

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

## OLD COMPANIONS.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

Old companions! old companions,  
Still remember him that's gone;  
He will not forget the lessons  
You have based his future on.

You have taught him man is noble,  
Earth is full of gentle themes—  
Only those with minds perverted  
Paint it blacker than it seems.

Yours the hope that hopes forever,  
Finding good in every ill,  
Working forward bravely, boldly,  
Trusting all to heart and will.

Fain would I again be with you,  
Tread again the trodden way,  
But that fate has closed the portal,  
And there dawns another day.

Life has many paths between us—  
Yours may be removed from mine;  
But, whatever change may follow,  
Friendly thoughts we'll not resign.

Merry laughs and words of kindness  
Wander through my memory now;  
Lighting up a pass'd effulgence  
On the future's sombre brow.

These are time defying voices,  
Speaking down the slope of years;  
Urging on to hopeful courage,  
Waving back unworthy fears.

Some there are I miss among you—  
Gone where we at last must go—  
Gone, between a night and morning—  
Strangely mingling ebb and flow.

Green the grass be where they slumber!  
Flowers of peace above them wave!  
Faults, if faults they had, forgotten—  
Buried with them in the grave!

Be their deaths a link the stronger,  
Binding those who mourn their fall;  
Softening every harsh remembrance,  
Breathing thoughts of love to all!

Old companions! old companions!  
Life is but a passing day;  
Years are only falling landmarks  
Set to note the onward way.

On, then, hand in hand together!  
Bravely breast the storms of time!  
Truth your shield, and Love your banner,  
Steadfast Hope a sword sublime!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## FANCHON.

In spite of her brave little heart and good spirits, fatigue began to tell against Fanchon at last, and the next time Michel spoke to him she was nodding.

'Come, my girl,' said he, 'lie down beside the boy, and rest till the morning dawns, and then I'll wake you both.'

So Fanchon stretched herself on the bed of leaves, and taking the child in her arms was soon fast asleep. Then Michel spread the cloak over her; and as he looked at her sweet innocent young face, with little Lep lying on her bosom, he said:

'Where have my eyes been all this while that I have had this treasure under them, and never found it out? I thought she was a child; but though she's as fair and delicate as a white dove to look at, she's as hardy as a young heifer, and as tender and brave as a good woman; and that's what she is in good faith, and a fit wife for any man. But what is this to me?' he exclaimed, turning away. 'My father and mother would never hear of my marrying her, even if she would have me.'

Still, reason with himself as he would, he could not get out of his head that Fanchon was the wife to make him happy; and that he never should be able to fancy any other. However the rain having ceased, and the moon shining out more clearly, he by and by thought it more advisable to arouse the sleepers, and endeavor to recover their lost path. Fanchon was very drowsy, and as for Lep there was no waking him at all; but Michel took him in his arms, and they trudged away for some time in hopes of finding their way out of the wood. And accordingly after walking for upwards of an hour, Michel exclaimed joyously that they were approaching a house, for that he saw a light shining through the trees; so they took heart and hastened forward; but instead of a house they found the breeze had blown into a flame; whereupon Michel lost all patience, exclaiming they must be bewitched; but Fanchon exclaimed:

'Come, let us make the best of it. One night in the wood won't kill us; but we must make a bed for the child again, and cover him up, for I begin to feel the cold air of the morning.'

But though Fanchon's patience was not exhausted, her limbs were; and turning white as the handkerchief that covered her neck, she was seized with a shivering, her teeth began to chatter, and she sunk to the ground almost insensible.

'Oh Fanchon, my girl!' cried Michel lift-

ing her in his arms to the bed she had made for the boy, 'it is my fault that you are exposed to all this trouble and fatigue. I undertook to protect you to Grandpre, and I have done you nothing but mischief. But forgive me Fanchon, and I'll make you amends for it all if you will but take me for a husband.'

'I'll cry Fanchon, somewhat recalled to herself by amazement. 'You must be raving, Michel: you don't know what you are talking about.'

'I know very well what I am talking about,' answered he; 'and I know that you are the only woman to make me happy; and that you'll be a kind mother to my children, and a good daughter to my old father and mother; so only say that you'll marry me, and as soon as it's light enough to see our way, instead of going to Grandpre, we'll turn our faces the other way, and go back again to the farm.'

'It is impossible,' said Fanchon, shaking her head. 'It cannot be, so think of it no more, Michel, but go forward and see Isabel Gerard, as you promised your parents when you left them.'

'It's of no use,' said Michel; 'it would only be an affront to go and see a girl I'm determined not to marry. But why won't you have me, Fanchon? Wasn't I a kind husband to my poor Marguerite? Didn't she on her deathbed bid me take another wife? And didn't she bid me tell her that I had never given my first one a moment's cause to regret that she had taken me for her husband?'

'I know that's true,' answered Fanchon, with the tears in her eyes. 'My mother, who was nursing her in her last illness heard her say so.'

'And didn't you hear what Lep said to-night? It was the voice of my Marguerite speaking through her child.'

Fanchon, however, was not to be persuaded; and although she gave no reason, she so steadily refused him, that, quite discouraged, Michel at length ceased to speak; and while she lay down again beside the boy, he sat with his head resting despondingly on his hands till the morning broke. Then he turned to rouse her, but he saw she was awake, and that she had not slept any more than himself. Having inquired their way from an early woodcutter, they once more started for Grandpre; and as soon as they reached the entrance of the village, Fanchon stopped, and holding out her hand, bade him good-by; 'For I can't go to my new mistress till I've washed my face and hands, and made myself tidy. I shall come there by and by; and in the meantime, Michel, I shall forget all you have said to me, and I hope you will marry Isabel Gerard, and that she may make you a good wife, and your children a good and kind mother.'

'I won't have any mother but Fanchon,' said Lep.

'You sha'n't have any other,' said Michel; 'and as she won't be your mother you shall have none.' Whereupon bidding Fanchon farewell, he returned home with the child, while she proceeded on her way.

In some parts of France, where it is customary for all the married as well as the single, children and grandchildren to reside together under the same roof as long as it is possible for them to do so, there is a remarkable degree of deference observed towards the elders of the family; and thus Michel, though nearly thirty years of age, felt some misgiving at the thought of presenting himself at the farm without having fulfilled the object of their journey, and without being able to explain to the satisfaction of his parents the reason of his return; for to say that he had fallen in love with Barbettes little daughter, and that she had refused him into the bargain, he knew would appear to them rather a subject for amazement and laughter than commiseration. However he was so good a son, and so worthy a man, that although disappointed, the old people did not deem it proper to press the matter further when he declared his determination not to marry Isabel Gerard; and they contented themselves with looking about in other directions, and recommending to his notice first one fair damsel and then another of the surrounding districts. But it was all in vain; Michel would have nothing to say to any of them; and although he went about his work as diligently as ever, everybody saw he was an altered man. Of Fanchon he heard nothing; but as there followed a very hard winter, Barbettes would have suffered exceedingly, had it not somehow miraculously happened that her stock of potatoes, and flour and firewood never diminished. It did not signify how freely she used them, she had always plenty; and although, at first, fearing the devil might have a hand in the business, she had some thoughts of confessing to the priest, she comforted herself with the idea that she had not entered into any contact with the evil one, he had no right to expect any condescension on her part in return for his benefits.

When the year was expired Fanchon came again; but much to the annoyance of her mother, and the surprise of Blaise Pastor and his wife, she declined to enter into their service. Michel guessed the reason and it stung him to the quick to see how resolute she avoided him; but it happened that while she was making inquiries for another situation, the scarlet fever broke out in the neighborhood, and there was scarcely a house that had not one or more children in bed with it. Among the rest Michel's three children were all attacked at one time; and in such an emergency as this Fanchon did not wait to be asked—she offered her assistance at once. In spite, however, of all the care and attention that were lavished on them, the two

youngest died, to the inexpressible grief of the father, who doted on them for their own sakes, and as relics of his beloved Marguerite; but Lep recovered; and it was whilst he was lying in bed convalescent that he said to Fanchon, to whom he had become passionately attached:

'Fanchon, I want you to promise me something. Will you?'

'Yes, dear, I will if I can,' answered Fanchon.

'Oh yes, you can very well if you like,' said Lep.

'Well, what is it, my dear?' asked Fanchon.

'Promise that you'll be my mama,' said Lep.

'Oh that's nonsense,' said Fanchon, suddenly rising, for Margot was in the room. 'Lie down and let me cover you up while I fetch your broth.'

'No, I won't lie down,' said Lep, 'till you promise to be my mama,' and he held her by the apron.

'Fie, fie, Lep,' said Fanchon. 'Let me go.'

'You thought I was asleep that night in the wood when papa asked you to be my mama,' said Lep; 'but I wasn't; and when we were coming home, he promised me that he would never give me any mama but you. Oh, Fanchon, do!' he said, throwing himself into her arms; 'for now that God has taken away my brother and sister, what shall I do without a mamma?' And yet weak and excitable from his illness, the boy burst into an uncontrollable passion of sobs and tears.

'Oh, Lep! Lep! what can I do to comfort you, darling?' said Fanchon, almost crying herself at the boy's distress and her own confusion.

'Do what he asks, my child,' said the old woman, coming to the bedside. 'I understand now the cause of poor Michel's despondency, and why you wouldn't come to live with us, Fanchon. But perhaps you don't like my son? Perhaps you couldn't be happy with him? Is that the reason you refused him?'

'No, ma'am said Fanchon, hiding her face in Lep's curly locks.

'Perhaps it was because you thought we should not like you for a daughter?' Fanchon did not answer. 'Well, Fanchon, perhaps you were right; and did you tell my son your motive for refusing him?'

'Never,' answered Fanchon.

'You are a brave good girl,' said the mother.

'Won't you be my mama now, Fanchon?' said Lep, throwing his arms around her neck.

'Granny wishes it, and I wish it, and papa wishes it.'

'I don't know that, Lep,' answered Fanchon.

'But I do,' said Lep; 'for when he asked me this morning if there was anything I wished for that he could give me, I asked him to give me Fanchon for my mama; and he said he should be very glad indeed but that Fanchon wouldn't. But you will now, won't you?'

'Perhaps,' answered Fanchon.

'She says perhaps, papa; make her say yes!' cried Lep to Michel, who now entered the room with his father and mother.

'Michel did make her say yes; and ere many days were passed Fanchon became Lep's mama, to the joy and astonishment of old Barbettes, and the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## GREEN GARMENTS.

GREEN is the color *par excellence*—the color most agreeable to the eye, and upon which it can be fixed for the longest period of time with the least physical inconvenience. The very word *color* is derived from *chloros*, green, as every student of the Greek language knows. The green fields and the green trees, the green ivy clustering upon decay, to beautify and preserve it, and the green moss upon the gray stone—all these are refreshing to the sight of the lover of nature, whether he be educated or uneducated. The light green of early spring, the full ripe green of the maturity of summer, and the bronzed or yellow green of the decaying year, are severally beautiful. Even midwinter is not without its ornament of this universal color. Under the frost and snow lies the grass, verdant in all seasons; and the evergreen plants, in all their beautiful varieties, vivifying the landscape and the garden when our summer friends have forsaken us. In the balconies of city houses, where they are great favorites, they remind us all the winter of the leafy magnificence of the year that is past, and give promise of the verdure of the year which is approaching, in which, as in its predecessors, 'the spring time shall not fail.' It was a green leaf that first brought joy to the heart of Noah, to whom the promise was given, after his long imprisonment in the Ark, and which proved to him that the waters were indeed assuaged, and that he and his might again tread the green sward—again cultivate the dry land and be the progenitors of a new race to subjugate and to civilise the world.

All men love greenery more or less, though possibly most men are not aware of their love for that color, any more than the good *bourgeois* in Moliere's comedy was aware that he had all his life been speaking prose. To know the full value and beauty of green—to feel in its intensity the relief afforded by it to the eye and to the mind—it is only necessary to be shut up for six months in a smoky metropolis, without the indulgence of a ramble into

the country. Young and old, after such a privation, feel an infantine delight in escaping from the streets to look on nature face to face; to lollop upon the grass, to sit under the foliage, and as Chaucer, in his 'Legend of Good Women' says he did—

'To lean upon the elbow and the side  
The long day—  
For nothing else,  
But for to look upon the daisy.'

The poetical and unfortunate Earl of Surrey, on leaving the 'sluggish town,' exclaimed—

'And when I felt the air, so pleasant round about,  
Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out!'

—a feeling which all the lovers of rural greenery will consider to have been very natural.

An ill-natured critic once made it a matter of reproach against certain writers who were in greater repute a quarter of a century ago than they are now, that, like dying Falstaff, 'they babbled of green fields.' Perhaps these writers were not always wise and manly in the expression of their love for the country but that their sentiment was universal and true, even the critic might have confessed had he been closely questioned. All poets worthy of the name, from the most ancient times to the present, have been lovers of 'greenery,' even although their inspiration has been derived not from rural topics and delights, but from that best source of all poetry—the passions and affections, the errors and sufferings, the struggles and triumphs of men. In English poetry, more especially from Chaucer, whose

'Elf-queen with her jolie companie,  
Danced full oft in many a grene mede;  
and Shakspeare, whose woodland invitation

'Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me?—'

echoes like sweet music in the hearts of all his lovers, down to the newest aspirants for the honors of Parnassus, the 'greenwood' and the 'green mead' have been sung in all kinds of verse, from the immortal by wide gradations through all varieties of the good, the bad, and the indifferent.

To cite their praises of field and forest, or even a hundredth part of them, would fill a volume. We shall not enter upon so formidable and useless a task. There is, however, a fondness for green as a costume, which the readers of our earlier poetry cannot fail to have remarked, and which is somewhat curious to trace. When the poets invoke the elves, they almost invariably clothe them in green suits; but this is a costume for these imaginary creatures which we can fancy to be appropriate. Elves, like some real creatures, take the color of surrounding things. As the hare becomes white in the snow, and the ptarmigan takes the color of the bare granite precipices which he haunts, the elves, dwelling amid green leaves, or building their small citadels amid the waving grass, wear robes of verdant hue. There is not, however the same reason for the green coats, green robes, and green mantles of the mortal heroes and heroines of poetry. But there is doubtless another reason—which may have been, that green was actually the color most in vogue among the rural population. Lincoln and Kendal are two towns that seem to have been celebrated for their green cloth: Robin Hood, Little John, and their followers, were clothed in Lincoln green:—

'Buck ye, buck ye, my merry men all,  
And John shall goe with mee;  
For I'll goe seek you wight yeomen  
In greenwood where they bee.  
Then they put on their gownes of green,  
And took their bows each one,  
And they away to the green forest,  
A shooting forth are gone.'

In Shakspeare's time, Kendal green appears to have been equally well known, if we may judge from the words of lying Falstaff, who boasts to Prince Henry of his fabulous achievements on Gad's Hill:—

'Three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let dive at me.'

It was not merely freebooters and huntsmen that wore green in those early days: for a loose robe or gown of green was the dress of the ancient minstrels, gleemen, minnesingers and rimours, whose songs, tales, and jests, were the delight of our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester, various masques and ancient plays were got up for her amusement. In one of these plays a person in the garb of a minstrel was introduced wearing 'a long gown of Kendal green, gathered at the neck into a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper up to the chin, but easily to undo when the heat was oppressive. His gown had side, (long) sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. About his neck he wore a red ribbon. His harp hung before him; the wrest, a tuning instrument, being tied to a green lace hanging by.' It was in this costume we may suppose, that King Alfred gained admission into the Danish camp, and that Blondel wandered over Europe in search of King Richard I.

The allusions in Chaucer to the green vestments of his male and female characters are frequent. In the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' he speaks of his yeoman as

'Clad in cote and hode of grene,  
and as bearing a horn, of which the 'bauxisk was of grene.' In the 'Legends of Good Women,' when he represents himself as lying in