

This was a new idea and it was eagerly seized upon. In a little while one was made to show the process from beginning to end. Samuel tried his hand and brought out the length of twisting which the player having finished it was shown round amongst the friends, and served in no small degree to enhance the already high opinion of the young mechanic. Several others were forged and polished and brought to the point when they require to take that peculiar spiral formation which characterises the cork-screw. Here however they stuck. The strolling party had moved off, and several ineffectual attempts were made to give them the finishing twist. This was unfortunate; but it by no means damped the ardour of Samuel. He had a considerable share of perseverance, and would have gone on with this idea, for it seemed quite a neck-and-naïf, but, for one powerful consideration.

He had an uncle in the neighbourhood named Adam Bentham a millwright in trade, and a reputed genius. Adam had spent twenty years in the construction of a "perpetual movement," and the result of all this mental and bodily labour he bequeathed to Samuel as a legacy, accompanied with the injunction that he was to devote himself night and day to its accomplishment. The old man was grieved at thought of leaving the world without benefitting mankind by his discovery, yet there was consolation in the reflection, that the name of his nephew would one day be transmitted to immortal honour by the great achievement.

The honour which would undoubtedly accrue from such a wonderful discovery, at once turned the current of the thoughts of the youth, and he set himself assiduously to work to give the finishing touch to that "movement," whose unceasing motion was only to be stopped at that eventful period when the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burned up.

Never having seen this machine I cannot convey to the mind of the reader the slightest idea of its appearance. It was necessarily a secret and I believe ever will remain so, as the latest account published in reference to it, was that issued on the morning on which Samuel set out on this excursion, when he stated to his companion, with no little heart-felt self-gratulation, that the only thing needed to complete the machine, was a "small piece of sheet brass."

That will suffice for a bird's-eye view of one of the travellers. The gentleman, for so I must style the other as he was a man of letters, was tall and slender, neither sharp nor blunt looking, and was pretty nearly a representative embodiment of the phrase—"little good, little ill." He had however a great desire to be considered an antiquary; and but a few days previous to this morning already alluded to, he had given the inhabitants of Ardmore an abundant theme for future dazzling expectations in the Prospectus of the Pantechnologicon, a new work, on which several years labour had been expended. The Prospectus, printed on a large sheet, in attractive characters, was to the following effect:—

"IN THE PRESS, and will speedily be published in monthly parts—price one shilling—a CHRONOLOGICAL, ETHNOLOGICAL, GEOLOGICAL and HISTORICAL account of Ardmore, from that ever memorable epoch—the Flood, down to the present day.

AIDED by a bundle of ancient manuscripts lately found in a secret vault of the old castle of Ardmore, in the neighbourhood, the publisher has been enabled to make considerable additions to his previous researches in reference to the Thane by whom that castle was built, and the several branches of the family through whom it has descended to its present illustrious possessor.

THE GEOLOGICAL discoveries lately made in that particular spot, in the field to the westward, known as the "back moor," enable him to certify that palm trees flourished there at no distant day.

The Pantechnologicon, will contain a very concise yet comprehensive sketch of the rise and progress of Ardmore, which so many of us

proudly claim as our birth place and from which have issued so many brilliant lights to illuminate the world, which is still I hope, ere long, to be more highly honoured by the production of that work, whose very name sends a thrill of joy to the heart.—"The Perpetual Movement."

THE HISTORICAL department will give a correct list of all the births, deaths, marriages and funerals, which have taken place in Ardmore from the memorable date already alluded to;—also, its ships, ship-building and ship-builders;—its houses, architecture and architects;—its music, musicians and musical instrument-makers, and in fact every species of information that would be pleasing to communicate or gratifying to know.

THE MUSICAL department will be conducted by James Cook, Esq., eldest son of Mr. John Cook, whose musical powers so charmed the bull on Shardslo Moor lately, when that enraged animal threatened to gore him. Of Mr. James Cook's musical attainments it would be superfluous to speak. You all know him—of his perseverance in Literary Research, it is enough to say that his grandfather was second cousin to the celebrated Captain James Cook who circumnavigated the Globe. His little apostrophe to music is now familiar to us all—

Musical ethereal effluence!
Breathest thou upon the tremulous air
In silvery undulations,—and all that love
Of purity, or Heaven bestows,
Is sweetened; even misery itself,
By thy mellifluous cadence
Is transformed to bliss.

The Pantechnologicon will therefore in fact be a family treasure, and the warm reception which his late work, the Literary Casket, met, induces the publisher to spare no expense in illustration, and no pains in research, to make the pages interesting, confident that his labours will not be in vain.

N.B.—It may be as well to remark that the department of Natural History will be a correct epitome of the famous work of the celebrated Gilbert White, of Selborne. Ardmore is certainly rather farther north than Selborne, but it presents the same general features, and therefore its Natural History may be presumed to be similar.

Signed,
Yours, as is most meet,
DAVID DONALDSON.

Reader, excuse this feeble attempt to convey even the most beggarly idea of the abilities and importance of these two young men. Enough has been said to show that they were no ordinary every-day characters, with whom you are now to take a short excursion. The month, as before stated, was December, the day somewhere about the 25th. They breakfasted at an earlier hour than usual, and set out in full glee upon their first visit to Windy Hill, —by the way the farm was named Windy Hill. Now, I will not attempt impossibilities, to pander to the prurency of my reader. I did not accompany the travellers, and therefore cannot record any of the edifying, scientific conversation, by which the eight long country miles were beguiled. This is one of the inconveniences of life, which, for want of ubiquity, we are all less or more doomed to suffer. Well, well, as to what they spoke of by the way, it now makes little matter. With feelings of the most perceptible emotion they reached the little homestead, well-known in the distance by its three tall elm trees that shaded the barn, and in which from time immemorial two families of magpies had built their nests. By the by, there is a popular superstition in that quarter in reference to magpies. From personal experience I can testify that nine out of every ten rustics in that moorland strath, at this very day give unqualified credence to the superstition, or "freet," as they term it— "that if on a journey you see two magpies hopping or flying together it is most ominous, and whatever you are pursuing is sure to come to naught. This 'freet' is no doubt transmitted in the old ballads of the country." I fell in with some of these old doggerels in manuscript at one time, and they con-

firmed me in that opinion. One of them says—

If Jockieiling o'er the heather,
To meet his Jenny in the loon,
See two Witch Pies chat together,
He tynes a heart, his luck is gone.

And though in lylthesome happiest mood,
His Jenny meets him at the thorn,
He hears the chattering croaking brood,
Tells ominous tales about the morn.

The other extract seems of a more modern date, although still perpetuating the same fatal idea.—

Lo! to fore him o'er the meadow,
Chattering loud two magpies flew—
Court he need not maid or widow,
All is feckless he may do.

Nothing but ill-luck and sorrow
Can the bumpy path attend,
Sleepless shall he lie till morrow,
All his hopes are at an end.

Whether our travellers had the misfortune to see two magpies in close confab as they journeyed on, is not easy to say, but from the sequel it may be safely predicated they had. Be that as it may, they were kindly welcomed at the farm house. Anabella, laying love aside, was glad to see them, for there were many fond associations hovering over the spot they had that morning left, and she eagerly enquired for all her old friends. As modestly as possible the various pursuits in which they themselves were engaged were referred to, and Samuel happening by chance to have a copy of the prospectus of the "NEW WORK" in his pocket, it afforded subject matter for a lengthened conversation, and, as a matter of course, Anabella's name was requested to be put down at the top of the second column of subscribers.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1852.

We have thought proper to withdraw the PROSPECTUS from this number, as well as all the NOTICES OF THE PRESS. It was necessary to keep up the one a short time, in order that no misunderstanding might arise in reference to the nature and design of the little Miscellany, and to save the trouble of requiring to state that such and such communications were not suited to our columns. The Notices of the Press were inserted as a mark of respect to those Editors who had so kindly welcomed the Herald; and also to show its readers what those who may be entitled to pronounce an opinion had said about the stranger. Solomon says,—"Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth,"—and although it may be considered only a somewhat modified form of self-praise, to publish "on the house-top," the panegyrics which others have lavished upon you, yet in the present instance it admits of considerable extenuation. When a little stranger makes his appearance in the family circle, as a necessary consequence, all is rejoicing, and the little fellow is watched and cared for by a host of aunts and cousins, and is kept in long cloths to ward off the rude wind. By and by, although contrary to philosophy, he is encouraged to make