boys or mine; this poor erring father your father or mine; but who shall say there was not through every moment of these miserable lives a present as well as a retroactive responsibility; who shall say that as human beings justice may not hold them to account? I have asserted that the opportunity to choose between right and wrong is present with us through every moment of our lives. It presents itself in various phases. A man is responsible for himself, to some extent for his neighbor, for the community in which he lives, for the government that shelters him. As a social integer

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he is a part of the great body politic. He may will to do right or he may will to do wrong, and thus far he impresses his individual identity upon the trend of human thought and action.

There is certainly no fact connected with human existence more aptly demonstrable than the law of social interdependence. It is taught in every page of Holy Writ, it runs through the history of every age, and it stands out before us in every experience of our daily lives. "No man liveth unto himself alone." Love for one's neighbor is the foundation rock upon which our very social system is grounded, and before we can attain to the full stature of manhood we must realize the full and important sense of public responsibility and duty. The man who answers for the blood of his neighbor with a selfish inquiry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a murderer at heart. Our several and various talents were not given to us for our own selfish purposes any more than they were given to us to be folded in a napkin and hidden

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away in the earth. The Creator in dispensing His good gifts has made us individual agents for their distribubtion among our fellows—not to be locked up for our own selfish uses at home. It is a grand part of God's purpose that "they who see should lead the blind, they who are wise should direct the foolish, they who are strong should help the weak, they who are good should conserve the bad."

And so, my friends, from amid the thunders of Sinai has come to us through all the ages of time that grand epitome of man's whole duty, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

"Abou Ben Adam—may his tribe increase!  
He awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it bright like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adam bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head  
And, with a look, made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'

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'Is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,' the voice replied.

Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said,  
'I pray thee, then, write me as one who loves his fellowmen.'

The angel wrote and vanished. But on the next night  
It came again with a great awaking light  
And showed the names of those whom love of God had  
blest,  
And lo! Ben Adam's name led all the rest!"

It sometimes seems, my Christian brethren, that the highest test of Christian character and Christian grace is the test of a sense of personal responsibility for our neighbor. God only knows how many sins of human frailty may be hidden from the eye of Divine Justice in that sublime plaudit, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these thy brethren ye did it unto Me." Let us apply these arguments, if you please, to the great and crowning evil of our generation. Of course, I mean the licensed liquor-traffic. I have elsewhere styled this great social evil a hideous monster, the composite image of all evils. Do you accept it, or need I stop here to prove it? Why should I marshal a

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grand array of figures before you? Why should I open the records of our national revenue bureau, the records of poverty, lunacy, crime, butchery, of drunkards' graves and broken hearts. Why need I dare you to look about your own community, to lift the curtains of your neighboring bar-rooms on the inside dramas playing there night after night; and, alas, it may be for some of you to tear open a wound that, like a cancerous ulcer, is eating into the happiness and sanctity of your own fireside.

Come up like men and be honest with yourselves. I am not here to talk what you may be pleased to style Prohibition cant, to entertain you as a prohibition crank with moving spectacles of a drunkard's exhibition. I could not paint a picture more harrowing than you have seen with your own eyes. I am not here to condemn and abuse the poor drunkard, nor to arouse an open warfare with the licensed dealer, nor to soothe the consciences of sober men. I am here to talk plain reason with sensible people, to discharge a

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solemn responsibility towards responsible human beings. Come, then, and break down the barriers of your prejudices, and boldly admit that the liquor-traffic is the crowning evil of our generation, a hideous monster, the composite picture of all evil and villainies, the devil's best friend, and man and God's worst enemy. Let us understand each other from the beginning.

Unfortunately, my friends, propinquity to evil begets strange and unnatural tolerations. Associations reconcile us to all sorts of anomalies. I have known of a medical student who had a horror of touching a dead body, but who a few months later was discovered alone in a dissecting-room in the dead of the night oblivious to every other sentiment than that of tracing out the course of an artery. I have known men who would faint at the sight of blood, but who on the battle-field could calmly bear off the mangled and dead. I have known a man who lived in close proximity to a rendering establishment, who assured me that the nauseous odors were no

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longer noticeable. I have known four beautiful sisters, daughters of a brutal, drunken father, whose daily lives were tortured by all sorts of parental cruelties, but who out of many suitors chose each a drunken husband. They passed from one drunkard's home to another, and every one of them now living is a drunkard's widow.

And so it is. We have lived so long in the gloom of this great curse we have almost ceased to be chilled by its shadow. We have grown shockingly familiar with its bloody tragedies; our eyes are blinded to its horrors, and our noses are no longer sensible to its stench. Only the other day I saw a poor, feeble, abandoned drunkard staggering his way with tangled steps along the street, and reputable Christian gentlemen making merry over the spectacle. It is only when perchance it brings some terrible tragedy to our door, or steals into the sanctity of our own home dogging the footsteps of a wayward son or brother, that we wake up to the reality of its presence. I have known a gentleman who

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had no patience with temperance work and little respect for temperance workers, a man who preached loudly of the moral stamina of his family and of the cowardice of temperance pledges. He had been a moderate drinker all his life. A youth he thought needed only the safeguard of sturdy moral training. But one night they brought his boy home from a saloon and laid him down at his mother's feet a bar-room wreck, cast up on the surge of a bar-room orgie. They parted back the hair from his forehead, where an ugly wound had lain concealed; they felt his cold wrist; they tore open his blood-matted vest. But the heart, so lately beating with youthful hopes, would beat no more. He was one more victim of drunken frenzy in a bar-room brawl.

These shocks open men's eyes and wake up the latent manhood in them, however soundly it may be slumbering. It is only under such circumstances we begin to realize fully the heinousness of this great crime of society, and the solemn obligation of duty to

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combat it. But how horrible the awakening! I have said I am not here to condemn and abuse the drunkard. Poor fellow, his pitiable spectacle touches the deepest fountains of my sympathy! I know his pathway, and I know all its horns and precipices, its bruises and its wounds, its vanquished resolutions, its delirium and its remorse. No poor victim has ever reached the end of that journey—whether it be poverty, a madhouse, a prison, or a grave—who has not suffered all these bitter experiences. His sin has marked him for the eyes of the world. God has cursed him; why should I? You know nothing perchance of the battles he has fought, of the anguish of his defeats, of the shame that has shadowed his life. He may have fallen a vanquished hero at last, with his face still to the foe; a poor conscript of circumstance in the ranks of evil; a victim on the side of a great moral wrong for which he was in no way responsible. I commend him to your pity and your prayers.

And you, my lady hearers, you who steal

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like angels upon the battle-field almost before its smoke has rolled away among the hills, pity these poor victims! There are so many of them suffering and dying around us in this great struggle with evil needing the ministrations of your gentle hand. If they are not your fathers and brothers and sons, they may be "somebody's darlings," veterans of many campaigns, now wan and ragged, bruised and wounded, soiled and tattered with smoke and carnage; but they started to the field one bright and hopeful morning with a mother's benison on their heads and a mother's kiss on their lips. For her sake, pity and care for her boy. "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus can save."

Well, what of the licensed dealer? The man who takes our boys from the straight and narrow paths we have marked out for them, and turns them into the wide way and broad road leading to destruction. The man who uproots and plucks out one by one every noble impulse we have planted in their young hearts, and turned them traitors to their own

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manhood, what of him? Well, I have never yet seen one of them carefully concerned about all the details and flimsy safeguards of the law; but so far as dispensing this poison may go, he is a law-abiding citizen doing a legitimate business. Some of them are personally agreeable fellows. They contribute to charitable enterprises, and even to the Churches. They don't like all the features of their business. They have their unpleasant episodes and even dark days. They deal with a disagreeable clientele. But it pays. Perhaps they would as soon do something else if it provided as easy and profitable an income; but there is a demand for strong drink, and somebody must supply the demand. It is a law of trade as old as the science of political economy. The trade is always good, and the business always pays.

That in brief is the position of the dealer. We had just as well see things as they are, and accept the situation as it is. It seems to me a vain and illogical effort to spend so much prohibition effort and invective against

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an enterprise founded upon such a rock. The dealer has the argument of the law, and you can not down him with the dignity and majesty of the State at his back. It is worse than folly to assault him with abuse or a hatchet. And so he sits there a moral, social, and political arbiter sheltered securely under the ægis of the law. He directs your legislation, he dictates your local government, he levies taxes on your lands and your workshops, he peoples your almshouses, he packs your court dockets, he violates the peace of your community, and he damages the public health. But he does all this according to law. He is licensed and authorized to do it. He buys the privilege and pays for it, and he has the equitable right to use it. And when he takes your neighbor and by the slow process of sapping his physical manhood, or by the abrupt termination of some drunken frenzy robs him of his life, it is simply a legal murder, as legal as that your sheriff executes in the jail-yard under the solemn sentence of your court. And when he takes your boy, sir—

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you who have little respect for the temperance effort—and sends him home to lay him dead at his mother's feet, the shock may awaken a fearful spirit of vindictive vengeance in your father's bosom. Ah, well! But you may only sit down with a broken heart and weep over that boy, and the bright hopes you will bury with him. It was a legal murder. That dealer was licensed to rob and poison and murder. It was the law that lifted the weapon and crashed the bullet into your boy's brain, the law that licenses frenzy and murder! Merciful heavens!

What is law? Why, law is simply the crystallization of popular sentiment, the sentiment of your fellow-citizens, of your neighbors and friends, even of the very neighbors and friends who stood about you in sorrowful sympathy as you lowered the body of your murdered boy to its last resting-place. Your own sentiment it may be. That's the law—the law that licenses murder. God pity us, that we live on in this enlightened day under the shadow of such a curse! But I

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repeat. I am not here to soothe and flatter the consciences of sober men. I have said that we belong to one social system, one great body politic, and that over all the world from the beginning of time a warfare has been waged over the issues of good and evil, and right and wrong. I have said that in this warfare no man may dodge his place in the ranks; that there are no substitutes. I have tried to show you that a sense of individual responsibility is the most serious consideration of human existence, the profoundest essence of human destiny, that in every moment of our lives the opportunity is presented to us of choosing between good and evil; and that as a necessary corollary the deliberate choice of evil is the daily piling up a cumulative account of guilt.

Now I come to lay before you a plain issue between right and wrong, and ask you which you will choose—under which banner you will serve. There is something wrong, something radically and cruelly wrong in our body politic. You can't question or doubt it. A thou-

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sand tongues are constantly proclaiming it in your ears. The poor victim knows it, and feels it, too, through all the poverty, shame, and bitterness of his soul. He exploits it to the world in his seedy coat, his bruised and bloated face, his reeling step. He whispers it from the death-couch of the poor-house, and now and then proclaims it from the gibbet—with the hangman's noose about his neck. The fat and prosperous dealer knows it, and like the vulture scenting the battle-field he comes to feed upon its offal. The statesman knows it, and cowardly shuts his eyes to the horrible, sickening truth. The poor heart-broken mother knows it, the deserted wife knows it, the widow and orphan know it, through all the solitude of their cheated lives. You know it; the whole world knows it. What guilty knowledge is so universal and so horribly patent! And yet I say so inured are we to the presence of this evil among us we have come to accept it with amazing toleration. Its shocking statistics

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that now and then find their way into the newspapers pass under our eyes as meaningless figures, its tales of poverty as idle passing news, its records of crime and frenzy and murder the mere froth of turbulent society.

And so we stand calm and complacent while the dramshop flaunts its challenge in our faces at every corner, while young men in their prime and old men long fettered in bondage march by us to their doom, while lawlessness runs riot in our streets the daily newspaper serves up its horrors for our breakfast table, and while the fat and prosperous dealer sits and smiles down serenely on all this moral and social wreck,—yes, there is something wrong, and the world knows it. And if I am a temperance crank, and the arguments I am here to press upon you are the mere whinings of prohibition cant, you dare not plead ignorance in the bar of judgment before the tribunal of your own consciences. I have told you only that which you already know. Well, knowing it, what

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then? I ask the question a responsible human being of my responsible fellow-citizens, with all this guilty knowledge, what are you doing and what do you propose to do? For years the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been laying before you a plain issue between good and evil, between right and wrong. Which side have you chosen; under which banner have you enlisted? And again the opportunity of choice will be presented to you. Can you hesitate or doubt? Look about you all over this fair land lying to-day somber and gloomy under the shadow of this curse, a crime so inwrought with our body politic that it follows the flag as a mockery of our civilization to the distant islands of the sea. The White Man's Curse. O my friends, we have compromised too long with our consciences. We are piling up a cumulative account of guilt in this great nation that begins to call for national retribution. How long will the sword of justice rest in its scabbard? Come up to the nation's rescue. Here the old campaign between right and

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wrong, old as the history of time, is waxing hotter than ever before.

This great moral and social issue is to be henceforth the salient angle in the line of battle. See the contending forces! On one side the manufacturers and dealers, flanked on every hand by long lines of moderate drinkers, volunteers and conscripts, veterans and raw recruits, statesmen and politicians, and often professed Christians, all fighting under the banner of a composite image of all evils and villainies, the devil's best friend and God and man's worst enemy. On the other side a little Spartan band holding the narrow pass of Temperance, fighting day by day as heroes that can be crushed but never conquered; looking up with tearful eyes and prayerful hearts to the great God of battles. O my friends, bring up the reserves. Let us press the foe, and let the battle-cry ring out far and wide over all the field, "For God and Home and Country!"

My lady friends, have you ever paused to consider how far for good or for evil your

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influence may extend in behalf of this temperance question? Do you know that of all the evils of intemperance there are none so bitter and none so lasting as those which fall upon the head of woman? Ah, the influence of your sex is a blessed or a fearful thing! It is said that man rules the world. But woman rules man. In every age of history she has been the power behind the throne, and I have sometimes thought that it may perhaps be the hand of retributive justice that deals out to you the cruelest, bitterest share of this great social curse. Why, it is woman's hand, you know, that molds our infancy, that leads us from the cradle to the threshold of the outer world. It is woman's smiles that make us men or demons; it is woman's hand too often that lifts the wine-cup to our lips, or steadies our staggering feet through the mazes of the dance. Ah, it is hard indeed to tell for how much of the evils of intemperance your sex may be held accountable! Strange! For do not all these evils surely come back to you in tattered rags,

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in broken hearts, in desolate hearthstones, and in deserted homes?

I am happy to know that you have here in this city a splendid Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Make it a tower of strength in your midst. Think of Mother Thompson and the Crusade. A company of seventy ladies marched out of a prayer-meeting and conquered by songs, exhortations, and prayers until they had emptied towns of saloons. And since it seems God directed the Crusade to organize, we have had our noble, active, and never-tiring Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I thank God for the ten thousand local unions in this country, and for that magnificent weekly, the *Union Signal*, that has carried light and inspiration to thousands of homes in this land! I thank God for having given to the world that heroic Christian temperance leader, Frances E. Willard, who went home to glory-land in February, 1898. Methinks I could see the angels when they gathered around her dying couch as her soul was about to wing its way to

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heaven. And the memory, the influence of that great and good woman will live on and on and on.

Some of you perhaps remember that old tradition of a pious old monk, who years before the era of printing, shut up in the gloomy walls of an old abbey, spent his whole life in copying pious books. And when the task of the patient, pious old laborer was done, they laid him away under the abbey aisle, and carving his simple name on the marble floor above his head they left him to the rest and to the peace of oblivion. But when years had passed away, when the memory of the good old man had perished from the living, when passing feet had trodden his name from the marble floor above his head, and the dead of a new generation had come to take their places beside the old, there as they hollowed a new grave under the abbey aisle, tradition says, they saw lying in the dust and ashes of death a warm and living hand. That hand which through years of patient toil had wrought for the glory of truth and for the

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good of mankind; that hand which, embalmed in the immortality of a noble office, had defied the powers of corruption and decay. Men and women wax old and die, but principles are deathless and eternal. Human agencies fall by the way, but the generous impulse, the beneficent purpose can never, never, never die. My friends, the hand that binds up the broken-hearted, that lifts the veil of error from the eyes of groping ignorance, that leads the lost and wandering back to the portals of truth, aye, that works to win souls for the kingdom of Jesus Christ, can never perish. No, not even in the grave.



## CHAPTER II.

### BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

*Delivered at First Methodist Episcopal Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.; Broadway Christian Church, Louisville, Ky.; and Central Young Men's Christian Association, Baltimore, Md.*



## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THERE was a wonderful truth taught in the goblet which the genius of a poor heathen fashioned years ago. Having made the model of a serpent he placed it in the bottom of a social cup, coiling as if for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its lifted head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike. He who quaffed the wine could not see what lay beneath, till as he reached the dregs that dreadful head rose up and glistened before his eyes. Remember, friends, that he who places a social glass to a neighbor's mouth conceals beneath the pledge of friendship the gleaming eyes, the open mouth, the poisonous fangs of a serpent coiled beneath, and when the cup is drunk, the pleasure quaffed, the bitter dregs drained to the bottom, that serpent's head with deadly venom may strike

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into the soul the ghastly terrors of a lifelong curse.

In this busy American to-day of ours we are rather inclined to regard ancient history as something wholly irrelevant and nowise to the point when grave national questions are pending. "History," says some man, "O history is all right in its place. What we want are facts, present up-to-date facts, when living issues are at stake. Facts we want, and facts we must have for an intelligent solution of any of the great problems that confront us as American citizens to-day. And history too. Why, we want all the history that can be brought to bear; we stand in sore need of all the light that history's past can throw on present-day darkness and difficulty."

If history can serve our purpose, then as I endeavor to speak to you for a short while on the subject of intemperance let us have recourse to it therefore, and be edified accordingly. The long tale of the past we have with us always, and so long as to-day remains the grand sum total of yesterdays, ancient and

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modern; so long as history continues to repeat itself over the crumbling ruins of long-forgotten civilization; so long as human nature is the same in every age and clime, just so long must we read in its records many a striking parallelism to much that is being written in our great life story to-day. And it is in view of this fact that I invite you to witness with me, if you please, across twenty-four centuries of intervening yesterdays, the enactment of as horrible a Babylonish tragedy as that of the liquor-traffic itself, which is being played daily and hourly throughout the length and breadth of this country.

And it is no strange, unfamiliar story that I beg you to consider with me to-day. Every man, I doubt not, in this audience has read it or heard it many a time—the history of Belshazzar and the handwriting on the wall. Perhaps, too, you will agree with me in thinking it a tale whose very title, sinister sounding as it is, bespeaks for it more than ordinary interest. We are all more or less familiar with the simple Biblical account as

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found in the Book of Daniel. You remember that Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, gives a great feast to a thousand of his lords, drinking wine before the thousand. That, becoming inflamed with strong drink, the king orders the golden and silver vessels that his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken from the temple at Jerusalem to be brought, that he, his princes, his wives, and his concubines may drink therein. That together they drink wine from the sacred vessels, praising the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone. That in the same night came forth fingers of a man's handwriting over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the king's palace. That the king, greatly troubled thereat, demands of the wise men of Babylon the interpretation of the writing, which, unknown to them, is interpreted by a Jewish captive, Daniel, as a judgment against Belshazzar and the prophecy of his downfall. That in the same night is Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

So much for the story in outline, but it is

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left to the imagination to fill out the details of this picture of Eastern magnificence, voluptuous debauchery, heathen idolatry, and Oriental tragedy. It is night in world-famed Babylon. A royal banquet is in progress, for the Chaldean monarch—in honor of some lately won victory, perhaps—has said, Go to; but we will eat, drink, and be merry. Around him are gathered his thousand retainers, his wives, and his concubines. Festivity abounds in the gorgeous palace halls. The royal tables, glittering with gold and silver, stand laden with dried locusts, pomegranates, grapes, citrons, choice meats, and an abundance of mixed wine in the huge vases. The soft music of harpers steals insinuatingly on the ear, the air is heavy with incense and the fragrance of tropical fruits and flowers, while Belshazzar and his company sip wine and the revelry grows ever louder. But the king is not satisfied; he bethinks him of the sacred vessels that once adorned the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. He commands them to be brought, that he, his princes, his wives, and his concu-

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bines may drink therein; and while the wine-drinking goes on together they lift loud voices in praise of the gods of their heathen conceptions. There is a veritable babel in the royal palace halls, and the revelry grows ever louder and wilder. But look, over against the candlestick upon the plaster of yonder wall are the fingers of a man's handwriting, writing on the wall. The king sees it, and suddenly, awfully sobered, his countenance changes, his thoughts trouble him, his knees smite each other gruesomely; the finger of justice and of judgment to come is writing its message on every lineament of his terror-stricken face, in the trembling of his nerveless hand, in every muscle of his wine-soaked, sin-cursed body. Silence, terrible momentary silence falls on that gay royal banquet, with its glitter and glare and its rudely interrupted revelry. Then the king cries aloud for the Chaldean soothsayers, recklessly promising a scarlet robe, a gold chain, the third place in the kingdom to whosoever shall read the writing and give its interpretation. But

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the magicians are puzzled, confounded. In the midst of this growing confusion the queen-mother, entering, recommends Daniel, who, being brought, declares the interpretation of the writing to be: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. O Belshazzar, thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. With thy hardness of heart, thy stiff-necked disobedience, thy impious feasts, and thy drunken idolatry. Lo, thy kingdom is therefore divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." And the curtain falls on the close following fulfillment of this judgment and prophecy.

My friends, it is the old, old story of cause and effect, older than the name of Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans, older than Babylon itself, as old as evil in the world, as new as last night's drunken carousal. But you say, what has this Oriental tragedy to do with our Occidental intemperance of some two thousand years later? To which I reply: But is n't it applicable, though? Let us see. And you will bear with me, if you please,

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while I endeavor to point out to you a parallelism that to me certainly is eminently suggestive. Belshazzar the king may be said to represent, though inadequately, the liquor-traffic itself, reigning supreme in the saloons and bar-rooms of our modern Babylon, an absolute monarch with undisputed authority over the money, the happiness, the honor, the lives, the all of his subjects. A sovereign before whose despotism the power of a Babylonish Belshazzar fades into insignificance; a king, I repeat, and therefore powerful. But whence comes the power of this Oriental despot, and every princeling as well? Not from heaven, as many an earthly vice-regent of the gods has learned too late with the crimson tide of his own life's-blood. Whence comes it, America, I say? And from Virginia to California, from Michigan to Texas, comes the mighty shout that "all power comes from the people," and the echo thunders back, "The people, the people!" Thank God! we are glad it is so. Glad that we as citizens of these United States have lodged within us a

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law-making power surpassing Belshazzar's—the power of a God-given franchise, and if Belshazzar is king, he is king because we allow it, because law and public sentiment condone it, because we personally, individually by our ballot smile on him—bid him God-speed; because we have placed in the hands of every saloon-keeper in the country the scepter of a legal institution, and bade him wield it for the devil and damnation. Belshazzar the king, I repeat, holding his court in the fashionable, high-licensed saloons of large cities, in the bar-rooms of the country, in every wayside dram-shop. A king before whom politicians of the baser sort bow, a ballot snatcher and despoiler of franchise and freedom; a king, and by our consent. But, again, if king, then not only powerful, but rich with the hard earnings of poor men, and the money that should have been used for bread and meat and clothes and home comforts for suffering women and pitiful children. Who is it that is clothed in purple and fine linen? Who is it that fareth sumptuously

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every day? Not the depraved offcasts of society, too often the victims of the social glass. Not a country full of work-worn, ill-fed, heart and body sick women and children of drink-cursed husbands and fathers; none of these, but rather Belshazzar himself, with his brewers and distillers, his great organizations, and his thousands of soft-handed, hard-hearted lords.

But let us on with the parallelism. The first verse of the Scriptural narrative says with Biblical conciseness, Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. And there is likewise feasting in the palace of the rum-king to-day, every day, every night in the year—the feasting of devils let loose in man. No need of other royal tables than the saloon counters of the country glittering with the gold and silver of a rum-cursed nation, and laden with poison, the slow, insidious poison that in the end biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The sound of oaths, coarse jests, and all uncleanness fall

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insinuatingly on the fast reeling senses, the fumes of a hellward burning incense floating heavily on the whisky-charged air. Is it, I ask you, a feast of reason, a flow of anything but damning liquor by whatsoever name called? And further, Belshazzar must needs desecrate the sacred chosen vessels intended for God's service, defiling and polluting men, soiling with the sin-cursed stuff the young manhood of our country, and too often the virtue of its young women, unhallowing all that pure men are accustomed to reverence.

And is nobody to blame for this widespread, unblushing desecration at the hands of a legalized rum-traffic? Does the voting Church of God set its seal of approval on this unholy violation of all that is best and purest in God's sight and man's? But we may not pause. Desecration leads to idolatry. Belshazzar and his imitative company fall to praising the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone. Likewise from the banquet of the rum king there goes up daily a mighty babel of praise to the

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gods that see not, neither hear nor know, to the glittering golden idols of tantalus appetites, to the silver eagle of avarice, to the gods of sounding, unavailing brass, rusting iron, rotten wood, and cold, crumbling stone. God pity them and us who would cast our votes in favor of such idolatry, and send the gospel to heathendom by others! I press on, however, for the finger of justice is writing its message on the wall of every whisky palace, beer shop, and rum hole in the country, writing the mystic message of "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and amid the awful consternation that ensues the wild, drunken curses of maddened blasphemers, and the speechless horror of beastly sots I hear the clarion voice of Daniel interpreting, "God hath numbered thy kingdom," the day when the kingdom of strong drink shall be numbered, when the long tale of saloon-born anarchy, political corruption, sorrow, woe, poverty, misery, distress, and bloodshed shall be ended and finis written forever. May God help us to hasten that finis!

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But hark! the voice of Daniel again reaches my ear, "Weighed in the balances." Let us picture it for ourselves a moment. A pair of world-wide, heaven-high, hell-deep scales swing slowly through time and eternity. In one side is Belshazzar, demon of strong drink, arch-fiend of the race, enemy of God and man, our nation's greatest curse, the subsidizer of its ballot, the destroyer of its citizens. Belshazzar the saloon traffic, with its one hundred and fifty millions of dollars to aid in defraying the nation's expenses. In the other—God, help us to face it, however heartrending!—in the other the blasted homes of drinking, drunkard husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, the unavailing tears of feeble women, the wailing of tender, innocent children with crime, pauperism, disease, and insanity.

My friends, have you ever looked into the subject of alcoholic desecration to see what it means, and how it is done? If you have not, or if you have, no matter, let us read together for a few moments a little physi-

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ology and Bible on the subject. In turning my eye cursorily over the index of a handbook on physiology and hygiene, I read such headings as "Alcohol a Poison," "Alcohol in the Stomach," "Alcohol and the Liver." Then glancing over the text proper, I find that alcohol, according to scientific experiment, is a slow poison, a narcotic poison, treacherous and enticing. I read on further and learn that alcohol irritates the mucous membrane lining of the stomach and hinders digestion. I read on further, and learn that alcohol hardens the lung tissue and renders the drunkard liable to hemorrhage and consumption. I read on further, and learn that alcohol paralyzes the nerves and weakens the heart action. And last of all, under a discussion headed "Alcohol and the Mind," I learn that alcohol is an enemy to the brain, dethroning for the time being the intelligence and moral nature, the reason and judgment. And this in brief is a part of alcoholic desecration, the cool verdict of science, and one of the best temperance speeches on record.

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Now let us see what God's Word says about the desecration of these bodies of ours. Listen while I read that "We are to present these bodies of ours a living sacrifice wholly acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." And again: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of God, and that the Holy Spirit dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." And once more: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price? Therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

But I ask you, my brother, is the sacrifice of an unholy, unclean body made so by alcoholic desecration acceptable unto God? Does a drunkard glorify God in his body, much less in his spirit, both of which are God's? And now let us come to the greatest fact in God's universe, the sublime old story of the cross, and how through it, and it alone, a world of

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intemperance must be brought to the feet of God. Sooner or later we must realize that beyond all Keeley Cures for this disease on earth, beyond all balms in Gilead, is the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son that cleanseth us from all sin. But shall we wait, my friends, till a man's body is desecrated, his moral nature weakened, and his whole life laid waste, before we point him to that Savior from the sin of intemperance, and all others?

But there are those of you before me to-day who doubt in your heart of hearts the final triumph of temperance over intemperance, of good over evil. Some of us, perhaps all, have at one time or another prayed with our lips, "Thy Kingdom come," while we knew in our hearts that nothing would surprise us more than an answer to our prayer. In other words, some of us think we know too much about the world and human nature to believe that the kingdom of God could ever come to our sin-stained earth. And yet, and yet, my brother, God's own Son put that prayer on our lips and in our hearts, and

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lives, too, if we live aright. I do not mean to say that we know, you and I, all that is included in "Thy Kingdom come." Nor do I mean that we are to hereby infer that evil will not always be in the world until time shall be no more; but I do mean to say that I believe that each one of us has his part to do in bringing that kingdom to dwell among men. Nay, more, I believe with all my heart in that one far-off Divine event to which the whole creation moves. If I did not, I should be of all men most miserable, a pessimist of pessimists, if I did not believe, I say, that right must conquer in the end, since God is God.

But again, Daniel is speaking, "Weighed in the balances and found wanting," wanting in all that makes life worth the living, wanting in the old-fashioned virtues of love, joy, peace, and hope for the life that now is, and that which is to come. Shall the kingdom of the rum fiend be divided and given to the Medes and Persians? Will that day come when it shall be said, "Belle is taken, Mero-dock is broken in pieces, her idols are con-

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founded, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her gods he hath broken unto the ground.”

One point more in the parallelism, however—the message of justice, the prophecy of Belshazzar's downfall, how did it come? And you answer, “Through the fingers of a man's handwriting on the wall.” Is there, or is there not, significance for us in this human handwriting on a Babylonish palace wall that long ancient yesternight? My friends, the message of justice continues to speak through our human hands, when we, wielding the pen of a conscience-free ballot, write, For God and Home and Native Land. But let us hear the conclusion of the whole argument. The story ends with awful abruptness, for “in that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.” And annually in this country one hundred thousand are slain. One hundred thousand men and women for whom Jesus died lie down in drunkards' graves and are consigned to a drunkard's hell. And annually one billion two hundred millions of

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dollars are spent for alcohol. If one-half of this big, round sum could be spent on the poor and the needy in this country, there need be no cry at any time of hard times within the bounds of America. But why stand and weep over this waste of the people's money? What will it avail to spend our time in lamenting over the want, poverty, and woe to be found among the half-clothed, half-fed, and neglected of our citizens? As long as public sentiment remains as it is, as long as our laws remain unchanged upon our statute books, as long as bar-rooms fill our land, just so long will this great tide of alcohol bear away on its bosom the money of the people, and leave behind human wants, and woes, and wails. This annual drain would bind our land in one unbroken network of railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines, dot every hillside with school-houses and churches, erect charitable institutions wherever afflicted humanity groans under the burden of this curse, and make the blessings of education as free as the air we breathe.

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O my friends, when will we be free from the curse of this monster that is laying waste to the home of peace and comfort, destroying the fondest hopes, blighting the most promising germ of youth, and snatching the very bread from the starving infant's little hand all over this green land of ours? When? Well, in all I have said I have been opening up before you a plain, simple issue. It only remains to determine its practical application to ask you now on which side of it you will elect to stand. If I have told you only that which you know to be true, if I have stripped open before you a horrible putrifying sore in our social system, the stench of which is rife every day in your nostrils, what then? As factors of public sentiment, aye more, as sovereign American voters, responsible for your citizenship to your neighbor, to your own conscience, to God, what are you going to do about it? The Anti-saloon League, the Prohibitionists, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are holding up a great remedy for this great evil, this cancerous,

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sloughing sore in our social system and body politic. Will you accept it, or will you reject and spurn it? The question is seriously pertinent, it is awfully solemn; you may try, but you can't dodge it; you can't silence it or compromise with it. It is a ghost that will not down at your bidding. In a life-and-death grapple between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between honest manhood and besotted debauchery, between home and the saloon, there is no foothold of neutral ground. If intemperance is an evil, if the licensed dram-shop is a curse, if drunkenness is a fearful leprosy disseminating its infection among our neighbors, breaking the hearts of our women, and perpetuating itself in our offspring, you can not escape your obligation as good and true men to array yourself openly against it. I state the proposition boldly. I defy contradiction. As honest, fair-minded citizens you must come out squarely against this evil, or you must boldly deny that it is an evil at all. If you admit the horrible truth of all I have tried to tell you, your conscience

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will point out the plain path of duty. To shun that path of duty is to give the lie to stubborn facts that everywhere confront and confound you. Is n't that plain, and is n't it true? Has either one of our two great political parties ever enunciated a platform in which this license curse has not been provided for? Has either one of them ever dared to nail a banner of Prohibition as large as your hand to its party masthead? Alas, no! They openly stand for the saloon, and we know it. We do not follow them in the dark. They stand for licensed debauchery, for licensed poverty, for licensed crime and madness, for the right to make men demons, wives widows, and to impoverish innocent little children, all in strict accordance with legal statute.

O my friends, I see men before me who for honest conscience' sake would fight and die at the polls, if need be, to right some political wrong, and yet whose consciences are strangely, morbidly seared and senseless to this temperance question. I can understand how they may honestly divide and differ on

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questions of tariff and finance and other economic questions of political policy, but upon this great moral issue, in regard to which all good and true men are in theoretical accord, I shudder at the practical repudiation of manly responsibility. I see philanthropists spending their labor and money in a conscientious effort to advance the public welfare, and yet they will vote to perpetuate this public curse. I see good men professing to abhor drunkenness and despise the saloon, and then go to the polls to encourage the drunkard and license his ruin. I see fathers rearing young boys, toiling day by day to mold them into fitting stamina for the coming generation, and yet voting on a mere quibble of personal liberty or party fealty to pave every step of their progress with licensed temptation. I have stood by the polls and seen members of the Church, professing to reverence God and love their fellows, with whisky ballots in their hands, and the blood of their neighbors on their heads. And I stood aghast with wonder and amazement that it could be so. But I

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have placed the issue before you, and I leave it with you. You will severally decide according to your own consciences. Personal liberty or party fealty on the one side; *duty*, that sublimest word in the English language, on the other; debauchery, poverty, cruelty, crime on the one side; integrity, self-respect, manliness, and virtue on the other. The licensed dram-shop, with its misery and shame, on the one side; the safety, sanctity, and sweetness of home on the other. Good men, true men, Christian men, I call upon you to come out on the side of duty, virtue, and home, and work and vote to wipe out this accursed, iniquitous, legalized rum-traffic. Won't you do it?

And now, in conclusion, to the poor inebriate let me say that there is still hope for you. The Lord Jesus Christ this evening stands ready and willing and able to save the poor drunkard, and the saloon-keeper, too. Jesus said, "In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." He has prepared a place for you and for me. A

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house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God. And through and by His atoning blood every man, woman, and child in this world can, if they will, enter that heavenly mansion, and live forever. I thank God for this great salvation, offered to all the world without money and without price.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE BLOT ON OUR CIVILIZATION.

*As delivered at Bethlehem Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Pa., and at Hanson Place Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.*



## “THE BLOT ON OUR CIVILIZATION.”

THE cause of temperance, my friends, is a cause which should need no argument. It is a cause which commends itself to the favor, to the sympathy, and to the interests of every individual member of society. It appeals to a man's reason and judgment, to the welfare of his present, to the safety of his future, and no man, be his position what it may, can afford to be insensible or indifferent to such appeals. He may excuse himself to his conscience, he may compromise with the promptings of duty, he may even beg the question of moral obligation, but he can not take issue against it. Doubtless there is no man before me to-day who would not prefer, and vastly prefer, that his son should grow up to be a sober man, that his daughter should become the wife of a sober husband, that the neighbors and friends around him, his judge, his

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legislator, his lawyer, his physician, his merchant, his friend, his servant, the men generally who share his confidence, and serve him in any and every capacity, should be men of the very strictest sobriety. Is it not so? I challenge any member of this audience to instance the case of any man who has rejected temperance and prohibition because it was not a good and safe investment. And the abandoned drunkard himself looks down with contempt upon a debauched companion; his whole nature revolts, the instincts of humanity recoil before the picture of his own beastly excesses when once he has been brought to confront them. And the liquor dealer, the man whose business it is to cater to the appetite of the poor victim and dupe, rarely reaches that stage of professional success separable from sentiments of disgust.

And thus you see, my friends, that theoretically considered we are all temperance people, however practically some of us may deny the fact that the cause which I am here to represent this evening is a cause very

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closely allied to every man's interest, that it is a cause which is as near and dear to your hearts as it is to mine. Theoretically we are a temperance people, but practically we are a nation of drunkards. This is a paradoxical assertion; but paradoxical as it may seem, it is a self-evident truth all the same. Who doubts it? We are a Church-going people. We pay every year one hundred and fifty millions of dollars for Church expenses. We pay one hundred and seventy-five millions for public education, over three hundred millions for bread, and over nine hundred millions for meat. But we pay more than a billion per year for liquor. As a nation we pay almost as much for our grog as we pay altogether for our churches, our public schools, our bread, and our meat. Rum is the seal and pledge of our social friendships, the solace of our lighter hours, the lethe of our sorrows, a boasted pillar of our national revenue. Our statesmen clink their glasses over the bar-room counter, our political franchise is a commodity bought and sold with the

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paltry price of a glass of whisky. Our statutes are steeped in wine, and sometimes, and (I am sorry to have to say this) that some of the members of some of our Churches will sometimes uphold and defend the dram-shop. What is wrong?

Now I am not here, my friends, to raise an issue with the drunkard. I would rather turn away from the picture. It is too sad and pitiable for words of reproach. The curse of God, the loathsome leprosy of the twentieth century is on him, and drunk or sober now, he is henceforth a miserable wreck of God's noblest work, a spectacle that stirs our disgust, that shames our humanity, that cries aloud for pity. I saw him the other day staggering along the street, the dust of the bar-room floor was clinging to his clothing, the fumes of debauchery were in his breath. But let him alone. God has cursed him; why should I? No, I am not here to condemn and abuse the poor fellow who in the flush of his dangerous self-confidence, perhaps in the very flower of his youth is bartering away

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to-night over some bar-room counter his manhood, his ambition, his talent, his soul to the service of a pitiless tyrannical master. It may be your boy, it may be mine. Somebody's boy, wayward perhaps, but still bearing in the lines of his youthful face the tender grace of a mother's training and a mother's love. He is all unconscious of his danger, blind to the crumbling verge beneath his feet. God knows that I have nothing in my heart for him but the agony of a great love and pity beyond my power of language to express.

I am not here, my friends, to pick a quarrel with the dram-seller, the man whose business it is to deal out the poison, to break down the barriers of moral self-restraint and self-respect, to educate and fit his victim's body and soul for ruin in this world, and hell in the next. Why should I? He is your servant and mine, no better and no worse than his masters. O, but you say you are not to be classed with a liquor-dealer; you want your son to grow up to be a sober man, you want your daughter to become the wife of a sober

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husband, you want sober men to share your confidence and serve your business interests, and so does the dealer. You will admit that the world would be better off and happier if there was n't a drop of liquor in it. And so does he. I never saw a dram-seller or a drunkard in my life who would n't cheerfully admit it. Well, in what respect, then, do you differ from him as a theoretical temperance man, except as your agent, created and licensed for the work, he is doing the public bidding? Let us look at the situation squarely. Let us accept the facts as they are. Our government wants revenue. The State valued the public virtue, the peace and happiness of her citizens, and the dealer bought and paid for them. Has n't he a right, lawful and equitable, to the use and enjoyment of his purchase? Why should I stop to crush with my heel this natural outgrowth of a depraved and polluted popular sentiment, this fungus that sprouts up spontaneously and inevitably like a deadly miasm in the dank atmosphere of our social and political environments?

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O no, my friends, let us be honest with ourselves; let us be consistent with the dealer. If there is any drunkard here, pitiable victim of an overweening self-confidence, even a dram-seller, I bid him welcome. I have no quarrel with him, only a feeling of pity very nearly akin to disgust. I am not here to sum up all the guilt, and suffering, and crime, and madness bequeathed to poor humanity by his business and hurl them at his head. He has only an individual share with us in a national crime and a common responsibility. Let him sit down with us in peace. I once made a speech by invitation from the doorsteps of a dram-shop, the bartender and his boon companions interested and respectful listeners. The fact is, the rum business is simply a great co-partnership concern, in which the active partners are the State, the flesh, and the devil. The silent partners are the sober people, and too often members of our Christian Churches.

My friends, stand up and deny it, any of you who can. O, but you say stop. You tell me that I am carrying the argument too far,

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that I am compromising with the evil, excusing the drunkard, condoning the crime of the dealer, that I am breaking down the line of distinction between the temperance people and the drunkard. Not at all. Will any of you point out this dividing line? Will any of you dare attempt it? Well, let us see. Here is a man who boasts that he was never drunk in his life. He abhors drunkenness; he would n't employ a man in business who patronized a dram-shop. But he takes a glass of beer or whisky whenever he is tired or cold. To that extent he is himself a patron of the dram-shop. He is giving aid and comfort to the business; he is lending his influence in behalf of the decency, respectability, and beneficence of alcoholic poison as a beverage. The subtleness of the man's power for evil has never been measured, and never will be in this world. Well, where will you place him? Then here is another. He has no appetite for strong drink. He has no pity for the weakness and cowardice of a man who can't take a drink and go home sober. A little good

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whisky is useful to have in the house. He sets out the decanter to his friends when they call. He would n't dare allow his own son to join him or his guests in a social glass; but he is n't exactly so particular about your boy or mine. They ought to be able to take care of themselves. Well, where will you place him? Then, here is another; he is awake to all the evils of intemperance. He would n't allow a drop of liquor in his house. He would disown his son if he saw him patronizing a dram-shop. But he owns a corner store. It is true a groceryman used to occupy it; but a liquor-dealer came along and offered him a dollar more per month for it. Of course, he is not responsible for the business done there. So the dealer pays the rent. “A man must look out for himself in these hard times; a man who does n't provide for his family is worse than an infidel.” True, conscience says that in a certain sense he has become a partner in the traffic. But he readily retorts, “Am I my brother's keeper?” Well, where will you place him? But here is another, a good old

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Christian brother. He boasts that he never touched a drop of liquor in his life, and never will. He would n't rent a house for the sale of liquor. Not he. Why, he sold a lot of ground once, and he had a condition inserted in the deed, that "if liquor was ever retailed there, then the obligation conveying the title should be henceforth null and void." He sits twice every Sunday in his family pew in the "Amen" corner, for he is diligent on the "word." For many years he has heard the awful Word of God declare that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Well, surely here is a man who is uncompromisingly grounded in his convictions, one man whose attitude can not be mistaken. But wait. There was an election over there some time ago, and the no-license issue had crept into the canvass, and some one told him that the legislative candidate of his choice was the representative of the saloon element. That the power of the dram-shop was at his back, that he was obligated to use all the weight of his ability to defend and perpetuate the

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evil. They said: “We are fighting for prohibition now, fighting to close those saloons, fighting for the safety of our boys, fighting in defense of our women, fighting for humanity, for God; we are voting as we pray.” “O yes,” said this good old man. “But all my life I have stood for the nominee of my old party. I know that my man is not what I would like for him to be; he is not a clean man. And I am a temperance man, you all know that; but I can’t leave my old party it seems, no matter who they put on the ticket.” Well, where will you place him?

O my friends, will you dare attempt to draw this line when it shuts out the Amen corner of the church, and sometimes even the pulpit, with the dram-seller and the drunkard, when Christian piety will lock hands with drunken blasphemy, and members of the Churches will wrap their white robes about this monster fiend, this arch enemy of our race, the devil’s best friend and God’s worst enemy? And yet, my friends, this line is often drawn. God of nations, can we wonder

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that Thy face is so often turned away from us, that our prayers come back to us void and empty, that the heavens are brass to our cries? The blood of untold victims cries to Thee from the ground, the prayers and tears of innocence and dependence are daily rising up before Thee as a memorial. When wilt Thou bear Thy strong right arm for swift and speedy vengeance on Thy people? Come, friends, let us understand each other, let us look at the situation squarely, let us get out from behind the victim and the dupe, the manufacturer and the dealer, to confront our own individual responsibility to God and humanity.

Theoretically we are a temperance people, but practically we are a nation of drunkards. Well, what do you theoretical temperance people propose to do to meet the situation? I cheerfully accord you honesty of conviction. You agree that this drink-evil is the unparalleled crime of the twentieth century. But what will you do about it? Honest conviction involves a sense of responsibility, of active

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duty. The recognition of a public danger must inspire you as a good citizen with wisdom and courage to confront it. But how will you do it? Some of you doubtless maintain that temperance effort should expend its force in the attempted reformation and cure of the drunkard. I recognize your contention as one of the popular placeboes with which the public conscience is often soothed. Drunkenness, you say, is a disease, an expression of inherent weakness, of morbid appetite, or of moral depravity. You propose to cure the disease by the application of such influences as tend to redeem and upbuild character, and which we sometimes call moral suasion. If you are not a temperance reformer yourself, it may be that you countenance the work by your influence, perhaps by your money and even by your prayers. You argue that society and the State should accept the burden of its drunkards, as it does of its lunatics and indigent sick. You are willing to pay your share of the taxes. Very well, let us accept your view for a moment. Only

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let me ask how many victims you propose to cure.

Near my father's homestead years ago stood an old tenement occupied by a large colored family. One of the children fell ill of consumption, and ultimately died of the disease. And then another was stricken, and another, and another, until the last member of that large family was buried. Medical skill was invoked in vain to save the victims. Every effort was put forth to locate and exterminate the source of infection; but however the bacteriologist of our later day may explain it, every family that went to live in that old tenement began to furnish new victims for the greedy destroyer. Finally some one said: "There is a curse hanging over this old building; it is a public menace; it must be torn down." And they razed it to the ground.

I have often thought of that old death-trap, brethren, when I have stopped to estimate the earnest but futile waste of philanthropic effort expended by society and the

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Church to redeem and cure our drunkards, and with what result? How few, after all, are saved. I may make a bold assertion, but I challenge successful refutation when I declare that the proportion cured is scarcely greater than the proportion rescued from the grasp of that other deadly scourge of our civilization, consumption itself. There is indeed, to my mind, a striking and startling parallel between these two fell destroyers of human life, the same insidious, treacherous beginning in both, the same flattering cheatery of delusive hope, the same covert but relentless march to the end, in spite of all that skill and friendly interest and tender affection can interpose. Our doctors tell us there is an early stage in tuberculosis, when the disease may sometimes be arrested. That a mature and vigorous constitution will sometimes keep the deadly culmination at bay for years. That the poor victim in tender, sanguine youth often gallops, as it were, to the grave. They tell us, too, the disease is prone to relapse. That the germs, once planted in

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the lungs, the tendency to recurrence is never uprooted. That the victim rescued from its grasp must live on at best in the very shadow of doom. Our vital statistics prove that it heads the list of human mortality, that it is responsible for more than ten per cent of death in our race. And so the very name of this disease has become not only a reproach to our science and a synonym of despair to our healing art, but a word of common terror that blanches the cheek and chills the heart.

But, my friends, there is not one of these morbid phases that you have not seen illustrated time and again as manifestations of that moral and physical pathology known as the drunkard's disease. The same insidious, deceptive symptoms mark its onset. The eye may even brighten, and the cheek glow with a hectic flush of deceitful vigor. It is the occasional social glass that, like the little tickling cough, strikes no note of warning. But wait; the seeds of development have been planted gradually, perhaps imperceptibly. The danger creeps on as noiselessly and

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stealthily as the midnight assassin stealing into the chamber of unconscious slumber. Mother, it may be your boy that lies there, or mine—our heart’s idol, wrapped in the deep sleep of a fancied security, to which there comes no warning dream of danger. Poor mother, you may have crept there a guardian angel, as you have done time and again, impelled by that strange sense of solicitude only born of a mother’s anxiety and tender care. But you see no danger; your boy sleeps. It may be that the fumes of the disease are even now in his breath; but the smile of unconscious innocence playing on his face lulls anxiety and soothes alarm. God keep my boy safe, is the prayer of your mother’s heart, and you, too, turn away and sleep. But the steady, stealthy, noiseless step creeps on and on. O God! will that boy wake in time? Who will save him before it is too late? O if something would only fall and jar him out of the slumber of his fancied security, if only the gleam of the assassin’s knife would flash across the vista of his

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dream. If only the fire-bells of conscience would clang out and arouse him to his peril.

Come, my theoretical temperance friends, you say drunkenness is a disease. What are you doing to save the young men around you? Perhaps a hundred or more stricken with an infection that will during this year sweep into eternity its annual death-rate of one hundred thousand victims. Here lies one victim in the curable stage of this dread malady. You might save him now; but next year it may be too late. Are you going to wait until the poison has laid hold of his vitals, crushed out his manhood, burnt its way into his soul, and then take him up at last, a hopeless, incurable wreck, to defy and shame your best efforts to reclaim and save—is that what you propose to do? O, but you tell me again that I am carrying the argument too far. You are not willing to admit that drunkenness is as fearful a malady as that to which I have compared it. You say you read the papers, you read the records of our vital statistics; it is only now and then that you hear of a death

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from drunkenness. But ask your physician to strip from his death record its smoother technicalities, and tell you how often the certificate would read in cold English, “Died from strong drink.” He says there is always an essential cause of death, and often a contributing cause. For instance, here is a death from pneumonia; strong drink was the essential cause, the pneumonia was the contributing factor. Here is a case of dropsy, another of heart failure, and another of Bright’s disease, and so on, all falling by strict interpretation of morbid causation under the head of strong drink. Here is a poor fellow who died wretchedly in a hovel of exposure and hunger; but he died from strong drink. Another who perished in a mad-house from frenzy and exhaustion. Another who fell in a bar-room from the knife of a murderer. Another who dropped down from a bullet that crashed through his brain from his own hand. Another strangled on the scaffold, or scorched and stiffened by the lightning bolt of the death-chair. They all died from strong

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drink. Step with me a moment into this aristocratic mansion where crepe hangs from the the door-knob. How chill is the silence and gloom inside? The late master of the house lies here, a leading merchant of the town, whose life's ledger was closed with a sudden snap yesterday, and the account sent on to be balanced in the judgment. He was a successful man of business and a popular citizen; he entertained well, kept the best stock of old liquors in his house, may have rented a family pew in the church. But had not gone to bed sober for several years. The doctors said "he died of apoplexy superinduced by intense business application." But tear away the flower-wreaths, lay aside the grave clothes, and with the dissecting scalpel of cold truth go down to the secrets of the autopsy. Yes, here are plugged arteries and ruptured veins and blood-clots; but beyond and beneath it all, what? The glaring evidences of a pathology that discounts the death certificate and the newspapers, that tells all the whole pitiful truth. The man died of strong drink.

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He died drunk. Ah! what if we always dared to call things by their right names?

I was shocked not long ago to hear of the death of an old friend who was at one time my near neighbor. We had drifted apart for some years; but another friend told me all the sad and pathetic story of his life. After marrying, he became a bartender. He was genial and popular. It was his stock in trade. Later he had been overtaken by delirium tremens, and the dealer had turned him off. The dealer did n't want, of course, a man about his bar who saw loathesome snakes crawling among his bottles, and fiends grinning out from behind the wine-casks. The poor fellow tried to reform, and ultimately got a new position; but it was always the old story over again of “snakes and fiends,” until at last the liquor business closed its avenues against him. Well, what has life to offer to such a pitiable, miserable wreck of manhood? What is all the world when its boundaries are narrowed to the confines of an arena where human frailty is to fight out for all its days a

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hopeless combat with frenzied thirst? One night he drove to a neighboring town, went into a bar-room, and spent the last cent in his pocket; then kindly bade his old companions good-night, and placing himself in a vehicle drove to the Bay shore, and taking a seat on the trunk of an old tree near the water's edge sent a bullet crashing into his brain. They found him there next morning. I chanced to be there, and saw him with my own eyes. I will never forget the sad and horrible spectacle. His old but well brushed Prince Albert was buttoned neatly over his breast, his necktie carefully adjusted, his hair smoothly brushed and parted, as a man quietly and deliberately prepares himself for a journey. The incoming tide had stolen up during the night, and lightly scattered some floating grass over the gruesome spectacle, as if to hide the pitiful tragedy from the eyes of God and men. "Died from a bullet wound made by his own hand," the coroner's inquest said. He died from strong drink.

Well, there is another class of theoretical

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temperance people who apply to their consciences another popular placebo. They have voted to maintain the dram-shop on every occasion that has presented itself; but they have compromised with the situation by abusing the dealer and piling vituperation on his business. I have been rather harshly criticised sometimes as a temperance speaker by this class of temperance people, because I have failed to cajole the popular sense by hurling anathemas at the dealer. It is no part of sound logic or temperance policy, my friends, to lay this soothing unction on the public conscience. I would rather irritate, and inflame and tear open the moral sensibilities of the public heart until it aches and bleeds with guilty remorse. I am no apologist for the dram-shop; but we may as well accept the fact once for all, that the liquor business is a legal business, and a respectable business as far as law and social recognition can make it so. Even some of the members of our Churches, as I have shown you, will sometimes tolerate and sanction and foster

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it. There is an old maxim of polemics which declares that whatever is lawful is right. Law is at least power and might, and the appeals of justice and expediency will not always stay its hand. And so, sir, the State has not only appraised the dignity and peace of your city; but, alas for you, poor mother, it has set a price on your son's manhood, measured the bottomless depths of your mother's love and mother's agony, and even estimated the priceless value of a human soul. It has all been figured up in the sum total of a license tax, and, little or much, the dealer has paid it. The receipt is posted up in his bar, behind his muddlers and his painted bottles. He has the authority and majesty of the State to breed discord in your community, to impoverish your neighbors, to rob you, poor mother, of your boy and murder him before your eyes, to break your heart, to damn a human soul. We may as well accept the fact squarely, and adjust ourselves as best we can to abide its horrible truth. Well, is all this right, or is it wrong? There is the issue.

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You can't misunderstand it, you can't evade it, you can't compromise with it, you can't argue it down; it is either right, or it is wrong. If it is right, then let us cease all this waste of temperance effort. Let us throw down our arms and open our gates to the despoiler. Let our statesmen come out openly and boldly for rum, as they do for tariff, gold, and silver. Let our physicians proclaim that alcohol is the water of life. Let our ministers tear from the Word of God all the awful judgments pronounced against the drunkard. Let us go on to weave this curse into the warp and woof of our civilization until the serious destiny of human life is turned into a very carnival of Bacchanalian revelry. Why not?

Ah, but if it is wrong! What if it is wrong? If it is wrong, then show me the plummet that will sound the depths of its infamy. If it is wrong, then this license curse is the crowning climax of wrong, compounded from the aggregate of all human wrong. It is the gaunt skeleton of poverty, the demon of crime, the

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fiend of madness, the ghastly ghost of death, all in one hideous, composite whole. More hideous for the sunlight of civilization that shines upon it, more heinous for the moral cowardice of a Christian nation that tolerates and defends it. If it is wrong, what then? I come to appeal to your citizenship, to your conscience, to your manhood for help to right this wrong. What will you do? Do n't tell me that temperance people are all fanatics. Do you know of any great revolution in science or morals that was not wrought out by fanatics? Do n't tell me that the little band of temperance and prohibition workers is too slender and weak to cope with its giant enemy. Brethren, this little band has gone forth to battle armed with the sling of God's providence, and in it the smooth pebble of a mighty truth that will yet conquer in spite of the mailed armor, the shield, and the sword of the giant, and it concerns us more to be on the side of virtue and right, than on the side of mere brute force. Conscience, aye, God Himself demands no more of you or me

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than one man's duty. But the fearful responsibility of that demand can not be evaded. We are standing upon the threshold of a new epoch in the history of the world. The rosy light of another century has burst upon the horizon of the ages. What wonderful feats of human progress, what achievements in art and science, what great strides in social reformation will mark this new epoch of time?

“Not in vain the distance beacons,  
Forward, forward let us range;  
Let the great world spin forever  
Down the ringing grooves of change.”

Ah! but will this hideous, heinous wrong, this brutal blood-stain, “This Blot on our Civilization,” mar the triumphs and glories of this new dawn? Shall we transmit this curse to the generations that are to follow after us? God forbid! O may God in His mercy lead this nation in the paths of duty, wisdom, justice, and mercy for His name's sake!



## CHAPTER IV.

### OLD THEORICUS.

*As delivered at the Young Men's Christian Association in Atlanta, Ga., and at Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.*



## OLD THEORICUS.

MY FRIENDS, I am here to-day, under a solemn sense of duty, to lay before you some facts and figures bearing upon this temperance question, together with certain natural inferences and deductions to be drawn therefrom, trusting and believing that the plain and solemn lessons of truth will carry to your minds a force of eloquence and power of conviction far beyond the scope of any thought or language which I may possess. And I promise to be as brief as the nature of my subject will possibly admit. The history of alcohol as a beverage makes up not only a curious, but a highly instructive study. It is not, as you are aware, a substance normally existing as a product of creation, but is the result of a chemical process known as vinous fermentation. In other words, the result of

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the presence of some fermenting influence upon certain and various substances containing grape sugar. It seems to have been known, nevertheless, in some shape or other from the earliest periods of the world's history, though the art of distillation, by which it is extracted from fermented liquors, was probably first known to the Arabians about nine hundred years ago. It is a curious circumstance that alcohol in the Arabic was a fine impalpable black powder, with which the ladies used to paint their eyebrows and eyelashes, in order to increase their beauty, somewhat like some of the young men of our own day, who sometimes take what they call a "horn," you know, just before venturing upon the society of young ladies to whom they wish to become agreeable. No doubt the Arabian women thought it increased their beauty, and I dare say the young men of a later generation derive a certain sense of increased magnitude and importance from its effects. Some of them go so far as to paint their noses and to color the whites of their

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eyes with this remarkable cosmetic, and thus equipped doubtless they feel prettier too, or richer or greater, or in some way or other better than before. Hence the unfortunate habit. From Arabia it was introduced during the twelfth century into Spain and France, though its use for three hundred years seems to have been strictly confined to remedial purposes. It was not until the fifteenth century that men began to use it to any extent as a beverage. During the sixteenth century an old gentleman by the name of Theoricus wrote a treatise upon its wonderful sanative power, in which he says, "It sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the heart." And thus you see, judged by its immediate effects, men began to think that it was a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and that it would not only cure diseases, but actually prevent them. They began to take it, not only in sickness, but in health; not only in weakness, but in robust health; not only in decrepit age, but in vigorous youth. It pro-

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duced a burning sensation in the stomach, and they took it to keep them warm; it evaporates readily and thereby absorbs heat, and they took it to keep them cool. There was no phase indeed, whether of sickness or health, to which its application did not appear a timely and invaluable blessing. Hence the common habit of drinking a health—a habit, you know, which obtains to this day. Then which it was fatally taught that friendship and favor could not find a holier or more praiseworthy office.

But three hundred years, my friends, of cruel, bitter experience has passed away. The use of alcohol, grounded upon the maxims of old Theoricus, has increased and extended until the whole civilized world has tested the fatal doctrines which he ignorantly taught. And with what result? The science of the nineteenth century, investigating under the broader light of advanced knowledge, pronounced this common beverage to be what? A subtle and diffused poison, a poison like opium, arsenic, or even strichnia itself. A

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poison which, however slowly and insidiously it may creep towards the inner sanctuary of life, feeding almost insensibly for years, it may be, upon the vitals, is nevertheless a poison as deadly as that which summer after summer in those doomed cities of the South has reveled in the very atmosphere of horror and destruction. Do you doubt it? Why, my friends, if the human body were a transparent machine into which you could look, as you look upon the face of a friend, you could read for yourselves the startling truth of the assertion. Long before you saw the red nose, the bloated cheek, and the bloodshot eye, you could see the finger-prints of the demon clutching at the vitals within. You could trace the delicate tint of the stomach, goaded by daily contact with this irritant poison, gradually changing the hue of a healthy child's cheek for the threatening flush of beginning inflammation. Nature, you know, has laws which man dare not trample upon with impunity. And science tells us that an irritant applied to a sensitive texture de-

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mands an increased flow of blood to the parts. That these little, delicate vessels, under the influence of this irritant poison, gradually begin to enlarge and spread out like the branches of a tree in a thousand ramifications. The surface has become inflamed, and eventually begins to grow black. The blood has stagnated there. The system suffers because it is not nourished, the organs become diseased, the very fountain of life is poisoned at its source. But is this all? From the stomach we learn that this poison is taken up by the absorbents and carried to the blood, and thus circulated through every portion of the body. But, mark you, as it was alcohol, a subtle, irritating poison, in the stomach, so it is alcohol in the brain, in the heart, in the blood-vessels, in the nervous system, in the emunctories, in every tissue and fiber of the whole animal economy. You take the blood of a drunkard from his head, his hand, or his foot, distill it, and you have alcohol. Dr. Kirk, of Scotland, you remember, in dissecting the body of a young man who had died

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in a fit of intoxication, took a fluid from the brain distinctly sensible to the smell as Scotch whisky. Applying a candle to it, it took fire—the lambent, blue flare, he says, characteristic of the poison itself playing for some seconds upon the surface of the spoon.

But why need we dwell longer upon these scientific details? Some of you, my friends, have stood by the open grave of more than one of these sad and pitiable victims. You have seen for yourselves the awful culmination of these hidden events. Science, you know, may have covered up the harsher name of that fatal malady under her smoother technicalities, friendship have hidden its pitiable record from the eyes of the world, and love garnitured that last resting-place with flowers. But standing there by that open grave you have seen for yourselves, and realized that, after all, it was but the sad, untimely ending of another career, duped by a dangerous self-confidence, and murdered at the hand of strong drink. And standing there by that open grave, did you pause to

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ask yourself the question—if your influence had ever been lent in the promotion of that sad and terrible event? You who twine a wreath of hallowed friendship about this poisoned cup, and then lift it to your neighbor's lips, pledging a health so soon to end in a drunkard's death? If so, conscience must have told you that just so far you stand guilty of that terrible deed; aye, guilty of all those dark woes of want and misery, which like sleuth-hounds may follow for years in the track of the widowed mother and her orphan children. Science has pronounced alcohol a poison. But what has the accumulated experience of the past three hundred years to testify of its record? A distinguished writer has said that the disease occasioned by it during that period has been by far more destructive than any plague that has ever raged throughout the land, more malignant than any pestilence that has ever desolated our suffering race.

Why, my friends, it has been carefully estimated from facts extensively circulated

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throughout the country, that alcohol has during the last fifty years cut off in the United States more than thirty millions of years of human life, and ushered more than a million of souls uncalled and unprepared into the presence of their God. And what shall we say of that darker record of crime, and want, and misery, and despair, which is only written in the pages of that great register which has never yet been open to human inspection? A record beyond human estimate and human comprehension. The wail of sin and misery, the doomed agony of a fate more cruel than death itself has surely reached up to heaven, if it has not rent the bowels of the earth. Have we not learned a lesson in all these three hundred years? A lesson written in lines of sin and in letters of tears and of blood. This poison has not only burnt into our stomachs, but burnt into our very souls, circulated not only through our veins, but sent its maddening current through all the avenues of our body politic, and laid its black

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and withering curse even upon our unborn future. Why then?

And the question is a fearfully solemn one, my friends, why in the face of all these terrible truths to which no man is a stranger do we yearly pay out as a nation the round sum of one billion two hundred millions of dollars as the price of so much suffering and sin? Why do we yearly lay upon the altar of this modern Molock the blood of more than one hundred thousand human beings? Why, in spite of all these bitter experiences of the past, do our wise and good men shut their eyes, our statesmen seal their lips, our Christian men and women fold their hands, our temperance organizations languish and die, and the civilized world, gorged with its bitter lessons of experience and shame, move on in the giddy dance of a drunken delirium, why? The question is a fearfully solemn one, my friends, so awfully solemn I believe that some of us are learning to skulk it. We will not, because we dare not look it squarely in the face. And this is an age of popular progress;

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it is almost wonderful to contemplate the wisdom and prudence expended by mankind in grappling with social evil and public danger. Find a leak, always excepting this whisky leak, in the treasury of a State or a nation, and lo! the strong arm of the law is invoked to set watch and ward there. Let but the advance guard of an epidemic threaten our shores, and the whole country will bristle with sanitary measures. Set up a rendering establishment upon your own premises any of you for purely legitimate and beneficent purposes, and let somebody with a fastidious nose go and complain that you have established a public nuisance, and an officer will soon tap you on the shoulder and compel its abatement. There are laws in the country relating to the purity of milk, laws for the protection of dumb animals, for the suppression of immoral and obscene literature, mail laws, and what not. The country may almost be said to have contracted a mania for popular self-defense, and all of these laws are good enough as far as they go. But they do not go far

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enough. Why, here is a leak in the public treasury of one billion two hundred millions of dollars per year. Not exactly a stupendous loss to the country. Would to heaven it were only that! But a vast sum expended in just so much misery, degradation, and death. And here is an epidemic not threatening our shores, but riding high carnival in our very midst, at our very doors, in our very homes. An epidemic to which the combined malignancy of the burning typhus, the loathsome smallpox, the cholera of the East, or the yellow fever of the South can only furnish a fitting comparison. And yet, here in this enlightened age of popular progress and of gospel light, the great vox populi, the voice of the people, which is as the voice of a god, is still repeating the same old maxims of Theoricus, "It sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it lightheneth the mind, it quickeneth the heart." Well, somebody says, "The whisky is a good thing in its place, and that however poisonous it may be, it won't hurt you if you let it alone." Well, a rattlesnake won't for

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that matter. But they are not very good things to have around. But I deny the assumption. You can't affect my community, without affecting me as a member of it, can you? You can't affect the business of my community without affecting my business, can you?

And let us take this matter a little closer home. I see many ladies in the audience here, and it is very likely that some one of you has a little boy at home. If I were to tell you that that little boy would grow up to be a drunkard, would die a drunkard, and fill a drunkard's grave, you would despise me for daring to hint at such an idea. Why, every night you take him down at your knee and teach him his little prayer. You are every day planting the seeds of morality and virtue in his little heart. You are teaching him to shun the evil and choose the good, to grow up to be a good and noble man worthy of the name he bears, worthy of his mother's care, his mother's love, and his mother's pride. But in a few more years he will take his stand

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upon the threshold of manhood. And what then? Why, right over there in your neighborhood, it may be in sight of your very door, a man will be sitting in wait for him, whose business it is, whose policy it is, whose bread and meat it is to give him this poison. I do n't say that your boy will ever get in there, but I do say the chances are that he will, and if he does he may come back to you with a smiling face, and with the same tender love in his heart for his old mother. But he will never be exactly the same boy again. Never in this world. The poison will have gone down into his stomach, and burnt its way into his soul. He will have taken his first step in the career of a drunkard, and who shall say where it is to end? He will have started out on that road that will lead in this year one hundred thousand men to the almshouse, two hundred thousand to the State's prison, and one hundred thousand to drunkards' graves. Will he stop there? I say the chances are only increased against him. The policy of the dealer is at stake, the charm of

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gay companionship lingers about the place, the pledge of friendship has woven such a garland about that poison, it is so kindly humane, that it seems almost divine. There is a dangerous subtleness, a venomous fascination lurking in the intoxicating glass which no chemist has ever yet analyzed, but against which no strength of character, nobility of purpose, or piety of heart is a sure and absolute safeguard. I say the chances are that he will go there again, that he will drink down his time, drink down his credit, his character, his ambition, drink down the very hoardings that you had worked your fingers sore to lay up for him, drink down his good name, and lie down somewhere at last a moral and physical wreck, a very curse and libel on his race.

My friends, this is no fancy picture; have n't you seen the pitiable illustration of it all? I have not drawn upon my imagination for these fearful details. I have only briefly sketched the downward career of a friend in my mind. A man, perhaps, of the finest intellectual taste I have ever known,

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from whose brow I have wiped the sweat-drops of an agony too deep to find utterance in words as he lay struggling and praying in an agony of remorse to quell the demon of his appetite for strong drink. He died not long ago a drunkard and an outcast in a foreign land, a self exile from a comfortable home, a beautiful wife, and a bright little boy, and none of us who loved him can to this day mark the spot where he fills a nameless drunkard's grave.

And must our children, too, run the gauntlet of this terrible danger? Ah, my friends, there is a fearful wrong somewhere, a wrong which the vaunted science and boasted progress of this age should begin to grapple with, a fearful sense of blame which cries aloud in the name of common humanity for remedy and redress. And I pray you, my friends, do not lay the burden of this blame at the door of the poor victim and dupe. I protest that the danger to society never did, and never will, lie at the door of the abandoned drunkard, be his social position what it may.

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I believe that no man ever started out with the firm, deliberate purpose to end his career in a drunkard's grave. And I believe that no man ever reached that end who had not at some point in that career awakened to a sense of the danger. The awakening had come, if it had come too late. And how little you may know, my friends, after all, of those earnest, impotent struggles when the high-born and manly resolve, time and again laying its desperate grasp upon some rallying point of awakened conscience, has wrestled in vain to stem the tide. How little you may know of the firm, set purpose born perhaps in the agony of a father's heart by the death-bed of a little child, it may be; a purpose doomed, alas! for no fault of noble resolve, no lack of bitter anguish, to end in shameful, pitiable defeat.

Ah, my friends, it may be that behind this great army of one hundred thousand human beings, yearly tramping onward to the pale realms of shade, there is left an unwritten history of heroic struggles, of desperate ef-

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forts, of manly valor of which even the scarred and veteran warrior might well be proud. Friends, husbands, fathers, you who have silently wept tears of unseen remorse at the remembrance of some hasty, unkind word that found its way to a patient, loving heart, you whose bosoms have bled over the little toe or tiny finger that your heel unwillingly and unknowingly crushed among the playthings on the carpet, think of the keen, bitter anguish of that man whose own hand has wrecked the warmth and cheer and sanctity of his own fireside, whose own heel has trodden down the love of a tender, patient wife and the safeguard of prattling, dependent innocence. We hear of the touching appeals of temperance orators, of the eloquence of a Gough, a Woolley, or a Bain swaying the heart with an irresistible influence; but I know, my friends, whereof I speak, and I know that the grandest temperance appeal, the most touching eloquence that ever burnt its way into the heart of any victim of this vice, is the yearning cry of his own inner con-

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science for strength. Strength to resist the evil. And are these the people, these dupes, these pitiable victims of a moral miasm the men at whose doors you would lay the burden of this responsibility, this awful guilt? Sent out into a world reeking with the poisoned breath of this pestilence, steaming up from its corner dram-shops, floating in the perfumed air of its ball-rooms, lurking in the grasp of social kindness, sparkling in the sunlight of a genial festivity, thrust to their lips by the hand of neighbor and friend as the boasted pledge of health and hallowed friendship? Is it any wonder that the subtle, venomous poison should creep in unawares, and taint the blood and blight the soul with a curse? Shall these plague-stricken and dying victims of a widespread moral depravity be charged with the guilt of their own ruin and their own blood?

Be not deceived, my friends. It may be that the poor, pitiable drunkard, the victim of an appetite which has long ago baffled the last despairing effort of the will, may yet rise

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in judgment above his stronger brother when human frailty and human influences shall be weighed in the balances of Divine justice. And I pray you, my friends, do not lay the burden of this blame alone at the door of the dealer, the man who for a sordid love of gain caters to the appetite of the victim and dupe. I am not here to defend the man who sells, or the man who manufactures rum. Not by any means. Neither am I here to soothe the public conscience with their wholesale abuse. I believe it is no part of sound reason or temperance policy to do so. I believe the moral sense of the community, the great consciousness of the people has too long hidden itself under this convenient subterfuge. There is a moving power behind these men, into the hands of which they are the agents and instruments of evil. They are the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of a social depravity favorable to their developments and congenial to their existence. Parasites, if you please, thriving and fattening upon a corrupt tone of the popular moral sense, and you need

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not doubt that whatever may be said against them so long as the opportunity remains, the sordid love of gain will fasten upon it, so long as money is to be made in the traffic or manufacture there will be found men to make it.

And I want you to remember that it is a legal business, and as far as the forms of law can make it so an honorable business, and when the licensed dealer here in your city takes your boy into his bar-room and robs him of his time, his money, his ambition, his honor, and turns him out a confirmed drunkard, I want you to remember that it was all done strictly according to law, and when he has picked out one by one all the little tender virtues you had planted in that boy's heart, blasted his last hope of reformation, and thrown him out to die the death of a pitiable, miserable drunkard, a sacrificial victim murdered at the hand of this modern Molock, I want you to remember that it was a strictly legal murder, and that the price of your boy's blood and his soul has gone straight to the public treasury. Why, do n't you remember

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the thrill of sickening horror that ran through the whole civilized country some time ago when the rumor reached us that a savage chieftain over in one of the islands of Madagascar had butchered a number of his young women, that their blood might be used in cementing the walls of a new council house? And what of that? Was n't it only another form of legal murder? The savage chieftain wanted blood; our statesmen want revenue. What of the blood of these one hundred thousand human beings in America, unless it be that civilized murder is only the more inhuman still? He has been licensed, licensed to sell poison, licensed to turn loose the brute-passion of humanity upon innocence and dependence, licensed to rob homes of all that makes home happy, licensed to wreck and murder both body and soul. Merciful heavens! who in this land of civilization and gospel light, that poor mother may well ask, is delegated with the fearful right to license murder? Do n't you know, mother, do n't you know? Why, it is in many of the States a

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man who sits robed in the ermine of judicial dignity, holding the scales of human justice in his hands, the representative of law and order, the avenger of oppression and wrong, the defender of innocence and dependence, the very personification of justice and right.

O my friends, whatever other relief the law may grant or deny us, let us hope, let us work, let us pray, let us vote that it will at least relieve us from the hollow mockery, the bitter sarcasm of laying at the feet of justice the blood of our fellow beings. And do n't forget, if you please, that the judge who grants the license is only the agent and instrument in the hands of a higher power; he is only the representative of the law. And what is law? It is your voice and mine at the ballot-box; aye, the sum total of all the voices that make up popular sentiment for good or for evil. Come, friends, it is time we had gotten out from behind the victim and dupe, the manufacturer and dealer, to confront our own individual responsibility to God and humanity. If the teachings of science, if the

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lessons of bitter experience, nay, if a lifelong observation of suffering and crime around you has taught you that alcohol is a poison, a poison for both body and soul, then why do you fold your hands and turn your backs upon this labor of love, soothing your conscience with the fratricidal unction, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The man who shelters the enemy of his country is a traitor. The man who looks on coldly at a murder without raising his arm or his voice to prevent it, is himself a murderer. What, then, are we more than drunkards if, standing here as integral parts of our social world, factors and representatives of public sentiment, aye, as Christian voters, we simply fold our hands in selfish innocence and bid the evil go on? My friends, it is time we had awoken to the peril and duty of the hour, that the great public heart had begun to throb with a sense of patriotic responsibility. I lay before you to-day a great issue of public justice and right, backed by a pitiful appeal for mercy rising up all over this land. From

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your mad-houses, from your prisons, from wretched hovels, from pitiful children, and from tender women. What will you do? Do not delude yourself with the thought that such an issue of justice, right, and mercy will down. Though the world may frown upon it, the Christian men of this nation must face the responsibility. I ask you, Christian men, fathers of erring sons, brothers of weakened brothers writhing in the grasp of this fell despoiler, I appeal to your manhood, to your patriotism, to your chivalry, to your Christianity for help to right this wrong. What will you do? The still small voice of conscience appeals to you, the cry of helpless dependence beseeches you, the tears of tender womanhood implore you, the awful voice of God demands you. But there will always be found a faithful few followers of the Lord Jesus.

It is said that years ago in an old cathedral somewhere beyond the sea there was discovered up in the topmost nook of roof and tower and belfry an artist's studio. The

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thick dust of a hundred years lay undisturbed within it. But as the softened light stole through a little narrow window stained with the grime and smoke of the century past, it fell upon marvels of sculpture cut from the stone like living things, of flowers, of fruit and trailing vines, of lovely angels with folded wings, of pure madonnas, of saints with reverend heads at prayer, and all that is noble and beautiful in the art chiseled by the genius of a master hand in every trace and lineament. Who was the artist whose exquisite thought glowed in the lines, the poise, the grace of this exquisite work? The world never knew, the world never will know. It only knew that the grand old artist, hidden away up there in that nook, so far away from the eyes of men, so far above their censure, and above their praise, with the world spread like a painted picture beneath him, and the blue vault of the sky about his head, with earth so far, and heaven so near, he wrought his undying work for posterity. But time at last unveiled that hidden work and poured

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these treasures into the lap of art. The grand old sculptor himself, all nameless and unknown, had moved, moved to a loftier studio in a grander cathedral. But the flowers that had bloomed, and the fruit that had ripened under the touch of his chisel, and the faces that had caught the fire and inspiration of his genius, these remained—the undying and imperishable heritage of art and posterity. God bless our Young Men's Christian Association! Like the old artist, its members are engaged in a work that will live when they are dead, and I bid you Godspeed in that work. The past has garnered sheaves in the track of your sickles; but behold, the harvest before you is ripening for the reaper. The work is too noble, the sheaves too precious, the reward too princely to require that I should cheer you on in the path of duty. What though the sunlight of life may have set for us all ere the task has been finished? You know as well as I, that the safest and sweetest pillow for the sleeping head, whether it be in the dreaming sleep of life, or in that

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dreamless sleep which in this world knows no waking, is the sublime consciousness and merit of a duty nobly and faithfully done. And your work will go on, doubt not, my friends, that even while you sleep other hands wielding your implements of toil will go forth into the shadowy haunts of vice and sin with a stouter heart and a firmer tread. The footprints of your feet, the very impress of your labors will cling to the harvest-fields when your names will be forgotten. And in conclusion, let me say to my unconverted hearers that the Spirit of the Lord Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart for admission to-day. Will you open that door and let Him in?

## CHAPTER V.

### AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

*Delivered at McKendree Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn., and at Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky.*



## “AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.”

You remember, my friends, that when our blessed Savior was preaching on the earth He was interrupted on one occasion by certain Pharisees and Herodians with the inquiry, “Master, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?” The Savior said, “Bring Me a penny,” and when they had brought it He asked, “Whose image and superscription is this?” and they answered, “Cæsar’s.” Then said the Divine Master: “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that art God’s.” I have quoted this incident because I want to lay down the proposition, and prove it too if I can, that the service of the Government is a part of the service of God. That a good Christian is a good citizen; that a man can not be a good Christian who is not a good citizen; that we

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must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's in order to render unto God the things that are God's. Now I am aware, of course, that the attempt to reconcile religion with practical politics may jar upon some of you as harshly discordant and even profane. It is becoming almost a fad to criticise preachers if they refer to politics in their pulpits. But here at least we have a striking example of the Divine Master, pausing in one of the grandest sermons He ever delivered to the world, to teach the people a practical lesson in political duty, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." A solemn obligation in nowise inconsistent with, but a very part of the other command to render unto God the things that are God's. Unfortunately in these later times the science of practical politics has passed as a proverb into bad repute, become a word of reproach almost malodorous in the nostrils of our civilization. Perhaps in light of the Divine teaching it is worth while to stop and inquire why it is so; to trace the serious responsibility home, even

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if it leads us to the doors of the Christian Church. For how far practical Christianity may be negatively accountable for the depravity of practical politics, even by simply withholding Christian influences from the practice of applied government, is a legitimate and gravely serious question, which every Christian may take home to himself. Obedience to government, loyal subjection to the powers that be, is not only a Divine mandate, but a duty taught by the example of the Master Himself. You remember that when He and Peter passed on one occasion into Capernaum, Peter was waited upon by the tax-gatherer with the inquiry, “Doth not your Master pay tribute?” And Peter unhesitatingly answered, “Yes.” There was no question in the disciple’s mind as to his Master’s sense of obedience to the civil law. The Savior Himself might have stopped to quibble that He had no money, to urge that Capernaum was His adopted home, and the native home of Peter—that they were tribute free. But He said to Peter: “Lest we offend them,

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go thou to the sea and cast an hook, and take the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened its mouth thou shalt find a piece of money; that take and give unto them for Me and thee." What a sublime lesson for the citizenship of the world! The Prince and Potentate of Heaven and earth bowing submissively to the tribute laws of the little village of Nahum, that He might shun even the appearance of rebellion against its government.

My friends, I am tempted to believe that the lack of practical Christianity in practical politics is fast becoming the bane of applied government in this country. I am afraid we are forgetting the precepts and overlooking the example of our Divine Master; that our Christian people are tacitly yielding the reins of government into the hands of the venal and vicious. And yet the ballot is not only the high privilege, but the bounden duty of every good citizen. Our ancient fathers who projected this government, as a government of the people, for the people, and by the peo-

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ple, evidently embraced in their fundamental theory the implied domination of the wisdom, patriotism, and virtue of the Republic. Else a popular government must needs be a delusion and a reproach. If in this day of public schools and newspapers and Christian influences the country is not growing wiser and better, there is no hope for self-government. But I am optimist enough to believe that if our Republic ever fails, the fault will lie not so much with the activity of the ignorant and vicious, as with the indifference and apathy of those who know their duty and do it not. I confess I have little patience with the American citizen who says: “No, I never vote; politics is too corrupt for a clean, self-respecting man to be mixed with. I can not afford to besmirch myself in its dirty pool. I leave elections to ward politicians, who revel in their pollutions and fatten on their corruptions. And I am really afraid, my friends, this man belongs to a large, and even growing, class of our citizenship, a class whose pharisaical precepts are hardly less

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dangerous than those of the anarchist himself. Because, if elections have become corrupt, how can they be reformed until a better class of voters dominate the polls; if the pool of politics is dirty, how can it be cleansed until there is a fountain of honesty and Christian principle infused into it? The venal voter, the citizen whose franchise may be bought for a moiety of money or a glass of common whisky, is apt to be early and sometimes often at the polls. Your vote, my good friend, is sorely needed to neutralize his—to kill it, as the politicians say. Your silence, therefore, in effect, counts a half vote with his; your influence is going by default for evil. You are not rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's nor to God the things that are God's. If you are too clean and pure, my friend, to be a politician yourself, get down into the pool of Bêthesda and trouble its waters, that the political lame and halt and blind may step in after you and be healed of their political infirmities. Do n't try to escape from the responsibility of your citizenship; you can't do

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it. But then it is no less true that our responsibility involves the exercise of our best judgment in the public service; demands the full measure of our highest conceptions of justice and right. Citizenship is not only a high privilege, but a solemn trust. Do n't forget that. It is too solemn a trust to admit of compromise or trickery. Are we, then, as good citizens and Christians awake to the serious business of our sovereignty as American citizens? Society professes to abhor the bribe-taker; but how many of us take bribes? I am not limiting the inquiry to the rounder who sells out for a glass of beer, or confining it to the gamut of political corruption rising up to the legislator whose price may vary all the way from fifty to five thousand dollars. The principle, of course, is the same. Though this sort of bribery has now become so common, we have almost come to accept it as a sort of commodity like stocks on the Exchange. But there are other bribes. For instance, bribes of office, bribes of political and financial favor, bribes of personal gratitude,

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bribes of blackmail, corrupt compacts of dicker and deal that hide in dark corners from the eyes of law and justice, all of them smeared over with the same political corruption as it oozes from the putrefying sores of our body politic. Then, there is the bribe of party fealty, the most common and therefore the most dangerous of them all—you must stand by your party on principle. God save the mark, though you sacrifice every other principle of your Christianity, your citizenship, and even your manhood! Well, who of us are measuring up to the full standard of American citizenship, rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's?

My friends, I am afraid when we come to gauge our practical politics by the standard I have attempted to erect, we will begin to comprehend our actual phase of political corruption not limited to the ward politician and healer, because while the actual influence of the machine politician may be positively bad, the negative co-operation of the larger

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class may be equally, and even more pernicious. Now this is a strong and serious assertion, and yet I state it boldly as a truth. The class of our citizenship openly contending for what they know to be evil is not to be compared in numerical force, in moral weight, or even in public responsibility with the class of so-called good citizens and Christian voters negatively consenting to and tolerating the wrong. In other words, I believe the most dangerous class of our citizenship is made up of negatively good men, embracing many members of the Church who hold in their hands the balance of power to right our political wrongs, and who shrink from or shirk their duty. That is my contention. Let us take a familiar and practical example. Perhaps there is hardly one of you who does not agree that the most serious affliction of the public welfare is the Government's fostering care of its liquor-traffic. I need hardly argue the truth and force of that assertion, for you accept it as a sort of abstract fact that you do not deny, though you may find it

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inconvenient and impolitic to admit, and yet the evil goes on by default in spite of your convictions. The political conscience has to become blunted and irresponsible, the Christian conscience distorted and depraved. The evil has gotten a firm grip on our politics, and even on the Church. But we look on passively while it weaves itself into our social life, dominates our politics, corrupts our officials, and even shames our civilization. What is wrong? Why, simply that we have been brought under the domination of an evil influence that we have ceased to resist. We are no longer citizens of a free government, wielding a free ballot. Mr. Cleveland may be President, or Mr. Roosevelt may be President, but Alcohol is king. There is the naked fact staring you in the face and defying contradiction. You may boast of your Republican institutions, of your American sovereignty, of your free government, but you are the subjects of a monarchy. Alcohol is king. High up above your State Government, above your Chief Magistrate of the Nation, King

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Alcohol sits enthroned a solitary paradoxical and monstrous example of a Republic, a government of the people dominated by a king. Well, a king you know by a so-called Divine right may be a tyrant if he will. A tyrant is a despot who grinds his subjects with tribute laws, crushes them with sore and grievous service, breaks the bodies of men and the hearts of women. Well, is King Alcohol a tyrant? Does he grind his subjects with tribute laws, does he crush them with sore and grievous service, does he break the bodies of men and the hearts of women? I ask your learned financiers. They have figured up the annual amount of his popular levy at the round sum of one billion two hundred millions of dollars, an annual per capita of about fourteen dollars on every man, woman, and child in the country. How is that for a tyrant's levy? Your churches cost you about one hundred and fifty millions, but the tax your Divine Master puts upon you for the support of His service is a pitiful sum compared with the tyrant's tax. Your schools cost you about

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one hundred and seventy-five millions, but that will not begin to compare with the tyrant's tax. Your bread costs you three hundred millions and your meat nine hundred millions, but the combined cost of your bread and your meat will not begin to measure up to the tyrant's tax. Nay, the cost of your churches and your schools, your bread and your meat all put together will barely foot up to the one billion two hundred millions, the annual levy demanded by King Alcohol. And he collects every dime of it, too. Do n't forget that. There is no escape from the tyrant's levy. His tax-gatherers sit at the street corners and at the crossing of your county roads. They are licensed and protected by your State and national laws, and over their counters the tribute is gathered in by day and by night, in nickels and dimes, in quarters and dollars, from the pockets of the rich and the pockets of the poor, from the sleek and the ragged, from the gay and light-hearted, from the sullen and miserable, from tender youth and from tottering age. Some

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walking in boldly with brazen, bloated faces, some sneaking in at the side doors, but all casting up a share of this vast round sum of one billion two hundred millions of dollars, the annual levy of the tyrant alcohol. Ah well, some of you say, “Thank God, I pay none of it.”

But wait, my friend, there is another column in the tyrant’s ledger. These same financiers tell us that alcohol is the father of crime, and disease, and want, and poverty. There is another stupendous array of figures written up against us, the cost of his crimes, the support of his jails and poorhouses, and hospitals, and hudlams, and penitentiaries. How about that column; who foots that frightful total? If you are a tax-payer, you are not tribute free, you can’t escape the tyrant’s tax; walk up and cash it down. But what of the tyranny of his service? Ask the poor, pitiable slave whose life is bound to that service. He is not far to seek. He passes your door every day. A few years ago he stepped upon the threshold of life in

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the full heirship of his God-given birthright, lithe, sinewy, strong on his legs, and buoyant with ambition and hope. See him now as he goes by. How sadly he has been changed in a few years' service of his master! His birthright is gone, he shivers and totters as he walks, the dignity of conscious manhood has deserted him, and ambition and hope are henceforth for him but the vague, half-forgotten dreams of his boyhood. The wife that came to his bosom but a few years back in the flush of her beautiful maidenhood, angelic in her tenderness, and divine in her trust, hides at home now in her poverty, a fading semblance of neglected womanhood. The little children, too, that God gave him to love and rear are but the toys and playthings of that destiny that overhangs the drunkard's home with its curse. Reverence for parents, affection for wife, the God-implanted instinct of parental protection, even self-respect, all sacrificed to the service of a pitiless, tyrannical master. Ask him if alcohol is a tyrant.

O my friends, the picture is sad as you see

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it; but let me tell you who have sounded all the infamous depths of that service, there is an agony beneath it all that the world knows little of and for which it wastes no pity. It sees in the poor victim only a moral leper to be cast out and shunned, rather than commiserated and healed; to be condemned and execrated, rather than pitied and redeemed. But I tell you that nature abhors a vacuum in the human bosom as well as in the outside world. Do you think a human heart can be robbed of its reverence, its affection, its parental instinct, and its self-respect, leaving only one empty void behind them? Ah no, I tell you no. When this tyrant had dragged all these God-man attributes out from that poor victim's bosom, he planted there instead the cruel canker of a remorse that is to live through all that man's life. A remorse that strong drink may feed, but never satiate. A remorse that is the very hell of conscience begun on earth. O good people, I invoke your pity and your prayers for these poor victims. They are not always volunteers in the service

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of their master; they are too often conscripts of chance in the lottery of our boasted civilization and its popular customs. The lot may as well have fallen on your boy or mine. The tyrant whom we serve must have his recruits. They must be drafted from our streets, from our work-shops, from our schools and colleges, even from our Sunday-schools and Churches, dragged, if need be, from your hearthstone and mine, and from the very arms of heart-breaking wives and mothers. I invoke your pity and your prayers for all these poor victims. They are bound to a hard service. There is no glory of achievement waiting for them, no distinguished honor or laudable promotion, no page of history to chronicle their deeds, no triumphant homecoming with brass bands and banners, no reward in this world or that which is to come. Woe, sorrow, contentions, babblings, wounds without cause, poverty and shame, these are the wages of the tyrant's service.

O my friends, where in all this world will you find a more pitiable object than an aban-

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doned drunkard, bound to the service of a pitiless master, slighted and distrusted of men, apparently forsaken of God, shut in with his appetite and the remorse of his conscience. Ask him if alcohol is a tyrant. But does alcohol break the bodies of men and the hearts of women? Your statesmen tell us there are annually sacrificed to the service of this tyrant the lives of a hundred thousand of our citizens. A grand holocaust of victims that may well shock and sicken us with horror. Why, consumption, that insidious and deadly foe of our race, that kills more human beings every year than all other diseases combined, exclusive of epidemics, pales in its records besides such figures. The ravages of a pestilence turned loose on a nation, the demon of war riding rough-shod over land and sea fail to keep pace with this tyrant in the carnival of death. Disease, hunger and want, madness, the bludgeon and knife of the murderer, the gibbet and death-chair of the law,—these are all his agents, and are kept busy in the service of King Alcohol. One

hundred thousand victims tolled off every years in the tyrant's service, one hundred thousand recruits annually conscripted to fill the ranks. Ah, surely he breaks the bodies of men! But, alas! it seems to me the cruellest blows of this monster fall at last on the heads of innocence and dependence.

Civilization, my friends, has planted and nurtured in our bosoms a sentiment of chivalry that stands, and ought to stand, next to our reverence for God. The tender, sacred ties of wife and child and mother strike root-lets very deep into the human heart, and the strong arms of our manhood, like the boughs of the goodly cedar-tree, stretch out and bend down instinctively to shield and protect our innocent and defenseless, but somehow in the caustic irony of this tyrant's government his heaviest and cruelest blows are aimed at our innocent women and defenseless children. It seems to me that somewhere up yonder there must be a record kept that our statisticians down here have never been able to reduce to figures, the record of cheated lives and broken

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hearts. Here is a sad, pitiable record that defies the scope of cold, mathematical figures, a record that will never be open to human inspection in this world. And yet, though no earthly census has ever yet attempted to collate it, I think the all-seeing eye that notes the fall of the sparrow sees many tears that are otherwise shed unseen, and I doubt not they are all numbered up and the record written down somewhere in the great beyond.

Just after my conversion, while visiting one of our Southern towns, a little girl brought me a request to see her mother. I had known the people several years before. The mother was a young woman then, a social favorite, and even a belle of her neighborhood. As I went along with the little messenger she told me her story. “You see, sir,” she said, “papa is in jail, and mamma thought you might help to get him out. They say he tried to kill somebody,” and then with a pitiful little sob in her voice she added: “But papa was drunk, or he would n’t have done it; only he is so often drunk now.” As

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I passed into the dingy, untidy room where the family sat, I instinctively recalled the belle of other days, and I thought how daintily she would have lifted her skirts only a few years back to cross the threshold of such a home. But there she sat, now its mistress, bowed and squalid, the hard lines of her face had crushed out the last trace of its old beauty. Near her sat her aged mother, so frail she was scarcely more than a shadow, helpless herself, but clinging with that old deathless, motherly instinct to her helpless and needy child. Thank God, our mothers never forsake us! Grouped around were six little children, pitifully sad and unkempt. They sat with serious faces and open, staring eyes as I talked. Poor little things, the sin of the father had descended upon the offspring! Every one of those children, without exception, bore the mark of some congenital deformity or affliction. The tyrant had not only set the seal of his curse upon that household, but had robbed the offspring at their very birth of the common heritage of

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their birthright. As I sat there I recalled that the husband of the old mother, several years deceased, had died prematurely of strong drink; she, too, had been a drunkard's wife, and was herself a drunkard's widow. The father of the drunkard now lying in jail was himself a drunkard, and died drunk. And here sat the victims, two helpless and crushed mothers, and six pitiful little children, heirs of a curse that was to follow them from the cradle to the grave.

O my friends, this is only one case, so sad it may well make the heart ache! But how many of them in this broad land! Where will you look that your eyes may not fall upon them? Alas! they are so sadly common, they have almost ceased to strike us with wonder, or to touch our hearts with more than a passing throb of pity. You remember that when the light of British civilization was turned upon India, a horrible pagan rite in that dark land was suppressed by law. When the Hindoo died his widow was not only compelled to light his funeral pyre with her own hands,

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but to cast her body upon it, that after the frightful torture of a living cremation her ashes might mingle with those of her dead husband. I wondered as I sat there with that little group in the drunkard's home, why the boasted humanity of a civilized and Christian nation can shiver and revolt at a Hindoo suttee, and yet condone with complacency the lifelong torture of the innocent victims in its very midst. Within a stone's throw of that miserable home lived a law-maker of that State. Directly across the street was a Christian Church. But here under the arms of the law, and in the very shadow of a Christian Church, sat those two pitiful women in the suttee of a lifelong torture mocking the civilization of the age, and shaming its Christianity. As I gazed upon those hungry, haggard faces, I said down deep in my heart, "As long as life gives to me a breath, I will raise my voice and my vote against this accursed, iniquitous, licensed traffic." And here they sit all about us, disconsolate mothers, wives withering by desolate hearth-

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stones, widows weeping over the graves of dead husbands and the wrecks of their own lives, innocent little children, for no fault of their own, robbed of their common birthright and thrown out upon the common charities of the world. What if all this pitiful record could be summed up in cold figures? What if I could pass before you as you sit here a panorama of the homes this tyrant has made desolate, of affections torn up and trodden under foot, of the hopes he has crushed and the hearts he has broken. Do you think you could sit there calmly and look on? I believe not. The scene would be more than human endurance could suffer. You are men of hearts. I believe you would rise up with swelling bosoms and choking throats to cry in your mad vengeance, Tear down the tyrant's throne, we will do it or die! Ah! yes he breaks the hearts of our women.

My friends, what sacrifices have we not made in the service of our tyrant master? Year after year we have poured out treasure

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at his feet. We have clothed ourselves in poverty and shame to do him service, we have insulted law and order, and gone forth like wild beasts to trample upon every sentient impulse of manhood and self-respect. But all this has not been enough. We have even brought our women and children, the tenderness and love of our wives and sisters and mothers, and laid them, too, on the sacrificial altar of our king. Well, I ask you, Is he a tyrant or not? My friends, I beg to assure you that I am not overdrawing the picture, horrible as it is. I am simply following the records of cold facts and figures, facts and figures that have already passed into the history of the dead century, to be judged hereafter by the generations that will follow after us. These sad truths have grown so trite and familiar in our day they have almost ceased to strike us with wonder, or to awaken in our hearts more than a passing throb of pity, and yet I think in some future era of higher civilization and more aggressive Christianity the world will yet wonder, cheeks will pale, and

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hearts will bleed over this terrible story of human history.

Many of you have doubtless read the late popular fiction known as “Quo Vadis,” portraying the cruel reign of another tyrant more than eighteen centuries ago. You have followed the blood-curdling story with a quivering sense of horror, shivered at its orgies, sickened at its inhuman bestialities, looked down with Nero upon its death struggles of innocent men and women, and even pitiful children, heard the gurgle in dying throats, and almost smelt the scent of hot human blood rising up from the pit. But you have followed that vivid portrayal with a vague redeeming sense of incredulity, that even in that dark age a tyrant could be so lost to humanity, could so glut himself with inhuman butchery. But take away the name of Nero, and put in that of this tyrant of the twentieth century, and will the picture be so greatly overdrawn? Midnight orgies, drunken revelries, brute passion turned loose like wild beasts, murder, crushed bodies and broken

hearts. Are not all these among the pastimes of our modern Nero? Alas! no, my friends, I am not overdrawing the picture; it is only shockingly true, and when another eighteen centuries has passed away, and another Sienkiewicz shall write up the dynasty of King Alcohol, the world will have to wonder again with the same sickening sense of horror and incredulity if it were ever possible that such things could be. Ah! but if Nero was a tyrant, a fiend incarnate in his dark pagan age; what is alcohol in the civilization and gospel light of the twentieth century?

But, my friends, I must hasten on. What is the conclusion of the whole argument? More than a century ago your ancient fathers, despising tyranny and escaping from kings, laid here in this Western Hemisphere under the providence of God the broad, firm foundation of a huge monument to civil and political liberty. That base stands here to-day. Compounded now of more than twoscore huge blocks of solid granite, each fashioned, molded, and securely fitted by master build-

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ers, the whole cemented in one by the blood of patriot sires and patriot sons. It is a magnificent structure, rock-bound and rock-ribbed, firm as the foundation of the eternal hills. Kings have looked upon it and trembled. Nations have contemplated it in awe. Enemies have crumbled at its base. It is the fundamental law of the American Republic, the Government of these United States. And above it and resting upon it is a huge superstructure, majestic in its proportions, fashioned of many intricate parts, all wrought into one harmonious whole. Every stone that enters into that superstructure has been mined from the quarries of civil and political freedom, fitted and adjusted by the highest art of political handiwork, and every stone is an American ballot. Here stands this huge monument, symmetrical, majestic, the proud boast of the political architecture of this twentieth century, the wonder of the age, and of the whole civilized world. Ah! but high up above it all, propped and braced securely on the firm foundation of popular will, sits

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the throne of King Alcohol. Above your President, above your Congress, above your State Government, above your civilization, above your Church, dominating your politics, grinding you with tribute laws, crushing you with sore and grievous service, breaking the bodies of your men and the hearts of your women! There 's your modern Nero, King Alcohol, the Legalized Rum-power—behold him! Well, if Alcohol is king, and King Alcohol is a tyrant—what then?

Come, friends, we have gotten down to the issue; let us meet it squarely. If Alcohol is a tyrant, what then? Shall we stop to quibble over personal rights and dispute about sumptuary laws? Shall we waste time discussing the old economic issues of finance and tariff and protection—grave as they may be—while this tyrant sits up there grinding his vast annual tribute from our pockets? Shall we parley over the popular fads of colonial expansion, with so much tyrannical bondage overhanging and crushing us at home? Shall we lavish all our interest and sympathy on

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our boys in blue, fighting and dying for the flag in distant lands, and have none for our poor boys in poverty and rags at home, from whose staggering ranks a hundred thousand are falling year by year in the tyrant's service? Don't tell me that all the half-breeds and heathen of foreign islands must be conquered and assimilated and made happy under the flag, while ignorance and want and misery are sitting at so many hearthstones around you. Do n't waste all your compassion on the little brown men in our far-off Colonies, while so many of your own broken-hearted women and pitiful children are begging bread and shelter in your streets. Do n't—I pray you come out and meet the issue squarely like men. If alcohol is king, and King Alcohol is a tyrant, what then? Will you go on propping his throne with your American ballots; or will you rise up in the might and majesty of American manhood and drag the tyrant down? There's the issue naked and plain. I hold it up before you.

My friends, I am speaking to men who are

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the descendants of sires that pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in rebellion against tyranny. Your proud boast to-day of a free country and a free ballot is a blood-bought heritage, bequeathed to you, not only as a sacred heirloom, but as a solemn trust. You are free men by inheritance from worthy sires. If you are worthy sons stand up like men who are not afraid, and look this tyrant in the face. He is grinding you with tribute laws. Crushing you with sore and grievous service, breaking the bodies of your men and the hearts of your women. Well, if Alcohol is king, and King Alcohol is a tyrant, what then? And now let me ask you, my Christian friends, followers of the Cross and to conquer in the name of your Master, by that sign are you rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's? Or are you, too, propping the throne of this tyrant with your Christian ballots? Brethren, the question is a solemn one. Meet it as you will; you must decide it for yourselves. I hold no man's

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conscience. But let me remind you, brethren, that if only the Christian ballots in this land were torn from the base of the tyrant's throne, that throne would totter, fall, and crumble at your feet. It seems to me the reflection is an awfully solemn one. Take it home with you if you will, and to-night when you go on your knees into the presence of the great Searcher of human hearts, let your conscience answer this awfully solemn question to Him. Well, I have finished the argument. I leave it with you. I have tried to place the issue fairly and squarely before you. Meet it as you will, you must answer it to the honor and credit of your citizenship as an American sovereign, to your conscience, to God. You may call all this argument the merest, flimsiest temperance cant, and your speaker a fanatical crank, but, brethren, the great solemn truth that lies under it will still stare up in your face and mine.

But O my friends, you who have waited and worked and prayed so long, be patient and strong and prayerful yet a little while

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longer. Here by the newly-made grave of the old century, already numbered with the dead ages of time, let us turn with new hope towards the eastern hills. Let us pray that the rosy light of this new dawn may be spanned by a bow of promise, painted with a splendor and glory the dead century never knew. And God grant that the bells that rung in the new century may have rung the death-knell of this tyrant and his reign, that somewhere in the early sunburst of this new era there shall break forth the glad anthem, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen," henceforth "Peace on earth, good will to men," and it seems to me the morning stars will once more sing together, the angels of heaven take up the chorus, and all the ends of the earth shout for joy. Amen, amen, and amen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INQUEST.

*Delivered at Franklin Street Methodist  
Church, Baltimore, Md., and at First Bap-  
tist Church, St. Augustine, Florida.*



## THE INQUEST.

MY FRIENDS, when the last chapter of this old world's history shall have been written, and the bound volume handed back to the Author of our being, I doubt not that the blackest thread running through all its pages will be the story of the legalized rum-traffic. The chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter have bequeathed to us grim ideals of war and famine and pestilence, but they have never yet attempted to measure up to the impersonation of the demon of strong drink. The genius of earth stands aghast and with palsied hand in the sheer contemplation of such a picture, for, O my friends, more horrible than the butcheries of war, more hideous than gaunt famine, more fetid and loathsome than the slimy trail of the pestilence will be the grand sum total of woe and misery

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bequeathed to mankind by this arch fiend of our race. It is said that the traveler wandering amid the ruins and relics of Pompeii is struck with almost speechless wonder at the civilization of that buried people. Here two thousand years ago a city sat in the lap of superb magnificence, rich in all that wealth and art and taste could supply. The deft cunning of its artisans, the skill of its architects, the genius of its poets, painters, and sculptors, the elegance and refinement of its people have never been surpassed in all these later centuries. And yet here amid all this there lingers on every hand the relics of a licentious bestiality before which the head bows and the heart sickens. Here in the midst of grand temples and marble palaces and magnificent baths there crumbles a huge pile on whose arena human forms were crushed in the jaws of wild beasts to make a holiday, and doomed gladiators bared their breasts to gorge with hot human blood the savage instincts of their own race. Does the heart almost stop appalled in the horrible contemplation of such

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an antithesis? O, but you say that was a pagan race, upon whom the newly-risen sun had not yet beamed! The world is twenty centuries older now. This is the age of a higher civilization, sunned in the noontide glare of gospel light, of peace on earth, goodwill to men. This is an era of science, of statesmanship, of philanthropy, of Christianity. We can afford to look back with only a vague, wonderless horror, that like another Sodom or Gomorrah Pompeii should have suddenly sunk under the withering curse of Jehovah.

But O, my countrymen, are we not weaving in with the warp and woof of our later history a black thread which, to the eyes of coming generations, will dishonor our science and statesmanship, discount our boasted philanthropy, and shame our Christianity? Let us stop and look this monster evil soberly and squarely in the face. Our science says that alcohol is a poison, slow but insidious and deadly. Our statescraft has declared it to be the most expensive, demoralizing, and de-

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grading canker that has ever gnawed at the vitals of our body politic. Our philanthropy has charged upon it the bulk of our crime, poverty, and suffering. Our Christianity cries out against it as the sum of all evils, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy. And yet as a nation how closely we are hugging this horrible antithesis of the twentieth century, twined like the coils of a serpent about our social system, enthroned as the very arbiter of our political government, shielded under the protecting ægis of the law, a huge, rapacious, insatiate Moloch, it demands inexorable tribute of the people. Year by year we lay down before it the round sum of one billion two hundred millions of dollars. Would to heaven this vast sum were only wasted! The rich millionaire, fretted and groaning under the income tax, will plank down his share of this tax without murmur or complaint. The laborer, crying out against the government that levies upon him a paltry price for his civil protection, will cheat the hungry mouths of innocence and dependence

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to pay his full share of this tyrant's levy. The needy toiler, in the daily throes of poverty stress, will clothe himself in rags and feed on a crust, that his scanty pittance may swell the offering. But is that all? Alas, no. Do you know that one hundred thousand human beings are yearly offered to the demon of strong drink? That between the first day of January in this year up to the first day of January next year, one hundred thousand more will lie down as sacrificial victims on the altar of this modern Moloch.

O my friends, these are not the figures of a temperance crank. I beg you to remember that they come from the pen of your wise statesmen and your learned statisticians. Awful as they are, you must accept them whether you will or not. How the flesh creeps, how the heart sickens, at the monstrous price of so much treasure and blood! But is this all? No, no, alas, no. The records of crime and madness are yet to be added, the deeds of brute passion inflamed and let loose to prey on innocence and dependence, to

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trample on law and order, the straining and snapping of those delicate chords that tie to our bodies the Godlike gift of reason. Turn to your newspapers and your jails and penitentiaries, turn to your madhouses and write up, if you can, the grand sum total of crime and madness we are yearly adding to this awful price.

But O my friends, the saddest of it all is, that somehow in the inscrutable economy of Providence the cruelest, bitterest curse of all falls at last with unerring certainty on the heads of innocence and weakness. Who shall sum up for us the grand total of all the want and misery and despair which follow in the track of this destroyer? How many anxious wives and sorrowing mothers and heart-broken widows and tender, pitiful children are sitting to-day under the shadow of this curse? O insatiate demon, have we not bent our knees in the dust before you, clothed ourselves in the shame of poverty and rags to do you service? Have we not laid rich treasure year by year at your feet? Have we not

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poured out the blood of our fathers and sons and brothers on your altar? Struck down in your name the majesty of civil law? Have we not turned ourselves into brutes and maniacs at your bidding? Is not all this enough? Must we again bring to you the tears and broken hearts of our women? Must we even sell our children into the bondage of ignorance and want? Who shall measure the hunger of a mother's love robbed of her boy? Who can weigh the sorrow of a wife whose confiding trust has been cheated of all that can make the heart glad and the home happy? Who can gauge the lifelong want of prattling dependence defrauded of its birthright?

Alas, my friends, here is a record no scale of sentient feeling can measure; no cold figures of mathematics bring within the grasp of human comprehension. Here is a waste of treasure more precious than gold, a depth of agony more cruel than death. Here is a vast offering on the altar of this fell despoiler, gathered up from all the ramifica-

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tions of our social system, from your hospitals and almshouses, from your cold and cheerless streets, from wealthy homes and wretched hovels, unnoticed during the busy day, unseen during the darkness of the night except by that all-pitying Eye that, looking down upon us, counts the hairs of our heads and notes even the fall of the sparrow. Horrible antithesis!

O my friends, what is wrong? I ask you as men of brains and women of hearts. I bring you no idle tale. I have told you only that which you already know, that which no man can deny. Where will you lay the blame for the black blot on the civilization of this century, the responsibility for this awful curse? And I beg to remind you that you can not lay the burden of this blame at the door of the abandoned drunkard. Besotted, bloated, cowering, an abject slave in the service of a brutal, tyrannical master, what is there about him, poor fellow, to command respect or incite emulation? Behold the once supple muscles now quivering as with ague,

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the brain clouded as with maudlin torpor, the dirt of the street or the sawdust of the bar-room floor clinging to his clothing, he may be an object of pity, but of pity so nearly akin to disgust that he stands before you a warning beacon-light marking his manhood's ruin, a pitiable victim that cries aloud against this curse. I pray you do not lay the responsibility at the door of the drunkard. And will you lay the guilt there too?

Why, my friends, has the poor, pitiable dupe been more to blame than you and me? He came into a world reeking with a moral miasm for which he was in no way responsible. His youth may have been hallowed by all the gentler influences that surround your boy. Maternal kisses pressed that bloated face when it was pure and sweet as a cherub's, tender love kept watch and ward over every budding impulse of his nature. Tired fingers worked themselves sore to fit him for an honorable career, and he went forth with the holy incense of a mother's prayers following his footsteps. But wher-

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ever he turned, the breath of this pestilence was in his nostrils. It steamed up on every hand, from shadowy haunts and tempting saloons, from gay clubrooms and cozy parlors. The subtle contagion lurked in the circle of boon companionship, in the grasp of neighborly kindness, in the cup that friendship lifted to his lips. Is it strange that the poison touched him at last, and he fell? Poor mothers! I do not wonder that, knowing all this, you follow your boys to the door as they quit the sanctuary of home and kiss them good-bye with aching hearts. I do not wonder that you hide in your closets, and weep and pray with an agony of dread only known to a mother's bosom. Who shall say they will thread the danger unscathed? Who shall say how many of them will fall victims to this moral leprosy, writhe for months and years in its grasp, and then it may be lie down in drunkard's graves at last? And will you lay the whole burden of responsibility and guilt at the door of the dealer?

Nay, my friends, we have hidden behind

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him too long already. Why, he is simply your agent, prosecuting a legitimate and honorable business—honorable certainly as far as law and popular sentiment can make it so. It may not appear to you and me, it may not even appear to the dealer himself as clean and pleasant as some other business, but the majesty of the law has thrown a sheltering arm about it, and dignified it with all the safeguards of public recognition and protection. The dealer has simply seized upon a popular demand; he is a servant of the people, he has bought the privilege and can show you the title to it. True, he has established another focus for disseminating this moral infection that wrecks the bodies and souls of men, impoverishes children, and breaks the hearts of our women. But he has done it lawfully, and in the broad light of noon-day. And you know, my friends, that under the construction of your State law, as interpreted by some of your learned officials in this behalf, there has been found almost no place that is not suitable, convenient, and appropriate for the es-

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tablishment of the rum business. Why the dealer can establish his business, display his wares, and turn out his drunken, maddened blasphemers at your very door, and you have no remedy. You will find these poisoned foci of infection in the track of your boy as he plods his way to school. You will find them reeking with vulgarity by the street corners and roadside where your wives and daughters drive. You will find them squatted in close proximity to the door that leads to the altar of God, for there is no place, say some of your learned officials, that is not a suitable, convenient, and appropriate place for the dramshop. There are public nuisances that offend our eyes and nostrils, nuisances that insult our sense of decency, nuisances that threaten public health and public morals; but the dramshop is not a nuisance. You may pray in vain for its abatement. There is no place, say some of your learned officials, that is not a suitable, convenient, and appropriate place for the establishment of a bar-room.

Alas, my friends, what avails it, when now

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and then our good women, with tears in their eyes and a Bible in their hands, close for a few days the doors of a dramshop? How brief and barren the victory! God bless our Woman's Christian Temperance Union! God help us to get out from behind the victim and the dealer, to confront the awful responsibility resting upon us as citizens and as sober men!

My friends, when the wretched, nameless mother lays her fatherless babe at the door of the stately mansion, and locking up the agony of a maternal instinct in her bosom, turns away from the helpless waif, she knows that provision has been made by the circle in which she moved for its maintenance and protection, and why? Because the sin is laid at the circle's door, and that circle with a guilty conscience accepts the burden. I am here to-day to lay the poor, helpless drunkard at your feet. Kindly make way as they bring him in. He may smear your dress, lady; do not touch him. Sir, he has been in the gutter; he may soil your hands; *there*, lay him there,

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poor semblance of God's noblest handiwork. No matter whether love guards him here or not, no matter if for days and months and years no gentle hand has ministered to his wants or soothed his pillow. Pride, decency, and self-respect may have long been strangers to him. Eyes that might weep for him to-day have long since been dry. Friends that once gathered with him at the festive board disown him now. The whole history of his life, all the good and all the bad that can be said of him, is swallowed up in these four words—he died a drunkard. Cover up the vacant stare of those sightless eyes, scatter a few flowers to hide the rigid corpse-lines of the body, and let us gather in solemn inquest over these remains. Of what did this man die? Will you tell me this is a case of suicide, of cold, deliberate self-murder? Nay, my friends, do men court the breath of the pestilence that walketh in the noon-day? Do men set out with cold, deliberate, set purpose to end their career in drunkards' graves? I think not, and what if this poor fellow lying

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here could have foreseen as he lifted the first social glass to his lips the awful culmination of the career to which it led, would not his hand have fallen palsied at his side as he stood back aghast and appalled as you do to-day?

Alas, my friends, he is not a suicide; he is only a pitiable victim, a victim to the great moral contamination of our social atmosphere, to the popular toleration of this public evil, to a tacit acknowledgment of the innocence and beneficence of alcoholic poison as a beverage. He is only one of a hundred thousand human beings yearly offered up in the unhallowed name of sumptuary rights, and murdered at the hand of strong drink. Poor fellow, and what was done to save him? And what was not done to save him? We do not see our neighbors and friends pale and suffer and die without stretching out a helping hand. Was no hand outstretched to him? Well, I doubt not that reason was time and again urged upon him. Perhaps some stronger neighbor took that hand lying here

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so cold and still, and pointing out the danger of the way appealed to the instincts of his manhood for his deliverance. But reason did not save him. And social organizations, and even the Church of God, held out aid to him. And once, and again perhaps, he laid hold upon these rallying points with a determined grasp of a victim fully awakened at last to an awful sense of his peril. But once, and again relapse came, and the demon of his thirst laid firmer hold and more withering touch upon him. There was an unguarded moment. Did the kind friends who meant to keep watch and ward over him forget his danger? Did the Church cease to pray for the protection of the tender lambs in its fold? Only God knows, but he fell, and his last estate was even tenfold worse than the first.

Ah, my friends, temperance societies and the Church have saved many of these poor victims, and, thank God! many more will be saved. But this one lying here was not saved. And then, perhaps, affection came in its tenderest, holiest offices, and ministered with

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anxious, agonizing prayers for his reformation. It may be that wifely kisses were pressed on those lips even while they yet reeked with the fumes of a poison more noxious to her than the fever breath of the plague, that wifely arms twined about his neck in pitiful appeal when men had turned in loathing and disgust away from him, for, thank God! our wives cling to us through every downward phase of disease and infamy. It may be there are scars lying yet on that bloated face where a mother's hot tears fell, wrung from the bosom that had so often pillowed his baby head, that the hands of little children toyed with the unshaven beard and among his unkempt locks in mute, unconscious appeal, lending the subtle influence of holy innocence, like the benison of an angel's touch, to heal the fell disease.

And O my friends, how these little hands find their way to our heartstrings, how by some mysterious, almost omnipotent influence they lead us whom God had ordained should guide and lead them. And if love

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could have saved him he would not be lying here. And think you, my friends, that through all the downward career of this poor victim his own inner conscience slumbered and slept? That the agony of an inborn sense of guilt and remorse never touched his heart? Did the kindly grasp of friends, the prayers of a broken-hearted wife, the tears of motherhood, the tiny hand of dependent innocence awake no responsive echo within?

O friends, you who sit secure in your freedom from the peril of this curse, how little you know of the tortures of a drunkard's conscience, of the bitterness of that remorse that feeds on the dead sea fruit of broken hopes and shattered resolutions. O if there is a devil in man, there is an angel too, and surely this man's angel must have wrought with him time and again until every sentient impulse of his manhood cried aloud in agony. No mere physical pain that ever racked that poor frame, no fever that ever burnt in his blood, no thrill of tortured nerve or maddened brain ever brought him half the anguish that lay in

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the sting of his own awakened conscience. No wonder that these poor victims instinctively fly for relief to the delirium of a drunken stupor, no wonder that now and then they search out with their own hand the inner citadel of life, and snap the silver cord that binds them to their misery. But even conscience failed him at last, and he went on to his doom.

Alas, my friends, this is no mere fancy painting; you and I have seen it all. There is no pitiable phase of this man's downward career that is not illustrated to-day in the actual lives of friends and neighbors around us. I bring you to-day only one of the hundred thousand human beings who between the beginning and ending of this year will fall in the march of this great pestilence in spite of all that love and friendship and the agony of conscience can do to save them. Not suicides, I beg you to remember that, but the murdered victims of a poisoned moral sense, and their blood cries out against you and me

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as the blood of Abel cried out from the ground against his brother Cain.

O my countrymen, is n't it time we had gotten out from behind the victim and dupe, the manufacturer and dealer, to confront our own individual responsibility to God and humanity as citizens and as sober men? I appeal to you again as men of brains and women of hearts, is n't it time we had begun to drain the stagnant low grounds, to weed out the rank undergrowth, to destroy the germs of this dread pestilence, to let in the pure air and sunlight of a higher civilization? Standing here as the ancestors of generations yet unborn, with this pitiable victim at our feet and this awful curse about us, let us hope, let us pray that "the sins of the father may not be transmitted to the children of the third and fourth generation."

Well, sometimes those of us invested with the high privilege and solemn obligation of the American franchise are called upon to record ourselves on one side or the other of this great question. I take it that it is the

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bounden duty of every good citizen to measure up to this obligation squarely and openly, to meet it as an independent, high-born, self-conscious sovereign, answerable only to God and his own conscience. And so I ask, Are we awake to this responsibility? Have we duly considered the sacredness and solemnity of this duty? Have we considered it not as time-serving politicians, but as patriotic citizens; not only as men, but as fathers and brothers and sons and husbands? Have we studied this question not only in the light of State and national prosperity, but of home and fireside, as an issue that lies between virtue and vice, between progress and pauperism, between civilization and brutality?

I appeal to you, my countrymen, of every party and creed, with such an issue before you, on which side will you elect to be recorded? Perhaps I need not tell you that the outlook for the nation is not without distraction. I need not tell you that the old ship of State, in spite of the cry of good times, may soon be drifting God only knows where.

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Grave questions of political economy are always pressing themselves upon us. Labor and capital, the interdependent and twin elements of all progress and prosperity, are always declaring war against each other. The political demagogue is usurping the statesman. Partisan lines drift and change until even the henchman loses faith in his faction and his leader. What is wrong? Why, you say that something gets out of joint in the principles of applied government. That here in this great country of overproduction and of trusts and of strikes, that in some sections grim, gaunt hunger sometimes threatens to stalk forth, that in the very midst of bounteous plenty the people are robbed and despoiled.

And I appreciate, my friends, the sentiment of patriotism, or philanthropy, or of dire necessity, which ever it may be, that unifies the masses in a desire to right the wrong, and arouses them to a common demand for some great reformation. But how will you meet the situation? Some of you have been

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vehemently chasing the capitalist and gold-bug and trusts with the cry, "Lo! here is the thief, throttle the despoiler. You have said that these were the men who were robbing us." It is the rich man growing richer that makes the poor man poorer. And the cry of the socialist found its echo in the savage breast of the anarchist. Then there has been another class crying for more money. They said that trade and labor were starving for a medium of exchange and reward, and they demanded that all the silver in and out of the bowels of the earth should be coined into money, as if thereby the pockets of all the people might be filled. And another class found the secret of prosperity lying in the closer protection of our industries and our labor. They demanded a tariff that would shut out the world's competition and advance all prices, that the government should foster the few and thereby enrich the many. And another class demanded a freer trade with the outside world—bolder and broader competition, a cheapening of the products and

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necessities of the world. And another class has been crying for the expansion of our territory, for the expenditure of more national treasure and more national blood in the purchase of a broader country. And still another class has demanded for America, only for Americans. Who was right? When labor has put its foot on the neck of capital, and the wildest dream of the socialist has been realized, what then? Can one twin brother of prosperity thrive without the other? And I ask in all candor, did any sane man believe that the free coinage of silver would cure all the ills of this nation? Would poverty and want be wiped out? Would money spring into the pockets of the people without toil and economy to save it? And what did you expect from a higher tariff or freer trade? Are not all these remedies as old as the nation itself? And when the flag has been planted in all the islands of the sea, and new nations have been swallowed up into American citizenship, what then?

Come, friends, let's be *honest* with each

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other. Are you honestly seeking a reform that will make labor remunerative, that will keep the burden of poverty from our shoulders, that will minimize vice and crime, that will make the hearts of the people glad, and their homes happy? And do times get hard, and sometimes money scarce? Well, listen. This nation is annually spending one billion two hundred millions of dollars for alcoholic liquors. Now, will our statesmen tell us how they can keep us rich and prosperous and happy with this annual expenditure of one billion two hundred millions of dollars for alcoholic liquors? Will some great political economist estimate the effects of this waste from the pockets of our people? Waste, did I say? Would to heaven it were only a waste! But what are we buying with it? The right to make twenty-five thousand lunatics every year. The right to make five hundred thousand paupers every year. The right to fill our jails and penitentiaries. One billion two hundred millions of dollars annually expended to wreck American manhood; to crush

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out the energies of our people; to degrade and pauperize our labor; to pollute and poison our politics; to make orphans of our children, and to break the hearts of our women!

Which of our great political financiers are figuring in this one billion two hundred millions of dollars in these grand financial estimates? They are telling us to a cent the monthly draft on our gold reserve, the value of our bonds in and out of the treasury. They can figure out the size, shape, and dimensions of the gold or silver lining to every party cloud. But here is a great financial estimate that is beyond their calculation, or they are cowardly dodging it. Which? O well, but they say, "We can't afford to cut down this frightful annual expenditure just now; other great economic problems are pressing themselves upon us." But they have been interested in the adjustment between capital and labor, they could settle the tariff, they could fix the ratio between gold and silver, they can bring in the half-breeds, the savage, the heathen, and teach him American politics and

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American customs. The grand duty of the hour has been to carry the flag to the uttermost parts of the East, and die there to uphold it. That's their argument. The people have been robbed and despoiled, but they must look for the robber in Wall Street before they look for him in the saloon. They can move heaven and earth to protect the poor man's dinner pail, while the dramshop is filching his dinner. They could settle the ratio between the metals, though it may matter little to a hungry wife and starving children whether the standard be gold or silver while they are paying in the currency of tears and blood. They dare not look into the dramshop till for the waste of labor's hard-earned reward. They dare not figure the grand total of the tax the demon of strong drink is annually levying, not only upon the men of the nation, but its defenseless women and children. They dare not attempt to settle the ratio between the strong arm of American manhood and the palsied, tottering, drunken wreck, between the gilded saloon and the

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wretched hovel, between rum and bread. Is it any wonder, I ask you, that in this Christian land and with this licensed curse winding its folds like the coils of a serpent about our body politic, that the God of nations should turn His favor away from us, and leave us to the doom of national disease and decay?

Well, what will you do about it when on election day the God-given ballot of an American citizen is placed in your hand, and you go up in the sight of man and God to record it? What I have tried to tell you, is either the veriest sort of cant, the idlest sort of a tale, or it is a great truth as eternal as nature's laws and as immutable as nature's God. It is either right, eternally right, or it is wrong, eternally wrong. Which is it? Let your conscience answer. This great question in the providence of God continually pushes itself boldly out to confront you. And as sovereign citizens of your great country, you can not afford, you dare not afford, to skulk the

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challenge it throws down at your feet. I pray God that the profound occasion may impress you with the logic of the issue, the serious sense of the duty, the awful responsibility of the decision.

Friends, there are occasions in the lives of men, even the truest and best of you, pregnant with profound gravity and appalling moment. Occasions, it seems to me, when nature herself almost pauses in the intensity of a crisis, and angels may well hold their breath with eager interest. With such a momentous issue before the good people of this country, I believe that such an hour and such an occasion have almost met, and that God is looking down upon us to see how many will bend the knee to Baal, how many will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. But I leave the issue with you. If the licensed dramshop is a curse, if it is the great crime and sin of the age, if it is politically and morally right to stamp out this crime and sin, how pitifully puny and insig-

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nificant the little issues of any campaign as compared with one of temperance and prohibition! Men of all parties and all creeds, I call upon you, I appeal to you, I plead with you to meet us on this one common platform, The protection of American manhood, the redemption of our children, the love and reverence of our women, the sanctity of our homes.







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