The Goldsboro Star

"Hear Instruction and be Wise, and Refuse it Not."

VOL. I. GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881. NO. 16.

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CELEBRATED BEAUX.

An Interesting Account of Beau Nash and Beau Brummel.

Society is never without leaders of the ton, dictators in dress and fashion. Most of these are local celebrities. Worth, the Parisian "man milliner," is known to both hemispheres. Nature is an economist of greatness. The frugal dame allows us only one great statesman, one great poet, one great singer, one great general in a century. In the line of beaux and dandies she is equally parsimonious. Of this indispensable genus British history chronicles two distinguished names in the past three centuries: Beau Nash, 1674 to 1761; Beau Brummel, 1778 to 1840.

Nash had no less a biographer than Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most elegant prose writers in the English language. He was a Welshman by birth, son of a gentleman of moderate means, who sent him to Oxford with a view to the law, but before he was seventeen, the promising boy was expelled from college for negotiating an improper matrimonial connection! Then he tried the military profession and afterward the law, but soon quitted hard work to become a diner-out, a gamester and a "fashionable man about town." He was popular in London, and so useful to King William in matters of taste that he offered him knighthood. In 1704 he transferred his residence to Bath, whose hot springs have made it the British Saratoga from the days of Julius Cæsar. He became at once the Morrissey of this fashionable watering place, living by gaming, but benevolently advising young men not to gamble, and giving away lavishly the proceeds of his skill at hazard. He became master of ceremonies in ballrooms and dancing saloons, and maintained autocratic rule in the realm of fashion and dress at that gay capital for fifty years. He built an elegant assembly room, and was conspicuous for his attentions to the fair sex, and the protection he afforded the younger women from the wiles of cunning seducers and unprincipled adventurers. The numerous victims of the much-married Marvin needed a Nash at their elbow to suggest the danger of matrimony on short acquaintance. Nash, of course, affected great style in dress and equipage, and rode in a chariot drawn by six horses, with grooms and outriders. His sobriquet was "king of Bath." In person he was "big, clumsy, awkward, with harsh and irregular features, and tawdry though expensive dress." He had some reputation for wit. In 1739, in the height of his prosperity, he encountered the celebrated street preacher and evangelist, John Wesley, at the outset of his career, and insolently attempted to browbeat the little Grecian-faced, gowned, Oxford clergyman of the establishment into silence. "You frighten people out of their wits by your preaching," roared the bully-fop. "You never heard me preach; how do you know?" "By common report," says Nash. "I should hate to judge *you* by common report," was the keen retort that shamed him into silence in the presence of a crowd that knew him for a notorious sensualist and gambler. He established a hospital in Bath, grew old and poor and peevish and lived neglected, but was honored with a public funeral when he died at the age eighty-seven, to be embalmed in English literature by the author of "The Deserted Village" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," whose pen was probably never employed, even as a bookseller's hack, on a more worthless subject.

Beau Brummel succeeded Beau Nash in the regular order of Darwinian development. He, too, was an Oxford scholar and the heir to a considerable fortune, which he found no difficulty in squandering in the whirl and vortex of London fashionable dissipation. His biography was written shortly after his decease, published in 1844, in two volumes, octavo, by an officer of the British army, Captain William Jesse, and again in abridged form by the same author, duodecimo, 1854. This famous fop was gifted with a handsome person and exquisite taste in matters of dress and etiquette. He was witty and impudent to a degree, and derives no small portion of his notoriety from his intimacy with the Prince of Wales, afterward King George IV. He too, was early bankrupted by his extravagance and losses at the gaming table, and fled Engand finally to get away from bailiffs pursuing him in the interest of tailors and washerwomen! His reign as dandy was brief in London compared with Nash's at Bath, but was quite as powerful while it lasted. This "incarnation of dandyism, who speedily got away with a patrimony of $150,000, recommended himself to the companionship of the Prince of Wales by his amusing and caustic conversation and his skill and tastes in questions of dress. He reigned supreme at the gaming club, and, like his predecessor Nash, was skillful, successful and generous. One night when his friend, Tom Sheridan, was meeting with bad luck at play, Brummel took his place and dealt so successfully that in ten minutes he had won $7,500. Stopping short at that point, he gave one-half of the sum, $3,750, to Sheridan, saying, 'There, Tom, go home, give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again." This exquisite, during his reign in the realm of linen, essences and pomatum, cased his elegant person in six shirts a day and as many cravats, whose immaculate style of tie, a marvel of a fairy lightness, became the emulation of all the dandies in Europe. His neckerchiefs, of the finest linen, done up and startched in peculiar style, were tied with a peculiar slight in a single bow. If perfection were not reached by the first effort no second attempt was made because to manipulate the kerchief would only mar its delicate surface with wrinkles. It was instantly thrown aside and another substituted in its place till perhaps twenty had been tried and rejected. His favorite servant was met on the stairs one morning with a basket of the elegant, carefully folded, scarcely crumpled ties. "What have you there?" said the friend. "Only a lot of master's and my failures," said the man. When dressed he sallied forth for some public resort, and to each appointment in new rig and fresh linen. The same cravat would not answer for the club, the supper and the opera. When abroad on foot he hated to meet a lady friend, for this necessitated taking off his hat, and taking off his hat deranged his hair, and bowing imperiled his divine cravat! Imprisoned in shirt collar it was impossible to turn his head to one side; and a ridiculous story is told of his drinking to the health of a gentleman who sat within two feet of him on the same side of the table. "Waiter," said he, "is Lord Worcester here?" "Yes, sir." "Tell his lordship I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him. Is his lordship ready?" "Yes, sir." "Tell him I drink his health." Different stories are told of the way in which the brassy Brummel lost the confidence and friendship of the capricious Prince of Wales. Some say he nicknamed him Ruben; others that he called out familiarly to prospective royalty, "George, ring the bell." The prince obeyed and rang the bell, but bade the servant order Mr. Brummel's carriage, equivalent to dismissal from the prince's presence. In his earlier years Prince George prided himself on a physique as fine as that of Brummel himself, but as he grew older, to his great annoyance and disgust, he became corpulent, and some court annalists tell us that the "Adonis of 50" cut Brummell in public, passing him by without recognition, whereupon the self-possessed fop in a loud and sarcastic tone said to the gentleman on whose arm he was leaning, and whom the prince had familiarly recognized: "Lord Alvanley, who is that fat friend of yours?"

In 1815, the fourth year of the regency, at the age of 37, this "elegant man of fashion" became, between two days, a runaway from importunate creditors, and found refuge in Calais, where his debts soon mounted up to $5,000. In 1821, George IV. visited France as king, and the discarded favorite took care to station himself where the royal carriage was to pass. His majesty is said to have sighted him in the crowd, and to have exclaimed with some emotion, "Good God! Brummel!!" The king's suite called on him next day and pressed him to seek an interview. He was man enough to decline it. The king sent him $500, contemptuously remarking, he "supposed that was what he wanted." He was afterward made consul at Caen, a sinecure created on purpose for this professional mendicant. He soon resigned the position and shortly after found his appropriate place in a debtor's prison, where his greatest affliction was that he had to dress and undress in the presence of his keepers. Here he continued to have his essences, his dressing case, and two quarts of milk daily to mix in his bath; Benevolent friends in England paid his debts, released him, and furnished him $600 a year to live on, but he was soon involved again on the score of boot varnish brought from Paris at a dollar a bottle! As he grew old he gave up his white cravats and his washing, and became as careless of his appearance as he had before been careful. In 1838 he was sent, in dotage and helplessness, to an hospital, where he died on the verge of idiocy in 1840 at the age of sixty-two, the incarnation of vanity, selfishness and uselessness, yet embalmed in the curious narrative of Captain Jesse, which is said now to be so rare in England as to command guineas for a single copy.

Romances of Artist Life.

Handel, the father of music, had few romances in his long life of eighty years. Several ladies tried to court him, but as soon as he saw their aim, he broke away from their influence. He declared that his life was wedded to his art, and he determined not to give to family cares what he had dedicated to music. In the days of his greatest popularity, when the air of London was full of Handel, when people sang him in the streets and the band played him in the palace gardens, and all literature was stamped with his name, he, like the youth in "Excelsior," stopped not to listen to the whispers of love, but only made new resolutions to make greater triumphs for music. The purpose never faltered until it had produced the "Pastoral Symphony" and the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Haydn's life was as barren of romance. In the days of his youthful poverty he met Anne Keller, a barber's daughter. The barber offered him work at powdering wigs. He became attached to Anne, and promised to marry her. In better days, when he had become the associate of princes, he returned to Anne and fulfilled his promise. He was an amiable man, and would have made happy the life of a woman as cheerful as himself; but Anne was a chronic fault-finder. "His religion," says one, "turned on the love of God, hers on the fear of the devil. She passed easily from mass to mischief-making, and from beads to broils." Her tongue proved too hot for Haydn; it spoiled his musical work. So he agreed to support Anne like a lady if she would only live apart from him, which she consented to do, and the musician had rest from the nagging of his ill-chosen partner. This certainly is not a romance.

Beethoven had but one romance—he became enamored of the Countess Guicciardi, his immortal beloved, "my angel, my all, my life." The countess married another person, and Beethoven thereafter devoted himself to his art; contenting himself with the love of children. He had deep affections, and drowned them in music. He did not, like Handel, find full consolation there, but was often restless, ill at ease and very lonely. He once said, "O Providence, vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity."

Touching, indeed, was the romance of the life of Schubert—young Schubert, unappreciated, and carrying about with him continual sorrow and the seeds of a fatal disease. In 1818 he passed the winter with Count Esterhazy at Vienna, and there met the lovely Marie, the count's daughter. He became Marie's music teacher and loved her. She admired his genius, but did not return his affection. "You have dedicated none of your works to me," she said to him one day, playfully. "What's the use?" said Schubert; "you already have all." Had not art been his comforter, he would have been inconsolable. The disappointment threw a shadow over his life, but did not cloud his genius. He died at thirty-one. We have seldom seen more bitter words than those which express his views of the value of his own life: "Imagine a man whose health will never come again; whose brilliant hopes have come to naught; to whom the happiness of love and friendship offers nothing but sorrow! Every night when I go to sleep I hope that I may never wake again." They made his grave near Beethoven, in the crowded cemetery of Wahring.

That was a bright day when the gentle, sensitive Chopin, whose beauty was a magnetism, and whose manners were a charm, stopping at Paris on his journey to London, where he never arrived, met Madam George Sand. Chopin was marked by consumption for death; but all the fullness of sunshine seemed to come into his life before the final eclipse. What friends he met in Paris—Liszt, Pleyel, Heine, Meyerbeer! He was beset by society, *feted* in the most brilliant salons, sought for by people of rank, admitted to the highest circles. Madam Sand was at this time the reigning intellectual queen. The genius of Chopin enchanted her. She said of it: "There is no mightier art than this, to awaken in man the sublime consciousness of his own humanity. Remorse, violence, terror, control, despair, enthusiasm, faith, disquietude, glory; these, with a thousand other nameless emotions, belong to music. There we wander to and fro in the dim air, and, like Æneas in the Elysian fields, all we behold is greater than earth." Madam Sand drew Chopin to her as by magnetism. He begun to love her, to worship her. She had a Platonic affection for him—was his friend, nothing more. Consumption smote Chopin down amid his delights. From the perfumed boudoirs of Paris he went forth a wounded man, and Madam Sand accompanied him. On the sunny shores of the Mediterranean new life seemed to come to him. Madam Sand was his companion, nurse, and the world lighted up again. He returned to Paris. He offered his hand to Madam Sand in marriage. She refused. She had never contemplated a relation like this. She was unwilling to put her freedom as an authoress and public leader into the fetters of wedlock. They quarreled, separated, and Chopin's heart was broken. Consumption speedily completed the work it had begun, and the woman he had reproached did not come back to sustain him in these dark hours. The two met in the sunshine of dream-land and parted amid its glooms.

Let us turn from these unhappy scenes to a more cheerful picture. Berlioz, in one of his letters, recently published abroad, says: "In the summer of 1833, Henrietta Smithson, being ruined in fortune and half-cured of a broken limb, I married her. The day of our marriage she had nothing in the world but her debts. I had only 300 francs, and these were lent me." Berlioz, after hard efforts, paid his wife's debts, and the two were happy, and were devoted to each other in their artist lives.

Schumann married for love, and his wife was his inspiration and helper. He could not have done without her. After he became insane she watched over him like a mother; and after his death, the best interpreter of his music to the world was noble Clara Schumann.—*oston Folio.*

Driving with the Parasol.

The other evening, the Jester was bathing his eyes in cold water, and suspended the operation long enough to remark:

"If a woman can't take her parasol to heaven when she dies, she won't be happy there. She will come back after it."

An impressive quiet followed this dogmatic statement, and the parasols of the court knew some of them were in for it.

"We were driving this afternoon," the aggrieved Jester resumed, "and the princess kindly shaded my head with her parasol. It was very kind, indeed. It limited my view of the country, at times, to my knees and the dash board of the wagon. Whenever we met a team, especially if the road was very narrow, the princess lowered her parasol between myself and the passing wagon, so that I turned out by faith, or stood on my head to catch a glimpse of the colliding wheels. When we started down a steep hill, she dropped the parasol between me and the horses, and I trusted to the good sense of the animals to keep out of the ditch. When we met any acquaintances to whom I wished to bow, she knocked my hat into my eyes. When she would point my admiring gaze to some exquisitely tinted autumn leaves she jabbed a projecting parasol rib in my eye. When she turned to speak to any one in the rear seat, she rasped the back of my neck. Oft as the carriage struck a stone or lurched over a rut, she prodded my long suffering head with vicious little jabs. I drew my head down between my shoulders and sat crouched and bent, but the remorseless parasol still pursued me. I have been pelted and rasped and prodded, and all for a mistaken sense of kindness. A woman's unselfishness and kindness of heart always prompts her to hold her parasol over the man who drives. And if the man who drives is allowed to choose for himself, he will choose sunstroke in preference to the parasol every time."—*Burdette.*

Cannibals Shipped to Europe.

Captain G. Schweers, of the Hamburg steamship Thebes, who arrived in Hamburg on the 20th from the western coast of South America, has brought with him a strange human cargo. During his passage through the Magellan Straits he obtained eleven "Feuerlanders"—four men, four women, and three children—veritable cannibals. Some difficulties had to be overcome before he could persuade them to undertake a voyage to Europe, and the problem as to their food on the passage was also the cause of a good deal of anxiety, as it was impossible to lay in a stock of some kindred tribes for the sustenance. The captain reports that he was highly satisfied with their behavior as passengers. At first he laid ordinary cooked meat before them, but the whole company sickened; hereupon they were provided with raw flesh, and they recovered their normal state of health. They were offered tallow candles, at first in fun, but they regarded this sort of food as a very choice European delicacy and the women invariable made their children partake of it. All the members of this curious company showed a remarkable capacity for learning and acquired a number of German and Spanish words and sentences with facility and employed them to good purpose. The visitors are to be sent to Paris first, where they will be exhibited—or will exhibit themselves we should, perhaps, rather say—to their civilized brethren in the Jardin of d'Acclimatation. They are next to be forwarded to Hamburg and after a short stay in that city they will make the tour of the great cities of Europe.—*London Globe.*