

sweet, and all around happy—all of which is much better than only being rich.

FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.

"It is impossible," said some, when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold, northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts; but Peter was not discouraged, and the thing was done.

"It is impossible," said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's. To benefit his people, he had determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasburg, so that the productions of de la Roche, (his own village,) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted, and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but still they thought it impossible. But he seized a pickaxe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, and went to work, and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The road and bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the ragged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of 24,000 pine trees, 6 feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was contemplated in 1811, was kept moist. Its length was 44,000 English feet.

It had been conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done.—The trees slid down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were one hundred feet long, run through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work says—"Such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows."

Say not hastily, then, of any thing, "It is impossible." It may not be done in an hour, or a day, or a week; but perseverance will finally bring you to the end of it. "Time and patience," says a Spanish proverb, "will turn a mulberry leaf into silk."

Art Comparison.—In a discourse delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of

churches, recently, by Dr. Channing, the following comparison is found:

"When I compare together different classes as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too much, than from eating too little; vastly more from excess than from starvation. So as to clothing, many shiver from want of defences against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked, but they suffer less than many of the rich who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite cravings of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of ennui, a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil! The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overtaken poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich."

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.—A youth who was brought up at the almshouse was lately taken into the family of Mrs. —. of Pearl street, to run of errands. The first day he became an inmate of her house the following dialogue passed between them; "Are you not sorry, my dear," said Mrs. —, "to leave home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care." "Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave," resumed she. "No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body." "What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she. "Nobody ever was good to me," said the boy. Mrs. — was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cold indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?" "No, for old dusty Bob, the rag-man, died last week." "And was he your friend?" Yes, that he was," replied the boy, "he once gave me a piece of gingerbread."

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 30, 1835.

The Cordelia arrived on Monday evening in 4 days from Boston, bringing London dates to the 15th September.

The Corporation Reform Bill has received His Majesty's assent. It was amended in the House of Lords; and the Commons, at the recommendation of Lord John Russell acceded to the amendments.

The Irish Tithe Bill has also received the Royal assent.

Parliament was prorogued by His Majesty's in person, on the 10th September.

Steam Passage to India.—The first mail from England to India, by way of Alexandria, arrived at Bombay on the 22d April last in 50 days. The time required for the passage is 17 days from Falmouth to Malta, 5 days from Malta to Alexandria, and 20 days from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppage.

The Boston Evening Gazette of the 17th instant, says,—“The Question between the United States and France, according to all accounts, remains as far from adjustment as it has been since Mr. Livingston's departure.”

FIRE.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning a House in the long range of Buildings on the south side of Marchington's Wharf was discovered to be on Fire—an alarm was instantly given—The Troops in Garrison, Seamen from His Majesty's Ships, and inhabitants, soon assembled, and every exertion was made to extinguish the same—but we regret to state that before an effectual stop could be put to the destructive element, all the buildings in the range (except that nearest to the end of the wharf) a Store and Keeper's Dwelling House in the Ordnance Yard, were destroyed. The wind was from the north-west, and most fortunately, very light. The Town is, as usual, much indebted to its Military and Naval friends for their exertions, and the conduct of our fellow-townsmen was, with some few exceptions, every way creditable to them.—*Gaz.*

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 24th Oct, 1835.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief has been pleased to make the following appointments.

Quar. - Master-General Edward Wallace, to be Adjutant General, vice McColla, deceased.

Lieut. Colonel G. N. Russell, of the 1st Halifax Regiment, to be Quarter-Master-General, Vice Wallace.

Capt. S. Binney, of the 1st Halifax Regiment, to be Brigade Major for the Eastern and Middle Division, of the Province.

Bills of Lading and Seamen's Articles for sale at this Office.

ALMANACS

For 1836, for sale at this Office.