

ry-day life,—do they belong to respective groups of society, separated by a broad line of demarcation, or are they to be found mixed up indiscriminately, in the palace, as well as in the humble hut? In whatever way nature has arranged them, we would say, in this way they will be best educated. Nature has said, these two portions of the social fabric go to make up one whole. Their aim in life is one—mutual comfort, mutual affection, and mutual relationship. They are nourished by the same food, affected by the violation of the same organic laws, cheered by the same hopes fascinated by the same fairy creations of nature; why then should they be separated in their system of education? why should not their sympathies and their affections, and their mental faculties be alike developed in the society of each other as they are when under the parental roof. What would be thought of the parents who would isolate the several members of their family by putting the daughters in one department of the building and the sons in another, allowing them to see each other, perhaps through the window as they walked in the garden, or as they went to Church on Sunday, there to occupy separate pews, or separate standing places, as is the custom in the churches of Eastern Europe. Why, they would be looked upon as insane, or at least doing all in their power to subvert the well being of society. But we find no such dreamy theorizing, happily, in that society in which our Quakers are the centre. We find that from infancy to youth the different members of a family enjoy each others society, and find their greatest comforts there, until the time when the dictates of reason and nature demand that their most endeared affections be centred in their own respective homes. But are they even here isolated—no, the very reverse;—that filial affection which so sweetened the swiftly passing moments in their parental home, is brought more vigorously into play to animate and gladden that home in which they are at once the bulwark and the centre; and according as that affection has been developed in early life, will it in its matured state be more elevated and ennobling. This seems somehow the lesson which nature furnishes, and as such should not be subverted in our mode of conveying instruction if we wish to be successful. We will look at other elementary points in next number.

MRS. EMMA BOSTWICK'S CONCERT.

On Monday Mrs. Bostwick will give another concert in the Temperance Hall, the programme of which will be found in another column. We are personally sorry that Mrs. Bostwick has not had an opportunity of displaying her musical talents in that Hall which has been graced by the "Queen of Song," the Swan of Erin, and all these other charmers, whose sweet warblings have delighted their happy audiences, but, the World's Fair Panorama has monopolized that spot for the present. We trust that, should Mrs. Bostwick favour us with another visit, the walls of that noble building shall reverberate with a universal and enthusiastic appreciation of her high qualities. But, Mrs. Bostwick comes not alone. Mr. Henry Appy, the distinguished violinist, is at the summit of his profession. He has, in fact, hitherto been considered a musical prodigy. Mr. Eben and Mr. Herrold are each celebrated in their own way, so that, had we but the Hall, we have the elements of a great concert. We hope the house will be filled.

PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

We but repeat what we have frequently expressed when we state that we regard Panoramic representations as a very happy and effective means of communicating topographical knowledge. In the Panorama of the World's Fair now exhibiting in St. Lawrence Hall, the topographical department is confined to a small spot which was however invested with sufficient interest to concentrate on it the admiring gaze of the World's Intellect. This magnificent exhibition will remain in town another week, that all who have not yet seen it may have an opportunity of doing so. As might have been expected it has already been visited by crowded audiences, and nearly all have expressed their highest admiration with the panorama as a work of art, and as giving a very appreciable idea of the greatness of the original.

Mr. Eldon Hall, the demonstrator of this great Panorama has kindly sent us a copy of an illustrative work he has published, giving details of this ever memorable Fair. The book seems carefully written and gives a very fair account of the whole proceedings. It contains besides a "portrait" of the Yacht America, the glory of America, and which won the challenge cup, which the author modestly says "will hereafter be a noble monument of America's first claim to the supremacy of the ocean."

Excursion Party.

A Temperance Excursion party from Hamilton, numbering upwards of 250 of the sons and daughters of Rectitude, arrived in town on Monday forenoon by the steamer Ocean Wave. The Hamilton Brass Band in their uniform was in attendance, and made a very creditable display. The Panorama of the World's Fair was the principal attraction. Shortly after 7 o'clock they started again by the Ocean Wave for Hamilton, seemingly much delighted with their day's pleasure.

W. E. LOGAN, ESQ.

[From the Pilot.]

W. E. Logan, Esq., Provincial Geologist, has just received a beautiful bronze medal, accompanied by a letter bearing the autograph of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, for his valuable services rendered to the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations. The medal, which is bronze, is about 2½ inches in diameter, and bears on one side the effigies of the Queen and her Royal Consort, and on the other three beautiful figures, intended to represent Fame crowning Industry in the presence of Commerce. Above is the motto:—

"Pulcher et ille labor palma decorare laborem."

The whole is a well deserved prize to a gentleman whose exertions on behalf of the Exhibition were as untiring as they were unostentatious. The following is a copy of the letter:—

SIR,—I have the honor, as President of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, to transmit to you a medal that has been struck by order of the Commissioners, in commemoration of the valuable services which you have rendered to the Exhibition, in common with so many eminent men of all countries, in your capacity of juror. In requesting your acceptance of this slight token on our parts of the esteem entertained by us of the benefit which has resulted to the interests of the Exhibition from your having undertaken that laborious office, and from the zeal and ability displayed by you in connexion with it, it affords me much pleasure to avail myself of this opportunity of conveying to you this expression of my cordial thanks for the assistance which you have given us in carrying this great undertaking to a successful issue. I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

ALBERT.

W. E. Logan, Esq., F. R. S.

THE WEDGE OF GOLD.

The old adage,—it is not all gold that glitters—is of almost unlimited application, and, like Franklin's famous Whistle story, has found a place in our colloquial dialect, altogether irrespective of any reference either direct or indirect, to its original signification. It enjoys this ramified sphere in consequence of the many little disappointments, that are ever recurring in our social state—the blighted hopes, the vanishing of our most highly cherished visions, or the dissipation of our fondest day dreams. There are many persons possessed of an ardent, sanguine temperament, who are ever inclined to look at the sunny side of nature, whose vision peers continually beyond the dark lowering cloud that may impend scowlingly for the moment, to the bright and sunny region, which has just been dimmed by the momentary elemental strife. The transient gloom may cast its dark portentous shadows around; but these are not dense enough to obscure the lucid which the brilliancy of the past, and the pleasing anticipations of the future have concentrated in the mind of this class of our fellow-beings. With such persons I have the most intense sympathy. I would endeavor in all circumstances, to look upon all around with that bland, benignant smile, which universal nature bestows on all without exception; and leaving all abstract speculations to men of a philosophic turn of mind, I consult my own feelings by portraying the current events of life as they present themselves to my own observation, relying only upon my own mental and bodily vision, and responsible only for the use I make of it. After this declaratory exordium, I hasten to recount a—Gold story—as I am fully satisfied that every thing in the slightest way connected with gold will pass for current coin at a time, when the universal scramble for the precious metal is snapping asunder the varied and delicate links which bind society together.

You must wander with me,—in imagination at least,—to Harwich, a little town situated on a jutting point of land in the estuary of the River Stour, in the north-east corner of the county of Essex. In this ancient seaport there is a class of persons called druggers, whose occupation chiefly consists in dragging that part of the German Ocean, which sweeps their shores, for all the debris which results from the numerous shipwrecks that occur at certain seasons of the year among the coasting vessels, when the wind suddenly changes round to the west. One day, a few years ago, while one of these craftsmen was pursuing his wonted avocation, he picked up a bar of metal, which, from its appearance on examination, was pronounced to be an ingot of silver,—undoubtedly a lucky hit.

The news of the affair soon spread, and amongst the rest of the visitors, was an acute, calculating young gentleman, who, after a very careful inspection of the prize, was convinced that it was a "Wedge of Gold," and in order to turn his knowledge to some practical account, he offered £40 for the Wedge, secretly hoping to realize a little fortune by the transaction.

A bargain was at once struck, and the young man in the utmost exultation of spirits, carried off the foundation of his future greatness. A glow of animation shed its liveliest radiance in his countenance, as he moved hurriedly along to his private residence, dreaming of the flash he would shortly make in the world by this fortunate speculation. A smart brig was on the stocks, he might become part owner, with the provision that he should be Captain. A few trips to the West Indies might enable him to live at home in comfort on his accumulated wealth. He would build a residence in the country, where he would devote his time to literary and scientific pursuits; an election would come round, he might stand as one of the representatives of the ancient borough; he