

THE NORMANS.

A SKETCH OF MANNERS.

Translated from the French for the Winchester Republican.

Two men came forward, one carrying a basket under his arm, the other a little cotton bag. "Which of you is the plaintiff?" demanded the judge, "It is me, your honor," said the man with the basket. "What have you to say—what do you complain of?" "I have chickens at home, your honor, and beautiful chickens; my neighbor, there, whom I have summoned, entices them away, under pretext of feeding them—but in reality, in the wickedness and blackness of his heart, to treat them, poor little innocents, as you will soon see your honor." And he drew from his basket and placed in the midst of the audience a cock completely stripped of his feathers. The poor animal, ashamed, shivering, flying from the shouts of the assembly, sought to hide his melancholy nudity.

The defendant, interrogated, confessed the fact, a fact in his opinion very excusable. "I am, as every body knows, a poor shoe-maker. Two years ago, I was forced to ask a little money of my neighbor, who lent it to me; I thanked him for it. I was to return it at the end of the year: the end of the year came, your honor, and no money with it; and my neighbor demanded the money he had advanced, with the little interest, as was just. Nothing to pay, what could I do? One day he came to my house, and after shutting the door, alone with me, he said, 'Friend, have you any money? I am in want of some.' I did not know what to say, and I said nothing.—'Friend,' said he, a second time, 'have you any money? I lent you mine to oblige you, you know it; it is with that you have bought your bread; it is, then, my corn and my bread that has nourished you; it is time that you return it.' I, who had nothing to return, what could I say? Nothing, and I held my tongue. 'Do you think to pay me by your silence?' said he, at last, getting angry. 'A third time, friend, have you any money? This is for the last time; and if you have no money, the coat you have on suits me, and I will take it. Do you think, then, you are going so well dressed (it was Sunday, your honor,) while I, to oblige you, am forced to inconvenience myself?' Saying that, as I was still silent, he took off my coat, your honor; I made some objections, but he took it nevertheless, and as he was going, Hark'ee, said he, 'I shall put it in my closet; I shall leave it there two months; and if, at the end of that time,

you do not pay me my money, I shall consider it as mine? Ask him if it is not true.

"Nevertheless, your honor, his chickens came every day on my premises; like a good neighbor, I let them come; they went in my barn and picked the grain; how often have they not eaten my children's bread. I did not complain of it; between neighbors such things should be suffered; but, gift for gift. At last I was tired of it. One day the cock was in my barn—I found him there; I shut the door, and alone with him, I said, 'What are you doing here? it is my property you are eating, it is my corn that nourishes you; I expect you will pay me. Have you any money? Answer me, neighbor.' Mum. A second time, 'have you any money?' Not a word. For the third and last time, 'have you any money?' The same silence; the neighbor looked at me without saying a word. 'Ah! you do not answer me—one who says nothing does not pay, my friend. You have no money, that is possible; but you have there a dress that suits me; I want a pillow for my child. Do you think, then, you are going to strut so proudly under your fine plumage, when I am dying for want of bread? no, my friend, not so.' Saying that, I caught him, and notwithstanding some little objections on his part, I took off his coat. I showed him that I put it in a little bag, where it is yet, your honor, and this is what I said to him: 'Hark'ee, if, in two months from this time, you pay me my grain or the money, which you choose, you may be sure that I will return you your coat; if not, it is mine.' He is here to tell the contrary if I have said what is false, your honor, and here is my bag, which I will return to him when he chooses, when he returns my grain. As others do to you, do thou—this is the law of equity."

The audience greeted him with shouts of laughter; the judge alone preserved his gravity. A Norman judge does not laugh so easily. What he pronounced I will not tell you; but I ask you, how should you have decided the affair?

NATURAL HISTORY.

"All are but parts of that stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

FOR THE CASSET.

METAMORPHOSIS OF INSECTS.

The different states of being through which various kinds of insects pass before they arrive at the ultimate one, is a wonderful phenomena in nature; at the contemplation of which, our minds are apt to be overwhelmed with the wonderful effects

of the living principle. What for instance, is more surprising than the different stages of existence through which the little gay and sportive butterfly passes, ere its final exit upon the fragrant breath of spring? The mother butterfly lays her small round shining eggs in a bunch, on some leaf, choosing in preference to others, those of the cherry, mulberry or some tender leaved tree, as soon as the foliage begins to expand. From these eggs proceed the loathsome caterpillars, which begin their existence by spinning about them a dirty web, intermingling with it the contiguous leaves. One would hardly imagine that so loathsome and sluggish a worm, poisoning every thing within its reach, and withering the foliage of the tree by its touch, was ever doomed to take upon itself the beautiful form and the rainbow tints of the innocent butterfly—sporting among the sweets of the mead or the flowery garden—sipping the honeyed fragrance of the most delicate flowers—which, had it touched in another state of existence, would have withered in a moment. One would hardly have imagined that the little worm crawling on its mother dirt, was in a year's time destined to assume the variegated tints of the butterfly, and soar in pride amid the air upon pinions streaked with gold. But, ere it becomes a butterfly, it has to be a chrysalis, wrapped in an apparently lifeless shade, having spun around it a protecting house of strong natural cloth, suspended from a bough, or fastened in some nook, it braves the beating storm, and the winter's cold; sunk in the silence of an apparent non-entity—an eternal sleep:—but doomed ere long (warmed into being by the genial rays of the distant Phœbus) to arise in beauty upon a smiling world—from breathless sleep, to joy again! Perhaps christians, an emblem, a divine light of nature, of your transformation from corruptness to immortal purity! when at the resurrection day, at the deafening trump of joy, throwing aside the shade of death and his loathsome oppression upon wings of immortality, gilded with the brightness of joy, you will light upon the fields of eternal bliss—immortal joy, beneath the countenance of an approving God.

Various kinds of other insects undergo a similar operation of nature. The ant, for instance, is a winged insect previous to its destined being. We see in summer the ants upon our apple and plumb trees, upon which they deposit blackish eggs. These eggs in a little while are animated and small flies, quite dissimilar to the ant that left there appear. They vanish, but no doubt pass to their intended state of being. Likewise, the common mosquito lays its eggs on the water, upon which they swim in bunches until warmed into life they assume the shape of worms or little eels, and skip and swim and play in the water, as if it was their intended element; but in a little time having taken upon them wings, legs and smellers, they fly on the wind, crawl on the earth, and live upon the blood of animals.

Such are the wonders of nature! such is the greatness of God! The more we pry