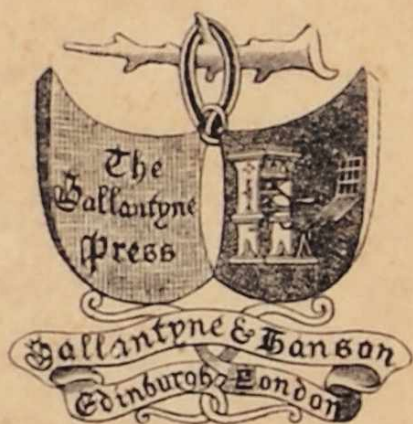


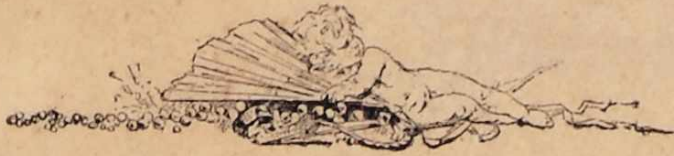


# THE FAN.

"The Fan of a fair lady is the world's sceptre."

SYLVAIN MARÉCHAL.





**T**HE **F**AN

BY

OCTAVE UZANNE

*ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL AVRIL*



LONDON

J. C. NIMMO AND BAIN

14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1884



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,



HE author of the Fan dares to present himself before you in the undress of *home*, just as he is leaving his work-table, with that half smirk of satisfaction which the expansive beatitude of a work accomplished brings into the corners of the lips. It seems to him now, in the happy transport of fancy which unrolls before the brain the decoration of apotheosis, that his labour has been but a dream, and that borne to him on rosy



mists, nymphs, half fairy, half muse, have facilitated his task in keeping him sweet company, and by inspiring him with ardour, constancy, and good fortune. The Graces themselves, so forsaken since the last century, have surely brought him one, the magic plume torn from the bird of Cyprus; another the encyclopedic fan, which can tell its own story like the pretty toys of fable; whilst a third has distilled into the perfumed ink of his standish the poetic essence of flowers from the double hill. Thus the writer, thoroughly charmed with himself, was never more beaming or better disposed to make his advances towards the reader, with hand stretched out and face good-humouredly rounded into that expression which seems to say, "Sit, and let us chat."

Let us chat, then, if you please, with that familiar talk which is known by a term rather impure than improper, as the unbuttoned (*déboutonné*) in conversation, which, by the way, does not at all imply the unsewn (*décousu*).

This Fan, then, of which the text runs or winds across the coloured prints of the volume, is not by any means a work of mighty wisdom and erudition, such as to set good-sized spectacles on the noses of the *magisters* and eminent savants of Christendom—men whom I hold in the profoundest respect and esteem, but would never pardon myself for having disturbed them for a banquet so little

abundant as mine in wondrous archæological discoveries. I address myself not, understand me, to those positivist gentlemen of exact documents, to those patient searchers of the past, to those exhumators of dead letters, whom a disciple of Buffon would long to classify in the natural kingdom among mammifera, catalogued under the name of *diggers*, and to set in the domain of those subterraneous chimney-sweepers who erect their pyriform hillocks in the midst of pleasure gardens.

To beget a work of vast science, to turn over voluminous folios, to call to one's aid linguistics, orientalism, archæology in all its branches, the fathers of the Church, the pedants in *us* of Germany, and all the square caps of the Dutch savants, to register notes, to affect literary patches, to bury oneself under hills of justificative pieces, of varied reproductions, to analyse the bibliographic bibliography of works written about the Fan—all this in connection with that delicious feminine trinket which our spiritual ancestors contented themselves with singing or wrapping up in amiable little verses, would have been in our opinion an act of heavy and gross stupidity, attaching, as it were, a formidable weight to the delicate antennæ of a dragon-fly.

A pretty woman, says an Oriental proverb, is born with a crown of roses and pretty playthings in her cradle; everything blossoms around her;

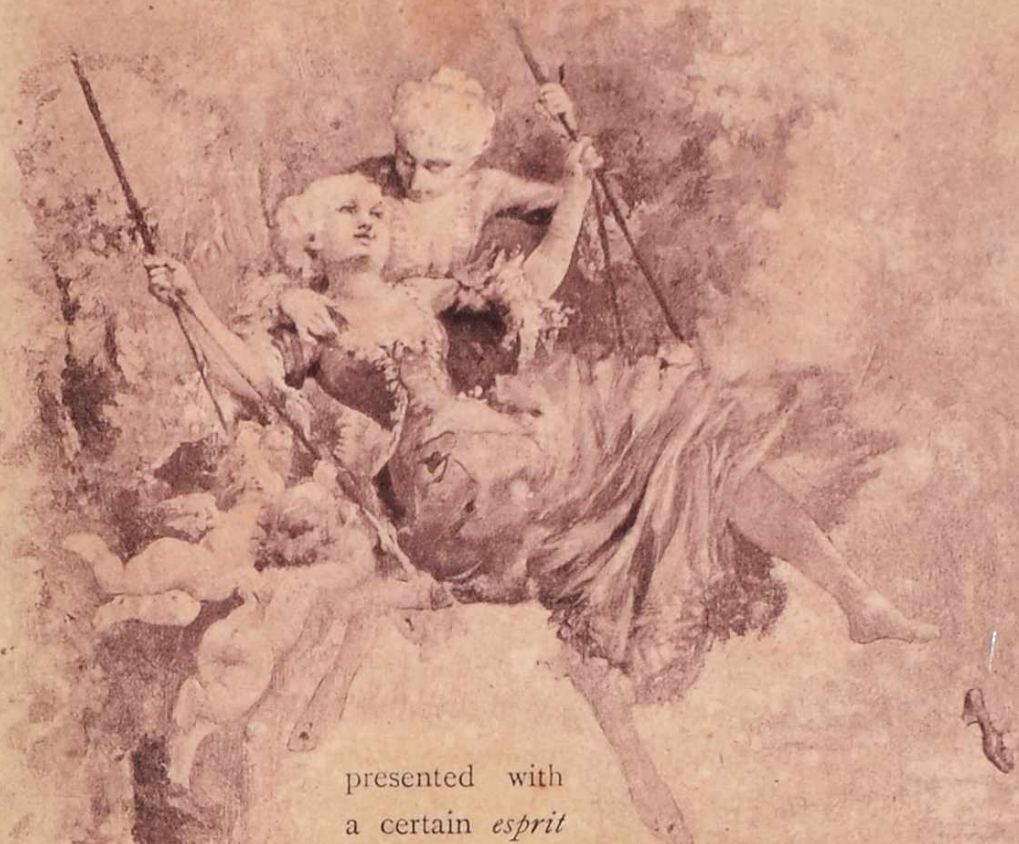




all that she  
touches, all  
that adorns

her, deserves to be deified, and it was in dreaming of the publication of many volumes, under the collective title of *Woman's Ornaments*, that I set myself to write *The Fan*, which opens the series of these little books for the boudoir.

In their turn will follow the Parasol and the Umbrella, the little objects of the toilet, and the Muff, that pretty wadded sheath, furred and perfumed, into which chilly little fingers slip, like gentle doves returning to their nest. From the Muff, which was not always the unique appanage of the fair sex, but could be seen in the public walks suspended by a ribbon round the necks of the *petits-mâtres* and gallant abbés of bygone days, balancing itself on their satin waistcoats or velvet coats in the midst of winter's bitter cold—from the Muff, an external ornament, I shall conduct the reader to the Shoe, to the bewitching little slipper, the tiny rogue which hides its silken or morocco muzzle under a wave of lace, which Fragonard has shown us in his *Dangers of the Swing*, cast prettily into the air, flying rather than falling to the ground,



presented with a certain *esprit* and voluptuousness of composition, which are no longer found save in the paintings of the Cytheras of old. Would it not be charming to indulge oneself in the history of those coquettish feminine Shoes which have always had their fanatic admirers, and inspired Restif de la Bretonne with his romance of *Fanchette's Foot*, beginning like a canto of an epic poem, *I am the veracious historian of the brilliant conquests of the little foot of a fair woman?*

May I next hope for permission to approach the Glove, that supple guardian of the rosy white and velvet hand, and to describe it, from the gloves of wrought leather, to the silk gloves, the perfumed gloves of Spain, till I come to the dandy gloves with their long sheaths of buckskin which imprison to-day so deliciously the plump arms up to and beyond the laughing dimples

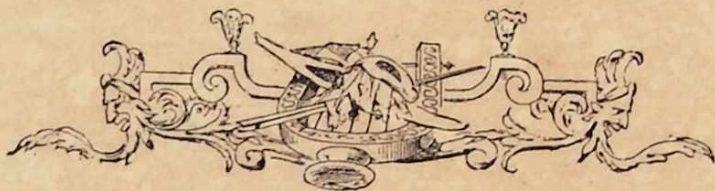




( 6 )

of the elbows of our coquette of taste? The Stocking may too have its turn, but will stop short at the Garter; last of all, the Diamonds will cast their fires as the consummation of this monograph of *Woman's Ornaments*, written for woman, and destined to woman, to present her with that enviable pillow-library, where so many modern authors hope in their dreams to find their works, bound in heavenly blue morocco or smooth shagreen.

Amidst all these jewels of feminine ornamentation the Fan ought to have the priority, for in the land of grace and *esprit* it shines yet in the first rank. It is with regard to the playing of the Fan that a lady, a friend of Madame de Staal-Delaunay, wrote under the Regency the judicious and discriminating sentence which follows: "Let us suppose a woman delightfully amiable, magnificently adorned, wholly made up of graces and pretty ways, who complains of baths because they are too damp, of ices because they are so cold, of vinegar because it is a trifle sour, and of fire because it is too hot—a woman, in fine, who possesses all these prerogatives, and who is consequently a woman of the best *ton*. I tell you that this same woman, in spite of all these advantages, will meet with nothing but banter if she knows not how to manage her Fan. So many ways are there of playing with this pretty

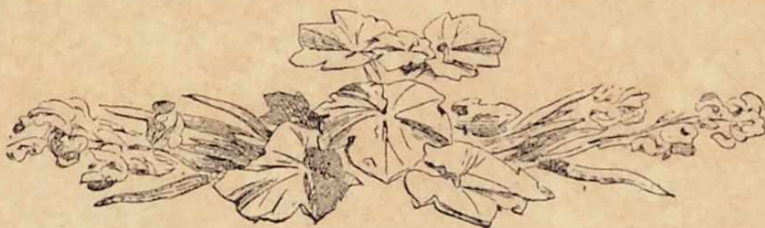




trinket, that a blow of the Fan is sufficient by itself to distinguish between a princess and a countess, a marchioness and a plebeian. Besides, what grace does the Fan not give to a lady who knows how to avail herself of it. It winds and flutters, shuts and opens, rises and falls according to circumstances. Truly, I would lay a wager that in all the gear of all the best-adorned women of gallantry, there is not a single ornament from which they can obtain so great an advantage as from their Fans."

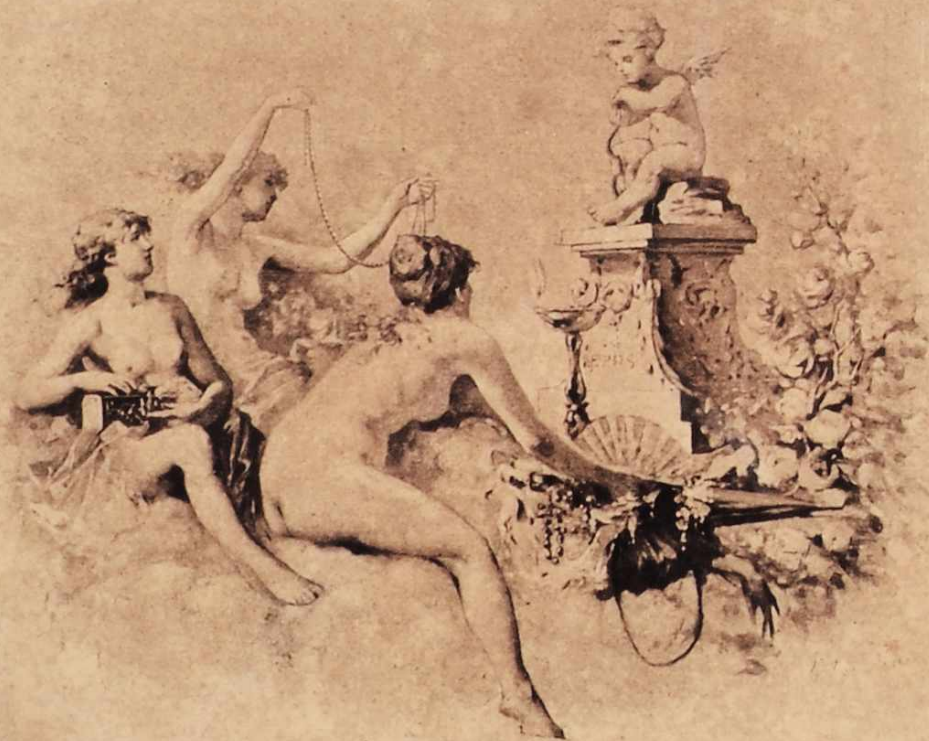
It is an old and stereotyped observation in our newspapers, which tells us, *It would be a curious history to write, that of the Fan.*

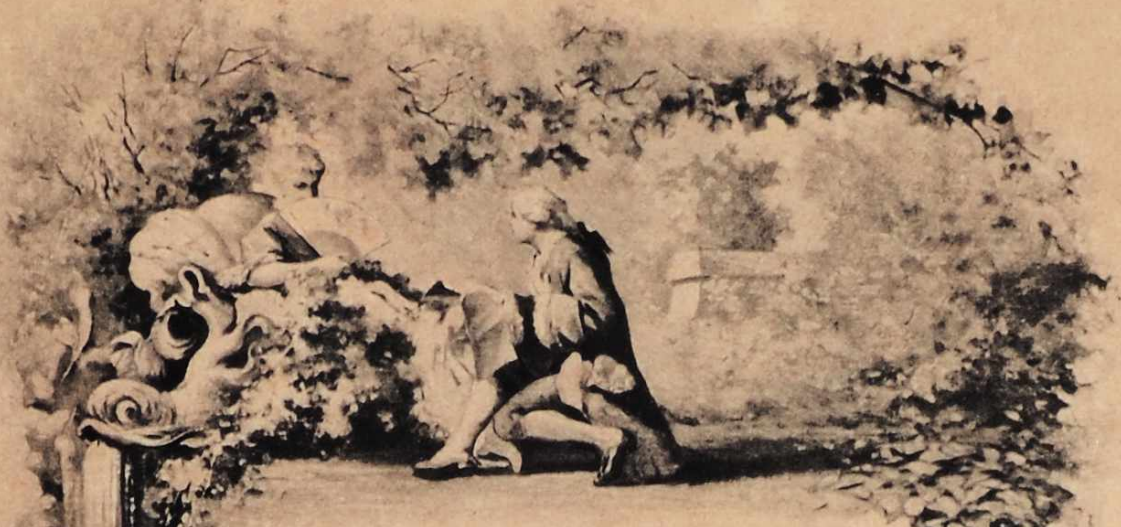
Have I in some measure realised this desideratum which seemed wholly ideal? I know not, for I have already patient predecessors who have written special books—perhaps a little too technical—on this subject. Their works, to which I have had sometimes recourse, are to the present work as *autour* is to *alentour*, in the precise definition indicated by our language. I have rather pilfered from the literary history of the Fan than from the general history of Fans, seeking, in an historic study of our manners, the side of grace and *esprit*, the ingenious paraphrases made in all times on this screen of bashfulness, fanciful in my individuality, passing from grave to gay, and bringing for my own part some views and inedited



documents, of which it is not my business to be vain. I address myself to a *dilettante* public, which loves often a paradox better than a cold logical dilemma. It is of the world of letters and men of letters that I claim the sympathetic suffrage and inward approbation on the form of the book, its special contexture, its originality of illustration, of which I fear not to claim the conception; on its text, which runs like the spirit of the author across the breaknecks of its different compositions; on the whole, in a word, of a very special work, of which it would perhaps be for me a little mortifying to hear any one say (supposing the opinion not formulated by an envious man or a fool) that the author, who now retires and bows in conclusion, has wrecked his literary bark, and that he saves himself solely by passing from plate to plate, from one vignette to another, after the example of those pale and insipid gentlemen, Dorat and Baculard d'Arnaud, whom one forgets to forget, thanks to Eisen, to Choffard, and to Moreau the younger, the immortal artists of the Academy of Graces, who have attached their signatures to Fans only too few.

O. U.





## DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO MADAME LOUISE \* \* \*

To Cyprus once the apple was decreed ;  
My fan too, like that apple, is the meed  
Of rarest beauty.—MILON.

**M**ADAME,—*The Epistle Dedicatory soon passed away after the authors of the school of Marivaux, the gentle poets of the art of love, the coquettish abbés, the frolicsome marchionesses, with their private levées, and, above all, their most mighty serene highnesses met beneath the avalanche of last year's snows the sweet and lively sovereigns of the ancient days, and all the brave knights of the immortal ballads of Master Villon. This poor dedicatory epistle, which was, if not a base flattery at so much a line, the most exquisite courtesy of the honourable writer and his most polite salutation, this expressive epistle, which had such grace and such pretty manners of style, has now rejoined the antiquated usages of the knightly watch, and assumes every day a form more rococo and old-fashioned, which will very soon bring about its foundering once and for ever in that evolution so piteously progressive of the positivists of our time.*

*But in the meanwhile, Madame, permit me, in spite of all equivocal smiles and public remarks, to profess to-day,*

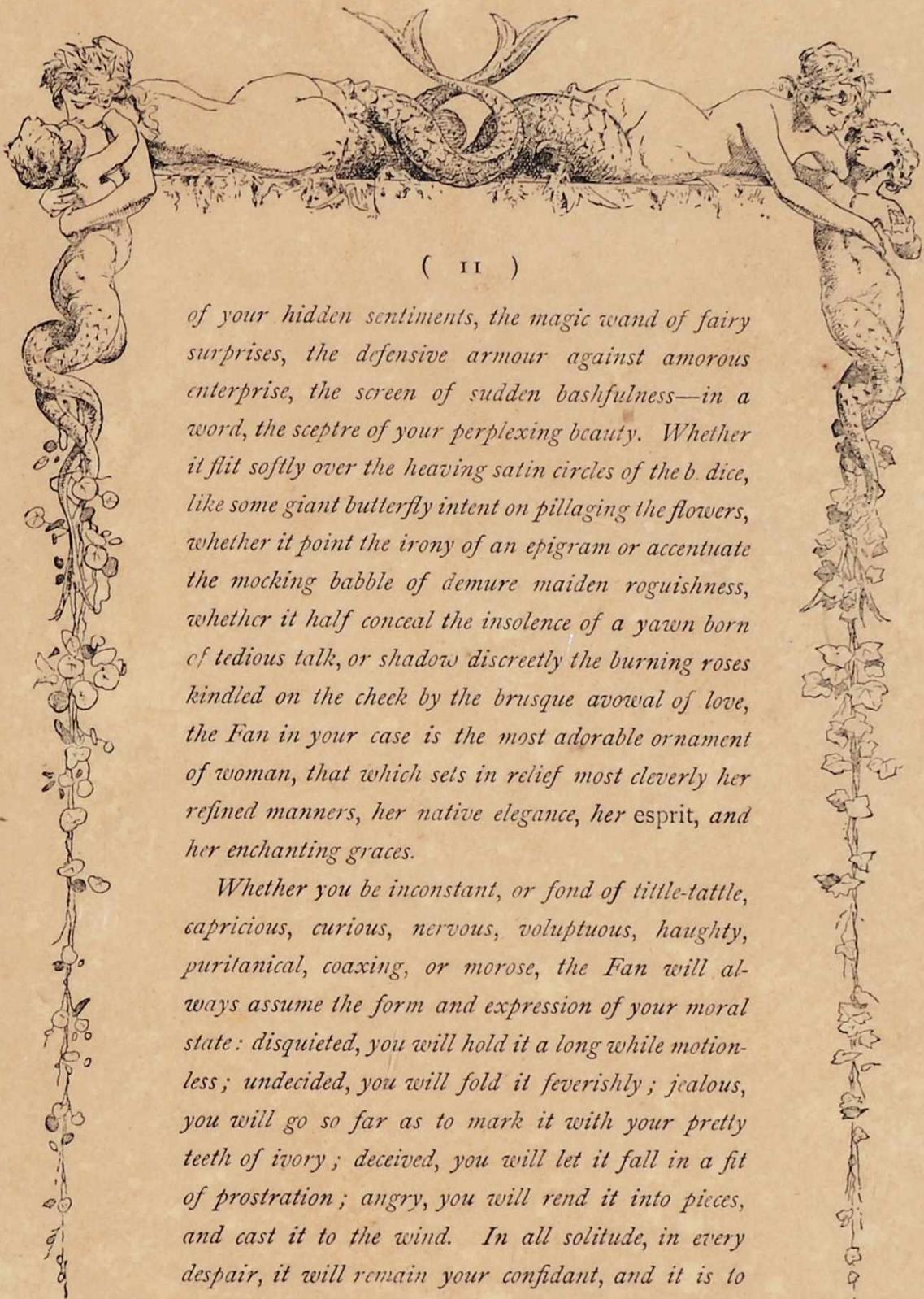


*in the old affected style and in your favour, the worship of the gallantries of another age, and to offer you here the homage of this little volume, more literary than learned, rather storied than historic, in the academic sense of the word, yet written with the feeling of ease, and all the charm which a charming theme produces, on which fancy may yet sew her embroidery in patterns of arabesque.*

*Had I listened to the counsels of a fanciful imagination, I had been glad to offer you the work with more gallantry, to equip myself as a fortune-hunter, and in the style of the lovers of Watteau and the tender suitors of Pater or of Lancret. Dressed as a routé of the Regency in velvet and in silk, I should have been pleased to pirouette on a red heel, and to shake the powder of ambergris or of Cyprus from my flaxen wig, and I should have loved to surprise you in some vague reverie, under a shady walk more mysterious than the ancient cradles of Sylvia, in order to accentuate my ceremonial, and to recite to you some pretty madrigal for the occasion, which had surely summoned your adorable blushes, and made you play your Fan with the grace of an exquisite just ready to die away.*

*Is any toy more coquettish than this Fan? any plaything more charming? any ornament more expressive in the hands of a queen of esprit like yourself? When you handle it in the coquetries of your intimate receptions, it becomes in turn the interpreter*





of your hidden sentiments, the magic wand of fairy surprises, the defensive armour against amorous enterprise, the screen of sudden bashfulness—in a word, the sceptre of your perplexing beauty. Whether it flit softly over the heaving satin circles of the b. dice, like some giant butterfly intent on pillaging the flowers, whether it point the irony of an epigram or accentuate the mocking babble of demure maiden roguishness, whether it half conceal the insolence of a yawn born of tedious talk, or shadow discreetly the burning roses kindled on the cheek by the brusque avowal of love, the Fan in your case is the most adorable ornament of woman, that which sets in relief most cleverly her refined manners, her native elegance, her esprit, and her enchanting graces.

Whether you be inconstant, or fond of tittle-tattle, capricious, curious, nervous, voluptuous, haughty, puritanical, coaxing, or morose, the Fan will always assume the form and expression of your moral state: disquieted, you will hold it a long while motionless; undecided, you will fold it feverishly; jealous, you will go so far as to mark it with your pretty teeth of ivory; deceived, you will let it fall in a fit of prostration; angry, you will rend it into pieces, and cast it to the wind. In all solitude, in every despair, it will remain your confidant, and it is to it, to your Fan, Madame, that I owe to-day the happiness of dedicating this book to you.

It is to that trifling trinket I owe the writing



of this literary sketch; others have chanted it in alexandrines, invoking the inspiring Muses, the favourable inhabitants of Parnassus, and those learned sisters who dole out their charity in so scanty measure to poor wretched poets. I, for my part, have summoned nothing but your remembrance, that golden sun which traverses the grey mists of my memory, and banishes with the radiance of its smile the spectacled old maid pedantry and the heavy erudition, of which the lovers are but feeble clerks in the offices of ancient letters.

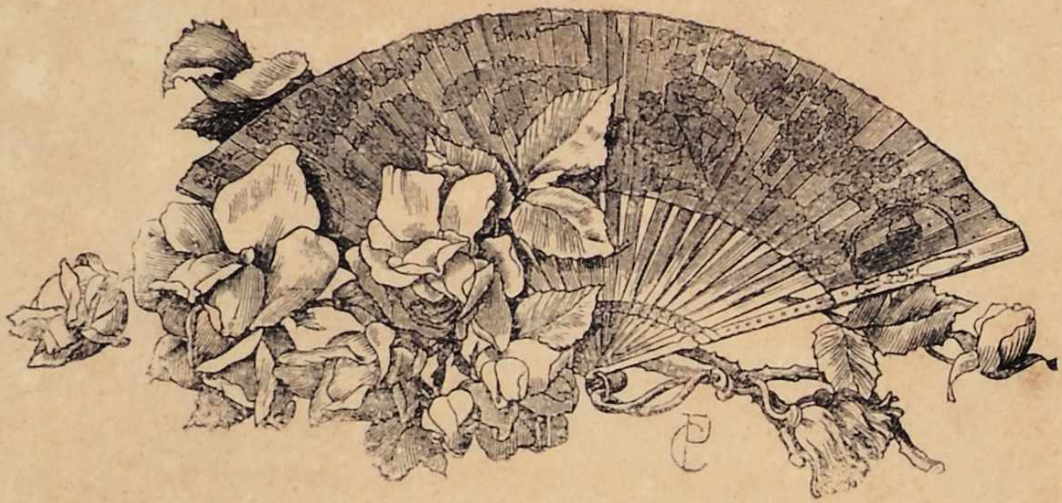
Receive, then, my volume, Madame, as a favourite, and guard it faithfully: it bears on it the ex dono of one of your admirers, who is also a fervent knight of hope. If I express here but cold sentiments, it is because I have learnt at my expense never again to sound too loudly the blast of the heart's ambitions, knowing that women love mystery, and that the loves for their game at *Blind-man's Buff* ask sometimes nothing but the downy nest of a muff, into which a tender billet-doux has silyly stolen, a billet which, in opposition to the poor lover of Tasso's *Sophonra*, demands little, but hopes for much.

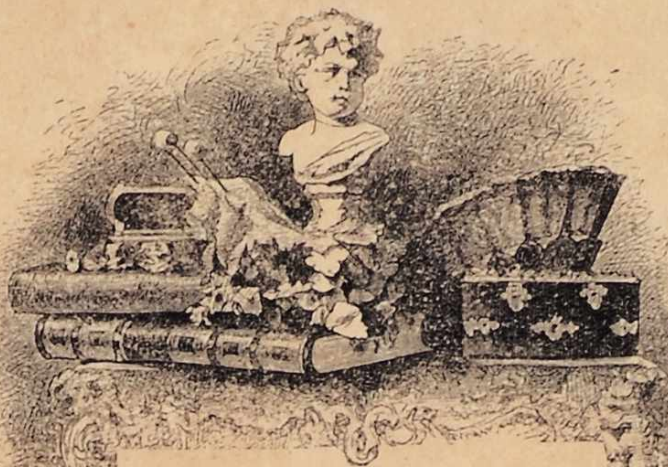




THE FAN.







## THE FAN.

**W**HAT is the best paraphrase of the word *Fan*? The gentlemen of the Academy define it a small *piece of furniture* which *serves to set the air in motion*. Richelet and Furetière prefer an *air-producing instrument*, and give the word no proper sex, maintaining that the best authors may make it masculine or feminine at their will. Littré, more concise, declares it to be masculine, and gives us perhaps the most exact definition in his vague paraphrase, *a sort of portable screen with which ladies fan themselves*. It is a simple word, and yet a field of controversy, a subject for the arguments of every *Ménage* and Balzac of this century, and for long dissertations, which yet would never definitely settle whether it was a *small piece of furniture* or a *small instrument*.




The origin of the Fan remains to this day a most impenetrable archæological mystery; in vain have learned pens sounded the depths of vast ink-bottles, and written ingenious compilations, curiously supported by precious documents, and by quotations in all languages. The note of interrogation still remains firmly upright, like some diabolical mark of hieroglyphics upon which the erudition of the archæologists is doing battle.

The invention of the Fan has been the cause of the writing of more chapters and refutations than you would easily credit. Nougaret, under the title which was so often taken in the eighteenth century, *The Origin of the Fan*, has made a tale of it in his *Fond du sac*, where he cries ironically—

The Fan! who is its maker? who its sire?  
 Who is he? answer Muse of History!  
 Tell me! in you I trust, of you inquire;  
 Out of your folios give me reply.  
 Ah, cursed repertories, searched in vain!  
 One into China brings, one out of Spain,  
 And shows me this same Fan at every door;  
 But when? how? where? that is the point! explain!  
 Another brings of folded leaves a score,  
 And then I dream of Eastern palms in pain;  
 I close my doors, to books apply my brain,  
 But for my many crowns I get no more  
 Than my old Richelet told me before.





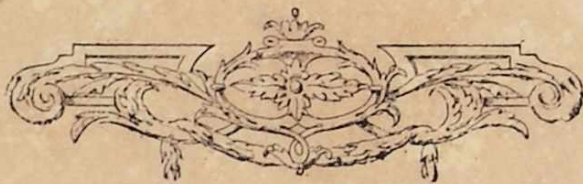
With hope of wealth I search the mine again ;  
Alas ! the Abbé Trublet steals my store.  
In such a case one can but entertain  
One's fancy. Come then, Love ; without thy train  
Of joys on Fans I would no longer pore !

We are indebted to Nougaret for a charming fable, resembling in its imagination those legends which lend to the Fan a curious origin in some seraglio of the East, where the jealous Sultana gives her rival, who insults her beneath the eyes of her master, a savage blow with this servant of the zephyrs, whilst the eunuch, like a sombre drama, approaches, seizes the disobedient but beautiful slave, and would cut at command her neck of alabaster, if love stayed not his cruelty at the pathetic moment of beheading her. All the gracious stories, which we shall find here and there on our way, deserve no belief ; as that little history which makes China the Fan's birthplace long before the Christian era, in the course of which we are shown the fair *Lam-si*, daughter of a very powerful and venerable mandarin, suffocated by the heat at a public festival, so far forgetting herself as to withdraw the mask



which concealed her beautiful features from the crowd, and setting herself to wave it so prettily, in order to give herself air, that the people, delighted, imitated at once the dazzling daughter of the skies, and invented and perfected the Fan for their daily use from that moment. Another tradition teaches us that about the year 670, under the Emperor Tenji, a native of Tamba, seeing the bats folding and unfolding their wings, conceived the idea of making fans of leaves, which bore at that epoch the name of *Kuwahori* (bats). But our concern, or rather the concern of the learned *flabelliographers* or *fangraphers*, is these two distinct phases in the history of the Fan; its invention in the inmost East under the form of a rigid screen, later on improved into a folding screen, having the *cockade* as a transition mark, and its introduction into Europe so strongly disputed, according to various attributions, which give the initiative of this importation to more than ten different peoples.

In ancient India, writes M. S. Blondel, in his *History of the Fans of all Times and Nations*, in that country which one with reason considers the cradle of the human race, the Fan, made first of all of the leaves of the lotus or the palm-tree, of the banana or the reed, was an instrument of utility as well as an object of adornment. Its name in Hindustan is *pânk'ha*. The Sanscrit



poets speak of it in their descriptions, and the Hindoo statuary has preserved for us the particular forms which it assumed. "This rich litter, on which was lain the monarch Pandore, was afterwards ornamented with a fan, a fly-flap, and an umbrella," says Krishna-Dwapayana, author of the poem *Mahâ Chârata*, which tells in another place how the King Nila had a young daughter endowed with extreme beauty. This princess attended constantly the divine fire, with a view to increasing the prosperity of her father. "But, it is told, the young girl might fan the fire as much as she chose, it never burst into flame, save only when she stirred it with the breath issuing from her charming lips. The holy fire was overcome with love of this young damsel of wondrous beauty."

In all the legends which hold so great a place in the literature of India, in all the tales which the Buddhists have borrowed from the Brahmanic writings, there is mention of the Fan, and we find lovely princesses who answer to such sweet names as Lotus-Flower or Dewdrop, playing the *tchamara* or sometimes the fly-flap (*tchaoûnry*) with a perfect grace, either on issuing from their bath scented with essence of rose, or in a voluptuous attitude of repose on carpets of silk, whiling away the mornings of the month of *Vesâtha*.

The *tchamara* was a fan in Mosaic of feathers, with a handle of jade enriched with precious stones,

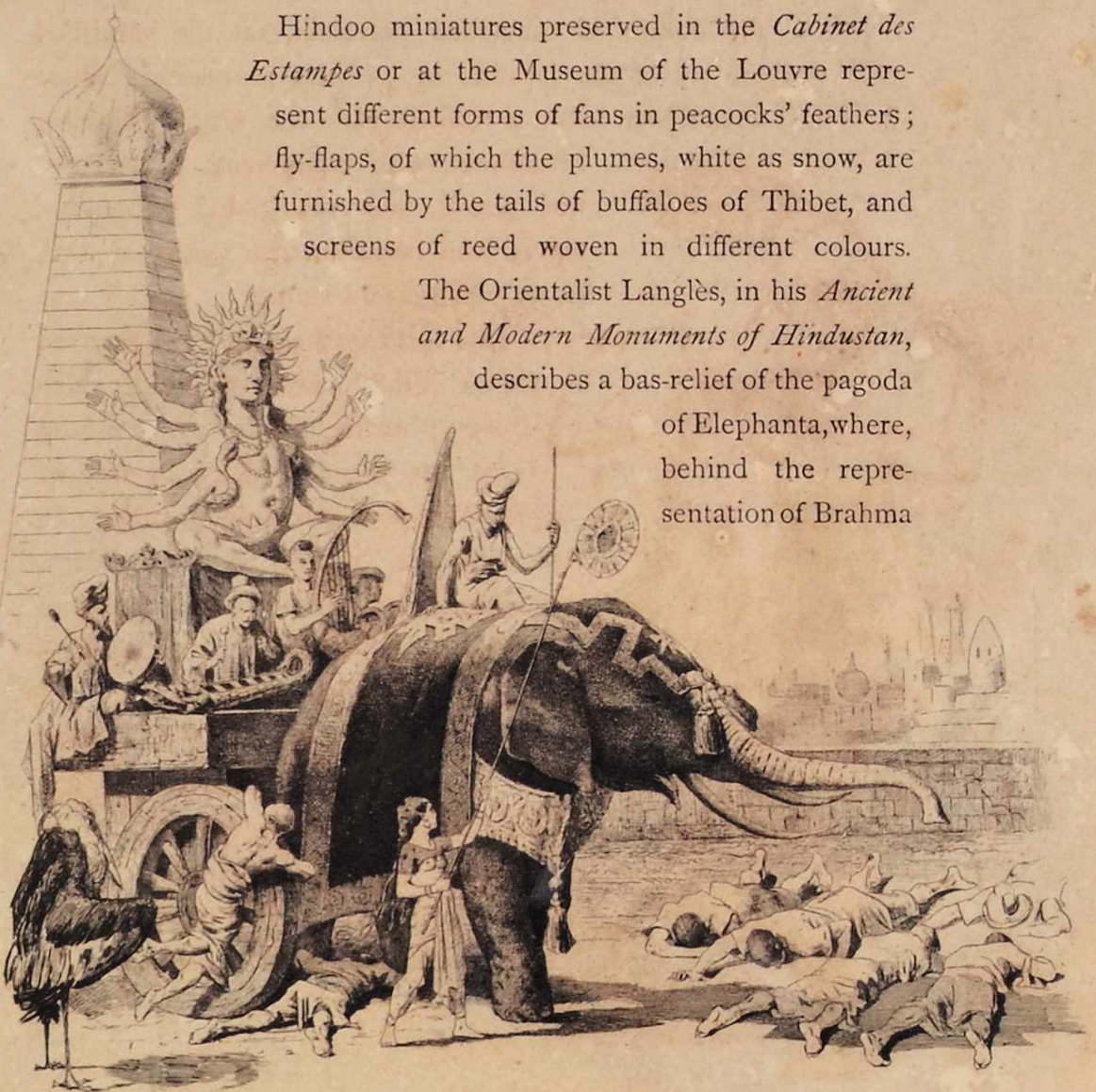


which was fastened to a long stick when it was borne on occasions of ceremony, as the grand annual fêtes of Juggernaut, during which was brought out the statue of *Siva*, the third person of the Indian Trinity, the god of destiny and death, who kills to renew, solemnly borne on an immense waggon, drawn by an elephant, under the wheels of which fanatics threw themselves down, to be crushed and ground with a strange resignation to the inflexible law of transmigration, according to all the rules and precepts of *Pratimôkha*.

On the coast of Malabar, when the principal idol comes out in public, carried on the back of an elephant magnificently adorned, it is accompanied by several *naires* or nobles of the country, whose business it is to drive away the flies from their idol with fans, which are attached to the extremities of very long canes.

Hindoo miniatures preserved in the *Cabinet des Estampes* or at the Museum of the Louvre represent different forms of fans in peacocks' feathers; fly-flaps, of which the plumes, white as snow, are furnished by the tails of buffaloes of Thibet, and screens of reed woven in different colours.

The Orientalist Langlès, in his *Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindustan*, describes a bas-relief of the pagoda of Elephanta, where, behind the representation of Brahma



and Indra, a slave waves in each hand two long fly-flaps, the attribute of royalty, as the Fan and the parasol of seven stages are to-day in the kingdom of Siam.

We are well content to allow the origin of the Fan to be in India, in the country of legend and of dream, in the land of the *Thousand and One Nights*, in the sunny Orient, where all things speak to the imagination, from the thirty-six thousand incarnations of Buddha to the sparkling *bizarreries* of an architecture unique in its decorative richness. There we see the Fan handled by languid dancing-girls in their splendid vestments, where the sun darts his golden rays, as through a multiplying prism, on the whiteness of the marble minarets, or on the domes of enamelled porcelain, on the varnished pottery of the façades, or on fairy processions, where the silken habit is united with the magic twinkling of armour, with equipments constellated with jewels, and with gilded palanquins, carved and incrustated with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and precious stones.

One of the greatest pleasures reserved for the faithful Indian in Calaya, which is one of his five paradises, is to refresh Ixôra, the presiding deity, by moving mighty Fans before him unceasingly. In the dramatic *chef-d'œuvre* of Kalidâça, the fair and delicate *Sakountala*, by whom the king, *Doushmanta*, is stricken with love, carries in her walks through the forest a Fan of lotus-leaves: "Dear Sakountala," cry her two companions, busied in fanning her tenderly, "Dear Sakountala, does this wind of the lotus-leaves please you?" "My friends," replies the daughter of the nymph





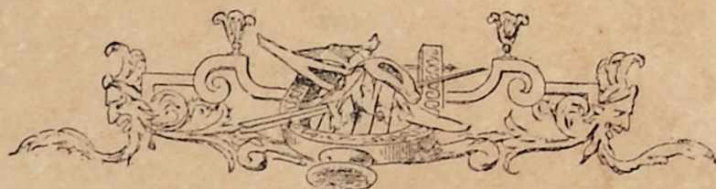


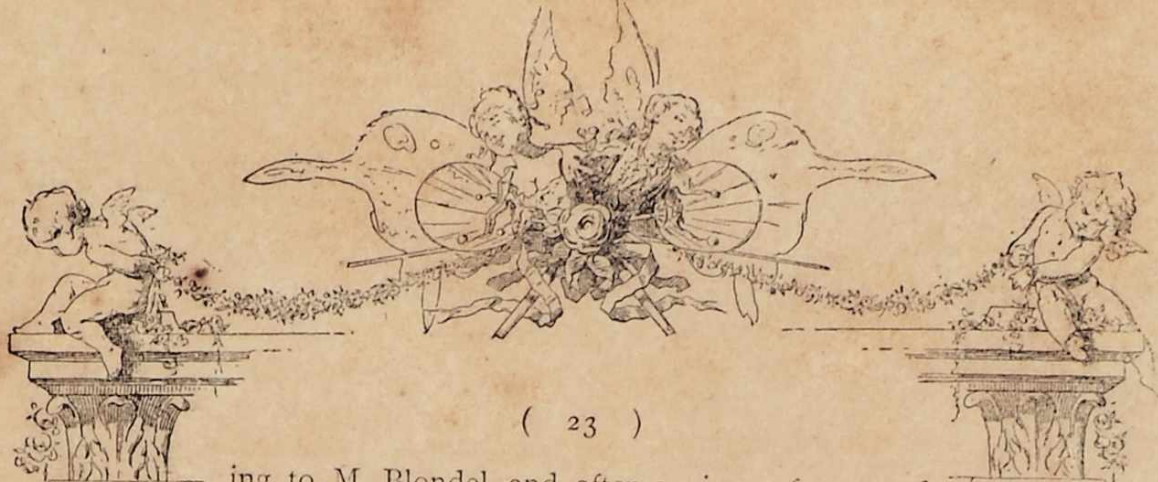
Mênahâ, in the last state of languor, "what is the use of your fanning me?"

Everywhere, in a word, whither we are conducted by literary memories in the gallant India, which so many writers have sung with astonishment at its mystic and half-seen charms, everywhere we find the Fan as a symbol, charming and eternal, of woman and the Divinity.

Before quitting India, we must say a little of those vast frames covered with stuff or muslin, a sort of movable screens, ventilators suspended from the ceilings of houses, and called *pânk'hâs*, which *pânk'hâ-berdar* or special servants move, without ceasing, to refresh the air in the rooms, during the sleep or siesta of their rich owners, and to obtain for them that intense aëration which made Guez de Balzac in the seventeenth century write this curious note, showing us that already under Louis XIII. these Æolians were employed: "I have a Fan which carries a wind into my room sufficient to bring about a shipwreck in open sea."

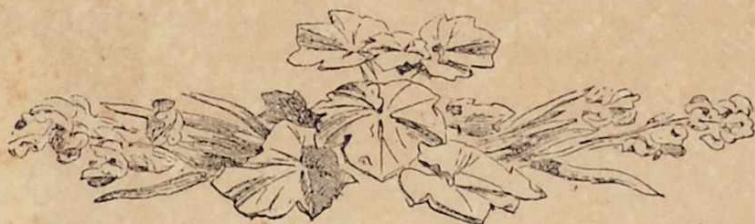
Let us pass on to China and Japan, that fatherland of the Fan, by one of those ethnologic and ethnographic cock-and-bull transitions to which we are condemned by this hasty history of the *little instrument* cherished by the ladies. Accord-





ing to M. Blondel, and after a piece of verse of the poet Lo-ki, the invention of Fans in China mounts up to the Emperor Wonwang, founder of the dynasty of Tchéou (1134 B.C.) These primitive screens, according to a passage of *Fei-ki-yu-lin*, served in war for a standard or rallying-point, and the general Tchou-ko-liang commanded his three army corps with a Fan in his hand made of white feathers. The first Fans were certainly constructed of leaves of bamboo or feathers; afterwards they were made of white silk and embroidered silk tissue, for, according to Hai-Tsè, quoted by the missionaries in their *Memoir on Silk*, after all that the industrial genius could imagine had been exhausted, men betook themselves to introducing on the screens feathers of birds, of a hue as brilliant and changing as the rainbow, and pearls fine and small enough to lend themselves to the most delicate tissue.

The first Chinese screens had originally a square form; afterwards they assumed the shape of the large leaves of the nenuphar. Fans of bamboo reach to the days of the Emperor Houan-ti of the dynasty of the Han (147-167 B.C.); one or two centuries after we find them under the Tsin, and the *Li-tchao-han-lin-tchi* tells us that the emperor gave to the members of the Imperial



Academy, on  
of the fifth  
round screen  
carved and  
blue.



the fifth day  
month, a large  
of bamboo  
painted in

To give a special history of the Fan in Japan and China would require many pages, and a superabundance of technologic detail. We should have to consider the screen of leaves plain and the reverse, the folding Fan *en cocarde* (like a cockade), the Fan *à gouttière* (or channelled), of which the leaf could not be completely developed; and then to analyse the tissues, the plumage, and the wood employed for the manufacture of all these objects of art. There would be no end of dissertations on the primitive Fan and the folding screen, on the sliding plaits of the lamels of the leaf or sheet, on the Hindoo system, properly called Byzantine or Chinese; all which is but dry tedious labour, meriting the interest indeed of antiquaries, but labour which we ourselves desire to escape, out of respect to literature, and from a sense of courtesy due to our amiable lady readers.

In Japan, as  
the Fan forms

well as China,  
an integral part of

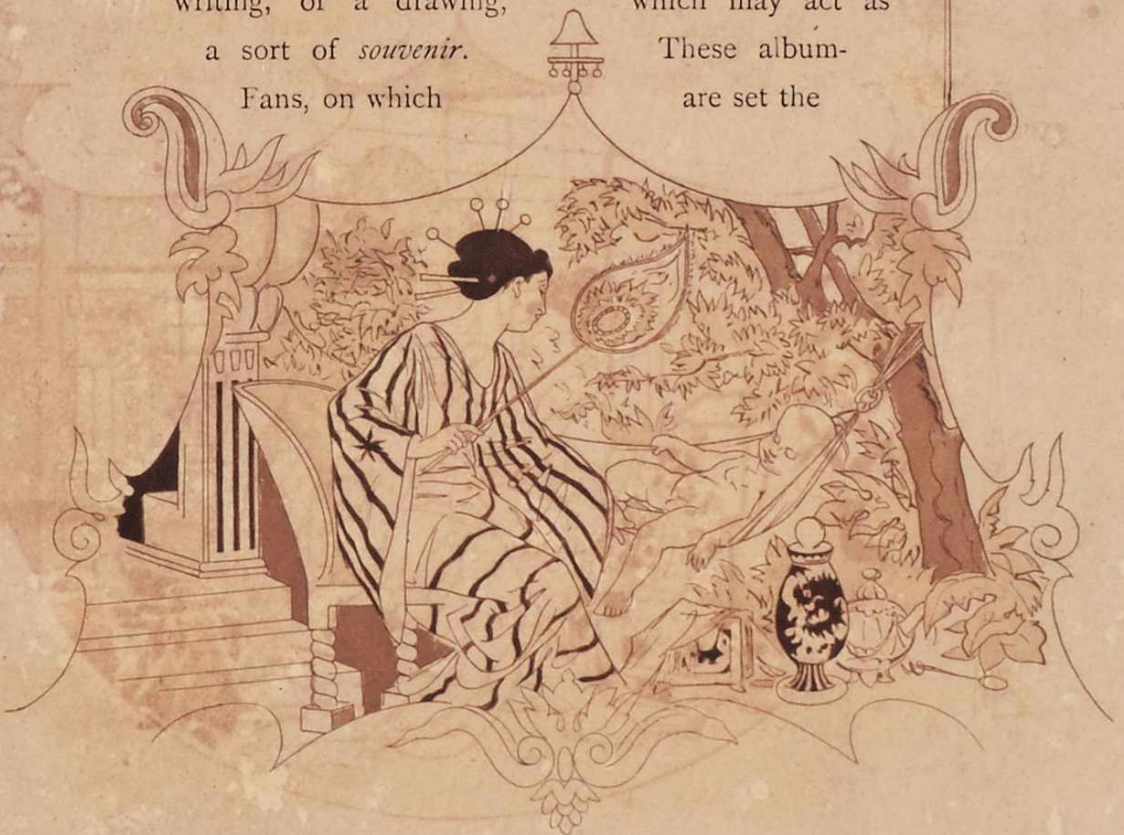


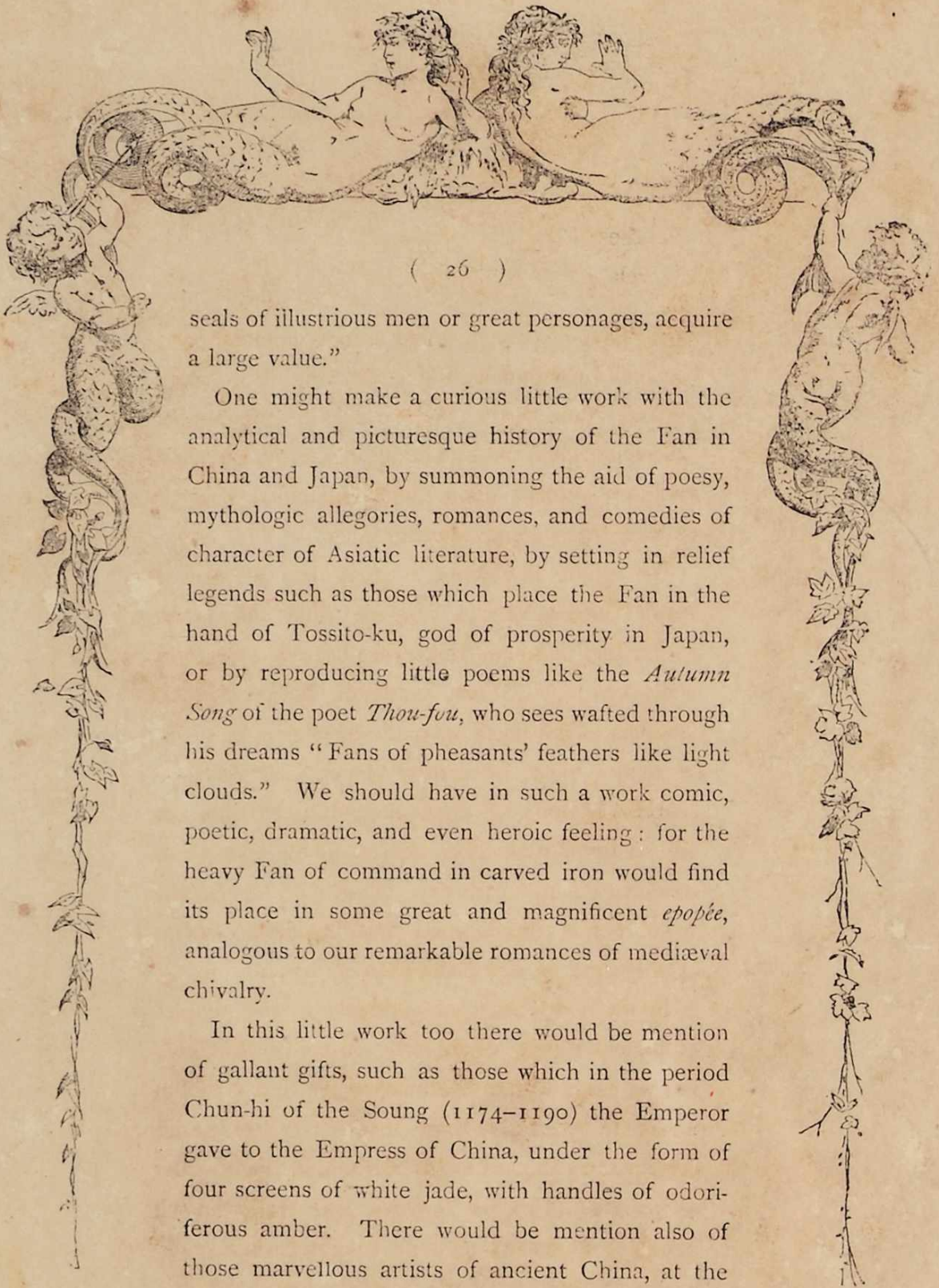
costume, and seems to serve every purpose : it is handled familiarly in sign of salutation ; folded and stretched out, it becomes the sign of command. "The dandies who have neither canes nor whips," says M. Achille Pousielgue, in the relation of the *Voyage in China* of M. de Bourboulon, "move their Fan with an air of pretentious conceit ; the evolutions which the young girls practise with it form a dumb language, yet fully significant ; mothers use it to send their children to sleep in the cradle ; schoolmasters to punish recalcitrant scholars ; pedestrians to escape the mosquitoes which pursue them ; workmen, who carry their Fans in the collars of their coats, fan themselves with one hand and work with the other ; soldiers flirt their Fans under the enemy's fire with inconceivable coolness.

"There are Fans of two forms, open or folding : the former are made of lamels of ivory or paper, and serve for autographic albums. It is on a Fan of white paper that a Chinese begs his friend to trace a sentence of writing, or a drawing, which may act as a sort of *souvenir*. These album-

Fans, on which

are set the



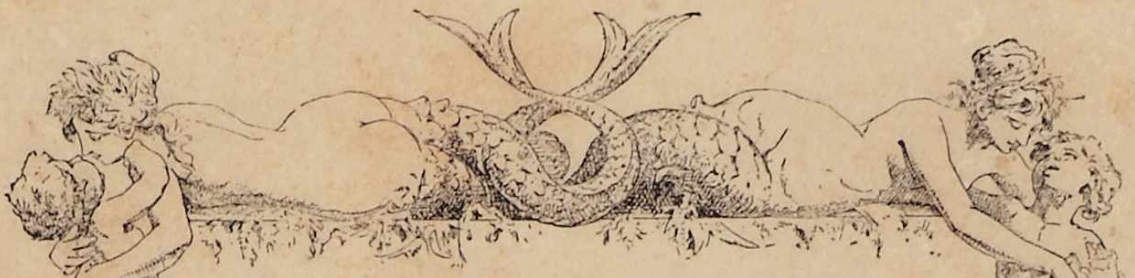


seals of illustrious men or great personages, acquire a large value."

One might make a curious little work with the analytical and picturesque history of the Fan in China and Japan, by summoning the aid of poesy, mythologic allegories, romances, and comedies of character of Asiatic literature, by setting in relief legends such as those which place the Fan in the hand of Tossito-ku, god of prosperity in Japan, or by reproducing little poems like the *Autumn Song* of the poet *Thou-fou*, who sees wafted through his dreams "Fans of pheasants' feathers like light clouds." We should have in such a work comic, poetic, dramatic, and even heroic feeling: for the heavy Fan of command in carved iron would find its place in some great and magnificent *epopée*, analogous to our remarkable romances of mediæval chivalry.

In this little work too there would be mention of gallant gifts, such as those which in the period Chun-hi of the Soung (1174-1190) the Emperor gave to the Empress of China, under the form of four screens of white jade, with handles of odorous amber. There would be mention also of those marvellous artists of ancient China, at the commencement of the Christian era, of Chi-ki-long, who had acquired a brilliant reputation in the



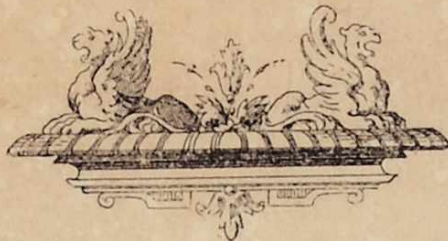


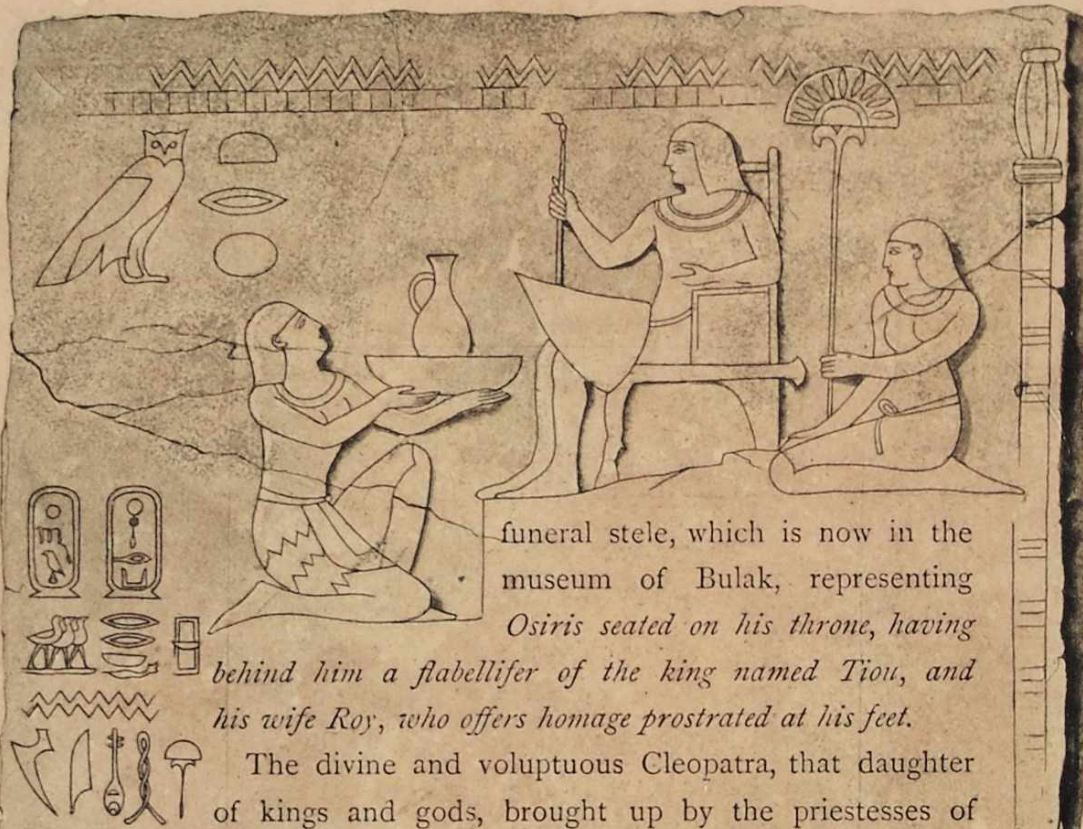
fabrication of screens, called Kin-po-mou-nan, who beat gold into lamels, fine as the wing of a cicada, applied them to the two surfaces of the screen, varnished them and painted extraordinary birds and rare animals upon them, and glued over all delicate transparent leaves of mica.

We might also write a great deal in such a special history of the Fan in China and Japan about the different kinds of plicated Fans and hand-screens, of those made of lac or painted feathers, of folding Fans made of filigree, of silver, of sandal-wood, of mother-of-pearl, of ivory, of screens of tails of argus-pheasants, of those of embroidered marceline, and of all the marvels of modern Asiatic industry, of which M. Natalis Rondot was the learned and ingenious analyst at the time of our Exhibition in 1851.

If we now pass over suddenly to the peoples of ancient Egypt we find the *pedum* or *flabellum*; but we agree with a German writer that a rabbin would be better able than ourselves to decide with certainty, by the aid of his Mishna, if this bouquet of papyrus (*Cyperus papyrus*) was really in the hands of Pharaoh's amiable daughter when, walking by the borders of the Nile, she found the little Hebrew Moses in a basket of reeds.

The lamented Mariette Bey found at Abydos a





funeral stele, which is now in the museum of Bulak, representing *Osiris seated on his throne, having behind him a flabellifer of the king named Tiou, and his wife Roy, who offers homage prostrated at his feet.*

The divine and voluptuous Cleopatra, that daughter of kings and gods, brought up by the priestesses of Isis, and initiated into the mysteries by the magi of Memnon and Osiris, that mistress of Mark Antony, fair as Dian, supple as a Nereid, more burning with love's fire than an ardent Thyad, did not disdain, when she threw herself into the arms of one of her lovers, the Nubian Pharam, placed on the stage by Jules de Saint Felix, or Meiamoun, son of Mandonschopsch, so well established in a celebrated novel of Gautier—Cleopatra disdained not, in her nights of orgies, to cause herself to be fanned by favourite slaves, armed with screens or feathers of the Ibis, impregnated with odours, whilst on the tripods smoked slowly the balm of Judea, the sweet-scented powdered orris root, and the incense of Medes and the urns of Syrian wine were ready for libations favourable to lovers.

In the Egyptian cosmogony, as M. Blondel tells us, the Fan was the emblem of happiness and heavenly repose; one can understand then for what reason in triumphal processions the cars or palanquins are represented environed with Fans or flowery branches. A large number of monuments indicate the form and ornamentation of these *flabella*. Let us refer first to the mural paintings of Beni-Hassan, where a woman



standing waves a square Fan behind a female harpist. The frescoes of the palace of Medinet-Abou at Thebes show in like manner the Pharaoh Rameses III., called the Great (1235 B.C.), whose attendants bear elegant screens of a semicircular shape, painted in brilliant colours, admirably disposed, less ornamented, however, than those representing the triumph of the king, Horus (1557 B.C.), where can be seen two Fan-bearers refreshing the monarch

with two *flabella*, each having a long handle twisted or parti-coloured.

The Fan then held the place of the standard, and was carried only by royal princes or by dignitaries of

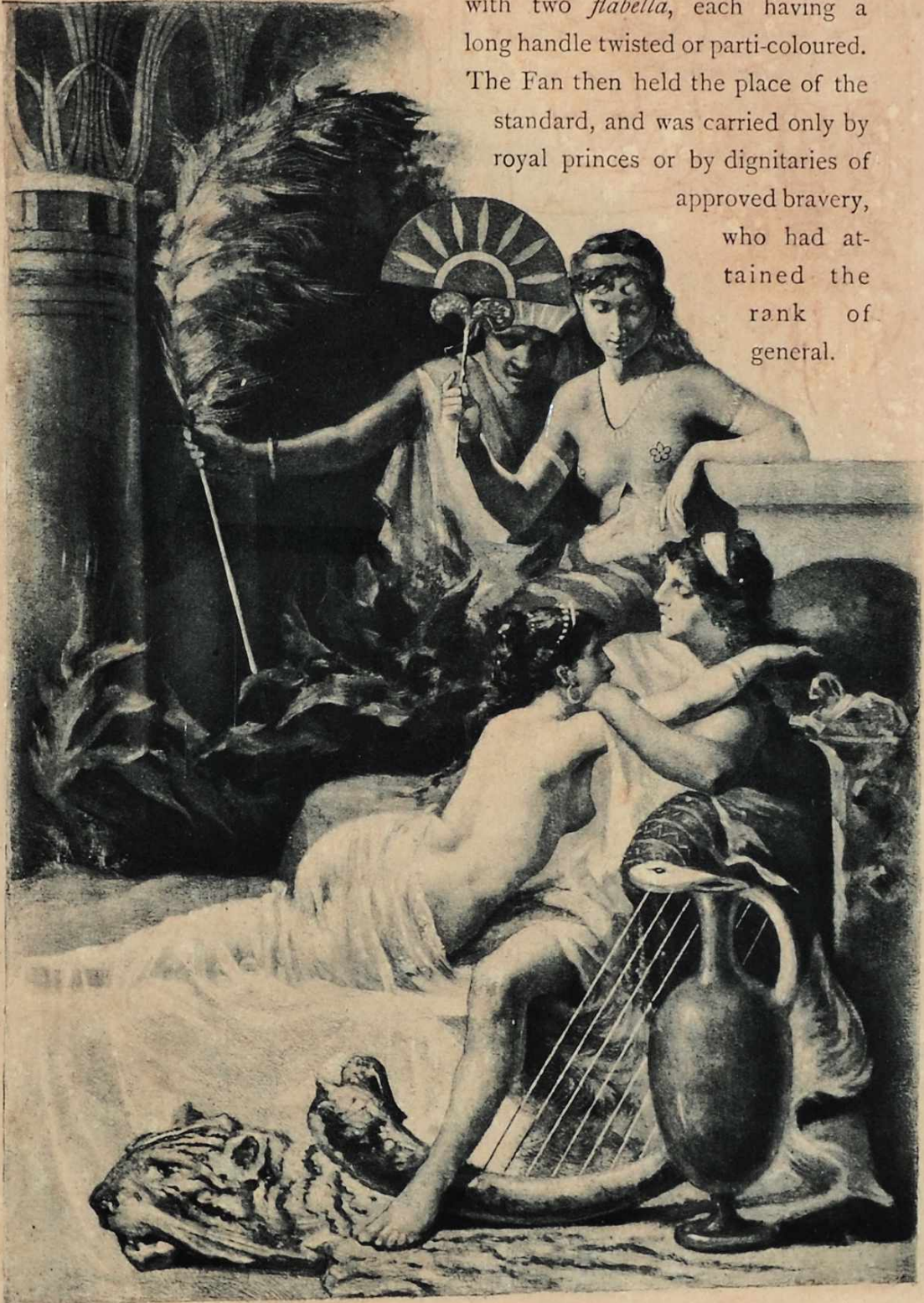
approved bravery,

who had at-

tained the

rank of

general.







In the *Romance of the Mummy*, Theophile Gautier, that marvellous evoker of ancient Egypt, represents Pharaoh on a throne of gold, surrounded by his oëris and his flabellifers, in an enormous hall, with a background of paintings recalling the noble feats of his ancestors and relations. Fair naked slaves, whose beautiful slender bodies show the gracious passage from infancy to adolescence, their haunches circled with a delicate girdle, and cups of alabaster in their hands, flock about this same Pharaoh, pouring palm-oil over his shoulders, his arms and his whole body polished like jasper, whilst other servants wave around his head large Fans of painted ostrich feathers, fastened to handles of ivory or sandal-wood, which, warmed by their little fingers, throw off a delicious perfume.

Again we see the Fan among the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, where it affects the square form, sometimes the semicircular; but it is at Rome, especially the Rome of the age of Augustus, that we love to behold the Fan on the Appian Way, outside the Capena gate, in the noise of chariots and litters borne on the backs of six or eight *lecticarii*, near the majestic equipage of a matron accompanied by her two slaves: one, the follower, carrying a parasol of linen stretched



out by large sticks, the other *the Fan-bearer* (*flabellifera*), holding a sort of palm or peacock's feather, which she waves before the lady, in order to give her fresh air, and avoid the annoyance of importunate flies, whilst four black Indian or African runners precede the litter, and two white Liburnians march behind the chair, a sort of footmen ready at the matron's slightest signal to set down the footstool, to assist her in her descent from her silky bed.

It is certain that, supposing the Roman ladies did not ply the Fan themselves, the use of it was known to them. The poet Nomsus makes frequent mention of it: it was upon the slaves and the gallants that the duty of refreshing these lovely lazy ones was imposed. Ovid, speaking of the attentions which young men ought to pay to seduce women, recommends the playing of the Fan; we find, moreover, Fans on different stones, where they are used to waft away the insects, or to procure fresh breezes for the children of pleasure stretched on beds of repose.

These ladies of antiquity, surrounded by slaves who sought to spare every movement of the hand of their gracious mistresses, made them carry Fans at their sides, and so defended themselves from the heat of the sun by the aid of slaves specially

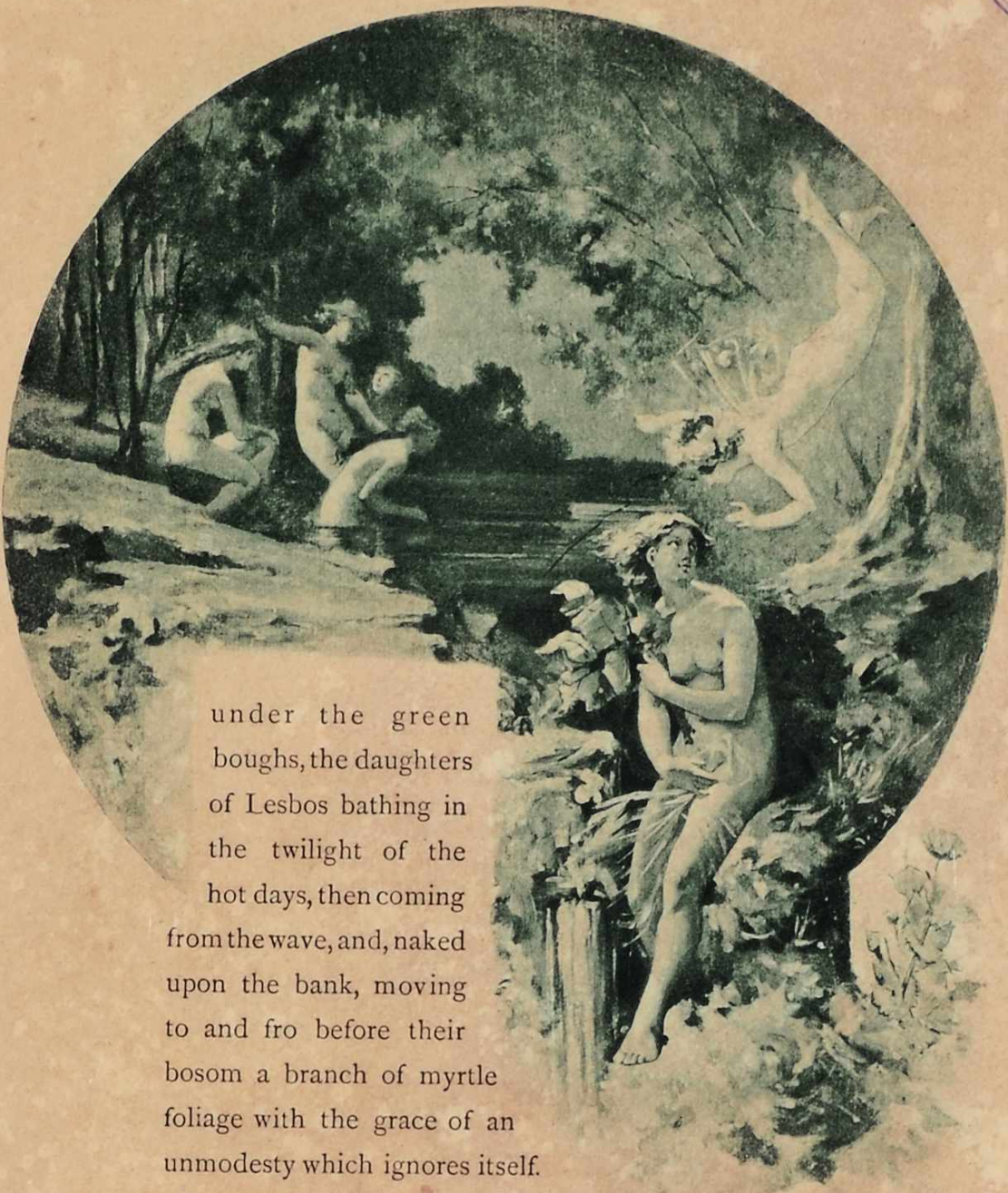


destined to this service, to whom Plautus had already given the particular name of *flabelliferæ* before mentioned. There were little baskets too, made expressly, wherein the slaves carried these Fans, as it were in parade, when they were not in use.

The Latins also made use of the Fan of feathers or the screen to keep up or raise the fire in their sacrifices, and we find on several antique vases Vestals, seated near the altar, with a Fan in their hand, in a languid and dreamy attitude, which evokes the idea of inward flames kindled by the arrows of the little god Cupid, rather than the chaste ardours of the sacred mysteries to which the female guardians of the Palladium were condemned.

Some Greek poets have compared the Fan to a zephyr, or Æolus, god of winds, when they show us,





under the green  
boughs, the daughters  
of Lesbos bathing in  
the twilight of the  
hot days, then coming  
from the wave, and, naked  
upon the bank, moving  
to and fro before their  
bosom a branch of myrtle  
foliage with the grace of an  
unmodesty which ignores itself.

Athenæus, Eubulus, Hesychius,  
Menander, Lucian, all the Greek pornographers, Bar-  
thélemy in the *Voyage of the Young Anacharsis*, and the  
learned Pauw in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*, mention  
the Fan, which was then made of feathers of birds  
placed on a long stem of wood in form of a lotus,  
and spreading from a common centre around which  
they radiated.

Branches of myrtle, of acacia, and the proud leaves  
thrice indented of the platane of Oriental countries,  
were also beyond contradiction the Fans and the fly-

flaps most used by ancient Greece, as Böttiger remarks, and those which they originally employed. We have every reason to believe that the thyrsi so voluptuously wreathed with ivy and vine-leaf, which we see so frequently on the ancient monuments in the hands of the Bacchants and other companions of the god of the vintages, beyond their solemn destination in the festivals and processions of Bacchus, had also the accidental advantage of obtaining fresh breeze and shadow for his adorers warmed by running and games. It was not long before the natural leaves of trees were imitated by art. These Fans are found often on the artistic bas-reliefs of ancient monuments, to which some interpreters have given very extraordinary significations indeed. We find them, for instance, in Montfauçon, in the pictures of the *Noces Aldobrandines*, and on an engraved stone in the collection of the Duc d'Orleans with peacocks, which were not known in Greece properly so called before the fifth century B.C. The Greek ladies received the tail of the peacock as a new and brilliant species of Fan from the inhabitants of the coasts of Asia Minor, who loved luxury and magnificence, and especially from Phrygia. A Phrygian eunuch tells, in one of the tragedies of Euripides which remain to us, that according to the fashion in



Phrygia, he had cooled the curls and cheeks of Helen with a tail garnished round with feathers; and these peacocks' tails return so often in the later Greek and Roman authors, that mention is almost always made of them in any subject connected with feminine adornment.

It appears, however, that of all kinds of ancient Fans, those which were composed of peacocks' feathers, interlaced and set one upon another, forming a round bouquet, or a semicircle of little thickness, were the most frequent, and continued the longest in use. Upon the wings of these Fans we return to the Western Orient, to the Arab people, who did not adopt the Fan properly so called till the first century of our Christian era.

Farazdak, a very ancient Arabic poet, has left us the following poetry, quoted by M. Blondel:—

“The charming young girl who reposes beneath a tent agitated by the breeze, is like the tender gazelle, or the pearl, object of the vows of the diver; when she advances, she appears a shining mist.

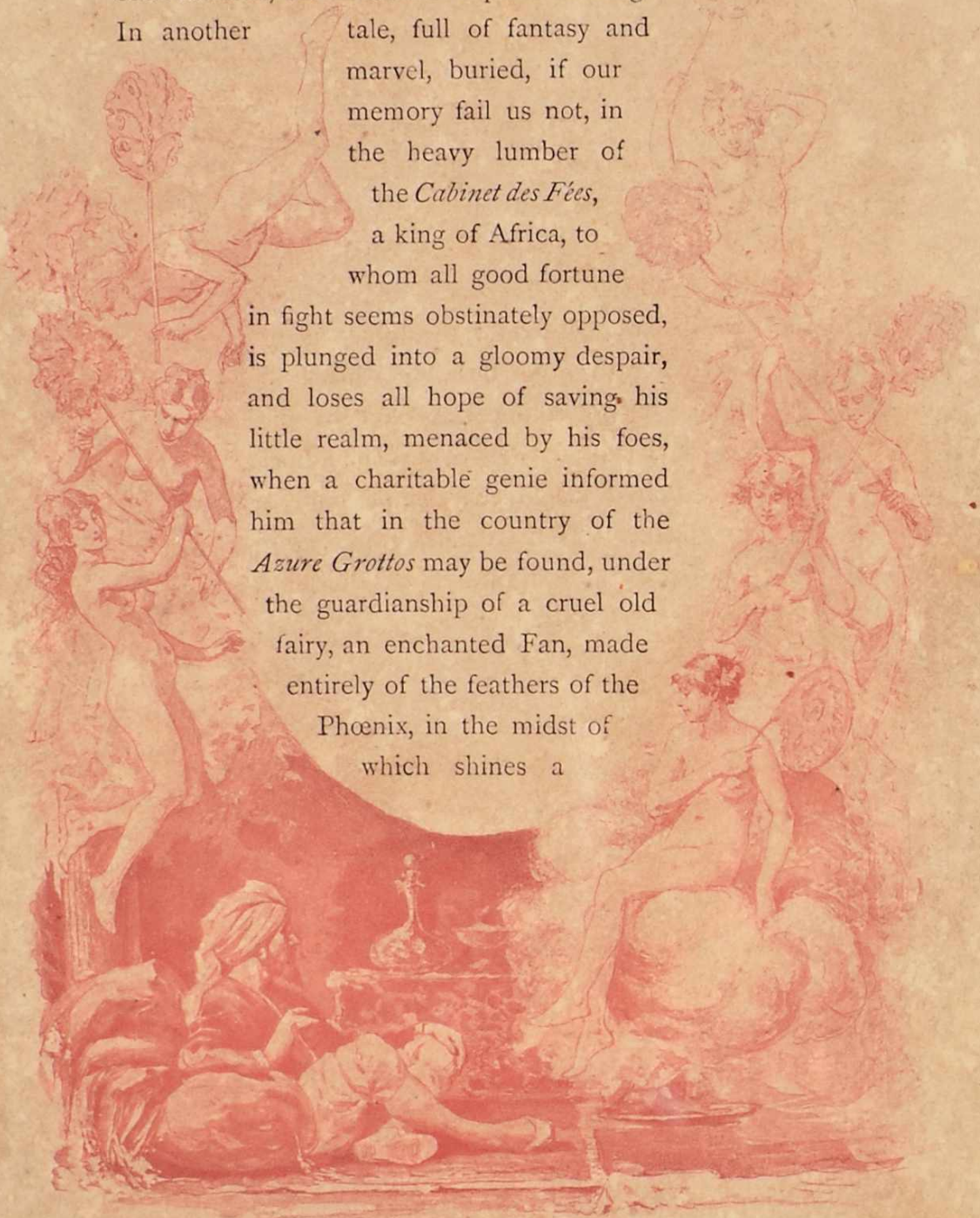
“How pleasant to my eyes is her slender shape; how much more agreeable than the massive plumpness of that woman who swims in her perspiration as soon as the Fans have ceased to cool the air around her.”



In the 257th night of the *Thousand and One Nights*, *The Sleeper Awakened*, Abou-Hassan, believing himself Commander of the Faithful, enters a splendid banquet hall, seats himself on a carpet, and orders refreshments. Immediately seven young girls, fair as dreams, hasten with their Fans about the new Caliph, and tell him their names in order : Alabaster Neck, Coral Lips, Sunshine, Moonface, Heart's-delight, Eyebright, and Sugar Cane, what time they wave over his head, with charming undulations of their bodies, ostrich or peacock feathers, and screens of esparto matting.

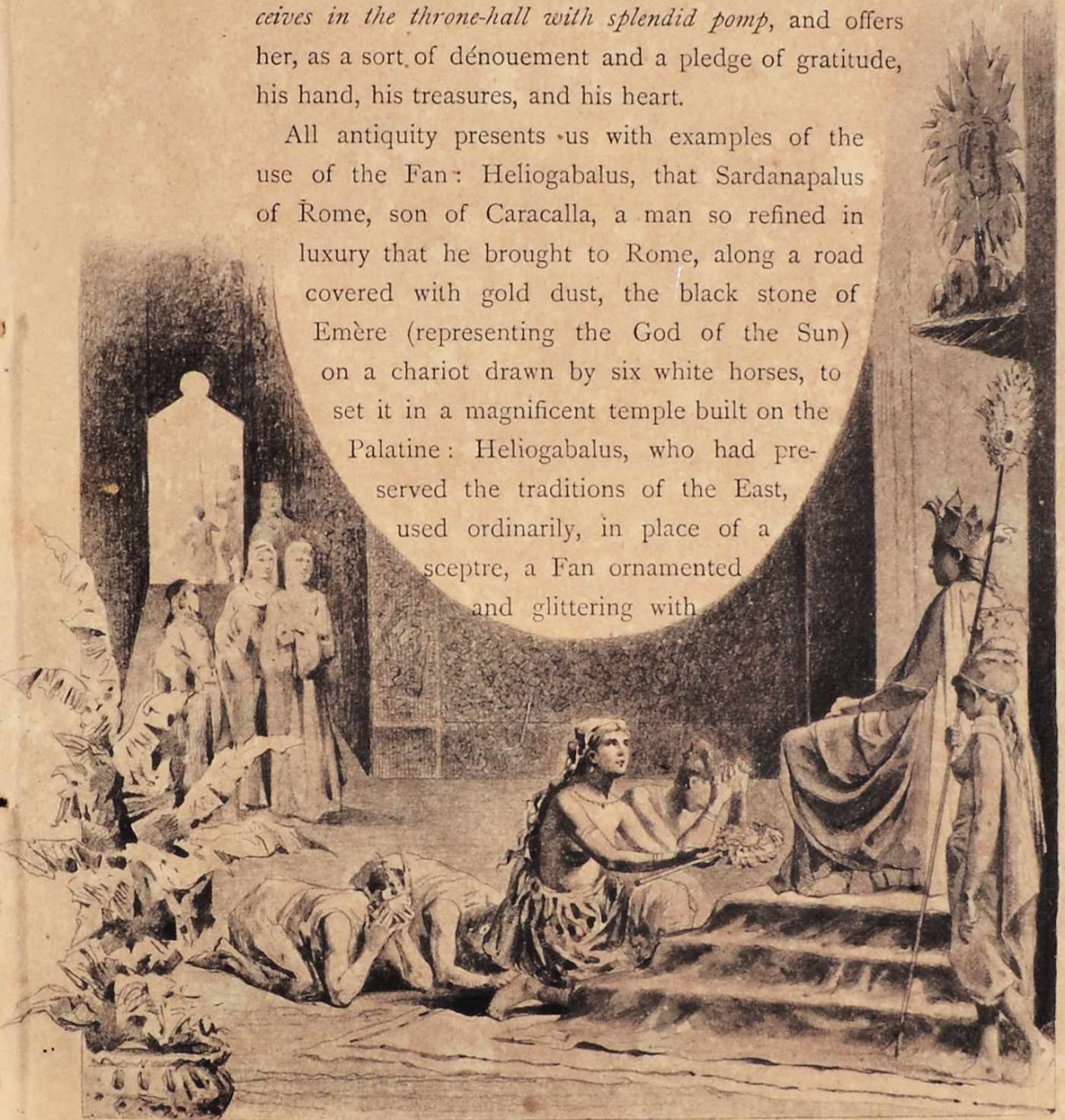
In another tale, full of fantasy and marvel, buried, if our memory fail us not, in the heavy lumber of the *Cabinet des Fées*, a king of Africa, to whom all good fortune

in fight seems obstinately opposed, is plunged into a gloomy despair, and loses all hope of saving his little realm, menaced by his foes, when a charitable genie informed him that in the country of the *Azure Grottos* may be found, under the guardianship of a cruel old fairy, an enchanted Fan, made entirely of the feathers of the Phoenix, in the midst of which shines a



sparkling sun of precious stones. If, adds the genie, the king can manage to get hold of the magic Fan, which has often decided the fate of battles in the barbarous ages of his ancestors, victory sudden and complete will surely come to him. The African prince at this news sets all his soldiers in marching order, with the credulity of the kings in fairyland, and the pretty old wives' tale conducts us through most astounding adventures to the last chapter, where we find the famous Fan won by the prince, and carried by the daughter of a sovereign of a neighbouring kingdom, whom the fortunate monarch, henceforth glorious, *receives in the throne-hall with splendid pomp*, and offers her, as a sort of dénouement and a pledge of gratitude, his hand, his treasures, and his heart.

All antiquity presents us with examples of the use of the Fan: Heliogabalus, that Sardanapalus of Rome, son of Caracalla, a man so refined in luxury that he brought to Rome, along a road covered with gold dust, the black stone of Emère (representing the God of the Sun) on a chariot drawn by six white horses, to set it in a magnificent temple built on the Palatine: Heliogabalus, who had preserved the traditions of the East, used ordinarily, in place of a sceptre, a Fan ornamented and glittering with







precious stones, and gold leaf, and feathers painted with infinite art.

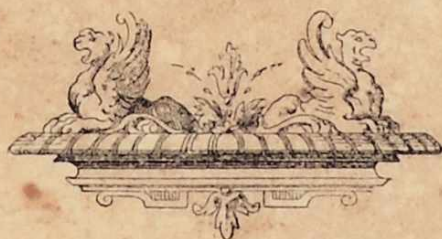
In a manuscript of the British Museum (additional MS., Brit. Mus., 19,352), in a kind of Greek psalter exceedingly rare, which we were allowed to look at lately in London, we found, on an exquisite miniature, the image of David sleeping, and fanned by an angel with a curious long *flabellum*.

The kings of Persia used to carry into the field a fire which they called the sacred fire. This fire was borne on a magnificent chariot drawn by four white horses, and followed by three hundred and sixty-five young men dressed in yellow. No one was allowed to cast into this fire anything impure, and it was honoured to such an extent that, not daring to blow it with their breath, they nourished it solely with a Fan.

The ancient iconologists, in fine, to terminate these digressions, give to the month of August, among other attributes, a sort of Fan made of peacocks' tails. On a picture of the antiquities of Herculaneum may be seen a young man carrying one of these peacock's tails; and in the figures of the twelve months, such as the learned librarian Lambécin has given us after an old calendar, may be seen, in like manner, one of these pea-



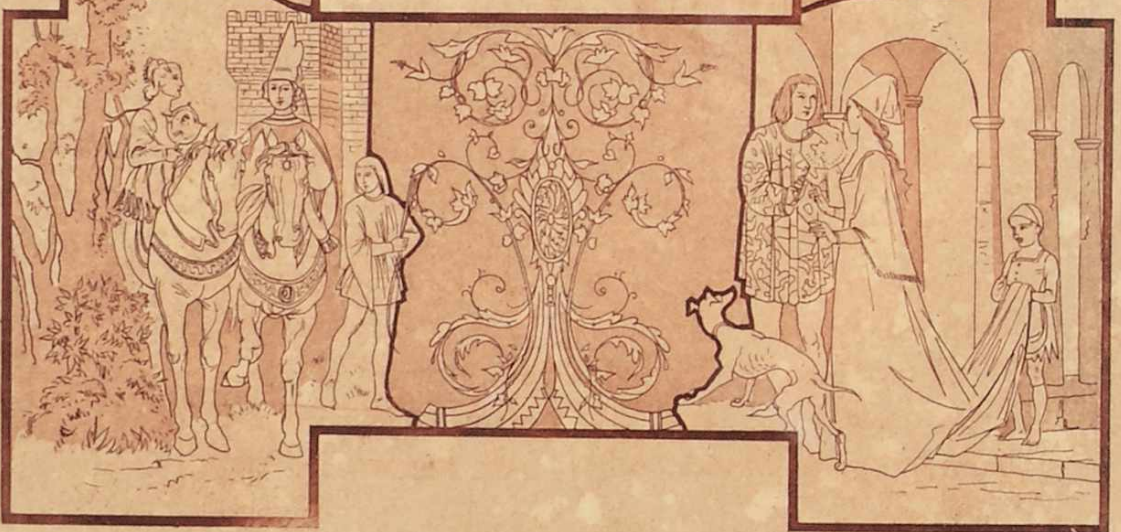
on their return from the East, spread abroad various customs and usages, and these would be very interesting points of history to develop. The *flabellum* has remained, however that may be, one of the principal insignia of the Papacy, and served in the holy sacrifice to preserve the officiating priest from flies and sunbeams till the end of the thirteenth century. Moreri, in his *Dictionary* (edit. 1759), relates that in the celebrated Abbey of Saint Philibert of Tournus, and in the monastery of Prouisse, of the Order of Saint Dominic (ninth century), there was to be seen a singular Fan, which was once used by the deacons to prevent the flies precipitating themselves into the chalice. Durant speaks of it in his book *De Ritibus Ecclesiasticis*, and assures us that two deacons held it on either side of the altar. This Fan had, it seems, a round form, very much the same as the Fan known in our days as the Fan *à cocarde*, but with this difference, that the handle was much longer, and the Fan itself of greater extent. Around that which is kept in the Abbey of Tournus, and which was shown in the Museum of the History of Labour in the Exhibition of 1867, may be read in large characters on both sides a long Latin inscription, which we will not inflict upon the reader. Round

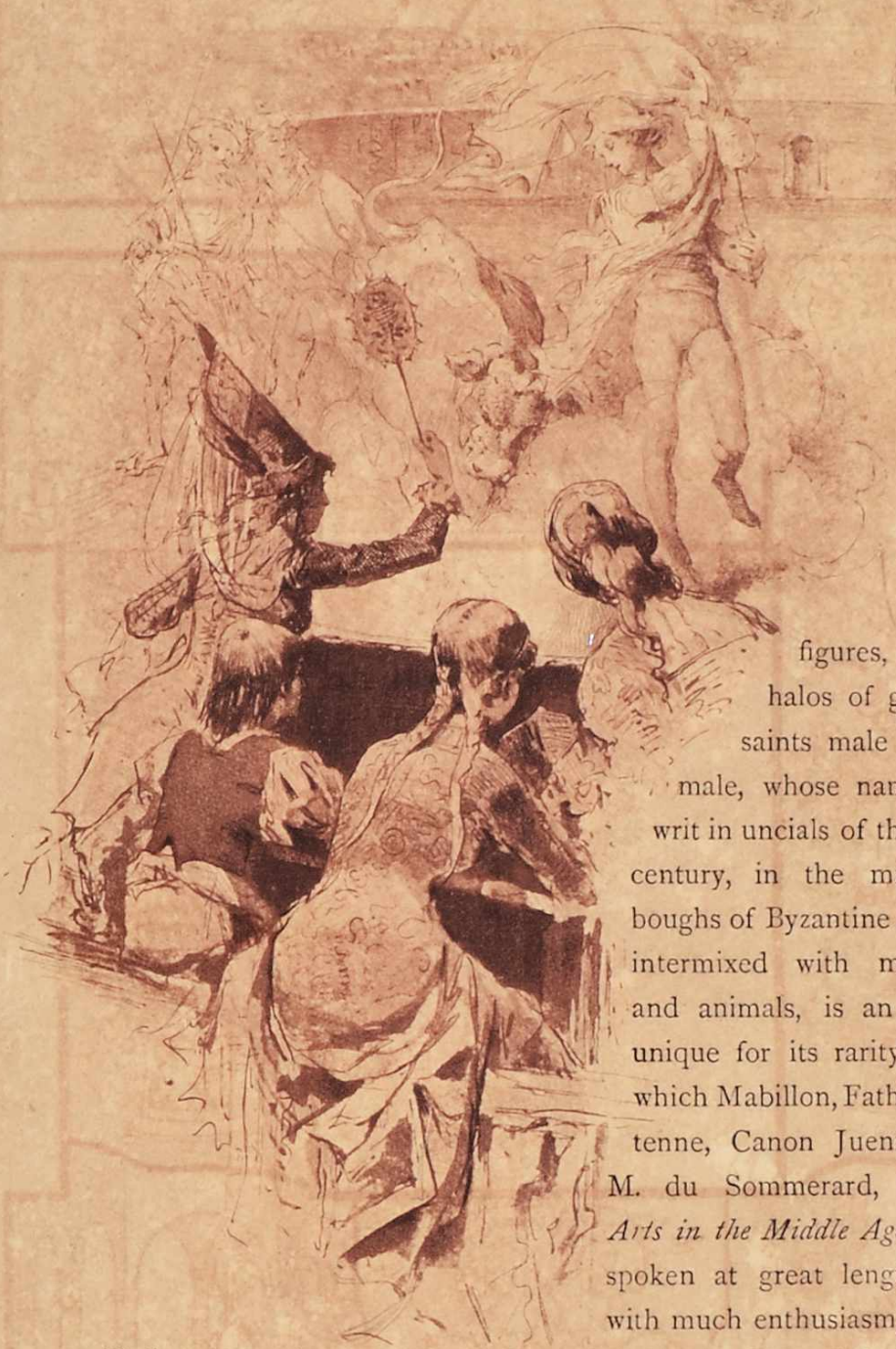




the Fan above the inscription are represented saints with the following names: *Sancta Lucia*, *Sancta Agnes*, *Sancta Cæcilia*, *Sancta Maria*, *Sanctus Paulus*, *Sanctus Petrus*, *Sanctus Andreas*. Above these figures again we read *Index Sanctus Mauricius*, *Sanctus Dionysius*, *Sanctus Philibertus*, *Sanctus Hilarius*, *Sanctus Martinus Levita*.

This Fan, ornamented with





figures, having halos of gold, of saints male and female, whose names are writ in uncials of the ninth century, in the midst of boughs of Byzantine foliage, intermixed with monsters and animals, is an article unique for its rarity, about which Mabillon, Father Martenne, Canon Juenin, and M. du Sommerard, in the *Arts in the Middle Ages*, have spoken at great length, and with much enthusiasm, and is

likely to remain as celebrated as the famous Fan of the Queen Theodelinde (sixth century), preserved in the treasury of the king, Monza, of which M. Barbier de Montaud, a Dominican priest, has given a description.

One interesting form of the Fan is that which we meet with in Spain about 1430. It is a sort of round *abanico*, made of rice paper, or garnished with feathers. We may imagine that, fortified



with such a coquettish screen as this, the fair Spanish girls of the fifteenth century applauded at the *toros* the elegant *chulo*, moulded in his tight robes of delicious *ton*, the *banderillo*, the *Espada*, and all the gracious *toreros* of that time ; who themselves also carried the Fan, as if the better to mock the fury of the indomitable beast.

As a souvenir of this chivalric epoch, one may evoke the romance of *Amadis of Gaul*, where it is said (Book iv.) that Apollidon had not only embellished his gardens with all that Europe had produced most pleasing and most rare, but that he had ransacked the Isle of Serendib and the Indian peninsula of the costliest treasures they possessed. The Phenix, attracted by the perfumes which exhaled from that firm island, stayed long enough in the isle to moult.

Apollidon gave himself the trouble of collecting the superb feathers of gold and purple which covered its wings, and caused a Fan to be made thereof, fastened by a diamond and a carbuncle. This Fan preserved all who used it from every kind of poison ; it was the first present that Oriana received from Amadis, at the moment of her arrival in the firm island.

In Italy, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, remarks M. Natalis Rondot, people carried Fans of feathers in a tuft, of that kind which figures in the portrait by Van Dyck of Maria Luisa de Tassis ;



these Fans had handles of ivory, or even of gold much ornamented, and sometimes enriched with jewels. "They employed feathers of the ostrich, the peacock, the raven of India, the parrot, and other birds of striking plumage. Ladies attached these Fans to a little chain, hooked on the large golden chain which served them for a girdle," a fashion which endured long after.

We should observe that the *esmouchoir* or fly flap was already in use in France in the thirteenth century. Proofs of its use are found in the private life of the fourteenth century. The Countess Mahaut d'Artois had a fly-flap with a silver handle, and Queen Clémence "a fly-flap of broidered silk." In the inventory of King Charles V. (1380), we find "a round folding fly-flap in ivory, with the arms of France and Navarre, and a handle of ebony." These fly-flaps were made of lamels of ivory, slight and movable.

It is perhaps worthy of mention that Rabelais writes indifferently *esventior* and *esventador* for the bearer of the Fan, whilst Brantôme is perhaps the first who makes use of the word *eventail* (Fan), when he speaks in his *Memoirs* of the Fan which the Queen Marguerite gave as a new year's present to the queen, Louise de Lorraine. This Fan is represented as being made of mother-of-pearl and pearls, and so beautiful and so rich "that it was spoken of

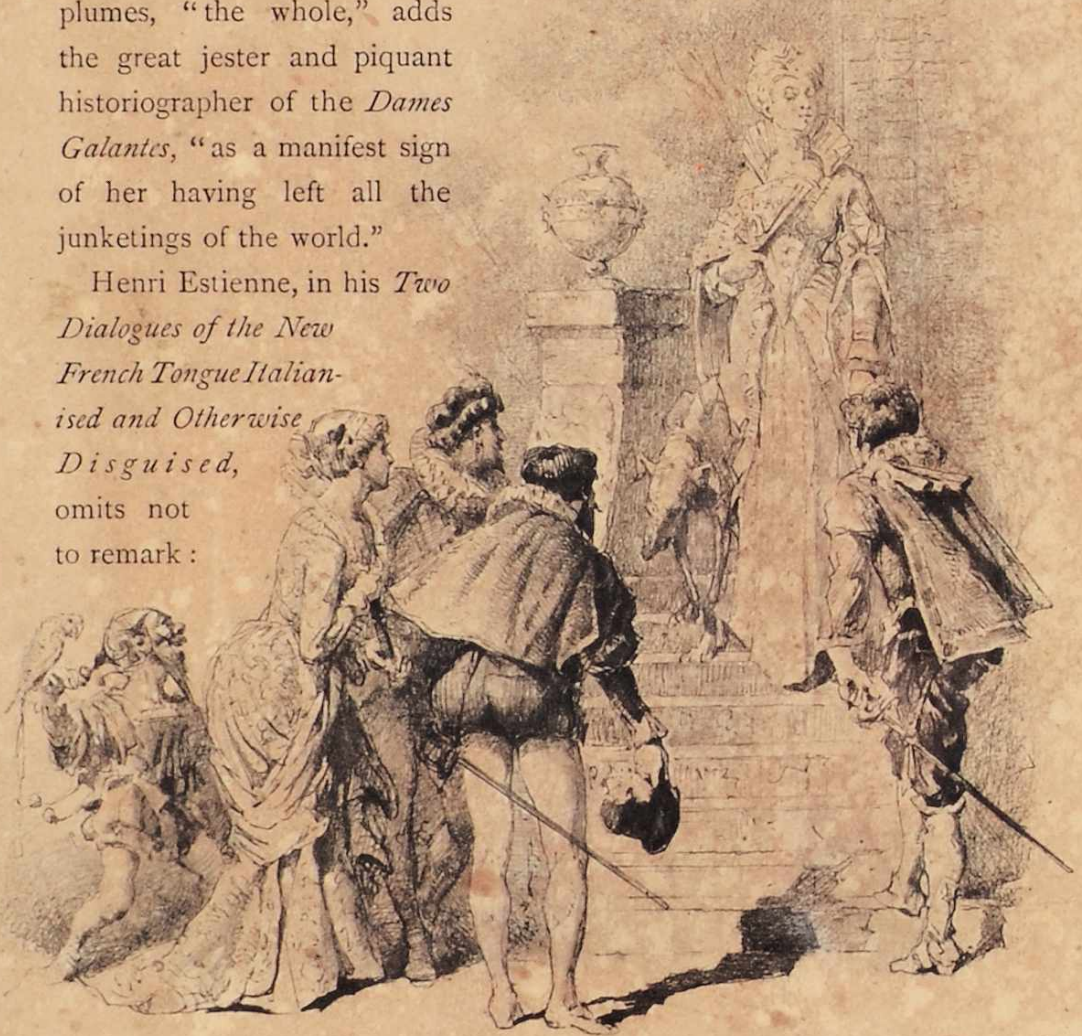


as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and valued at more than 1200 crowns."

Catherine de Medici was the first to bring into fashion in France Italian Fans surrounded with feathers, which were made by all the perfumers whom she had brought over with her in her retinue, and sold by them to the ladies and all the young lords of the court.

Some drawings of the day represent the queen-mother receiving in a haughty manner the salutations of her courtiers, whilst with one hand she wafts a large folding Fan before her bosom. The Fan seems to us to have had in her eyes a particular charm, for Brantôme further tells us in his *Memoirs* that after the death of the king, her husband, the gorgeous Florentine had caused to be placed round her device broken mirrors, Fans, and shattered plumes, "the whole," adds the great jester and piquant historiographer of the *Dames Galantes*, "as a manifest sign of her having left all the junketings of the world."

Henri Estienne, in his *Two Dialogues of the New French Tongue Italianised and Otherwise Disguised*, omits not to remark :



“Our French dames owe to those of Italy this invention of Fans; those of Italy to those of ancient Rome; those of Rome to those of Greece. . . . Many ladies love them so well,” he goes on to say, “that they cannot away with them, as they are made in the present fashion, in winter time; on the contrary, as they used them during summer to give themselves air, and as defences against the heat of the sun, so in the winter they use them as defences against the heat of the fire.”

The king, Henry III., that depraved, effeminate man, who wore gloves and masks lined with cosmetics and emollient pastes to soften the skin, *often went out into the forest surrounded by his favourites, his pages, and his falconers with a Fan in his hand*, which he played with languid gesture and feminine flexibility. Pierre de l'Estoile (in the *Isle of the Hermaphrodites*, 1588), speaking of that man-woman, who decked himself with necklaces of pearls, with rings, with earrings, with pads of velvet and





locks, which curled about his temples, says on this subject : “ In the king’s right hand was placed an instrument which folded and unfolded at a tap of the finger—what we call here a Fan ; it was of vellum, cut out as delicately as could be, with lace round it of the same stuff. It was of a good size, since it was intended to serve as a parasol to prevent his becoming sunburnt, and to give some coolness to his delicate complexion. . . . All those I was able to see in the rest of the rooms had likewise Fans of the same kind, or else made of taffetas, with lace of gold or silver for a border.”

It is apparently also of the Fan that Agrippa d’Aubigné means to speak under the term of *parasol*, which he uses when he cries in one of the vehement and superb apostrophes of his *Tragiques* :

“ Make through the streets your way with dainty mien ;  
 Be swift to see, that you too may be seen ;  
 Look to be looked at, deftly move your head,  
 Well smirch your face with Spanish white and red ;  
 Let hand and bosom take their share of grace,  
*In summer screen with parasol your face.*  
 Scream like some frightened woman in a crowd,  
 Then with a traitor’s smile your terror shroud ;  
 Affect a weary lisp, a soft voice try,  
 Open a languishing and heavy eye ;



Be pensive, coy, unfeeling, shy, and cold,  
And be a chamber favourite—be bold ;  
But leave outside the door God, shame, and heart,  
Or I in vain have taught you thus your part.”

The Fans then in use in this realm of starched and plaited ruffs, and of all the effeminate extravagances of adornment, were the *Eventail à touffe*, or Fan with a tuft of feathers, extremely elegant, of a convex shape, and with a handle of wood or of precious metal ; the *Eventail plissé*, or plicated Fan, called also the Fan of Ferrara, which affected the form of a goose's foot, very curious, with a round handle hanging to a chain of gold attached to the girdle, like those chains called *Jeanne d'Arc* which were the fashion some years ago ; and the *Eventail girouette* (or weathercock Fan), a Fan in form of a flag, which was made of cloth of gold or silken stuff, a sample of which may be seen in the *Femme du Titien*, that *chef-d'œuvre* which is preserved in the Museum of Dresden, and made popular by means of engravings.

It is in Italy, above all, that we find this Fan in the hands of all the noble ladies of Florence, Venice, Verona, Naples, and Mantua, towards the end of the sixteenth century.

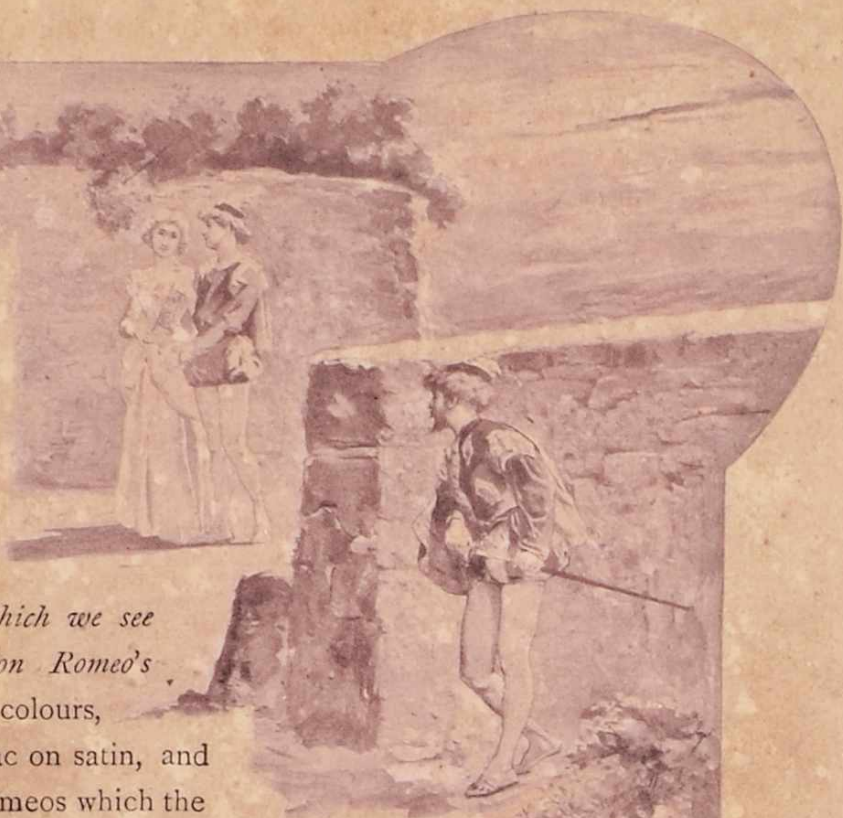
It is in this poetic Italy, which still supplies to



the romantic fancy of modern Fan-painters all those pretty scenes of love in ambush, those dramatic moonlights, in which we see Juliet hanging on Romeo's arm, those water-colours, blue or tender lilac on satin, and those exquisite cameos which the talent of artists in water-colours has scattered on the vellum or Flemish *faïlle* of Fans which aspire to a luxurious and coquettish frame.

It is in Italy that the weathercock Fan received its greatest development. In that time people frequently wore, instead of scarfs and girdles, gold chains of great price and of open work, to which the ladies suspended keys cunningly made, or other toys sacred or profane.

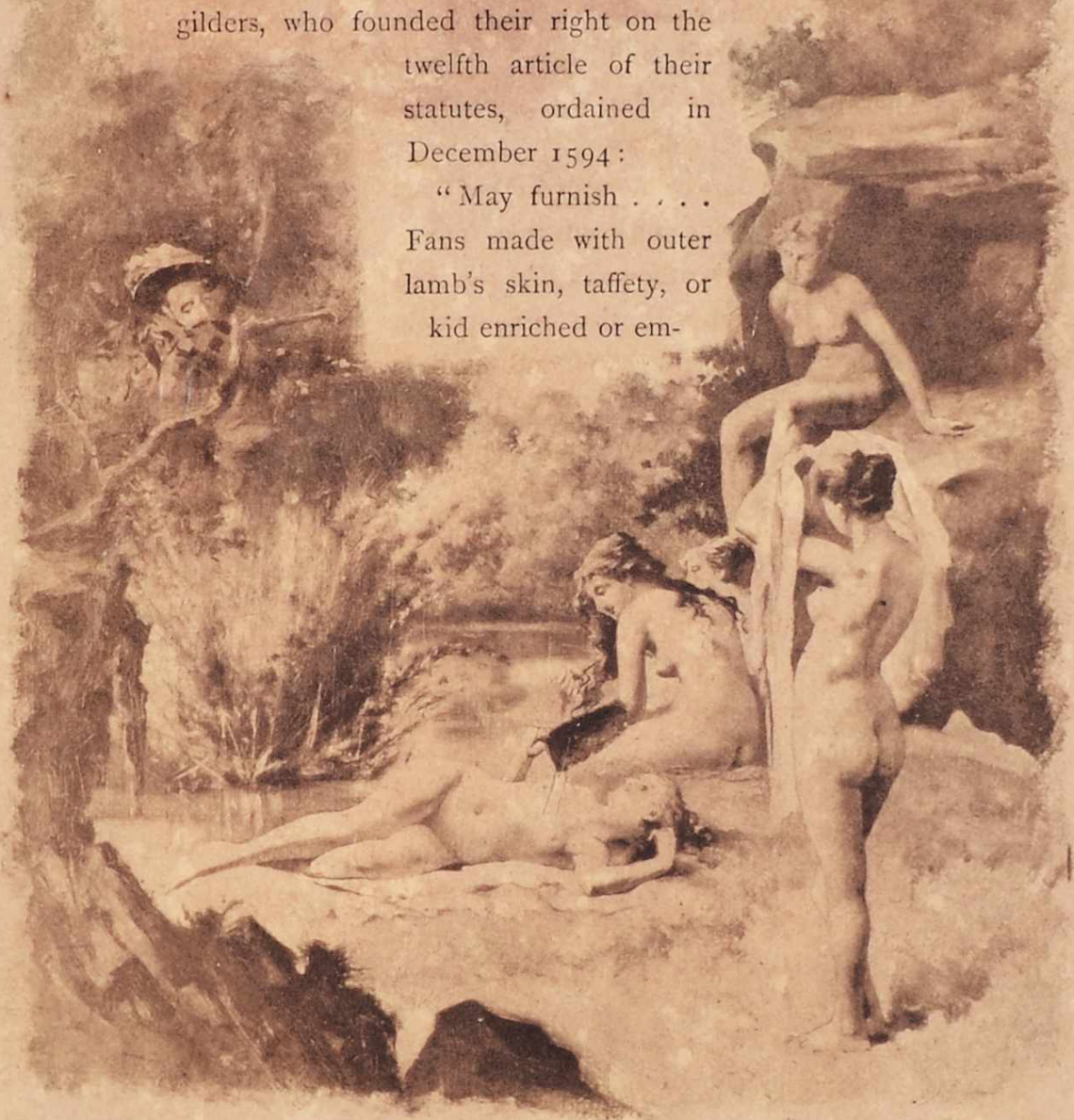
Hence it is, says the author of the *Armoire aux Even-tails*, that these trinkets had very frequently the honour of being attached to the hips of a pretty woman with a small chain, part of that which encircled the waist. For this reason it is that we find a large ring at the end of the handle of the Fan. "Both men and women carry Fans," writes the traveller Coryat from Italy; "nearly all of them are pretty and elegant. The frame is composed of a little piece of painted paper and a small handle of wood; the paper glued on this is on both sides adorned with excellent paintings or love-scenes, with Italian verses written beneath."



One of these paintings of the Italian Fan, which we have seen in the rich collection of an amateur, represents a scene which one would imagine drawn from the *Ragionamenti d'Amore* of Firenzuola, or escaped from some novel of Bando, Boccaccio, or Batacchi. It is the *women bathing*, who are playing on the greensward without dreaming that the curious eye of an enamoured gentleman is watching them through the foliage.

"In France," remarks M. Natalis Rondot, "the use of Fans had become, under Henry IV., sufficiently extensive to admit of a trade which had acquired some importance. The right of following this was claimed by four or five bodies of workmen, and notably by the master leather-gilders, who founded their right on the twelfth article of their statutes, ordained in December 1594 :

"May furnish . . . Fans made with outer lamb's skin, taffety, or kid enriched or em-





bellished, as it may please the merchant and lord to command.”

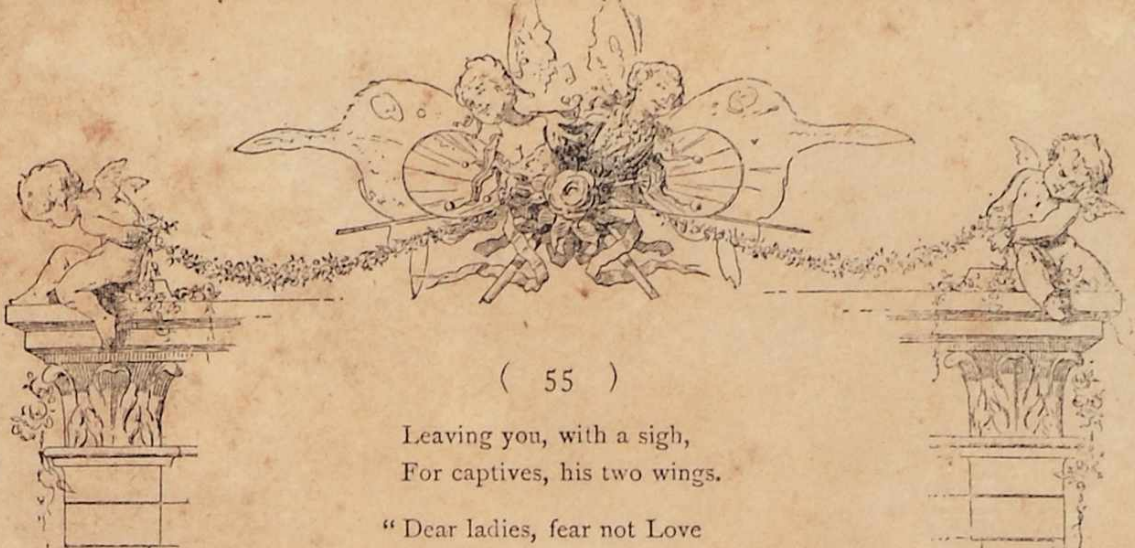
The Fan appears in French poetry, in Ronsard and Du Bartas, who speak of the *Fans of air* when they wish to designate the refreshing zephyrs; but it is assuredly in Remy Belleau, in the *Première Journée* of his *Bergerie*, printed in 1572, that we find the most ancient and the most charming mention of *the Fan*, under the form of a song. A loving shepherd surprises three nymphs beneath the shade of a large long-haired elm, pays his reverence to them, and offers them three bundles of feathers, accompanied with “a little writing, in which were these little verses:”

“ Oh, happy bundles, fly ;  
Hie to my sweethearts, hie ;  
Salute them with good grace ;  
Then softly kiss their hands,  
Prefer then your demands,  
'Us in your bosoms place.’

“ So that if Love’s hot darts  
Shall ever burn their hearts,  
That Love which me consumes,  
You may make them content  
With breezes gently sent  
From your soft downy plumes.

“ Believe me, on my word,  
These are no plumes of bird ;  
Love his light feathers brings,  
Who never more will fly,

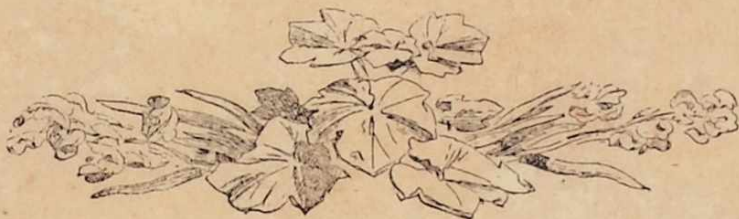


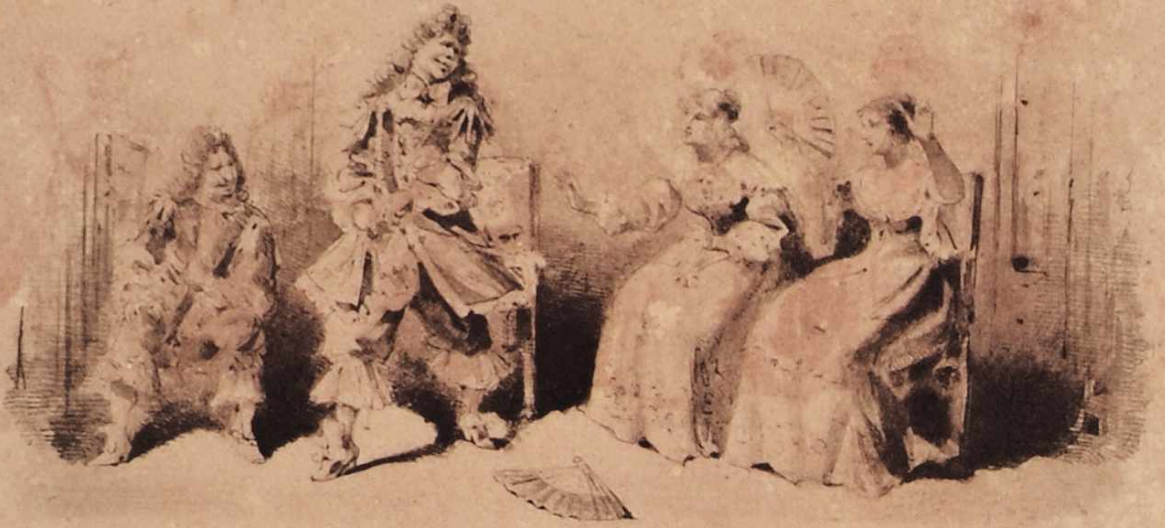


Leaving you, with a sigh,  
For captives, his two wings.

“ Dear ladies, fear not Love  
Will ever truant prove,  
As bird of passage light ;  
The bondage he loves best  
Lies in your hand’s arrest  
Of his too speedy flight.”

But it is no longer principally in the woods of mythology, where Pan, the mighty hunter, the Satyrs, Sylvans, Dryads, Hamadryads, and other deities so highly honoured by the poets of the Pleiad, are mingled in pastorals and sugared idyls, that we find the Fan fifty years later. In the seventeenth century it acquired the rights of citizenship in French literature ; it glides not only into the pastorals of *L’Astrée*, into the *Cytherée* or the romance of *Ariane*, into *Endymion*, *Polixandre*, or *La Caritée*, into the little honey-sweet madrigals, into the witticisms and *bouts-rimés*, into the dissertations of the *Ménages*, the *Balzacs*, the *Pellissons*, and the *Conrarts*, into the letters of *Voiture*, of *Scudéry*, and even of *Madame de Sévigné* ; but more than all this, it enters triumphantly upon the stage in the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, where the *Zephyrs* (as Fans were called in the style of the *précieux*) play before the face of the *Marquise de Rambouillet*, of the fair *Julie d’Angennes*, her daughter, or of *Mademoiselle Paulet* ; it is found





everywhere in the memoirs and pleasant anecdotes of Tallemant des Réaux; it attains even an exceptional importance at last, when it supplements the play of the actors, and confirms their talk in the marvellous comedies of the great Molière.

Can the *Précieuses Ridicules* or the *Femmes Savantes* be represented without the clever “needful” which flutters, assures the gesture, and identifies itself with the action? Can we see, for example, in the first of these pieces, Cathos and Madelon deprived of the pretty bauble which is unfurled so opportunely in their hands, with the rustling of the wings of timid turtle-doves, where Mascarille, setting his hand without ceremony on the button of his breeches, dares to cry out grossly, like the lackey he is—

“And now I show to you a big fierce wound! . . .”

Can we conceive again in the *Femmes Savantes* Bélise, Armande, and Philaminte without the long Fan of the period, when the three Blue-stockings of the Grand Siècle analyse in their turns, half fainting away, the *overwhelming beauties* of the famous *Sonnet to the Princess Uranie on her Fever?*

“Your prudence is asleep  
To treat your enemy  
With so great courtesy,  
Her in such state to keep.”

Here is the very triumph of Fan-playing, and that



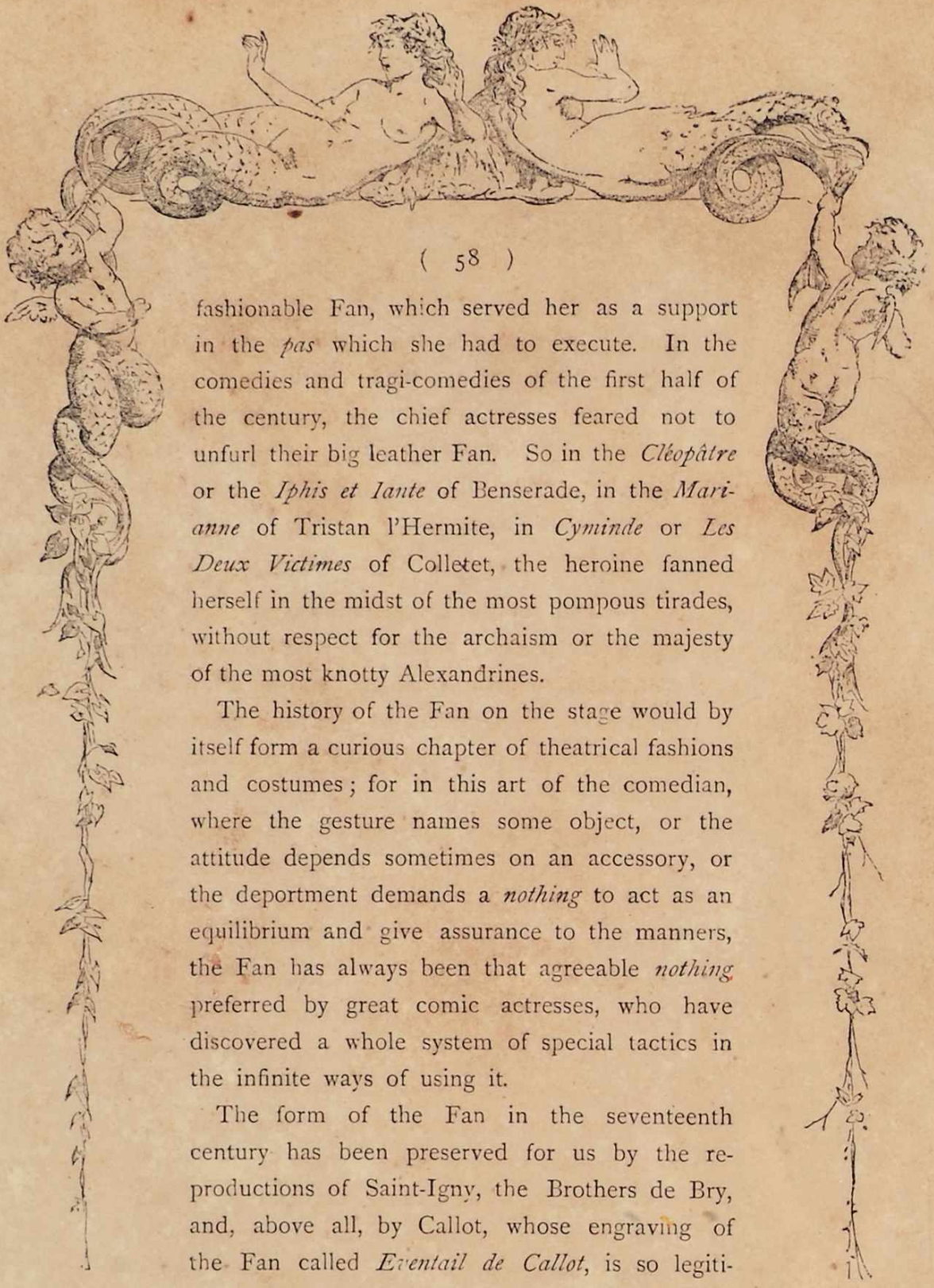
astonishing second scene of the third act of the *Femmes Savantes* would lose on the stage a great part of its success and of its charming spirit if there were withdrawn from it the particular and piquant accents given to the exclamations of Bélise or Philaminte; the tumbles, the summersaults, the fulness, the febrile action of the Fans handled, opened, shut, abandoned, caught up again with the most lively expression of enthusiasm, of languor, of fainting, or of delirium. The Fan is in this terrible scene bristling with difficulties for the actress, like a balancing-pole for a tight-rope dancer; without it all assurance fails. A general deprived of his sword of command would be less embarrassed than an Armande without her Fan, and Trissotin would see himself with a very abashed face if the celebrated

“Dismiss her; let them talk,”

was not punctuated, taken up again by his three lady admirers, paraphrased and scanned very slowly by the seesaw gear and malicious click of the Fans.

The reign of the Fan on the stage had, however, begun before Molière; and in the mythologic *entrées* of the *Ballets* composed specially for the private amusement of his Majesty, who played or danced his part in them with great willingness, the goddess, the nymph, or the shepherdess in the scene appeared in the accoutrement of her bizarre costume furnished with a long





fashionable Fan, which served her as a support in the *pas* which she had to execute. In the comedies and tragi-comedies of the first half of the century, the chief actresses feared not to unfurl their big leather Fan. So in the *Cléopâtre* or the *Iphis et Iante* of Benserade, in the *Marianne* of Tristan l'Hermite, in *Cyminde* or *Les Deux Victimes* of Colletet, the heroine fanned herself in the midst of the most pompous tirades, without respect for the archaism or the majesty of the most knotty Alexandrines.

The history of the Fan on the stage would by itself form a curious chapter of theatrical fashions and costumes; for in this art of the comedian, where the gesture names some object, or the attitude depends sometimes on an accessory, or the deportment demands a *nothing* to act as an equilibrium and give assurance to the manners, the Fan has always been that agreeable *nothing* preferred by great comic actresses, who have discovered a whole system of special tactics in the infinite ways of using it.

The form of the Fan in the seventeenth century has been preserved for us by the reproductions of Saint-Igny, the Brothers de Bry, and, above all, by Callot, whose engraving of the Fan called *Eventail de Callot*, is so legitimately sought for to-day by iconophiles. The mount of the stocks of the Fan was then of



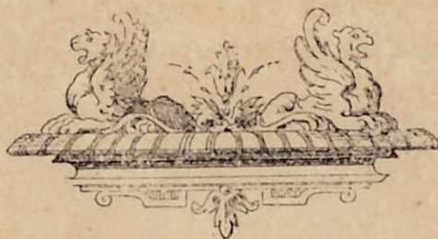


leather, outer lamb's skin, perfumed frangipane, paper, or taffety, and the frames were made of ivory, gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and wood of calemberre (*calembour*), for which Hugo, in *Ruy Blas*, has made so rich a rhyme, and, as it seemed, so original in this verse :

“ To my good sire, Elector of Neubourg.”

The Fans of the seventeenth century are not rare ; very pretty specimens may be found in the collections of great amateurs, and those which Madame de Sévigné sent to Madame de Grignan are still piously preserved in Provence as historic objects.

Amongst the romances of the time, enriched with copperplate engravings or vignettes on wood, we find over and over again the Fan in the hands of ladies of noble lineage. In the illustrations of Nanteuil, of Chauveau, of Lepautre, above all, in the graven work of Sébastien Le Clerc, the Fan is represented as the indispensable complement of costume, as well as in the pomp of some Duchess of high rank as in the more modest toilet of some honest citizen's wife. Sometimes it is shut, held negligently in the abandon of a half-bare arm, heightening the delicacy and whiteness of the hand which is stretched out to it ; sometimes it lies half-open on the breast, sometimes it is cast on the ground,





or, again, emerging from a walking toilet out of a confused mass of lace, or from the draperies of a large fashionable mantle.

When we consider attentively the beautiful collection of costumes of the seventeenth century of Sébastien Le Clerc, we are struck with the importance which this artist, more than any other, has given to the Fan, and with the variety of modes he has introduced of managing this lovely *indispensable*.

In the language of the *ruelles*, the Fan was surnamed the *screen of modesty* or the *useful zephyr*, just as the screen became *the useful countenance of ladies when they are before the combustible element*. When a *Précieuse* was assailed by a *Hamilcar*, who had, as was then said, "ten thousand francs a year in real wit, which no creditor could seize on or arrest," she threw herself backward on a seat, and expressed all her inmost sensations by the butterfly flutter of her Fan, to show how deeply she was penetrated by sentiments so prettily dictated.

When Doralise or Florelinde betook themselves to that *Empire of Oglings*, also called *The Rock of Liberties*, they were in the greatest care not to forget the precious Fan, which

served to such good purpose when they met those out-and-out gallants who might make pretty speeches to them, and *stuff them with the latest sweet.*

It is in the promenade that we must see the Fan in the time of La Fronde, when straw was the rallying sign; a fragment of the *Couleur du Parti* gives us an idea of it.

“At the end of a few minutes,” says the historian, author of this pamphlet, “we entered the promenade, and saw in the midst of the great allée a prodigious crowd assembled in groups, applauding with enthusiasm, and crying, ‘Long live the King and the Princes! No Mazarin!’ We approached. Frontenac, attached to Mademoiselle, came to tell us that this tumultuous joy was excited by Mademoiselle, who was taking her walk, holding a Fan to which was attached a bouquet of straw bound with a blue ribbon.”

In these few lines we see the first appearance of the political Fan, which we shall find later on in a period more profoundly troubled than that of La Fronde, under the great Revolution.

How many gracious little verses, enigmas, epigrams, and sonnets, were inspired by the Fan at this epoch! Here, first, is the madrigal of a poetic lady’s man, of a *mourant* (dier) of that day, of the young sworded Abbé Mathieu de



Montreuil, who languidly excuses himself in returning her Fan to a lady, after having robbed her of it for an instant.

Let us hear the delicate impromptu :

“ Pray be not angry, Ma'am, with me,  
Because your Fan I once withdrew ;  
I burn with love, Ma'am, so you see  
I need its cool much more than you.”

Is it not adorably coquettish and full of roguish charm?


The *Recueil de Sercy* contains this other piece, signed A. L. D., initials which reveal to us none of the poets of that time :

“ This little wind which flies  
To cool your face, Belise,  
This wind does but increase  
The fire within your eyes.

“ Thus oft my hope, I find,  
Which soothes my soul's desire,  
Only augments the fire,  
Since that hope is but wind.”

This is more quintessenced, more *enlabyrinthed*. Sappho would have applauded the ragoût of sentiments to be found in these verses, but the delicate editors of the *Gazette du Tendre* might perhaps have slightly criticised them.

Here comes the Abbé Cotin, the unfortunate victim of Boileau and of Molière, who, in his *Recueil d'Enigmes*, has preserved this on the Fan screen, which was then only used in winter :



“ They paint me and expose me to the flames ;  
They paint my body of a diverse hue ;  
My value to my services is due  
In stopping Vulcan from attacking dames.

“ I come to help you, when you aid invoke,  
To moderate the heat's tyrannic power ;  
Most kind to lovers, I preserve the flower  
And shrine of grace which holds their hearts in yoke.

“ I'm held as though a sceptre, night and day,  
In town and country I am used alway,  
And those who give me worth are flame and ice.

“ When cruel winter holds the world in chains,  
They set my value at the highest price ;  
When summer comes, no friend to me remains.”

Not so bad, in truth, for the poor *Trissotin-Cotin!* But enigmas rain fast in the *creme des bons vers* or the *élite* of the poems of the time.

Here is another riddle, an anonymous sonnet on the Fan, dated 1659 :

“ Brave am I, small, fair, delicate, and wise,  
Court-loved, where many a lady fair and free,  
A mortal goddess, holds me on her knee,  
And calls the great ones and hears all their cries.

“ This pretty dear can't move, or sit, or rise,  
Unless she first derives support from me ;  
Sometimes my fashions fill her soul with glee ;  
Sometimes I but receive her windy sighs.

“ I kiss her, closely cleave to her, fast bound ;  
Press, when fate wills, her breasts' delicious round,  
Which the most favoured cannot even touch.

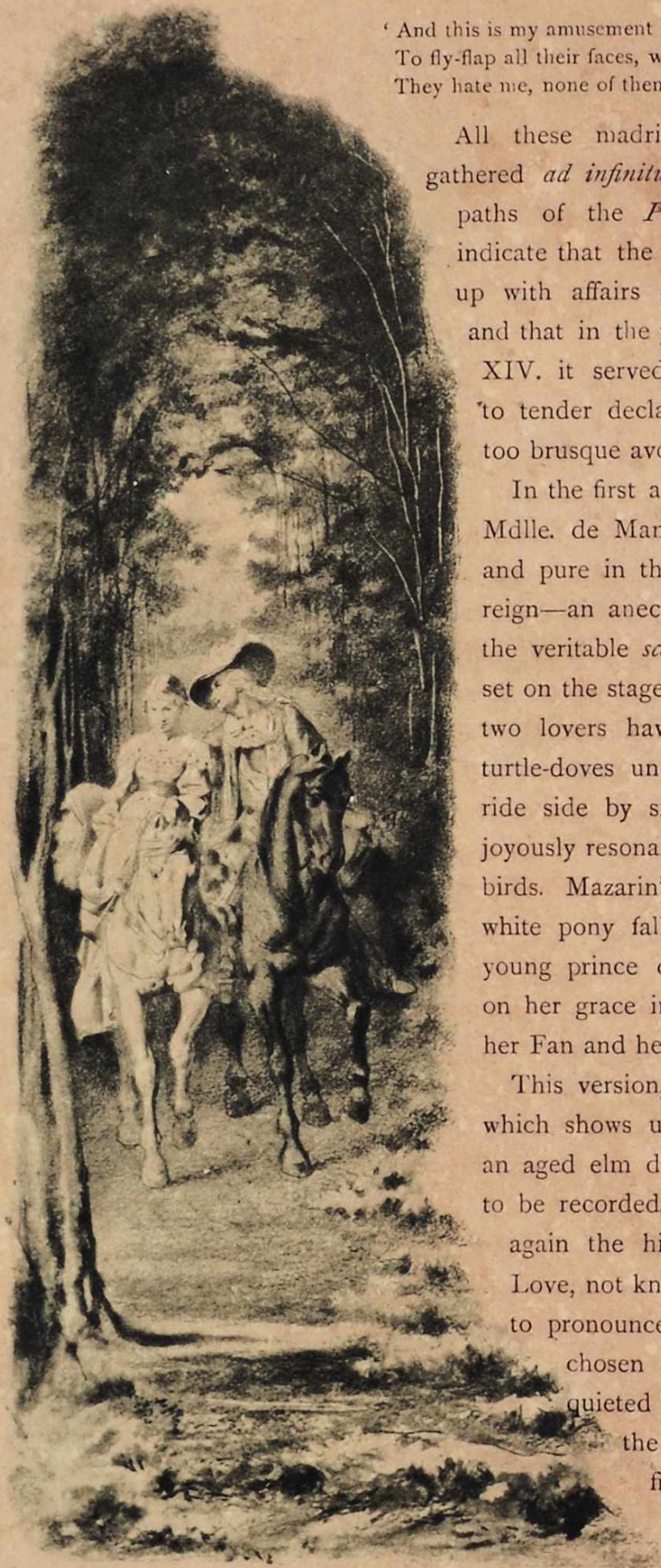


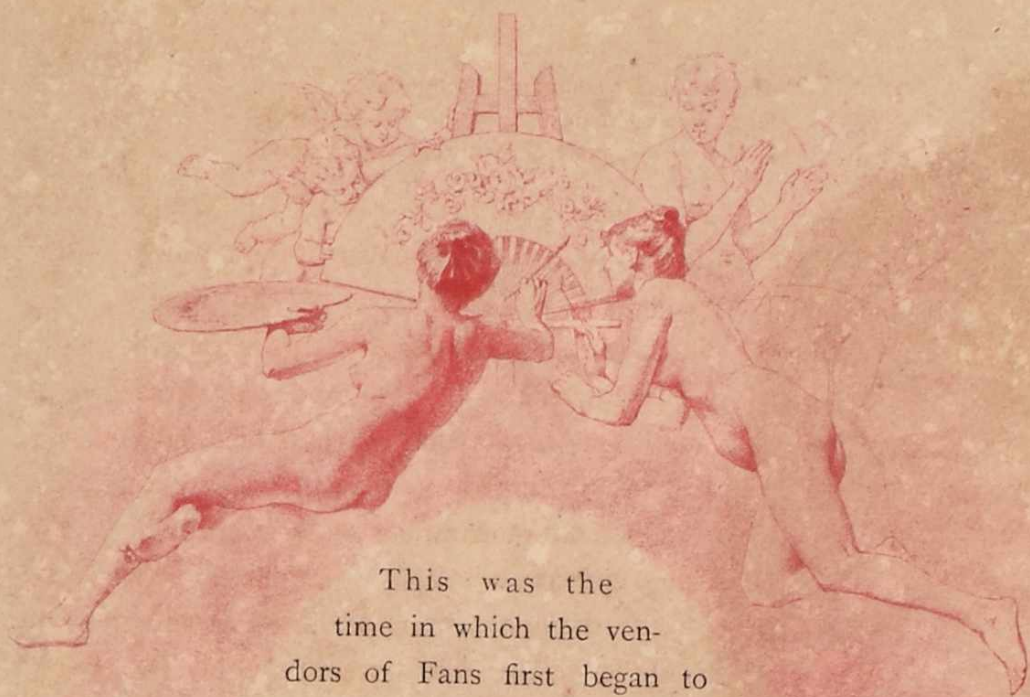
‘ And this is my amusement every day,  
To fly-flap all their faces, while, though much  
They hate me, none of them dare say me nay.’

All these madrigals, which might be gathered *ad infinitum* in the little flowery paths of the *Parnasses* of the time, indicate that the Fan was always mixed up with affairs of love and gallantry, and that in the youthful court of Louis XIV. it served as well for a pretext to tender declarations as to ward off too brusque avowals.

In the first amours of the King with Mdlle. de Mancini—amours exquisite and pure in the morning of his great reign—an anecdotist represents for us the veritable *scène de chasse*, afterwards set on the stage by clever artists. The two lovers have wandered like two turtle-doves under the branches, and ride side by side in a pretty copse, joyously resonant with the warbling of birds. Mazarin’s niece dreamily lets her white pony fall into a walk, and the young prince compliments her softly on her grace in holding in one hand her Fan and her silken rein.

This version, so different from that which shows us the interview under an aged elm during a storm, deserves to be recorded. Here the Fan plays again the historic rôle; uncertain Love, not knowing on what subject to pronounce its first murmurs, has chosen the Fan, like an unquieted bird which perches on the first little branch he finds within his range.





This was the  
time in which the ven-  
dors of Fans first began to  
have painted on the stuff or  
silk mounts, flowers, birds, landscapes,

mythologic scenes, all that decorative art could find in the domain of the Graces and the Loves. In 1678 some gilders, having joined the workmen exercising the profession of Fan-makers, demanded and obtained of the King permission to make themselves into a particular community, under the title of *Master Fan-makers*, by letters patent of the 15th January and 15th February of that same year 1678.

D'Alembert credits the Queen of Sweden with a brutal sally, which contributed not a little, it appears, to bring Fans again into great fashion at court during all seasons. In his *Reflections and Anecdotes about the Queen of Sweden* he relates, that during his abode at the court in 1656, many ladies of high rank, ignorant of the profound antipathy which the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus had for all feminine usages and proceedings, consulted her to know whether the custom of carrying the Fan ought to be adopted in winter as well as in summer. "I think not," Christina is said to have replied rudely. "You are sufficiently *éventées* (fanned or giddy) already."

It was an injury of which the women of the seven-



teenth century willed to avenge themselves, and thence that mania for carrying Fans in all seasons which subsists to the present day. This brusque repartee of Christina calls to our recollection a second anecdote which shows the ridiculous contempt of that Queen for the coquetry of the Fan.

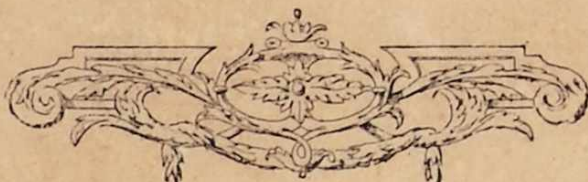
When Michel Dahl, a Swedish painter, took the portrait of her Sovereign Highness at Rome, he respectfully proposed to her that she should hold in her hand a Fan. At this word Christina gave a bound. "What's that?" she cried. "A Fan!—never! Give me a lion; it is the sole attribute which suits a Queen like me." In the *Métamorphoses Françaises* we gather this pretty sonnet, which sufficiently indicates by its *esprit* that the Fan was then the synonym of the light and inconstant:—

" This light Fan was a young inconstant lad,  
Whom many a fond girl was prepared to bless ;  
But since his nature constancy forbad,  
His lot was windy promises to press.

Now gay and open, and now close and sad,  
Sometimes he uses fraud, sometimes address ;  
And even then, where love would make him glad,  
Becomes insensible to love's caress.

Spoiling at night what he at morn began,  
That fickle boy at last became a Fan,  
And thus his lightness is for ever known.

No woman's power yet has made him staid ;  
But he makes others' fate what was his own,  
And pays with wind, with which himself was paid."



Fans were very varied, the frames were of ivory, tortoise-shell, or mother-of-pearl carved so as to produce the finest lace. The mounts of the Fan in satin or vellum were painted with water-colours, and many scented leathers were also used, which generally came from the perfumeries of Grasse. It is thus that Mdle. de Montpensier in her *Mémoires* quotes this characteristic fact, which recalls the terrible sorrows and devouring evil of the Queen Anne of Austria:—

“Although the Queen-Mother held always in her hands a Fan of perfumed Spanish leather, this did not prevent one from discovering her disease.”

There were, besides Fans of scented leather, Feather Fans and Opera-Glass Fans, through which the prudes looked a little indiscreetly, if we may believe this note of the *Ménagiana*:—

“The open-work Fans which the women carry when they go to the Porte Saint-Bernard to breathe the fresh air on the bank of the river, and occasionally to look at the bathers, are called *lorgnettes* (opera-glasses).” This time of bathing is called in certain almanacs *Culaison*.—(*Canicule* even is better than this villanous word).

At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. ribbons flourished everywhere, on dresses, knee-breeches, and all the minor articles of the toilet.

The Fan, too, had its ribbon, which was called

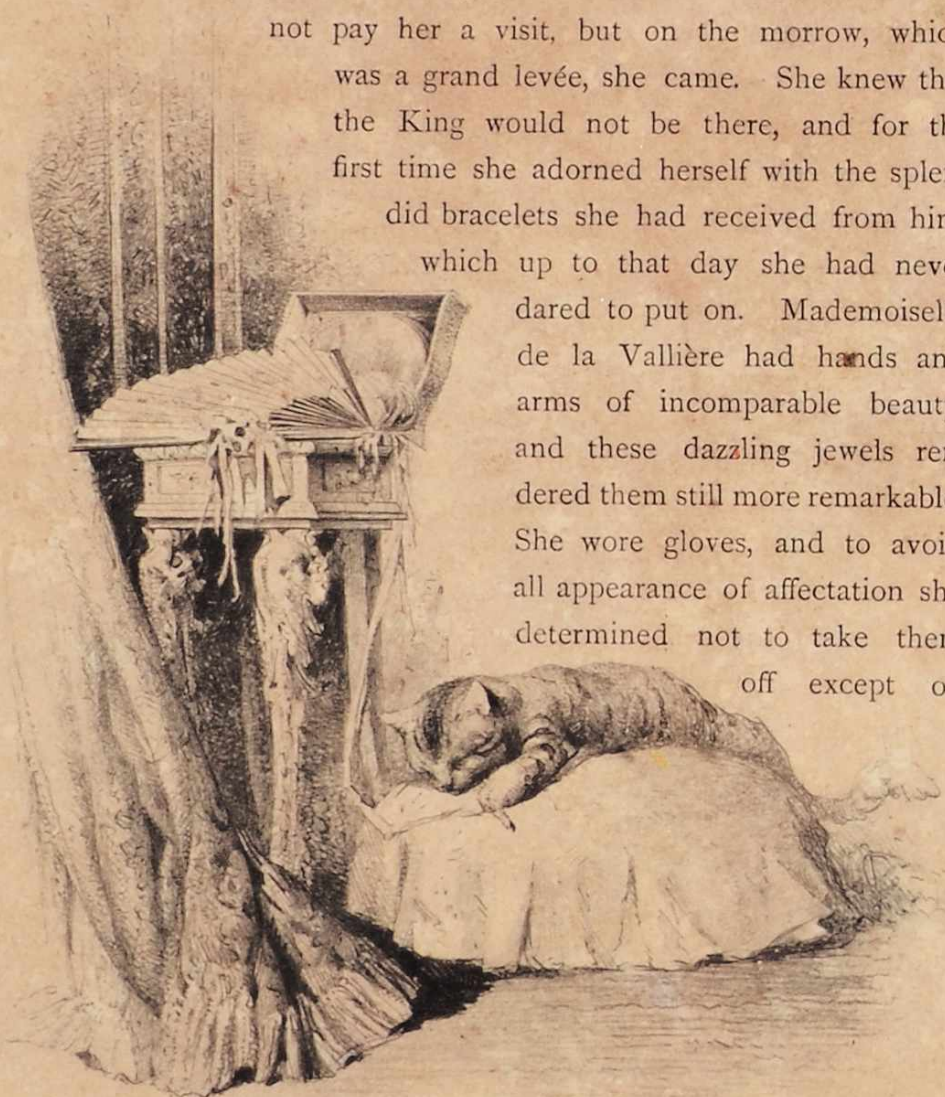


*Badin* (playful). An anecdote gives to this qualification of the ribbon of the Fan an origin which reaches up to the Cardinal Richelieu, whose kittens playing mad pranks among his sombre meditations, set themselves one day for a frolic to tear in their gambols the ribbon of the Fan of Anne of Austria, then in conference with the great minister.

How many memories have been left by the Fan in the royal lives and the romantic anecdotes which seem to tear the pages of history !

Madame de Genlis, in the *Duchesse de la Vallière*, shows us Madame and the mistress of the young King in an ingenious chapter, from which we will detach this fragment :—

“The two following days, as Madame only received her particular friends, Mademoiselle de la Vallière did not pay her a visit, but on the morrow, which was a grand levée, she came. She knew that the King would not be there, and for the first time she adorned herself with the splendid bracelets she had received from him, which up to that day she had never dared to put on. Mademoiselle de la Vallière had hands and arms of incomparable beauty, and these dazzling jewels rendered them still more remarkable. She wore gloves, and to avoid all appearance of affectation she determined not to take them off except on



approaching the card-table. But chance offered her another occasion more naturally. Madame, just as they were arranging the card-tables, passed through the circle to speak to the ladies who were paying their court to her. She let her Fan fall. Mdlle. de la Vallière, who at that moment was within two steps of her, advances, stoops, takes off her glove, according to etiquette, in order to present to her the Fan, which she picks up and offers to her. The sight of the magnificent bracelet, of which she had kept so lively a remembrance, made on Madame so disagreeable an impression that she could not persuade herself from such a hand. She cast on Mdlle. de la Vallière a look sparkling with spite and anger, while telling her to lay the Fan upon a table. Mdlle. de la Vallière obeyed without any motion of concern."

Bussy Rabusins, similar anecdotes, sown them among his *Mémoires*. Everywhere the Fan, held by love, plays its part in the history of French polished society, and in the annals of gallantry.

In one of the great festivals celebrated at Marly, Louis XIV. paid homage to the Duchesse de Bourgogne with a Chinese Fan, adding to it—amiable madrigalist that he was—this decastich, composed doubtless "by order," according to the King's taste :—

“ To chase in summer time the busy flies,  
 To keep from cold when suns too quickly fade,  
 China, Princess, here offers you its aid  
 In very gallant wise !  
 It fain had offered gifts of other sort,  
 To chase all flatt'ring dull fools from the court.  
 Such present had outshined  
 The rest ; but this, the crown  
 Of gifts, most worth renown,  
 It seeks but cannot find.”

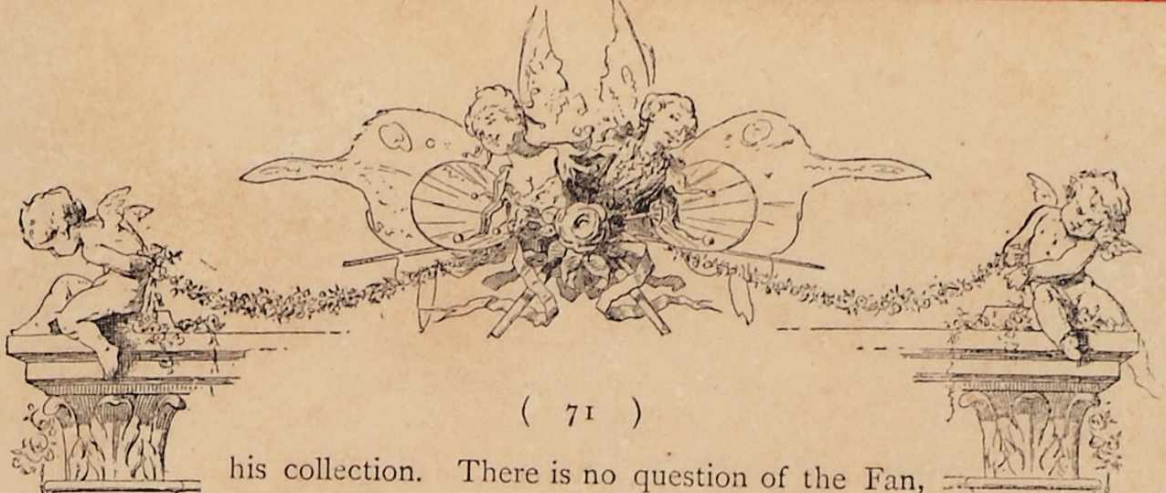


Louis XIV. was not yet acquainted with the device of the Academy of Filiponi, lovers of labour, of the Faenza, who had set on the medal of their society a wing placed like a Fan, with which a hand chases away the flies, with this exergue, *Fugantur desides*: Let the sluggards be put to flight.

The Fan was as much used in England as in France in the seventeenth century, and, to travel backwards, we see it employed in this country from the time of Queen Elizabeth. As it was framed in gold and silver, and ordinarily adorned with jewels, a Fan was a lucky find for the pick-pockets of that time; which explains a passage of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which Falstaff says to Pistol, his companion in knavery, "And when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not." Stevens, one of the most erudite commentators of Shakespeare, remarks, in interpreting a passage in the *Satires of Marston*, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth a Fan of this kind, with other trifles, cost more than £40 sterling (1000 francs), that is, about 5000 francs of present French money.

In 1628 appeared a book called *L'Eventail Satyrique*, by the new Théophile, which we have read in the *Variétés Historiques et Littéraires* of the lamented Edouard Fournier, to whom it occurred to reprint this interesting little work in



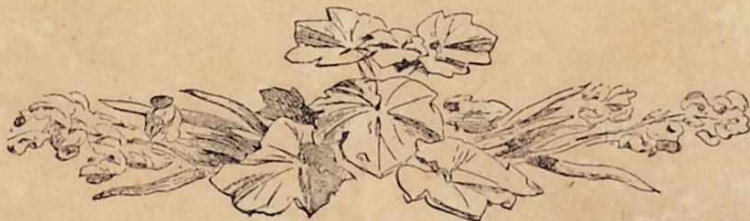


his collection. There is no question of the Fan, and we quote this little book only from memory. The first piece is a very lively satire against women's luxury.

The second piece, which is in prose, has for its title *An Apology for Satire*. The author congratulates himself for having contributed, as far as in him lay, to the reformation of luxury. The third and last piece, in verse, is a consolation addressed to ladies on the reformation of lace and dress prescribed by an edict of the King. This piece is very inferior to the first, which has much energy and cynicism of expression.

It would be difficult to quote these stanzas, which have a vigour of swing and boldness which would beyond all question scandalise our age. These are lines to be inscribed in the superb satirical Parnassus of the seventeenth century, in company with the poetic *chefs-d'œuvre* of Motin, Berthelot, Régnier, Sigogne, and all that merry band whom nothing daunts, who *unswaddle* cleverly the *precious* terms, to remain true and powerful in their maleness as writers.

The superb engravings of Abraham Bosse, so precious for the history of costume in France of the seventeenth century, give us a complete idea of the fashion in which women held their Fans at court or ball. A print of this celebrated engraver presents us even with the *Galerie du Palais*,



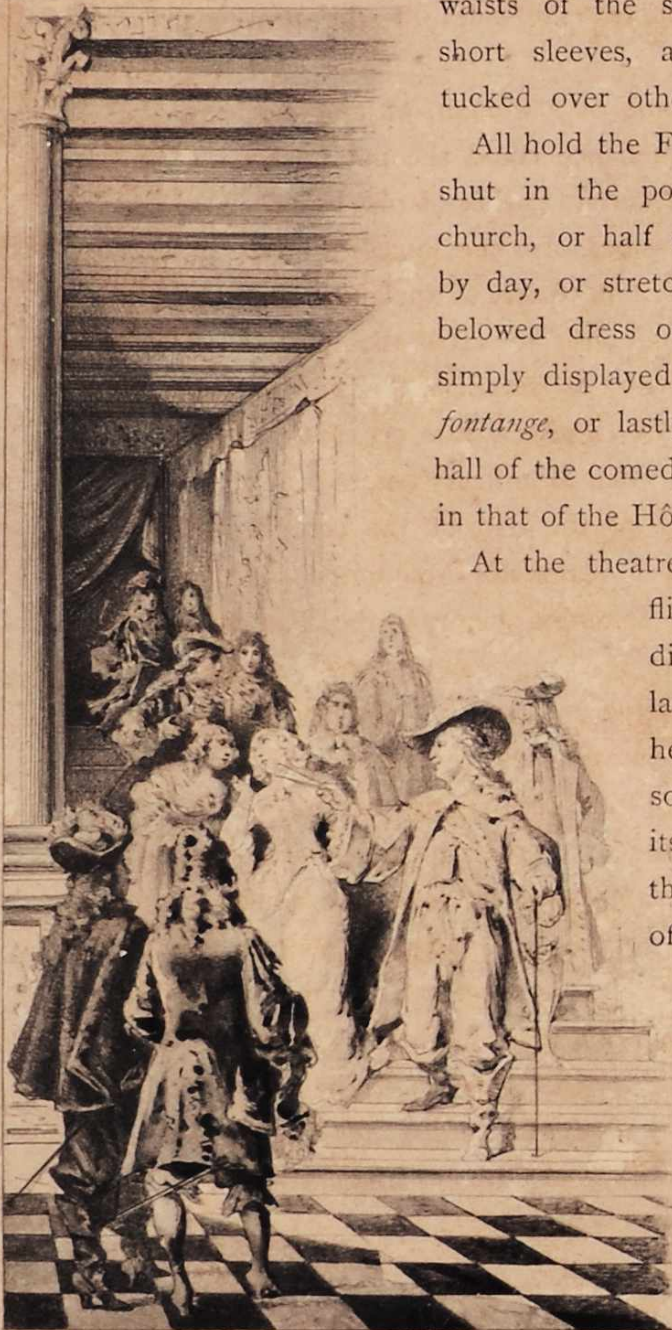
where fashionable society pretended to buy its Fans in order to put people on the wrong scent when they arranged a meeting :—

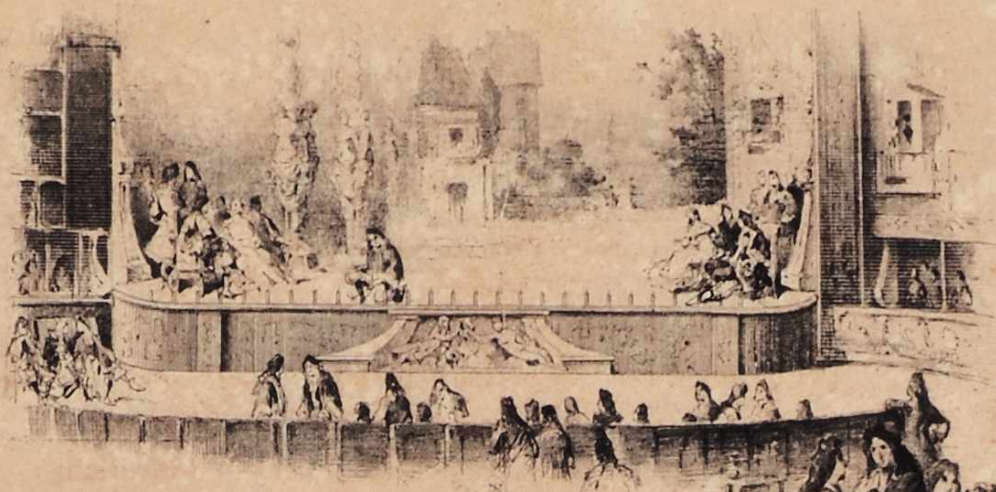
“ Here seeming simply, in the world’s broad sight,  
To buy gloves, ribbons, *Fans*, and laces rare,  
The clever courtiers whisper, ‘ Love, to-night  
Meet me ; for love’s sake meet me, you know where.’ ”

In the drawings and portraits of Huret, Le Blond, Saint Jean, Bonnard and Trouvain, of Sandrart or of Arnould, we see, finely engraved with the graver or drawn with Italian stone, ladies of quality with peaked waists—the famous wasp waists of the seventeenth century—short sleeves, and ample petticoats tucked over others more narrow.

All hold the Fan in one hand, either shut in the pose of meditation at church, or half open in the reception by day, or stretched wide on the fur-belowed dress on the promenade, or simply displayed to the height of the *fontange*, or lastly, at the play, in the hall of the comedians of the Marais, or in that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

At the theatre, as in our days, it flitted softly over the disturbed bosoms of the ladies, and we might hear its charming dry sound, the rustle of its crumpled silk, and the clashing of its frame of gold or ivory, whilst the candles were being lighted, and the spectators were arranging their seats with a great clatter, and during the acting of the piece





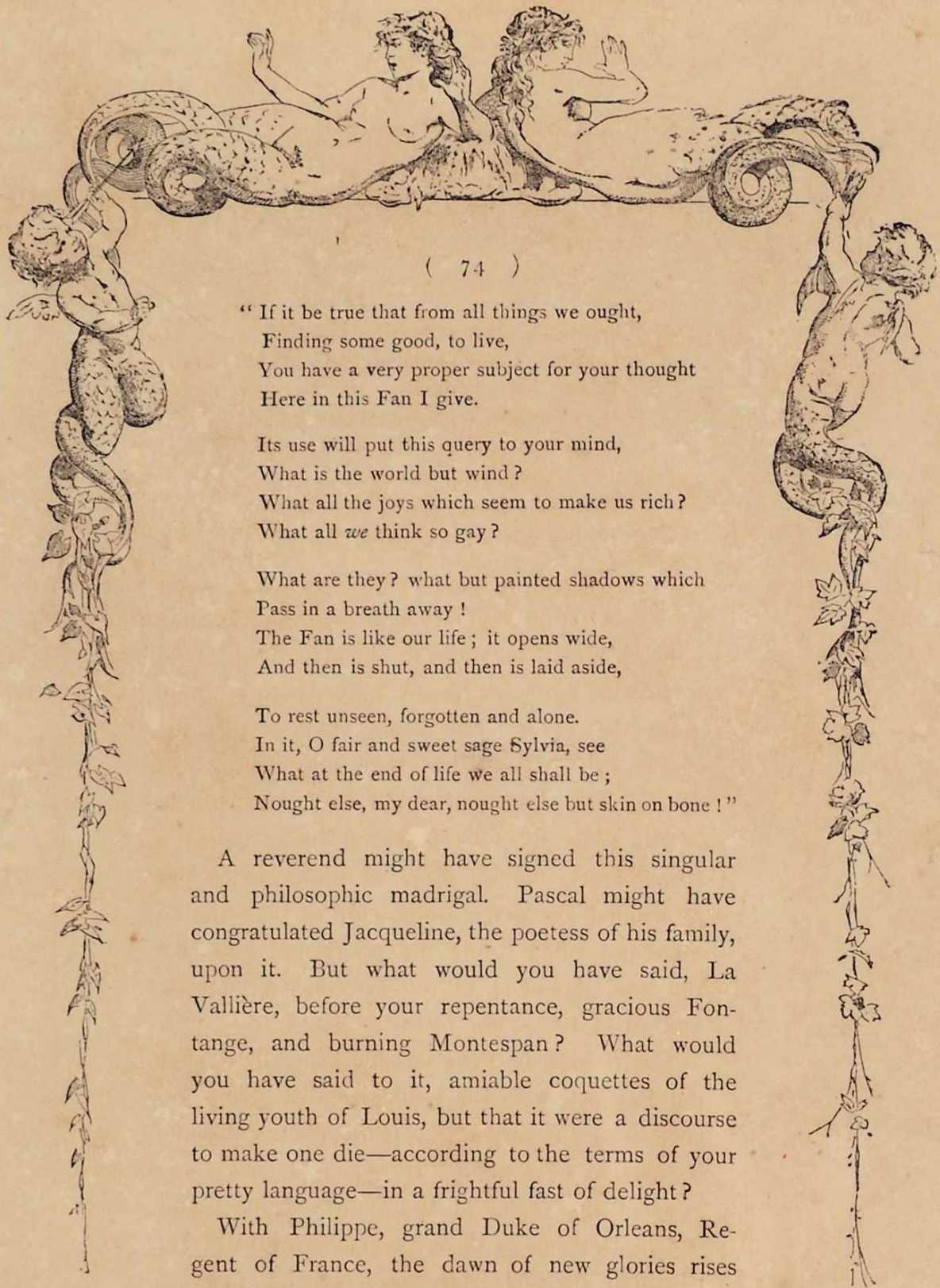
itself, when the marquises and all the great personages encumbered the sides of the proscenium.

What had become of a woman without her Fan? What countenance could she put on to mask her shame at certain gushes of old French gaiety, or at the sallies of some farces a little too fast? Was it not necessary to applaud those adorable Italian buffoons; to mark the measure of Lulli's country-dances; to brandish the Fan at the fine tirades of Baron; and to give a little cry, putting the Fan shut on the mouth, when Montfleury entered the scene?



But, nevertheless, at the end of the century—thanks to the austerity of Madame de Maintenon and her declamations against feminine luxury—the Fan followed the fashion, became less large and more modest. The court of the old King put on the cowl of sorrow; no more did the Fan spread itself across the pretty mouths, joyously opened by the natural laughter of youth; it foundered for a while with the disappearance of silks and golden stuffs; it became small to enter the confessional; and if a gallant gentleman still dared to send a Fan as a present to a lady, he accompanied it no more with a burning madrigal, with a tender billet, or with a stray declaration, as in the good days of old; but he devoutly added to it, to get himself pardon for his boldness, some philosophic and moral strophes in the style of these which follow:—





“ If it be true that from all things we ought,  
Finding some good, to live,  
You have a very proper subject for your thought  
Here in this Fan I give.

Its use will put this query to your mind,  
What is the world but wind ?  
What all the joys which seem to make us rich ?  
What all *we* think so gay ?

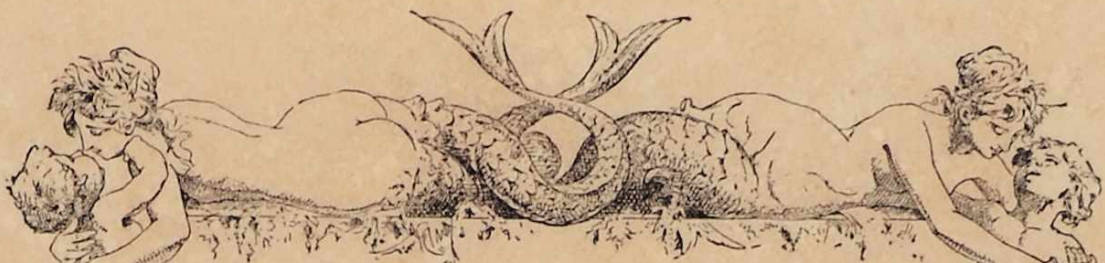
What are they ? what but painted shadows which  
Pass in a breath away !  
The Fan is like our life ; it opens wide,  
And then is shut, and then is laid aside,

To rest unseen, forgotten and alone.  
In it, O fair and sweet sage Sylvia, see  
What at the end of life we all shall be ;  
Nought else, my dear, nought else but skin on bone ! ”

A reverend might have signed this singular and philosophic madrigal. Pascal might have congratulated Jacqueline, the poetess of his family, upon it. But what would you have said, La Vallière, before your repentance, gracious Fontange, and burning Montespan ? What would you have said to it, amiable coquettes of the living youth of Louis, but that it were a discourse to make one die—according to the terms of your pretty language—in a frightful fast of delight ?

With Philippe, grand Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, the dawn of new glories rises for pleasure, sprightliness, and frowardness in woman :—



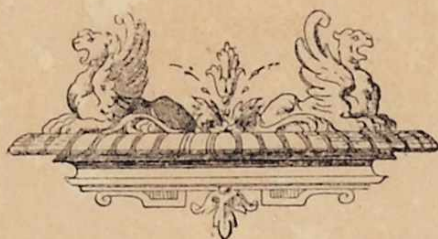


( 75 )

“ See, there, where often fairest ladies fill  
The place, comes Love with beautiful swift feet ;  
To heap his subjects with new grace, he will  
Make for them in his court a blest retreat.  
There often women in disguise become  
Savage to husbands, but to lovers tame.  
Thither the deity, from his high home,  
Invites all hearts to his amusing game.”

In this charming Regency the Fan was re-born ; we might rather say it re-flourished, and became more brilliant in women’s hands ; it is held there with more hardihood, more languor, more grace than ever. We might suppose that the ribbon called *Badin* had been replaced by one of the bells borrowed from the pretty bauble of the time, for folly makes it its attribute ; a troublesome, roguish folly, of which Eisen has personified the image in the midst of his beautiful vignettes, which bring the gaiety and introduce the bare shoulders of the age into a coquette edition of Erasmus’s *Praise of Folly*.

The fashion of Fans became generalised, after the Regency, with the refinements of luxury and good living ; from that time it became the absolute companion of women. It appeared with them even in the orgies of those little suppers, and the intoxications of those breakfasts on the grass ; it rested by their side on sofas and beds of repose ; in the *deshabillé* of the morning levée, and in the badinage of gallant talk.

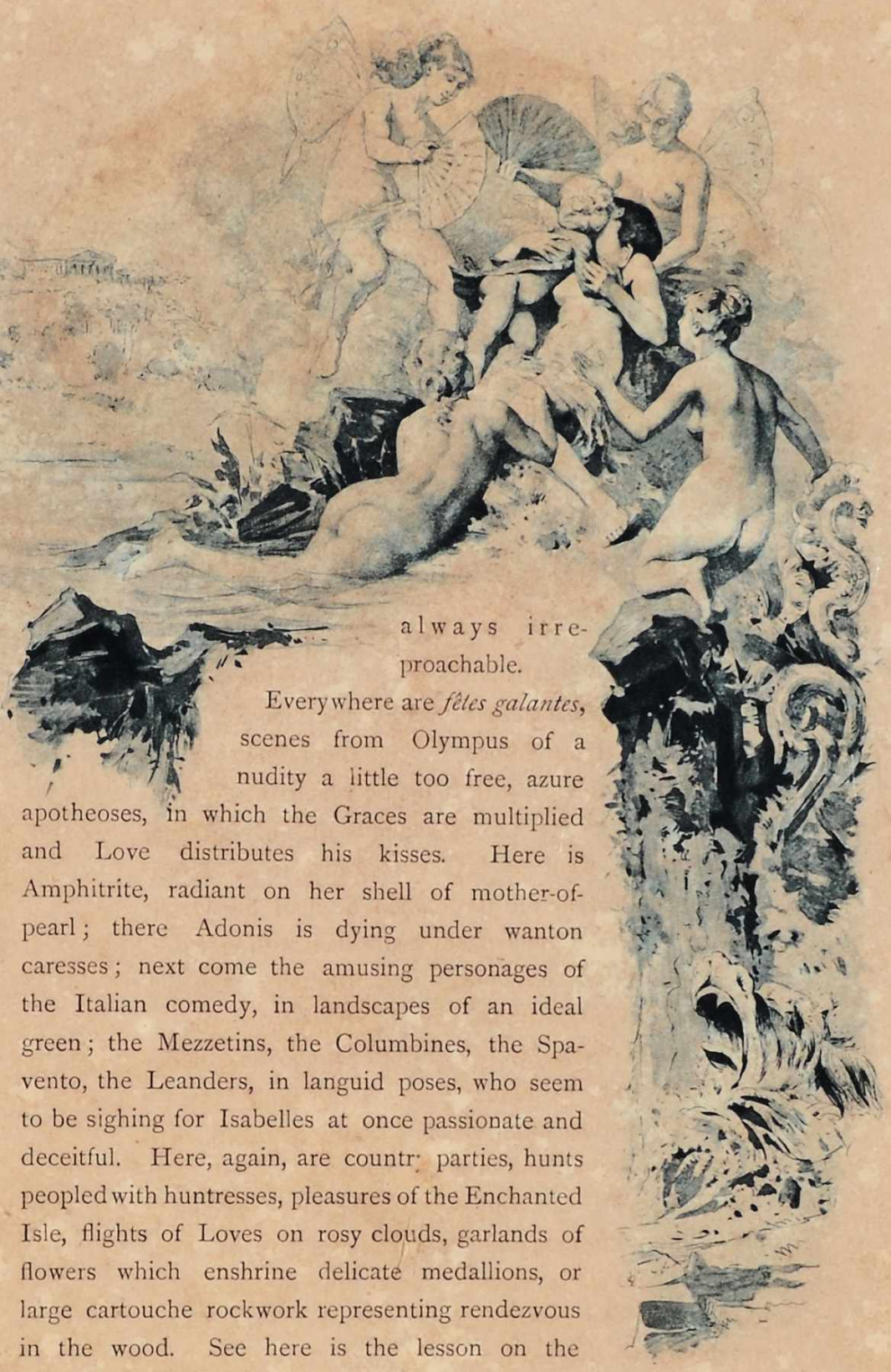




The Abbé Ruccellai, a Florentine, founder of the order of *petits-mâitres* and one of those who introduced into France the fashion of the *vapeurs* (blue devils), with a luxury which the farmers-general Bouret and La Popelinière did not in later times surpass, went so far as to cause to be served upon the table, in the days when he had his joyous assemblies, great basins of silver-gilt filled with essences, perfumes, gloves, and Fans, which were all at the disposal of his musk-perfumed guests.

The small Fans, which had fluttered too long under the black coifs of Madame de Maintenon, were replaced by models more elegant, better arranged, of a more happy colour, and of larger spread.

The Fans of the Indies and of China penetrated France in profusion, and the art of the Parisian Fan-makers acquired a supreme taste, an exquisite grace of ornamentation and of delicacy of work. From China was borrowed the kind of Fan called *brisé* or folding, and on fragile mounts of vellum, on fine paper or muslin, were painted incomparable wonders of surprising skill, of a conception and arrangement almost



always irreproachable.

Everywhere are *fêtes galantes*, scenes from Olympus of a nudity a little too free, azure apotheoses, in which the Graces are multiplied and Love distributes his kisses. Here is Amphitrite, radiant on her shell of mother-of-pearl; there Adonis is dying under wanton caresses; next come the amusing personages of the Italian comedy, in landscapes of an ideal green; the Mezzetins, the Columbines, the Spavento, the Leanders, in languid poses, who seem to be sighing for Isabelles at once passionate and deceitful. Here, again, are country parties, hunts peopled with huntresses, pleasures of the Enchanted Isle, flights of Loves on rosy clouds, garlands of flowers which enshrine delicate medallions, or large cartouche rockwork representing rendezvous in the wood. See here is the lesson on the spinnet, the declaration of love or the *billet-doux* furtively delivered; and all this in a freshness of colouring, in a fineness of touch, which shine powerfully in the centre, but die softly away towards the extreme portions of the ornamentation.

On some Fans we read little gallant verses, such as those signed by Lebrun, which we have seen writ on vellum in the midst of many dainty charms :—

“ Carite, whose teeth are pearls, whose bright eyes  
gleam

Like stars, whose lips—but why pursue the theme?—  
Complains of summer’s heat. Then Love’s self brings  
A dainty Fan to cool her cheeks of cream,  
Made of his own light wings.”


In the *Mercure de France* of October 1730 this curious detail is found :—

“ Many Fans are of a very considerable price and excessively large, so that some little folks are not quite twice the height of their own Fans, a circumstance which ought to fill with a due sense of respect the light and too playful cavaliers.”

It was, doubtless, on one of these Fans like giants that Louis de Boissy, the author of the *Babillard*, wrote these coquettish verses to one of his mistresses :—

“ Become the guardian of my darling’s rest,  
Good Fan, I give awhile my rights to you ;  
And should some daring beau my love molest,  
Touch her fair hand, or come too near her breast,  
Good Fan ! do rap his knuckles soundly, do ! ”

Besides the Fans signed by Watteau, Moreau,



Lancret, Pater, Lemoine, Fragonard, or Baudoin, Gravelot, Gillot, or Eisen—besides these marvels of art, there existed cheap Fans at prices from fifteen to twenty *deniers*. The frame was of wood incrustated with ivory, and on the mount of coarse paper were thrown, pell-mell, flowers, field trophies, heavy medallions, or cartouches containing songs.

About the middle of the century there were in Paris 150 master Fan-makers, and according to a curious work, the *Journal du Citoyen*, published at the Hague in 1754, we may very nearly determine the price paid for Fans at that epoch.

Fans in gold wood cost 9 to 36 livres the dozen; those in palisander wood, only 6 to 18 livres. For Fans in wood half ivory—that is, the chief sticks in ivory and the gorge in bone—one had to pay as much as 72 livres; for those entirely made of ivory, 60 livres, and even 30 to 40 pistoles a dozen; the mounts were of perfumed leather or paper, and the frames were often enriched with gold, precious stones, and painted enamels.

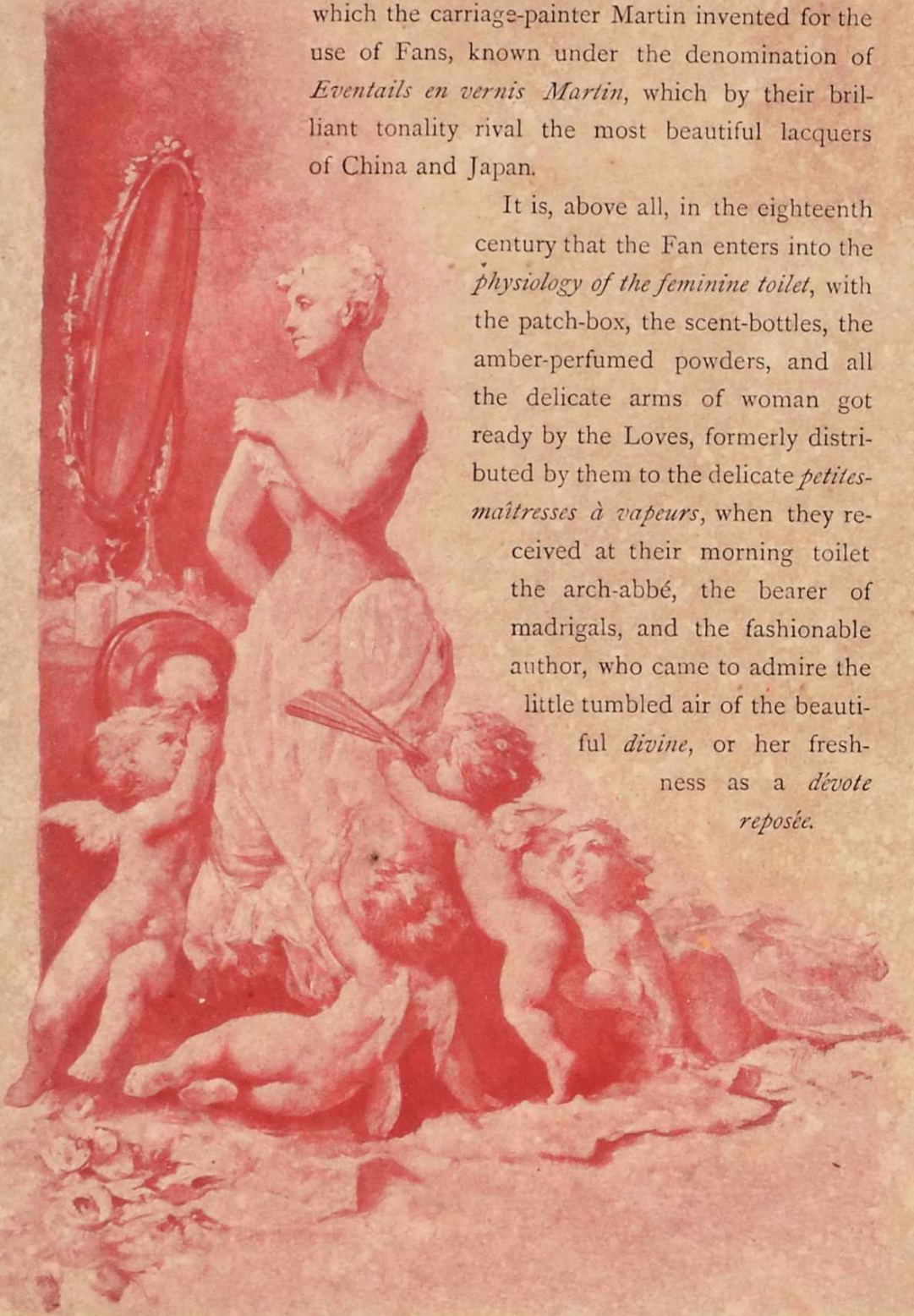
The Fan-makers were united with the toy-dealers and the musical instrument makers by the edict of the 11th August 1776, and by the

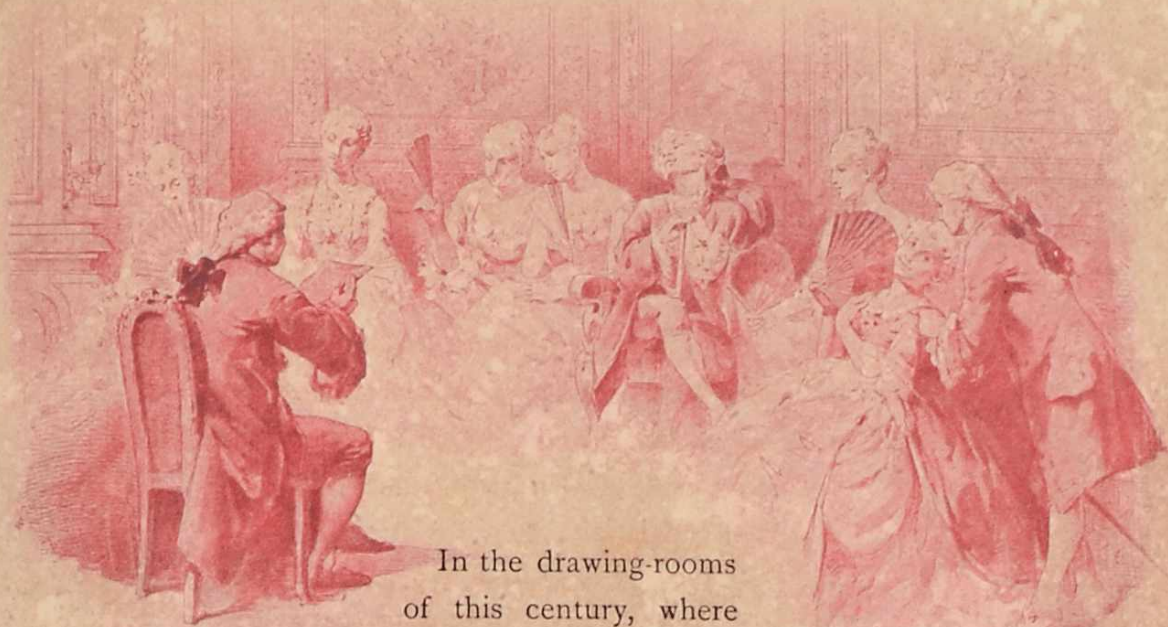


same edict the painting and varnishing relative to these professions were attributed to them in concurrence with the painter-sculptors.

We should mention, though not at any length (for the study of Fans of this kind would demand many very abstract pages), the famous varnish, exceeding fine, which the carriage-painter Martin invented for the use of Fans, known under the denomination of *Eventails en vernis Martin*, which by their brilliant tonality rival the most beautiful lacquers of China and Japan.

It is, above all, in the eighteenth century that the Fan enters into the *physiology of the feminine toilet*, with the patch-box, the scent-bottles, the amber-perfumed powders, and all the delicate arms of woman got ready by the Loves, formerly distributed by them to the delicate *petites-mâîtresses à vapeurs*, when they received at their morning toilet the arch-abbé, the bearer of madrigals, and the fashionable author, who came to admire the little tumbled air of the beautiful *divine*, or her freshness as a *dévoté reposée*.





In the drawing-rooms  
of this century, where  
the French *esprit* shone  
still with so bright a

flame, in the Hôtels de Nevers, de Bouillon, or de Sully at Paris, at the Château de Sceaux, at the house of the Duchesse du Maine, in all choice society where politeness, good taste, and talent met together, the Fan unfurled its graces in the hands of pretty women. People fainted less *preciously* than in the blue drawing-room of Arthénice, but they simpered more; especially when these ladies made a circle to hear a poem or a tale in verse, which was read by La Fare, Vergier, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, or the young Abbé de Bernis, whom Fariau de Saint Ange wittily called a Fan-poet.

The Fan acquired then a charming language; it underlined the least shades and the most diverse sentiments. Sometimes it even tumbled to the ground, in sign of despute, when the business in hand was to define a versified enigma, of which itself was the object, such as the following, the most celebrated, we believe, of all those made in that century on the same subject:—

“ A skeleton you may my body call,  
And never aught but skin and bone was mine;  
Without repose in company I shine,  
Through summer’s heat I fly to every ball.

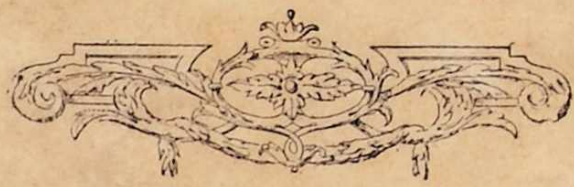


With little toil I cause a mighty sweet,  
My body is made up of many folds.  
My long thin bones one single sinew holds,  
My bones, which may be parted, but must meet.  
You will not find in me the serpent's wile,  
And yet like him I change both skin and hue,  
And show myself in quite another style,  
So that men know me not, I seem so new."

Then the whole company gave up guessing, unless an ingenuous *petite-maitresse* burst out with an εὐσηχα, in a cry of joy, and produced her Fan as a solution of the problem.

Rabener, in his *Satyres*, in the chapter headed *Means to Discover by Exterior Signs Secret Thoughts*, has but given a superficial idea of the language of Fans in these few lines which we translate:—

"A woman who criticises the dress of those of her society has a particular manner of playing her Fan. This implement assumes quite another figure when she who carries it is offended. When a woman agitates her Fan, and smilingly regards her hand and the looking-glass, I consider it a proof that she is thinking of nought, or what is the same thing, that she is thinking only of herself, or lastly, that she is awaiting with impatience the hour which she has appointed for a rendezvous. When a woman out walking meets one of her



aspirants, and lets her Fan fall, it is an invitation ; if she adds to it a glance of her eye, it is a first step in advance. At the theatre, to applaud by striking the hand with the Fan means, 'This author has read a lecture to me ; he has told me I am charming, therefore his piece is good ; and those who refrain from applauding it are monsters.' ”

Much more studied is the dissertation of the Baronne de Chapt in the first volume of her *Œuvres Philosophiques*. This learned dowager shows a hundred ways of using a Fan, and remarks very rightly that a woman of fashion might take snuff as agreeably as the Duc de ———, blow her nose as artistically as the Comte de ———, laugh as finely as the Marquise de ———, put out her little finger as properly as the Presidente de ———, and yet all these rare talents would not be enough, unless she knew how to make a skilful use of her Fan. “It is so pretty,” says she, “so convenient, so suited to give countenance to a young girl, and extricate her from embarrassment when she presents herself in a circle and blushes, that it cannot be too much exalted. We see it straying over cheeks, bosoms, hands, with an elegance which everywhere produces admirers.



Thus a citizeness sort of person, who is but *so-and-so*, according to the language of the day, in wit and beauty, becomes supportable if she knows the different moves of the Fan, and can adapt them to the right occasions.

“Love uses the Fan as an infant a toy, makes it assume all sorts of shapes; breaks it even, and lets it fall a thousand times to the ground.

How many Fans has not Love torn! They are the trophies of his glory, and the images of the caprices of the fair sex!

“It is not a matter of indifference a fallen Fan. Such a fall is ordinarily the result of reflection, intended as a test of the ardour and celerity of aspiring suitors. They run, they prostrate themselves, and he who picks up the Fan the first, and knows how stealthily to kiss the hand that takes it, carries off the victory. The lady is



obliged for his promptitude, and it is then that the eyes, in sign of gratitude, speak louder even than the mouth."

What a brilliant rôle is played by the Fan, this judicious Baronne de Chapt goes on to remark, when it is found at the end of an arm which gesticulates and salutes from the depth of a carriage or a garden. It says to him who understands it that she who holds it in her hand is in raptures at seeing him. That is not all. When a woman wishes to procure a visit from a cavalier who she suspects is in love with her, she forgets her Fan; and this ruse often succeeds, for either the Fan is brought to her by the gallant himself, or it is sent to her with elegant verses, which accompany it, and almost always invite a reply.

How many times, to please the ladies, has not the Fan been sung in this coquettish eighteenth century! A thousand tales have been made about its charms, its *esprit*, its origin. We have already spoken of the pretty fable of Nougaret on the origin of Fans; that of the comic poet, Augustin de Piis, equally deserves pre-





servation among the fugitive poems, in which ease supplies the place of talent, and where the art of pleasing makes us forget the art of poetry. Here is this fable-song, extracted from the *Babioles Littéraires et Critiques*, sung formerly to the air of "Tout roule aujourd'hui dans le monde."

Let us not sing this fable to that old forgotten air, but at least let us introduce it into this collection :

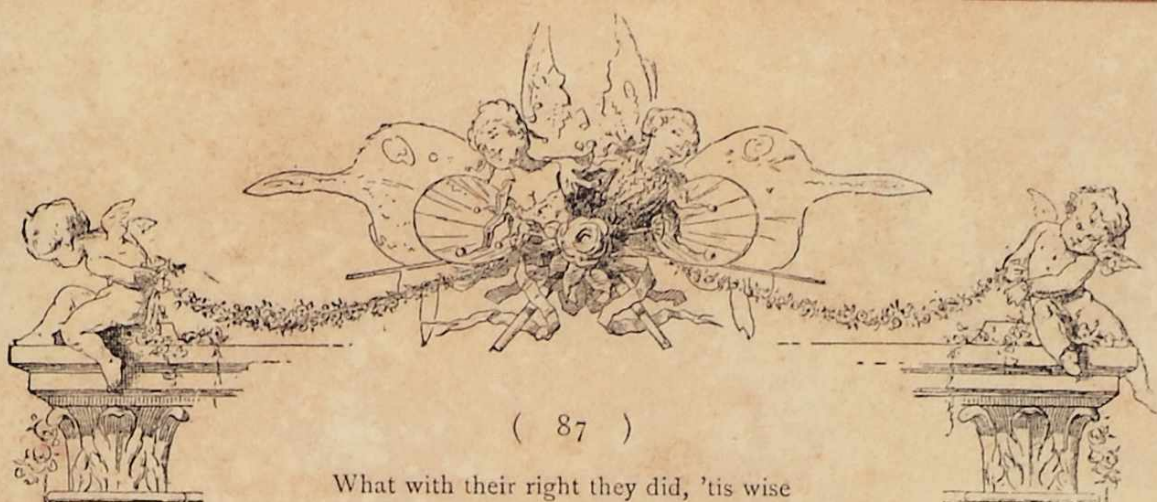
"One day Dan Cupid, all alone,  
The works of Ovid in his hand,  
Walked idly through the ways flower-grown  
Of Venus' own most lovely land.  
Sudden across the trace he comes  
Of six fair feet upon the green,  
And reckons—he was good at sum—  
The Graces three that way had been.

Towards them in divine delight  
Cupid directly makes his way ;  
The girls of course were naked quite,  
How Cupid dressed, I need not say.  
But when the fair immortal Three  
Met him whose wounds no herb can cure,  
Be sure they were surprised, and he,  
This Cupid was entranced, be sure.

The god, who had not read in vain  
Of Argus and his visual store,  
Thought he would give his whole domain  
To have as many eyes, and more.  
Venus' spoilt boy his look allows  
To linger on each modest pose  
Of maids, who felt upon their brows  
The lily change into the rose.

With their left hand they veil their eyes,  
To hide them from that peering elf ;





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What with their right they did, 'tis wise  
To let men think each for himself.  
But when they sought with idle force  
Both eyes with one small hand to hide,  
The poor girls were obliged of course  
To spread their fingers somewhat wide.

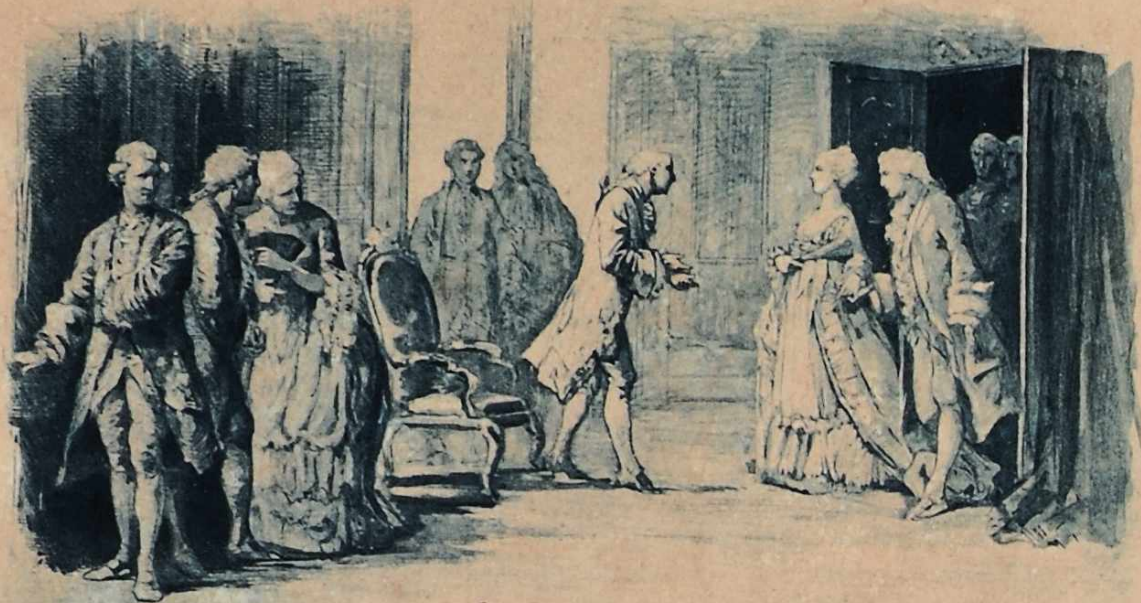
And soon Dan Cupid was aware  
That though they veiled their eyes, between  
The fingers of that Trio fair  
Himself was very clearly seen ;  
On which his curly little head  
Deeply to meditate began,  
Till from their fair hands thus outspread  
He took his first hint for the *Fan*.

Then to that sex which blesses ours  
He kindly gave the new delight,  
Which in the summer's warmer hours  
Preserves their faces rosy white.  
The mount may serve to hide the shame  
Which bold talk on their brow may fix,  
But their bright eyes can, all the same,  
In secret see between the sticks."

To give the Fan this gracious origin, in which Love surprises the Graces, and is by them surprised, is an affabulation well worthy of the last century, and is more to our purpose than all the archæological dissertations, which prove nothing save the ignorance of savants, and the origin of the ennui of which they are the occasion.

When, after all the little court intrigues, the Comtesse du Barry was at last presented, on the 22d August 1770, by the Comtesse du Bearn, at a return from the hunt, to the great scandal of





the Choiseul family, she made a superb entry, holding her head high, covered with jewels, spreading over her bosom a Fan of the most costly kind, which assured her demeanour, and seemed to affirm by her attitude that this set aside every veil, and had humbled to the dust the enemies who were so eager for her destruction.

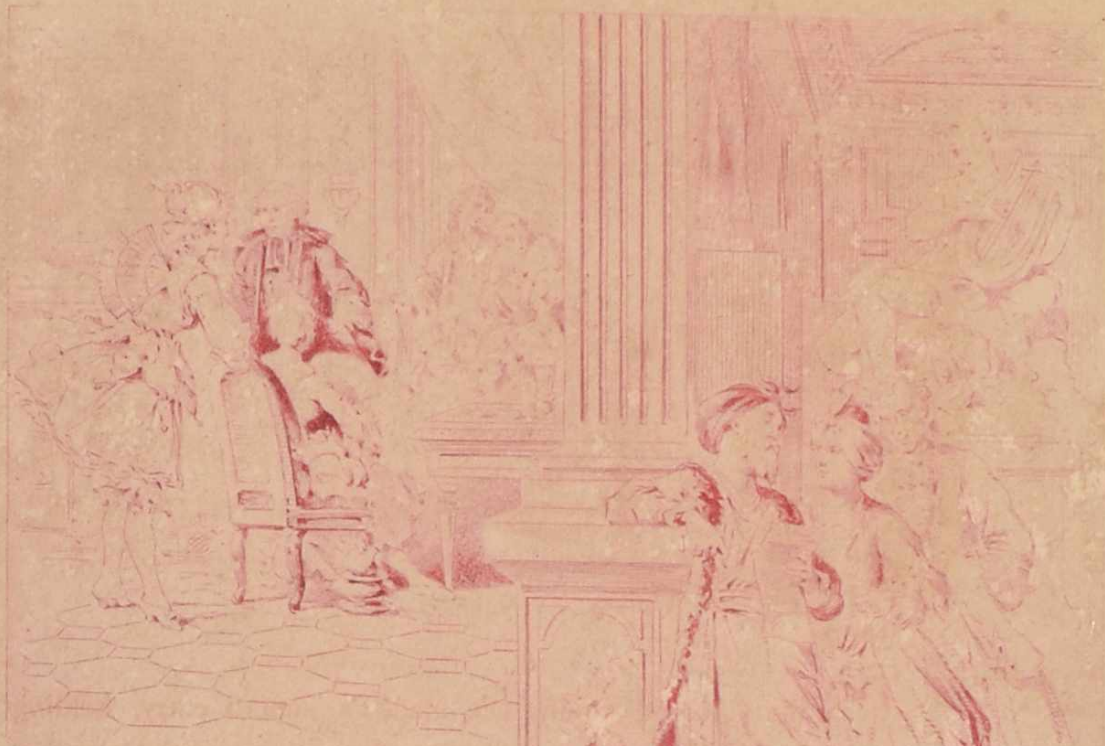
The Fan played here also an historical part, of which we shall not develop the importance. Whilst it opened gloriously in the hands of the du Barry, it shut and rustled with rage in the hands of the Duchesse de Gramont. Let us, by way of antithesis, invoke only this quatrain, which was registered by Maurepas, and evidently refers to the favourite :

“ If a new odalisque began  
The art of government to try,  
In a new song her history  
Is written clearly on *a Fan*.”

Is it not opportune to quote here, *à propos* of all these queens of the left hand, the Demoiselles de Nesles, Madame de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and of the *petite Lange*, these ingenious verses of MÉRARD SAINT-JUSTE?—

“ In modern times as ancient, now as then,  
Kings, crowned and sceptred, ruled the mob of men ;  
The Fan, more potent, ruled these very kings.”

If from the intrigues of the court we pass to the green-room of the comedy or the opera, we shall still meet the

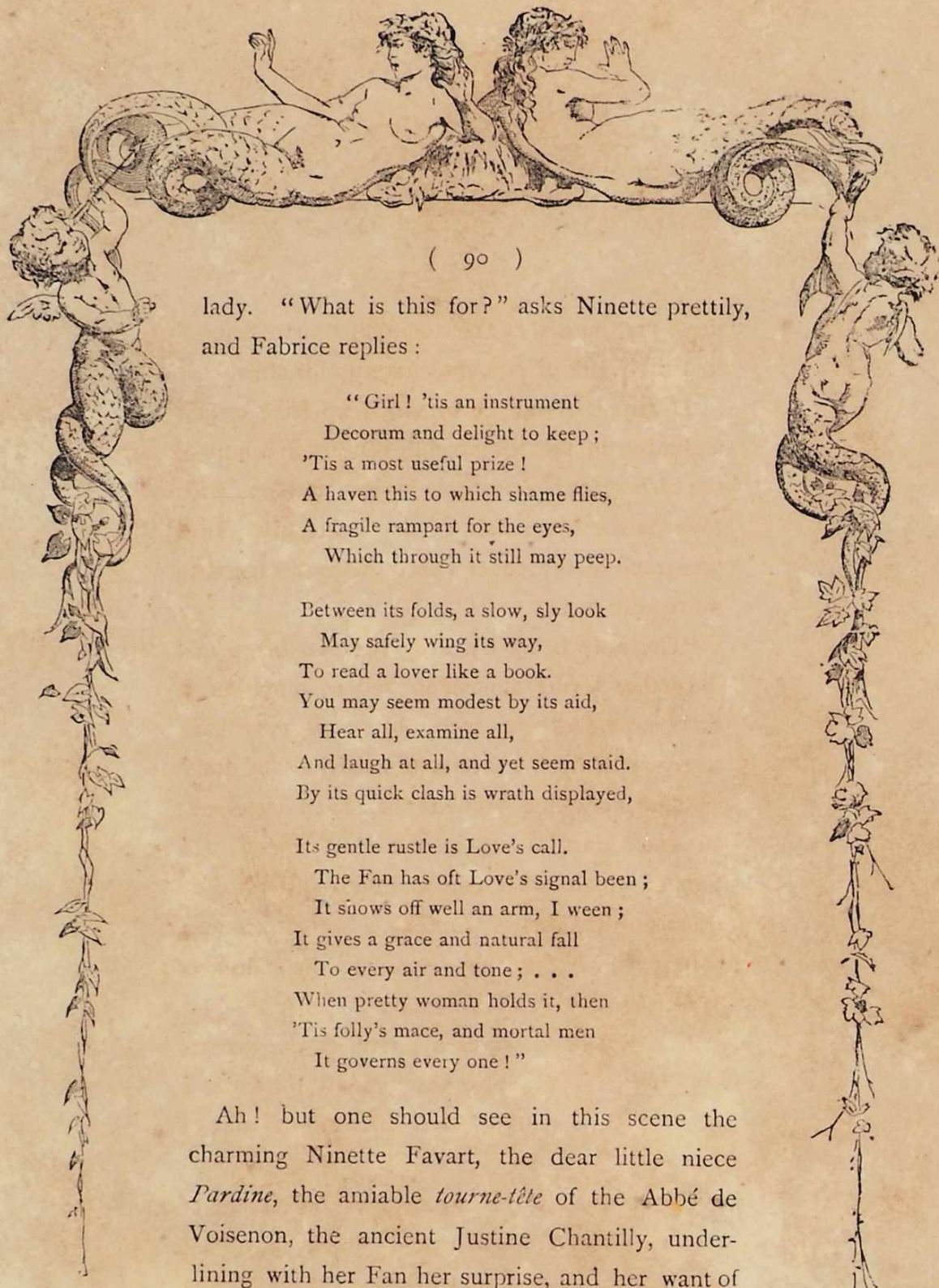


Fan, as well in the hands of Zaïre, Elmire, or Roxelane, as in those of the Luciles, Orphises, Florises, or Lisettes.

In the actor's green-room, the play of the Fan was to be seen everywhere in the amiable conversations wherein the gentlemen of the chamber took part, who, like Richelieu, knew how to perfume vice, or the frolicsome abbés who passed from group to group, carrying with them their sallies and roguish flirtations. In 1763, Goldoni produced at the Italian Comedy a piece in three acts entitled *The Fan*, which obtained a marked success. "There existed at the opera," says M. Adolphe Jullien, in his *Histoire du Costume au Théâtre*, "a singular usage. An actress thought herself bound to hold something in her hand on her entrance on the stage. Thélaiïre had a handkerchief, Iphigénie a Fan, Armide, Médée, every fairy and enchantress, had a golden wand, a figure of her magic power."

In the comedy interspersed in the ariette *Ninette à la Cour* of Favart, Fabrice, the confidant of the Prince Astolphe, clothes in a magnificent dress the artless maid whom his illustrious master wishes to seduce, and presents her with a Fan, as the complement of the toilet of a great





lady. "What is this for?" asks Ninette prettily, and Fabrice replies :

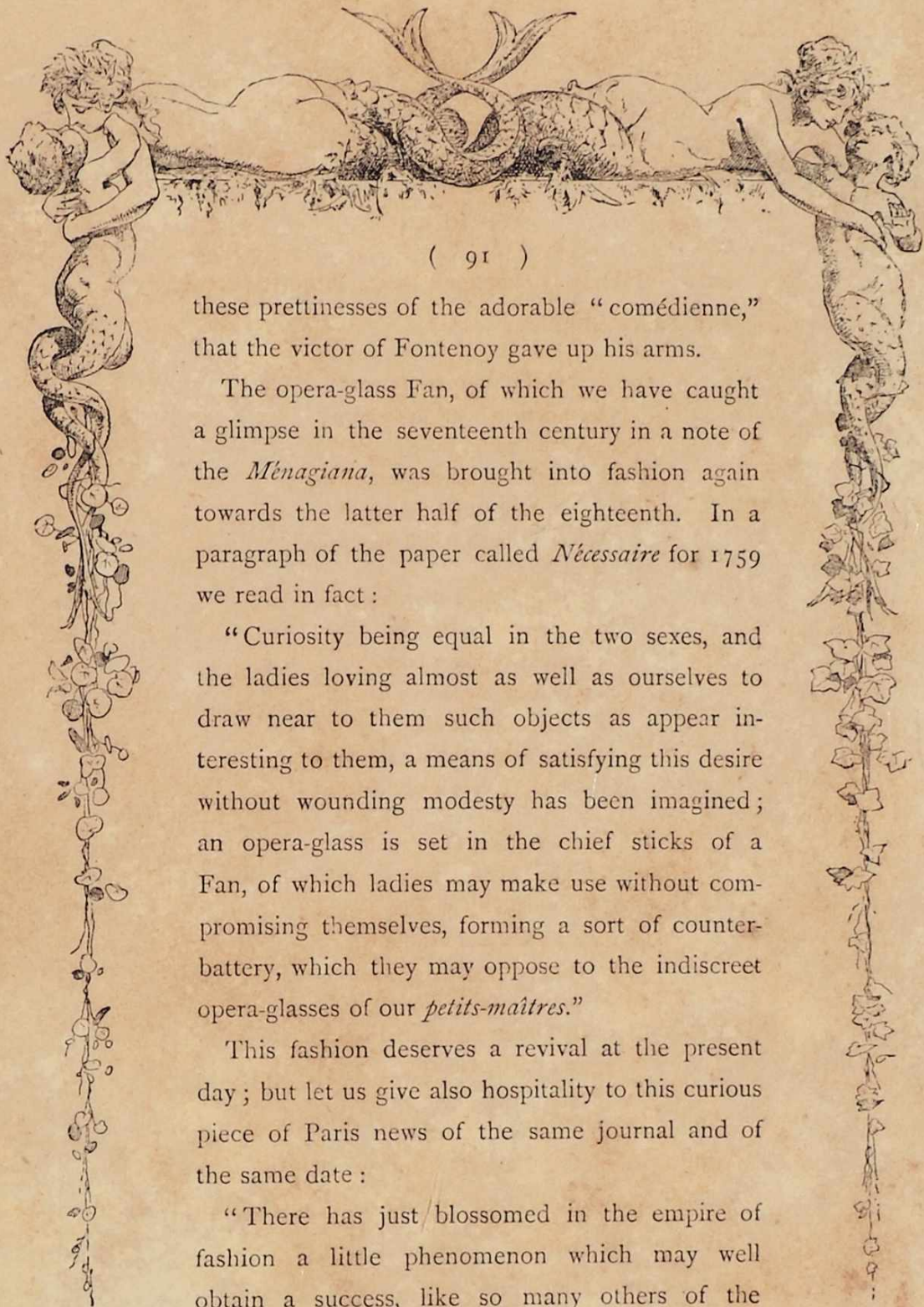
"Girl! 'tis an instrument  
Decorum and delight to keep ;  
'Tis a most useful prize !  
A haven this to which shame flies,  
A fragile rampart for the eyes,  
Which through it still may peep.

Between its folds, a slow, sly look  
May safely wing its way,  
To read a lover like a book.  
You may seem modest by its aid,  
Hear all, examine all,  
And laugh at all, and yet seem staid.  
By its quick clash is wrath displayed,

Its gentle rustle is Love's call.  
The Fan has oft Love's signal been ;  
It shows off well an arm, I ween ;  
It gives a grace and natural fall  
To every air and tone ; . . .  
When pretty woman holds it, then  
'Tis folly's mace, and mortal men  
It governs every one !"

Ah! but one should see in this scene the charming Ninette Favart, the dear little niece *Pardine*, the amiable *tourne-tête* of the Abbé de Voisenon, the ancient Justine Chantilly, underlining with her Fan her surprise, and her want of skill in managing it. It is to such arch tricks, to





these prettinesses of the adorable “comédienne,” that the victor of Fontenoy gave up his arms.

The opera-glass Fan, of which we have caught a glimpse in the seventeenth century in a note of the *Ménagiana*, was brought into fashion again towards the latter half of the eighteenth. In a paragraph of the paper called *Nécessaire* for 1759 we read in fact :

“Curiosity being equal in the two sexes, and the ladies loving almost as well as ourselves to draw near to them such objects as appear interesting to them, a means of satisfying this desire without wounding modesty has been imagined ; an opera-glass is set in the chief sticks of a Fan, of which ladies may make use without compromising themselves, forming a sort of counter-battery, which they may oppose to the indiscreet opera-glasses of our *petits-mâtres*.”

This fashion deserves a revival at the present day ; but let us give also hospitality to this curious piece of Paris news of the same journal and of the same date :

“There has just blossomed in the empire of fashion a little phenomenon which may well obtain a success, like so many others of the same kind : a very rich Fan of a form quite different from all others. Its sculpture and pink-

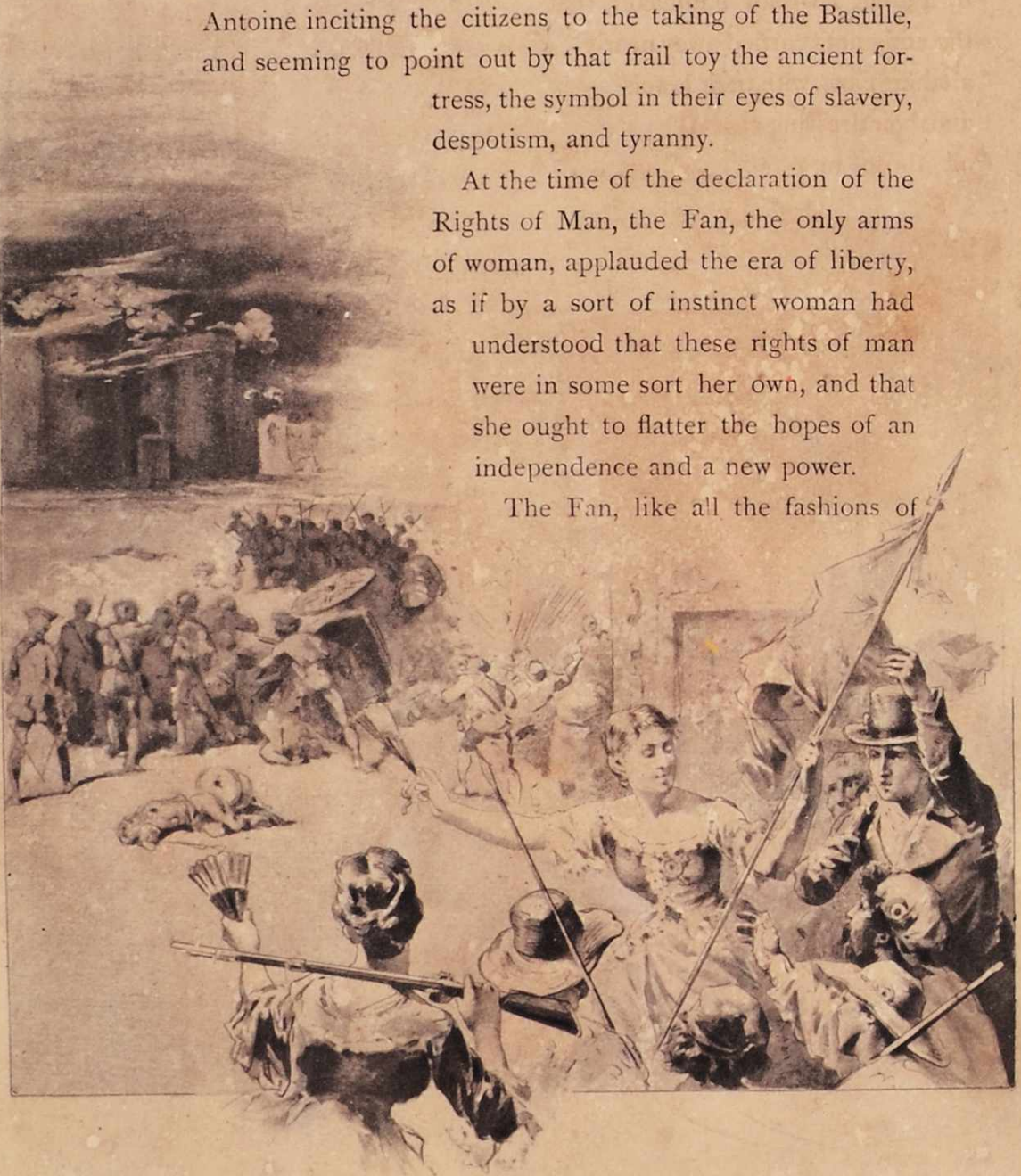


ing are of a taste altogether new. The most agreeable part of this Fan is perhaps that when it is shut it has the form of a bouquet. Le Sieur Le Tuteur, the inventor a Parisian, appears a man capable of imagining and executing many things of this kind."

This *Eventail à cocarde*, well known in our days, which folds upon itself by means of a ribbon placed in the handle, drawn at will, brings us to the Revolution, where all was cockade. Among the city people we find the Fan, as well in the crowd at the opening of the States-General, where it blossomed in the sun of May, in the windows and balconies of Versailles, amidst precious stuffs, pretty toiles, and flowers, as later, on the 14th July, in the grand movement of Paris, which showed the women of the Faubourg Saint Antoine inciting the citizens to the taking of the Bastille, and seeming to point out by that frail toy the ancient fortress, the symbol in their eyes of slavery, despotism, and tyranny.

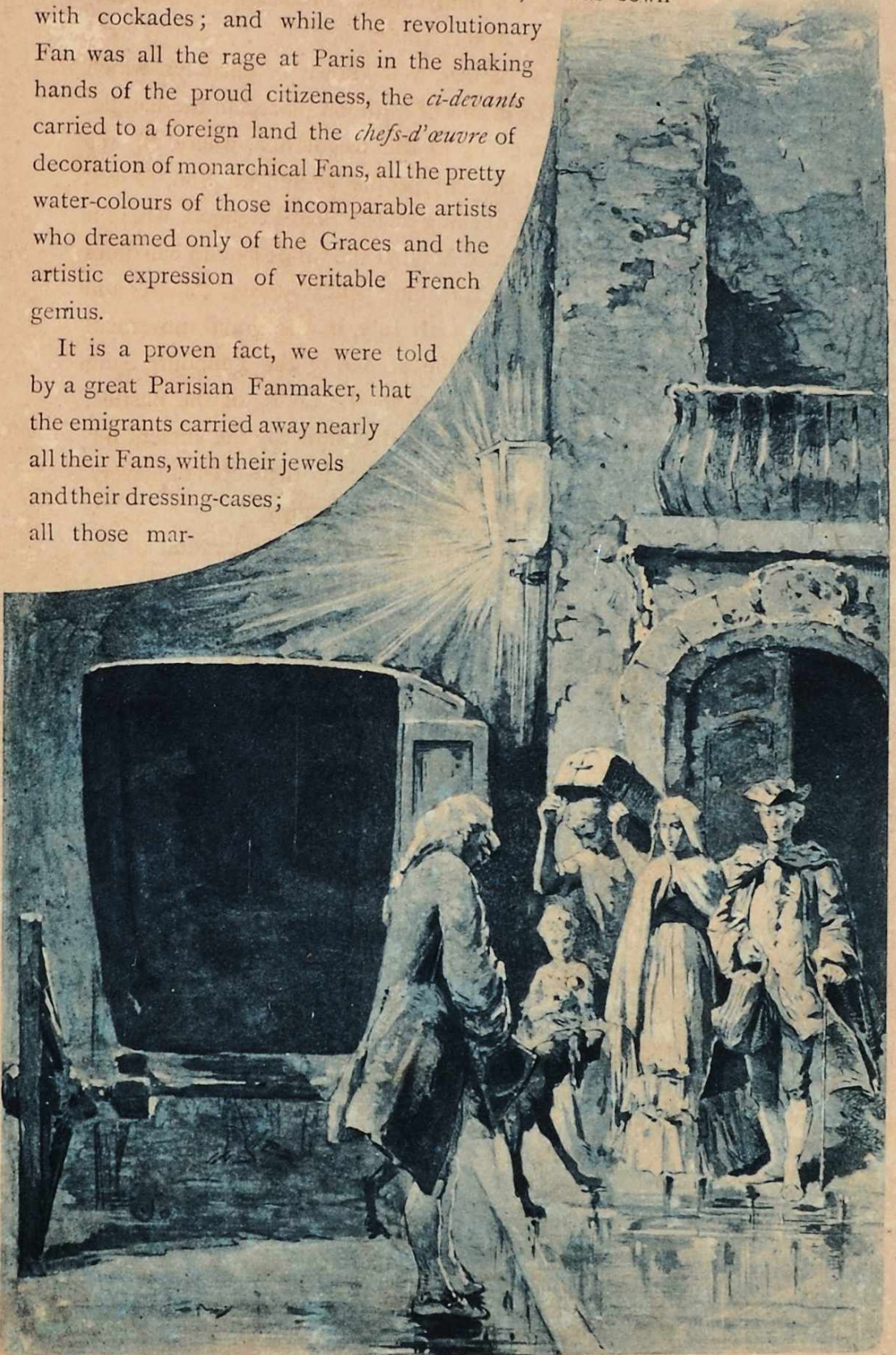
At the time of the declaration of the Rights of Man, the Fan, the only arms of woman, applauded the era of liberty, as if by a sort of instinct woman had understood that these rights of man were in some sort her own, and that she ought to flatter the hopes of an independence and a new power.

The Fan, like all the fashions of



the day, became at that instant political—Law, Justice, Reason replaced in its figures the rosy nymphs and coquettish shepherdesses of Watteau under the *ancien régime*. It was surrounded by the tricolor, it was sown with cockades; and while the revolutionary Fan was all the rage at Paris in the shaking hands of the proud citizeness, the *ci-devants* carried to a foreign land the *chefs-d'œuvre* of decoration of monarchical Fans, all the pretty water-colours of those incomparable artists who dreamed only of the Graces and the artistic expression of veritable French genius.

It is a proven fact, we were told by a great Parisian Fanmaker, that the emigrants carried away nearly all their Fans, with their jewels and their dressing-cases; all those mar-



vellous Fans which we find abroad are the result of this emigration. But at the price of what sorrows, what tears, what mournful memories, must these fair ladies in disgrace have parted with those ornaments, companions of their glorious seducements, when the days came of distress and abandonment !

At the commencement of the Revolution, among other political matters painted on mounts of paper or of satin, Fans were made called the States-General, as appears from this passage of a pamphlet of the time, entitled *La Promenade de Province*, which has a character sufficiently pretty to be here inserted :—

III. CONFERENCE.—*The Abbé.*—You have there a charming Fan, madam ; very pretty, on my word. What is the name of these Fans ?


*Mimi.*—I had thought you knew all about that. Abbé. These Fans are called the States-General. (*She gives him a rap on the knuckles.*)

*Abbé.*—Let us see, madam ; yes, the States-General. I know a little about this. This probably is M. Necker on his throne.

*Mimi.*—Oh, no ; that's the king.

*Abbé.*—Ah, yes ; the king. On this side the man in violet represents, of course, religion.

*Mimi.*—No ; it's a farmer-general.



*Abbé.*—On the left this large woman is probably France thanking her sovereign?

*Mimi.*—Not a bit of it! it is Minerva, who presents to him the attributes of glory and wisdom.

*Abbé.*—And this great man seated, and this little man standing up with his order of the Holy Ghost, what are they doing? Ah! I have it! they are the body-guards.

*Mimi.*—A happy idea! They are the emblems of the nobility and the clergy who are abdicating their privileges.

*Abbé.*—All this is very pretty, very pretty, truly.

*Mimi.*—You have not seen it all. There is also a song.

*Abbé.*—A song? Ah, you know how I love new songs! It is my weakness these songs. Come, let us see. (*He hums between his teeth: ré, ré, mi, ut, si, si, si, ut, si, la.*) Good, 'tis a mood of six-eighths. I know that air. You shall hear. (*He sings: Le roi fait du bien à la France.*)

*Mimi.*—Don't sing so loud; people will hear you.

*Abbé.*—What harm?

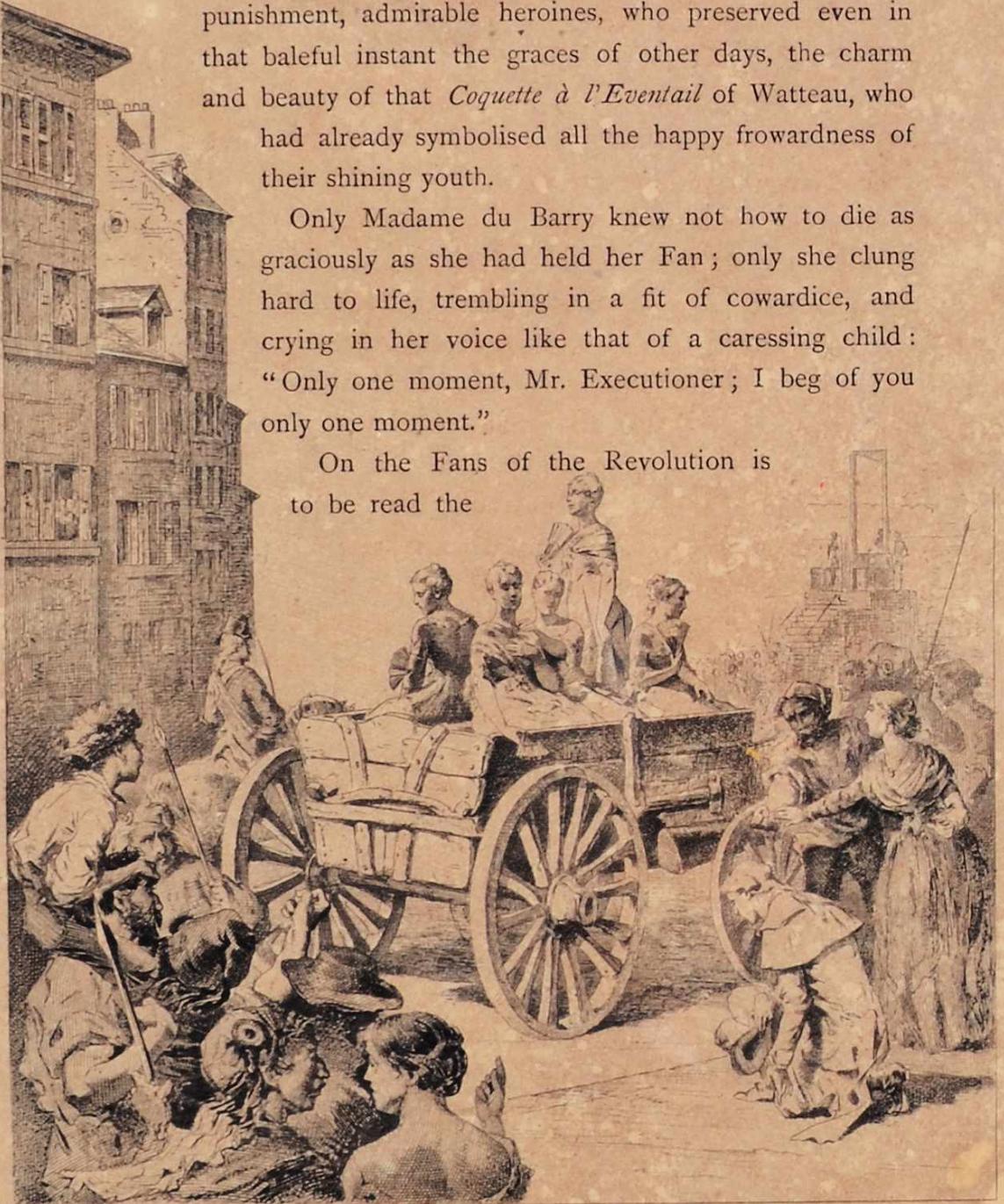
*Mimi.*—Do you want to cause a scene? (*Tenderly.*) And will you not have time to sing it to me to-night?



When the Terror began to spread its tyranny over France, these pretty pictures of the Mimis and the young Abbés disappeared, giving place to dramas of blood, to the hideous females of the Revolution, and to the savage *tricoteuses*. The last women—truly women of the eighteenth century—who appeared, showed themselves on the fatal tumbrel amidst the roaring wave of the unchained people. They were Madame Roland, the ladies de Maille, de Bussy, de Mouchy, Elizabeth of France, who all went standing upright to their punishment, admirable heroines, who preserved even in that baleful instant the graces of other days, the charm and beauty of that *Coquette à l'Eventail* of Watteau, who had already symbolised all the happy forwardness of their shining youth.

Only Madame du Barry knew not how to die as graciously as she had held her Fan; only she clung hard to life, trembling in a fit of cowardice, and crying in her voice like that of a caressing child: "Only one moment, Mr. Executioner; I beg of you only one moment."

On the Fans of the Revolution is to be read the





Republican device, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, or the common cry, *Long live the nation!* Some of them bear the R.F. and the emblems of equality—the triangle and the Phrygian cap.

There were also Fans *à la Marat*, which summon up the image of Charlotte Corday, such as Hauer represents her by the bath of the *Friend of the People*, her Fan in one hand, and in the other the knife which has just struck him.

This Fan of Charlotte Corday is mentioned in the papers of her trial before the Revolutionary tribunal, and it is certain that she abandoned it not when she struck Marat; she seemed, in the savage beauty of her fanaticism, to desire to preserve the sceptre of woman, while usurping for an instant the power and energy of an historical hero.

The 10th of Thermidor dissipated at length the dreadful darkness of the Terror. "Then," remarks M. Blondel, "all awoke as if recovering from a long lethargy. Tired of barbarity, women carried their aspirations towards the noble follies of luxury, towards prodigalities and festivals. Madame Tallien, surnamed Our Lady of Thermidor, Madame de Beauharnais, the comédienne, Mademoiselle Contat, the hetaïre, Mademoiselle Lange, and lastly, Madame Récamier, held one after the other the sceptre



of fashion. What sceptre, in such a case, could dispute it with the Fan?

Madame Tallien relates that, under the Directory, women carried Fans of crape with spangles, or of scented cedar-wood, or of *gris moucheté* (spotted grey) of India. It is Fans of this kind that Bosio, in his *Promenade de Longchamps*, placed in the hands of the elegant ladies of the year X. of the Republic. Another engraving of fashion, dated Thermidor in the year VIII., represents a *Merveilleuse* stretched on a divan, occupied in fanning herself with a little Fan of palisander mounted with green paper, and crying, according to the pronunciation of the time, "Ah! quil fait saud!"

No more sombre songs on the guillotine then; the Fan might have its turn, and a poet to-day forgotten, Desprez, composed the following couplets to the air, "*Vous m'ordonnez de la brûler.*"—

## I.

Men sang the Screen in verses fair,  
 We sing the Fan to-day,  
 Which brings us when we will the air  
 The other kept away.  
 When the sun's mid-day ardour falls  
 On us, to give us ease  
 The Fan a cool wind kindly calls  
 And a caressing breeze.





II.

Zephyr himself at maids' desires  
Into their fair hands flings,  
And sighs to cool their virgin fires,  
And gently beats his wings ;  
And now he lifts a lock of hair,  
And now a handkerchief,  
And shows a dainty breast half bare,  
But white beyond belief.

III.


The Fan paints all a woman loves,  
All that her heart can feel,  
Says Aye, and Nay, condemns, approves,  
Can all her thoughts reveal.  
And when her swain's timidity  
Forbids him play his part,  
She lets her Fan fall suddenly  
To put that wretch in heart.

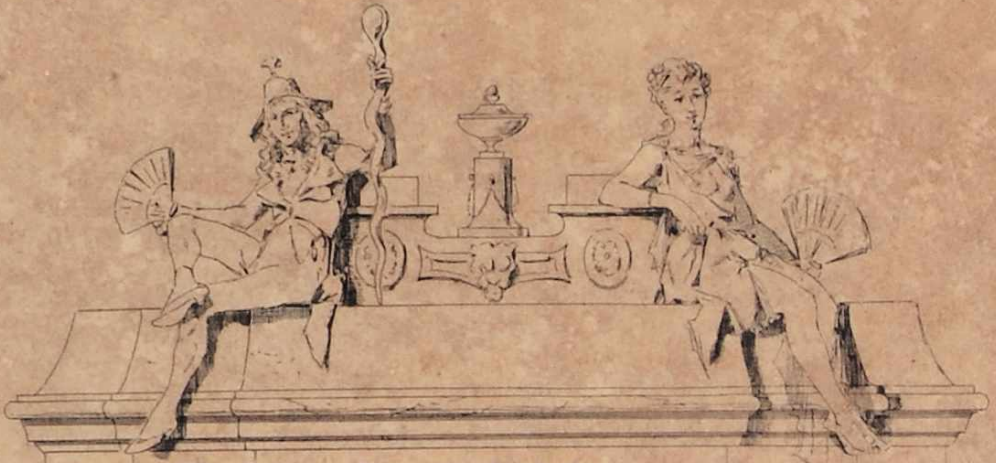
IV.

When tales are told that in a maid  
Make rosy blushes rise,  
Her Fan at once gives welcome aid,  
And broadens o'er her eyes.  
Or veil of truth or falsehood, I  
Must deem it full of grace,  
The Fan which serves pure modesty,  
Or flutters in its place.

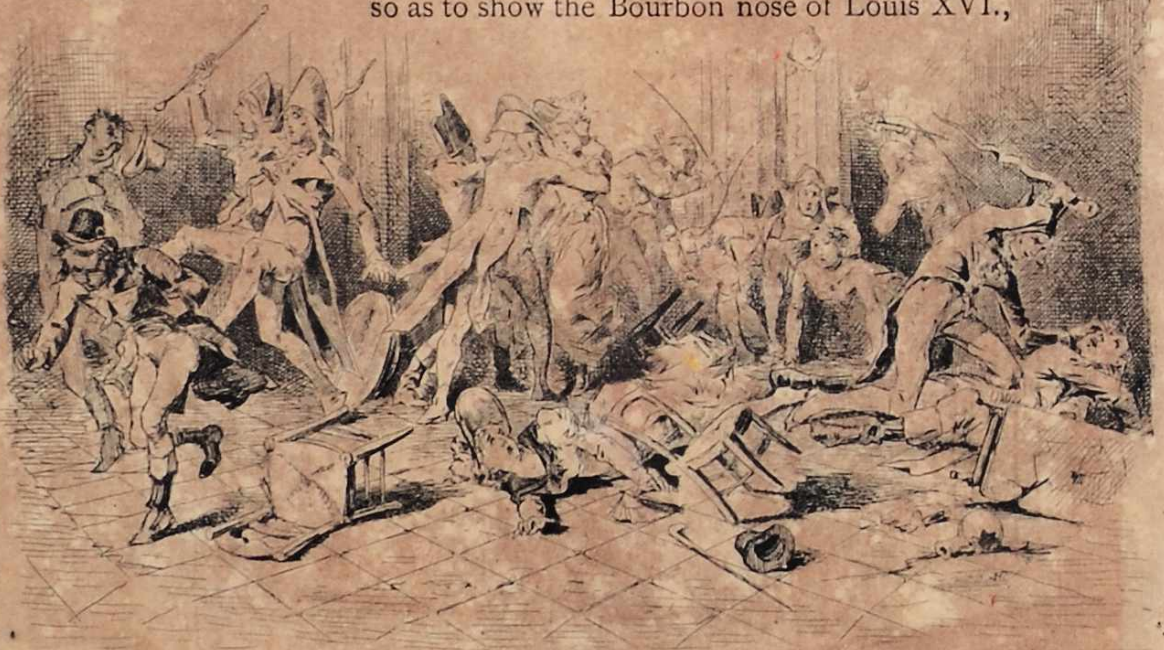
V.

I've seen a factious Fan in bands  
Supporting the wrong side,  
Of pretty treasonable hands  
Unfurl the banner wide.  
Since party feeling first began  
To trouble this fair earth,  
Its fittest standard is the Fan,  
As light as its own worth.



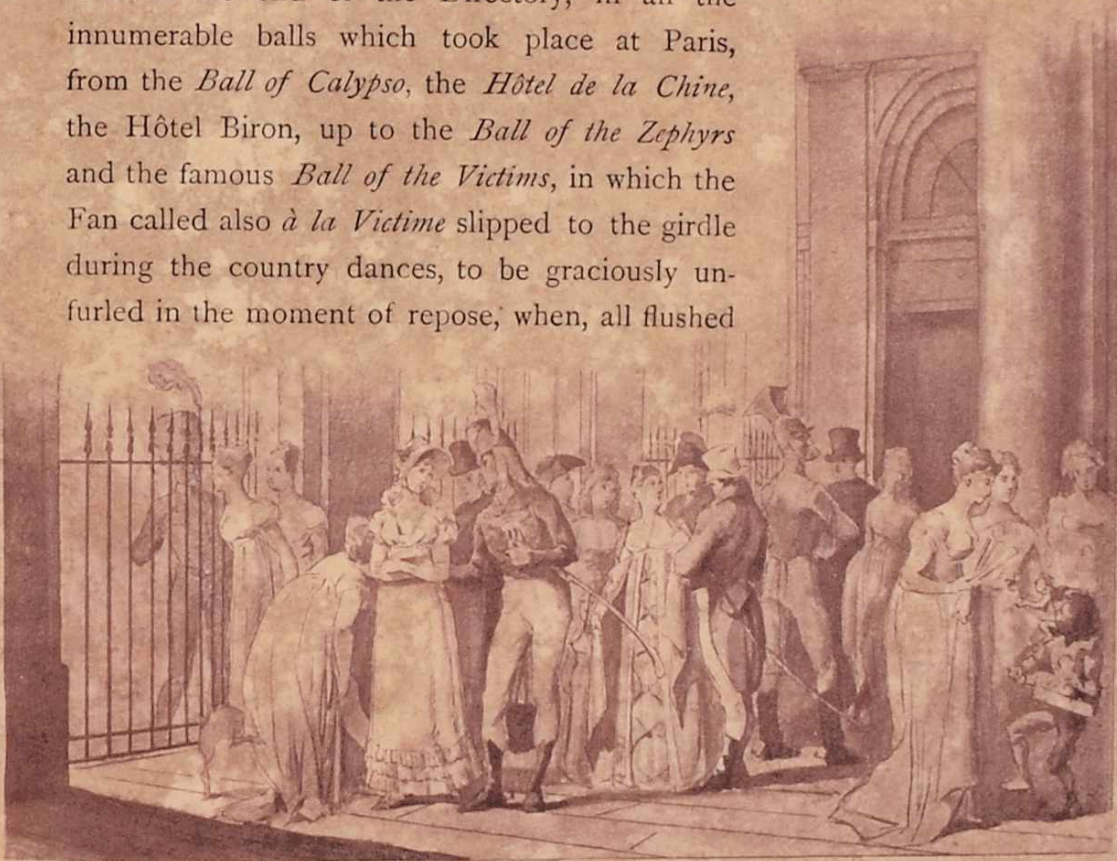


The factious Fan, of which the song-writer here speaks, had a great success among the Merveilleux and the Merveilleuses; it caused more than one of those terrible frays which are mentioned in the memoirs of the time, when the *executive powers* of the Muscadins had a very large crow to pluck with the resisting Jacobins. Not yet forgotten is the disturbance of the year III. The seditious Fan was perhaps the cause of it, for at that time the play of the Fan had a particular expression, a distinctive sign: on its mounts were painted in the branches of a willow the traits of Louis XVI., of Marie Antoinette, and of the Dauphin; and, as in the *Questions*, according to the order of the day in 1878, *Find the King* was not said as we said *Find the unfortunate Bulgarian*; the Fan was delicately half-opened in a certain way, so as to show the Bourbon nose of Louis XVI.,



or the high headdress of the Queen. 'Twas a mere nothing, but it was understood. The ornaments of the Fan, the bows, the ribbons in water-colours, remained tricolors for a long while. It was worn at the waist like the *Balantine*, the name with which the alms-purse was decorated, and the Fan promised yet more smiling alms than the alms-purse ever contained crowns. Everywhere was it found, this flirting Fan, a fashionable *sabretache*, which beat against women's knees in all the promenades, in all the pleasure gardens, at all the fêtes: at Tivoli, at Idalia, at the Elysées, at the pavilion of Hanover, at Frascati, at Bagatelle, at the *petit* Coblentz, and in those galleries of the *Palais Egalité* of which Boilly was, some years later, to fix the physiognomy, with their crawling public of half-clothed nymphs, of handsome conquering military heroes, of frightened citizens, all this world of *filles d'amour*, of thieves, and of loungers, the curious mixture of citizens, prostitutes, and soldiers of all arms, which animated those famous galleries of wood during the course of the First Empire.

It is with Vestris that we must behold the Fan towards the end of the Directory, in all the innumerable balls which took place at Paris, from the *Ball of Calypso*, the *Hôtel de la Chine*, the Hôtel Biron, up to the *Ball of the Zephyrs* and the famous *Ball of the Victims*, in which the Fan called also *à la Victime* slipped to the girdle during the country dances, to be graciously unfurled in the moment of repose, when, all flushed



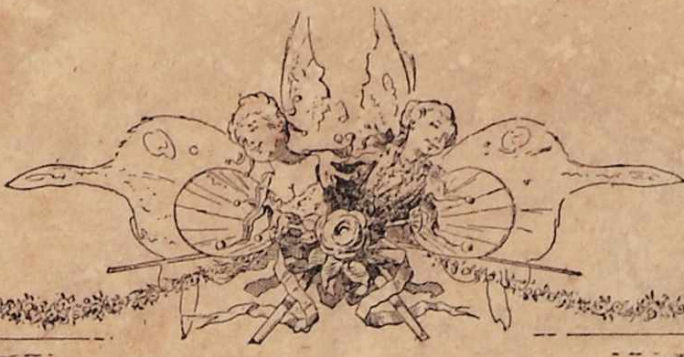


with pleasure and excitement, the languid dancers fell daintily fainting on their seats, seeming to demand pardon of their cavaliers.

The Fan entirely carved out, and with its sticks bound together by a favour, became the mode ; it was made of compressed matters which gave designs in relief, or in metal, in ivory, or in horn. Perfumed Fans, it seems, were likewise in great fashion, if we may trust to a note of the journal *Le menteur*, cited by M. Blondel, which tells us that at the famous Feydeau concerts, when the singer Garat, the spoilt child of fortune and the fair, entered on the scene, a sympathetic murmur ran through the room, and, adds the newspaper writer, "at that moment the mobile heads began to wag, the feathers to flutter, and the *civet-musk Fans* to whirr."

When *straw* was adopted for hats, ribbons, plumes, girdles, and tassels, the Fan was not behind-hand, but was coquettishly made up of it after the taste of the day. "There is nothing now but straw in the impoverished dresses of ladies," say MM. de Goncourt in their *Société Française pendant le Directoire*; "mob-caps of straw, bonnets of straw, Fans of straw, but as to the proscribed spangles, listen to a song of the time :—





( 103 )

“Spangles from bonnets fall,  
Shine on the *toques* of all,  
Sparkle on bodice small,  
And on the headbands fine,  
And on great hats divine  
Are spangles !

On collars black as night,  
On shoes of virgin white,  
Are spangles !  
Spangles on ribbons glow,  
And on big turbans, lo !  
Nothing is here below  
Made without spangles !”

In the First Empire we begin to see minuscular Fans called Lilliputian, which were just large enough to mask an indiscreet smile or a sudden blush. The ancient Canoness of Bourbon Lancy, Madame de Genlis, who had seen many revolutions of fashion, speaks of this reduction of the Fan with a bitter emphasis in her *Dictionary of Etiquette* :—

“In the days when women yet blushed,” says the authoress of the *Annals of Virtue*, “in the days when they desired to dissimulate this embarrassment and timidity, large Fans were the fashion ; they were at once a countenance and a veil. Flirting their Fans, women concealed their faces ; now they blush little, fear not at





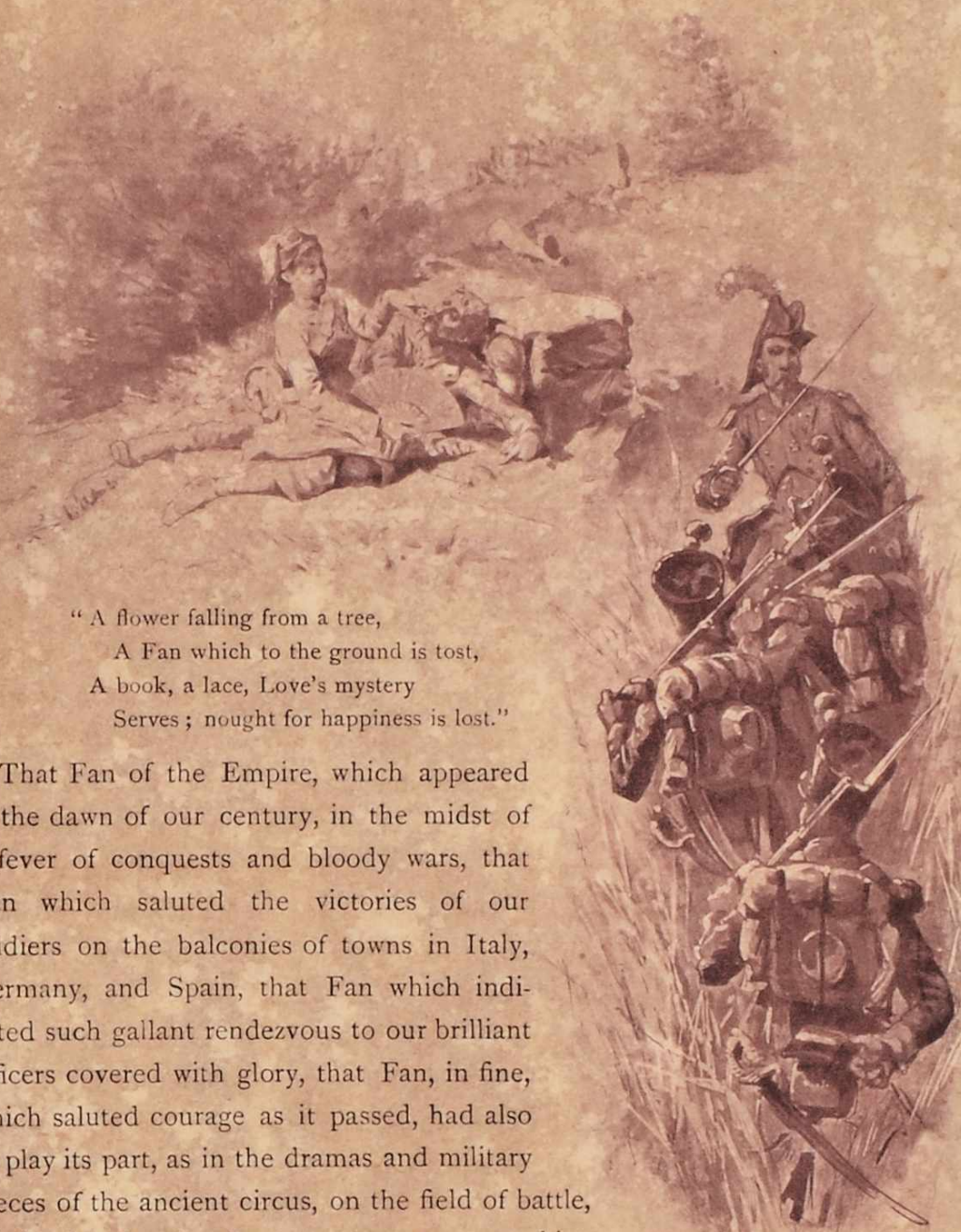
all, have no care to hide themselves, and carry in consequence imperceptible Fans.”

These *imperceptibles*, nevertheless, whatever the amiable Countess may say, made still a pretty figure in the drawing-rooms of the Rue du Bac, at the *Abbaye au Bois*, at the house of Madame Récamier, and in all the little assemblies, when they used to play on the harp or the theorbo before the hussars of Augereau, while the poets of the time declaimed pompously acrostics on the Fan worthy of being inserted in some literary productions like those of the *Echarpe d'Iris* or the *Album des Arts*.

A Parnassian, buried hopelessly deep beneath the dust of oblivion, has left us this acrostic, clever enough, about the Fan, to which we accord hospitality, as it marks the form and spirit of that day :—

I've knew not all my elegance of plan ;  
 Genius imagined me ; Rose, Ellen, Anne  
 Employ my aid in coach or soft sedan ;  
 Zo actress and no odalisque, but can  
 Take help from me, and since my reign began,  
 Ah ! many a fond and miserable man  
 Iris by me has set beneath a ban ;  
 Loved woman's sceptre is indeed the Fan.

Was not this that sentimental epoch in which Fiévee conceived *la Dot de Suzette*, and Hyacinthe Gaston wrote this quatrain in the *Adolescence ou la Boîte aux billets-doux* ?

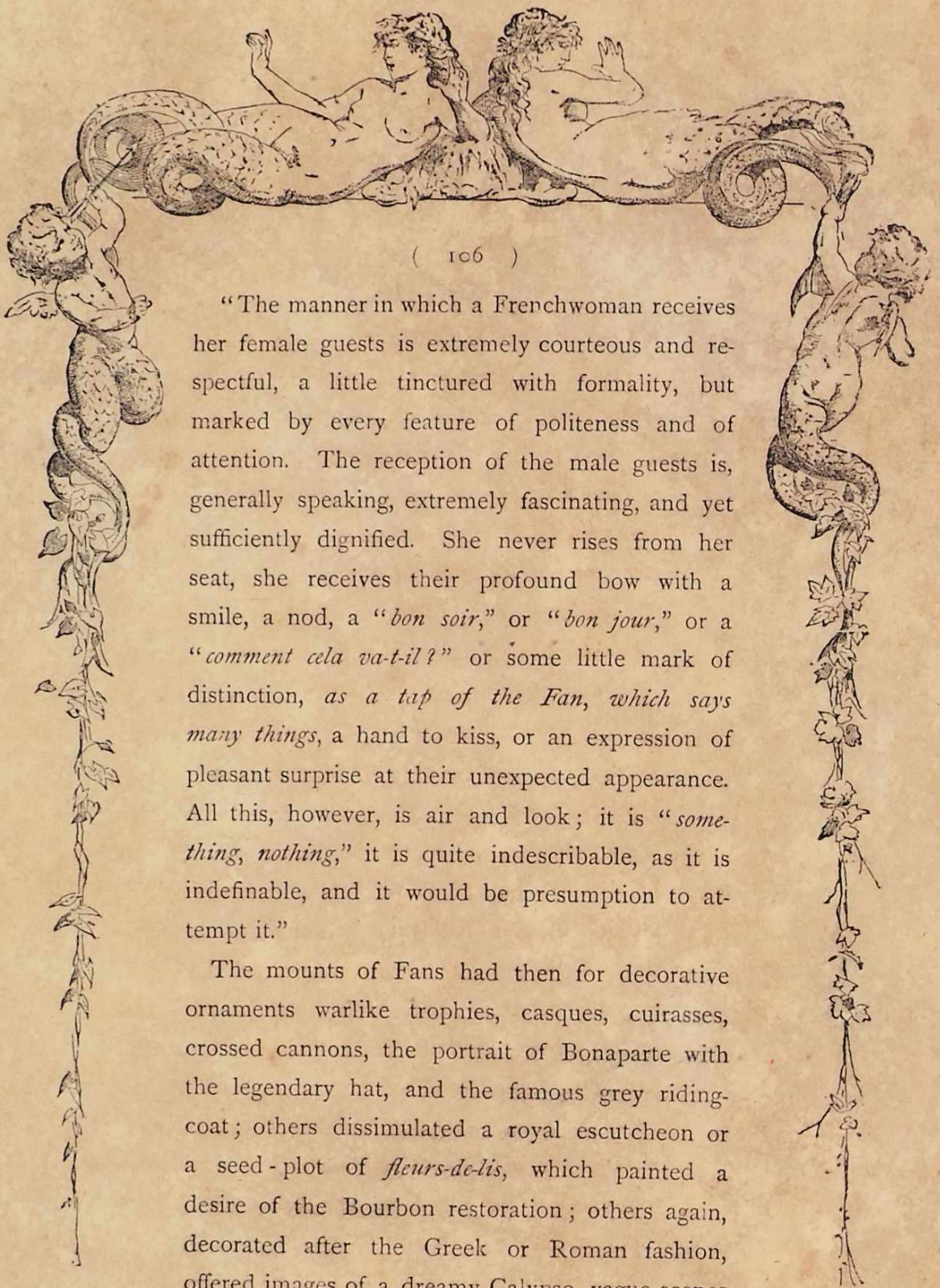


“ A flower falling from a tree,  
A Fan which to the ground is tost,  
A book, a lace, Love’s mystery  
Serves ; nought for happiness is lost.”

That Fan of the Empire, which appeared at the dawn of our century, in the midst of a fever of conquests and bloody wars, that Fan which saluted the victories of our soldiers on the balconies of towns in Italy, Germany, and Spain, that Fan which indicated such gallant rendezvous to our brilliant officers covered with glory, that Fan, in fine, which saluted courage as it passed, had also to play its part, as in the dramas and military pieces of the ancient circus, on the field of battle, in the hands of a brave canteen-woman taking care of the wounded, fanning their faces burnt by the sun, with those attentions, those sweetnesses, that maternity almost which remains latent in all women, which make them angels of devotion, admirable sisters of charity.

In the soirées and modern receptions, the mistress of the house had acquired quite a novel art in the expressive and benevolent use of the Fan. Lady Morgan, the *ci-devant* Miss Owenson, in her work on France, *à propos* of a reception at the house of the Duchesse de la Trémouille, makes mention of this particularity when she writes :—

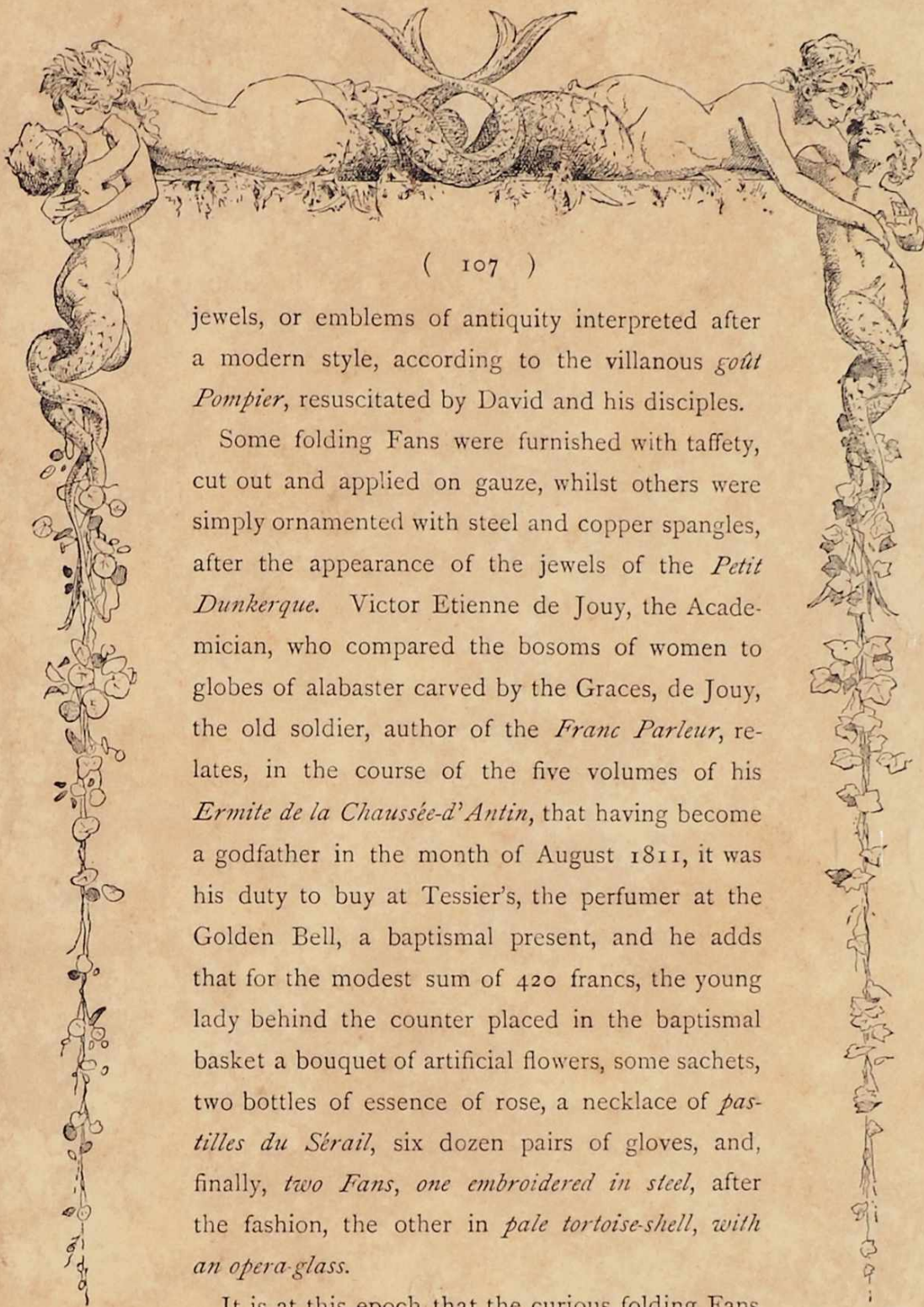




“The manner in which a Frenchwoman receives her female guests is extremely courteous and respectful, a little tinctured with formality, but marked by every feature of politeness and of attention. The reception of the male guests is, generally speaking, extremely fascinating, and yet sufficiently dignified. She never rises from her seat, she receives their profound bow with a smile, a nod, a “*bon soir*,” or “*bon jour*,” or a “*comment cela va-t-il ?*” or some little mark of distinction, as a *tap of the Fan*, which says *many things*, a hand to kiss, or an expression of pleasant surprise at their unexpected appearance. All this, however, is air and look ; it is “*something, nothing*,” it is quite indescribable, as it is indefinable, and it would be presumption to attempt it.”

The mounts of Fans had then for decorative ornaments warlike trophies, casques, cuirasses, crossed cannons, the portrait of Bonaparte with the legendary hat, and the famous grey riding-coat ; others dissimulated a royal escutcheon or a seed-plot of *fleurs-de-lis*, which painted a desire of the Bourbon restoration ; others again, decorated after the Greek or Roman fashion, offered images of a dreamy Calypso, vague scenes of Hero and Leander, a Cornelia showing her

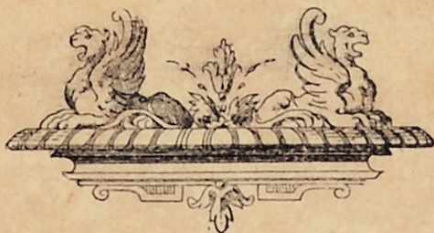


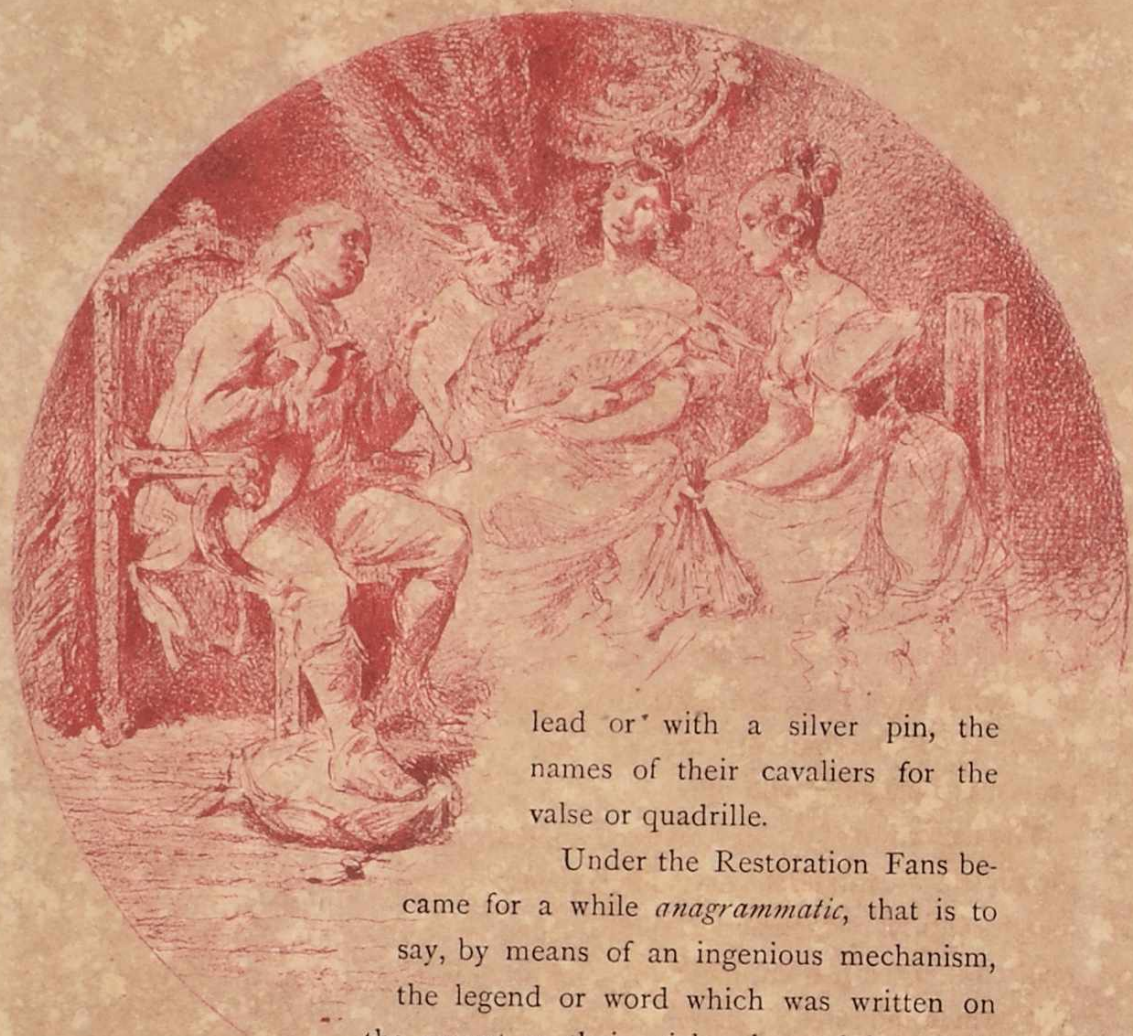


jewels, or emblems of antiquity interpreted after a modern style, according to the villanous *gout Pompier*, resuscitated by David and his disciples.

Some folding Fans were furnished with taffety, cut out and applied on gauze, whilst others were simply ornamented with steel and copper spangles, after the appearance of the jewels of the *Petit Dunkerque*. Victor Etienne de Jouy, the Academician, who compared the bosoms of women to globes of alabaster carved by the Graces, de Jouy, the old soldier, author of the *Franc Parleur*, relates, in the course of the five volumes of his *Ermite de la Chaussée-d'Antin*, that having become a godfather in the month of August 1811, it was his duty to buy at Tessier's, the perfumer at the Golden Bell, a baptismal present, and he adds that for the modest sum of 420 francs, the young lady behind the counter placed in the baptismal basket a bouquet of artificial flowers, some sachets, two bottles of essence of rose, a necklace of *pastilles du Sérail*, six dozen pairs of gloves, and, finally, *two Fans, one embroidered in steel, after the fashion, the other in pale tortoise-shell, with an opera-glass.*

It is at this epoch that the curious folding Fans of asses' skin for the ball made their appearances, on which the ladies used to write, with black





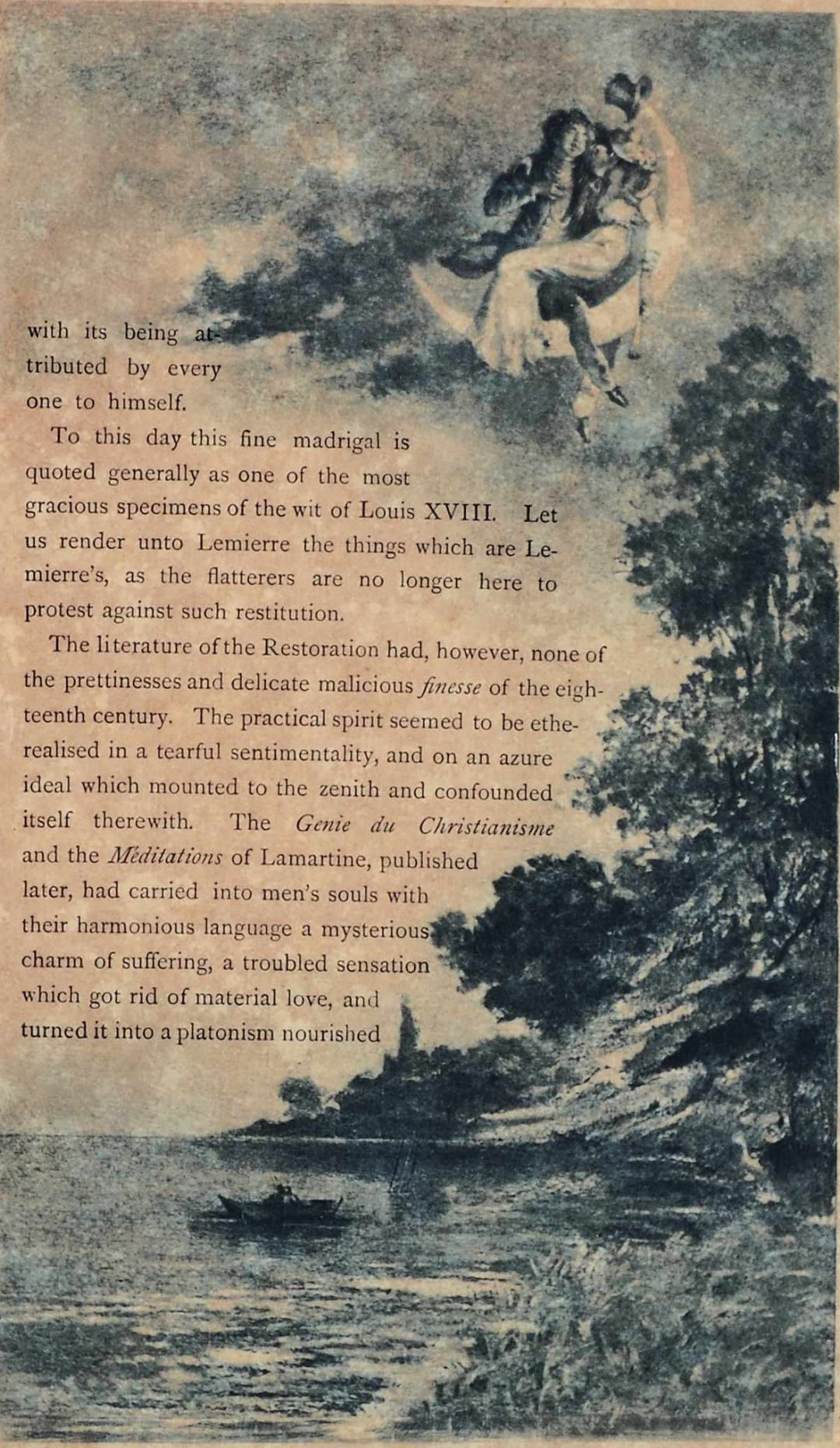
lead or\* with a silver pin, the names of their cavaliers for the valse or quadrille.

Under the Restoration Fans became for a while *anagrammatic*, that is to say, by means of an ingenious mechanism, the legend or word which was written on the mount or their sticks changed brusquely by the transposition of the letters; in place of *Roma*, *Amor* was read, and so on.

The little verses or madrigals addressed to women, were with equal willingness again received into favour. Louis XVIII., who quoted better and more often than he composed, who was called a poet for his good memory, the *ci-devant Monsieur*, wrote one day on the ivory blade of a Fan of an unknown lady this pretty quatrain, which has become celebrated :—

“ Some pleasure I can you afford ;  
Though in dry heat cicadas sing,  
The cool sweet zephyrs I can bring ;  
The Loves come of their own accord.”

And all the courtiers shouted, Bravo! though Louis XVIII., far from having conceived the quatrain, had very impudently taken it from the author of the *Empire de la Mode*, the witty poet and academician, Lemierre, without any warning, and was perfectly satisfied



with its being attributed by every one to himself.

To this day this fine madrigal is quoted generally as one of the most gracious specimens of the wit of Louis XVIII. Let us render unto Lemierre the things which are Lemierre's, as the flatterers are no longer here to protest against such restitution.

The literature of the Restoration had, however, none of the prettinesses and delicate malicious *finesse* of the eighteenth century. The practical spirit seemed to be etherealised in a tearful sentimentality, and on an azure ideal which mounted to the zenith and confounded itself therewith. The *Genie du Christianisme* and the *Méditations* of Lamartine, published later, had carried into men's souls with their harmonious language a mysterious charm of suffering, a troubled sensation which got rid of material love, and turned it into a platonism nourished



by chimeras, based on the affinities which Stendhal sought to define by his theory of *Crystallisation*. Love sobbed and laughed no longer ; in the hand of woman the Fan had taken something of the *retiring within itself*, which was the distinctive sign of that bloodless and too sensitive epoch. It expressed prostration, profound melancholy, and sombre neurosis of the brain ; it opened no more with its former recklessness to stifle a laugh or conceal a kiss of the lips ; it remained half open, or rather half shut, raised decently to the height of the throat or the swell of the leg-of-mutton sleeves, or fell alongside the petticoat, sadly after a despairing fashion, like a useless implement before that material coldness of passion. In the romances which appeared at that time in the *Valérie* of Madame de Krüdner, in *Ourika*, in *Irma, ou les malheurs d'une jeune orpheline*, in *Adèle de Sénange*, in *La Jeune fille, ou Malheur et vertu*, in *Louise de Senancourt*, in *Malvina*—in all the works, shortly, of the blue stockings of the first half of the century, the Fan is visibly neglected. One feels that in the adventures of these whimpering and bashful lovers it has nothing to do, and that it will never be called upon to be broken across the cheeks of a bold fellow who goes straight to the mark like the good Abbé Duportail of the eighteenth century, who fell on the field of



honour, for whom this amiable epitaph was composed :—

“ Here lies Duportail, wretched man,  
He fell beneath a woman's Fan !”

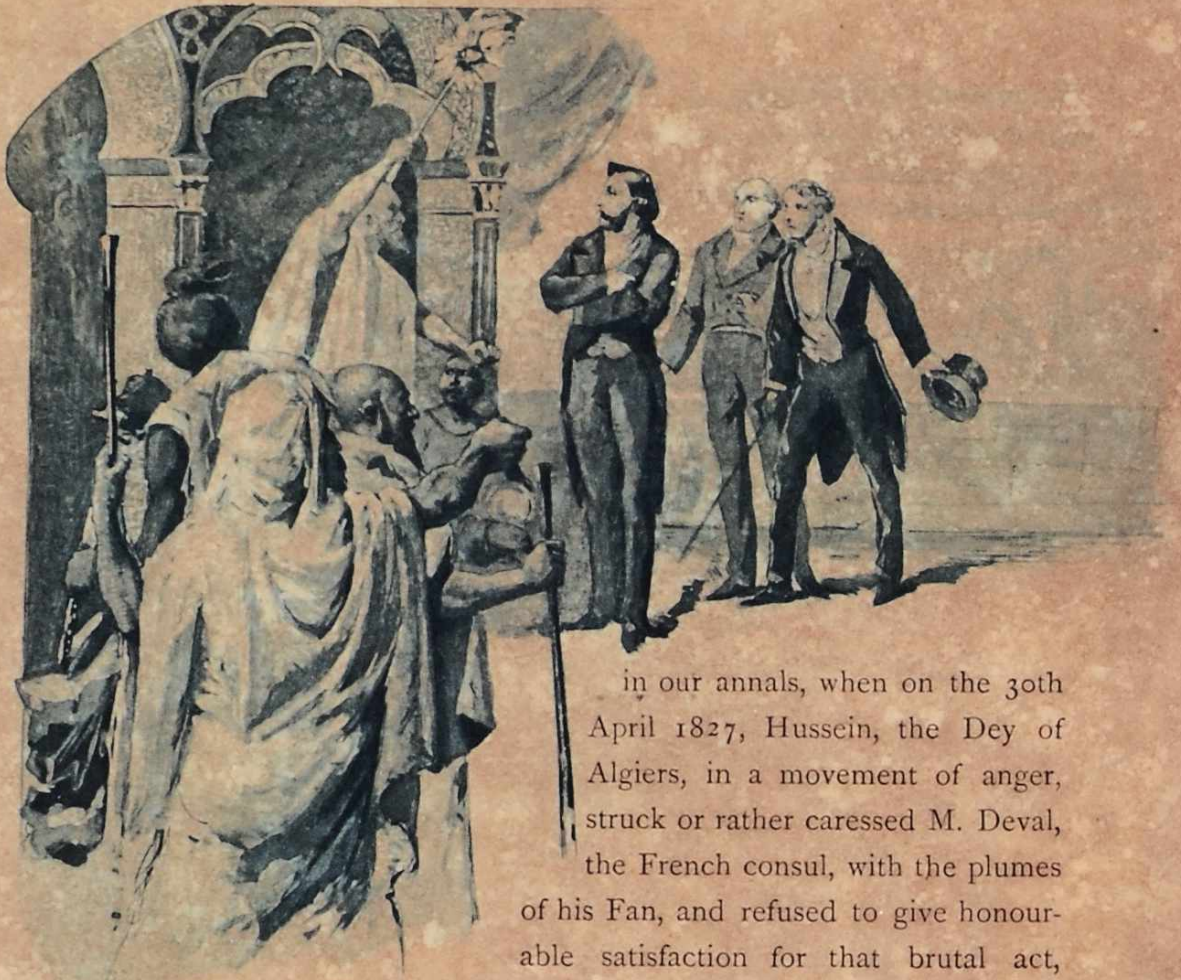
We must come to Balzac and the *Parents pauvres*, to find in that *chef-d'œuvre* called *le Cousin Pons* a charming souvenir of the Fan of Madame de Pompadour, which will remain for ever in the remembrance of delicate minds :—

“ The old fellow, Pons, arrives joyously at the house of the wife of the President of Marville, after having found, at a secondhand dealer's, a gem of a Fan enclosed in a little box of West-India wood, signed by Watteau, and formerly the property of Madame de Pompadour. The old musician bends before his cousin, and offers her the Fan of the ancient favourite, with these words of royal gallantry :—

“ ‘ *It is time* for that which has served vice to be in *the hands of virtue*. A hundred years will be required to work such a miracle. Be sure that no princess can have anything comparable with this *chef-d'œuvre*, for it is unhappily in human nature to do more for a Pompadour than for a virtuous queen.’ ”

If from romance we pass to reality, we find the Fan acquiring a special historic importance





in our annals, when on the 30th April 1827, Hussein, the Dey of Algiers, in a movement of anger, struck or rather caressed M. Deval, the French consul, with the plumes of his Fan, and refused to give honourable satisfaction for that brutal act, which brought about the conquest of

Algiers, and as a result the present voyage in Tunis.

Barthélemy and Méry published in the *Pandore* of the 11th November 1827 a sort of heroic-comic poem, the *Bacriade, ou la guerre d'Alger*, in five cantos, which commences thus:—

“ . . . A Dey, replete with arrogance,  
Has dared to smite the cheek august of France,”

and ends with these verses, which allude to the causes of the incident, and to the conduct of the French *chargé d'affaires*:—

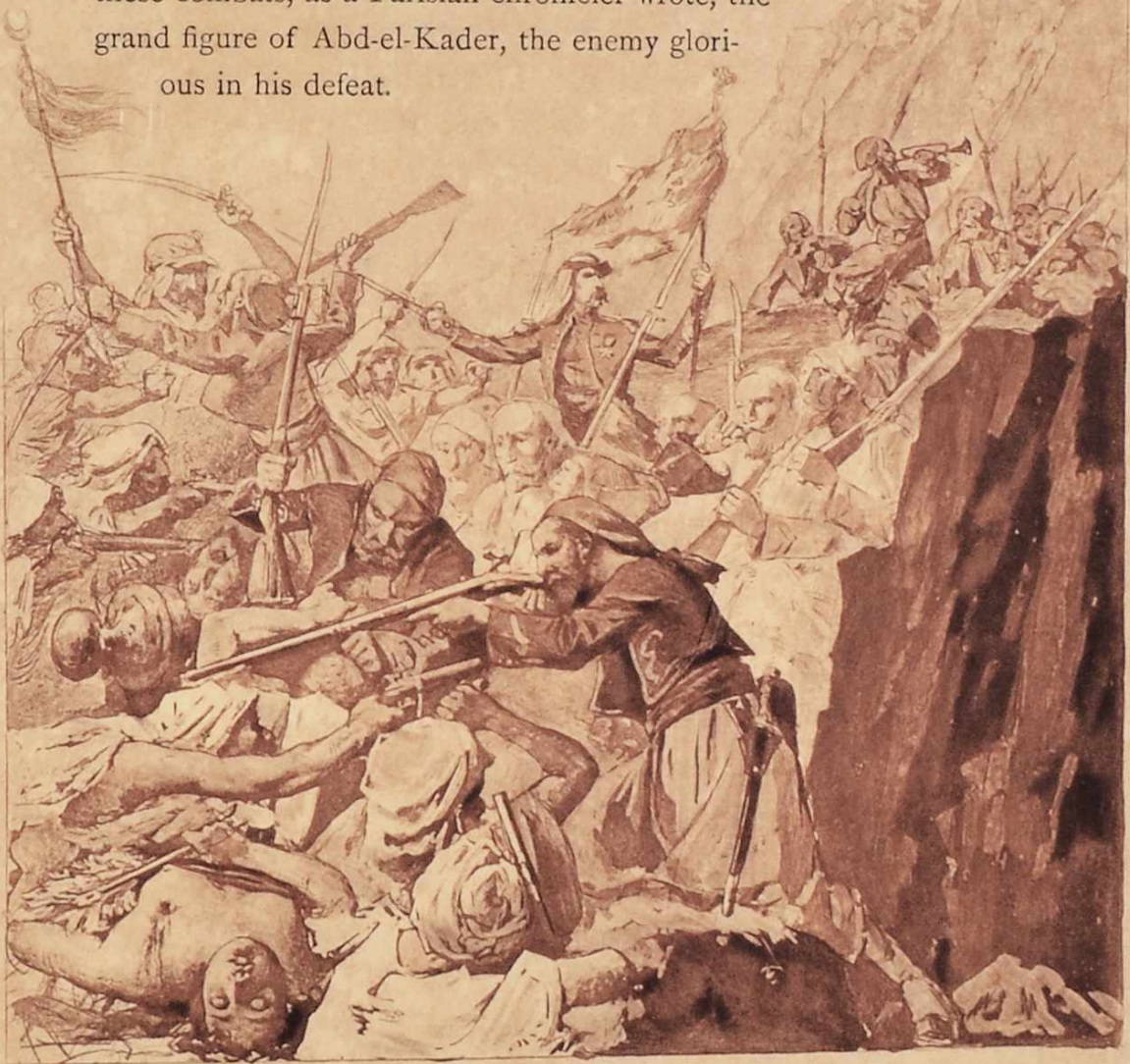
“ Nor Bacry nor my gold . . . Sir, leave my door!  
May this Fan's blow destroy you evermore!  
The Christian Consul pale with anger grew,  
And from its sheath his trusty sword half drew;  
Then stopped, and, skilled in diplomatic wile,  
Thanked the good Dey, and left him with a smile.”

This poem of Barthélemy and Méry, albeit somewhat old, is still interesting to read at the present day.

It was not, however, a case of sighing now :—

“ The tender zephyrs which from Fans depart,  
Kindle sometimes a new fire in our heart.”


That sort of fire was no longer in season, but the burning fire of battle, and the rapid events which followed in a chain; the French marine, under the orders of the Admiral Duperré, blockading Algiers on the 14th June, 1830, then the army of the expedition disembarking, and as a result of that famous blow of the Fan, all the fair feats of arms which followed, which we now see as in a panorama: Mazagran, the taking of Constantine, the marvellous retreat of the Commander Changarnier; *Lamoricère at the head of his intrepid Zouaves*; Cavaignac, the Marshal Bugeaud, a whole epopœia which lives again in the curious lithographs of Raffet; and dominating all these combats, as a Parisian chronicler wrote, the grand figure of Abd-el-Kader, the enemy glorious in his defeat.





To allow ourselves to follow these battles and skirmishes in our colony of Africa would be to desert our subject. Let us come back then to Fans, in declaring that at Rome Pope Gregory XVI. never went out in the Holy City, and especially at the time of public solemnities, and the *festa di cattedra*, without being accompanied at the side of his litter by two bearers of Fans of peacock feathers, with long ivory handles, which served however only for decorum, and were never moved over the face of the Pontiff.

In the course of the year 1828, at the time of the representation of a comic opera entitled *Corisandre*, as the heat was suffocating, and the youthful dandies fainting languidly in their boxes, it occurred to a manufacturer to sell green paper Fans to the men, and the whole theatre was furnished with them. Fashion adopted this innovation of masculine Fans, which received the name of *Corisandres*, but this originality endured not long in Paris, as in Venice, and the principal cities of Italy, where men became familiar with the play of the Fan, and from the winter of 1828-1829, our elegants, or rather our *Beaux*, abdicated the sceptre of the woman, and re-took, as before, their Malacca canes, or the heavy canes with carved golden knob, which they used with a distinction and a charm, now, alas! totally forgotten.



Fans were then very large, and if feathers had not altogether taken the place of mounts of vellum or satin decorated with water-colours, they were at least in the majority.

A chronicle of the end of the reign of Charles X., *le Lys*, contains this note on the fashion of the day:—

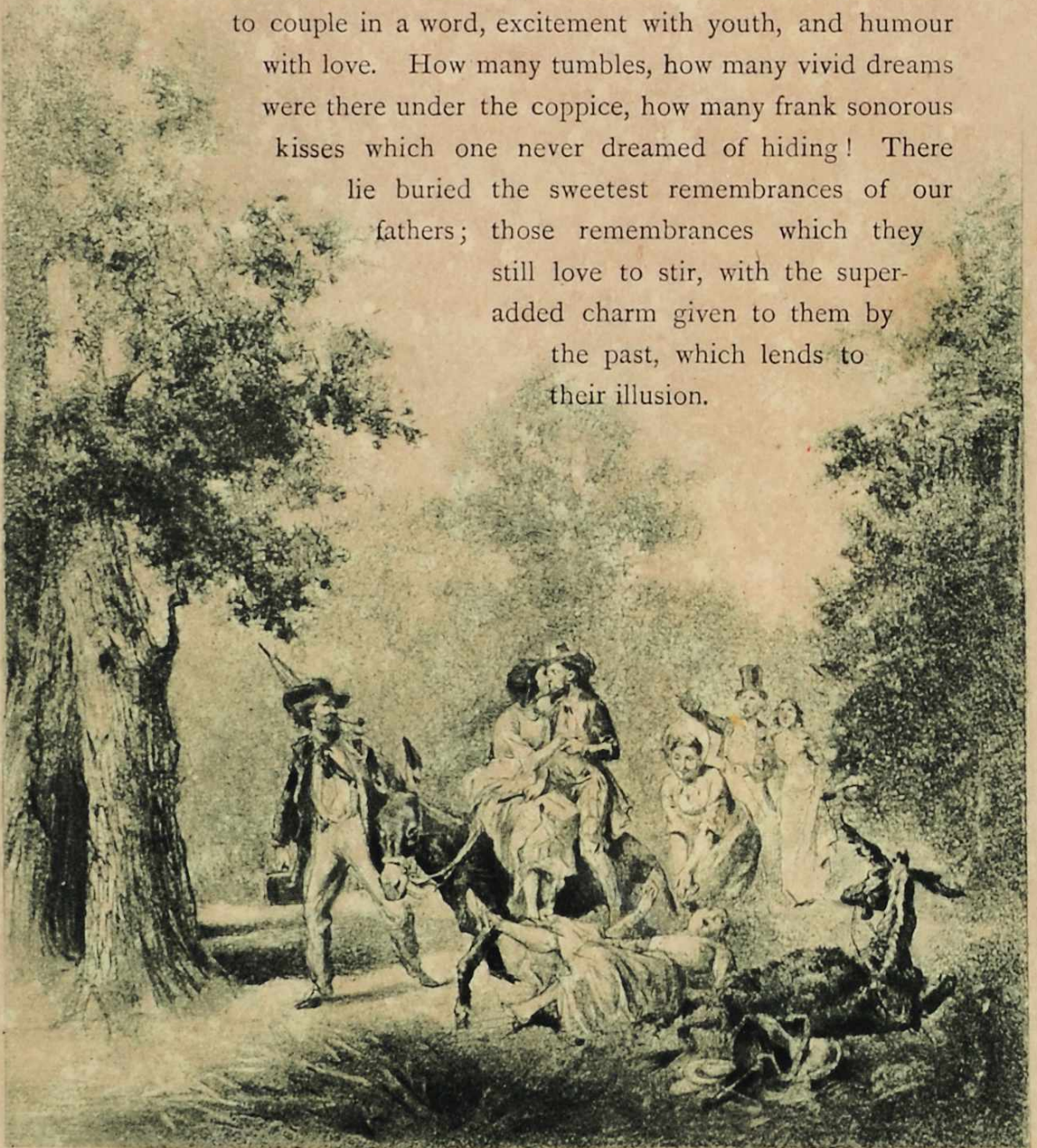
“As to the Fans, those of black feathers, painted and gilt, and those in lacquer with Chinese designs in gold, enjoy equal favour; it is to be observed that in order to get all the suppleness and solidity possible, these last ought to be mounted on bamboo, and we beg our lady readers to remember this when they make use of those Fans.”

There was also the Fan with a looking-glass which flourished for a moment, and the Fan of ostrich feathers and of birds of the West Indies. Lastly, there was a passion for ancient Fans; they were sought everywhere, and carried off at any price. The taste became so lively, that, remarks M. Natalis Rondot, many Fan-makers betook themselves to imitating the Fans of the days of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI.

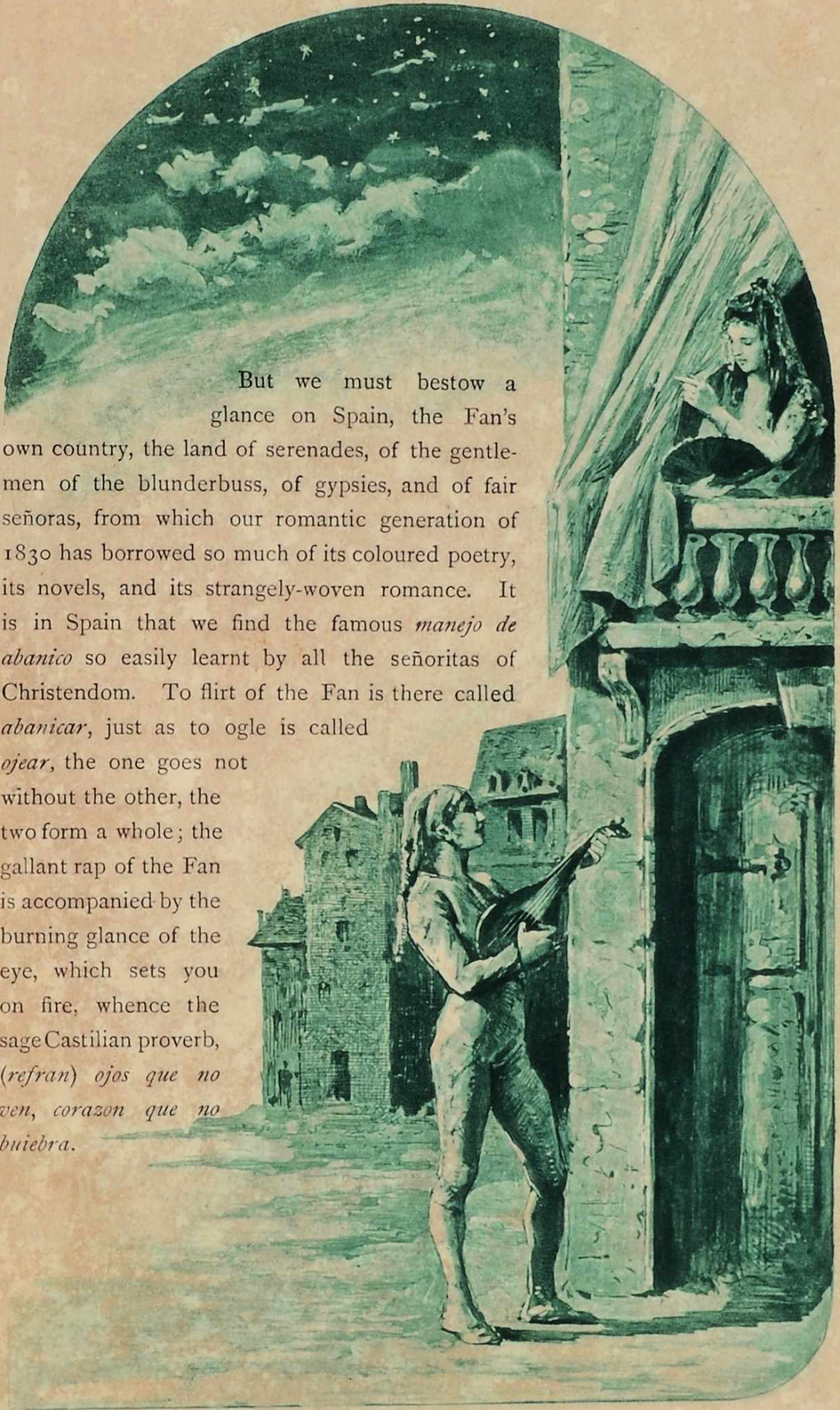
The painters and sculptors were wanting; but, thanks to M. Desrochers, who put himself at the head of this small branch of industry, works were executed which bore comparison with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the eighteenth century.



The *grisettes* and the *Mimi-Pinsons* of the time, those good-natured and fair girls in their dresses of book muslin or white canezou, sung by the poets who have preceded us, and set in a halo of youth and gaiety amongst the joyous popular romances of Paul de Kock; the pretty *grisettes*, before 1850, were content with Fans of paper or humming-bird feathers, light as their bird brains; when, on Sunday, all these loving, laughing girls went to Romainville, to the Lilas, or to the woods of Montfermeil, in the company of lovers not too particular, of painters without lofty ambitions, of amiable editors of the *Corsaire*, of good fellows who knew still how to divert themselves with simple pleasures, donkey rides, summary breakfasts under the trees, and, to couple in a word, excitement with youth, and humour with love. How many tumbles, how many vivid dreams were there under the coppice, how many frank sonorous kisses which one never dreamed of hiding! There lie buried the sweetest remembrances of our fathers; those remembrances which they still love to stir, with the super-added charm given to them by the past, which lends to their illusion.



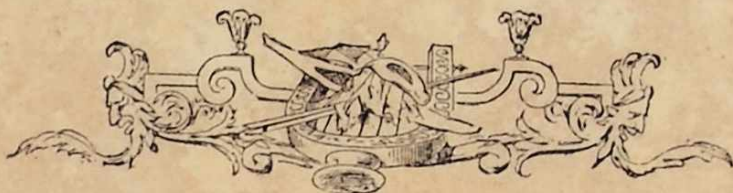
But we must bestow a glance on Spain, the Fan's own country, the land of serenades, of the gentlemen of the blunderbuss, of gypsies, and of fair señoras, from which our romantic generation of 1830 has borrowed so much of its coloured poetry, its novels, and its strangely-woven romance. It is in Spain that we find the famous *manejo de abanico* so easily learnt by all the señoritas of Christendom. To flirt of the Fan is there called *abanicar*, just as to ogle is called *ojear*, the one goes not without the other, the two form a whole; the gallant rap of the Fan is accompanied by the burning glance of the eye, which sets you on fire, whence the sage Castilian proverb, (*refran*) *ojos que no ven, corazon que no buiebra*.

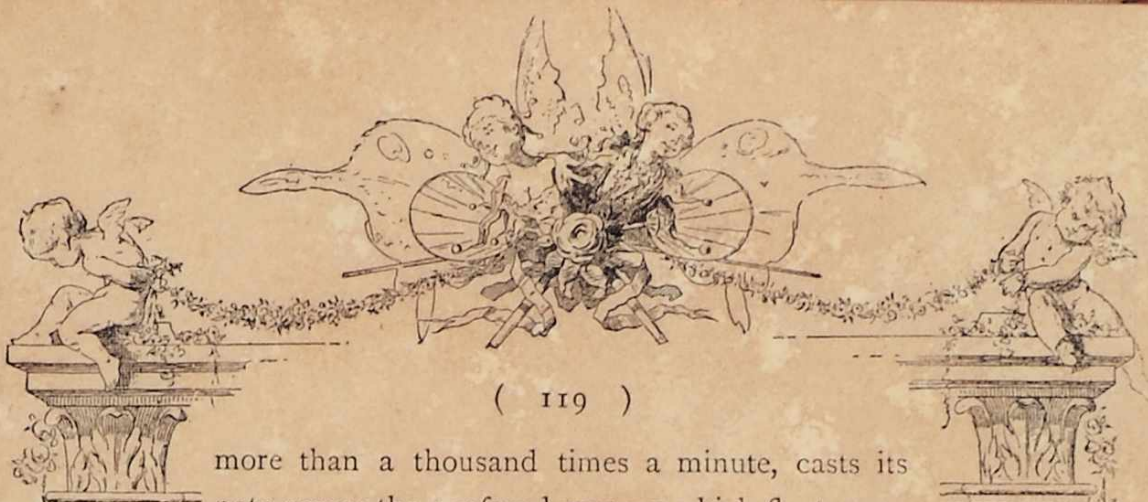




Théophile Gautier, in *Tra los Montes*, has analysed in a very remarkable manner the importance of the Fan in Spain :—

“The Fan corrects in some measure the pretension of the Spaniards to Parisianism. A woman without a Fan is a thing which I have never yet seen in that happy land. I have seen women wearing satin shoes without any stockings, but they had their Fans ; the Fan follows them everywhere, even to church, where you meet groups of women of all ages, kneeling or squatting on their hams, praying and fanning themselves with about equal fervour. . . . The manœuvre of the Fan is an art totally unknown in France. The Spanish women excel in it ; the Fan opens, shuts, turns about in their hands so quickly, so lightly, that a professor of sleight-of-hand could not manage it better. Some fashionable ladies form collections of Fans of the highest value ; we have seen one numbering more than a hundred different styles ; there were Fans of every country and of every epoch ; ivory, tortoise-shell, sandalwood, spangles, water-colours of the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., rice paper of Japan and China ; nothing was wanting. Many of them were starred with rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones ; it is a luxury of good taste, and a charming mania for a pretty woman. Fans which shut and expand produce a little whiz, which repeated



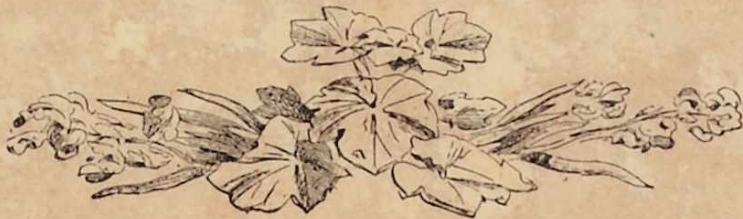


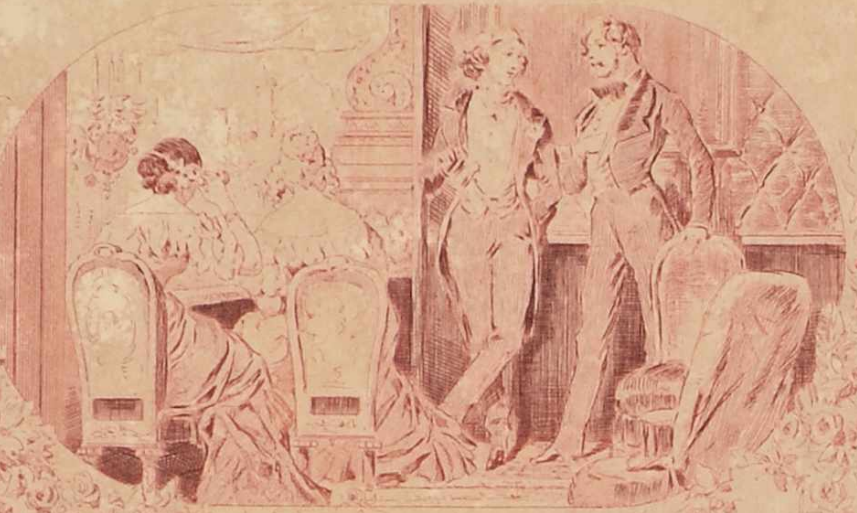
more than a thousand times a minute, casts its note across the confused rumour which floats over the promenade, and has in it something strange for a French ear. When a woman meets any one she knows, she makes him a little sign with her Fan, and throws him, in passing, the word *agur*, pronounced *agour*."

To this description of the great colourist, Théophile Gautier, let us add a passage from the statesman-novelist, Benjamin Disraeli, whose Contarini Fleming has given some pretty opinions on the Spanish Fan :—

"A Spanish lady," says he, "with her Fan might put to shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of Juno, now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now in the midst of a very tornado she closes it with a whirr which makes you start. In the midst of your confusion, Dolores taps you on your elbow, you turn round to listen, and Catalina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument! In this land it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits, or its most unreasonable demands, than this delicate machine."

Let us pass from Spain to grand and beautiful Paris, where the Fan shone with such splendour



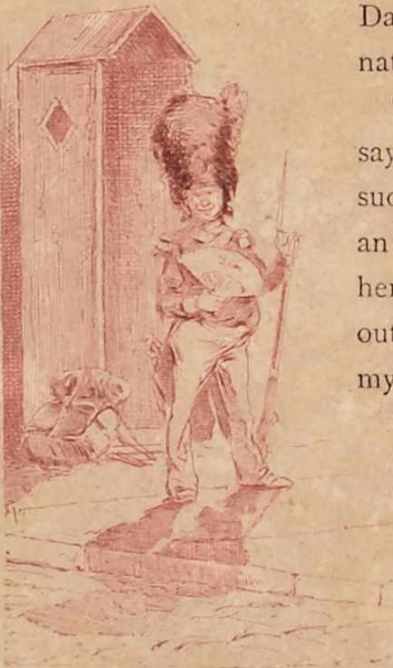


and magnificence on the orange-red velvet of the baignoires and boxes of the theatre, in the hands of the charming fashionable ladies of 1830. If our Parisian women have less quickness of movement, and less languor in their management of this pretty toy than the burning ladies of Spain, they have, in exchange, more delicacy and natural distinction, more trickery, and, above all, more of that *je ne sais quoi* which makes the Frenchwoman the uncontroverted queen of the entire world.

Under the good, peaceful reign of Louis-Philippe, the Fan became, perhaps, a little vulgarised on the big bosoms of the high-coloured gossips, so well sketched by Henri Monnier and caricatured by Daumier; perhaps in this time of the pretentious national guard it lost a little of its prestige.

“What matters it,” would the citizen of that period say, “that such a poet is singular in his humour, such a dandy *recherché* in his dress, such a coquette an affected puss! She may grow red or pale, patch her face, or play the scientist with her lover, without encroaching on my property or diminishing my commerce. The troublesome whirr of a Fan which opens and shuts incessantly, does not unsettle our constitutions.”

But, in spite of this heavy indifference, the Fan penetrated among the people, and became democratic as the umbrella, a

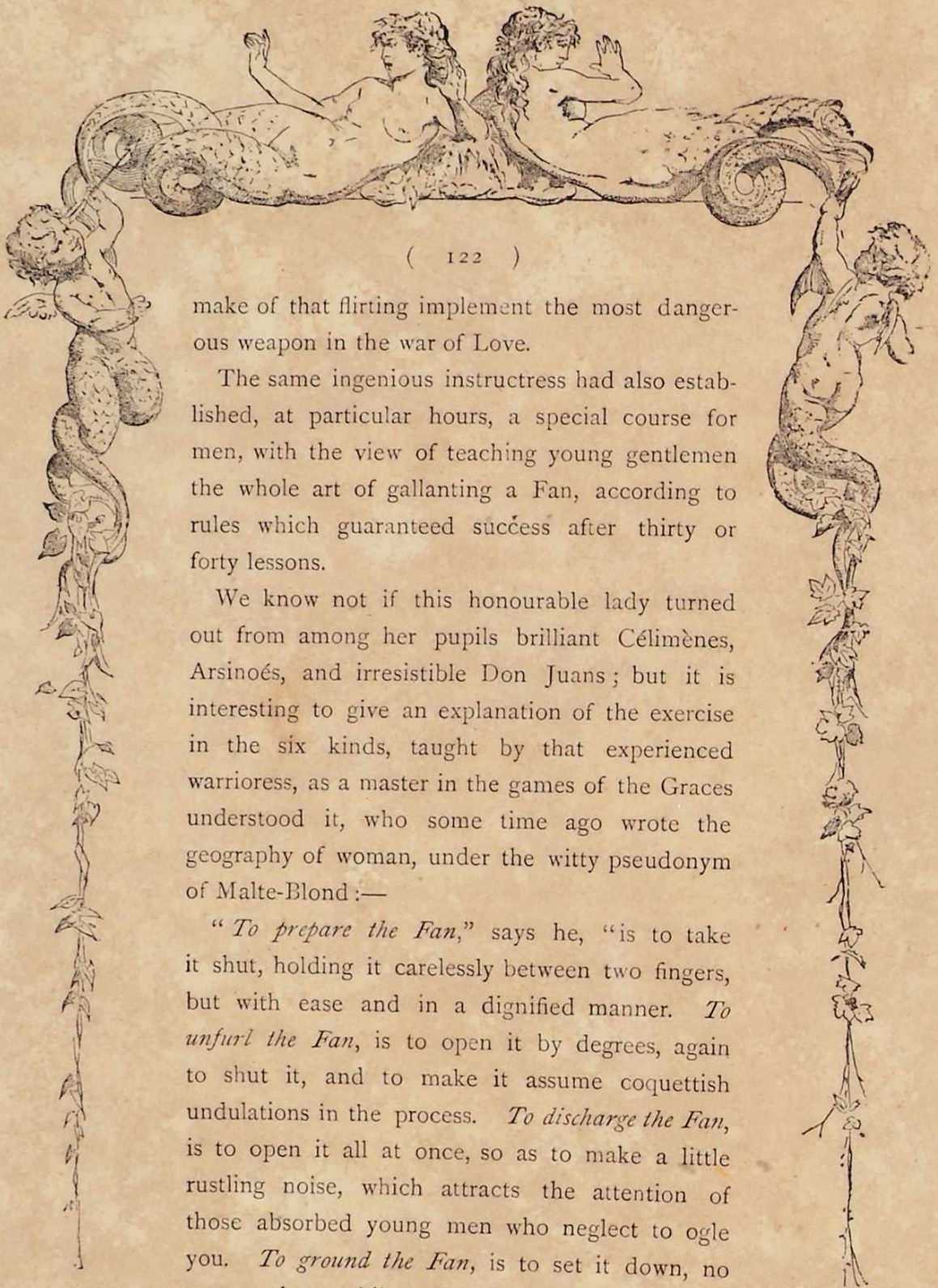




symbol of quiet habits. There is at present no modest workwoman, no humble daughter of the *faubourg*, to whom Love has not paid homage with a bouquet of roses, and a gallant *billet-doux*, with a Fan adorned with flowers, which she knows how to flirt graciously over her irregular-featured countenance ; this little Parisian, this female Gavroche, satisfied with the slightest morsel of lace or ribbon.

At the commencement of the last century, if we may believe a satirical paper in the *Spectator*, a lady established in London an Academy for the training up of young women of all conditions in the exercise of the Fan. This exercise was divided into six portions, and the strange petticoated battalion, ranged in order of battle, were put through their facings twice a-day, and taught to obey the following words of command : *Handle your Fans, Unfurl your Fans, Discharge your Fans, Ground your Fans, Recover your Fans, Flutter your Fans.* The fluttering of the Fan was, it appears, the masterpiece of the whole exercise, and the most difficult to be acquired by these singular companies of *Riflemen of the Fan.* Therefore the colonel-instructress, who directed the operations with a large Marlborough Fan, composed in favour of her scholars a small treatise, very clear and succinct, in which she concentrated all the *Art of Love* of Ovid ; this theory had for its title, *The Passions of the Fan*, and tended to





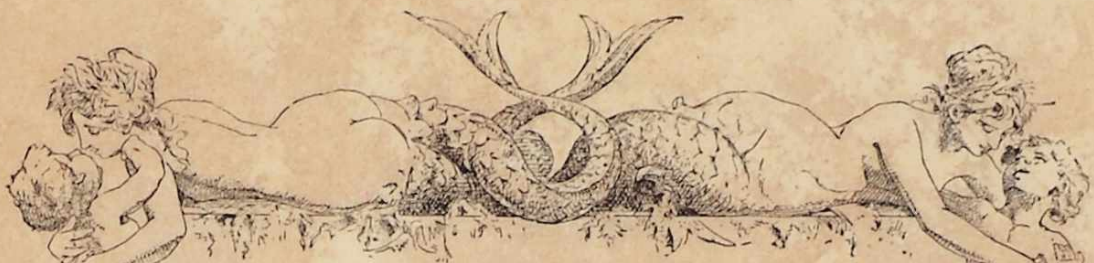
make of that flirting implement the most dangerous weapon in the war of Love.

The same ingenious instructress had also established, at particular hours, a special course for men, with the view of teaching young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a Fan, according to rules which guaranteed success after thirty or forty lessons.

We know not if this honourable lady turned out from among her pupils brilliant Célimènes, Arsinoés, and irresistible Don Juans; but it is interesting to give an explanation of the exercise in the six kinds, taught by that experienced warriorress, as a master in the games of the Graces understood it, who some time ago wrote the geography of woman, under the witty pseudonym of Malte-Blond:—

“*To prepare the Fan,*” says he, “is to take it shut, holding it carelessly between two fingers, but with ease and in a dignified manner. *To unfurl the Fan,* is to open it by degrees, again to shut it, and to make it assume coquettish undulations in the process. *To discharge the Fan,* is to open it all at once, so as to make a little rustling noise, which attracts the attention of those absorbed young men who neglect to ogle you. *To ground the Fan,* is to set it down, no matter where, while pretending to readjust a curl or a head-band, in order to display a white

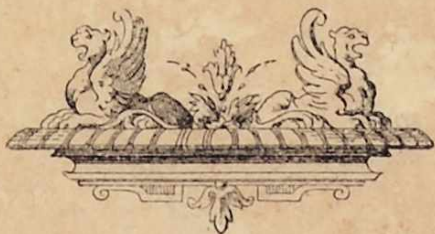




plump arm, and slender rosy fingers. *To recover one's Fan*, is to arm yourself with it anew, and to flutter it with feminine and irresistible evolutions. *To flutter the Fan*, is to cool the face with it, or, indeed, to translate to him whom it may concern, your agitation, your modesty, your fear, your confusion, your sprightliness, your love."

The art of playing the Fan, in fact, can never be learnt; it is innate in a woman of family, as are innate in her her least gestures which captivate, her sweet childlike caresses, her speech, her look, her walk. In the arsenal wherein are the arms of feminine coquetry, woman takes naturally the Fan, and knows how to use it from tender childhood, in playing the great lady with her doll. She feels instinctively that all the ruses of love, all the tricks of gallantry, all the grace of yes's or noes, all the accents of sighs are hidden in the folds of her Fan; she understands that behind this frail rampart she may study the enemy, that in half unmasking herself she may open a terrible loophole, and that, later on, under her Fan unfurled, she may risk furtive avowals, and gather half-words which will penetrate her heart.

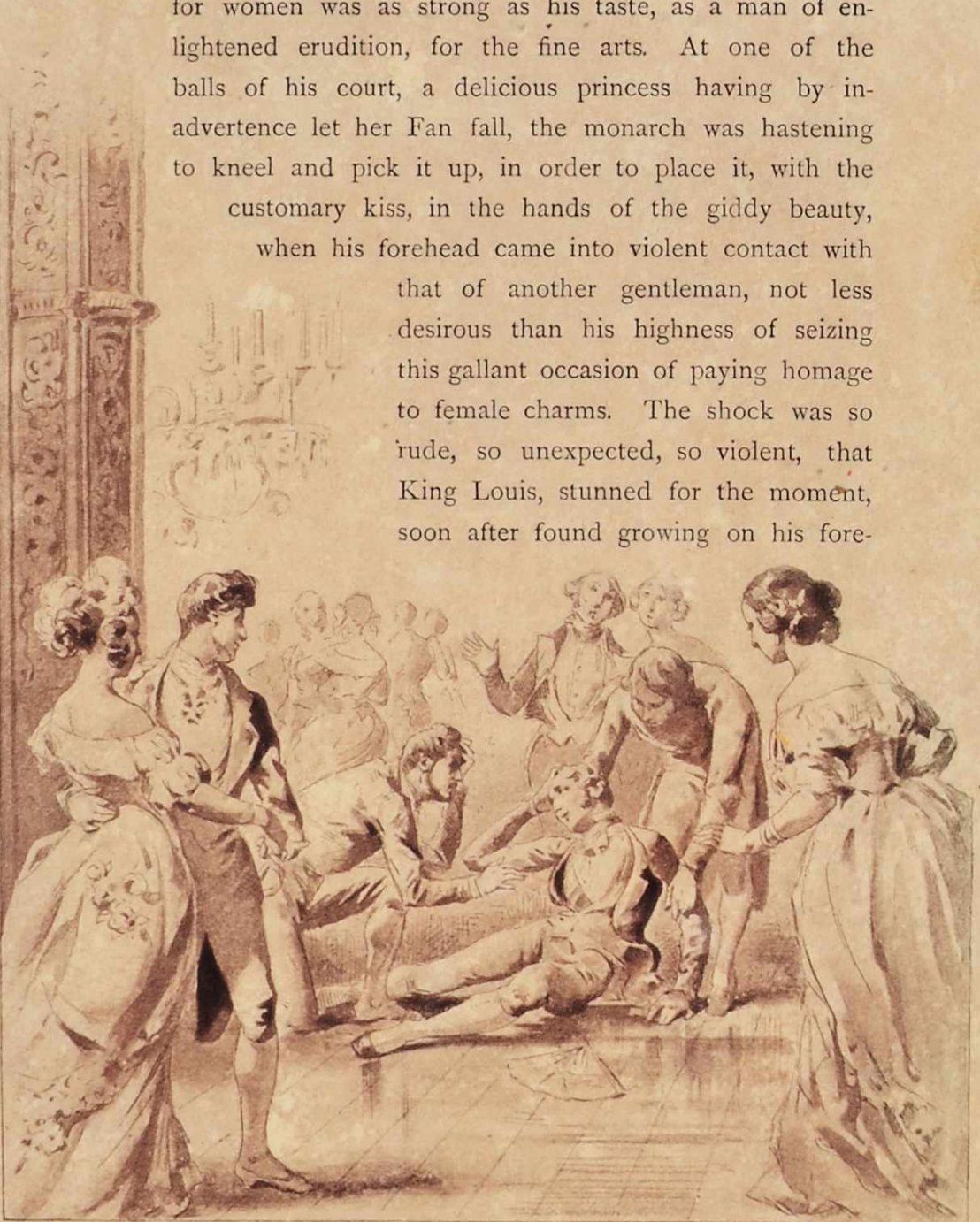
"Whatever the heat of the climate may be," says Charles Blanc in his *Art dans la parure et le vêtement*, "the Fan is above all things an accessory of the toilet, a means or motive of gracious



movements, under pretext of agitating the air for the sake of coolness. This mobile curtain answers in turn the duty of discovering that which it is wished to hide, and hiding that which it is wished to discover."

There is not, to our minds, a more just definition of the Fan than this.

One of the last anecdotes which occur to us in this historic review of the Fan, is that which relates to the ex-King Louis of Bavaria,—the gallant and prodigal adorer of the dancing courtesan, Lola Montès,—whose passion for women was as strong as his taste, as a man of enlightened erudition, for the fine arts. At one of the balls of his court, a delicious princess having by inadvertence let her Fan fall, the monarch was hastening to kneel and pick it up, in order to place it, with the customary kiss, in the hands of the giddy beauty, when his forehead came into violent contact with that of another gentleman, not less desirous than his highness of seizing this gallant occasion of paying homage to female charms. The shock was so rude, so unexpected, so violent, that King Louis, stunned for the moment, soon after found growing on his fore-



head that enormous wen, as celebrated as it was unlucky, which was to be seen at Nice in 1869, when the body of the ex-King was exposed there in the chamber where he lay in state, watched by two superb Bavarian life-guards like giants in uniform.


To-day, wherever a pretty woman moves and reigns, the Fan appears with its enchantments, its smiles, its exquisite coquetry; it appears fortified by all the resources, all the varieties of modern art, and also by all the decorative science which we learn every day more to find in the marvellous dispositions of Japanese and Chinese ornaments. In the summer months, at the concert, on the boulevards, before the cafés, where the thirsty crowd is pressing, in the railway carriage, on the sea-shore, on the greenswards of great houses, during *lawn-tennis* or croquet parties, the Fan punctuates its lively note, and its tattoo of brilliant colours. Its see-saw movement seems to cast upon the air sweet feminine emanations, which mount to the brain of the sensitive; and when we find it again in the winter, tête-à-tête in the midst of the warm atmosphere of the drawing-room, palpitating during conversation over the laughing dimples of a pretty face, it possesses a magic charm, as an attractive power towards the pretty creature who flutters it so delicately, whom it seems to protect after a bantering fashion, as if it were sufficient to unfurl itself



suddenly with a cold dignity to impose respect on the most temerarious.

Thanks to the intelligent initiative of such men as Desrochers, Alexandre, Duvelleroy, almost all the great artists of this century have contributed by water-colour compositions to the decoration of the best Fans. Ingres, Horace Vernet, Léon Cogniet, Célestin Nanteuil, Eugène Lamy, Rosa Bonheur, Edouard de Beaumont, H. Baron, Gérôme, Vidal, Robert-Fleury, Antigna, Blanchard, Gendron, Français, Wattier, Vibert, Leloir, Madeleine Lemaire, Hamon, &c., have signed small and great masterpieces, and the modern Fan-makers will not stop short in this era of renovation of the great Fan of art.

And now behold us at the end of our work, quite astonished to find it finished so soon, and seeming to declare with a sigh of regret, as we sit opposite our lady reader, how short the time has appeared to us in these discourses of fits and starts on the feminine sceptre. We have been here and there, without much method, rather like a conversationalist than a minute writer. Around and about the Fan, that butterfly of woman, which caresses her face, envelops her smile and her look; around that inconstant toy of inconstancy, we cannot preserve the gravity of a *savant* who is arguing about an Etruscan



vase, or an antique tumulus. So we have *played the butterfly* as best we could across the fields of history, fixing ourselves nowhere in order the better to settle everywhere.

Has the author, notwithstanding, succeeded in composing a work of some value, or has the *Fan* fallen from the hands of the fair, sent to sleep solely by the ennui of its soporific pages?

The interest of a book, we must needs confess it, has no real and evident gradation, except in the drama or the romance; every dissertation, however lightly treated, must have its flavour heightened by the pepper of anecdote, by the stimulant of puns, the sweetness of the madrigal, or the point of the epigram, in order to maintain the same degree of curiosity. Besides there is always something wanting to this class of works, that indefinable trifle which the literary epicure discovers, a certain connection, a drop of comforting cordial, or a pinch of spices which sprinkles the whole; and in addition this whole must be cast into a personal and agreeable mould.

Shall we ever know whether, in this little book, we have arrived at that *à peu près* which is the *satisfecit* of every impulsive writer, who cannot pretend to an absolute perfection, too often banished from this world?

Stretch out, if you please, amiable and coquettish



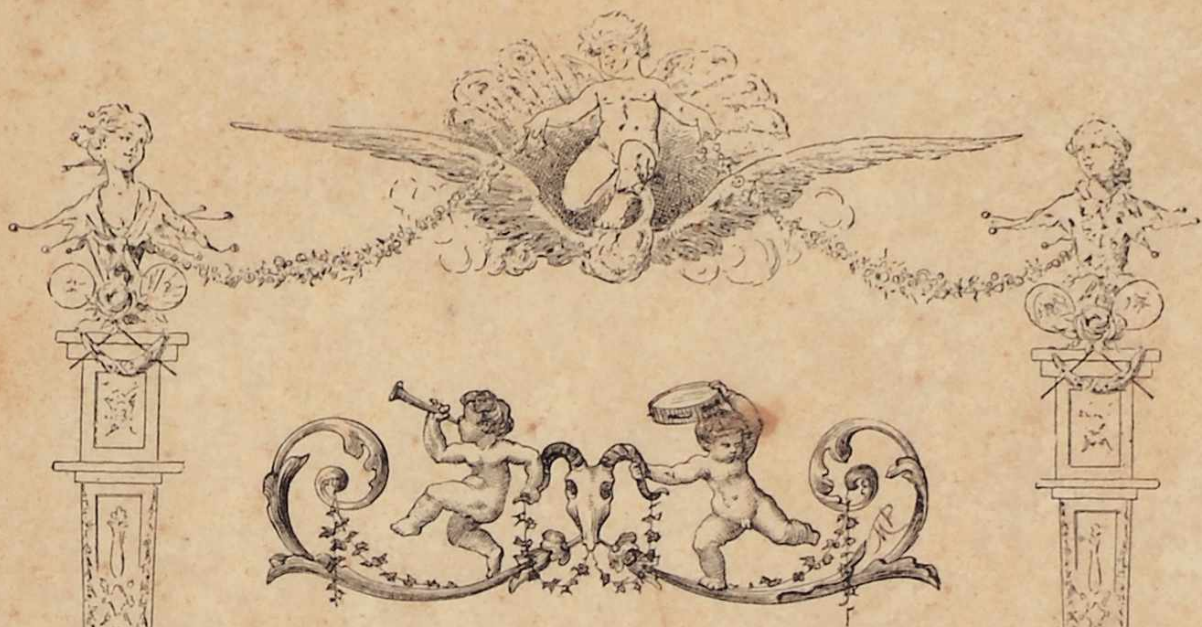
lady reader mine, your Fan to its full breadth, and behind that discreet screen, without affectation or subterfuge, whisper in confidence to your author, what you think of his idle prattle.

Alas! *just heaven!* Madam, are you not asleep, and the *Fan*, is it not there, lying on the ground, a couple of paces from your easy-chair, and far from your pretty half-shut eyes?



APPENDIX.



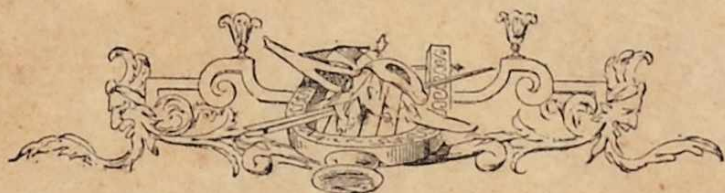


## APPENDIX.

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**I**F the author of this book on the *Fan* could tell its history to the reader, from the germ of the first idea, the period of incubation, and the bustle of material execution up to the numerous difficulties of a literary theme, which must be gradually developed, without falling on the one side into an excess of archæologic erudition and a dryness of technical detail, and without slipping on the other side on the agreeable ground of extreme fantasy, it would be readily agreed that it was far from easy to remain more strictly in that just middle, desired in those temperate regions of the *Utile Dulci*, in which the public of our time with good reason takes delight.

Conceive for an instant the mass of reading which such a work admits of, the improbable



number of different literatures catalogued, romances skimmed through, historians consulted, anecdotemongers glanced at, poets put to contribution, bibliographic collections and miscellanies run through, monographs of costume studied, artistic or manufacturing relations analysed, theatrical pieces rapidly and cursorily surveyed, letter-writers and, in one word, polygraphs, eagerly devoured, all this library turned upside down, all this superabundance of heaped-up documents, all this juggle of folios and duodecimos, to end in this light literary dissertation, this historic and anecdotic quintessence issuing from the alembic of research,—conceive all this, and you will have in some sort an image analogous to that which might be inspired by a coquettish piece of mosaic agreeably arranged, of which all the little stones are cut from enormous blocks, which the mine has brought up out of the quarries only, but must be cut and polished to please the eye, as the good Fénelon would have said.

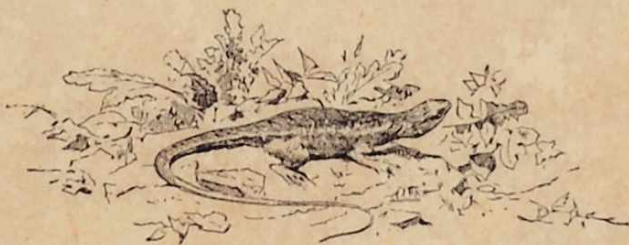
Add to this, for those who know the art and labours of book-making, the obligation the author was under, in this work of bench-mark, to confine his spirit within the pretty adornments of the margin, the compression of every fantasy of style in an inexorable frame of sketches, placed on copper, and therefore immovable—the necessity, in fine, of keeping his equilibrium, and so taking

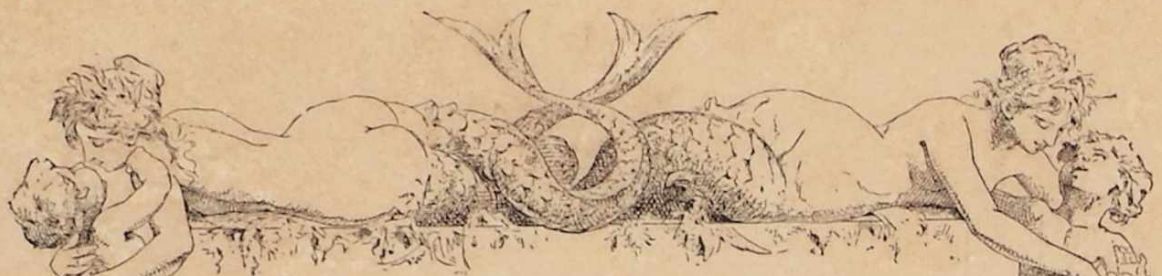


his spring as to traverse in suitable connection with his text the spirit of the engravings, sown in the track of this book, like a female circus-rider who breaks with apparent ease through her paper hoops. Set in opposition to each other the conscience of the literary and learned man and the self-love of the bibliophilist and the artist, and you will rest convinced that this anecdotic and literary history of the *Fan* could not be better treated in the domain of a literature which might be called *left centre*, for it proceeds not from the extravagances of an imagination abandoned to itself, nor from the cold dissertations of an erudition bristling with notes, comments, refutations, and dates ; that is to say, from pedantic bombast.

But if, in the course of this volume, we have spared our reader the customary references of the learned, we must not carry too far our spirit of independence, and it is our duty to indicate here our *sources*, under the form of *proofs and illustrations*, even were it only to put on a breast-plate against the spirit of evil-speaking always on the watch.

First of all, then, we render homage to two of our most remarkable predecessors, whose serious labours, conceived in a spirit more descriptive and less fantastic than that which has guided





us in this work, have been to us of indisputable utility, to whom we have sometimes had recourse in quoting them. We wish to speak, in the first place, of M. Natalis Rondot, member of Jury XXIX. at the Universal Exhibition of 1851, who, in his quality of delegate of the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, has given a report of very high value on the *Articles of Ornament and Fancy*, among which is the *Fan* (Labours of the French Commission on the Industry of Nations, published by order of the Emperor, vol. vii. p. 60 to 79 of Jury XXIX.) Paris: Imperial printing press, 1855 (1 vol. 8vo).

In the second place, we have to mention with gratitude the *History of Fans, with a Notice on Tortoise-shell, Mother-of-pearl, and Ivory*, by M. S. Blondel, who, taking up the matter of M. Natalis Rondot, has found in it the groundwork of a very estimable and ingenious volume in 8vo, published by Renouard in 1875, a work in which we have discovered certain information useful for our History of the Fan up to the sixteenth century.

These recent and very careful publications treat of Fans from a point of view absolutely technical and artistic, while we here solely approach the monograph of the *Fan* across manners, history, and literature; ours is but a rapid glance, a stolen glimpse, without other pretensions, as we said in



our preface to this book, than to recreate and instruct some of our amiable contemporaries.

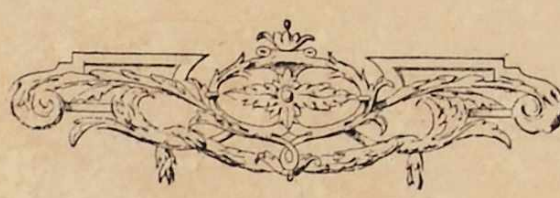
We must cite too a peerless collection in MS. which is from the hand of M. Noël, inspector of the university, of which the sale made some sensation a few years ago, by reason of the piquant reunion of erotic works which it contained. The manuscript was part of a collection in twenty volumes, which was bought by a bookseller in 1879. It is now in the library of Baron P . . . , and contains numerous copies of small fugitive pieces on the Fan.

Let us now give in the order—might we perhaps say in the disorder of our notes?—the cold nomenclature of the principal works, in which we have found some information, some particularity, a single word on the subject we had in hand. This list, long as it is, is still not absolutely complete.

Nougaret: *Le Fond du Sac*.—Galland: *Mille et une Nuits*.—Kalidasa: *Sakountala*.—Mary Summer: *Tales and Legends of Ancient India*.—*History of Buddha Sakya-Muni*.—*Encyclopédie*, vid. *Eventail*.—*Dictionary of Conversation*, by Duckett. —Comte de Beauvoir: *Voyage autour du Monde*. Achille Poussielgue: *Voyage en Chine*.—J. B. Wilkinson: *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*.—*Sabine ou Matinée d'une Dame Romaine à sa Toilette à la fin du Premier Siècle de l'ère Chrétienne*, a translation from Boettiger.—




Montfaucon: *Antiquité Expliquée*. — Théophile Gautier: *Contes et Romans*. — *Le Roman de la Momie*. — Jules de Saint-Félix: *Cléopâtre*. — *Mémoires et Voyages du Capitaine Basil Hall*. — *Lettres de Guez de Balzac*. — *Histoire de la Ville de Khotan*, translated from the *Annales Chinoises* by Rémusat. — Li-Kiou: *Mémorial des Rites*. — Winckelmann: *Description de Pierres Gravées du Baron de Stosch*. — Persius: *Satires*. — Terence: *The Eunuch*. — Ovid: *Loves*. — Piroli and Piranesi: *Antiquities of Herculanæum*. — *Engravings of Fischbein*. — Paciaudi: *Syntagm. de Umbellæ Gestatione*. — Passeri: *Picturæ in Vasculis*. — Lewis Nichols: *The Progress and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth*. — Dezobry: *Rome au Siècle d'Auguste*. — Baudrillart: *Histoire du Luxe* (passim). — Anthony Rich: *Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities*. — René Médard: *Vie Privée des Anciens*. — *Cérémonies et Coutumes Religieuses*, 1723. — Henri Estienne: *Deux Dialogues du Nouveau Langage François, Italianisé et Autrement Déguizé*, 1578. — *Notice des Emaux du Louvre*. Glossaire et répertoire vid. ESMOUCOIR. — *Nouvelle Histoire de l'Abbaie Royale et Collégiale de Saint-Filibert et de la Ville de Tournus, par un Chanoine de la Mème Abbaie* (Pierre Juenin). — *Voyage Littéraire de deux Religieux Bénédictins de la Congrégation de Saint-Maur*. — Duranti: *De Ritu Ecclesiastico*. — Bona: *De Rebus Liturgicis*. — Marquis de Laborde: *Glossaire du Moyen Age*.



—Estienne Boileau : *Livre des Mestiers*.—Fabri : *Diversarum Nationum Ornatus*.—Rabelais (passim).—Brantôme : *Mémoires et Vie des Dames Galantes*.—*Inventaire des Meubles de Catherine de Médicis* (1589).—*Journal et Mémoires de Pierre de l'Estoile*.—Agrippa d'Aubigné : *Les Tragiques*.—*L'Eventail Satirique*, by the new Théophile, reprinted by Edouard Fournier in his *Variétés of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* (t. viii).—Fairholt : *Glossary of Costumes in England*.—*Lettres de Madame de Sévigné*.—*Recueil de Sercy*.—Cotin : *Recueil des Enigmes de ce Temps*.—*Metamorphoses Françaises*.—Somaize : *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*.—Molière : *Œuvres*.—Colletet : *Nouveau Recueil des plus Beaux Enigmes de ce Temps*.—Talleyant des Réaux : *Anecdotes*.—Madame de Motteville : *Mémoires*.—Mademoiselle de Montpensier : *Mémoires*, Paul Lacroix : *Dix-septième Siècle ; Institutions, Usages et Costumes*.—Remy Belleau : *Bergerie*.—M. de Montreuil : *Poésies Diverses*.—A. de La Chaux et Le Blond : *Description des Pierres Gravées du Cabinet du Duc d'Orleans*.—Menagiana.—M. de Vallange : *L'Art de se Garantir des Incommodités du Chaud, selon les Principes de la Physique, de la Médecine et de l'Economie*.—L. Simond : *Voyage d'Italie*.—*Mercure de France : Eloge Historique de Bernard Picard* (Décembre 1735).—Madame de Genlis : *La Duchesse de La Vallière*.—*Dictionnaire des Etiquettes*.—D'Alem-



bert : *Réflexions et Anecdotes sur la Reine de Suède*.—*Mercur de France*.—Pesselier : *Origine des Eventails* (1755).—*Paris, Versailles, et les Provinces*.—Bachaumont : *Mémoires Secrets*.—M. Milon : *L'Eventail, ou Zamis et Delphire*, poème en quatre chants, 1780.—Caraccioli : *Le Livre des Quatre Couleurs*.—*L'Eventail*, Comédie Italienne en trois actes, par M. Goldoni, représentée aux Italiens en 1763.—*Essai Historique et Moral sur l'Eventail et les Nœuds*, par un capucin, 1764.—*L'Eventail*, poème traduit de l'Anglais (de John Gay), par Coustard de Massy (1768).—*La Feuille Nécessaire Contenant Divers Détails sur les Lettres, les Sciences et les Arts* (feuille du 21 Mai 1759).—*Esprit des Journaux* (Décembre 1780).—*Almanach Littéraire*, 1790.—De Favre : *Les Quatre Heures de la Toilette des Dames* (1779).—*Révélations Indiscrètes du Dix-huitième Siècle* (1814).—*Mercur de France* (Octobre 1759) : Analyse du poème : *L'Eventail*, de Gay.—Rabener : *Œuvres : Des Moyens de Découvrir à des Signes Extérieurs les Sentiments Secrets*.—*Voyage dans le Boudoir de Pauline*, par L. F. M. B. L. (an IX. chapitre xiii.)—*The Spectator of Addison*.—Duclos : *Mémoires Secrets*.—Le Mierre : *Œuvres*.—Desprez : *L'Eventail*, chanson (frimaire an VI.)—Lebrun : *L'Eventail de Carite*.—Mérard de Saint-Just : *Poésies*.—*L'Adolescence ou la Boëte aux Billets Doux*, poème (d'Hyacinthe Gaston, chant II. *Agés de la Femme*.



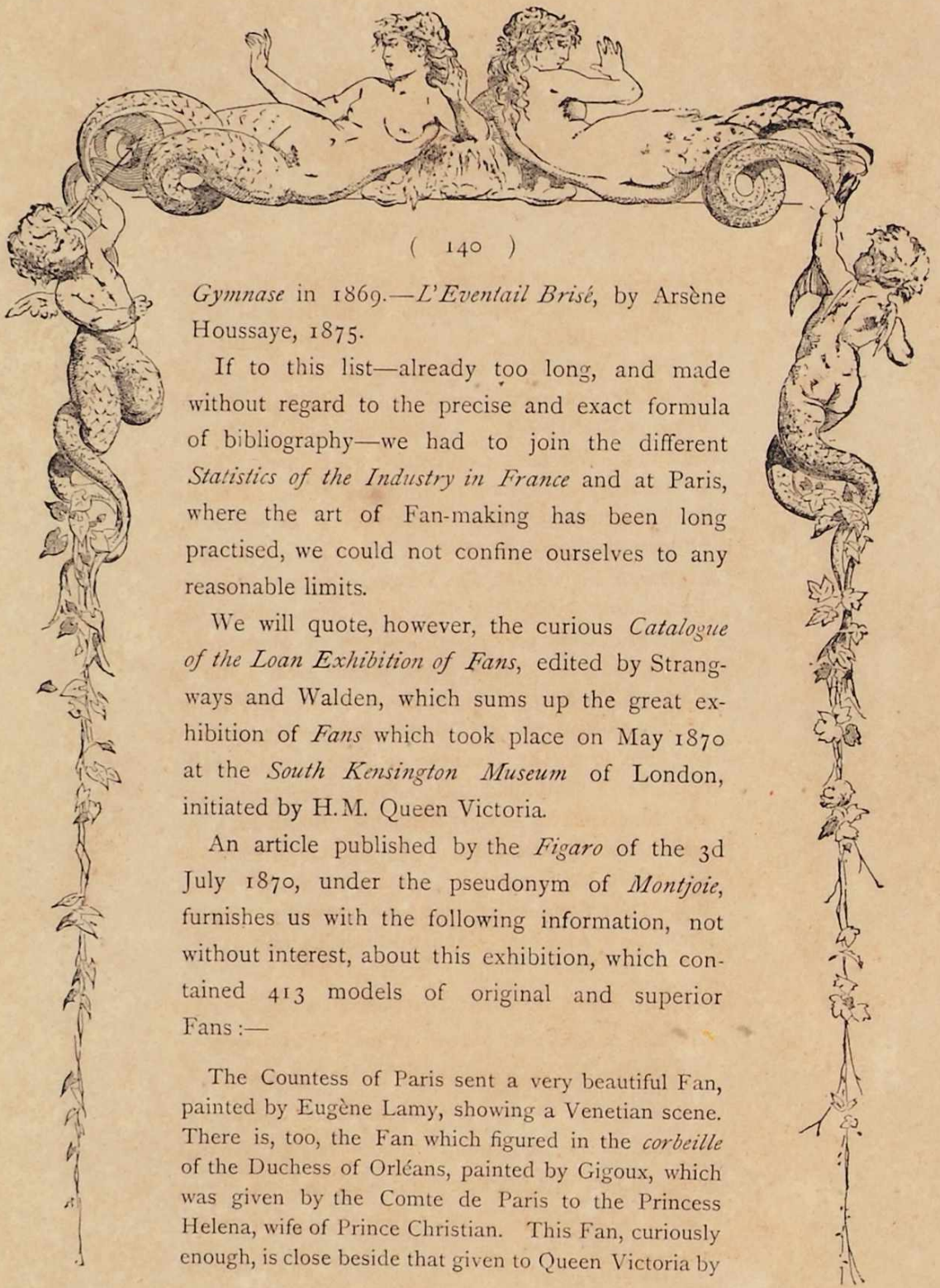


—Paul Lacroix: *Dix-huitième Siècle: Institutions, Usages et Costumes*.—Balzac: *Le Cousin Pons*.—*La Bacriade, ou la Guerre d'Alger*, poésie héroï-comique en cinq chants, par. MM. *Barthélemy et Aléry*; Paris, Dupont, 1827, 8vo, de 96 pages.—*L'Album*, Journal des Arts, des Modes et des Théâtres, 1821, t. ii.—Charles Blanc: *L'Art dans la Parure et dans le Vêtement*, 1875.—Adolphe Jullien: *Histoire du Costume au Théâtre*, 1880, &c., &c.

We stop here in our summary nomenclature of bibliography, for since the Revolution up to our time it would require a very large volume to contain the simple succession of works in which mention of the *Fan* is made. The last theatrical pieces or poems which bear a title analogous to our subject, and are recent productions, here follow:—

*L'Eventail*, a comedy by *Pages de Noyez*, 12mo. Paris, 1871.—*L'Eventail*, opéra-comique, by *Jules Barbier* and *Michel Carré*, music by *Boulangier*. Paris, 12mo, 1861.—*L'Eventail de Géraldine*, comedy-vaudeville, by C. Potier, Ernest Mouchélet and Edgar Chanu. Paris, 1859, 8vo, played at the theatre of the Folies-Dramatiques—*Coups d'Eventail* (detached thoughts), by *Madame Claudia Bachi*, Paris, Ledoyen, 1856, 32mo.—*Un coup d'Eventail*, comedy in one act, by Charles Nutter and Louis Dépret, played at the





*Gymnase* in 1869.—*L'Eventail Brisé*, by Arsène Houssaye, 1875.

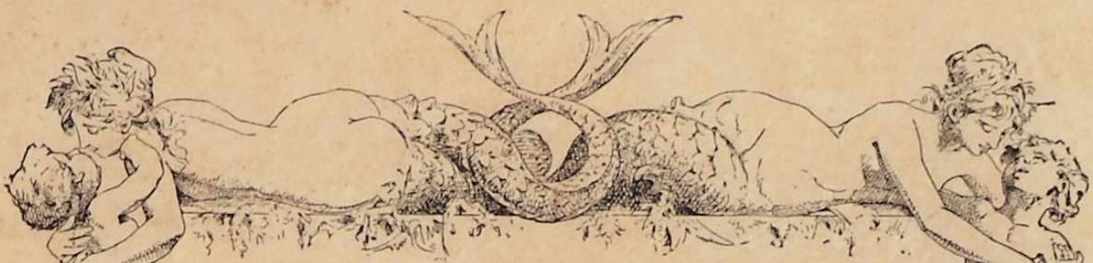
If to this list—already too long, and made without regard to the precise and exact formula of bibliography—we had to join the different *Statistics of the Industry in France* and at Paris, where the art of Fan-making has been long practised, we could not confine ourselves to any reasonable limits.

We will quote, however, the curious *Catalogue of the Loan Exhibition of Fans*, edited by Strangways and Walden, which sums up the great exhibition of *Fans* which took place on May 1870 at the *South Kensington Museum* of London, initiated by H.M. Queen Victoria.

An article published by the *Figaro* of the 3d July 1870, under the pseudonym of *Montjoie*, furnishes us with the following information, not without interest, about this exhibition, which contained 413 models of original and superior Fans:—

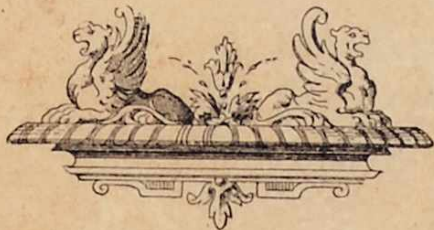
The Countess of Paris sent a very beautiful Fan, painted by Eugène Lamy, showing a Venetian scene. There is, too, the Fan which figured in the *corbeille* of the Duchess of Orléans, painted by Gigoux, which was given by the Comte de Paris to the Princess Helena, wife of Prince Christian. This Fan, curiously enough, is close beside that given to Queen Victoria by





the Emperor and Empress of the French, in memory of her visit to Versailles and Saint-Cloud in 1855. Beneath is the Fan of the Queen of the Belgians, lent by Queen Victoria, as well as that of Marie-Antoinette in Martin varnish. Then come the Fans of the Princess-Royal of Prussia, with the views of Berlin, Balmoral, Windsor, Coblenz, Buckingham Palace, Babelsberg, and Osborne; then the Fan of Madame de Pompadour (?), lent by M. Jubinal, of which the subjects are very light; that of Madame de Pourtalès, a present from H.M. the Empress, with a Watteau illustration; a beautiful Fan in Martin varnish, the toilet of Venus under the features of Madame de Montespan; an historic Fan, thanks to a letter of Madame de Sévigné which describes it; a Fan belonging to Madame de Nadaillac, painted by Gavarni; and another to the Duchess de Mouchy, painted by Madame de Nadaillac. Madame la Vicomtesse Aguado, Madame de Saulcy, Madames Bourbaki, d'Armaillé, the Countess Duchâtel, Furtado, Heine, de Rothschild, de Sommerard, are among the exhibitors. It is M. de Sommerard who was marked out by the Empress to assist the English in this Exhibition.

The *Catalogue of the Loan Exhibition of Fans* contains a succinct introduction of six pages by Mr. Samuel Redgrave, and in an appendix the names of the principal rich amateurs who contributed to the variety and interest of that Exhibition. This is the golden book of Fan-collectors, among whom, let us say, ladies, as is fitting, are in a majority.



It remains for us to thank a youthful amateur of art and a fine connoisseur, M. Germain Bapst, who has kindly offered for our use a packet of notes, collected with a view to a work upon *Fans*, which our rôle of literary historian and anecdotist has not allowed us to search into, as we should have done, if our study had been a descriptive monograph and a general history of celebrated Fans.

We must also render homage to the knowledge and cordial good grace of our fellow-writers and friends, Paul Lacroix, Arsène Houssaye, Jules Claretie, Edmond de Goncourt, Champfleury, Charles Monselet, and others, who, in the charm and variety of literary conversations, have brought us a piece of information, an anecdote, a pleasant word, though but a detail, all precious little spangles which glitter like a pretty golden seed-plot on the historic arabesques of our Fans.

We regret, in conclusion, not to have found a certain *Bibliothèque des Eventails*, which a bibliographer of the eighteenth century, evidently somewhat fanciful, pretends to have met with in the *Armoire de Pauline*. There was—what are we to think of this?—a collection of some small volumes in 12mo, delicate and coquettishly bound in rose satin, and perfumed with the most



exquisite essences. The text, written in sympathetic ink, expressed tender overflowings of poetic hearts, and there was to be seen Corydon raising from this terrestrial and nebulous world the Fan of his dear Chloe or of his Amaryllis, to hang it up in the temple of Immortality.

May the present Fan supply the place of this pretty library! May it likewise remain attached for some time to the temple of Taste, and receive the homage of women, the only homage which it desires!

