

think of them properly, I mean. You have been into the church?

'I am going there now,' the child replied.

'There's an old well there, said the sexton, right underneath the belfry; a deep, dark, echoing well. Forty year ago, you had only to let down the bucket till the first knot in the rope was free of the windlass, and you heard it splashing in the cold dull water. By little and little the water fell away, so that in ten year after, a second knot was made, and you must unwind so much rope, or the bucket swung tight and empty at the end. In ten years' time, the water fell again, and the third knot was made. In ten years more the well dried up, and now, if you lower the bucket till your arms are tired and let out nearly all the cord, you'll hear it of a sudden, clanking and rattling on the ground below, with a sound of being so deep and so far down, that your heart leaps into your mouth, and you start a way as if you were falling in.'

'A dreadful place to come on in the dark,' exclaimed the child, who had looked the old man's looks and words until she seemed to stand upon its brink.

'What is it but a grave?' said the sexton. 'What else? And which of our old folks, knowing all this, thought, as the spring subsided, of their own failing strength, and lessening life? Not one!'

'Are you very old yourself?' asked the child, involuntarily.

'I shall be seventy nine—next summer.'

'You still work when you are well?'

'Work! To be sure. You shall see my gardens hereabout. Look at the window there. I made, and have kept, that plot of ground entirely with my own hands. By this time next year I shall hardly see the sky; the boughs will have grown so thick. I have my winter work besides.'

He opened, as he spoke, a cupboard close to where he sat, and produced some miniature boxes, carved in a homely manner, and made of old wood.

'Some gentlefolks who are fond of ancient days, and what belongs to them,' he said 'like to buy these keepsakes from our church and ruins. Sometimes I make them of oak, that turn up here and there; sometimes of bits of coffins which the vaults have long preserved. See, here is a little chest of the last kind, clasped at the edges with fragments of brass plates that had writing on 'em once, though it would be hard to read it now. I have 'nt many by me at this time of year, but these shelves will be full—next summer.'

The child admired and praised his work, and shortly afterwards departed; thinking as she went, how strange it was, that this old man, drawing from his pursuits, and everything around him, one stern moral, never contemplated its application to himself, and, while he dwelt upon the uncertainty of human life, seemed both in word and deed to deem himself immortal. But her musing did not stop here, for she was old enough to think that by a good and merciful adjustment this must be human nature, and that the old sexton, with his plans for next summer, was but a type of all mankind.

Full of these meditations she reached the church. It was easy to find the key belonging to the outer door, for each was labelled on a scrap of yellow parchment. Its very turning in the lock awoke a hollow sound, and when she entered with a faltering step, the echoes that it raised in closing, made her start.

Everything in our lives, whether of good or evil, affects us most by contrast. If the peace of the simple village had moved the child more strongly, because of the dark and troubled ways which lay beyond and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building; where the very light, coming through sunken windows, seemed old and grey; and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay purified by time of all its grosser particles, and sighed through arch and aisle, and clustered pillars, like the breath of ages gone! Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that time, stealing on the pilgrim's steps, had trodden out their track, and left but crumbling stones. Here were the rotten beams, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall, the lowly trench of earth, the stately tomb on which no epitaph remained,—all, marble, stone, iron, and dust, one common monument of ruin. The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the stately and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and Man's—all found one common level here, and told one common tale.

Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with foiled hands cross-legged—those who had fought in the Holy Wars—girded with their swords, and clad in armor as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard

by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were they retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes, long after those who worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves.

The child sat down in this old silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs—they made it more quiet there than elsewhere to her fancy—and gazing round with a feeling of awe tempered with a calm delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest. She took a Bible from the shelf, and read; then laying it down, thought of the summer days and the bright spring time that would come—of the rays of sun that would fall in slant upon the sleeping forms—of the leaves that would flutter at the window, and play its glistening shadow on the pavement—of the songs of birds, and growth of buds and blossoms out of doo.—of the sweet air that would steal in and gently wave the tattered banners overhead. What if the spot awakened thoughts of death! Die who would, it would still remain the same; these sights and sounds would still go on as happily as ever. It would be no pain to sleep amidst them.

She left the chapel—very slowly and often turning back to gaze again—and coming to a low door, which plainly led into the tower, opened it, and climbed the winding stair in darkness; gave where she looked down through narrow loopholes on the place she had left, or caught a glimmering vision of the dusty bells. At length she gained the end of the ascent and stood on the turret top.

Oh! the glory of the sudden burst of light; the freshness of the fields and woods, stretching away on every side and meeting the bright blue sky; the cattle grazing in the pasturage; the smoke, that coming from among the trees, seemed to rise upward from the green earth; the children yet at their gambols down below—all, everything, so beautiful and happy. It was like passing from death to life; it was drawing nearer Heaven.

The children were gone by the time she emerged into the porch, and locked the door. As she passed the school-house she could hear the busy hum of voices. Her friend had begun his labors only that day. The noise grew louder, and looking back, she saw the boys come trooping out, and disperse themselves with merry shouts and play. 'It's a good thing,' thought the child, 'I am very glad they pass the church.' And then she stooped, to fancy how the noise would sound inside, and how gently it would seem to die away upon the ear.

Again that day, yes, twice again, she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read from the same book, or indulged the same quiet train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of evening night made it more solemn still, the child remained like one rooted to the spot, and had no fear, or thought of stirring.

They found her there at last, and took her home. She looked pale but very happy, until they separated for the night; and then, as the poor schoolmaster stooped down to kiss her cheek, he thought he felt a tear upon his face.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON AT CHERBOURG.

The Belle Poule frigate, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, and which has brought back to France the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, came to anchor at Cherbourg, on the 30th ultimo, at five o'clock in the morning.

The following is the report of His Royal Highness to the Minister of Marine:—

Monsieur le Ministre.—As I had the honour of informing you, I quitted All Saint's Bay on September 14, running along the coast of Brazil, with the wind at east, but which, having veered to the north and north-east, enabled me quickly to get into the meridian of Saint Helena, without having to pass the twenty-eighth south parallel. On entering this meridian I was delayed by calms and light breezes.

On October 8, I came to anchor in James Town roads. The brig Oreste, detached by Vice-Admiral de Mackau to bring to the Belle Poule a pilot from the channel, had arrived the day before. As this ship brought me no new instructions, I immediately occupied myself in executing the orders I had originally received. My first care was to put M. de Chabot, the King's commissioner, in communication with General Middlemore, Governor of the Island. These gentlemen having settled, according to their respective instruction, the manner of proceeding to the exhumation of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, and their translation on board the Belle Poule, Oct. 15 was fixed for the execution of their plans. The Governor

charged himself with the exhumation, and all that was to take place within the British territory. I, by the order of October 13, a copy of which I hereto annex, regulated the honors to be paid on the 15th and 16th by the division under my command. The French merchant ships, the Bonnie Amie, Captain Gallet, and Indien, Captain Truquetil, eagerly rendered their assistance. At midnight on the 15th the operation commenced in the presence of the French and English commissioners, M. de Chabot and Captain Alexander, of the Royal Engineers.

The works were directed by the latter. As M. de Chabot renders to the Government a circumstantial account of the operations to which he was a witness, I conceive that I am dispensed from entering into the same details, and shall content myself with saying that at ten in the morning the coffin was found in the grave.

After having raised it in fact, it was opened, and the body was found in an unhopd for state of preservation. At this solemn moment, at the sight of the easily recognized remains of him who had done so much for the glory of France the emotion was deep and unanimous. At half-past 3 o'clock, the guns of the fort announced to the ships and vessels in the roadstead that the funeral procession had commenced its march towards James Town. The militia and the troops of the garrison preceded the car, which was covered with a pall, the corners being borne by Generals Bertrand and Gouraud, and Messrs. De Lascasas and Marehand, the authorities and a crowd of the inhabitants following.

The guns of the frigate having answered those of the fort, she continued to fire minute guns.—From the morning the yards were slung, and the flags hoisted half-mast high, as signs of mourning, in which foreign ships and vessels joined. When the procession appeared on the quay, the English troops formed a double line, through which the car passed slowly to the shore. At the water's edge, where the English lines had terminated, I had collected all the officers of the French division, waiting, in deep mourning and heads uncovered, the approach of the coffin. When within twenty paces of us it stopped, and the Governor advancing to me, delivered up to me, in the name of his government, the remains of the Emperor Napoleon.

As soon as the coffin was lowered into the boat of the frigate prepared to receive it, the general emotion was again renewed—the dying wish of the emperor Napoleon began to be accomplished—his remains reposed under the national flag. All sign of mourning was from that time abandoned; the same honors which the Emperor would have received had he been living were paid to his mortal remains, and it was amidst salutes from the ships, dressed out in their colours, and the yards manned, that the cutter, escorted by the boats of all ships, pursued its way slowly towards the frigate. On arriving on board, the coffin was received between two ranks of officers under arms, and carried on to the quarter deck, which had been arranged as a *chappelle ardente*.

According as you had ordered me, a guard of sixty men, commanded by the senior lieutenant of the frigate, did the honours. Although it was already late, the absolution was pronounced, and the body remained thus exposed all night. The almoner and an officer kept watch by its side.

On the 16th, at ten o'clock in the morning, all the officers and crews of the French ships of war and merchantmen having been assembled on board the frigate, a solemn funeral service was celebrated; the body was then lowered between decks, where a *chappelle ardente* had been prepared to receive it.

At noon all was terminated, and the frigate was ready to sail; but the drawing up of the *proces verbaus* required two days, and it was only on the morning of the 18th that the Belle Poule and Favourite were able to get under way. The Oreste, which left at the same time, sailed for its destination. After a prosperous and easy passage I have, sir, just anchored in the roads of Cherbourg, at five in the morning.

Receive, Admiral, the assurance of my respect,

The Captain of the Belle Poule.

F. D'ORLEANS.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The following extract from a foreign paper, shows the importance of the traffic now carried on between Russia and China, and furnishes good reason why Russia will not look on quietly, and see the resources of China crippled and the traffic between the two countries prostrated.

It may be assumed as a fact that since the end of the last century, the traffic between Russia and China has increased twelfold. The goods received by the Russians from China, are principally tea, porcelain, raw silk and cotton, silk stuffs, nankeens, fruits, preserves, varnished articles, &c.—Tea, however, beyond doubt, the chief article. The whole population of the extensive Russian empire, even to the very lowest classes of society, have during the last fifty years, become so much accustomed to the use of tea, that now, from the extraordinary taste of the people for this beverage, it is impossible that the Czar's Government can with patience look on; for if China should once again shut her gates against commerce, Russia would, on account of the demand for tea, be compelled, as soon as possible, to re-open them even by force of arms.

The goods which the Chinese take in exchange, are furs, linen, leather, cloth felts, iron wares, and some other cheap Russian manufactures. A great portion of the Chinese grandes wrap themselves up in Siberian and American furs. The Mongols living in China near the frontiers, make great use of Russian cloths, and of her iron wares and leather. By this means China has many subjects who profit by the trade. The great road lying from Peking through the Mongol country, grows every year more populous from the number of Mongol carriers and Chinese dealers, who pass on it and settle near it. The ten millions worth of goods which enter from Russia into China, make many friends for, while the twenty millions that are imported from Russia, make numerous dependents on Russian consumption of their product.

SCHÉDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI:
TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1841.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

The Courier with the Southern Mail, arrived here on Saturday evening, at 5 o'clock.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

An arrival at Boston has put us in possession of British news a few days later than received by the Acadia. The intelligence thus procured, is not important. We give below all the extracts furnished by the American prints.

Ship Elizabeth Bruce, Captain Higgins, arrived at this port yesterday morning, from Liverpool whence she sailed on the 9th ult. Being a transient vessel, she brought no files, Captain Higgins having only two Liverpool papers, one of the 7th and one of the 8th ult. They contain no intelligence of importance whatever. The overland mail from India had not arrived—consequently we have nothing later from China—and the home news is insignificant. From the summary furnished by the Journal and Transcript last evening we are indebted for what follows.

The news of the capture of Acre reached Alexandria on the 9th, on which day the Pacha had sent off a courier to Cairo to countermand the expedition about to set off for Syria consisting of 7000 fresh troops. It is reported that Mehemet Ali had recalled Ibrahim from Syria, and had offered to submit to his master, the Sultan.

London, Dec. 5.—But little business is doing here this morning, but the market is in a slight degree firmer than at the close of yesterday.

The Columbia Steamship was advertised to leave Liverpool on the 5th January, for Halifax and Boston.

'A Cabinet Council,' says the London Observer, 'is announced to assemble at the Foreign Office on Monday afternoon. It is understood that the ministers are to meet for the purpose of deciding upon the day to which Parliament shall be farther prorogued. It is also understood that, on Thursday a Privy Council will be held at Buckingham Palace, at which her most gracious Majesty presides.'

The London Sun says—we believe that the christening of the Princess Royal will not take place till after the meeting of Parliament when it will be celebrated with every accompaniment which can give splendour and effect to the happy occasion.

France.—The Courier Français states that the ceremony of the Emperor Napoleon's funeral is fixed for the 15th inst., and that the number of the workmen employed on the preparations has been considerably increased. The Commerce is of opinion that it cannot take place before the 20th. Generals Bertrand and Gouraud, and M. Marchand remain with the Prince de Joinville, at Cherbourg, watching over the remains of the Emperor.

It is reported that soon after this ceremony shall have taken place, Prince Louis Bonaparte and his companions will be liberated. The Prince being required to pledge himself never to repeat his criminal attempt.