

Electing me by a majority greater, under the circumstances, than my fondest friends hoped for. People of opposite political faith cast their ballots for me for no other reason than to testify to their disapprobation of the newspaper methods which had been employed for the purpose of defeating me. Notwithstanding this, my administration was made the subject of most malign abuse, especially in the newspaper in New York claiming to have the largest circulation. This was done without a shadow of reason; and the result was that, while I was not personally injured, the greatest city on the continent had its influence in public affairs impaired by the general distrust created concerning its judicial functions. I was not alone in being made a target for abuse. Judges, who were guilty only of timidity, were coerced in their rulings. The courts ceased to be the untrammelled exponents of justice. Men were accused in newspapers—rather in some newspapers—indicted in newspapers, tried in newspapers, convicted in newspapers, and sentenced in newspapers. I am guilty of no exaggeration when I say that for a time there was a reign of newspaper terror in New York. Judges were dictated to in editorial columns, and dared not do what the law bade them do, for fear of newspaper criticism. Justice was impeded through improper newspaper interference.

"I have extenuated nothing, 'nor set down aught in malice.' The newspaper press is truly the palladium of our liberty. Through it wrong is frequently made right and wrong made impossible. But it needs to be taught the seriousness of its relationship to the law-making and the law-giving powers and to respect the sanctity of the judicial authority. The most notorious criminal charged with a crime is given the benefit of any reasonable doubt which arises in the course of the testimony given during his trial. If a doubt is found to exist, he is sent forth as a freeman and without a stain. The crime with which he is charged must be proved against him before he can be held up to public scorn. Should not the same right, the same immunity from punishment, be given to a judge or a district attorney elected of the people?"

A SOUTHERNER'S CRITICISM* OF GEORGE W. CABLE.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

Down in New Orleans a young man began to tell the romantic stories that came to him among the old houses and gardens of that ancient haunt of gaiety and romance, and he told them with supreme art. The fast-fading time of the annexation gave up its memories; the secluded quarters of the exclusive creole yielded their charming secrets; the streets and closes, the levees and the purlieus, all furnished quaint material to his hand.

It is charged that his stories are not true to Creole life. The writer well knows that cultivated Creoles do not speak a *patois*. For purposes of art, however, the proportions of prosaic fact may be modified, the lines thrown into perspective. These pictures may thus not be true to Creole life, but they

rise into the high plane of idealism; they are true to human life. The author of "Posson Jones" and "The Grandisimes," since the time when his delineations of social romance in the days of the Annexation brought him the applause of the American reading world, has drifted into what the South, which understands its own economical conditions and recognizes their difficulties, cannot but deem grave errors. He has been assailed on account of these with that vehemence which has ever characterized the attacks made by the South, whether on the field of battle or in the arena of forensic discussion. Much, however, must be forgiven to sincerity. The heart that made possible the characters of *Aurore*, of *Raoul*, and of *Dr. Sevier* must have depths of tenderness as surely as the brain which conceived them has genius. The writer reproaches Mr. Cable's theories of politico-social economy as unsound and unsafe, but he will never cease to be proud that, whatever direction Mr. Cable's philosophy may assume, his literary genius is the offspring of the South. When Mr. Cable first began to write, the present vehicles of literary work, the great monthlies, were still closed to Southern authorship. It is said that "Posson Jones" was respectfully declined by more than one of the leading magazines, because it dealt with a drunken parson, and finally appeared in a periodical of less note. It made the author's reputation; it should have made it had he never written anything else. It was followed by a number of other stories, all of which exhibited the same quality of power combined with the artistic treatment. These were subsequently issued in his volume entitled "Old Creole Days." After these came successively his novels: "The Grandisimes," "Madame Delphine," and "Dr. Sevier," which established his reputation as one of the novelists of the day, and later "Bonaventure." "The Creoles of Louisiana," a work on Prison Reform, and a volume of essays dealing with the race question. His later work, like that of some others, has not come up to the standard of his earlier, the artist being in danger of becoming merged in the professional apostle.

THE SUICIDE AT PANACA.

[Correspondence of the DESERET NEWS.]—There are so many versions of the suicide of William H. Davenport here, on the night of the 24th inst., that for the benefit of his Utah relatives and friends I desire to make a correct statement through the NEWS. The deceased had been in our employ since the 10th May last. He left on the 10th November, to go to Clover Valley, to work for parties there sawing lumber. On the evening of the 20th he returned quite unexpectedly. To my inquiry as to the cause, he replied that he was "a very sick boy," and began to cry. I told him to cheer up and I would give him some medicine and that a good night's rest would put him all right. He complained of a cold and a severe pain in the head. I treated him to the best of my ability, using hot foot baths, mustard poultices, a heavy cathartic, etc., and put him in a warm bed, with

hot irons around him. He was extremely nervous and restless, and seemed afraid when I left him. He could not sleep after the second day, but said his head was better. He was up most of the time during the day, but grew uneasy and delirious at night. He, however, complained no more of pain, but seemed weak and low-spirited. He came to table at every meal. After dinner on the 24th inst. I noticed him take a cup, pour water into it and drink. An hour or so afterwards my little daughter alarmed me by bringing the same cup to me, smelling strongly of carbolic acid. I immediately sought the deceased, questioned him, and told him it was deadly poison. He asked me "how long one would live after taking" carbolic acid, but emphatically denied having taken any in any form whatever. The remainder of the day he was unusually reserved, avoiding every one. He ate a light supper, and retired early, more restless than ever. His eyes were wild looking. I went to bed shortly before 10 o'clock, thinking he might prefer to be quiet. The moment I had undressed he left the house, barefoot. I listened anxiously for half an hour for his return, fearing he would take a chill and have a relapse. Nothing more serious entered my mind. As soon as he came I slipped out noiselessly to find some one to help care for him as we were both strangers here. I knew not where to go. At the gate I could see but one light. I went and soon returned with a man and woman only to find he had dressed himself and gone again. We waited a short time. As he did not return we gave an alarm and made a search. In the mean time he had gone to a peddler's wagon, that of *Athe Meeks* of Iron county, Utah, and borrowed a pocket knife. As he was gone with it longer than the gentleman expected, he too had parties looking for the boy, who was soon discovered with three stabs in the neck, and a gash in the bowels from which were hanging eighteen inches of intestines. When spoken to deceased said he had "thrown part of them away," which proved true by the finding of seven feet of intestines the next morning. The act was perpetrated between 10 and 11 o'clock. He died at 2:20 a.m., giving no reasons for the rash deed. He had never before shown any disposition towards suicide, and was harmless in his manner generally. Among those who took an active part in caring for him after finding him are Mr. and Mrs. Rich, Mr. N. Wadsworth, *Athe Meeks*, *Claude* and *Laws Atchison*, *Will Kane*, *Captain Mathews* and *Brother John Smith*. Four of them have now gone toward *Parowan*, Utah, with the body. They will be met by the deceased's parents and friends. His remains were well cared for and a good coffin was obtained by those above named. Deceased was twenty-five years of age the 24th of June last.

MRS. E. A. CRANE WATSON.

PANACA, Lincoln Co., Nev.,
Nov. 26, 1891.

Karl Knudsen Sommerstad, the murderer of *Kongsberg*, has been sentenced to ten years hard labor in the penitentiary. Sommerstad received the verdict very calmly.