

rectly under the stones, it follows, that, by this arrangement of things, the corn would fall into the stream. Having made these preparations, the miller locked his house door, and went to bed. About midnight, Donald arrived with his people, and some sacks of dry corn; and finding every thing, as he thought, in good order in the mill, he filled the hopper, and let on the water. The machinery revolved with more than ordinary rapidity; the grain sank fast in the hopper; but not a particle of it came out where he was wont to receive it into his bag as meal. Donald the Proud, and his gillies, were all aghast. Frantic with rage he and they ran up and down; and in their hurry to do every thing, they succeeded in doing nothing. At length Donald perceived, what even the obscurity of the night could not hide, a continued long white line of fair provender flowing down the middle of the stream, that left not a doubt as to where his corn was discharging itself. But he could neither guess how this strange phenomenon was produced, nor how the evil was to be cured. After much perplexity, he thought of turning off the water. But here the wily miller had also been prepared for him, having so contrived matters, that the pole, or handle connecting the sluice with the inside of the mill, had fallen of as soon as the water was let on the wheel. Baffled at all points, Donald was compelled at last to run to the miller's house. Finding the door locked, he knocked and bawled loudly at the window; and, on the miller demanding to know who was there, he did his best to explain, in broken English, the whole circumstance of the case. The miller heard him to an end; and, turning himself in his bed, he coolly replied, "strong is the hand of God!" Donald Unasach gnashed his teeth, tried the door again, returned to the window, and, humbled by the circumstances, repeated his explanation and entreaties for help. "*Te meal to te purn to te teil! hoigh, hoigh!*" "I thought ye had been over weel practised in the business to let ony sic mischanter come ower ye, Donald," replied the imperturbable lowlander, "but, you know, 'strong is the hand of God!'" The mountaineer now lost all patience. Drawing his dirk, and driving it through the window, he began to strike it so violently against the stones on the outside of the wall, that he illuminated the house with a shower of fire, and showed the terrified inmates the ferocious countenance of him who wielded the weapon. "*Te meal to te mill, te mutter to te mailer,*" spluttered out Donald, in the midst of his wrath, meaning to imply, that, if the miller would only come and help him, he should have all his dues in future. Partly moved by this promise, but still more by his well-grounded fears, the miller arose at last, put the mill to rights, and ground the rest of the corn. And tradition tells us that after this the mill-dues were regularly paid, and the greatest harmony subsisted between Donald Unasach and the miller of Glenquoich.

WHAT THE LADIES CAN DO.—On the 4th Sept. last an address was delivered before the New Hampton Female Temperance Society, by Dr. Massy, of Dartmouth College. This society consists of upwards of 100 young ladies, who pledge themselves not only to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and use their influence against them, but never to connect themselves for life with any person who uses them.—*North Hampton Register.*

SALE OF A WIFE.—It is gratifying to observe that the ladies do not participate in the depreciation to which other marketable commodities in general have of late been subject:—"On Saturday week last, a husband conveyed his wife into the market of Halifax, (Eng.) for sale; and though the sum of five shillings has hitherto been the average price of a wife thus

exposed, yet so highly did the husband recommend his rib to the multitude, that she was ultimately disposed of for a sovereign."

CURIOUS HALFPENNY.—There is at present in the possession of Mr. Anderson, postmaster Cullon, Bn.shire, a halfpenny of George II. dated 1709, which divides by a screw, scarcely perceptible to the eye, and opens like one of the circular snuff-boxes. Within the halfpenny was found a sixpence of the reign of George II. and a slip of paper bearing the following date and inscription:—"May 7th, 1804. am to inform H. T. where I am, if I live in this day seven years, which will be May 7, 1811." The coin was discovered in course of circulation by the present owner; and is conjectured to have been thus ingeniously constructed by some unfortunate individual while immured in a French prison, who probably contrived this mode of informing his friends of his situation; while the circumstances seem to prove that the coin, or at least its contents, never reached its destination.—*Scotsman.*

FEELING FOR ANOTHER.—A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another, who was suffering and needed his assistance, drily asked him, "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

A FEELING REPLY.—Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the languages, to which he replied—"No, Sir! one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

THE BOWERY THEATRE, N. York which was destroyed by fire, in September last, has been rebuilt, and is to be opened on the second of January, under the management of Mr. Dinwiddie, the present lessee of the Franklin theatre.

A HIGHLAND CABINET-MAKER.—A young Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Glasgow, and got, as a first job, a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed, as the foreman thought, for doing the work assigned him, he enquired whether he was ready with the drawers yet? "Oich no, it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin off my own two hands before I'll get it off the drawers." "What!" replied the startled director of the plane and chisel, "you are not taking the veneering off, you blockhead?" "What I'll do then, sir? I could not surely put on a polish before I'll get the bark off!"—*Laird of Logan.*

POLITENESS OF THE MILITARY.—An officer in India, who had been just raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited by the Governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. "No ma'am, I thank you," replied the unsophisticated hero—"I never takes wine; but I'm a tiger at beer!"

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The bed-side of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent Physicians of Paris, who affected to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished Physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, "Water, Exercise, and Diet."

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORN, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arlivat—JOHN S. BALLANCE, Esq.

From Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.

THE MILLER AND THE FREEBOOTER.

In Glenquoich, in Aberdeenshire, in the early part of last century, there was a corn-mill erected for the use of the neighbourhood, and as the construction and management of such machines were ill understood in that part of Scotland at the time, a miller was brought from the low country to superintend it. In this neighbourhood there lived at that time a certain Donald Mackenzie, a hero remarkable for his haughty and imperious manner, and known by the appellation of *Donald Unasach*, or *Donald the Proud*. Being a native of Glenquoich, he knew as little of the English language as the miller did of Gaelic. He was an outlaw, addicted to freebooting, and of so fierce and unruly a temper that the whole country stood in awe of him. One circumstance regarding him struck every one with superstitious awe, creating much conjecture among those around him; he was never known to be without abundance of meal, and he was never known to carry any corn to the mill.

But the sagacious miller of Glenquoich soon discovered, that, in order to bilk him of his proper mill-dues, the carter was in the habit of bringing his grain to the mill in the night, and grinding it, and carrying it off before morning. To charge him with his fraud, was too dangerous to attempt. But the miller ventured to ask him now and then, quietly, how he did for meal, as he never brought any corn to the mill; to which the freebooter never returned another answer than one in Gaelic, signifying that "strong is the hand of God!"

Provoked at last the miller determined to take his own way of curing the evil; and, having some previous notion of the next nocturnal visit of his unwelcome customer, he took care, before leaving the mill in the evening, to remove the bush, or that piece of wood which is driven into the eye of the nether millstone, for the purpose of keeping the spindle steady in passing through the upper stone. He also stopped up the spout through which the meal discharged itself; and as the mill was one of those old-fashioned machines, where the water-wheel moved horizontally, and di-