

name at times; but towards morning she dropped asleep for several hours. Perceiving the curtain move slightly about seven o'clock, Clifford flew to the bed-side. Rosaline was awake, and inquired what time it was. "On being informed, she said—"I cannot see you clearly, love—raise me up." Clifford obeyed—she threw her arm round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "I am worse, I cannot live long," she said. "Forgive me all I have done amiss at any time towards you—lay me in the church-yard of my native village." Clifford wept. "You grieve," she said: "strengthen him, O God! preserve him—bless, bless him! We shall meet again—in happiness." She uttered the last word very faintly—her hand feebly pressed Clifford's—there was one slight sigh—all was over—and when Clifford again looked on the countenance of Rosaline, the pure spirit had left its earthly tenement, and he had a corpse in his arms.

FROM FANUS, OR EDINBURGH LITERARY ALMANAC.
THE TRANSPORT SHIP.

The great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled the air, heaven, and ocean. The marble clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was a gentle fluctuation on the deep, and the sea-birds floated stately there or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One ship—only one single ship—was within the circling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light: for although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvass, and her flags hung on her staff, and at peak, or lifted themselves up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not the deck, for they knew that no breeze could come, till after meridian—and it was the Sabbath day.

A small congregation was singing praises to God in that chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the house of worship, in which they had been used to pray, then rested far off on a foundation of rock in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland.

They were emigrants, nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that was tolling their happier friends to the house of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children: for three generations were with the patriarch on that tabernacle. There in one group were husbands and wives

standing together in awe of Him, who held the deep in the hollow of his hand: there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them, perhaps, hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow; there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean; and there mere infants rolling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise, was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor cried with a loud voice, "Fire, fire! the ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the prayer's tongue; the congregation fell asunder; and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stifling on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men, grew white as ashes, and hands strengthened by toil and storm trembled like the aspen leaf. "Gone, gone, we are all gone!" was now the cry, yet no one knew whence the cry came; and the men glared reproachfully on each other's countenance, and strove to keep down the audible beatings of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their own stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down upon the mouldering flames.—But the devouring element roared up into the air; and deck, masts, sails and shrouds, were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boat!" was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. There was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning moved convulsively towards the little ark. Some sunk down at once into oblivion; some grasping at nothing with their disappearing hands; some seized in vain unquenched pieces of fiery wreck; some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, in a strong and savage despair, tore from the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go, husband, go: for I am contented to die! Oh! live, live, my husband, for our Willy's sake." But, in the prime of life, and with manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked but for the moment till he saw his child was safe, and then, taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sounds of the last trum-

pet, when the faithful and afflicted shall be raised to breathe forever empyrean air.

THE LANDSCAPE.

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.
NIAGARA FRONTIER.

A friend, now at the west, has communicated to us the following interesting account of the Niagara frontier:

The situation of this beautiful country connected with the Niagara river, so famous for historical events and natural curiosities, on the Canadian side, is more pleasant and interesting than any other place in the Canadas. The river affords an excellent harbour for vessels of any burthen, at its junction with Lake Ontario, which is of vast importance, as it is the only one for upwards of a hundred miles along either shore excepting that of York. The little town of Niagara is situated upon an extensive plain, upon a point of land formed by the lake and river. Fort Niagara is opposite the town upon the United States' side, situated upon a point commanding the mouth of the river. It is the most pleasant garrison on the northern frontiers. This fort was evacuated on the 17th of this month, for the first time for two hundred years; and it is rather a singular coincidence, that the garrison on the Canadian side, (Fort George,) was evacuated on the following day—thus leaving the inhabitants destitute of the wonted sounds of guns, bugles, drums, and trumpets, which for nearly half a century have associated with their organs of hearing. Steam is finding its way every where—six boats are expected to come into this harbour on identified days every week this season.

About seven miles from this place up the river are Queenston Heights, upon the summit of which is a monument erected to the memory of the brave Gen. Brock, who fell on the 13th of October, 1813, in the memorable battle of this place, and whose remains are deposited within the base. This monument is of a clumsy structure, unfinished; one hundred and two feet high, void of taste in architecture; but a monument is a monument. From this summit you look upon the beautiful country below as upon a map; the little village of Queenston is directly under the mountain, and although an eligible place for much business, being at the head of navigation for vessels, yet whatever may be the reason, it presents no flattering hopes of greatness at present. After rising this elevation, the country is as level as below, and the appearance of the river to the falls, meandering its course through an immense chasm, is romantic and grand beyond description. About three miles above Queenston is what is called the whirlpool; it is formed by the river taking a turn, making a square angle; above this angle, this vast current of water rushes furiously against the outer bank of the angle, and forms an eddy, that runs with amazing velocity and roars as loud or louder than the falls. Four miles above this is the great falls, which has often been described by masters of the undertaking.

When the traveller has arrived here, he is at the emporium of nature's master-piece as to curiosities and personal comfort.

Post coaches are now running between the Falls