

seen, did not satisfy them; they pled the urgency of business and proceeded unasked to the chamber where Dudley had retired, into which they had no sooner entered, than they declared that their business was to arrest him as a criminal and carry him before a magistrate for examination on the charge of being concerned in counterfeiting. Laura, who had followed the strangers to the apartment of her husband, fainted when she heard their errand. It but was some fearful foreboding of her own,—the unravelling at once of his strange and mysterious behavior, and when she recovered it was but to see him dragged away, pale and almost lifeless, and in such a dreadful night from her fond care, perhaps never to meet again on this side of the grave; nor was this all; her Dudley a criminal, his character consigned to infamy, and her life to sorrow. It was a sudden blight of all her hopes, the unlooked-for crush of all her expectations, the fall from honor, respectability and wealth, to disgrace, infamy and poverty! These were enough to weigh down a stronger frame, and wreck a firmer constitution than Laura's; but woman is great in suffering, and she waited patiently the result, and when the day of trial came, she went and set by her husband within the bar. It was a cruel sight to see two so fair and young, and hitherto so much respected and envied now sitting side by side, awaiting a conviction or acquittal, which, though directed against one only, was to involve the other in all its most lasting consequences.—The pleading was brief and the charge decidedly against the prisoner the jury returned a verdict in a few hours of GUILTY, and the unhappy man stood up by the side of his unhappy wife for the last time, to receive the sentence that was to sever him from his beloved Laura and all worldly connexions! then he was chained and carried away to his damp and sepulchral dungeon, there to await the day and hour of execution.

* * Laura carried to her home! Yes, the happy home of her childhood! Ah! how different indeed from the happy morning of her wedding day. But thus are thy ways, O Providence, and we must submit. Her father welcomed his beloved child to her once happy home, and though the rustic dance was not again heard on the garden green, though the pensive traces of cherished inquietude vanished not wholly from Laura's cheek, yet often in the still and quiet evening, her softly plaintive voice and the tinkling of her sweet guitar were heard and a calm and resigned smile played upon her cheek incessantly.

DONNA JULIA.

Natural History—Luxury amongst the Birds.—The motion of the Indian Ixora lighting up its nest with a glow-worm, has usually been considered a popular fable; but the con-

ductors of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" state, that an informant of theirs, a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found that when he took away the glow-worm out of the nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another, which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

LAIRD OF FAWDONSIDE.

The following story was related by an old gentleman, resident for fifty years in Northumberland, but who had been born and educated near the scene described, where it was, in his youth, a common fireside legend.

The Laird of Fawdonside, an estate immediately above Abbotsford, on the course of the Tweed, was one night riding home in a state of intoxication from market, when, just as he reached a place about half a mile from his own house, he encountered that celebrated and very generally reprobated character, the devil. Fully aware of the danger of his situation, the laird thought he would give his holiness the cut celestial, and pass on. But Satan was not an acquaintance to be shaken off so easily: he fairly intercepted the laird as he was about to give him the go-by; and, altho' Fawdonside attempted then to take a more desperate course and rush past, he found himself, notwithstanding all his personal exertions, obliged at last to come to a quiet *tete-a-tete* with his enemy. The conversation which ensued, ended in a proposal on the part of the devil, that Fawdonside should purchase a right of passage, by agreeing to deliver up to him whatever living thing he should first meet as he approached his house. The laird, calling to mind that a favorite greyhound was in the habit of coming out of the house to meet him on similar occasions, consented to the proposal, though not without some compunctious qualms in regard to the faithful and beloved creature which he was thus consigning to destruction. Chance determined that his feelings of regret should be exercised on a much worthier object. As in the somewhat similar case of Jephthah, his daughter, a child of ten years, was the first person whom he met. No words could express the horror of the poor laird, as the fiend, who had dogged him, appeared at his back to claim his victim. He could only plead a respite. After much entreaty, "the enemy" consented to allow him a few days to take leave of the child. It being then settled that the rendition should be made next Thursday at Galashiels kirk, Satan disappeared.

Before the appointed day, Fawdonside had consulted the clergyman of the parish as to what he should do under such circumstances. The minister, who happened to have some knowledge of diablerie, proposed a scheme, by