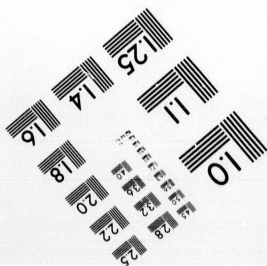
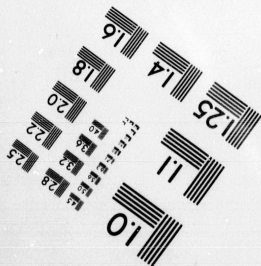
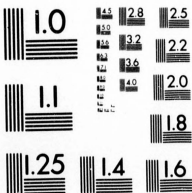



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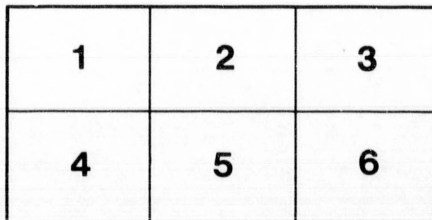
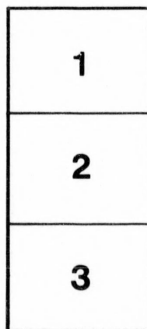
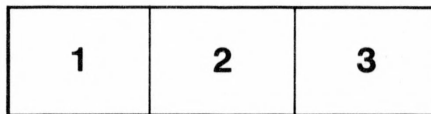
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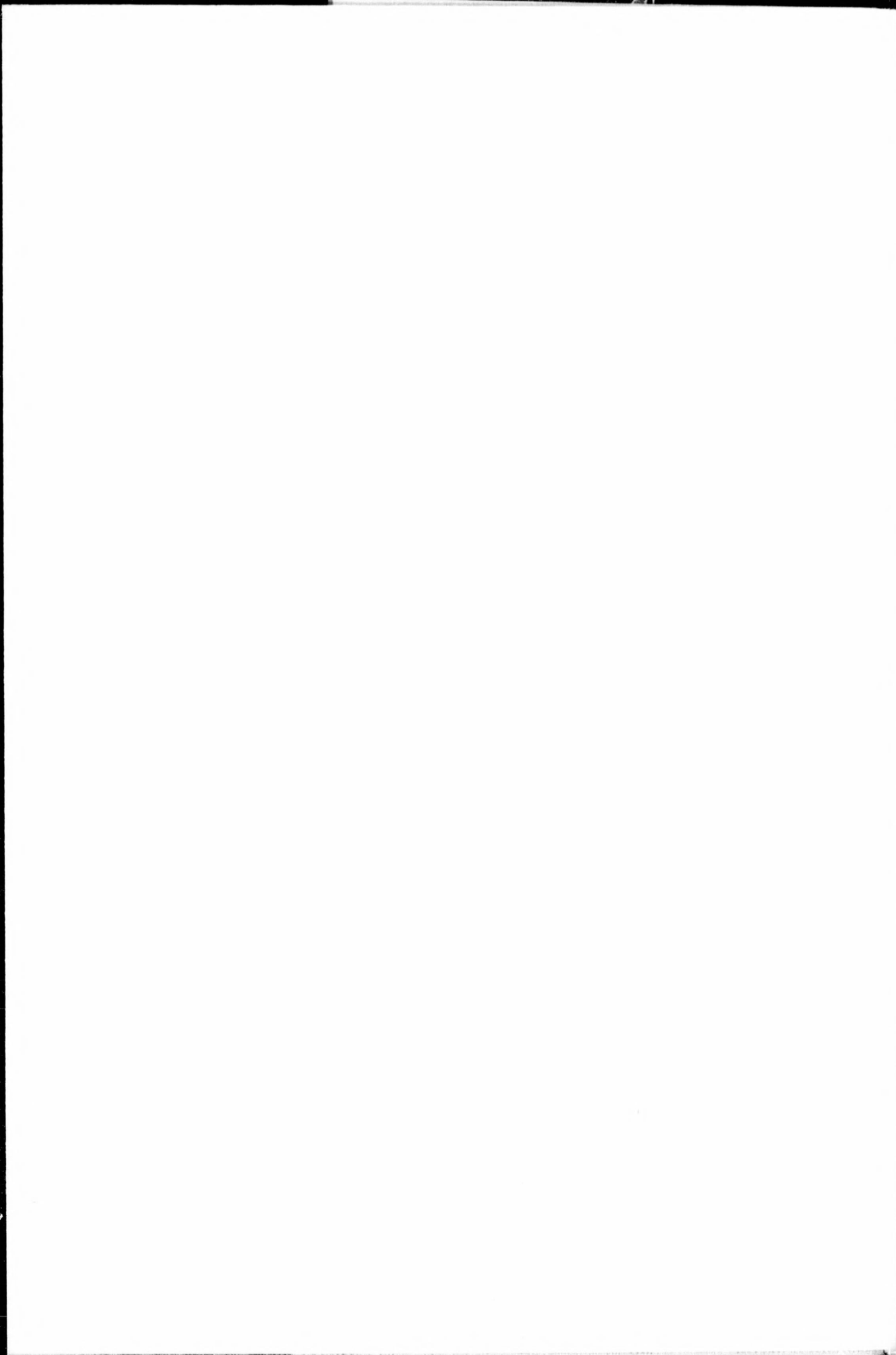
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*Small curiosity!*

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF



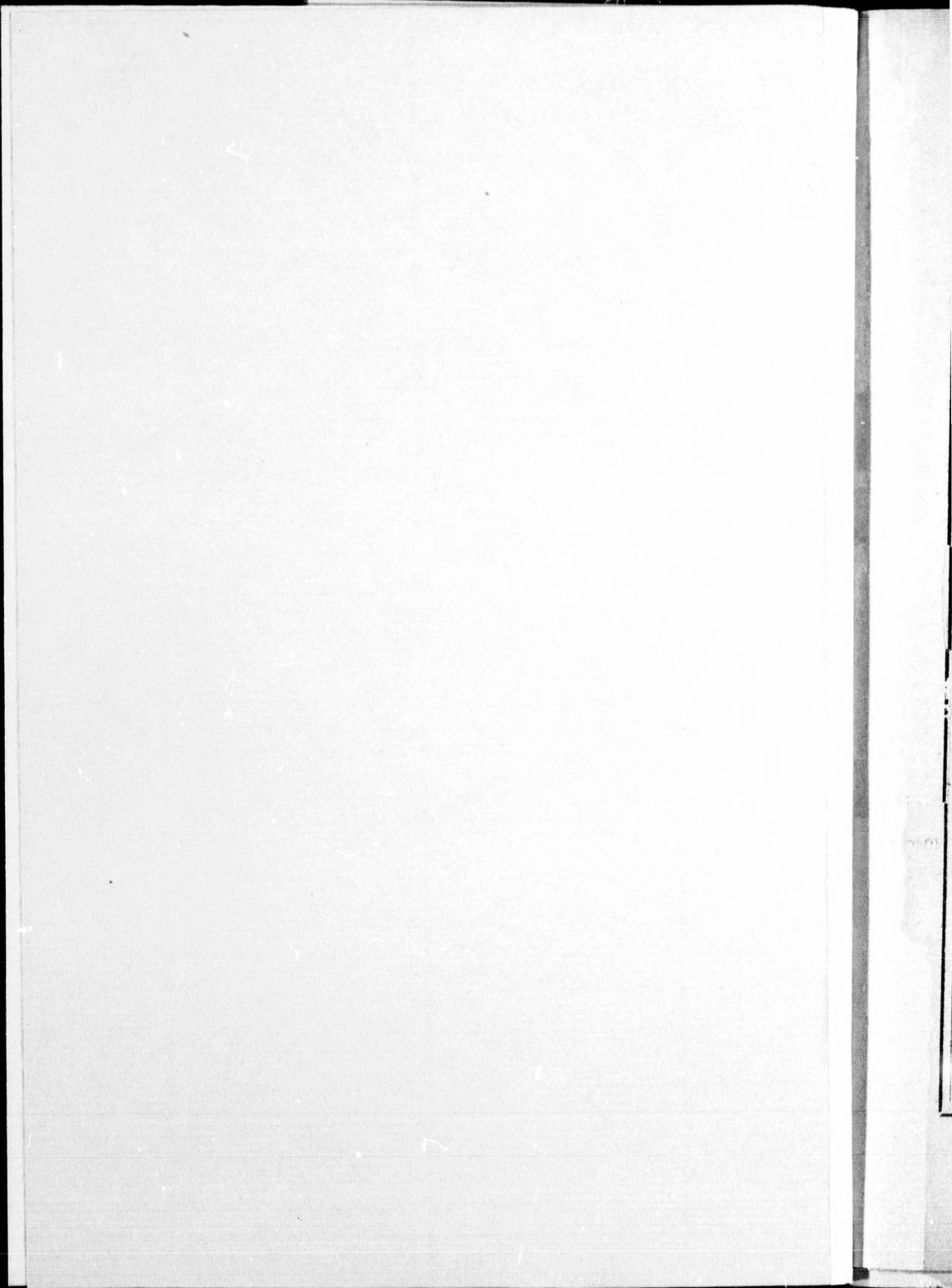
FRED GILYATT

LATE CORPORAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

HIS SUFFERINGS FROM THE HANDS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC  
PRIESTS.—HIS LETTER OF WARNING TO THE LATE  
PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CHICAGO, ILL.



*Please Read this before waste Basketting it*

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*AWB*

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## PREFATORY.

FRED GILYATT was born in the township of Redbourn, near the town of Brigg in the ~~feas~~ <sup>parish</sup> of Lincolnshire, England, May 27th., 1845, about 8 A. M., on what was then known as the Hase Farm. My father and mother were godly people. My father was from Huguenot extraction. His father was born in Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and my great grand father was brewer or maltster to the Earl of Yarborough. On my mother's side, I am supposed to be of English and Irish extraction. Her name was Hird. Her grand father was born in the town of Rasen, Lincolnshire, and was a soldier in the 5th Cumberland regiment and served through the revolution and war. My mother's grand mother was an Irish lady. I am not as yet positive about her maiden name, but some think either Mansfield or Mahoney, and say that she was a descendant of one of the Irish royal families. But this has to be proved so far. Both my great grand father and grand mother are supposed to be lying in a vault under the old Roman Catholic Chapel in Hull, Yorkshire, England, in vault No. 5. So the priest told me when I was in England in 1886, but I'll leave this and go along with my narrative.

FRED. GILYATT.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1893.

## HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

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FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—For several years, I have considered it my duty to write a book or a pamphlet and give it to the people and humanity at large. I have attempted on two or three occasions to write my life, but having very little education and having never written a full book at school in my life, I was afraid to attempt it. My family was poor or what is termed the “middle class” in England. From my earliest recollections I was naturally of a restless disposition but greatly attached to my mother, I had several narrow escapes of life while quite young and one of the marks I carry on my face, while I do not remember how I got it. My mother called it “her mark,” as I was marked for life. At another time, while one of my brothers and I were looking out of an aloft window at the men coming home from ploughing, when my brother said to me: “Come in or I’ll push you out.” I was a little overbalanced at the time, and trying to recover myself, I fell head foremost on a stone pavement, and was picked up by one of the men and carried to the house with a cut on my head, but, by kind nursing, I was soon around again. My next little risk was when one night that my mother was milking a cow that had long and wide horns. We used to call her “The Irish Cow.” I caught the old cow by the tail, and while swinging to and fro, she did not like my methods, when she suddenly turned around as if to say: “I will stop your fun,” and gave me one great hoisting into the air; but the laws of gravitation brought me down again. She, catching me, gave me a second dose, but the next time I came down, I was out of her reach, but fell on the top of a gate and rolled off into the yard and was picked up again



unconscious. Shortly after this, we moved to the Paradise Farm, and from there I went to the Redbourn school. This was the Duke of St. Alban's Estate and I went once with my mother to Kirton Fair and lost her, which caused her much grief. The town's beadle was called, and with bell in hand, went through all the public streets, crying, "boy lost or stolen!" But I found my way home before my mother arrived, to the great relief of her wounded heart.

We had some jolly times at the school, when the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban would come and mingle with the scholars in their sports and give prizes to the children. We lived in a corner of a wood and we were greatly troubled with poachers. While there, I used to be greatly frightened after dark, but we moved and went to the White How Farm near Kirton and Lindsey, and I was taken down with typhoid fever and for some time lost the use of my right side, as if it were paralysed. But after a period of time the use of my limbs was restored to me and then I became as daring as I used to be afraid before. I saw no danger. I remember once climbing the roof of the house after young sparrows for the cat, and descended down to the conductor whisteling when my father was walking in the garden heard me but dared not speak for fear he might startle me and that I might fall, there being only three small brackets holding me up. But when he got me down he showed me the danger I was exposed to. We stopped on that farm four years. Then we moved to Colby Low Farm, six miles north of Lincoln. By this time I was getting to be a big boy and was to every kind of mischief, not for diabolical reasons though, but simply for what I thought "fun," such as taking gates of the hooks and letting out cattle, so that boys would have a good hunt. Then I got very fond of dogs and guns. Being an expert shooter, on one or two occasions, I broke the laws by shooting on Sunday, this being unknown to my father. Also, being ambitious, I left home and hired out to work for a man who

made a great profession as a Methodist. One day he sent me to a field to dig a ditch, and I got into the wrong place. The "good" man found me out and swore at me like a trooper. This did me a great deal of injury in my soul; however, I stopped one year with that swearing Christian (?). The next year I went to live at Summerton Castle next to my home, but I did not get along very well. So, I left after a few months. I attempted to run away and join the army, but my plans were intercepted by my father before I reached the city of Lincoln. I came back with him and then went to take charge of a farm for a Methodist Preacher, but alas, I found out again that his temper was not sanctified either and that he was just as bad as the other one. I again thought I would leave home and go to sea 'his time; but, as I was on my way to the nearest city, I met a friend of my father. He asked me where I was going to. I frankly told him "to sea." He persuaded me to return home with him and stop a few days. In the mean time he went over to my father and told him what had been going on. My father then came over and invited me to come home. After a few weeks I hired out to go on a farm 20 miles from home to work with a Squire. This time I tried to reform, if there was such a thing, as there was a church on the farm and the episcopal clergyman came every second Sunday to hold service.

During my stay at Coats by Stowe, a confirmation was to be taken, and the young Squire wanted to see all his employees confirmed. So, I went with others and had something said to me in Latin with which none of us was conversant at all, and the bishop put his hand on my head as to confer something upon me, but it appeared to be a failure, for, its results I never felt from that day. It seemed to me to be a form of godliness without power, for, I found no change in my heart. I tried to be better for a short time. My besetting sin—profanity—seemed to lose its power but it soon returned again, and while I was there I was taken sick.

I had a good nurse and when leaving, I found it hard to part with her, for, I thought as much of her as if she had been my own sister.

On my way home, I fell in with bad company and I spent some money, which I had no right to do, and I felt ashamed to go home; and so, I made up my mind to enlist in the regular army, which I did and which caused my father and mother a great deal of grief. And then, not being more than 15 years old, yet, I was a man in size, standing five feet and four inches high and weighing one hundred and fourty pounds. My father came with the intention of taking me home, but I gave him the slip and went into the country, and on my return to the city was met by my mother and one of my school-mates to bid me good bye as I was ordered to join my regiment at Aldershot Camp, 32 miles from London, We went by the way of the old city of York and we took in all the sights we could see there, and then we were ordered from there to the greatest city of the world—London—via the city of Hull. When I arrived in London I was quartered on Charles Street for some days and it was anything but pleasant. There being a great number of the East Indies companies men enlisting into the British army and their morals and language were disgusting in the extreme to a young country boy.

I then got orders to proceed to Camp and I was glad when the message came. How strange a camp looks to a young country boy who has never seen a full regiment of soldiers before, and here were 30,000 of them. I was brought before my Colonel for attestation and told off to my Company. He gave me some sound advice which I shall never forget. My father could not do better in that line. As the typhoid fever was raging in the Camp, I was soon taken down with it. I reported myself sick but was sent back to drill by the doctor who said I was scheming. The orderly officer came

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around the next morning and found me in bed and ordered at once that I should be carried to the hospital on a stretcher. The doctor still said I was not sick and after lying three days in bed, I got up one day and tried to go out of the room. I fell unconscious on the floor and did not remember anything only as I was told. When I came to myself, there were three doctors sitting around my cot. They then knew that I was really sick, and after I got better I went back to drill. One day, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, came to review the troops. I thought I would like to see her. I had heard so much about her. So, I asked permission from the Drill Sergeant to let me go and see her, which he granted. I found her on Caesar's Heights and had a good look at her, and I was somewhat disappointed. I expected to see a great beauty, but I found her a very common looking woman. I thought that my mother was a far better looking woman and she was too.

In a few months we got orders to go to Shorncliff Camp in Kent where I did my first sentry on the old Sandbag Battery. But here the sand drifts were plenty and I got cold in my eyes and from the drifting sands I became blind for a time, and I had nitred silver, also nitred acid poured into my eyes. So great was the pain that the doctors gave me opiates to make me sleep and a sentinel placed over me to wake me up every half hour for twenty one days and nights lest I should sleep to death. But the crisis came at last and I was summoned before a Board of doctors. The General Doctor said to our regimental head-doctor: "Doctor Cluterbuck, have you tried everything you can think of?" I heard them turning over the leaves of their books. This gentleman said: "There is one thing more that I will try, and if that does him no good, I will then give him up. He sent for a bottle of white drops and poured some of it into my eyes, which gave me great relief, and after working on me about

two hours I began to see with one eye, and two days later, I saw with the other one. I consider that I am able to see to-day because of the skill of that doctor and the power of God behind. When I got better I went back to my duty, but the regiment was ordered to the depot at Limerick, Ireland. While there, I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was several weeks in bed and was put on the roll for my discharge as an invalid. But I got a sick furlough to go home to see my parents and I remained home ten weeks. When again the regiment was put under orders for the New Zealand's war, and they wanted a draft from the depot to put the regiment to full strength and I got a warrant to report to head-quarters in so many hours, as the doctors thought by my discharge that I was of no further use for the service. But when they saw me, the country air and plenty of fresh milk having worked wonders in me, they changed their mind and I was at once passed for foreign service. One hundred of us marched from Limerick to the Curragh Kildare Camp where my regiment was then stationed. But after we got there, the order was cancelled and we remained in the Camp till late in the winter. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, visited the Camp while we were there, and the Prince of Wales commanded the 3d Battalion Grenadier Guards. We had very near a mutiny one day through the indiscretion of General George Brown. It has been raining all day and we had been out on the field from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M., when a skirmishing line was ordered to lie down on the sand bank, Whether a small stone dropped down into the barrel of a rifle or whether a man put a ball into it, we don't know, but the General said he heard something whizzeling pass his head and it had been reported that he said he would have a field-day in spite of God Almighty. But we saw him riding off the field as if His Satanic Majesty was after him. Major Colthurst commanded my regiment that day, our Colonel being the camp-field Officer, and we were ordered to quarters,



Some of the men began to shout and some of the regiments broke their ranks entirely. The Prince of Wales commanded his regiment on our left; he cheered his men on and kept them from breaking ranks. When I got into quarters I had three charges in my rifle and they were so wet that they would not go off.

One night I was on guard and was expecting to go on furlough next morning, when suddenly rings out the alarm of midnight air by the bugler from the general head quarters. When our bugler takes it up, what does it mean? The camp is at once in motion. General Ere then commandant of the camp was our full Colonel and he was soon on the ground. The Royal Bangal Tigers was to be put to the front. The British flag had been insulted on the high seas by an American gun-boat, in stopping the Royal Mail Steamer Trent, contrary to the laws of nations. We had our baggage packed up and by daylight we were ready to march for British America by Cork. It was rather gloomy to march out of camp, our colors being half unfurled and draped in mourning, as the Prince Consort was lying dead in state. But we got to Cork. No boat had arrived yet. So, I spent my Christmas Day in 1861, doing sentry guard on the main guard in Cork instead of taking the plumpudding with my parents,

We sailed December 27th for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and during a severe storm on New Year's Day, we lost our life-boats, but we landed at Halifax on the 9th of January 1862. Our Colonel gave us some good counsels on the temperance question. Here, I got to learn "card-playing," and then I was promoted for good conduct but was soon reduced again for allowing two men to play at cards in the barrack's soom, which fact I never witnessed. I then was some time at my duty and went orderly to the Colonel for a time, and then on the military force for a time, and then groom to Captain

W. D. Thompson. Here, while with him, I was driving him and Dr. Tewson around paying New Year's visits on a sleety day. I took a severe cold which terminated into a severe attack of inflammation and the doctor told me that had I remained away another hour no doctors could have saved me. Again I was promoted by the Colonel himself without any Captain's recommendations as I had been in the Colonel's employ and wore a good conduct's badge on my right arm and the crossed-guns on the left, But I was too liberal a man for an uncommissioned officer and too just also, for, I would not allow a man to be imposed upon if I knew about it. Once, I had to defend a private who was put in the guard-house for being drunk while he was perfectly sober, when the corporal who made a prisoner of the man was drunk himself,

#### MY MARRIAGE.

I got married while I was a Corporal to a beautiful young woman at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her father was an English man and her mother a Nova Scotia Scotch woman, but the father had died before I saw her, I then tried to get my discharge by purchase, my father sending me the money. But they did not want to let me go as I was one of the best shooters of the regiment. I told my Captain I would write to the Horse Guards, when he told me I dare not without the consent of my Colonel and I give him a little information that I would have some one else to do it for me, They then laid a trap for me. The Sergeant Major being a friend of mine, sent me on detachment out of the way, but in breaking up the camp, a five feet nothing-officer named Parkinson gave me a wrong order which so enraged me that I tore the stripes from my arm and threw them on the ground. I was court-martialled and sentenced to 112 days in prison for insubordination and disrespect to my rank, but half of the

imprisonment was remitted for my previous good conduct. While in prison on the old Melville Island, fresh water well gave out and they dug a hole near the beach and fed us with brackish water which gave me salt-rheum into my head. But the work was done and I made up my mind to leave the army at all cost when opportunity would present itself. I got away after six months and worked with Mr. Curry, the army's butcher, for a short time, and then went to Thomas Casey's livery stable and from there I went to Colonel St. Clair, the Adjutant General of the Nova Scotia Militia. While with him, I was drafted into the 6th Battalion Nova Scotia Infantry, under Captain McNutt.

I came to Ottawa, Ontario, May 1867 and joined No. 2 Garrison Battery of Artillery as Trumpeter. *Gunner under Coln Ross late 6th Regt*

#### MY CONVERSION,

—o—

I was converted about this time, I was sexton of the Ottawa Congregational church and also janitor for the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars. I had worked for Robert Mc. Greevey a short time and was also a private coachman to H. O. Burrit for a short time, then I went to drive team for Thomas Gallagher, contractor and builder who was one of the trustees of the Congregational church.

I had been inside of a church only once in three years; that was the Edinburgh Episcopal church. One reason I went in is that I wanted to see the interior and the other was that I wanted to hear Mrs. Burrit and Mrs. Burk sing. I had come to the conclusion that religion was a myth and that Ministers were frauds. At about the time I left the Burrits, I was going up to the city one day on Cumberland Street and met two men who were giving up tracts as they passed along, and I saw one of those men with such a peaceful look and his face really shining, I said to myself. "This



must be surely a minister, and as I passed along by him, he handed me a tract, but he did not say a word to me and I am glad of it, for, I might have asked him: "Who was Cain's wife?"

The tract was taken from the 7th chapter of Matthew's Gospel, 13 to 14 verse inclusively. It led me to thinking and a night or two before I had taken the key of the Congregational church and as I was like a man in a house in fire, I saw no way of escape; I even thought the earth might slip from under my feet and leave me for ever with the damned. But as I passed the church one day, it was very cloudy and inclined to rain; when I got in front of the church I saw that all the young shade trees that had been planted had all budded but save one, and that it appeared to be dead. I said to myself: "A poor tree for an ornament just before a church door. I must have that removed and another put into its place." To make sure whether it was dead or not, I went over to it and saw that it was near girdled by a horse that had been tied to it, but after splitting its bark with my thumb's nail I found it to be green. "I said: "Where did that tree get its life if there is no God?" And as I stood looking at it; thoughts came to my mind thick and fast. I said: "There is something in nature for me to study here. If I pull up this tree to see whence it got its life, it is quite likely I will break some of its roots, and if I dig around it, it is quite likely that I will cut some of them. I must study this tree as it stands." Portions of the Scriptures came to me that I had learned at my mother's knees. These words came to me: "He that taketh out of this book, from him shall be taken his portion from the book of life, and he that addeth to this book, to him shall be added the plagues that come hereafter." I said: "If it be the Spirit of God speaking unto me, I would like to know it, and as I passed from the front of the church to a space between it and Webster's Hall,

the clouds parted like a bird that spreads her wings and the sun shone out in all her beauty for a moment, throwing a golden hue on every thing around. I said: "Glory to God, I am in a new creation and I have not doubted God's presence and power ever since.

I remained sexton for two years and many of the young people of that day are still members of that church.

#### STATIONED AS A TRUMPETER AT CORNWALL.

I volunteered for the mounted police for the North West at the shooting of Scott at Fort Garry and was measured for my uniform by Captain Cameron of the British Artillery, now Major General at Kingston, Ontario. But I was not called for on the 20th of May, 1870, for Manitoba but was on the 24th of the same month and year stationed on the frontier at Cornwall, as Right Division Trumpeter of the Ottawa Field Battery, Captain Forsyth in command and Colonel Atcherley commanding the Brigade during the Fenian raid. After returning home I found that my wife had lost her health, that my only daughter living at that time was sick with whooping cough and bronchitis. Then our family physician—Dr. Leggo—advised me to take them down to salt water. So, I took my wife home where she was born, at Darmouth, Nova Scotia. Then I went as a private coachman to John S. Dale, at the Fairbank Cottage. After living one year with them, I went to work for William Prior and Sons, shipping merchants. Then moving to the city of Boston, Mass., I worked a little while in the Mason and Hamlin Organ Factory on Cambridge Street. But my wife took sick again the day I arrived there with the lung's fever and for sometime I had very little hope for her recovery. She was placed under the cares of Doctor Putnam, a very noted physician, whose father had been the discoverer of ether.

I then went out to Jamaica Plains for a month as private coachman to Folsom of the Firm of Hanley, Folsom & Martin, and I left him to come back to South Boston. There I worked for a short time for T. H. Dunham in his factory. Afterwards I worked for More and Whyman at Tufts Elevated Works, 37 Foundry Street for two years.

During all this time I taught Bible lessons and spoke in the open air, visiting the sick and the destituted people of all grades, colors and creeds. I was a helper on the Congregational Home Mission Board one summer with Mr. Ivory Harlow, visiting seamen on the vessels landing at South Boston. They that were in authority in the Board wanted to bind me entirely to the sailors' Work while all the remuneration I was to get from them was \$2. per month, that is, hardly enough to pay for my shoes. I said I would go wherever the Spirit of God would lead me.

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### MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE ROMISH CHURCH

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I visited that poor Roman Catholic mother who had her 10 years old daughter murdered by that notorious Pomeroy boy, and I bought a paper from him the night after he had committed the deed in the afternoon. It was for visiting this poor woman in her distress, praying with her and the like of it among other Papists that, unconsciously, I drew the malice of the Romish Corporation or church upon me— which culminated in the poisoning of my baby-boy from their minions' hands. I may have had two poisoned by them, for all that I know, for, I had another one that died under a Romish mid-wife. To that time I knew nothing of the vicious doctrines of that church and the wickedness of its supporters. To day, with all the facts present to my mind, I will advise our Protestant mothers never to employ a Roman Catholic mid-wife. Apparently, they may be good-natured and

all this and that, according to the Jesuitical style, but they must obey the mandates of the Pope and his agents—the priests of Rome—under the ban of penance in Purgatory or Hell.

This child of mine was poisoned by that Romish nurse because I would not permit her to bring it to her priest for baptism in their church. At first, this nurse had been sent by some Jesuits to my home. I met her on the street when searching for us, telling me she had lost her written information as to the location of my house. I told her to come in and my wife hired her for a few days at \$2. a day. But I could not pay any longer than agreed upon as \$2. was all I earned a day at that time. So, I told her as I was away at night, that she might go out during the day, earn what she could, and as she had no other place to stay, that she could come and stop with my wife at night for company; I would charge her nothing and also give her supper and breakfast in the bargain. However, in return for my kindness she poisoned my baby-boy. It only tells that Romanism has not changed yet,

Now, Friends and brothers, for whom I write this small book, listen to a voice from the wilderness, so to speak.

This good Popish tool of the priestcraft also threatened to kill my wife, making the following remark: "I'll kill her, even if it takes me five years to do it." It was because her husband would go into popish houses to talk salvation and for distributing Gospel Tracts among that deluded class of people that same husband got kicked on the Street and was once threatened to be shot.

Then, in order to save the rest of his family this much persecuted man moved to Chatham, Ontario, July 18th 1875, and owing to his past experience, he took a very little part in public meetings; but in 1879, when the Reverend E. P. Hammond, the Evangelist, came to Chatham, the writer—

Fred. Gilyatt—considered it his duty to take part in that great revival. Then he moved to Charring Cross, six miles from Chatham, where he was installed as the Superintendent of the Primitive Methodist Sunday School by the Reverend Mr. Dike. While teaching at that school on the 2d of May 1880, fiends in human form went to my house and outraged my wife, who, fearing violence from my own hands, never said a word to me about it, but deserted her family, five in number, whose ages ranged from 10 years to 16 months. She went to Detroit, Michigan. Finding out all the truth about this case from the lips of my five years old child who had witnessed the assault of the villains on my wife, I then came to Detroit, and after a while found her, pardoned her and offered her to come home, but she refused. I then brought my children to Detroit and offered her once more to come and live with us. She came and went back two weeks afterwards. I took her back five times in nine months, and twice during that time she lived with Popish families who did their best to entice her to abandon her faith.

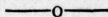
On Christmas Day, 1880, I followed her into the Romish cathedral, on Jefferson Avenue, Burgess being then the bishop of that Diocese. While in that pagan church, I never bowed to their images, nor made the sign of the cross on myself, and God helping, never will. For not bowing before these wooden and pancake gods, I got blacklisted, spotted at once till it resulted in my being handcuffed and dragged out of my house, from my children, without a charge or warrant, on the 22nd of March, 1881. As they dragged me out, a man was standing outside of the door, as if he had been there accidentally. The name of this man was E. D. Sales. Said he: "Hello, what's going on here?" The officer said: "It is a good thing you did not come first, for you would have been a dead man." This man said: "Where are you going to take him to?" The officer replied: "To the Central Station."



"Oh," said this man Salles, "I have got a carriage here; I'll drive him down for you." The officer replied: "This is not the man that you think he is. You could do nothing with this man." The prisoner was taken down to the old Woodbridge Station and when he arrived there, Captain Gerardine was on duty. He said to the officer. "On what charge did you arrest that man?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Haven't you a warrant for him?" He replied: "No, I have got no warrant." The prisoner replied: "Just as I expected it; without a charge or without a warrant!" The prisoner was hurled into a cell in the midst of the fumes of liquor and tobacco and the cursings of drunken prostitutes; he was kept there till next day. Then he was brought before Judge Miner, a Jesuit of the first choice, who, having been instructed in the Confessional-Box what to do with the heretic Gilyatt, sent for a physician, asking him to examine the prisoner whom the Judge had taken for a crank. The physician said: "This man is no fool; he knows fully well what he is talking about as well as you do." Then the prisoner appealed, as being a Canadian and a British subject, and demanded his rights as such; which was denied to him.

Then the Papists resorted to another trick. Through threat or bribery, these Jesuitical demons got the prisoner's wife to sign a warrant for assault and battery.

#### WOMAN, A FAMILIAR TOOL IN THE HANDS OF ROMISH PRIESTS.



In the witness-box, she could not answer the crossed questions I put to her. "Does he drink," asked the Judge to the woman?" "Not that I know, Sir," answered the woman. "Does he not take a glass of beer?" "Not to my knowledge," she replied. "How many children have you," said the Judge? "Five." "How long have you been living to-

gether?" Near fifteen years, Sir, haven't we, Fred.," said the wife to me? She did not tell him she had six children dead and one of them poisoned by a Papist who came to nurse her when sick in Boston. "Does he abuse his children?" "No, Sir; he is a very good father to his children." Then the Judge said: "I never saw a father yet, who was good to his children that would abuse his wife at the same time." The prisoner then put a question to the Judge to which he did not answer. Then a man who sat on the side bench held up his finger, and the Judge got off from his bench and stepped into a private room with two men. Another man sitting there, said: "Judge, be careful what you are about to do. This is the man about whom there is so much talking in the town to-day." "Do you think so," was the reply? The man answered: "This is the man who was in our holy Church on Christmas Day, and would not sign himself nor bow before our holy images."

That was sealing the doom of the prisoner. The Judge returned to his bench to sentence his man on that good Romish evidence, to 60 days at hard labor in the House of Correction in Detroit, Michigan. The wife turned around and said: "I did not want you to send him to prison. What will I do with my children?" The Judge said: "You can see to that. I think you have said something that was not true; haven't you?" "Yes, Sir; there is not a word of truth in that warrant they made me sign. I will say again that a better father to his children could not be found, and I would have liked to spend the rest of my days with him, but I see now that I have done wrong this time and I will have to leave the city. I have acted a part which was not mine but that of the church of Rome. I ought to be punished myself." Said the Judge: "He will be a better man to you when he comes out." "Not to me," said the woman. "He may be to some other woman, for, I never saw his face changed like

that before." I looked upon her in pity and said: "You have done a good thing for yourself this time, Jennie," and as I was moved back to the corridors, she stood and looked down the long hall, almost inclined to follow.

I was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association at Detroit at that time. In the dark hour, all forsook me but Secretary Johnson, a Canadian, who came to see me. I gave him what money I had in my possession and he went to my house and got my trunk and clothes, but forgot my tools at the Campbell dry dock; in consequence of it, I lost \$40 worth of tools. I went to prison on the 24th of March, 1881. Meeting the deputy at the door and taking him by the hand the prisoner told him with a smile on his face: "I have come to spend a little time with you,

He was then registered, weighted and sent to inspect his cell, No. 117. When asked how he liked it, he replied: "It is like a slaughter pen because of the killing of bed bugs on the wall," to which they replied they would have it white-washed before night and which they did. He then was sent to B. room where they put him to making wooden chair bottoms,

Things went on smoothly except that he suffered greatly both in body and mind for about thirty days, his nose bleeding from once to thrice a day during that period,

One day, three ladies and one gentleman came in to see him concerning the adoption of his children. "What shall we do with them," said Mrs. Judge Brown? Your wife has brought them to the Home of the Friendless and says that she will have nothing more to do with them and that you are willing that they should be adopted." His reply was: "Madam, I don't wish to rend my heart to pieces all at once. God has given them to me and I do not wish to part with them." "Well," said this lady, "what guarantee can you give that you will pay their board and we will keep them



for you." The prisoner replied: "I can give you no guarantee at all. I cannot provide for myself while here, how then could I for my children?" Well, what shall we do with them in the meantime? As you know, our Institution does not keep children except their board be paid or they be for adoption." To this the prisoner replied: "I think you had better turn them over to the poorhouse authorities. I think the least they can do is to keep my children as I am working for the Corporation for nothing. If I had had justice I would never have been sent here, and when I am out of this Jesuitical dungeon I will see what I will do with them." Mrs. Brown then turned around and said: "You hear what this man says." To which, Superintendent Nicholson said: "The man is right enough; another man ought to be here at his place,"

The prisoner said something about bringing his wife back to account for her false oath against him; then Nicholson said: "Let her go in the disgrace which she deserves." Then Mrs. Judge Brown said to the prisoner; "If you take that woman back again after all what she did to you, you then deserve a good horse-whipping. I shall not know what to think, whether you be a man or not."

Superintendent Nicholson then said: "I have been asked several times if there was a prophet imprisoned here; I have been looking all around and saw there was none of that description except this man be one. They all took another look at him and left.

The prisoner returned to his work, the making of bottom chairs in B. room and heard no more from the outside world until after the 30th of April 1881, when the prisoner was either in a trance or saw a vision or perhaps both, as he declares he does not know whether he was in the body or out of it as the Apostle Paul said when he was caught up to the third heaven and heard those things that he could not describe; but to those restrictions the prisoner was not subjected.

## THE VISION.

On the night of the 30th of April 1881, a great many things were shown to the prisoner in a vision. First of all, he found himself bound in his cell, and then saw in spirit the Judge who had sentenced him, guarding the gate. The prisoner's wife then came in and looked in. When she saw the form of this Judge she ran away with all her might.

Then, another female form came and shook the gate, but could not get in. Then, the night guard, a good Papist, came also, then Satan, then they all came along in human form, much determined to put him to death, but the prisoner had a shield over his heart, which made them fail in their enterprise. But one of the fiends seized the weapon and aimed a blow with it at the prisoner. The missile seemed to take effect on the left side of the neck, and while the blood appeared to be flowing and life's tide going out, three small blue lights came dancing along. When just gasping for breath, a meteor burst into the cell, and at the same time another female form appeared, saying: "I am sent to comfort thee, my beloved, in thine affliction." Placing her hand upon the wound which the fiend had made, she said: "Be thou strengthened and avenged on thine enemies." The prisoner felt immediately strengthened by these words of encouragement, and the form of the Judge at the gate turned pale and fled.

The prisoner came back to his senses. Perspiration had been so heavy on him that one might have wrung much water out of his clothes. He was resigned to the will of God, but he wondered what that meant.

The following Sunday, being the 8th of May, a young

The young Preacher supposed to be H. R. H.

Prince Leopold of England who was on  
a visit to Canada 20

man came in to preach. After singing the hymn, "Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying," he read several passages of the Holy Scriptures. One of the quotations was that of 61 of Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," etc.

The prisoner being a fair singer, took part in the singing of those hymns. As he states, he thoroughly believes that he was as much in spirit that day as were Peter and Paul and many others who, previously, had suffered for Christ' sake and humanity.

The young preacher took for his subject "The lost coin," using several illustrations. In the first place he described the way in which they build houses in the eastern countries; that these houses were composed mostly of lattice work; that the mats were laid lengthwise, so, that a small coin might slip down between the mats. The woman would not only have to remove the mats but would have to use a light of those days, then sweep the house diligently in order to find it, and when found, she would call her neighbors and friends to rejoice with her.

When a man goes to some of those ancient cities, such as Nineveh, Babylon, and find something whose value he ignores, it might be of an oblong or a square or any other form, but is full of dirt, the inexperienced finder would throw away what he deems to be a worthless thing. On the contrary, the experienced man would take it and scrape the dirt out of it and then perhaps rub it with a brick. When this is done, the outlines of some image or inscription begin to be seen. He then takes it again and washes, polishes it more, then the image or inscription is brought to full view. "Whose image and inscription are these?" Why! It is one of Cæsar's coins.

Now, Friend—I have used this illustration to bring out another. Every soul born into this kingdom is stamped with the image of God. But Satan having come in it, this precious

soul has become corrupted and made very filthy through sin or Satan. It would take a great deal of rubbing and scrubbing to see God's image in some of you perhaps. There are scholars here; there ought to be none.

What do we mean by "being converted?" Why, says one, it means the giving of our heart to God. Oh! says another, I want that for myself." What I understand by conversion is simply a change of mind. Yes, and a right about face. You see a man going along a road, but suddenly he comes to a great chasam and a few more paces would hurl him below to everlasting destruction. But he simply turns about and every step he takes carries him further from the pit.

Sometimes, when I go into a meeting, I hear the people talk of the raptures they felt some 20 or perhaps 28 years. The question is not "was I born again 28 years ago." but, "am I alive now, just now?"

Again: I see a railroad; there are two tracks that seem to run parallel for a time, but after a while they begin to diverge till one is found running in the direction of New York and the other to Chicago. So it is in the way of life. Some men cannot tell you when they were converted; but still you find they reach their desired haven, Again; you see a young man; he takes a trip into the country and he sees a farmer at work in a field. He has never seen a field of corn, and he sees the farmer chopping away with his hoe. He goes over to him and says: "Sir, what are you doing?" "Why, I am hoeing corn." "Why," says the young man, "I see no corn; I see nothing but grass! Why, you don't call that stuff, corn! Do you? Why, I thought corn grew from 6 to 10 feet high and had a tassel on the top and a cob on it, half as long as your arm." "Young man, this is corn in its infant state. Call and see me again some day." He comes again, This time, it has grown up to the knees. "Is this the stuff I thought was grass? How fast it grows!" "Yes, when

properly hoed and cultivated; but the weeds must be kept down until they grow up and then, they don't affect it so much. Come again, young man." He comes again. The farmer is going through it for the last time. Some of it has begun to tassel out. The young man looked at it with surprise and said: "Why, I believe you will have corn here, after all." "Come again," says the farmer. He comes at the cutting time, and lo! he sees not only the stalk from 6 to 10 feet high, but he sees the tassel and the cob half as long as his arm; he sees it in its maturity.

Some people think they ought to reach perfection in a moment, and, because they don't, they turn back to the beg-ally elements of the world. But God's order is, first, the blade, then the stalk, then the ear and the corn in the ear. This is the divine order.

Again, you see a family of 5 or 6 children. The elder one has begun to assist in the household duties; but you see an infant at the mother's breast. You see the others who are able to play. A man comes in and say to that mother: "Why, that is not your child, because it does not romp and play with the elder." How the fire would flash in her eye, and how quickly she would reply: "Sir, what do you mean? You have insulted me grossly when you said that this was not my child, or, that it was not a child at all." Why, as I look upon that child, I see in it the whole germ of manhood or womanhood as the case may be. All that is now required to bring this child to perfection; humanly speaking, is good food and proper nursing. So it is in the spiritual kingdom. Every child born again, needs but good food and proper nursing until it becomes to the fullness and the stature of a man in Christ Jesus."

When the service was over, the young Preacher asked Superintendent Nicholson if all the prisoners were present. "Yes Sir," said Nicholson. "Every one, out of your dungeons,"



queried the young man? "Every one," answered the Superintendent. The Preacher then said: "I might as well state my mission. I was told there was a prophet imprisoned here. His own consort deserted and bound him, then went to live in a loghouse near the shores of Lake Huron; but she heard a rumor one night and she got up in haste and came and looked into this prison. Had she seen her husband everything would have been settled and he would have come out. But instead of this she went to a certain city and after she had been there a day or two her light went out. We searched for her but we could not find her. We thought at first that her consort was dead, as his star became stationary. I was on the top of a Museum one night and I was told there was something going to happen. A star arose in the heaven and took a circuit course around and stopped a little while here and a little while there, like a person going from one house to another. At last, it settled over one woman's house. I went to the house myself in the morning and asked her if she had a daughter of a certain age. She told me she had, I sent in a young lady where she was and told her that there was a star over her and that I wanted to see her. She came out and prophesied and told me that the man I was looking for was in the Detroit's House of Correction, and I am here in search of him. If he makes himself known to me, I will demand his release inside of twenty-four hours, and you had better not make away with him either, for, if you do, we shall know it. We have a prophetess on the other side and she says he is here."

The young Preacher then read a piece of poetry that had been written in a prison in Ohio, and said: "If I do not find him here I shall go there, for, we have never heard that this man was ever on a race course or ever sold pools, but I am told he was born in a Shepherd's cot; but we don't care for that, If he is God's chosen to represent this people,

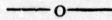
I am told that the representatives of five tribes have been shown to him. We have traced him back and know to what tribe he belongs, but we don't know to what tribe she belongs; we only suspect, but the prophet knows to what tribe she belongs. His own consort grew weak two or three times and once or twice we thought her light would go out, for, if she had died a natural death, the gift would have gone to another generation; but as she has been led away by a man of a powerful dark spirit, God has sought him out another consort and sometime to-morrow I will have her here, and as soon as she sees him, she will know him. I have got permission from the Superintendent to see any man in his cell, alone, and if any of you would like to see me, leave your number with the Hall-keeper as you go out and I will call and see you. The prophet did so but the young man never came, presumably because the keepers never gave him the prisoner's number. This was the 8th of May, 1881, in the forenoon. He said he will make himself known by some writing that he would do. So, that afternoon the prisoner thought that he would write something to leave behind him after he left the cell.

They had refused him so far the privilege of getting a Bible in his cell, saying that they didn't give it to short sentenced prisoners. As Fred Gilyatt sat down to write, he prayed to God to guide his hand and heart and commenced by writing that God is spirit and those that worship must worship him in spirit and in truth, for, He seeketh such to worship him "for, it is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing, The spirit shall be in them as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. This is the spirit that those that believe shall receive the words that I speak unto you; they are spirit and they are life."

He then wrote the first and second commandments given to Moses on Mount Sinai. Under the second he put

in italics these words: "MANY HAVE MADE THIS NULL AND VOID," which has left many souls in darkness. Even to this day, the second commandment is the one the church of Rome took out entirely from the Decalogue. The writer has a popish catechism for over forty years to prove that the tenth commandment is split in two by that apostate church to make up the ten. This is why the prisoner wrote the following verses in the line of poetry:

OH, WHY WILL YE DIE!



He shall come as he said, or no flesh should be saved;  
 And time that is, shortened shall be.  
 So, those that hear it, may greatly fear it,  
 For, thus said God's Holy Spirit to me.

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So, both Gentile and Jew, may now once pursue,  
 To see if the Scriptures are now coming true,  
 Which was spoken by the prophets of old,  
 How that sheep gone astray and got far away,  
 Must be sought out and brought back to the fold.

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For, he has sent me to cry: "Oh, why will ye die!  
 Ye, sin stricken children of men!  
 So, do not refuse nor the moments misuse,  
 For, I will soon be coming again,

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For, in this cell, that I am told,  
 That all that glitters is not pure gold,  
 For, wicked men shall from their riches flee,



For thus God's Holy Spirit said to me,  
 And Satan is prowling and greatly growling  
 For God's blessed message to me.

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As He has sent me to cry: "Oh, why will ye die.  
 While mercy is coming so nigh!  
 For He has opened a door on this lower floor  
 By His blood to the throne that's on high.

The night guard, named Sullivan, came on duty while the prisoner was writing and demanded to see the writing. He took it and read it, and said that he would show it to the Superintendent in the morning. The prisoner said: "I don't care whom you show it to.

He then took it back and signed his name to it, and the day and year he was born. There was much more poetry but it has gone from him now.

The next morning, a young woman and a youth with one of the guards entered Room B., and as she came up the stairway, she said: "It is right at the head of these stairs that I saw him in a vision. He was then with beard, and if they have not done away with him or shaved him I will recognize him." The prisoner happened to look up from his work and recognized at once the female spirit that placed her arm around his neck. He greeted her with a smile. She then said: "He is here." "Which of them," was the question put by the youth, as they had put another man at the same bench. The youth said: "This is a stout man." But her reply was: "It is that other man." They then asked her if he had been a priest, or, if she had known him when she was in the convent or at school. She then replied: "You ought to know him, for, he was respected by the rich as well as by the poor." "Then, who is he?" She replied: "It is Fred Gilyatt, the Trumpeter who led the Ottawa Field Bat-

*The young  
 Lady  
 supposed to  
 be either  
 a nun  
 or a  
 sister of  
 Charity*

tery to the front at the Fenian raid in 1870. I learned a good deal about that raid while I was in the convent and wondered why they failed. I know that their plans were well laid, but I see through it all now. The Lord's prophet was at the front. I wonder what he is here for! He had such a beautiful wife and they got along so well together." "Then you knew his wife?" "Yes," was her reply. "She was as pretty as a picture. There must be something gone terribly wrong somewhere; I am told he will get a divorce, and if he does I will marry him; I don't care what they say. I am his and he is mine. If I had had my own choice I could not have chosen a better man. I always loved Fred Gilyatt; he was such a good man, and I often thought of the words he had said to me when I was in the convent. Although I never expected to have a husband, but now that I see him, I would like to live with him." The youth replied: It is reported that he has four or six children somewhere." Her reply was; "I don't care if he has got fifty; I'll marry him; they will be taken care of." The youth replied: "If that's Fred Gilyatt, I do not know him," and he took off his cap and bowed, saying: "I have often heard my father say, 'of all the men he ever met, he never met a man like Gilyatt.'" The lady then took two or three paces to come over to speak to the prisoner but was called back.

#### PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS WIFE VISIT FRED GILYATT AT THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION

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President Garfield had a vision concerning that man. Immediately he telegraphed from Washington to Detroit to know if there was such a man as shown him in his vision, at the House of Correction in Detroit. On the answer he received he came at once, accompanied by his wife. This was at 7 o'clock in the morning of the 10th of May that Mr. Gar-

field came to the prison. He pointed out the prisoner's cell by star light and said: "Is the man alive or dead?" The reply was: "He is alive." "Then he is the true heir to the throne. I will go through the prison as a private visitor and see him about 10 o'clock."

As the clock struck 10, the President and his wife stood before the prisoner. He said that he might make a mistake; to which his wife replied: "I won't; for, the kind words he said unto me I shall not forget them in this world and perhaps not through eternity." And to be sure, as they entered the room where the prisoner was, Mrs. Garfield pointing him to her husband said: "James, here is the man; he looks as if he was fit to be a king." The prisoner felt the spirit say: "There's Garfield and his wife." Mrs. Garfield said: "I thought he was a larger man." To which the President answered: "The Lord sees as not man sees. The Lord looks upon the heart; they shall not touch an hair of his head. I will save his life, and in so doing, I will save the nation from the disgrace of a crime."

Right here, it is well to state that the young man who had preached there lately on "the lost coin," had made the remark that if they assassinated Fred Gilyatt, that he would land a million of men on the coast of the United States in fourteen days. Said the Preacher: "I will raise his standard and declare a holy war and lay your land desolate. This city shall be destroyed by fire and I'll take his bones from the ruins and take them back to his own land. I have this command from my mother."

This is why President Gerfield said: "I will save this nation by saving Fred Gilyatt's life."

Then the President and his wife left the room. As they went, Mrs. Garfield said: "If he is the man he will write to us."

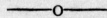
It was then that the prisoner prophesied of Garfield's assassination. After securing his freedom the same Fred

Gilyatt wrote to Garfield from Chatham, Ontario, on the 24th of May, 1881, In that letter Fred Gilyatt named ten men who had been plotting the death of Garfield and said that the priests of Rome were in the back of that plotting.

Every body knows what happened at Washington, D. C. on the 2nd of July, 1881, that is to say, 34 days after Fred Gilyatt wrote to Garfield that there was a plot on foot to get rid of the President of the United States. Many business men now living in Chatham, Ontario, can vouch for the authenticity of the above letter of warning sent to Garfield. G. O. Scott of Chatham furnished Mr. Gilyatt with the writing material and even read the letter to Garfield before it went. The business envelope of Scott and Flater was used in this occasion and Mr. George Flater addressed the letter himself.

Mr. Gilyatt also predicted the efforts of Popery in America to regain in this continent what they lost in Europe, that is, power over Protestantism and they will leave no stone unturned to accomplish their satanic designs, In the World's Fair every body can see the efforts of that grasping combination of the Devil to bring to the front everything that is popish likeness. They claim that Columbus discovered this section of our continent when we know that Cabot sent by England was the first to set his foot on it,

#### O FT OF PRISON.



The author of this pamphlet began to travel after his release from prison. Seeing in the newspapers that a young lady called Josephine Girard who had left Romanism to become a Protestant was talked much about for so doing by the priests of Hull, Province of Quebec, and same author having had quite an experience with that pagan institution, went in seach of that young lady, but could not find her. After a



search of three years met her in the Reverend Mr. Beaudry's house, (he being also a convert from Romanism) in Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada,

He again visited Ottawa in 1883 and saw his old friends and went into camp at Brockville with his old Battery.

*I went to the Home in 1889 & the Presd. threatened to have me arrested if I troubled any more about the Child*

While there, the trustees or some of the said committee allowed some one to take his youngest daughter out of the Home of the Friendless, Warren Avenue, Detroit, without his permission, and to the present day refused to tell him where she is. After his children had been given back to him by authority of the Court, Judge Chambers being in the chair, he considered the above action of that committee as an outrage on humanity in every true sense of the word. He then took the others out and brought them to Canada for a time. He left the boy in the girls' Home at Toronto for 18 months, during which time he passed through the Royal School of Gunry at Quebec. Obtaining a second class B, certificate, he then visited many cities.

After a lapse of time he thought he would visit the home of his childhood and see his aged father and brothers and sisters. He called at Toronto and took his boy with him, leaving the three girls in Detroit until he would return. But he had not been in England only about seven weeks when he got the news that his second daughter, Mary, had been to a physician called Campbell, to get a tooth extracted, and that through carelessness or malpractice he had broken her jaw. She was taken to the Harper's Hospital and put under Doctor Walker and she was lockjawed; they forced her jaw apart, they broke the other jaw, but at the same time it saved her life. I sent for her and her younger sister from England. I heard that newspapers had published that they had been sent by a Society of charity in Detroit. Now my readers, I want to tell you that the charity came out of my own pocket and not one cent from Detroit. The only thing is that they were sent under police supervision until they



were placed on the White Star Line for London, England. Some of my friends made a present of a new dress to my daughter at Chatham, Ontario, and to them I shall be ever grateful.

The physicians who broke the jaws of my daughter never went to see her, and when she arrived at the Lincoln County Hospital, in England, she was brought before the Episcopal Bishop and Lord Monson who heard her case. She was then admitted into that Institution by their Lordships, and after seven months, the broken jaw removed by that noted surgeon, Doctor Young, and to-day, she is married and the mother of a family in America.

#### MORE ALIVE THAN EVER.

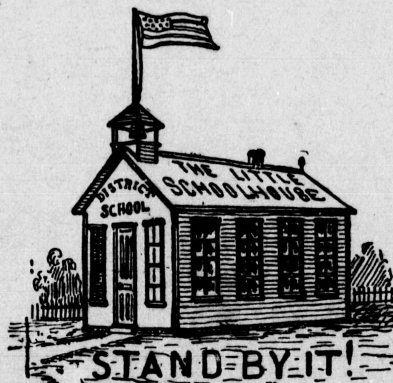
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The author of this pamphlet says that it is impossible to do justice to his subject in such a limited space, for, since the time he was arrested for a crank in Detroit in 1881, the Devil made a great mistake in putting his hands upon him, for, he has traveled over seventy-five thousand miles and many thousands of people have heard his voice that would not have heard it otherwise. He has preached in a few pulpits and taken part in a great many meetings both, in private clothes and in soldiers' uniform. Since that time, he has been twice in camp with the Ottawa Field Battery, and put in five months in the 4th Lincoln Regiment under Colonel Judge More of Frampton Hall, near Boston, Lincolnshire, England and spent three months on the North Sea with the Hull fishing fleet and got a copy of his discharge from the British army; that he lost by being arrested in Detroit, it being granted by His Royal Highness, Prince George the Duke of Cambridge, Commander in Chief of the British army. He visited St. John's, New Foundland on his return trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the city of Dar-

mouth, the birthplace of his wife; also Chatham, New Brunswick, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and spent sixteen months in the Royal Military School, London, Ontario, under the command of Colonel Smith, and has been in Chatham, Ontario, several times and in Windsor, Detroit several times, Grand Rapids, Battle Creek, Chicago and several other cities and is a member of the Order of Good Templars, Brotherhood of Carpenters and the well known organization of the A. P. A., and has passed seven medical examinations, and is still working at his trade and visiting meetings and preaching sometimes and yet, after he can show five discharges from military services and has as good recommendations as a man needs to carry, he is still called "a crank." He might be so to those who want to cover up their own turpitudes, imbecilities and sins at the expense of some one else.

#### A WORD OF WARNING TO AMERICANS.

Americans, Protestants, Citizens and Friends,——We are living in perillous times. OUR LIBERTIES and OUR BELOVED INSTITUTION



THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE,

are in danger from the Romish Priestcraft. The danger is not only from these quarters only; it is also from nominal Protestants, who, like Papists, would give away another man's child and then tell a barefaced lie in order to get out of it, call it Gospel Truth. They will soon be sorry for helping this foe of free speech, free press free Bible, free country, free every good gift from God. In the Democratic landslide of 1892, we all know that three out of every four nominees on the Democratic Ticket were Papists. Practically, we are in their hands. I, for one, would never stoop so low as to sign away my liberty, Christian and Civil, by putting myself on a level with the filthy toe of the Pope of Rome, the FRAUD and USURPER of all freedom and human rights. I hope and pray that I shall live to see the convent's doors thrown open, and the priests allowed to get their own wives instead of going from house to house to ruin the wives of others and defile chaste virgins, and then murdering them to cover up their hellish crimes. Any one who doubt my assertion in that regard has only need to read THE EYE OPENER and THE CONFESSIONAL-BOX UNMASKED by the ex-priest P. A. Seguin, Editor of "The True Protestant" of Chicago, and soon his doubt will be dispelled. I talk with facts that occur daily. Priest Flaherty of Mount Morris, New York, who has just been sentenced to seven and a half years to the workhouse for ruining a fifteen years old orphan girl, is one of those thousand serpent priests that do the same and go unpunished. I have conversed freely with the well known ex priests P. A. Seguin, J. O'Connor, McNamara, Quinn, the ex-monk Percival and his wife who had been a nun, with Miss Cussack the late Mother General of the Sisters of the Peace, and all of them have the same to say in regard to the priestly bad records everywhere.

From my own experience as seen in this brief pamphlet, I believe that I am entitled to say: "Americans and you Protestants from abroad, beware of Popery and its agents. Cut-throats they have been; cut-throats they will always be.

FRED GILYATT.

