

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23 1895.



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

Office 217 North Eleventh St.

Telephone 384

W. MORTON SMITH Editor and Manager
SARAH B. HARRIS Associate Editor
WILLA CATHER Associate Editor

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum	\$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	50
One month	20
Single copies	5

OBSERVATIONS

The Duke of Marlborough said when on the eve of his departure for England: "If I speak a little unkindly at times I do not think you can blame me, because there has been a lack of chivalry which has wounded me deeply . . . Simply because I have chosen for my wife an American it does not necessarily follow that I am a fortune hunter. God forbid that I should be such." A reader of The Courier has sent to the Notes and Queries department an inquiry touching the Marlborough family. That inquiry and the duke's parting speech suggest a few thoughts and facts.

The Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding served to emphasize, as no other event in this country has emphasized, the coarseness of mere wealth. The vulgar display, the apparently wanton prodigality, the publicity, the continual flaunting of dollars throughout the whole affair, all contributed to a spectacle disgusting in its grossness, revolting in its cold blooded and mercenary indecency. When Consuelo Vanderbilt married the Duke of Marlborough the chink of the \$5,000,000 was heard all over the world. There was a grand musical service; but the clanking of the coin drowned all other sounds. The fag end of a decayed line of old world debauchees, cast upon the dry sands of impotency, appealed in desperation to the flesh pots of the Eldorado and a Mephistophelian compact was entered into. From among the flesh pots came a young woman who bartered herself away for an empty title, a name that has infamy stamped all over it. The end of the Marlborough

tribe, in despair, made it possible to restore the family glitter by an act almost as infamous as the proceeding by which the first Duke of Marlborough founded the fortune of his house. The whole thing is a disgrace, a disgrace to England, a greater disgrace to the United States.

Most of the old paintings that used to

mistresses of the king. It is related that on one occasion this John Churchill (1650-1722) jumped from the duchess' window to escape the king. The jump was successful and the king's mistress gave him £5,000 as the wages of prostitution. This was the basis of the Marlborough fortune. McCauley says it was this money that enabled him to woo and win Sarah Jennings, whose elder sister Frances was a prodigious

money for its own sake."

The Duchess of Marlborough may find a portrait of that woman of easy virtue, the Duchess of Cleveland, and as she reflects on the £5,000 which this titled courtesan gave to her lover, and which gave him his start in life, and on the millions which Mrs. Hammersly, her immediate predecessor in Blenheim



Robert Downing

hang in Blenheim castle went under the hammer, as result of the extravagance of the present duke's father. But there are some portraits left. I wonder if the new duchess will find in the gallery a canvas of John Churchill, the first duke, who was a paramour of the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the

beauty of frail morals. Churchill's sister was a favorite mistress of the Duke of York, and between the king's mistress and the duke's mistress his advancement was rapid. The first duke was a brave general. He was also avaricious. "His avarice was inordinate, and was founded on a sordid love of

heim castle, spent in restoring the faded grandeur of the family, and the \$5,000,000 which will now go into the yawning Blenheim chasm, she may conclude that that jump of John Churchill's from the Cleveland woman's window was a pretty expensive feat, even if it was followed by a