

Gathering strength sufficient, as he thought to support him, the stricken Felix now rose to depart. When ready to set out, he again put his hand to his head. "It comes on me here," said he, "for about a minute or so—this confusion—I think I'll tie a handkerchief about my head. It'll be an easy thing for me to make some excuse, or I can take it off at the chapel." This was immediately acquiesced in; but at Hugh's suggestion a car was prepared, a horse yoked in a few minutes, and Felix, accompanied and supported by his brother and sister, set out for mass. On arriving at the green, he felt that his short journey had not been beneficial to him; on the contrary, he was worse, and very properly declined to go into the heated atmosphere of the chapel. A message by his sister, soon brought the blushing, trembling, serious, yet happy-looking girl to his side. Her neat white dress, put on with that natural taste which is generally accompanied by a clear sense of moral propriety and her plain cottage bonnet, bought for the occasion, showed that she came prepared not beyond, but to the utmost reach of her humble means. And this she did more for Felix's sake than her own, for she resolved that her appearance, should not, if possible, jar upon the feelings of one who she knew in marrying her had sacrificed prospects of wealth and worldly happiness for her sake. At sight of her, Felix smiled, but it was observed that his face, which had a moment before been pale, was instantly flushed, and his eye unusually bright. When he had kissed her, she replied to the friendly greetings of his brother and Maura, with a modest comely dignity well suited to her situation and circumstances. Then turning to the elected husband of her heart, she said, "Why, thin, Felix, but it's little credit you do me this happy morning, coming with your nightcap on, as if you weren't well;" but as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and the colour from his cheek, her heart sank, and "pallid as death's dedicated bride," with her soft blue eyes bent upon his changing colour and bandaged head she exclaimed, "God be merciful to us! Felix, dear, you are ill—you are hurted! Felix, Felix, darling, what ails you? What is wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, jewel," he replied; "don't darling—it won't signify—my foot slipped after lavin' you last night on my way home, and my head came against a stone—it's only a little sore outside. I'll be very well as soon as the priest puts your heart and mine together—never to be parted—long, long, an' airnestly have I wished an' prayed for this happy day. I sn't your mother here, jewel, an' my own little Ellen?"

When the ceremony was concluded, those who attended it of course returned to Felix's house to partake of the wedding dinner. He indeed seemed to be gifted with new life; his eyes sparkled, and the deep carnine of his cheek was dazzling to look upon. Courtesy, and the usages prevalent on such occasions, compelled him to drink more than his state of health was just then capable of bearing; he did not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation. Still the noise of many tongues, the sounds of laughter, and the din of mirth, joined to the consciousness that his happiness was now complete, affected him with the feverish contagion of the moment. He talked hurriedly and loud, and seemed to feel as if the accomplishment of his cherished hopes was too much for his heart to bear.

In the midst of all this jollity, a change which none observed came over him. His laugh became less frequent than his shudder or his sigh, and taking Alley aside, he begged she would walk with him to the beach. "The say-breeze," said he, "and a sate upon the rocks—upon your own thymie bank, where we've often sat happily, Alley, dear, will bring me to myself soon. I'm tired, asthore machree, of all this noise and confusion. Come away, darling, we'll be happier with one another, than with all these people about us."

His young bride accompanied them, and as they went, her happy heart beating under that arm to whose support she had now a right, her love the while, calm, and secure in its own deep purity, she saw before them, in bright perspective, many, many years of domestic affection and peace.

There they sat in the mellow sunset until the soft twilight had gradually melted away the lengthened shadows of the rocks about them. Their hands were locked in each other, their hearts burned within them, and a tenderness which can be felt only by souls equally pure and innocent, touched their delighted converse into something that might be deemed beautiful and holy. Long before the hour of their return, Felix had felt much worse than during any preceding part of the day. The vivid and affectionate hopes of future happiness expressed by Alley, added to his concern, and increased his tenderness towards her, especially when he contrasted his own physical sensations with the unsuspecting character of her opinion concerning his illness and the cause that produced it. "Tis true, he disguised all this as long as he could; but at length, notwithstanding his firmness, he was forced to acknowledge that pain overcame him. With

the burning chill of fever bubbling through his veins—shivering yet scorching—he complained of the shooting pain in his head, and a strange confusion of mind which the poor girl, from some of his incoherent expressions, had attributed to his excess of affection. With words of comfort she soothed him; her arm now returned the support she had received from his; she led him home languid and half delirious, whilst she herself felt stunned as well by the violence as the unaccountable nature of his illness. On reaching home, they found that the noise of social enjoyment had risen to the outrage of convivial extravagance; but the moment he staggered in, supported only by the faithful arm of his wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit suddenly hushed their interperance, and awed them into a conviction that such an illness upon the marriage day must be as serious as it was uncommon. Felix was put to bed in pain and danger; but Alley smoothed his pillow, bound his head, and sat patient, and devoted and wife-like by his side. During all that woeful night of sorrow she watched the feverish start, the wild glare of the half-opened eye; the momentarily conscious glance, and the miserable gathering together of the convulsed limbs, hoping that each pang would diminish in agony, and that the morning might bring ease and comfort.

We feel utterly incapable of describing, during the progress of this heavy night, the scorching and fiery anguish of his brother Hugh, or the distracted and wailing sorrow of poor Maura. The unexpected and delightful revulsion of feeling produced upon both, especially on the former, by his temporary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them from bearing his relapse with anything like fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty man, and the stupid but pungent grief of his sister, appeared but as the symptoms of weak minds and strong passions when contrasted with the deep but patient affliction of his innocent and uncomplaining wife. She wasted no words in sorrow; for during this hopeless night, self, happiness, affection, hope were all forgotten in the absorbing efforts at his recovery. Never, indeed, did the miseries and calamities of life draw from the fruitful source of a wife's attached and affectionate heart, a nobler specimen of that pure and disinterested devotion which characterizes woman, than was exhibited by the stricken-hearted Alley Bawn.

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, Hugh uttered cries of despair, and, tearing himself from a spot he dreaded to leave, he mounted a horse, which he spurred to the nearest town for a physician to come and see his now apparently dying brother. The doctor, a man of great skill and humanity, instantly attended the summons. But the visit was unavailing. The patient grew worse every minute. Never before had the physician witnessed such a scene of family distress. "Oh, Felix, Felix, Felix, darling," cried Hugh, in the agony of his repentance, "spake to me, spake harshly, cruelly, blackly—oh, say you won't forgive me—but no, that I couldn't bear—forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake wid affection to me, for then, I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance, wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh dear"—and he looked piteously in the convulsed face of the unhappy man—"Hugh, dear, it was only an accident, for if you had—thought—that it would turn out—as it has done—But no matter now—you have my forgiveness—and you desire it for Hugh, dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh, dear, comfort and support Alley here, and Maura too, Hugh; be kind to them both for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather torpor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace, upon the pure bosom of his wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and amn't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me—in what arms but yours should I die? Alley, think of your own Felix—oh, don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together), wear it for my sake, next your heart; an' if ever you think of doin' a wrong thing, look at it, an' you'll remember that Felix, who's now in dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you? My eyes want a last look of you; I feel you—ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presence in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh, my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me—near me!" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed—his

head fell upon her bosom—and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the pride of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious—almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself upon her heart. Quietly and calmly she arose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look, the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance of those who wept, while they attempted to sooth her.

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother, nor were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more wild and frightful than death itself. From "the dark day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths and the loneliest bye-roads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse minded have reproached him, in what, we trust, is his repentance, with his greatest affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the maiden widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain is she pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow struck for ever. She will never smile again. Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE LIVERPOOL DOCK DUES.

We mentioned some weeks ago that a great reduction was about to be made in the dock dues of this port, and we have now the pleasure of stating that this reduction will take place almost immediately and that, when effected, it will render Liverpool one of the most eligible ports in the empire in this respect as it has been in others. The reductions which are to be made will we believe be pretty nearly as follows:

1st—The Dock Dues on produce brought coastwise are to be entirely removed. The remission applies to all produce from the different ports of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man. Amongst the articles affected by it are iron, copper, slate, agricultural produce of all kinds, (including the immense importations of corn and cattle from Ireland) hair, potter's clay, salmon, and other fish, together with a vast variety of other articles, many of them of vast importance to the trade of the port and comfort of the inhabitants. The effect of this remission will also be to free the port of Liverpool from all apprehensions of rival from Runcern and other ports in the river Mersey, in case of a future application to parliament, the dues of which they particularly complained being thus repealed, and Liverpool being thus placed on as good a footing as they would have been, even if they had obtained the exemption which they claimed, and almost obtained, last session.

2d—The dues on produce, from all parts of the world, are to be reduced one third.—This, of course, applies to cotton, sugar, coffee, wool, dry wares, silk, oil, fruit, and to every article not brought coastwise.

3d—The Dock-dues on all ships entering the port, are to be reduced one fourth; and

4th—The dues on several articles which now pay a disproportionately high rate of duty are at once to be reduced. They are as follows:—East India cottons, silks, jute, oranges, lemons, nuts, and a few other articles.

The total remission of dues will amount to upwards of £60,000 per annum.

**China Deficient in Timber.**—China, like every other country which is densely inhabited, is deficient in the supply of timber and dyewoods.—The neighbouring countries, therefore, which are in a rude state, furnish it, in the same manner that America and the north of Europe supply England, France, and Holland; and if capital were abundant, and freights low, they would export a much larger amount. The supply of wood and other rude produce from the surrounding countries, is a branch

of trade into which we think it not improbable that the British merchant will sooner or later enter. The timber furnished at present consists chiefly of fancy-woods; as sandal wood, from Malabar, the Sandwich and Feejee Islands; that of the first is nearly three times as valuable as those of the two last, being of greater size, and containing more essential oil. The English and Americans, in 1834, imported of this commodity about 300 tons, worth 50,000 Spanish dollars. Rosewood comes from Siam, and ebony from several of the Malayan Islands, but the best as well as the largest quantity of late years has been sent from the Mauritius, while the inferior kind is brought from Ceylon. The woods or barks for dyeing, consist chiefly of sapan-wood from Siam, and the barks of several species of Rhizophora, or mangrove, from the Malayan Islands. Under this head may be mentioned rattans and canes, of which the importations, both by native and European vessels, chiefly from Borneo, Sumatra, and the Malayan Peninsula, are very large for such a commodity. We perceive that of the former, the weight imported by British ships in 1830, was equal to 35,000 cwt. valued at about £18,000.

**Lumber Business.**—A correspondent of the Springfield Journal, at Bangor, says, that the town of Orono, 12 miles from Bangor up the Penobscot, is one of the most thriving places in the eastern country. It contained in 1830 but 1072 inhabitants. By a census just completed, it now numbers 3634. It derives its importance from the lumber manufacture, which perhaps is not equalled in extent in an equal space in the world. There are now in operation night and day, within a few miles of Bangor, principally within the limits of Orono, more than two hundred mill saws for boards, and a proportionate number for laths, shingles, and clapboards, manufacturing considerably more than 1,500,000 feet of lumber daily.

Newspapers, says the Northampton Courier are the only marketable commodity which has not advanced in price this season. The labour of men is worth more, the fruits of the earth are higher, and eggs are smaller, yet newspapers are increased in dimensions without the price having been raised a penny.

A Company called the Cincinnati Invincibles lately left New Orleans for Texas, under command of Capt. G. F. Laurence. They are represented as a powerful body of men.

**The American Home Missionary Society** have, during last year, employed 753 Missionaries in twenty-five different States and Territories, and in the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, besides seventeen Pastors and Evangelists in France; making the whole number of Missionaries supported or aided by the Society 770. Of these in the United States 575 are settled as Pastors, or are employed as stated supplies in single congregations; 182 extend their labours to two or three congregations; and, 46, including Agents, are employed in larger fields. It is calculated that the amount of Ministerial labour performed under the Commission of this Society, the past year, is equal to 543 years of one individual.

The receipts of the Society last year amounted to 101,565 dollars, and the disbursements 92,108 dollars.

Balthasar Denner was the son of