

on the judgment of the Exchequer Chamber. The unhappy Trustees had caught a Tartar, and follow him into the Lords they must. Accordingly after another year or two's delay, the case came on in the Lords. Their Lordships pronounced it the most trumpety writ of error they had ever seen, and again affirmed the judgment, with costs, against Bones. The Trustees now taxed their costs, and found that they had spent not less than five hundred pounds in defending their claim to a bit of ground that was not of the value of an old shoe. But, then, Bones was condemned to pay the costs. True; so they issued execution against Bones; caught him, after some trouble, and locked him up in jail. The next week, Bones petitioned the Insolvent Court, got out of prison; and, on examination of schedule, his effects appeared to be £0 0s. 0d.! Bones had, in fact, been fighting the Trustees on credit for the last three years; for his own attorney was put down as a creditor to a large amount, which was the only satisfaction the Trustees obtained from perusing his schedule.

They were now obliged to have recourse to the Parish funds to pay their own law expenses, and were consoling themselves with the reflection that these did not come out of *their own pockets*, when they received the usual notification that a bill in Chancery had been filed against them, at Mr. Bones's suit, to overhaul their accounts with the parish, and *prevent the misapplication of the parish money* to the payment of their law costs! This was the climax. And being myself a disciple of Coke, I have heard nothing further of it; being unwilling, as well, perhaps, as unqualified, to follow the case into the labyrinthic vaults of the Court of Chancery. The catastrophe, if this were a tale, could hardly be mended—so the true story may end here.

THE ROBBER OUTWITTED.

WILLIE BAILIE was a household name about a hundred years ago, in the upper parts of Clydesdale. Men, women, and children had heard of Willie, and the greater proportion had seen him. Few, in his time, could excel Willie in dexterity in his profession, which consisted of abstracting money from people's pockets, and in other predatory feats. He frequented the fairs all round the district, and no man's purse was safe if Willie happened to be in the market. The beautiful village of Moffat, in Annandale, was one of his frequent places of resort when any of its fairs happened to be held, and here, among the honest farmers, he was invariably successful; and to show his professional skill on such occasions, he has been known to rob a man and return his purse to him two or three times in the same day; but this he did only with his intimate friends, who were kind to him in providing lodgings, when plying his nominal occupation of tinker from one farm-house to another; in the case of others, it was, of course, different. His wife abetted

him in all his thieving exploits, and generally sat in a place in the outskirts of the town, that had been previously fixed on, and there received in silence whatever spoil her husband might throw incidentally into her lap in the shape of her fairing. But Willie was a privileged freebooter, was generous withal, and well liked by the people in the neighborhood, on whom he rarely committed any acts of plunder, and any one might have trusted what he called his "honor."

Willie's character was well known both to high and low, and he became renowned for a heroism which few who esteem respectability would now covet. The high estimation in which he was held as an adept in his profession, induced a Scottish nobleman to lay a high bet, with an Englishman of some rank, that Willie would actually rob and fairly despoil a certain noted riever on the southern side of the border, who was considered one of the most daring and dexterous that frequented the highways in those dubious times, and one whose exploits the gentleman was in the habit of extolling. The Scottish nobleman conferred with Willie, and informed him of the project—a circumstance which mightily pleased our hero, and into which he entered with all enthusiasm. The interest which Willie took in the matter was to the nobleman a guarantee of ultimate success; and, having given all the marks of the robber, and directed him to the particular place on the road where he was sure to meet with him, he left it to Willie himself to arrange the subsequent mode of procedure.

Willie's ingenuity was instantly at work, and he concocted a scheme which fairly carried him through the enterprise. He got an old, frail-looking pony, partially lame, and with long, shaggy hair. He filled a bag of considerable dimensions with a great quantity of old buttons, and useless pieces of jingling metal. He next arrayed himself in beggarly habiliments, with clouted shoes, tattered under-garments, a cloak mended in a hundred places, and a soiled, broad-brimmed bonnet on his head. The money-bag he tied firmly behind the saddle; he placed a pair of pistols under his coat, and a short dagger close by his side. Thus accoutred he wended his way slowly toward the border, both he and the animal apparently in the last stage of helplessness and decrepitude. The bag behind was carefully covered by the cloak, that spread its *duddy* folds over the hinder parts of the poor lean beast that carried him. Sitting in a crouching posture on the saddle, with a long beard and an assumed palsified shaking of the hand, nobody would have conceived for a moment that Willie was a man in the prime of life, of a well-built, athletic frame, with more power in his arm than three ordinary men, and of an intrepid and adventurous spirit, that feared nothing, but dared every thing. In this plight, our worthy went dodging over the border, and entered the neighboring kingdom, where every person that met him regarded him as a poor,

doited, half-insane body, fit only to lie down at the side of a hedge, and die unheeded, beside the crazy steed. In this way, he escaped without suspicion, and advanced without an adventure to the skirts of the wood, where he expected to encounter his professional brother.

When Willie entered the road that led through the dark and suspicious forest, he was all on the alert for the highwayman. Every rustling among the trees and bushes arrested his attention, not knowing but a whizzing ball might in a moment issue therefrom, or that the redoubted freebooter himself might spring upon him like a tiger. Neither of these, however, occurred; but a man on horseback was seen advancing slowly and cautiously on the road before him. This might be he, or it might not, but Willie now recollected every particular mark given of the man with whom he expected to encounter, and he was prepared for the most vigilant observation. As the horseman advanced, Willie was fully convinced that he had met with his man, and this was the critical moment, for here was the identical highwayman.

"How now, old fellow?" exclaimed the robber; "what seek you in these parts? Where are you bound for, with this magnificent equipage of yours?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am e'en a puir honest man frae Scotland, gaen a wee bit farther south on business of some consequence, and I am glad I have met with a gentleman like you, and I would fain put myself under your protection in this dreary wood, as I am a stranger, and wadna like ony mischance to befa', considering the errand I am on."

The robber eyed Willie with a sort of leer, thinking he had fallen in with an old driveling fool, at whose expense he might amuse himself with impunity, and play a little on his simplicity.

"What makes you afraid of this wood?" said the robber.

"Why, I was told that it was infested with highwaymen; and, to tell you the truth, as I take you to be an honest man and a gentleman, I hae something in this bag that I wadna like to lose, for twa reasons—baith because of its value, and because it was intrusted to my care."

"What have you got, pray, that you seem so anxious to preserve? I can't conceive that any thing of great value can be intrusted to your care. Why, I would not give a crown-piece, nor the half of it, for the whole equipage."

"That's just the very thing. You see, I am not what I appear to be. I have ta'en this dress, and this auld, slovenly pony, for the purpose of avoiding suspicion in these precarious places. I have behind me a bag full of gold—you may hear by the jingling of the pieces when I strike here with my hand. Now, I am intrusted with all this treasure, to convey it to a certain nobleman's residence in the south; and I say again, that I am glad that I have met you, to conduct me safely through the forest."

At this, the robber was highly amused, and could scarcely believe that a simplicity so ex-

treme, and bordering on insanity, could exist; and yet there was an archness in the old man's look, and a wiliness in his manner, that hardly comported with his external appearance. He said he had gold with him—he affirmed that he was not exactly what he appeared to be—not so poor as his tattered garments would indicate, and withal trustworthy, having so large a sum of money committed to his care. It might be, there was not a word of truth in his story; he might be some cunning adventurer from the border, plying a certain vocation on his own account, not altogether of a reputable cast; but, whatever the case might be, the silly old man was completely in his power, and, if he had gold in his possession, it must be seized on, and no time was to be lost.

"I tell you," said the highwayman, wheeling his horse suddenly round in front of Willie's pony, "I tell you, old man, that I am that same robber of whom you seem to be afraid, and I demand an instant surrender of your gold."

"Hoot, toot," exclaimed Willie, gae wa, gae wa! You a robber! You are an honest man, and you only want to joke me."

"I tell you distinctly that I am the robber, and I hold you in my power."

"And I say as distinctly," persisted Willie, "that you are a true man. That face of yours is no a robber's face—there's no a bit o' a robber about ye, and sae ye maun e'en guard me through the wood, and gie me the word o' a leel-hearted Englishman that ye'll no see ony ill come ower me."

"No humbug!" vociferated the highwayman, in real earnest; "dismount, and deliver me that bag immediately, else I will make a riddle of your brainless skull in a trice."

Willie saw that it was in vain to parley, for the highwayman had his hand on the pommel of his pistol, and an unscrupulous act would lay him dead at his feet. Now was the time for the wary Scot to put his plan in execution. All things had happened as he wished, and he hoped the rest would follow.

"Weel, weel," said Willie, "since it maun be, it maun be. I shall dismount, and deliver you the treasure, for life is sweet—sweeter far than even gold to the miser. I wanted to act an honest part, but, as we say on the north side of the border, 'Might makes right,' and sae, as I said, it e'en maun be."

Willie then, with some apparent difficulty, as an old, stiff-limbed man, lifted himself from the pony, and stood staggering on the ground.

"Now," said he, laying his hand heavily on the money-bag, "I have a request or two to make, and all is yours. When I return to Scotland, I must have some marks about my person to show that I have been really robbed, and that I have not purloined the gold to my own purposes. I will place my bonnet here on the side of the road, and you will shoot a ball through it; and then, here is this old cloak—you must send another ball exactly through

here, so that I can show, when I return, what a fray I have been in, and how narrowly I have escaped."

To this the robber consented, and, having alighted from his steed, made two decided perforations in the way he was desired. This was with Willie a great point gained, for the robber's pistols were now empty, and restored to their place.

"I have yet another request," said Willie, "and then the matter will be completed. You must permit me to cut the straps that tie the bag to the saddle, and to throw it over this hedge, and then go and lift it yourself, that I may be able to swear that, in the struggle, I did what I could to conceal the money, and that you discovered the place where I had hid it, and then seized it; and thus I will stand acquitted in all points."

To this also the highwayman consented. Willie, accordingly, threw the heavy bag over the hedge, and obsequiously offered to hold the robber's high-spirited steed till he should return with the treasure. The bandit, suspecting nothing on the part of the driveling old man, readily committed his horse to his care, while he eagerly made his way through the hedge to secure the prize. In the mean time, however, Willie was no less agile; for, having thrown off his ragged and cumbersome cloak, he vaulted upon the steed of the highwayman with as much coolness as if he had been at his own door. When the robber had pushed his way back through the hedge, dragging the bag with him, he was confounded on seeing his saddle occupied by the simpleton whose gold he had so easily come by. But he was no longer a simpleton—no longer a wayfaring man in beggar's weeds—but a tall, buirdly man, arrayed in decent garb, and prepared to dispute his part with the best.

"What, ho! scoundrell! Do you intend to run off with my horse? Dismount instantly, or I will blow out your brains!"

"The better you may," replied Willie; "your pistols are empty, and your broadsword is but a reed; advance a single step nearer, and I will send a whizzing ball through your beating heart. As to the bag, you can retain its contents, and sell the buttons for what they will bring. In the mean time, farewell, and should you happen to visit my district across the border, I shall be happy to extend to you a true Scotch hospitality."

On this, Willie applied spur and whip to the fleet steed, and in a few minutes was out of the wood, and entirely beyond the reach of the highwayman. When Willie had time to consider the matter, he found a valise behind the saddle, which, he had no doubt, was crammed with spoils of robbery; nor was he mistaken, for, on examination, it contained a great quantity of gold, and other precious articles. The highwayman, on opening Willie's bag, found it filled with old buttons and other trash. His indignation knew no bounds: he swore, and vociferated, and stamped with his feet, but all to no pur-

pose; he had been outwitted by the wily Scot, and, artful as he himself was, he had met with one more artful still.

The Scottish nobleman gained the bet, and the affair made a great noise for many a long year. Daring men of this description were found in every part of the kingdom, frequenting the dark woods, the thick hedges, and the ruinous buildings by the wayside; and, what is remarkable, these desperadoes were conventionally held in high repute, and were deemed heroes. In the time of Charles II., when the English thoroughfares were so infested with such adventurers, we find that one Claude Duval, a highwayman, while he was a terror to all men, was at the same time a true gallant in the esteem of all the ladies. He was as popular and renowned as the greatest chieftains of his age; and, when he was at last apprehended, "dames of high rank visited him in prison, and, with tears, interceded for his life; and, after his execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes." The order of society in the times to which we refer was vastly different from what it is now. Men's habits and moral sentiments were then of the lowest grade, but, thanks to the clearer light and better teaching of Christianity, the condition of all classes is vastly elevated. The Gospel has effected in the community infinitely more than all law and social regulations otherwise could have accomplished.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A CHAPTER ON BEARS, THEIR HABITS, HISTORY, Etc.

Slender. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed—but women, indeed can not abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THOSE who ramble amid the beautiful scenery of Torquay, who gaze with admiration on the bold outlines of the Cheddar Cliffs, or survey the fertile fen district of Cambridgeshire, will find it difficult to believe that in former ages these spots were ravaged by bears surpassing in size the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or the polar bear of the Arctic regions; yet the abundant remains found in Kent Hole Torquay, and the Banwell Caves, together with those preserved in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge, incontestably prove that such was the case. Grand indeed was the Fauna of the British isles in those early days! Lions—the true old British lions—as large again as the biggest African species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants, of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now ex-