

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

GOVERNOR MURRAY'S REMOVAL—THE WORLDS INCONSISTENCY IN ACCEPTING SAM JONES' THEOLOGY AND REJECTING THAT OF THE "MORMONS."

CHICAGO, March 22nd, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

It was currently reported in Chicago during the past week that the resignation of Governor Murray, of Utah, had been accepted. But news concerning Utah is generally invested with so much mystery, or, to put the case plainly, with so much falsehood, that the average citizen has come to regard it as a white elephant advertisement. Regarding the rumored resignation, a writer in the Chicago Tribune says of the President for accepting this resignation: "At the same time he has brought disappointment, uncertainty, and discouragement to the Gentile population, who must remain in the midst of a community of Mormon Democrats governed by Democratic officials." It will be remembered that in one of those luminous, or rather voluminous State documents for which Mr. Murray was famous, that the statement is made that there were no Democrats among the "Mormons." How are these

CONTRADICTORY STATEMENTS

to be reconciled? Besides, are not the Gentiles of Salt Lake as safe among "Mormon" Democrats and governed by Democratic officials as we, the Gentiles of Chicago, are among Social Democrats and Irish Democrats, and governed by Democratic officials? Surely a Chicago Gentile is as good as a Salt Lake Gentile.

In an editorial on the same subject the Tribune says: "It is deplorable that at the present juncture of affairs the President should call for the resignation of Governor Murray." Is it not very deplorable that the President should not allow the country to be made a laughing stock of, and his Administration to be brought into contempt by the action of such fixtures as the late Governor of Utah was? What with his proclamations, his vetoes, and his state papers, his interviews, suggestions, and stump speeches, no South American General was ever more

BOMBASTIC, AUTOCRATIC AND ABSOLUTE.

Reviewing his doings calmly and dispassionately here in the East, they appear like a chapter from some Bluebeard romance of the Quixotic order. The Tribune further says: "At the close of the Legislature, Gov. Murray was universally hated by the Mormons and as generally applauded by the Gentiles, and it is a matter of regret that just at this time Mr. Cleveland should see fit to displace him from office." This sentence contains a gross untruth. Mr. Murray was not "hated" by the "Mormons." He was held in too much contempt to be hated. But for the sake of the government he was commiserated; personally, he was so loathsome and so despicable that he was far below hate. Hate is a healthy emotion, and only entertained for perverted reason, but abhorrence is entertained for pigny Neroses and puny Torquemadas.

It is a pity that a few men of intellect and of education do not devote some time to the study of this Utah question, and present it in its true light before the people. We have had politicians and preachers talking on this, but they are so unreliable and so superficial that it is useless to waste time on them. The Rev. Joseph Cook has said a great deal about a theocracy in Utah, and the danger thereof to America. It is only a few days ago since he lectured on "Religion in Schools," and here is what he says:

"Let us remember that democracy is never safe unless it is a theocracy. The public conscience cannot well be kept in a sound state under universal suffrage unless the common schools teach morality, the existence of God, the responsibility of man to a moral governor, the immortality of the soul, and that there is a judgment to come. The chief corner stone of our political prosperity is the good morals of the masses of men."

If a citizen of Utah were to utter this sentence from the Tabernacle pulpit in Salt Lake, it would be telegraphed all over the country as evidence of "Mormon" treason and "Mormon" exclusiveness.

There is a class of persons who pride themselves on their ideas of toleration, fair-play and common sense, and who like to talk about Utah, and to point out in a paternal way the folly of Utah citizens in adhering to a system not in harmony with the age. These persons, too, profess belief in God. Now let us have

A PLAIN TALK

about the matter. If there is any question to-day engrossing public attention which can stand common sense, it is this very "Mormon" question. Your common-sense man always goes back to the Prophet Joseph Smith and asks how about his visions and revelations. The same common-sense man has been to hear the Rev. Samuel Jones, and applauds the following statement from that gentleman. Here it is in his own words from the Tribune report:

"Is there lurking in your heart, an idol or a sin? God will help you put it out if you want it out. He can take away the desire for drink. Sam Small prayed a solid hour for strength to resist the demon of drink, and God came down and swept that

devil out of his soul, and he has never felt the slightest desire for whisky since. 'Praise the Lord.' If God can put that enemy out, He can put any enemy out."

Your common-sense, God-believing man sees nothing strange in God "coming down" and raising a red-nosed, ragged-tailed drunkard out of the mud, and making a man of him. But when he is told that an innocent youth of 15, who is perplexed between a host of jarring sects, retires to a forest and prays to God for light, and receives it, then this common-sense man thinks his common-sense is outraged. Where is the common-sense man that would not do as Joseph Smith did under the circumstances? And who can deny but that God would look with more favor on a young man earnestly seeking the right road, and desirous of pointing it out to others, than he would on a swearing, blaspheming drunkard wallowing in a mud-puddle?

Though common-sense cannot deny the force of this, yet he has

ANOTHER TACK,

and he says, "why your 'Mormon God' is an absurdity, a mere personified deity, whom you call Father, and to whom you attribute your pre-carnal existence."

All right, Mr. Common-sense, let us follow the Rev. Jones in his sermon and see how he looks at this part of the question. Here is what he says, in his own words:

CHILDREN OF A KING.

The first thought of the text is, "Now are we the sons of God." Squarely put, it is the princely character of Christian men. I am the child of a King. The noblest blood of all the world courses in my veins. I am the son of the Lord Almighty. If you can ever get a man to see that, he will behave himself. It is worth a good deal to a man to have had a good father and mother. I have thought many a time you said, that fellow is not well bred and not half raised. I wish you had seen my father and mother. If you raked out yourselves by the side of them you would get left. [Applause.]

It will be seen that this doctrine was applauded. This very doctrine has been taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith 50 years ago, and it is believed in by his disciples, and they are persecuted for believing what is applauded in Chicago. Mr. Jones says, "If you can get a man to see that he is a son of the Lord Almighty, he will behave himself." Every "Mormon" sees it, knows it, and is sure of it, and that is why he behaves himself.

Now, Mr. Common-sense, what do you say to this? Your alleged Christians are not entirely wrong, but they are at sea; they have had truth once, but they lost it. Occasionally they grasp a ray of light now and again, and thus it is that utterances like those quoted come out. You condemn "Mormonism" because you have never investigated for yourself. You pride yourself on your deference to public opinion, while it is your duty to help set public opinion right and not be a slave to a false public opinion.

Mr. Common-sense is not satisfied; he retreats behind

ANOTHER OF HIS STRONGHOLDS,

and fires out polygamy, and a pre-incarnate existence as two of the most absurd theories that could be believed in. He says, why all barbarous races practice polygamy; consequently it is productive of barbarism. He might as well have said all barbarous races eat food, so eating produces barbarism. But in going to savage races for precedent the man of common-sense weakens his case. Blair, Allison, Kames, Burke, Campbell, and many other writers who have investigated the source of the sublime, the beautiful, and the esthetic go to the savage for first principles. All these writers maintain that *taste*, in an intellectual sense, is an innate faculty of the human animal, and that the rude drawing of the Ute Indian is but the foundation for the finest work of art in the Royal Academy in London. It is true there is a long distance between the rough picture of one Indian scalping another as drawn by the savage, and that painting by MacLise, which represents the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, but the distance is no longer than that between the polygamy of Central Africa and that of Utah. Besides, every community or religion has the privilege of deciding for itself between polygamy and prostitution, and the same might be said of it, which Mr. Blaine said of prohibition in whisky, that it was merely subject to local police regulations.

There is still

THE PRE-INCARNATION THEORY

for Mr. Common-sense to fall back upon. He can't believe in a spirit existence previous to our fleshly one, and yet he believes in a spirit existence after death. How can he believe in Mr. Jones' Divine paternity unless through this "Mormon" doctrine? He might accept the teaching of Bonnier, and say that the soul entered the body during the teething period in children. Even then, he would have to fall back upon the Divine paternity theory. How does he account for the Biblical doctrine, "and the word was made flesh." Well, he thinks this might be metaphorical. It is no such thing; Greek scholars know that *logos* meant more than mere utterance. In the Platonic Greek it means the *word* with the idea. But let us quote what one of the greatest Greek philologists of modern times has said of the *logos*. This writer is the famous Lord Monboddo, he from whom Mr. Beecher borrowed his evolution theories. He says: "The interpretation accorded to the Greek word *logos* was

usually that it comprehended both the ideas and the sounds used to express them. That is, *logos* meant a significant sound. It was also used to denote ideas and that combination of ideas called reason, which of necessity preceded speech. The Peripatetics made a distinction between *logos-endiathetos* and *logos-psophosikos*, that is operations in the mind and those enunciated by speech. In the Bible *logos* is translated *verbum*, and St. John is made to say the word was God. Here *logos* is *endiathetos* or existing in the mind of God, according to which Creation was established. This reason is the second person of the Christian Trinity, who created the visible world, and corresponds to Plato's *Theos demiourgos*, second person of his Trinity. Plato knew the Trinity doctrine and did not reveal it except to the initiated, in fact he has God and the Holy Ghost (*psuke tou Kosmos*). Rusebius interprets *logos* as reason and quotes Amelius, and wonders where the barbarian St. John got his sublime theology. He did not know the Jews had this 1,000 years before." Now what is St. John's "word made flesh" but Joseph Smith's incarnated Spirit? Joseph is right and theology, erudition, philosophy and common sense will sustain him, and he will triumph in the end in spite of hell and all its myrmidons, preachers, carpet-baggers, whigs, know-nothings, republicans, etc.

JUNUS.

PEN PICTURE OF LAIE.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS MISSION.

LAIE, February 23, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

It is difficult to bring this picture, which I wish to present, clearly before your eyes. But bear in mind that Honolulu lies south from Laie, and that the road we traveled in my last letter leads northward, with all its various twistings and curves.

LAIE MALOU

is a small cluster of whitewashed houses with little patches of gardens, tiny rice fields, and an occasional "kalo lo i." We have heard so much of the lovely ferns, mosses, and tropical trees of this Sandwich Island home, that our eyes seek eagerly for the swaying trees and graceful ferns. But only a rolling, hilly expanse from sea to mountain, covered thickly with grass, is seen. The mountains are cut up into a hundred gorges, and you can see them, as well as mountain tops are densely wooded. But no trees or shrubs or even flowers are visible around you as you travel smoothly along the grassy stretch of a mile and a half, lying between Laie Malou and Laie proper.

In between grassy hillsides goes the buggy, and now turning a curve we can see the new meeting house away up on a distant hillside, near which are clustered the houses of the mission occupied by the white people. But nearer at hand, on the right, the waves roll softly on to the beach, and away out into the sea stretches the promontory guarded by a rock, surfdashed and bleak. On the left are fields, which, you are told, are the "cane fields." A rocky hill lies between us and the south end of the fields and you can see there is plenty of shrubbery on the other side of the hill which is thus sheltered from the trade winds. Away at the further end of the fields rises the sugar mill with its tall chimneys and outbuildings.

Swiftly the wheels roll, and we pass the fields, the promontory and suddenly turn west, leaving the beach, and making directly toward the hill (Lani Kuli, the natives call it), on whose brow nestles the little white houses, which are to be our home for a few years. A long rock wall with a big gate, runs north and south. Outside this, are scattered in every direction, white board houses of the native population. Passing through the gate, you are in the pasture; then, an abrupt rise of ground, a few paces farther and you go through the big gates of the surrounding picket fence of

LAIE NEI, OR LAIE PROPER.

And here we are! On the brow of a breezy, grassy hill, no trees, no shrubs, no flowers, but withal a finely situated little colony of houses.

This hill rises abruptly behind the Mission House, into a rocky ledge, on the top of which lies the grave yard; the hill becomes a precipice, going ruggedly down, down to a little sheltered valley between us and the mountain tops on the west.

This valley is a lovely spot, and luxuriant with a wealth of tropical beauty. It, or rather the largest portion of it, has been leased to some Chinamen, who have chequered it off into brilliantly green fields of rice. An artesian well near the center supplies the water. All throughout are scattered tropical trees, bananas, coconut, kamani, hei, hau, and kukui, and numbers of tiny gardens are brilliant with scarlet geraniums, roses, and many tropical flowers. Grass and whitewashed-board houses are scattered here and there, the homes of natives and the Chinamen. On the north of this valley, runs the Laie river winding in and out and finally sluggishly emptying into the sea.

INSIDE OUR PICKET FENCES

is the much-added-to mission house (which always reminds me in some curious way of Joseph's coat of many

patches, with its additions here there and everywhere) also a large square new house used as bedrooms, by mission-house boarders, and three other various-sized houses used as dwelling-houses by the families living here. A wash-house (the old cook-house moved away and turned to its present use) stands back a ways from the mission-house. Near this, rises our huge wind-mill pump. A well had been sunk and much good was anticipated from it; but, alas, the water turns out to be brackish, and although some help, it is not nearly as useful as was hoped. Under it, however, has been built a very convenient bath room with huge tub, and shower bath. Near these, on the southeast of the mission house, stands the barn, one side of which is used as a carpenter shop.

Down the slope, away, outside the fence and to the south of us, stands the old meeting house, used now as a schoolhouse, and still south, enclosed by a neat picket fence, is the new frame meeting house. It is a very creditable house, costing eight or nine thousand dollars. It is nicely painted, and looks cosy and clean.

Our place here is about half a mile from the sea. It is breezy, almost always, as the trade winds come to us from the south-west. So we are comparatively free from mosquitoes. You can perhaps get some kind of an idea of

OUR ISLAND HOME,

if you will stand with me on my doorstep, looking south. On our right, to the west, lies this little verdant vale, sheltered and green. Above it rise the steep western mountains, elcft into many a wooded gorge, with an occasional spur, running down almost to a line with our houses; the little frame houses here, with the many-winged mission house overlooking us all, with its shabby eyes; the houses of the natives dotted on the grassy expanse of falling hillside, clear to the sea itself; the brown promontory reaching out its bare arm far into the sea; the long, low island, with an occasional single rocky island out in the blue waters, which sweep sometimes in high snowy mountains of foaming spray clear over their bald heads; the curling, hurrying, much-described but never-described waves of the sea, chasing each other like merry children on to the pale gold of the sandy beach; the river winding and glistening to the north, on its way to the sea; the cattle lazily browsing on the hillsides; the native children inside the yard screaming and running at play around our stately flag-staff; the white dresses of the sisters as they sit in and out of their houses; all these with a serenely blue sky, and floating, sun-tinted clouds make up the every-day

PICTURE OF LAIE.

At some future time, I want to enter into our homes, with their habits and customs, visit the natives in their homes, and go through the mill, with its sugary sweet contents, and attendant machinery.

But for the present, let us say, goodbye.

We are all pretty well, but have been stirred from center to circumference with the terrible news of President Cannon's arrest. To think of our honored, beloved leaders behind prison bars! It makes one cling with a little more desperate strength to the promises of our redemption, sure to be fulfilled! God hasten our deliverance.

HOMESPUN.

CONFERENCE IN THE TAOUOKE DISTRICT.

TAOUOKE, Harwkes Bay, N. Z., February 22d, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The Semi-Annual Conference of this district convened on the 20th and 21st of February, at the Taouoke meeting house. The Elders present from Utah were: E. Cliff, President of District; A. Aldrich, E. Newby and J. W. Kaulenamoku (native of Sandwich Islands).

Saturday, the first day of conference, was occupied mostly by the Maori brethren, giving in reports of the three branches in this district. The reports were very commendable, showing a disposition to do what was required on the part of the members. Only two cases were reported of members acting contrary to the counsel of the Elders, and these individuals were very much given to the use of intoxicants.

True and faithful testimonies were borne by Elders Newby and Kaulenamoku of the divinity of the works in which we are engaged. Prest. Cliff made closing remarks, said he believed the reports were true, and invoked the blessings of God upon the Saints.

Sunday morning we added two more to the fold of Christ. Elder Aldrich read the statistical report, which showed 19 baptisms during the last six months and six children blessed, making a total of 253 souls.

Elder Aldrich occupied most of the remaining time. He was gratified with the good reports of the previous day, and the diligence of the Maori Saints in the discharge of their duties. The restoration of the Gospel to the earth had caused many of us to make sacred covenants before God and man, which we could not afford to barter for the man-made systems of to-day. The religion of the Protestant world was a mixture of truth and error; man being the founder

and not God. We could not violate these covenants with impunity.

He was followed by Elder Kaulenamoku who spoke interestingly on the history of ancient Israel.

In the afternoon the general authorities of the Church, likewise the President of the Australian mission and the local Priesthood were all unanimously sustained by vote.

President Cliff then gave an interesting discourse, detailing the duties of the local Priesthood, which he compared to the mechanism of a clock. When everything is in good running order there is no trouble, every part working harmoniously. So with the Priesthood, when every man understands his duties there is no chance of contention, discord or disunion. Such an order is beautiful.

Elder Newby concurred in what had been said, he felt to sustain that which would elevate man, and closed with an exhortation to live faithful unto the Gospel, without which we could not enter the kingdom of God.

Thus closed our conference, which was fraught with good advice, accompanied by the Holy Spirit.

We do not wish to boast of our Maori Saints, but it would not be an injustice to say that most of them are very exemplary, honest and good, and I fear some of our good Saints at home could profitably follow their example. Although their skins are not so white as ours, we love them.

Our prayers are for Zion, and although we are isolated and distant from her, we should like to have our friends remember that her sorrows are our sorrows, that our sympathies go outward across the wide Pacific to her suffering ones.

Yours in the Gospel,

AMASA ALDRICH, Clerk.

THE LIQUOR LAW.

The following amendments to the Territorial liquor law were passed at the late session of the Legislature, and received the approval of the Executive:

AN ACT to amend Section 6, Chapter XXVIII, of session laws of 1882, entitled An Act licensing and regulating the manufacturing and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah: That section 6, Chapter XXVIII, of an act licensing and regulating the manufacturing and sale of intoxicating liquors, approved March 9th, 1882, be and the same is hereby amended to read:

SEC. 6. Any person licensed as aforesaid, or any person neglecting or refusing to obtain a license as herein provided, who shall either,

First—Sell, give away, or otherwise dispose of any intoxicating drink at any time during the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, except for medicinal purposes upon the prescription of a physician; or,

Second—Who shall permit on his premises where such intoxicating drink is sold, any gambling by means of dominoes, cards, dice, or other articles, or any other description of gambling; or,

Third—Who shall permit dancing, drunkenness, sleeping or lodging in the night time, or who shall permit any disorderly conduct in his saloon licensed for the sale of liquors, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

FRIENDLY AND SYMPATHETIC WORDS.

FROM ONE WHO LOOKS AT THE CHURCH IN ITS TRUE LIGHT.

HAMPTON, Iowa,

March 20, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

I recently met Mr. Almy Bagley, of Utah, and in conversation with him expressed my abhorrence of the infamous Edmunds bill. From my conversation with Mr. B. I infer that the "Mormons" are not aware of the feeling of indignation existing all over the country at the injustice of sectarian persecution and hate. It is the same spirit of intolerance that led to the loss of five millions of lives in the Crusades; the same spirit that caused the murders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Europe; the same spirit that led the Puritans to hang the inoffensive and peaceable Quakers; the spirit that ever has and ever will breed hatred and discord.

Every man who believes that every other man should have all the rights and liberties he claims for himself must condemn the treatment of a people who have gone away from civilization to escape persecution, and have converted the mountain wilds and the dry desert into fruitful fields and beautiful homes; who have claimed as their rightful heritage an unused part of the earth, the rightful heritage of all men.

Every man who believes that every other man should worship as many gods as he pleases, in a manner to please himself, or decline to worship at all if he is so minded, must condemn the unwarranted interference with the religious liberty of the people of Utah by the descendants of those who left Europe to seek a land in which they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

Those who condemn the sectarian spite and intolerance displayed toward the "Mormons" do not believe