

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

THE INQUISITION BUSINESS IN SPAIN AND ENGLAND—NO JUSTIFICATION FOR THE SACRIFICE OF PRINCIPLE—REVIVAL OF THE OLD SPIRIT—THE CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" EXERCISED OVER VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

This inquisition business extends a long way back in Christian history. The Count de Montfort, it is true, annihilated the Albigenses of Provence, A. D. 1160, for daring to express some independent thoughts on religion, but he did not annihilate or exterminate thought. The few of these who escaped the fury of the Count's sword found a refuge in Spain. These Albigenses allied themselves with Jews, and it was this coalition that occasioned the first Inquisition in Spain. This law was not severe enough for the good people who had the execution of it. It was

A KIND OF EDMUNDS LAW,

and they wanted a Legislative Commission. To get this they charged the Jews with crucifying a Christian child annually in double mockery of the great sacrifice on Calvary. So persistent, and so energetically was this call for a more stringent law pressed, that Pope Sixtus Fourth issued his bull for the new commission on November 1st, 1478. The inquisition court under the new regime commenced operations January 2d, 1481, at Seville. The new court was not idle, for by the 8th of this same month it had six persons burned at the stake. One Jew was burned because it was proved that he wore better clothes and cleaner linen on Saturdays than on other days. Another Jew was burned for calling his son Moses, and by the close of the year, 298 persons were burned in Seville alone. An execution day in Seville was a glorious affair, something like our political processions. The great pyre was built, the victims were led out dressed in fantastic garbs, and headed by cassocked clergy, chanting dirges, and also followed by more clergy chanting more dirges. There was a "grand stand" where the godly and righteous visited the execution of the victims. To cheer the poor free-thinker on his way to the other side a Monk preached a most uncompromising sermon,

WANTED HIS VICTIM TO RECENT

and go out among the people, turn anti-"Mormon," promise to obey the law, and he would be let off with a reprimand. The heretic would not accept the terms, and he was presented with a flame-colored smock, emblazoned with devils, and then burned alive. This smock was to show that hell had now possession of him.

This state of things went on for two years, but although 2,000 persons suffered death and 17,000 were punished in gentler ways, it was thought the good work was going rather slowly, and in 1483 the famous Torquemada, whose name is so well known, was made Chief Justice of Andalusia. It is better not to pursue the dreadful subject further, but even Torquemada did not suppress intellectual activity.

The inquisition lasted for 300 years, or until the 7th of November, 1781, when a nun was burned alive for "unlawful cohabitation" with the devil. This was the last religious performance under the old Inquisition. During the time of its existence

39,912 PERSONS WERE BURNED,

17,659 burned in effigy, and 291,459 punished in small ways, such as chopping off hands, digging out eyes, and mutilating bodily members. It is strange that all this work did not raise a rebellion, nor even a riot in Spain. No, the newspapers of that day, which were the monks, took good care to do their work quietly, and always to have a good round charge ready to justify a burning. If a bystander expressed pity for the suffering of some roasting wretch, the monk dispelled the sympathy by saying that the victim turned a dying person's face to the wall, or washed a corpse in warm water. A man that would do these things ought to be burned, and that was the end. If

OUR SALT LAKE TORQUEMADA

does not hurry up, he can't beat his great prototype of Seville.

If we come to England, we will also find an active inquisition away back in the dark days of 1401. Here we find the first martyr to the cause of free conscience was a harmless, inoffensive man, a curate of St. Osith's Church in London, named William Sautre. The usurper Henry IV., in order to gain the support of the Church, had a law passed for the suppression of Wycliffite doctrines. This law was discussed by the "Convocation of Canterbury," an assembly of abbots, bishops and priests. The law was considered good because it prescribed

BURNING ALIVE FOR HERESY.

Many persons were summoned before this august tribunal, but they recanted and promised the chief justice to obey the law. Their names are lost. William Sautre was charged at last with making the Bible the standard of his religion. He would not recant, nor promise anything, and he was burned at the stake in Smithfield, on a spot in front of the present gate of St. Bartholomew's hospital in London.

We may be told that this was all done by Roman bigotry and intolerance.

Yes, but what of the Protestant side? In 1580, one Father Conolly was executed by Grand Army Soldiers of Elizabeth in the City of Cork. After suffering death in a most fiendish manner, the poor priest's heart was cut out, and exhibited to the brutal soldiery to be spat upon; then it was burned. If Catholics burned Sautre and Savonarola, Calvin burned Servetus; if bloody Mary burned Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer, the founder of Christ's Hospital burned Joan Boucher and Van Paris, and "Good Queen Bess" has a goodly list. These burnings don't take place now, but

THE SPIRIT WHICH KINDLED THE OLD FIRES STILL EXISTS.

And to-day it is as necessary to hold up against intolerance and injustice in an American mob, as it was in the past against a church assembly or a regal parliament. Family ties, business interests, weak wealth, the pleading of friends will not palliate or excuse recantation or pottroonery. It is not the physically strong that bear up boldest for truth and conscience. Weak women and frail, nervous men have marched to that blazing pile and met death with face unblanched. The Saviour himself has said: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wives, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." It is plain both by human reason and divine law that nothing can justify the sacrifice of principle, of truth, of conscience and of honesty. It is nonsense to tell us that the modern inquisitors are actuated by moral motives, because on their side sin and shame are visible to the naked eye. It is folly to talk about

POLYGAMY AS A PRETEXT FOR PERSECUTION.

No, it is only the old spirit still breaking out in another form. We must not blame our modern fire-builders. "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." This is what the apostle said, and perhaps just as Sextus and Isabella had their Torquemada, just as Henry IV. had his Archbishop of Canterbury, just as James II. had his Jeffreys, so must Arthur or Cleveland have his Zane; 'tis but the order of things, but we must have our Cannons, Clawsons and Taylors, and God and truth on our side.

If solicitude and anxiety for the interest and welfare of humanity can cloud the brow and weigh heavily on the heart, the chief editor of the Chicago Tribune should be the most unhappy man on earth. The world is not moving at all to his taste; nor indeed was it originally planned as it ought to have been according to his estimate. He is troubled over every little incident from Maine to California, and in the longitudinal line he is more than troubled, he is actually hysterical about the Southern latitudes. A convention of colored men in Virginia proclaiming Jeffersonian democracy causes his hair to stand on end. However, he gets over this, and says they were not real natural born colored men, but white Bourbons painted with burnt cork. These Bourbons of the South are a dreadful crowd.

THEY LIVE ON HAY STEEPED IN WHISKY.

When they run short of coal oil for domestic purposes, they hunt up a northern republican and throw him into a caldron and prepare from his well-fed official body sufficient oil for illuminating purposes. According to our Tribune editor, the Southern Bourbon sleeps with a parallellogram, eats off a triangle, and drinks out of a rhomboid. In fact this terrible Southerner is a much worse character than Daniel O'Connell proved Biddy Moriarty to have been. We have the Tribune as evidence of this.

The Medill solicitude about Mexico is even greater than it is about Virginia or Carolina. We are told that the fertile plains and great savannahs of that grand country are to be

DEFILED WITH COLONIES FROM UTAH.

This must be prevented at all hazards. The welfare of the Mexican people demands it; the purity of the Catholic Church demands it, and the general interests of civilization demand it. This is what the editorial intellect of the Tribune dictates at present about Mexico. A few months ago it was mooted that the Northern provinces of Mexico were to be sold to the United States. Then the Tribune characterized the scheme as a Bourbon conspiracy to rob the Treasury. It said these provinces were nothing but piles of shifting sand, inhabited here and there by greasers and outlaws—persons who, though having the semblance of mankind, had not one human attribute. In fact, it suggested giving back to Mexico, those provinces already obtained from her. It said then it would be a decent kind of Siberia to exile "Mormons" to. Now when it is said that "Mormon" colonies are going there, it wants them stopped—lest they should be buried in the sand.

The Tribune editor is terribly aggrieved over the prospect of Carl Schurz getting an appointment from President Cleveland. If this should happen it would be a verification of the old proverb, that one man sows and another reaps. Mr. Schurz proved a very active and eloquent advocate for the Democratic party last fall. But then his ammunition was all obtained from the issues of the Chicago Tribune pub-

lished in 1876. This is hardly fair that Mr. Schurz should receive an office which would belong by right to a Tribune editor. Alas, things have been thus ever since the commencement of time! In old Rome

A POETASTER

picked up a few verses of excellent hexameter, and claimed their paternity. The impostor was invited to sup with many a Roman matron on the strength of his alleged faculty of verse-making. At one of these grand receptions on the Capitoline Hill, where Macenas and Virgil and Horace were drinking their wine, a brilliant young lady graduate that did not come from Vassar, presented the poetaster's lines to the great wits for criticism. Macenas was the patron of the muse in ancient Rome, and he declared the verses exquisite. Horace, a little watery-eyed man, looked at them, and was surprised that their author should be unknown. Virgil, a great, big, melancholy-looking person from Gaul took the verses, looked at them and wrote under them: "Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores," which translated into classic Yankee would mean, "I, Medill, made those speeches; that d-d Dutchman gets the honors." It is needless to say that the Roman poetaster was expelled from court favor. It is to be hoped the modesty of the Tribune editor will be overcome, and that he will drop a quiet postal to Washington and claim the reward which of right belongs to him.

The Tribune is also in a bad way about

BISMARCK AND THE POPE.

It is strange that His Holiness should once more be made the arbiter between empires and kingdoms. The Tribune thinks it is a joke on the sacred pontiff, and that the wily Teuton is only playing blindman's buff with the papal See. We must infer from this that all its own professions in favor of Rome during the last twelve months were all buncombe. It used to tell us of the close affinity between one Mr. Blaine and one Leo XIII., who lived beyond the mountains. It tells us now a gentleman named Carr was placed second on the New York State ticket out of deference to this same Leo. And it tells again that this same Leo won't allow the French Canadians to be vaccinated; that this Leo is a superstitious wretch, a foul scoundrel who is always opposed to progress and worthy of being sent to Utah. Surely the Tribune can't want us to believe that it has been fooling with Rome as Bismarck has. It says at the close of a long editorial on the subject: "Bismarck has secured the Pope's friendship with a pretty toy." And it might add, we have tried to secure the Irish vote with a solid substance, with a car minus a horse, and we have sent Leo to Utah to study geology, and the secrets of carpet-bag government.

JUNIOR.

ANTI-"MORMONISM" IN BRISTOL.

JARMAN RABID AS EVER—DEFENSE OF "MORMONISM" BY A SECULARIST—SUGGESTION THAT JARMAN'S CHARACTER BE SHOWN UP HERE.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 22, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

Some of the people of Utah will doubtless remember a creature named Wm. Jarman, who figured some years ago in the police court in Salt Lake City as the defendant in a larceny case, when he escaped justice through a technicality, and who behaved so badly to his family that no one could live with him. He left Utah, went to California and subsequently returned and tried his hand at swindling people in mining matters. He next turned up in New York, where that theological jumping-jack Talmage patronized him as an anti-"Mormon" lecturer with magic-lantern appendages. But even the reckless pulpit contortionist of Brooklyn was sickened with one dose of Jarman and promptly shut off the "series of lectures by Rev. W. Jarman ex-"Mormon" High Priest, etc.," after one disgusting exhibition of Billingsgate illiteracy and mendacity.

The renegade then came to the shores of his native land, where he hoped his youthful villainies were forgotten, or that they would be condoned by virtue of his

RAMPANT ASSAULTS UPON "MORMONISM."

The latter surmise proved to be correct, and pious "Christian" ministers have here and there taken him under their wing and put him forward under their sanction, buffoonery, profanity, lunacy and all, because he is perfectly indifferent to truth or consistency, but launches out into the most rabid and filthy tirades against the "Mormons." It is marvelous to a thoughtful person that such a low, repulsive and evidently degraded creature as this Jarman can gain public attention.

On any theme but "Mormonism" he could not draw the notice of even a group of country bumpkins. But in Sheffield, Leicester and other large towns he has raised such a furore as to drive thousands of people into anti-"Mormon" frenzy. His latest exploits have stirred up a tumult in Bristol, where a mob of zealous "Christians" burst into the Saints' meeting house, and, after assaulting the Elders, destroyed the communion service, stole hymn books and would have committed personal

outrages but for the intervention of the police.

A gentleman named John W. White, a secularist of ability and prominence who has been an eyesore to the sectarians in that vicinity, because of their failure to worst him in argument or frighten him by their violence, seeing through the villainy of Jarman and the hypocrisy of the preachers who supported him, arose in one of the Jarman's anti-"Mormon" meetings and attempted to show the audience what kind of a being they were listening to. The result may best be seen by reading the following from a letter which Mr. White wrote to a friend who sent it to Elder Rice Jones with whom Mr. White had had some correspondence, and it is now forwarded with the witness's consent to the DESERET NEWS: [An account of the same affair was published in the News some time since but it will be seen that this statement gives more of the details. Ed. D.E.N.]

MR. WHITE'S LETTER.

"The following will show you the villainy of that rascal Jarman. On Monday last, the first evening of his proceedings in Bristol, I attended his lecture and accepted his challenge to defend Mormonism, at which he was surprised, for the reason that he well knew in former places wherein he had appealed no one was in a position like myself to challenge him, he also knew that the appearance of a 'Mormon' on Jarman's platform after he had appealed to the passions of the people would, as I shall show, result in riot and lynch law. I would strongly advise any 'Mormon' not to show on Jarman's platform, for the audience, backed by the police, will be totally against him. However, I was requested by Jarman's bump-feeler and a portion of the audience to go on the platform, which I did; on my way thither I saw Jarman earnestly asking who I was, and when I came to the platform, I stated that I was not a 'Mormon,' but a secularist, and only wished to appeal to the audience for civil and religious liberty, all to follow any religious belief they felt to be true, with equality in the eye of the law. Directly the vile apostate had information of my reasoning powers, he appealed most earnestly to the animal passions of his audience not to hear me. Then arose a scene of howls, groans, mingled with cries of 'turn him out,' and 'lynch White;' but White is too much accustomed to such Christian courtesies, and refused to leave the platform until Jarman had promised to allow me discussion at the end of his peep-show. I then left the platform and took my seat in the body of the hall, amid the derisive cheers of Jarman's sympathisers. At the end of the show Jarman turned down the platform gas and walked off the platform. End of Act I.

ACT II.

On the following Friday evening I again attended Jarman's meeting, of which I had given previous notice, attended by two friends and armed with documents, fatal, if allowed to be fairly used, to his monstrous perversions of the truth. I awaited my turn for the challenge and informed Jarman that I wished to debate his wild assertions, he again appealed to the people against me; however, myself and two friends forced our way to the platform and a cowardly director of the hall named Pine, pushed my two friends over the platform stairs; his valor and directorship were tempered with a little discretion when I arrived—we knew each other in past matters—and we were allowed on the platform. I appealed to the people to show me a little of that "British fair play" that English bullies boast of, and told them that I had in my possession a letter from one of Jarman's ex-wives I wished one of my friends to read to the audience. Curiosity temporarily became a substitute for passion, and we obtained a hearing to read the letter. I stationed myself at the front of the platform, Jarman on my right and my friend who read the letter on the left; I did this telling Jarman that whatever resulted I would knock him over the platform if he made any attempt to snatch the paper from my friend's hands. Jarman had a six-shooter and another pistol on the table by his side. I then gave my friend the copies of the police and divorce court proceedings which had taken place in Utah, to read. It was a picture to watch Jarman's face, in its calm moments not containing a ray of intellect; it was now a picture of intoxicated rage and fear, his mouth and eyes twitching, his hands clasped as if appealing to the people for sympathy. Mind you, hundreds against three! My friend now became nervous and could not proceed with the reading. The apostate taking advantage of this again successfully appealed to the people; then commenced a scene that almost baffled description even to a cool observer. The Christian bullies charged the platform over chairs and any other obstacle that came in their way, with cries of "lynch White," boots, groans, howls and screams of women and children. The cowardly blackguards reached the foot of the platform and seeing that I did not flinch an inch from them but stood waiting their attack and bowing and laughing at them. The gas was turned down and the meeting broken up without the picture show and the 'Christian' bullies waiting in Cumberland Street to lynch one man.

"My next proceeding was to again challenge Jarman, for I should have mentioned in Act I that I had, in the presence of the audience, used the following expression to Jarman's face:

ACT III.

"Saturday evening came, and as the fact had been spread that a debate between Jarman and myself would take place, the hall was crowded in every part. The apostate arrived on the platform with a host of papers, with which he occupied nearly two hours in pleading his cause to the people. He stated that his wife wrote the letter, a copy of which, from the Star, was in my possession, with a revolver at her head. He said that his conduct in the past had nothing to do with his present, as he had been penitent for his error in joining the 'Mormon' Church. He appealed to the audience not to hear me because I was an Atheist, and he won applause, stating that only the Atheist scoundrel allowed the 'Mormons' fair play; as he used libelous expressions about my character. In addition four policemen were present to arrest me at his bidding; however, as policemen and force have no effect on me, I went to the platform and obtained the chairman's sanction to address the audience. Jarman had gone to the ante-room to dress as a 'Mormon' High Priest, and as soon as he found I was on the platform he returned to it and advised me being put off. Then commenced a scene of riot even worse than on the previous evening, but again the police and rioters were afraid to tackle me, and the meeting was broken up in disorder.

"Even to those possessing a knowledge of human nature, its passions and sympathies, reason fails to understand the morbid condition of mind of the majority in applauding such wretched scoundrel for an intelligent brain must recognize the truth that such libelous proceedings as the apostate describes would not be tolerated in any country. Genesis informs us that the Creator made man in his own image, it is only charitable to suppose that some distortion from the original took place in Jarman's mind."

"In my attempts to be heard I succeeded in establishing the right of 'Mormons' to an exposition of the doctrines as well as to show that there existed a defense for them. Had a defense, when heard, proved untrue, Jarman would have won a victory; instead, he has been defeated, the minds of thoughtful people."

The foregoing shows the spirit in which any attempt to meet the man who is bringing trouble upon the Saints in many parts of England, will be met by the roughs backed by clergy who support the impostor. To present it is useless to reason with them. This excitement, however, will subside, and sensible people will listen to facts and testimony. The result will be good. In places where the noise has quieted down, the meetings of the Saints formerly attended, are attended by many strangers, and better opportunities than afforded for years are opened for dissemination of the truth.

A SUGGESTION.

In view of disabusing rational people's minds of the falsehoods told Jarman, would it not be a good idea to get up and publish in the DESERET NEWS, an array of evidence concerning that erratic and villainous person which can be used to show his character? Let statements be obtained from those whom he has defrauded, attempted to defraud, his abused, forsaken family and those who know of his infamy in England and America, when sent to before a competent officer be published under one head in the DESERET NEWS. This may be a little out of ordinary course of that paper, but circumstances warrant the proceeding.

It is only by convincing the public of the kind of thing they are feeding and pampering that the violence being citing can be stopped. Every man from Utah who attempts to correct libels he points out as a "murderer" with fifty or a hundred wives whom chains up and beats," as a "leader Mountain Meadows," as a "Dan" or as one who "dug his grave when Mormons were going to cut off their throats," or something else equally vile. If the News will publish such concerning this creature that can be used by friends like Mr. White who the by are few and far between, it will do more to counteract the vicious libels spread abroad than any cataract of argument. Silence has been the policy pursued here in relation to him up to the time of Mr. White's appearance against Jarman, but this may not always be wise. In case of such affidavits would be appreciated by many and might be of great benefit to

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