



## THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS COME.

### The Mobbing of Elder Cyrus B. Focker at Mansfield.

Now a few words about a very important matter. I do not intend to speak all my mind about, because it is written in the Good Book that "a fool uttereth all his spirit: but a wise man keepeth it back and stilleth it," or, as the old version puts it, "seeketh it until afterward."

You know I have some things kept things from you until after, and really it has kept you very much interested to know what I was going to say afterwards.

But I have some things to say today which I desire to say carefully and wisely, and yet at the same time with emphasis.

I wish these words to reach all concerned, and to let them know fairly and squarely how we are going to deal with this crisis.

In the City of Mansfield, Ohio, there is a miserable sinner who is Mayor of that city, named Brown.

Before we are through with him I think that Mr. Brown will wish that he had not touched Zion. I think that Mr. Brown, before he is through, will find that he has touched something which, unless he quickly repents, will be more effective in his destruction than dynamite or electricity.

He had better keep his hands off God's work.

The man or woman who touches Zion will be hurt. Do you think that you could touch the Throne or Ark of God in anger and not be hurt?

Voice—"No."

General Overseer—Do you know that there are some people once who tired to touch the Ark of God? They perished.

Once there was a great king who thought he could burn incense, as if he were a priest before the Altar in the Temple of God. Do you know what became of him? Uzziah the King in a moment was struck with leprosy, "and was a leper unto the day of his death."

It will not do, Mayor Brown. The day has gone by for a miserable, wretched Masonic Mah-ha-bone like you in Mansfield to imagine that you can fight Zion with success. You cannot do it.

Mayor Brown is a very strong man, he thinks. He has riches. He fancies himself to be a very strong man, but he is an unclean man.

Before we are through with him, we may have to tell Mansfield and the world what kind of man he really is in his personal character. We know what you are, Mayor Brown.

He is an enemy of God. He is an enemy of righteousness.

We have a very able Elder down there, a little man whose name is Cyrus B. Fockler. I will back Cyrus B. Fockler against Mayor Brown. I will back Zion against the lawless ones of that town. May God save them. I will back the truth of God against any lie or wickedness that they like to bring up.

### The Beginning of the Persecution of Elder Fockler.

I ordained Cyrus B. Fockler last year in this Tabernacle and sent him to take charge of the Branch of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion at Mansfield. In the exercise of his duties as an Elder in that Church he prayed with the sick. He was praying one day with a child of one of our people, when the neighbors—

Did I say Health? I made a mistake. I should have said "Death."

Did I say Mansfield? I should have said "Devilsfield." There is not a man there of any account that I have seen yet, except those in Zion. Where were the *men* when the human brutes tore the clothes of a good man until he was stripped naked in the broad daylight on the public street? They were not *men*, they were murderous *devils*.

They went to the Board of Death in that Devilsfield which is called Mansfield, and told the Board of Death that there were some people living in "Devilsfield" who actually believed so much in God Almighty that they would not have a doctor.

Dreadful thing! Awful thing! To think that there were people actually living in Devilsfield who believed so much in God Almighty that when they were sick they would call upon God almighty to heal them, and that they would not have a doctor!

"That thing must be stopped. It must be stopped," said the doctors who composed the Board of Death. It was an awful thing to think that there was anybody that could be born in Devilsfield without them, to think that there was anybody in Devilsfield that could be sick without them, and to think that there were any person in Devilsfield that could die without the aid of the doctors. It was dreadful!

So the Board of Death sent a man to the homes of these people—a wretched fellow named Craig. I am sorry about that name. It looks awfully Scotch. I hope he was not born in Scotland. Dr. Craig was the health officer. He said to these people." You have no doctor?"

"No," they replied.

"Well, I will take this case," he said, "You must have a doctor."

"Why must we have a doctor?" they asked.

"Because it is the law," he said.

### **A Health Officer Attempts to Force a Doctor Upon Zion People.**

Mr. Calver stated that when the officer read the statute to him and his wife, he read in the words "deprive of medicine, which are not in the law.

It was not the law and Dr. Craig knew it was not the law. The law does not compel you to have a doctor at all. The law allows you to choose what

kind of a doctor you will have, or whether you will have a doctor at all. The law permits you to die without a doctor.

I think you will die, if you never get Divine Healing, a good deal more comfortably without a doctor than with one.

But he told them a lie. He said to them that the law said they must have doctor. Now he lied; but that is not an uncommon thing with doctors, because a part of their profession is to lie.

Overseer Speicher—"They could not get along very well without it."

General Overseer—He knows. He used to be one. (Laughter.)

Elder Fockler went to the house, and they told him what the doctor said.

"It does not matter," he answered them. That is not true. I can continue to come if you want me."

They wanted him and when Dr. Craig came the next time they did not take his medicine. They told him to go away. He was very angry, and he said he was a public-officer.

There are some people who, when they become public officers, go in for expansion. They expand to about thirty feet. Their heads, in their own estimation, arise prodigiously. Tremendous fellows they are when they have gone in for expansion; they get a worse disease than hydrocephalus.

This man told them he was a public officer. He told Elder Fockler if he used his influence to prevent them from taking that medicine that he would be interfering with a public officer in the execution of his duties, and he would be arrested.

Elder Fockler told him to go on about his business, and he told them to pray, and not take any notice of Dr. Craig or of his threats. He said such threats were all nonsense; and, if anything came out of it, we were quite equal to take care of them.

He went right on and did his duty. I do not think he did very much in the way of reference to Zion, except a little correspondence about hat time. He knew his duty and went right on and did it like a true Elder of Zion.

The result was that a warrant was issued by this wretched Mah-hah-bone Brown, who is Mayor of Mansfield.

That Mayor lives in an abominable manner. I do not care how many degrees you have as Freemason, Mayor Brown. You are said to have thirty-three. I think you would be likely to have that number from the way you live.

I do not wonder at your hating Zion, Mayor Brown. I would hate Zion if I were living like you.

### **Illegal Arrest and Shameful Treatment of Elder Fockler by Mayor Brown.**

Mayor Brown issued his warrant, arrested Elder Fockler and put him in prison. For what? For interfering with a public officer in the execution of his duty! Elder Fockler had interfered to the extent that his influence had kept them from using medicine for this child. Terrible offense!

The Elder was held. The friends wanted to get him out on bail. But Mayor Brown said it was too terrible a thing for bail at all. At first he declined any bail bonds that could be offered, but at last, when he was compelled to, he granted Fockler bail in the bonds of \$7,500. (Laughter.)

A lawyer in Mansfield named A. A. Douglass, after we won our victory, wrote these words to Elder Fockler on November 21<sup>st</sup> last concerning this incident:

When I consider the \$7,500 bond, the crazy indictment that a lawyer of even small ability could drive a "load of hay" through, the numerous delays as to your trial, the absolute abuse and cruel insults to which you and your people were subjected, I most certainly want to commend you as a worth example of charity, forbearance and Christian patient.

I very much doubt whether I, good Lutheran that I am, if I had been "bonded," hounded and persecuted as you were, would have acted as did you. I really think I might have sworn some, and done some very unchristian acts.

Still, it is well to be charitable, and probably it may be just as well to say that my good friend, the health officer, made a mistake. He is a doctor, and you know when a doctor makes a mistake the people generally get together and bury it; if you doubt this, I respectfully refer you to Mansfield Cemetery.

As for our Mayor, he is such an all-around good fellow that it may be his \$7,500 bond was just a joke; at any rate it has made many a lawyer laugh and wonder what kind of a bond he would fix from some poor fellow who had actually committed a real crime, such as stealing chickens or taking a dose of quinine with suicidal intent.

As for the newspapers, well, they don't know much about religion any way, and absolutely have so little faith that they mistrust their very selves.

Judge Wolfe, however, has settled the question, at least in Mansfield, that we may worship as we please, trust God to heal us to our infirmities, as well as to take the sugar-coated pills of the Homeopath or the great big bitter dose of the Allopath.

Again I do congratulate you upon your complete victory.

But I do not know any place where Zion has a branch in which we cannot find \$10,000. We found seven thousand five hundred dollar bonds very quickly in Mansfield. We would have found fifty thousand, we could have found a hundred thousand, and we could have found a million dollars if they would have given us time; but we found the amount of bond immediately, and he was set free.

When they had set him free, they began to realize the difficulty they were in. They had him up and tried before Mayor Brown, who bound him over to the Circuit Court. It was too great a case for the lower court, so they had to send him up where they try murderers. They counted him one for doing what Jesus and the apostles did, praying for the healing of the sick.

The fun of the thing was this, that the sick child got better and is still living. (Applause and laughter.)

Dr. Craig says that the child got better because of doctor's medicine. Dr. Craig knows better. That child got well because we continued to take care of it. The father of the child said publicly in Mansfield on November 22, 1899, "The officers came and frightened us into allowing them to give medicine to our child; but afterward we decided to trust God and threw the medicine away."

Mayor Brown was in great trouble. After he had gotten Elder Fockler committed to the Circuit Court and the bail bonds were continued, he began to find that he had bitten off a good deal more than he could chew (laughter), and a good deal more that he could swallow. He did the same thing yesterday.

They were not ready to bring this case before the Circuit Court. They postponed it again and again. Mayor Brown was not ready for the judgment seat of man at the Circuit Court, and I

am afraid he will not be ready for the Great White Throne. But he will not be able to postpone the case there.

Money might help him to postpone the case before the Ohio Courts. Many lies can be trumped up in a court of law, but you cannot postpone the case when it is set for trial by God Almighty. That has to be tired.

Mayor Brown, you shall stand before God the Almighty and answer for you murderous deeds of yesterday and of the previous time, too, unless you repent.

Mayor Brown, without your permission, I will tell the whole story, and you will be a famous man after I am through; or, rather, an infamous man.

### **Zion Forces a Trail and Gains Complete Victory**

At last we forced them to bring the case to trail. Meanwhile the bonds of that awful murderer, Elder Fockler, had been reduced by Judge Wolfe to \$200.

All of you who are readers of LEAVES OF HEALING will remember how Judge Wolfe flung out the case. It was not really tried. The Judge decided that there was no case and flung it out, scoring everybody concerned in the persecution of Elder Fockler.

Mayor Brown, you did not forget that, did you? Especially as we had a jubilee meeting down there on November 22, 1899. You did not like that jubilee, did you, Mayor Brown?

On yes, you are angry! You know you have been getting very angry, especially lately. We have been sending down to Mansfield, as we have been everywhere, LEAVES OF HEALING. We sell 250 or more a week in Mansfield, and you see them, Mayor Brown. You see that Masonic Minister of Regeneration in the cartoons and he is very like you, because he drinks the same distilled damnation that you drink, and that gives exactly the same color to the nose. (Laughter) It is a well known color; all over the land it is the same color, a fiery red.

Mayor Brown got very angry because we have been dealing with masonry lately, and certain other Antichristian abominations which Mayor

Brown particularly favors. And yet, strange to say, Mayor Brown pretends to be a defender of religion. I will not say all I know, but keep a little until after. I feel almost upon the very verge of saying something that would give Mayor Brown much inconvenience. If you go on, what you have said in the ear in closets will be proclaimed upon the housetops. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The time for judgment has come, Mayor Brown. You will be judged on earth as well as in heaven. You will be judged in Zion with many other outrageous sinners.

Mayor Brown has been saying to the rabble, because he is in close touch with the rabble, that it would be a good thing to drive Fockler out of town.

I will not enter into the alleged charges against Elder Fockler. If he is guilty of any offense against a righteous law, he ought to be punished, ought he not?

Voice—"Yes."

General Overseer—Should he not be tried by law?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Should he not be dealt with by law?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—I know that Elder Focker has committed no offense, and they know, for they do not dare to indict him for any offense.

But Mayor Brown told a number of persons that Elder Focker ought to be driven out. We have witnesses. Mayor Brown, do you hear me, you miserable Ma-hah-bone? We have witnesses as to what you did say.

Mayor Brown went the length of saying that if any row should arise around Zion Tabernacle about Fockler that he, Mayor Brown, would not interfere, only they were not to kill the Elder.

That was an invitation, was it not?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—It was an invitation to commit a crime.

Mr. Fockler was threatened with mob violence about two weeks ago. Just about the time he was coming to Central Zion Tabernacle to attend the meetings and to Zion City to attend the

Consecration of Zion Temple Site, like a good many others.

He did not run away from Mansfield any more than any of the Elders ran away from their stations.

He came to Chicago, but when he was going back I ascertained from Overseer Piper, whom I have appointed in charge of the American work generally, that there was some trouble there, and that the possibilities were that he might be in some difficulty with Mayor Brown. So I took the precaution, Mayor Brown, to write this letter to you on Friday last, which you received.

### **The General Overseer Warns Mayor Brown of His Responsibility.**

Mayor Brown, you got it yesterday in your hands when Zion's attorney in Mansfield, Mr. Douglass, accompanied Elder Fockler and Evangelist Fisher and this letter was handed to you. It was written on July 20<sup>th</sup>. That was Friday. Mr. Fockler left by midnight of that night and presented this letter to the Mayor of Mansfield about noonday of yesterday:

ZION, CHICAGO, July 20, 1900.

TO HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR OF MANSFIELD, OHIO.

*My Dear Sir:*—Long articles in the Mansfield press, especially the *Shield*, have made me aware that abusive and threatening and utterly unwarranted language concerning the Rev. C. B. Fockler, Elder-in-Charge of the Christian Catholic Church in Mansfield, has been used with evident intention of stirring up the rabble to commit an assault upon our Elder, if not to destroy his life.

I wish to say that as General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion I shall hold the authorities responsible for all damages to our property and all injury to our Elder in Mansfield.

I need not tell your Honor that it is the absolute duty of the authorities to protect both life and property, and if Elder Fockler has violated the law in any way, which he has not, it is in the power of those who hold a contrary opinion to take legal proceedings and proceed in an orderly way to his punishment.

We propose to obey all righteous laws.

We are peaceable and law-abiding citizens, doing good, and we shall certainly avail ourselves of the laws which punish malfeasance in office on the part of those whose duty it is to give protection when they are made aware of danger.

Trusting that you and the authorities under you will do your duty and maintain the rights of all, and prevent all mob violence, which is a disgrace to a civilized community, I am

Respectfully your, JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

That letter was presented to Mayor Brown at noonday yesterday. Mayor Brown, according to the report in this morning's *Tribune*, said to Elder Fockler, that "He was powerless to protect him, if it was his purpose in returning to Mansfield to incite people by the abuse of all religions, of city officials, Secret Societies, and in fact everything except Zion."

You say, Mayor Brown, that you are powerless to protect Zion's Elder. Then you had better resign your office. (Amen.) The man who is at the head of the police authorities of a city who cannot protect a simple, humble, straightforward citizen like Elder Fockler, who is not a smoker, nor a drinker, nor a liar, nor a thief, nor a bad man, but a good, faithful man of God, ought to step down and out. (Amen.)

Is that not right?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—On the face of it, that is right.

But he was not powerless to protect. It was a lie, and he proved it was before the day was over.

But what did he charge Elder Fickler with doing? First he said that Elder Fockler, in his preaching, "Abused all religions."

### **Mayor Brown's Charges Against Elder Fockler Examined.**

I am sure that was not true, for I am sure that Elder Fockler never abused the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ as it is preached in Zion. That is a religion, and a pretty considerable religion, too.

Are there any infidels in Mansfield, Mayor Brown? Common report says that you are one. Common report says that you are an evil liver. Common report says that your religion is the religion of the Mason, the "point within the circle." Common report says that you have no use for any religion at all, except the Baal-worship of Freemasonry.

Mayor Brown, just let us talk confidentially. Mayor Brown, do you abuse all religions. You must, if you are a high degree Mason, because

high degree Masons say they fight against all religion, except the religion of the phallic worship, the point within the circle. Is that not true?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Do you know it is true?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—We have shown the whole world before vast audiences in this Tabernacle, from the testimony of scores of ex-Masons, that Freemasonry is "Earthly, sensual, and devilish," and does not recognize the supremacy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Do you tell me, Mayor Brown, that the infidels in Mansfield who abuse all religions; who strut up and down the street and tell you that they do not believe in the Methodist, or the Baptist, or the Congregationalist, or the Episcopalians, or Zion, or anybody or any religion—Mayor Brown, do you think that they ought to be killed. Do you suggest that they be driven out of town?

Supposing that Mayor Harrison attempted to imprison every infidel in Chicago who abuses all religions, would he be able to manage it. How many cells would he have to provide?

Did you know Robert Ingersoll, Mayor Brown, when he used to curse this earth with his countless blasphemies against God? Did he not lecture in Mansfield, and denounce "all religions": Was he ever told by you to quit the town for doing so? Certainly not. He was the darling of such incarnate devils as you and Red Hartman.

The matter of fact is, that under the Constitution of the United States of America a man may speak in favor of all religions, or he may speak against all religions, or he may pick out a religion that he says is the best religion and stand for that. Has he not a right to do that?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—Mayor Brown and *Mr. Tribune*, why do you say Elder Fockler has committed an offense? He has picked out a religion which he thinks is the best. He is preaching it, and he is saying that the others are no good. All right. Has he not a right to say so?

Voices—"Yes."

General Overseer—If a Roman Catholic priest rises up in this city and say, "I protest against all religions except the religion of Rome, "Would

Mayor Harrison suggest mobbing him and all but killing him for that?

Voices—"No."

General Overseer—The priest has just as much right to say that in his church today as I have to say that the Roman Catholic religion is an apostate lie. He has a right to say what he thinks. If he thinks wrongly, all right; people have to judge about that.

If you stop a man because he abuses all other churches except the one to which he belongs, I think you will pretty nearly have to put the whole community into prison.

We say that we believe that ours is the very best brand of religion that you can get anywhere, and we believe all the rest are wrong. We do not say that they are entirely wrong, but that they are not as near right as we are. We are very kind to them, and we love them, and we tell them all kinds of good things.

### **We Say the Other Churches are Wrong, but Not Altogether Wrong.**

I have never said that the Roman Catholic Church was altogether wrong. If you say I said so, you say what is not true. The Roman Catholic Church repeats today that creed we repeat, and if they would only live up to it, what a glorious thing it would be.

It is not so much what the Roman Catholic Church refuses to believe as it is that it believes what it ought not to believe. It believes a great many more things than the Bible says.

If you could only get the Pope converted, what a glorious thing it would be.

I feel very kindly towards the Roman Catholic Church even when I belabor it.

There are a number of ex-catholics smiling up at me with their eyes, from all parts of this building. I used to spank them and spank them until I spanked Rome out of them. I see one sitting hear here. When that daughter who sits by her side first began coming to Zion, the mother cried piteously. When her daughter was baptized, she came crying to me. I believe that she actually went to a Roman Catholic Church and burned candles and said masses that this girl should not be

baptized and enter into fellowship with this Church. Yet I declare there is her mother sitting by her side to day, and smiling as I tell this story. I baptized her, too. I baptized her sister, and her cousins, and the whole family of them. (Applause.)

I am sure that that sister would bear me witness that all the time she was a Roman Catholic I was kind to her. I had to spank her often, but I was very kind to her.

I do say I believe Zion is right, and that we have proved it. But is a man to be put in prison because he says that?

Voices—"No."

General Overseer—The next charge was that he "abused the city officials." If every one in Chicago who abused the city officials were to be put in to prison, how many would be left out?

There is not a town in the United States where the city officials do not come in for a great deal of criticism. Even in Mansfield, I think, there are a good many people who think and say that some of the city officials are a very bad lot. I think so too, Mayor Brown, and have many good reasons for my opinion.

### **Secret Society Hatred at the bottom of the Trouble.**

They also say that he abused Secret Societies.

Ah! Is that the point, Mayor Brown? That is the "point within the circle" of your whole accursed wickedness.

The point is that this man Fockler told the truth, and spread Zion Literature about Secret Societies. That is the trouble, Mayor Brown.

Could there be a great proof of the truth of our condemnation of Secretism than the fact that it dreads exposure?

If these Societies were good, and our exposures were false, they could well afford to treat them with pitying contempt; but when they seek to murder those who tell the truth about them is it not clear that they are criminal and vile organizations, foes to the Church, the Home and the State?

Mayor Brown is the defender of the "unfruitful Works of Darkness," which God's Word denounces.

The fact is that Mayor Brown immediately handed Elder Fockler over to the mob, yesterday.

Mayor Brown in broad daylight said, "I am powerless to protect you." What was that? Had he not a single officer?

Yes, he had plenty. Did he send an officer to protect Elder Fockler, or Evangelist Fisher, or our property? Not he. He sent Elder Fokker out in to the street without protection, and I will hold him guilty, and the laws of the State of Ohio will hold him guilty, of malfeasance in office, and of being an accessory-before-the-fact of that horrible outrage, which would have been a murder but for the mercy of God.

No doubt Elder Fockler went down the street and registered at the Vonhof Hotel. He had not been there many minutes before a crowd of a thousand people were around that hotel howling for his blood. I read the various accounts that appear in the Chicago press this morning, and find that a man named, Red Hartman, a well-known bad man, was leading the mob.

The Chicago *American* says:

A mob collected on the public square, marched to the hotel, and a dozen men led by a character named Red Hartman entered the hotel and literally threw him into the arms of the waiting mob. The police were powerless.

"Lynch him, get a rope, hang him," was shouted.

### **Diabolically Brutal Treatment of Elder Fockler by a Mob.**

Then I grieve to tell you what happened. It is the disgrace of Mansfield.

These fiends dragged Zion's Elder through he street. They tore his clothes form his body, and stripped him entirely naked, except for his shoes.

They were afraid to hang him, cowards that they were. Even afraid to do their own vile work they did not know what to do for some time.

They were afraid to hang him, for there were witnesses there in the broad daylight who, under the high sun, could identify those who pulled the rope.

They were afraid of their own necks; the ruffians, the cowards, the liars, the brutes, Secret Society murderers.

They said, "We will take him to the gas works and tar and feather him."

They dragged him through the streets; that godly man who stood here only last Sabbath.

They dragged him through the stress; a man again whose character there is no charge.

They cruelly beat and tortured him, and then, when they got him to the gas house, Mayor Brown heard that they were about to murder him. As he was nearly dead, Mayor Brown hurried down all his police.

Mayor Brown found suddenly *that he could protect him*, and the fire brigade was called out. The mob had increased to four or five thousand people, and Mayor Brown thought it was time to try and drag him out half dead, and perhaps that would keep him from coming back again. But you are wrong in that, Mayor Brown.

So Mayor Brown sent down his police and firemen. They got him away and took him into the prison with Evangelist Fisher, for protection, nearly dead.

### The Story by Telegrams.

The first telegram which we received was Mr. Fisher's which said that Fockler was being mobbed by an enraged, howling crowd.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 21.

W. H. PIPER, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

Fockler Being mobbed by enraged, howling crowd. Pray.

E. P. FISHER.

Very soon afterward this telegram, written a little later in the evening, came:

MANFIELD OHIO, July 21.

W. H. PIPER, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

Police rescued Fockler from infuriated mob of four thousand. All his clothes were torn off. Miraculously delivered from being tarred.

Authorities think only security from death from mob is to leave city immediately Advise us.

We are in jail for present protection.

E. P. FISHER.

These telegrams came while I was away from the Home out at Zion City.

We had no time to answer them before we received another telegram:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 21, 1900

ELDER PIPER, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

Come at once; they have mobbed him, and he may be dead by this time.

Evangelist Fisher is locked up too.

(MRS.) NATHANIEL PLUCK.

Then we took certain action, and we got this telegram:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 21, 1900,

REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

Fockler has left city under police protection. Mob dispersed, but feeling is bitter. Fockler's deliverance miraculous.

E. P. FISHER.

We went on praying . I went to bed early last night for me. I had only had two hours sleep, having been up all the Friday night. I went to bed at five o'clock on Saturday morning, arose again at seven, and went out to Zion City Site. I returned and went to bed about nine o'clock at night. Overseer Piper awoke me to put these facts before me.

I prayed very earnestly and had prayed early in the evening. I had been praying, in fact, a good deal for Elder Fockler during the entire day.

This telegram was sent to Attorney Douglass:

CHICAGO, July 21, 1900.

ATTORNEY DOUGLASS, Mansfield, Ohio.

Wire my expense Fockler's and Fisher's whereabouts and condition

WILLIAM HAMNER PIPER.

That has not been answered. (See telegram on page 438.)

Another telegram was sent to Attorney Douglass:

CHICAGO, July 21, 1900.

ATTORNEY DOUGLASS, Mansfield, Ohio.

Please direct Mr. Fisher to come to Chicago at once.

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

### Elder Fockler Internally Injured.

That telegram was handed to Evangelist Fisher, and we will see an answer to it presently amongst these. But I was greatly relieved at nine o'clock

this morning to get this telegram from Elder Fockler.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 22, 1900.

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

En route home, am internally injured; becoming difficult to breath; pray.

CYRUS B. FOCKLER.

I may say that Elder Fockler has a home in Canton, Ohio, although he has been working in Mansfield. His wife asked permission to stay at that home until they could dispose of it. That had been given, and she has been staying there with the family. So he went to Canton.

I replied to that as follows:

CHICAGO, July 22, 1900

REV. CYRUS B. FOCKLER, Canton, Ohio.

All Zion rejoices with you in your good fight at Devilsfield, and prays for your immediate recovery from injuries, for which we shall hold Mayor strictly responsible.

Ohio is deeply disgraced.

God will avenge His people and give them glorious victory.

Dictate a full report to stenographer. Sent it to me immediately.

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

Now it appears that the message sent by means of Attorney Douglass had not reached Evangelist Fisher, who sent us a telegram which was received this forenoon, which reads thus:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 22, 1900.

REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

All quiet here this morning. Strong reactionary feelings. Zion thankful to God for victory.

E. P. FISHER.

And then another telegram:

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 22, 1900.

REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE, 1201 Michigan Avenue.

Douglass message received; excitement abated, no danger.

Fockler over telephone advises me to say; also my desire; answer.

E. P. FISHER.

### **Zion's Immediate Arrangements to Follow Up Victory at Mansfield.**

Now I may say I have answered in the following telegram:

REV. E. P. FISHER, Zion Tabernacle, Mansfield, Ohio.

You can remain until further orders.

Announce that I have directed Overseer Piper to conduct services with yourself in Mansfield next Lord's Day.

Fockler will also be there, if possible.

All Zion in Chicago sends love to Zion in Mansfield.

Do you?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—

Christ is Conqueror. Read this telegram in Zion Tabernacle.

Now Overseer Piper has orders to report himself in Mansfield Saturday at the latest. I shall send down with him some Elders of Zion who are renowned for their piety and their peaceful dispositions, and their length of limbs and their soundness of wind, (Applause and laughter.)

I shall send Elder Stevens and Elder McClurkin, and I have ordered up Elder McFarlane from Marion.

With Evangelist Fisher down there, and these three officers, all of whom are over six feet, except Overseer Piper, and what he lacks in height he makes up in breadth, Zion will have a glad day.

### **Zion to Take Mansfield by Storm.**

We will send them down, and, Mayor Brown, if there is any trouble next Sunday, and I hear of a hair of the head of one of our Elders being touched, I am much inclined to come in person with three hundred and fifty Zion Guards (applause), and special excursion trains of Zion people from Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Marion, Ada and Lima, Ohio. We can take the town, Mayor Brown, for Jesus, and give you some of "the old-time religion" which you and "Red Hartman" need so badly. (Applause.)

Mayor Brown, I do not want to go just now, because I have a good deal in hand here at Headquarters, as every one knows, and Mansfield is, after all, a very small place on the map of the whole world, which is Zion's parish.

I think I have done a good deal of fighting in my day, have I not? And it is quite time to let others get some knocks. I will behind you. You do not think I am not going down because I am afraid, do you?

Voices—"No."

General Overseer—Not a bit of it. I want to go badly. But I think it is not always the part of a general to go into the front of a battle where he is liable to get shot.

But there are times when even a general or chief must go into that front; and I will tell you, Mayor Brown, if there is a hair of the head of one of our Zion people touched next Lord's day I may do what I have said, and you will have three or four thousand Zionties there to deal with.

I will call upon the Governor of the State of Ohio, as the Mayor is helpless, to see whether there is any law in that State.

Moreover, I shall write a personal letter to President McKinley, who is now in Canton, Ohio, where that bleeding Elder is lying. I will ask him to go and see the visible proof of that has been done within a few miles of his own home town, in spite of the laws of the State of Ohio, and the Constitution of the United States.

Is it not about time to subdue these anarchist mobs? To what it this lawlessness going to come?

I hold in my hand what a Judge of the United State District Court says concerning the state of affairs in the State of South Carolina a few months ago.

A colored postmaster had his house set on fire, himself murdered. His children were shot and severely wounded. He tried to escape in the darkness of the night with his family. One little baby was sot dead at her mother's breast. The bullet entered her mother's breast and she fell fainting. She lives, I believe. But several of them were killed, and the postmaster, a good Christian man, and a good citizen against whom there was no charge, except that he had a black skin, was murdered. Some of the law-abiding citizens tried to get the murders punished. They had a trial in April last in Charleston, South Carolina. I will read to you the result of that trial, and a portion of what the Judge said.

### **Terrible Indictment of American People by a Judge.**

It is a terrible but just commentary on the state of affairs when a lawless majority rules:

#### **SOUTH CAROLINA LYNCHING CASE.**

CHARLESTON, S.C. April 23—After remaining out all night the jury in the trial of person accused of lynching the Postmaster of Lake City came into court at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, the foreman announced that they found it impossible to agree upon a verdict.

Judge Brawley at once order a mistrial entered upon the books. The Judge made a strong speech in the course of which he said: "Sometimes I feel that the moral fibre of the people is growing weaker instead of stronger—that there is a growing deterioration in our race. Forty years ago who heard of negroes committing arsons, assault, murder and burglar Who heard of a lynching or mob violence forty years ago? Who ever heard of the humble home of a man being burned and his children butchered? These things indicate that the law is no longer respected by our people—the law has lost its sanction. What does that mean? It means anarchy; it means the disintegration of society. It means barbarism.

"The whole people have the government in their hands, and if they cannot enforce the law they confess their impotence. If they cannot govern the State with all the machinery in their hands without resorting to violent means, it is a confession of incapacity, and the sooner this is realized the better it will be for all concerned.

Is that not true?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—That Judge is right. I have told you from this platform, and I tell it in the cartoon this week, which is based upon my observations of last Sabbath, that the rule of the people has failed.

May God bring in His own blessed Rule. (Amen.)

May God bless you. I like to tell my people the whole story about a thing. I like to keep you thoroughly informed. I like to put facts upon record. Zion is making history.

Mayor Brown, I am your best friend, if you will let me be. I want you to give up your evil life, which makes you hate Zion's Elder. I want you to break away from your Masonic companions, who make you to hate Zion's Elder. I want you to be a good man, and go to heaven; but, Mayor Brown, if you will do the Devil's work, I shall appeal to

God, I shall appeal to the flag under which we stand, and I shall ask for your punishment, if it be necessary, Mayor Brown.

God will hear me, and the law will hear me.

I shall defend my little flock in Mansfield; my wounded, bleeding Elder. I shall stand by them with the last drop of my blood. My people will stand by them and with the last dollar we possess.

### **Unanimous Determination to Stand by Zion in Mansfield.**

We will stand by all who are preaching the Everlasting Gospel in Zion. (Amen. Applause.)

Is that so?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—May God bless you. All who will stand by us, if it takes their last dollar, in this matter, stand. (About three thousand person arose.) Thank God, it is the whole people. Will you promise before God you will pray for this man

Audience;—"Yes."

General Overseer—That you will stand by those whom we send down?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—With our last dollar, if it is necessary?

Audience—"Yes."

General Overseer—May God defend the right.

I want you to pray for me. I have many, many toils, and many trials and I did not need this thing just now; but I will stand by Zion's Elder, even if I have to postpone going to Europe for which I have been preparing for months, as you all know. (Applause.)

The tithes and offerings were then received, during the gathering of which Zion's White-robed Choir sang Simper's beautiful anthem, "Thy Barns Shall Be Filled." It was a fine selection, rendered with correct harmony and expression and with greet spirit and unity.

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### **LATER NEWS FROM MANSFIELD.**

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Since the foregoing prelude was delivered, the General Overseer has received letters and telegrams from Mansfield and Canton, Ohio, giving later news from the scene of conflict and additional information concerning the affair. In order to get the entire story together, we publish these in this connection.

He has also sent to Governor Nash, at Columbus, Ohio, a letter by a Special Zion Messenger, the Rev. E. B. Kennedy, B. A. That letter is also appended.

A letter of a private nature has also been sent by the General Overseer to President McKinley, who is a present visiting at his old home in Canton, Ohio. This will not be published.

In every possible way preparations are being made to secure a peaceful day at Mansfield next Lord's Day.

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### **EVANGELIST FISHER'S ACCOUNT OF MANSFIELD'S DISGRACE.**

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MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 22, 1900.

REV. W. H. PIPER, 1201 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

*My Dear Overseer:*—This is the day after the battle.

As usual Zion rejoices over victory.

A mob variously estimated at from 3000 to 5000 with murder in their hearts against one man seems a decided disadvantage.

But one man with God has a great advantage. Every one is asking how he escaped death.

Two things seem to me to suggest the reason. First, of course and fundamentally, because God is with us; and, second, because of Zion's long arm, which, under God, was felt.

The Mayor of Mansfield awakened out of his stupid sleep when he read the vigorous language of the General Overseer demanding protection. This, humanly speaking, saved dear Elder Fockler's life.

We applied the lash and they knuckled.

The Mayor with his own trotting team—one of the fleetest in town—drove Elder Fockler to a neighboring town last night, from which he took the train for Canton, Ohio.

The police could have scattered the mob, when it was being organized, but they winked at it. They, however, fought like tigers when the fight was one.

Between the organization of the mob and the capture of Elder Fockler Mayor Brown had read the General Overseer's letter.

He published an appeal in the evening papers.

They were as submissive as lambs to me. I can appreciate now some of the satisfaction which the General Overseer exults in "when the saints shall judge the earth."

To see these miserable cowards cringe before God's servants is an impressive sight.

Elder Fockler bore up under it nobly. His presence of mind and gentleness of character cause favorable comment and deep sympathy. More than one hard heart was melted to tears at the spectacle. Many outsiders compared it to the persecution Christ endured, and it has awakened a deep interest in Zion which augurs well for the future.

Elder Fockler lost all of his clothing except his shoes and stocking. They were torn into shreds. His watch, twenty dollars in money, etc. may be found.

I have just talked with him over the telephone, and he has suffered some internal injuries, I fear.

I left the protection of the jail last night and find everything apparently quite. I think there is no further danger. In fact, a strong reactionary sentiment has set in and from it Zion must receive benefit.

Yesterday's experience with the "Boxers" in Mansfield will prove a big advertisement for Zion.

Attorney Douglass has just delivered to me a message from the General Overseer, directing me to return to Chicago. The atmosphere has cleared and there is absolutely no danger; at least but little. I should advise that I be allowed to remain here for a time at least; if not, that some other officer be delegated.

I have had some lessons taught me which I consider very valuable. A conception of Zion and the work dawns on me which I thought I knew theoretically, but now have experienced.

May God bless you all. I am glad you sent me with Fockler.

Very Faithfully Yours,

E. P. FISHER.

P.S.—I shall await further instructions from Headquarters.

I have not written the General Overseer. Kindly acquaint him with any facts you think he would be interested in.

I am sending under separate cover two copies of Mansfield papers which ill describe in detail the affair more fully than I can.

The *News* article, as I remember it, is not far from the truth.

Will you kindly pass papers on to the General Overseer?

E. P. F.

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### ELDER CYRUS B. FOCKLER TELLS OF HIS PERSECUTION.

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CANTON, OHIO July 23, 1900.

REV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church.

Chicago, Illinois.

Beloved General Overseer:—Your telegram received. I will now comply with your request to give a report of the mob scene.

Evangelist Fisher, with my daughter Mary and myself, arrived in Mansfield at 11:45 A.M., and took a cab for the Vonhof Hotel, where we were assigned to a room.

We went to the dining-room and had dinner. After dinner I telephoned for my attorney Mr. A. A. Douglass, to call at our room, No. 34.

In about half an hour he came and we had an interview of about fifteen minutes in length in regard to business pertaining to the hall. I showed him the letter you gave me to deliver to Mayor Brown of Mansfield and then said that I desired to deliver it at once, and that I desired to go to the post office to attend to my mail.

We (Fisher, Douglass and myself) then went to the post office, which is one block from the hotel, and transacted the business there; then we walked up Main street through the square to the Mayor's office.

We found the Mayor in his office. I addressed him in a friendly way—shook hands with him and introduced to him Evangelist Fisher. I then delivered your message to him. He read it, and then my attorney, Mr. Douglass, said; "Now, Mr. Brown, do you intend to give this man protection?" The Mayor did not say whether he would or not, but did say something like this: "Well, he must be careful what he says."

Mr. Douglass then said, "Is this not a free country, where we have free speech?" Mr. Brown did not reply, and so we left his office, bidding him good day.

As we passed through the park, the leader of the mob recognized us and made the remark, There is Fockler.

Immediately the signal was given to the others who were in the park, and at once they began to congregate, with cries of "Fockler!"

Evangelist Fisher and I did not stop, but went on to Mr. Douglass' office. Mr. Douglass went up to the leader of the mob and remonstrated with him, warning him not to come to his office, and telling him that these men were his clients and were going to his office on legitimate business.

While in his office talking on business matters, we could see the crowd rapidly becoming larger. In about fifteen minutes we were through, and Mr. Douglass suggested that we could go out at the rear, so we did.

This led into Third Street, where at an alley we found a number of the ruffians standing watching. They at once gave the signal to the others who were standing on the street facing the park. They all then came rushing down the alley to Third Street.

We walked on at an ordinary gait to the hotel, with the mob following almost at our heels. We went directly to our room, and there silently prayed, and then consulted as to the best course to pursue.

We soon saw them filling the alley, climbing up on buildings, and heard them yelling in the street below.

We went out in the hall, where the proprietor of the hotel met us and said that we should not have come there and that

we had better go down the fire-escape the back way. We told him that we would do nothing of the kind, and that we were there as his guests and expected protection.

He went down and we were left alone in the hall. Evangelist Fisher said, "Now is the time that we need to rest in the Lord.," I said, "Yes, and we will."

In a few minutes we heard some one coming up the hall, counting the number on the doors. As they came around the angle in the hall they met us. It was the man who boasted that he was the leader of the mob, known as "Reddy Hartman."

With him as a newspaper reporter and some other young men.

We talked with them probably five minutes. While we were speaking to them at the rear of the hall, where the fire-escape they began to appear at the window, and soon were coming in to the number of about fifteen or more.

I asked them what they had against me, and they said that I called those who used tobacco "Stinkpots" and that I said that we could smell odor of tobacco on the girls who worked in the cigar factories as they passed us on the streets.

They also said that I called druggists "sorcerers," Evangelist Fisher tried to reason with them, showing them that this was Scripture.

They also said that I hypnotized, or put some kind of power over the people; and again they stated that I had belonged to the Order of United American Mechanics in Canton and had left them, and had spoken against Secret Societies; and other similarly foolish charges.

One of them asked why I did not preach as other preachers preached. They asked Evangelist Fisher if he was there to take my place. He answered "I am here to do God's will." The leader then drew out his watch and said to Evangelist Fisher, "We will give you five minutes time to leave this city, Evangelist Fisher said he would on nothing of the kind, and he stood faithfully by me.

One then cried, "What is the use of talking any more: Whereupon they seized me, and the entire number hustled me down the flight of stairs.

When we came into the main hall we saw the entire street filled with a sea of faces.

Some cried one thing and some another.

In a very vicious manner they forced me out into the street. Immediately three or four policemen began to try to protect me against the howling mob. They cried, "Let him speak!" I waited, raised my hands and waited for them to become quiet. But the moment I began to speak, they gave a yell, and in a moment or two there was a mad rush and I was separated from the police.

With vicious and upon me I was forced to run about three-fourths of a mile to the gas house with the mob yelling.

My coat and hat were torn off me in front of the hotel, and when we came to the gas house they immediately forced me into the house and began to cry for tar, but failed to find any.

While inside they viciously tore my clothes from my body, ripping them into shreds, with the exception of the clothes from my waist down.

In a few minutes they hurried me out of the house into the back yard, and there, seeing a vat of tar, and thinking it might be soft, they threw me into it. But it was a solid nature and bore me up, and I leaped out of it again.

They again seized me and took me to a pump in the yard and forced me under it and began to pump, supposing that tar would issue from the pump. But, for some unknown reason, they could not succeed in getting anything from the pump.

They then viciously seized me and hurried me to another pump and again began to pump, after forcing me under it; whereupon the engineer of the gas house came hurrying out and cried at the top of his voice "Men that will kill him."

But as they pumped again, for some unknown reason nothing came from the pump.

The engineer then fought nobly for me, and assisted me in various ways, speaking kindly words to me through the entire following scenes.

The police, five or six in number, did their duty nobly as far as I could see.

I was then hurried back into the building, where scenes similar to the others transpired and they demanded of me whether I would leave the city.

After a moment's hesitation, knowing that I could truthfully say Yes, I said I would, and the officers told them that I would leave.

But it was all to no avail. They still cried "kill him" "Lynch him!" "Hang him!" Etc.

The officers and the engineer, thinking it for the best, began hurrying me out into the yard, and I was hurried down to a three-foot stone wall, where there was a vicious fight for the possession of my body.

At this place all the clothing was torn in shreds from my body, nothing remaining upon my person but my shoes and stockings.

Some one of the mob took hold of my right foot and began with a rush to grab me from the police, but God helped me to keep in an upright position, and in a few minutes more my right foot was released. Then the officers saw that they could not force their way with the crowd, but succeeded in getting me upon top of the wall and inside of the yard.

At that moment the fire alarm was sounded and the hose cart with several other officers and firemen responded. The recruit of officers came rushing to my assistance.

One of them drew his revolver and cried at the top of his voice, "Men stand back or I will fire on you and shoot you dead. I think, with others, said to him, Do not shoot, put down your gun,

A desperate fight then ensued for the possession of my body, in which the policemen and many citizens among whom were some of the doctors of the town and many others that I did not know, did all that they could to protect me and rescue me.

Some one passed the word to the driver of the fire wagon to drive close to the wall, which he did, and then, with a heroic effort on the part of the officers and citizens, the wagon was forced back and I was aided to get on the wagon

and four officers jumped on, and the driver drove with desperate speed toward the city prison, the mob following with great speed and screaming all the way. We reached the prison only about two minutes before they did, and I was safely behind the bars with nothing on my body but coat that had been handed to me after I got upon the wagon, from some one in the crowd.

The mob then climbed upon adjoining building and surged around the prison trying to catch a glimpse of me, but I kept myself in such a position that they could not see me, by direction of the officers.

A number of the doctors, among whom was Dr Craig, came in to see me. He shook hands with me and gave me an expression of his sympathy. He said that he felt that this was an outrage and a shame. I asked him in the presence of the people if he was not called to Bauer's home to see the child and he said that he was. He also said that he had told the people to correct the statement that no physician had been called.

Some one suggested that I had better have some clothes brought, whereupon I told them to send for a clothier, and when one came he took my measure and furnished me later with an entire new outfit.

I was then given a towel, soap, and water and took a bath, and again attired myself with decent apparel.

A few minutes later Evangelist Fisher was permitted to come in and see me. We praised God together for my miraculous escape from that frenzied mob, and then I dictated the telegram that was sent you.

In about half an hour a prominent business man from the district where the gas house is located telephone the Mayor for God's sake to get Fockler out of the city: that the mob was organizing again for a desperate effort for the night to get possession of me from the prison. The Mayor and the officers advised me that it would be best to get out of the city, if possible, before night.

I said, "Have you not a militia or officers? He said Yes, but talked lightly about it. I think said, "I believe that I am secure inside this prison. But they thought not, saying that the mob would be filled with liquor and would be in a terrible condition after night, as it was Saturday night. My attorney thought would be wise to get out of their reach. I consulted with Evangelist Fisher, and consented that if they would give me safe delivery to the other station outside of Mansfield, I would go.

The Mayor at once order up his team of horses (which is considered the bets trotting team in Richland County) and I was taken through the basement of the prison to an alley. When the team was brought I was hurried to the carriage.

Mayor Brown, Officer Goodman, and Mr. Douglass and myself got into the carriage, and the Mayor drove away.

About one hundred of the mob were there hooting and yelling as we left. The Mayor drove me to a station about sixteen miles away.

This drive gave me a splendid opportunity to lay before the Mayor the facts, and also that which Zion teaches and practices.

He seemed to be favorably impressed.

We arrived at Galion about 9 o'clock. There we took supper and transacted some other business, and at about 10 o'clock they started back, and I went to the Big Four depot and took the train for Cleveland from whence I sent the telegram that I was injured internally, and wrote several letters.

I made inquiry and an effort to find where Elder Bouck resided, but failed. At 6:30 I took the train for Canton and at 11 o'clock I arrived at my country home where I met my wife and children. There the scenes were again related.

I had on my person, at the time of the mobbing, my gold watch, valued at about \$35; a mileage book worth about \$18, about \$16 in money; a gold fountain pen and other things of value, and all my clothing was destroyed. I think it all amounted to about \$90. It was all taken or destroyed and none of it has yet been found with the exception of some keys.

I am glad to say, beloved, General Overseer, that my body is speedily recovering. Sometime after you must have received the telegram wherein I request prayer, I felt greatly eased in my left lung, and have not been seriously troubled since.

My body is covered with many scratches and bruises and blood-shot spots, and I am quite sore, but I feel to praise God greatly for my miraculous deliverance.

Even some of my former enemies and my attorney stated that it could be nothing else that a miracle that I was saved from the howling mob.

Somehow my spirit seems to rejoice that I have been accounted worthy to suffer shame for Jesus sake, and only trust that all this may add honor to His Name, and may assist to win a greater Victory for God and Zion.

I praise Him for delivering me from the frenzied mob, and am now still more willing to give my all for His cause.

Thanking you for the past love you have shown me, I still remain your brother and servant of the Lord Jesus.

Faithfully yours,

CYRUS B. FOCKLER.

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### LATER TELEGRAMS FROM MANSFIELD.

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MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 24, 1900

REV. JOHN A. DOWIE:—Situation growing more critical; whole city stirred; no protection from city; angry mob began to form last night against me; but failed to find me; sure to form tonight again; advise me.

E. P. FISHER.

CHICAGO, July 24, 1900

REV. E. P. FISHER, Mansfield, Ohio.

Hold the fort.

We are praying for you.

Have wired to Mayor Brown.  
God will deliver.  
Stay by the flock, come what will

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE

CHICAGO, July 24, 1900

MAYOR BROWN, Mansfield Ohio.

Rev. E. P. Fisher, Evangelist-in-Charge of Zion Tabernacle, Mansfield, informs me that there is danger from mob violence tonight.

I demand his protection by the authorities.

We shall never yield to mob law.

He will stay and minister to the members of this Church in Mansfield, come what may.

Your duty is to protect him at all risks.

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

### LETTER OF THE GENERAL OVERSEER TO GOV. G. K. NASH, OF OHIO.

CHICAGO, U.S.A. July 26, 1900.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE HONORABLE G. K.  
NASH,

Governor of the State of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio.

*Sir*;—The bearer, Rev. E. B. Kennedy, B.A., Elder in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, of which I have the honor to be the General Overseer, will present this letter to Your Excellency, and more fully explain the matters to which it refers.

It will probably be within the knowledge of Your Excellency that a very serious condition of practical anarchy prevails at this time in the City of Mansfield, Ohio.

Mayor Brown has confessed publically his inability to preserve public order and to protect respectable citizens from mob violence.

The Rev. Cyrus B. Fockler, an Elder of this Church, and a man of unblemished character, has been ministering from some time to the Branch of this Church in that city.

Persecutions of various kinds have been for a long time suffered by him. The city authorities wrongfully arrested him upon a false charge and Mayor Brown wickedly demanded no less that \$7,500 bonds. When the case came before Judge Wolf, in Common Pleas Court, in November 1899, it was at once dismissed and our Elder completely vindicated.

Mayor Brown has taken a personal part in this persecution and had bitterly reproached our Elder, and indeed had compelled him to spend a whole night in prison, refusing at first to take any bonds.

Our victory does not seem to have been forgotten by the Mayor, who has on many occasions spoken malicious words concerning Elder Fockler, and upon a recent occasion, of which we have proof, he said that the mob could "do anything they liked with Fockler, so far as he was concerned, only they must not kill him."

This willingness upon the part of the Mayor to permit mob violence was fully taken advantage of several weeks ago, when an attempt to do Elder Fockler a serious damage

was only frustrated by the absence of the Elder from Mansfield, he having left to visit Canton, where his family lives, previous to his coming to Chicago to attend certain special meetings here.

After these meetings in Chicago were over, he returned to his post at Mansfield, by my direction, and I took the precaution of sending the following warning letter to Mayor Brown:

"ZION, CHICAGO, July 20, 1900

"TO HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR OF MANSFIELD, OHIO.

"*My Dear Sir*:—Long articles in the Mansfield press, especially the *Shield*, have made me aware that abusive and threatening and utterly unwarranted language concerning the Rev. C. B. Fockler, Elder-in-Charge of the Christian Catholic Church in Mansfield, has been used with evident intention of stirring up the rabble to commit an assault upon our Elder, if not to destroy his life."

"I wish to say that, as General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, I shall hold the authorities responsible for all damages to our property and all injury to our Elder in Mansfield.

"I need not tell Your Honor that it is the absolute duty of the authorities to protect both life and property, and if Elder Fockler has violated the law in any way, which he has not, it is in the power of those who hold a contrary opinion to take legal proceedings and proceed in an orderly way to his punishment.

"We propose to obey all righteous law.

"We are peaceable and law-abiding citizens, doing good, and we shall certainly avail ourselves of the laws which punish malfeasance in office on the part of those whose duty it is to give protection when they are made aware of danger.

"Trusting that you and the authorities under you will do you duty and maintain the rights of all, and prevent all mob violence, which is a disgrace to a civilized community, I am

"Respectfully yours, (Signed) JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

"General Overseer of the Christian Catholic church in  
Zion."

The public press and the reports of Elder Fockler and our attorney, Mr. A. A. Douglass, of Douglass & Mennert, all agree in this, that Mayor Brown, after reading the foregoing letter, declared that he would not afford protection to Elder Fockler if he continued to preach as he had preached, etc. and declared himself incapable of protecting him from the fury of the mob in any event.

Elder Fockler then proceeded quietly down the streets to our attorney's office, but both of these gentlemen were insulted upon the way by a notorious man names "Red Hartman" who, it is well known, both to the Mayor and to all citizens, led the mob in the outrages which soon followed. When Elder Fockler left our attorney's office, he was again insulted and followed to the Hotel Vonhof, where, in a short time, led by this notorious person "Red Hartman," more than a thousand people assemble. After a little time, this same "Red Hartman" forced his way into the building and, violently assaulting Elder Fockler, dragged and pushed him

down the stairs and threw him out of the hotel into the hands of the mob, which he continued to lead.

With threats of murder they proceeded to drag him through the streets of the city for more than half a mile to the gas house, where they tore every particle of clothing from his body and injured him severely. In a state of complete nudity, but for his shoes, he was again and again assaulted and the mob attempted to pump tar upon him, with only partial success.

Mayor Brown then seems to have come to the conclusion that there was danger that his permission to the mob to assault Elder Fockler would eventuate in his murder, and he therefore ordered the police to deliver him from the violence of the mob, which they could easily have done at the beginning.

This was only accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of the firemen, and Elder Fockler and the Rev. E. P. Fisher, an Evangelist of this Church who had accompanied him from Chicago, were both taken to jail for protection. Subsequently Mayor Brown removed Elder Fockler from the prison and drove him across country to Galion.

The Elder is now at his home a little way out from Canton, suffering from the maltreatment of this cruel mob, who practically acted under the direct permission, if not instruction, of Mayor Brown.

Since these events, the Rev. E. P. Fisher, who continued in charge of Zion Tabernacle and the Branch of our Church in Mansfield, has been subjected to frequent insults and to the threats of the mob, who on one occasion sought for him at night but failed to find him.

Mayor Brown has absented himself from the city and left the mob practically in charge.

The police have, we are informed by Evangelist Fisher, in a letter received this morning, expressed their sympathy with the Mayor and the "Red Hartman Mob," and told him that he ought to at once leave the city.

This, Your Excellency, is a bare outline of the facts up to this point.

I now desire to inform Your Excellency that I have directed the Rev. W. Hammer Piper, an Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, Rev. A. W. McClurkin, B. A. B. D., the Rev. Gerald F. Stevens and Rev. Archibald McFarlane, and the bearer, Rev. E. B. Kennedy, to proceed to Mansfield on next Lord's Day and to minister to the members of our Church in that city and to all who choose to come to hear them.

I submit to you Excellency, therefore, under these circumstances, whether it is not time for the State to interfere for the protection of life, and exercise of liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the "right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience."

I may inform You Excellency that all the officers and members of the Christian Catholic Church throughout not only America, but in all parts of the world, are sober, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, abstaining from the desire only to do good to their fellowmen, and believe that God is able to fulfill His Covenant, "I am the Lord that healeth thee" Since" Jesus Christ is that same, yesterday, today and forever" and is, therefore the Healer of His people, through

prayer to God and faith in Christ our Lord, vast numbers have been healed in all parts of the world

I humbly submit that whether these principles be accepted or not, they do not afford a ground for public violence.

If Elder Fockler, or any officer or member of this Church, has offended against any righteous law, we hold that the ought to be proceeded against according to law and punished as the law provide. But it is not even pretended in Mansfield that Elder Fockler has violated any law.

I therefore most respectfully demand of Your Excellency the protection of the State against the disorderly and anarchistic members of the community in Mansfield, beginning with the Mayor.

I know of no other way in which the officers and members of our Church can be adequately protected next Lord's Day that by the intervention of your authority, and I therefore submit these facts with the humble request that Your Excellency will take such action as you see to be fit and right to protect not only the members of the Christian Catholic Church, but many law-abiding citizens of Mansfield who are outraged by the anarchistic proceeding to which I have referred, and who have no remedy but in your intervention.

May I ask you kindly to state your pleasure to the Elder who presents this letter, and who will at once communicate with me by telegram?

I am, with much respect,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.

General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in  
Zion.