



ELDERS BRUTALLY BEATEN AND PAINTED.

Mansfield Mob Attacks Elders Moot and Basinger, Strips and Beats Them, and Covers Them with Smokestack Varnish, on Lord's Day Morning. Evangelists Mobbed.

MAY GOD have mercy upon the miserable Mroughs of Mansfield who, blinded by passion and led on by wicked men, committed the foul crime against their city, their State, their Nation and their God, on Lord's Day morning, September 23, 1900.

May God have mercy upon the wretched official leaders of the mob, base, truculent cowards to the heart's core, who, because Zion attacked their sins and struck in the face their idol Mah-hah-bane, have not only winked at mob violence, but have incited it.

May God have mercy upon those craven-hearted editors and false ministers who, having by their misrepresentations created the horrid Frankenstein of the mob, now tremble in its monster grip and feebly attempt to disclaim their hand in its creation.

May God have mercy upon the invertebrate Governor of Ohio, who, for political and Masonic reasons, is afraid to perform the duty which he swore to perform when he took the oath of office.

Their plight is a pitiful one. It is difficult to see how they will escape the terrible harvest of whirlwind from the wind which they have sown.

May God pity them in the day when the whirlwind comes.

They have fought against God and lifted up violent hands against His anointed ones, and unless they quickly repent, God's Word says they shall perish.

In last week's issue of LEAVES OF HEALING, we published a long telegram sent to Governor Nash by Overseer-at-Large William Hamner Piper. This

telegram, setting forth briefly the entire situation in Mansfield, caused widespread press comment. Many of the newspapers of Ohio and other States publishes it entire, calling attention to it in such terms as "A Masterly Document," "An Indictment Which Must be Met," and others similar in tone.

The effect which all of this has had upon the cowardly and subservient Governor of Ohio is succinctly set forth in the following brutal telegram to Overseer Piper:

COLUMBUS, Ohio, September 2s, 1900.

REV. W. H. PIPER, Chicago.

The civil authorities have not asked for my aid and I will not act until they do.

GEORGE K. NASH.

Now Governor Nash has an indictment to meet, returned by a grand jury composed of the best citizens of the State and Nation to which he is an everlasting disgrace.

Last Lord's Day, early in the morning, Elders Ephraim Basinger and Silas Moot, obeying their instructions from Headquarters, entered Mansfield to minister to the Branch of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion in that city.

No police were at the train to meet them, but a small mob was there and prevented them from engaging a cab to convey them to the home of Mr. Leiby, where services were to be held.

Compelled to walk, the Elders were soon surrounded by a howling mob of diabolically-inspired hoodlums. In an incredibly short time the news had spread that they were in the city. It seemed to reach the ears of every one except the police, who previous to this had always been first to learn of the presence of a Zion Elder.

Elder Moot's letter, given below, tells how for hours he and Elder Basinger were bruised, beaten, choked, stripped, painted and insulted, without the cowardly Mayor or any of the police even putting in an appearance.

The fact only confirms what has been as clear as

day from the first, that the Mansfield officials are not only conniving at these mobs, but are themselves the instigators of these outrages.

The following is Elder Moot's letter, describing the treatment given him and Elder Basinger:

LIMA, OHIO, September 24, 1900.

DEAR OVERSEER PIPER:—I know you are desirous of receiving further information concerning Mansfield.

Elder Basinger and myself went as directed to Mansfield, arriving at 6:35 A. M., Lord's Day morning.

While there were probably fifty persons scattered along the depot grounds, there was no appearance of a mob.

But when we went to a cab and were about to enter, we were prevented. The cabman kept us out at the orders of two young men.

When we saw that there was no possibility of getting from the depot in a cab, we started, unmolested, toward Vonhof Hotel, on Diamond Street.

We had not gone far before stones were hurled (not many, however, some apples, two or three eggs and many other missiles which could be gathered along the street.

In my heart I was humming, "Our God is able to deliver us."

When we got within two blocks of the square, as Elder Basinger judged, I was hit two or three severe blows upon the head, which dazed me.

The mob was determined we should not go down town farther.

They said, "You must go out of town."

Elder Basinger escaped blows, as we walked down, or back, on Diamond Street toward the depot. As we crossed the tracks I received a severe blow on the face, the man's fist grazing the skin of my nose, blackening and nearly closing my eye and causing my nose to bleed.

Here, I suppose, I was severely choked, judging from the looks of the young man's face and the tension of his muscles. God saved me from all pain from choking and the severe blows. Of course, I knew where I was hit. My eye and ear were and are a little tender when touched.

With a pretense of walking us out of town, they took us up a hill to the Richland Carriage Works, so I understand, where a pail of carriage paint with broom-brush was awaiting our arrival.

I judge that the man who appeared was the one in authority there and was more than willing to have his paint so used.

Here they asked us to talk, evidently wanting us to cry enough.

They demanded that we strip ourselves and prepare for the paint. Our overcoats, coats and vests were removed forcibly, yet without tearing.

Here there was another pause. The first pause was when the two apparent leaders were compelled to each make a "speech" to inspire the others to touch us in removing our clothing at first, and help them bear the responsibility in their unlawful conduct.

Here one of them picked up a piece of board, ready to strike me if I would not strip myself. I refused. Some one said, "Don't do that; he has enough," for my eye was quite a

spectacle, and they knew of my bleeding, though through God's mercy only one handkerchief was saturated.

My shirts, trousers and drawers were soon torn off me and the painting began.

Elder Basinger's trousers and drawers were slipped down and he was painted.

Our clothes were then offered us, but when I tried to put on my trousers they were so torn I had nothing but a leg ripped entirely from top to bottom to hang on. I hung it on, sustained by suspenders, and held with my hand two-thirds of the other leg as best I could.

I put on my vest, which still retained my watch and money in it. My overcoat was then placed over my painted body, and with my coat under my arm and Brother Basinger at my side we started on our journey. When crossing a narrow bridge over a small stream twelve or fifteen feet below, they tried to make us promise and swear that we would never come back. I said I came by direction this time and would come only in the same way again.

When their threats to throw us down could not avail, one cried, "That will do."

We were then taken to Brother Leiby's house, where a saloonkeeper took charge of us for the crowd.

Brother Leiby's people were gone, but we were placed upon their porch and asked to talk.

Words did not come to us at the moment that we were sure would be appropriate, so they said "Pray."

I knew what was in my heart, so I prayed, saying, "Our Father in Heaven, bless these people, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

I had no feeling of resentment at any time, and God took fear away, so that it was not much of an ordeal, through the Grace which God gave.

The saloonkeeper said he would protect us, that the people had confidence in him and would do what he said; so we began the march again for some considerable time.

As we reached Main Street by back streets, down the railroad track, etc., the police manifested themselves and took charge of us without any trouble.

The Mayor soon came and escorted us to the city prison (so I understand), where we were soaked with lard, washed with benzine, and then had the privilege of a bath.

They let many spectators in to see us washing off the paint. Yet we are thankful for the favor shown us.

A clothier came and took our measure and brought clothing. We waited about two minutes for a cab and then proceeded to the depot and took the Pennsylvania train for Lima at 12:05.

Thus ended a five-hour and thirty minute stay in Mansfield.

I did not look back at any time, so I do not know much about the size of the mob following; but it did not seem large and only a few seemed bent on any real rudeness to us.

At Leiby's house, as I stood on the porch, I beheld the faces of the people, and I loved them. There were not more than 300 there, I judge.

It was a stratagem on the part of the officers to let the mob have us. They (the mob) knew it, and were doubtless the willing tools in the hands of the officers to do this, as they were determined not to protect us in letting us have liberty to preach.

To some it might seem that nothing was being gained, and

the officers seemed determined by word never to give us liberty in Mansfield; yet I think the battle is being won, and you are pursuing the right course.

It was a glorious experience to me.

Upon arriving in Lima we took a cab to my home, saw my wife and little children, and reported at Zion Tabernacle, where our people were assembled.

We could get no breakfast and we could not eat much at Crestline, but God was our strength; and while I did not go to Zion Tabernacle in the evening, we had a service in our home, at the close of which I was feeling much revived and able to eat.

I had a good night's sleep and awoke about five, feeling well. My eye looks better.

I am rejoicing much in God.

God blessed our afternoon service. An elderly lady was there for the second time, and she came to me and asked prayers, saying she believed in Divine Healing.

God took away her pain in a short time.

There were more requests for prayer than usual and I could pray more in faith with my black eye than at any time previous.

Pray for us

The following letter, written by Elder Moot on Monday, September 24th, gives additional evidence to the ferocity of the attack and God's merciful keeping power:

There is one matter which I wish to mention.

As my good wife was washing my head thoroughly this afternoon she noticed the imprint of a thumb with its nail in my neck, which confirms what seemed to me to me taking place: a violent choking. Both hands were in a convulsive way placed around my throat.

I saw the anger of the man's face and felt the tension of his muscles. I realized a very little choking, but no pain.

I made no effort at retaliation.

I had committed myself to God and left myself there with Him.

I had a firm determination to walk by faith, and not sight nor earthly sense.

I sometimes wonder as I meditate upon the events of yesterday, if I knew these fearful blows were to be given me if I could so confidently trust. Surely God is the Author of even our trust as well as our delivering. I only speak of this for God's glory, and perhaps it had better be told a year from now, or ten years.

I have been feeling just splendidly all day, and it is now 10 o'clock.

My daughter, thirteen years old, confirmed her mother's statement about the impress of the thumb with nail in my flesh on the back of my neck, at least thirty-two hours after the event.

My eye is much improved and is improving in appearance continually.

The following is the story of the affair as told by telegrams received by Overseer Piper on Lord's Day afternoon and read at Central Zion Tabernacle:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, September 23, 1900.

WILLIAM HAMNER PIPER,

1201 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois,

Your Elders caught by mob upon leaving train. Stripped of their clothing. Painted black.

Roughly handled.

Are now in city prison.

A. A. DOUGLASS

CRESTLINE, OHIO, September 23, 1900.

REV. W. HAMNER PIPER,

1201 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Mob prevented entering a hack at depot. Walked up town nearly to square.

Knocked nearly down and forcibly taken to carriage works. Clothing stripped and torn off.

Painted and some clothing on; marched through the streets to Leiby home, then through streets till rescued by police.

Taken to jail; paint removed.

Clothed and on the way home.

MOOT AND BASINGER.

Morning newspapers all over the United States contained accounts of the disgrace of Mansfield, some of them somewhat distorted, but in the main true.

Public sentiment, already aroused over the long-continued lawlessness of Mansfield and the stubborn refusal of Governor Nash to act in the matter, was immediately incensed to such a pitch that the affair was, within twenty-four hours, a matter of comment, in press, in pulpit and in every walk of life.

Editorials appeared in many papers denouncing Mansfield and her officials for their intolerance, lawlessness and cowardice, and demanding, in the name of humanity and good government, that the Governor interfere. Some of these editorial articles were couched in very forcible English and gave no uncertain sound.

Every indication seems to be that the law-abiding and liberty-loving people of America will but little longer tolerate denials of civil and religious liberty which throw a stigma of shame upon the entire Nation.

As a sign of the times, we quote the following from the Columbus (Ohio) *State Journal* of Monday morning, September 24, 1900. The action which this clipping reports was taken in one of the largest churches of Columbus, the capital of Ohio, where the Governor has his official residence.

The following is the clipping:

GOVERNOR HASH ASKED TO PROTECT
DOWIEITES IN RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH.

The congregation of the First Baptist Church, on Sunday morning, at the close of the services, took action upon two matters which are now prominently before the people of the country. The first was upon the strike in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania.

Following this action an expression of sentiment upon the Dowite trouble at Mansfield was voiced, only three voting against it. It was as follows:

“The First Baptist Church desires to give expression to its intense regret and deep indignation at the assaults upon religious liberty and the right of free speech that for many weeks have disgraced the neighboring City of Mansfield.

“It is certainly most deplorable that coincident with the cruel persecution of Christian missionaries and converts in China, against which the United States government has protested alike by diplomatic utterance and by the sword, there should be presented week after week for months in our President’s own State the spectacle of religious teachers and their followers suffering the grossest indignities at the hands of a mob.

“Surely the right to worship God in accordance with the dictates of one’s conscience, and the privilege of publicly speaking and teaching one’s religious convictions, are so sacred that they should be guarded and defended by all the power of the State.

“We would, therefore, respectfully suggest to his Excellency, Governor Nash, that the long-continued failure of the authorities at Mansfield to secure to the preachers and members of the Christian Catholic Church (however objectionable some of their doctrines may be to the public thought) their constitutional right of free speech and public assemblage alike justifies and demands executive action.”

On the midnight of Lord’s Day, September 23, 1900, Evangelist Mark H. Loblaw, of West Side Zion Tabernacle, and Evangelist James Watt, of Hammond, Indiana, Zion Tabernacle, left Chicago for Mansfield, there to minister to the members of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. They arrived there at 11 o’clock Monday morning and proceeded to the Vonhof Hotel, where they registered.

They had no sooner registered than they were seized by citizens and taken to the Court House. There they were attacked by a mob, taken to the depot and sent out of the city. Further particulars have not yet been received.