

was happier. There were a great many boys and men employed in the business, and his uncle could not often be in the same room with him; but Walter was inclined to be diligent, and was in a few days so earnest about his employment, that he forgot he was among strangers, and worked as happily as if he had been doing something for his father in his own home. He only felt lonely when he walked through the busy crowded streets to his dark dirty lodgings at his uncle's, and looked round at the four bare walls and his straw-mattress in the wooden bed, which was its only furniture, excepting one chair with a hole in it. His aunt, too, was sometimes cross, and when he sat down with his uncle to his uncomfortable supper, he thought of his mother, how nicely she prepared the evening meal, and he longed to hear again the cheerful voices of his brothers, and Margaret's sweet merry laugh when the day's work was over. But these were foolish thoughts to indulge in, as they made him discontented; so Walter seldom allowed himself this painful pleasure. He was becoming tolerably reconciled to his situation, when he unfortunately placed a little too much confidence in a new friend.

To be continued.

To our READERS.—Mr. Hutton has been appointed collecting agent for the Herald.—Our City friends will therefore be waited upon by and by for their subscription, and as the sum is small, we are satisfied, that parties only require an opportunity to pay to one authorized to receive it.

To our READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is 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, MAY 22, 1852.

ASTEROIDS.

France has divided one her of highest mathematical honours between England and Naples. At the annual sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, held on 22d ult., the Astronomical prize founded by Lalande, was divided between Mr. Hind, for his discovery of the asteroid Irene, and Signor De Gasparis, for his discovery of Eunomia.

The honour of discovering Irene may be justly divided between Mr. Hind and Signor De Gasparis, for the former discovered it on the 19th May, and the latter on 25th May, 1851, quite independently of each other. Eunomia was discovered by De Gasparis on 29th July, 1851.

Lalande, the founder of the prize, died in 1810. At that time, only four asteroids had been discovered, now there are fifteen known, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

THE FIFTEEN ASTEROIDS.

No.	Name,	Discovered.	Discoverer.
1	Ceres,	1 Jan 1801,	Piazzi.
2	Pallas,	28 March, 1802,	Olbers.
3	Juno,	1 Sept 1804,	Harding.
4	Vesta,	29 March, 1807,	Olbers.
5	Astræa,	8 Dec 1845,	Hencke.
6	Hebe,	1 July 1847,	Hencke.
7	Iris,	13 Aug. 1847,	Hind
8	Flora,	18 Oct 1847,	Hind.
9	Mets,	25 April 1849,	Graham.

10	Hygeia,	12 April 1849,	De Gasparis
11	Parthenope,	11 May 1849,	De Gasparis.
12	Victoria,	13 Sept 1849,	Hind.
13	Egeria,	12 Nov 1850,	De Gasparis.
14	Irene,	19 May 1851,	Hind.
15	Eunomia	29 July 1851,	De Gasparis.

The discovery of a sixteenth asteroid has just been announced. It was first observed by Signor De Gasparis on 17th March, presenting the appearance of a star between the 10th and 11th magnitude. It is interesting to know that Mr. Hind observed an object, which seems to have been the same asteroid, on 29th January; and on 29th March he observed a star of the 11th magnitude whose Right Ascension and Declination agree so closely with the observations of De Gasparis on the same night, that it appears highly probable it was really the new planet—*Altea Advertiser.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In the Temple of Fame which imagination consecrates for the reception of great men who have earned an immortal name in the annals of their race, there is one noble figure that stands apart from nearly all the rest, and occupies a niche peculiarly its own. No imperial diara binds the brow, no association of bloody conquest or widely-arbitrary rule is connected with the form, yet Washington looks at us from his place in History with a commanding aspect, such as few either of the mightiest potentates or the most brilliant sons of genius can be said to bear. The glory of merely military heroes appears but a poor product, when considered side by side with the misery and bloodshed at the expense of which it has been acquired, and the same even of patriots has often been sadly sullied by their conduct in parts of their career, by the selfishness which has at times been conspicuous in their actions or the indiscretion which has occasionally marred their plans. In daring powers of intellect, Washington may have been surpassed by many, in the development of all the characteristics of true greatness it is scarcely going too far to say that he stands unequalled. From his very boyhood he seems to have commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact, and to have possessed that wonderful power of self control, that beautiful balance of the faculties which he preserved in all the situations in which he was tested, if we except those tremendous but short-lived outbursts that some half dozen times in his life, in trying junctures, overthrew the barriers of habitual restraint, and showed how naturally strong were the passions implanted in his breast. Throughout he kept to the rule of right, dictated by an enlightened conscience. Of a dignified presence, the most graceful horseman of his time, he was well suited by athletic strength and power of endurance to excite the admiration of his soldiers, and to discharge the harassing duties to which, by the unanimous voice of his compatriots, he was called. Before reaching manhood he was trusted with weighty employments, and exercised in dangers such as few could have surmounted. Miraculously preserved, it would almost seem, for the future exigencies of his country, he was the only man who could have piloted her through all the difficulties that beset her, both during the war of Independence and the subsequent settlement of the Constitution. Yet the power so beneficially exercised was even reluctantly assumed, and the charms of domestic and rural life gave ever deeper gratification to his feelings than military command or political pre-eminence. The good of his country was the paramount object before his eyes; but when consistently with that he could release himself from the dignities which a less pure ambition would have been loth to lay aside, he retired, with the simple tastes of a Cincinnati, to those rustic employments that engaged the quiet interval of his life. In fine, in prudence, conscientiousness, serenity of temper, absence of ostentation, in the lofty resolution with which he followed out a career that was amply hallowed by

success, Washington stands out as nearly the measure of a perfect man as we can hope to realize the standard. Had he been more perfect, he would have been almost more than human, and our admiration of his character might be less warm than it is. The biography of such a hero will always be pursued by well-to-do titled minds with singular pleasure. In the volume before us (a reprint, we presume, of an American work), it has been the design of Mr. Upham to furnish a narrative of Washington's life in his own words, as far as possible, by presenting the reader with copious extracts from his correspondence, &c., interweaving them, where necessary, with sentences that explain details or serve to connect the history. Amongst the letters will be found several, first published by Mr. Upham, written by Mrs Washington, who seems to have been in exalted worth the counterpart of her illustrious husband.

Literary Notices.

GARDENS AND GRASSIES: By Horace Smith; New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

This is one of Appleton's popular Library and contains a collection of gems from the pen of Horace Smith, which were issued from the press of Colburn in 1825 chiefly collected from the authors contributions to the New Monthly Magazine. The contents are happily introduced by the title of the book. In "Walk in the Garden," a very pleasing sketch, we have the lines.

To me the wild-rose of thorns an thimble
 Beneath whose woe is the molly rind
 The bell, burnt morn—the marsh a curly shallow,
 Where dicks, bullrush, waterflag, and mallows,
 Choke the rank waste, like can yield delight
 A blade of silver hair-grass making slowly
 In the soft sand,—the thistle a purple crown
 The fern, the russet tall, an l' flowers lowly,
 A thorn, a weed, an insect or a stone,
 Can thrill me with sensations exquisite,—
 For all are requisite, and every part
 Points to the mighty hand that fashioned it
 Then as I look aloft with yearning heart
 The trees and mountains, like conductors, raise
 My spirit upward on its flight sublime:
 And clouds, and sun, and heaven's marvellous floor
 Are but the great machine by which I climb
 Up to the dread invisible, to pour
 My grateful feelings out in silent praise.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW; April, New York, Leonard & Scott. Toronto, T. Maclear.

The contents of this number of the Quarterly are Sir Roger de Coverly—Walpole's Garland—Diary of General Patrick Gordon—Recent Epics—progress of Comparative Anatomy—Bohemian Embassy to England, Spain &c., in 1400. The Cannon, the Musket and the Rifle—California-versus—Free Trade—First ten years of the Reign of George III.—Lamarine on the Hundred Days—The old and the New Ministries.—These papers will all amply repay a perusal.—The strictures on Sir Roger are very happy. The progress of Comparative Anatomy is an ably written scientific paper. The friends of the Peace Society must pass over. The Cannon, the Musket and the Rifle, as the calm and deliberate investigations as to the most effective instruments of murder are not calculated to make them much happier, or much more desirous that such a barbarous idea should still so much influence men's minds. Lamarine is sadly taken to task in his Hundred Days; his facts are disputed and contradicted, and his philosophy is ridiculed.

SNOW-DRUP; May. Montreal: R. W. Lay.

We have frequently perused, with pleasure, the pages of this interesting juvenile magazine. It loses nothing in interest as it proceeds, for each