

EDITORIALS.

THE Lindsay, Canada, *Post*, in a recent issue, gives an account of the escape, from a terrible death by burning, of a party of seven railway surveyors. They were at work in a place known as Long Swamp, on the Mars railway, when the attention of the leader of the company was arrested by the roaring of what seemed to be a coming hurricane; but it was far worse, for, on looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, it was found that a fire was rushing at a rapid rate towards them. The men instantly took the alarm and commenced to retreat to a cleared space at a considerable distance, but the swamp was full of holes and old dry cedar logs and brush, and their progress was very slow. A strong wind was blowing the fire in the direction they were going, and it gained upon them at the rate of two yards a minute. With bruised limbs, and suffering terribly from fatigue they finally reached the clearing, the fire then being only ten yards behind them.

THAT the inhabitants of Utah, the real sober citizens, are opposed to pettifoggery, that they detest interminable lawsuits and all who favor such profitless things, that they have no wonderful respect for Federal courts and their dependants, is most true, and for this there are most abundant and most satisfactory reasons. A law suit, even for the victor, is not the most blessed thing on earth. Going to law is not the most happy, the most civilized, the most Christian, the best means of adjusting difficulties. On the contrary, going to law seldom if ever satisfactorily settles any difficulty. A suit in court may be the end of legal controversy, but in the minds of the parties immediately concerned a satisfactory solution of the difficulty may be further off than ever. These are incontrovertible facts. Peaceful, friendly, neighborly arbitration, either according to established precedents and customs, or according to rules proposed and accepted for the immediate occasion, is a method of settlement as far superior to lawsuits as the heavens are above the earth. The law was made for transgressors, and lawsuits arise because one or both parties desire injustice. Arbitration is adapted for reasonable beings, persons who want the right to win, whether they, themselves, win or lose in any particular case. That our citizens almost universally prefer and desire arbitration, is a weighty fact in their favor, for it is a manifest evidence of good and honest intent, which the desire to go to law never can be to any thing like the same degree. If a man, professional or otherwise, is constantly stirring up difficulties, inciting broils, egging on parties to engage in law suits, he may be set down at once as a dishonest, malicious individual, a pest to the community. He may be a limb of the law, a marshal, a judge, a governor, or any other officer, but nevertheless, if he is a continual stirrer up of strife, an everlasting inciter to law suits, he is a public nuisance, no matter how grandiloquently he may dilate upon executing the law and all that sort of stuff.

It is a fact, very well known, and generally conceded, that in no other of the Territories has there been so little crime among the citizens, as in Utah; in no other Territory has there been less violence among the bona fide settlers; in no other Territory has there been such a peaceably disposed and industrious population; in no other Territory has there been manifest such a deeply felt and widely prevalent respect for wholesome laws and good order. Utah has never needed a vigilance committee, but all other territories, we believe all, and a number of the States, at one period or other of their history, have rejoiced in that irregular, illegal, irresponsible, secret, summary means of executing what has been supposed or at least reputed to be justice. Some Territories and some States have not yet outgrown the vigilance swaddling clothes. Colorado yet wears pretty thick and strong ones, tightly bound around too, and some of our exchanges broadly hint that a dose of "vigilantes" is the very medicine that New York needs. So that the virtual metropolis of the Union has not yet advanced anywhere near to a par with Salt Lake City and Utah Territory in those vital particulars which constitute a community law abiding and justiceloving.

These well known facts speak volumes in favor of the people who have settled and redeemed the barren wastes of the great Basin, and are an all-sufficient answer to the carping calumnies of those who are continually employed in looking at and expatiating upon the mores in their neighbors' eyes. There are spots in the sun, there are faults among our settlers, but, all things considered, due allowance made for human nature, show us a better people. That's the point.

EVERY body who reads newspapers knows something about the International Society, and of its projector, Dr. Karl Marx, the leading revolutionary spirit of the age; for the International Society, the creation of his brain, may be called the great levelling organization, as it designs to completely overturn society to deprive kings and rulers of their power, the rich of their riches, landowners of their land, to abolish class privileges and distinctions, and to place all men on an equality. Wild and chimerical as such schemes appear, they were all embraced in the programme of the Internal Association.

The society numbers its millions of members, and branches in every European country, also on this side of the Atlantic, and to its workings the life and doings of the late Paris Commune are said to have been due; and its operations have already attracted so much attention among the royalty and aristocracy of Europe, that it has been the subject of diplomatic comment between different European powers, and at the conference of Emperors and ministers at Salzburg, as the telegraphic dispatches stated yesterday, it was resolved that the International Society should be suppressed.

Such a resolution, or a series of them may be passed, but the most probable result of an attempt to carry them into effect would be to precipitate the troubles foreshadowed and threatened in the programme of the Internationals. But just while kings and ministers are cogitating on the subject the news comes that the projector and organizer Dr. Marx of the society is dead, and this may render the project of suppression more feasible; for in such a movement the power "on the throne," to direct and control the workings and movements it contemplated, is of immensely more importance than the "power behind" it—namely the millions of members composing the organization. The effect of Dr. Marx's death on the future of the society he organized will soon be seen; and as his connection with it and with everything else sublimary has ceased, a short biographical sketch of him may not be uninteresting.

Born in Treves in 1818, he studied law in Bonn and Berlin, he gained his professorship in 1841. He subsequently turned his attention to philosophy and to politics and political economy. In 1842 he became editor of the first paper published in Prussia in opposition to the government; this was soon suppressed and Marx was compelled to fly his country. He went to Paris, where he became joint editor of one anti-Prussian paper and contributor to another. His writings were so obnoxious to Prussia that on an urgent demand from the Prussian government Louis Philip banished Marx from France. He next took up his residence in Belgium, where he lived until 1848 when, upon the revolution occurring which drove the Orleanists from France, he returned to Paris. He shortly moved thence to Cologne where he started a paper called the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which, on account of its radical sentiments soon created a sensation. A revolution occurring the next year in several of the German principalities, Marx' paper was suppressed, and he was again banished from Germany. He returned to France, but receiving an intimation from the authorities that he must be silent or instantly leave France, he chose the latter and went to London, where he recommenced the publication of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which was kept up monthly until 1851. He continued his political studies, and gave the subject of trades unions considerable attention, and they finally suggested to him the idea of an International Society, the organization of which he succeeded in effecting in 1864.

A correspondent of the *New York World* who interviewed Marx in London, in speaking of his personal appearance says:

"Do you remember the bust of Socrates, the man who died rather than profess his belief in the gods of the time—the man with the fine sweep of profile for the forehead running meanly at the end into a little snub, curled-up feature,

like a bisected pothook, that formed the nose? Take this bust in your mind's eye, color the beard black, dashing it here and there with puffs of gray; clap the head thus made on a portly body of the middle height, and the Doctor is before you. Throw a veil over the upper part of the face and you might be in the company of a born vestryman. Reveal the essential feature, the immense brow, and you know at once that you have to deal with that most formidable of all composite individual forces—a dreamer who thinks, a thinker who dreams."

OUR cotemporaries, nearly all over the country, of late have been reveling in disgusting details concerning woman's weakness and man's wickedness, until some of the papers have become almost loathsome and sickening. We will here present a different picture, for the emulation of all our maidens and matrons who feel disposed to admire it and benefit themselves thereby.

Mrs. M. F. Butts, a regular correspondent of the *New York Herald*, reviewing her past career, speaks thus of herself—

I thank Heaven that I know how to work. Should anything happen to my literary prospects, I could make my living as a dress-maker, milliner, seamstress, housekeeper, cook or laundress. I have done my own house work, and gloried in it; have made my husband's shirts, and washed and ironed them; not only because I could really do them better than a professional laundress, but in order to eke out a reporter's meagre salary!

Now that's the sort of woman for a wife, worth more than a ball-room full of the sort which can do little else than put on style in public and lounge on the sofa in unkempt dishabille at home. Eleanor Kirk, in the *Elizabeth* (N. J. *Herald*), thus lauds Mrs. Butts—

Mrs. Butts is the only woman employed on the regular staff of this paper, and is a brilliant and painstaking journalist. The husband of this lady was formerly connected with the same sheet, and after his death, she made application for piece work, which was cheerfully furnished her. Her thoroughness, dispatch, and unusual intellectuality were the subjects of constant comment by those whose business it is to look out for talent, and the result was an invitation to join the staff. Mrs. Butts has a bright, winsome, essentially womanly face, although, judging by line and measure, her features would be very far from regular. During the few, very few years of Mrs. Butts' domestic life, she wrote a great many poems and short articles, which were laid away for future use, although at the time she scarcely expected to dispose of any of them. Since her debut into journalism, these have all been sold at fair prices, and now there is a market for everything which comes from her pen. Before the lady's marriage she was connected with a young ladies' seminary in Newburgh, where she taught French and German for a year and a half with perfect success. Such versatility of talent and adaptability of temperament may be uncommon, but it certainly demonstrates the weakness of one system of education. To know how to do one thing well, is certainly a great accomplishment, but in these days of competition and go-ahead-iveness, it is by no means enough. Mothers, see to it, that when the day of trouble comes, your daughters shall be prepared for it.

Yes, mothers, see to it, as much as you reasonably can. It is not every woman that can write poetry, we are happy to say, but every woman may cultivate such abilities as she has, and many women may make themselves much more helpful and useful than they are. The girls developing into womanhood, especially, would do well to take this to heart.

JUSTICE is justice, law is law. The two are often confounded, but very frequently their natures are as diametrically opposite as the poles. Probably there is no community where justice is more thoroughly respected than in this, and probably there is no community where that kind of law that merely apes justice is more cordially despised. If law and justice were invariably one, as they ought to be, tempered only with so much mercy as would manifestly tend to the general good, then this community would rejoice in law and would, at all times, naturally honor

the administrators thereof. Unhappily, the administrators of the law, the imported administrators in Utah, sometimes are not of this class. Instead of seeking to execute as much justice as the law will allow, they often seek to execute as much injustice as can be squeezed out of the law, and sometimes to trample underfoot the law as a thing of naught in the face of the high mightiness of a petty official.

Now as to courts, processes, indictments. We are fully confident that there is not one citizen in the Territory, of any sort of standing in the community, who, if legally charged with transgression of the law, would not unhesitatingly come forth, and voluntarily take his trial, if he had the slightest idea that he would have anything like a fair and honest trial by his peers. But when charges are maliciously hatched, when cases are manifestly prejudged, when it is well understood that judge and jury and marshal and deputies are all bent on conviction at all hazards, when juries are chosen by an enemy from among the enemies of the accused, and he is conscious that he has not the remotest cause to hope for a fair trial, and the tribunal which tries him holds the issues of life and death to the convicted, without any further appeal, then the accused may well say, "No, thank you," and may conclude that there is some virtue in the adage that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If courts and their appendages wish to be respected, if they wish the public to have confidence in them, their proceedings must be of a nature to inspire the respect and confidence of the justice-loving portion of the community.

WASHINGTON, D. C., is getting virtuous, or at least is making convulsive splurges in that direction, as if it had "got religion," or a fit of virtue, or something serious of that sort. The *Evening Star* of Sept. 8th, says police court judge, district attorney, superintendents and officers of police court and metropolitan police force recently had a grand pow-wow and war council over the "social evil," and determined to have "no more compromises with vice," but to co-operate in their efforts to preserve public peace and good order. Says the *Star*, "At this consultation it was also determined to break up the bawdy and disorderly houses, after giving the proprietors, or reputed proprietors, notices, and notices will be prepared and directed to said proprietors, requiring them to cease their business under penalty of arrest and prosecution."

That is perhaps about as well as the Washington officials know how to do, but it is only a half measure at best. A far more effective policy would have been to have acted when Congress was in session; and then to have chosen a particularly spreey time, called at the "houses" taken care of all the honorable M. C.'s judges, and all other incontinent gentlemen therein discovered, and made public examples of them, administering exemplary punishment, and if needs be, abolishing them. But that would have hurt amazingly! Never mind, if you wish to abolish the social pest houses, just abolish their patrons and supporters, regardless of name or station, and then the "houses" will "dry up" with marvellous rapidity, and woman will begin to be as much respected in the great cities of the Union as she is in Utah.

HERE is a reiteration of the old story, man's inhumanity to—woman, and not only man's inhumanity but woman's also, or, more properly speaking, society's. The *Missouri Democrat*, in the following hits the nail more squarely on the head than is often the case—

This is a curious world. Two months ago one B. F. Simmons eloped from St. Paul with a married lady, both of them leaving families behind them. Both were in "good society." Both were ex-cerated. The other day both returned. The woman was met with reproaches and epithets. Old friends cut her on the streets. A divorce was demanded by her aggrieved husband. How about Simmons? Simmons was a man, you see, and that makes a difference, you know. His wife and weeping friends welcomed him back with embraces—the poor, misled prodigal. His cronies laughed with him and jostled him gaily on his gallantry. That night he drove around town with his family behind dappled greys, bowing and smiling patronizingly. Mrs. —no matter about the name—the other reprobate—