

terms with you; and if we can not command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

9. The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell!"

10. The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

11. As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hand, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father: for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen,¹ who died that you

¹ In reading this sentence, it must be remembered that Stephen was the name of the younger brother, whom the minister addressed. His mother died in giving him birth.

might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

12. "As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

13. Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manse.¹ On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

J. WILSON.

132. THE BROTHERS.

1. WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

¹ Manse, a clergyman's dwelling-house.

2. Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.
3. We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Lōng be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth¹ we play'd.
4. Our boyish spōrts were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.
5. We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

133. PROPER DISTRIBUTION OF TIME.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust, committed to us by Gōd; of which we are now the depositaries,² and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it.

2. Let not the hours of hospitality and plēasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till to-mōrrōw what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.

¹ Hearth.—² De pōs' it a ry, a trustee; a guardian; a person trusted with something.

3. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth¹ of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos,² which admits neither of distribution nor review.

4. The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious³ and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the mēasure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out.

5. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate confusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous⁴ of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal.⁵ They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

6. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labors under a burden not his own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

7. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management he prolōngs

¹ Lāb'y rinth, a place full of windings; something very intricate.—
² Chā'os, state of confusion.—³ Capricious (ka prish' us), apt to change opinions or purposes suddenly; unsteady.—⁴ Covetous (kliv' et us), eager to gain or save property.—⁵ Prōd' i gal, extravagant; wasteful.

it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future.

HUGH BLAIR.

134. TO-MORROW.

1. **H**OW heavy falls the foot of Time!
How slow the lingering quarters chime,
Through anxious hours of long delay!
In vain we watch the silent glass,¹
More slow the sands appear to pass,
While disappointment marks their way.
2. To-morrow—still the phantom² flies,
Flitting away before our eyes,
Eludes³ our grasp, is pass'd and gone;
Daughter of hope, Night o'er thee flings
The shadow of her raven⁴ wings,
And in the morning thou art flown!
3. Delusive sprite!⁵ from day to day,
We still pursue thy pathless way:
Thy promise broken o'er and o'er,
Man still believes, and is thy slave;
Nor ends the chase but in the grave,
For there *to-morrow* is no more.

MRS. ANNE HUNTER.

135. THE WIFE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and pros-

¹ Glass, a vessel to be filled with sand, for measuring time.—² Phan'tom, apparition; ghost; something imagined to be seen, but not real.—³ Eludes, escapes; flees away; deceives.—⁴ Raven, of the color of the raven; a bluish black.—⁵ Sprite, spirit; an apparition.

trate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity¹ and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.²

2. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental³ force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

3. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted⁴ by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils,⁵ and bind up its shattered boughs,—so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace⁶ when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

4. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm,⁷ "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

5. And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve⁸ his situation in the world than a single one;—partly because he is more stimulated⁹ to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love

¹ In tre pld' i ty, fearlessness; courage.—² Sub lim' i ty, elevation; that which is so elevated or lofty as to produce a feeling of astonishment and awe.—³ Men' tal, belonging to the mind.—⁴ Rift' ed, split; shattered.—⁵ Ten' drils, the fine shoots of a plant by which it clings to any substance.—⁶ Sol' ace, comfort.—⁷ Enthusiasm (en thü' ze azm), an ardent zeal with respect to some object or pursuit.—⁸ Re trève', recover; make better; make amends.—⁹ Stím' u lát ed, excited; roused to action.

at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect,—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

6. These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

7. The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious¹ combination;²—he was of a romantic³ and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.

8. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.⁴

9. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations;⁵ and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury.⁶ For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard⁷ countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted⁸ agony; and what rendered it more in-

¹ Har mō' ni ous, adapted to each other; agreeing together.—² Com bi nā' tion, close union.—³ Ro mān' tic, wild; fanciful; extravagant.—
Fe lic' i ty, great happiness.—⁴ Spec u lā' tions, schemes or plans to make money.—⁵ Pēn' u ry, poverty; want.—⁷ Hāg' gard, pale; ghastly; worn with care.—⁸ Pro trāct' ed, lengthened.

supportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

10. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid¹ attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments² to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched.

11. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek,—the song will die away from those lips,—the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world. At length he came to me, one day, and related his whole situation, in a tone of the deepest despair.

12. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!" "And why not?" said I. "She must know it, sooner or later; you can not keep it long from her, and the intelligence³ may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents⁴ of those we love soften the harshest tidings.

13. "Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook⁵ reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

14. "Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give

¹ Vāp' id, dead; spiritless.—² Bland' ish ments, kind words; winning expressions or actions.—³ In tel' li gence, information; tidings.—⁴ Ac cents, words; forms of speech.—⁵ Brook, bear; endure; submit to.

to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her vëry soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego¹ all the elegances of life,—all the plëasures of society,—to shrink with me into indigence² and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence.³ How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol⁴ of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!”

15. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sörrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm⁵ had subsided, and he had relapsed⁶ into moody⁷ silence, I resumed the subject, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

16. “But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,” observing a pang to pass across her countenance, “don’t let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—”

17. “I could be happy with her,” cried he, convulsively,⁸ “in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!” cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

18. “And, believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand,—“believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay,⁹ more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call förth all the latent¹⁰ energies and

¹ Fore gö', relinquish; give up.—² In' di gence, want; poverty; need.—³ Op' u lence, wealth; riches.—⁴ I' dol, an image for worship; an object of great love.—⁵ Pär' ox ysm, passion; high state of excitement.—⁶ Re lapsed', fallen back.—⁷ Mòod' y, angry; peevish; sad.—⁸ Con vül'sive ly, with violent agitation.—⁹ Ay (ãl), yes.—¹⁰ Lá' tent, secret; hidden; unseen

fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant¹ in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity.

19. “No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.” There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

136. THE WIFE—CONCLUDED.

I MUST confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude² for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of plëasure? Her gay spirits might revòlt³ at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation.⁴

2. He had made the disclosure. “And how did she bear it?” “Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl!” added he, “she can not realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract;⁵ she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied' to love.

3. “She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegances. When we come practi-

¹ Dor' mant, sleeping; not used.—² So lic' i tude, anxiety; uneasiness of mind caused by the fear of evil or the desire of good.—³ Re vòlt', rebel; become disobedient.—⁴ Trep i dà' tion, tremor; fear; agitation.—⁵ Ab' stract, a general view; separation from other things.

cally to experience its sordid¹ cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the real trial." "But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task,—that of breaking it to her,—the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day.

4. "It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses ruined man,—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse,—the keeping up a hollow show, that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

5. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.

6. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting² husband.

7. He was going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of the family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

8. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance; "is it

¹ Sor'did, contemptible; mean.—² Dōt'ing, loving greatly or to excess.

nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation,—to be caged in a miserable cottage,—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial¹ concerns of her wretched habitation?"

9. "Has she, then, repined² at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good-humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!" "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich,—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

10. "Oh! but, my friend, if this, our first meeting at the cottage, were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments;³ she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

11. There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest-trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

12. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm.

¹ Mē'ni al, being low or mean; relating to a servant.—² Re pined', complained; expressed sorrow or regret.—³ Equ'p'ments, furniture

He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk.

13. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished, a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild-flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles;—I had never seen her look so lovely.

14. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them,—and we have such excellent cream,—and every thing is so sweet and still here!—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face,—“oh, we shall be so happy!”

15. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom, he folded his arms around her, he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that, though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

137. THE FAMILY MEETING.

1. WE are all here!
 Father, mother, sister, brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled: we're all *at home*.
 To-night, let no cold stranger come:
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found:
 Bless then the meeting and the spot
 For once, be every care forgot;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour
 We're *all—all* here.

2. We're *not* all here!
 Some are away—the *dead* ones dear,
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
 Fate, with a stern relentless hand,
 Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:
 Some, like a night-flash, pass'd away,
 And some sank lingering day by day;
 The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
 And cruel Ocean has *his* share;
 We're *not* all here.
3. We *are* all here!
 Even *they*, the *dead*—though dead, so dear,
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,
 Brings back *their* faded forms to view.
 How life-like through the mist of years,
 Each well-remember'd face appears!
 We see them as in times long past,
 From each to each kind looks are cast;
 We hear their *words*, their *smiles* behold,
 They're round us, as they were of old—
 We *are* all here.
4. We are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 You that I love with love so dear.
 This may not long of us be said;
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead,
 And by the hearth we now sit round,
 Some *other* circle will be found.
 Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,
 Which yields a life of peace below;
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 We're *all—all—here!*

CHARLES SPRAQUE

138. ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night! The stars in thy presence turn away their sparkling eyes.

2. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoice with thee at night, no more? Yes; they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven.

3. The stars will then lift their heads and rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the clouds, O wind, that the daughter of night may look forth; that the shaggy¹ mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

OSSIAN.

139. EXERCISE OF THE FAN.

WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans.

2. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself

¹ Shag'gy, rough; uneven.

diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish¹ machine. But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts.

3. When my female regiment² is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

4. The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little firts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, while every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

5. Upon my giving the word to discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

¹ Mod'ish, according to the mode; fashionable.—² Rég'i ment, a body of troops, usually eight or ten companies, commanded by a colonel.

6. When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

7. When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

8. The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days¹ and the hot time of the summer for the teaching of this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs² and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

9. There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious,³ there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at

¹ Dog-days, the days when Sirius, or the dog-star, rises and sets with the sun. The dog-days commence the latter part of July, and end the beginning of September.—² Zephyrs (zēf' erz), breezes; light winds, and particularly the west wind.—³ Tedious.

a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude¹ or coquette,² according to the nature of the person who bears it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

140. ANON.

OF Anon but little is known, though his works are excessively numerous. He has dabbled in every thing. Prose and poetry are alike familiar to his pen. One moment he will be up the highest flights of philosophy, and the next he will be down in some kitchen-garden of literature, culling an enormous gooseberry, to present it to the columns of some provincial newspaper. His contributions are scattered wherever the English language is read. Open any volume of miscellanies³ at any place you will, and you are sure to fall upon some choice little bit signed by "Anon."

2. What a mind his must have been! It took in every thing, like a pawnbroker's shop. Nothing was too trifling for its grasp. Now he was hanging on to the trunk of an elephant, and explaining to you how it was more elastic than a pair of india-rubber braces; and next he would be constructing a suspension bridge with a series of monkeys' tails, tying them together as they do pocket-handkerchiefs in the gallery of a theater when they want to fish up a bonnet that has fallen into the pit.

3. Anon is one of our greatest authors. If all the things which are signed with Anon's name were collected on rows of shelves, he would require a British Museum all to himself. And yet of this great man so little is known that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name. There is no certificate of baptism, no moldy tombstone, no musty washing-bill in the world on which we can hook the smallest line of speculation, whether it was John, or James, or Joshua, or Tom, or Dick, or Billy Anon. Shame that a man should write so much, and yet be known so little. Oblivion⁴ uses its snuffers sometimes very unjustly.

¹ Prude (prōd), a woman too scrupulously exact, or affectedly stiff in her manners.—² Coquette (ko kēt'), a vain, trifling girl, desirous of attracting lovers and then rejecting them.—³ Miscellanies, promiscuous articles; mixtures of several kinds.—⁴ Oblivion, forgetfulness.