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Those persons who have formed an estimate of the Kentucky gentleman by the evidence introduced in the disgraceful proceedings that have lately clouded the fame of Colonel Breckenridge have doubtless done a gross injustice to a class we like to think of as representing, in the height of development, southern chivalry and noble breeding. We do not believe the amorous brute, Breckenridge, who seems to have been wholly lost to all sense of decency, is a fair specimen of even the most reckless element of the blue grass nobility; nor can we imagine that the voters of Kentucky, among whom, as among all southern gentlemen, there is a deep seated and chivalric respect for woman, will condone this scoundrel's offenses by returning him to congress.

Many things are overlooked in a man of genius or a man of such commanding ability and acknowledged power as Colonel Breckenridge; but it seems to us that there can be no excuse for the moral depravity and revolting indecency exhibited by the congressman in his relations with Miss Pollard.

The distinguished Kentuckian's defense as made through the public press last Sunday is what might have been expected of a man, who at a somewhat advanced age, made the acquaintance of a young girl on a railroad train and following this up, like a genuine roue, sustained illicit relations with her, covering a period of years, under a promise of marriage when his lawful wife was still living. A man who would do this—a man who would speculate on his wife's demise in order to accomplish his lascivious purpose, would do anything, even to making a cowardly defense for an inexcusable crime.

No one, after reading the evidence, will contend that Miss Pollard was at all times a virtuous woman; but the woman's frailty affords no palliation for the congressman's brutishness. This great man, this elder in the Presbyterian church, this counterfeit gentleman, is shown to have been a conscienceless hypocrite, void of shame, and the story of his vicious immorality is as disgusting as anything the American public has been regaled with in a good many years.

"He became entangled as many another man before him." This is certainly a unique way of putting it. By his own scheming he brings about the disgrace of a woman and involves himself in difficulties; became a hypocritical brute and traitor to his family, and then it is said "he became entangled." The tangling appears to have been the colonel's handiwork.

In May, 1888 at the centennial celebration of the Presbyterian

church, at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the general assembly, we had the pleasure of hearing this great man deliver an address on "Calvinism and Religious Liberty," which teemed with lofty sentiment. At its conclusion he was so loudly applauded that he came forward and thanked the audience for its approval of the "truths which God put into his heart." He was at this time in the height of his disgraceful liaison with Miss Pollard, and was, presumably, looking forward to his wife's death. Colonel Breckenridge is shown in the blackest possible colors, regardless of the woman's character, and whatever may be the judgment of the court, he must stand adjudged before the people a hypocrite and miscreant. And he ought to welcome obscurity rather than seek a continuance of official prominence. He is an able man; but that fact does not lessen the enormity of his transgression; nor should it influence public or judicial opinion.

The unsavory evidence at the trial places the present Mrs. Breckenridge, that was Mrs. Wing, in a very undesirable position. It is a piece of bad business all 'round.

Colonel Sam D. Cox, of the *Call*, who on any question like this wields a vitriolic pen with marked facility, makes some interesting remarks on this *cause celebre*—"The case is one of the most disgraceful and indecent scandals ever connected with the name of any public man. There are degrees of culpability in all offenses. It is difficult to see, however, how a lower cord could be reached than has been touched by this chivalrous southern gentleman, who, called upon for advice by a seventeen-year-old school girl, proceeded at once to make her his mistress, announced himself as only waiting for the death of his wife to marry her, and after thus seducing the girl and dishonoring his wife, married another woman when his first wife died and endeavored to cast off his dupe and victim." Colonel Cox is a little mixed on Breckenridge's wives. The one he refers to as the first was really the second. Mrs. Wing was the third woman the congressman led to the altar.

We are under obligations to the press of the state, and more especially, of this city, for the kind manner in which they have commented upon the new *COURIER*. It will be our aim to prove worthy of the kind expressions of our friends.

Since we had the hardihood, some weeks ago, to discuss the proposed income tax in these columns, the question of our personal income has been made a regular issue in Major Calhoun's paper, which by the way, presents in these March days such a gaunt and sickly appearance that we are apprehensive lest it may have become consumptive and is given a prominence altogether out of harmony with its importance. There was a good deal of rambling discourse in last week's *Herald* on this subject, which was rather mixed. We are sorry to have caused the major so much trouble. If it is his own income that is worrying him we are sure Congressman Bryan, by way of atonement for his failure to accomplish a certain something in which the major was greatly interested, would prevail upon his brother legislators to admit a clause excepting the editor of the *Herald* from all of the provisions of the bill.

The superintendent of schools is a popular target for abuse. Just