"SHALL THE GOSLINGS TEACH THE GOOSE HOW TO SWIM

unrivalled as a bookbinder in his day, and some maintain that he has never been equalled in subsequent times. His habits were very eccentric, but, in spite of these, he might have made a fortune by his business, and ridden in a carriage as finely decorated as the books he bound. The rock on which he split was the excessively ardent devotion he cherished for strong ale. In one of his account books, still preserved, we find one day's expenditure thus recorded: "For bacon, one halfpenny, for liquor, one shilling." Alemay be said to have been meat, drink, washing, and lodging for the wretched Roger. When remonstrated with by his friends and patrons, and told that sobriety, like henesty, was the best policy, and the only road that lay to health and wealth, he would reply by chanting a verse of an old song in praise of his favorite beverage, thus:—

"All history gathers
From ancient forefathers,
That ale's the true liquor of life;
Men lived long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whilst barley-broth only was rife."

Chamber's " Book of Days.

30.—St. Andrew suffered death by crucifixion about?

A.D., on a cross in the form of an X, or what i. celled a cross decussate. According to tradition, about thirty years after the death of Constantine, in 36. A.D. t pious Greek Monk, named Regulus or Rule conveyed the remains of St. Andrew to Scotland and there deposited them on the eastern coast of Fife, where he built a church, and where afterwards arose the renowned city and cathedral of St. Andrew. Whatever credit may be given to this legend, it is certain that St. Andrew has been regarded, from time immemorial as the patron saint of Scotland. His day, the 30th of November, is a favourity coession of social and national reunion, amid becomment residing in England and elsewhere abroad.

SWEET REVENCE.

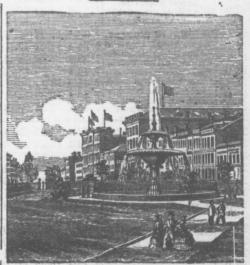
Revenge . . . on Murray's pride:
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh."-SCOTT.

Castle, she was compelled to resign the crown of Scotland in favour of her infant son, and to agree that her unnatural brother, the Earl of Murray, should act as regent during his minority. This was in 1667. Murray did not hold his position long, for one fine day—it was the 25th of January, 1569—when passing through Linlithgow, he met his death-blow. The story of his end is thus told: The chief actor was a gentleman known as Humilton of Bothwellhaugh. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the regent's clemency. But that act of grace was soon forgotten, for part of his estate was bestowed upon one of the regent's favorites who seized his house and turned out his wife on a cold night into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became fusiously mad. This injury made a deep impression on Hamilton; he vowed vengeance on the regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his-enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him that his shadow might not be observed from without; and after all this preparation, calmly expected the approach of the regent who had lodged during the night in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so much regard to it that he

resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him with a single bullet through the lower part of his body, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The regent died the same night of his wound. Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph. After a short abode there, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gasper de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot sause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistakm He was no mercenary traderin blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither for price nor prayer avenge that of another man. Sir Walter Scott mentions that the carbine with which the regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece of middling length, very small in the bore, and what is rather extraordinary appears to have been rified or indented in the barrel.

Two dogs fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind-legs ran away, but the fore-legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

"I've got a new machine," exclaimed a Tankee pedlar, "for picking bones out of fishes Now, I tell you, it's a leetle the thing you ever did see All you have to do is to set it on a table and turn a crank, and the fish files rite down your throa', and the bones vite under the grate. Well, there was a country greenhorn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and I tell you, the way the bones fiew down his throat was awful; why, it stuck that feller so ful! of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."



CITY OF HAMILTON

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