DORCHESTER AURORA.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

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POETRY.

From the Baltimore American.

THE EXPRESS MAIL.

THE SEA! THE SEA!"

The Mail! The Mail! the Express Mail!
The swift, the sure, the never fail!
Without a bar, without a gate
It runneth its route at a desperate rate,
It leaps o'er stones, it flies o'er the sands,
And carries the tidings of various lands.
Here comes the Mail! the Express Mail!
And many a visage will soon grow pale
With the *blues* down street, and the *blues* up town
And bacon and flour must both come down,
If a bank should break, or a merchant fail,
A clatter! and off goes the Express Mail.

We love, oh! how we love to prate
On this fierce, furious, bursting state,
While all the news each afternoon
Is sung to the self same dismal tune;
And tells how many must surely fall,
And how this *pressure* will *break* us all.
"We never saw the times so bad
And money now is not to be had;"
And backwards go the protested bills,
As plenty as puffs about Brandreth's pills,
And back they'll go, till the news we hail
Is better than comes by the Express Mail.

Exchange is up, and stocks are down,
And hints and rumors fill the town;
The merchants rave, and the editors scold,
And Bank directors clutch their gold:
And none ever heard such a thundering shout
As follows when a note is thrown out.
We live indeed on storm and strife
And a fig's too much for a banker's life;
He's no wealth to spend and no time to range
While his wife and children cry for *change*,
And Biddle himself, though he may not quail,
Must tremble at every Express Mail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cecil Gazette.

AGNES SILVERS.

OR,

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

It was a fine spring morning, in the middle of May, 18—, that a pale young girl sat at an open window that overlooked a wilderness part of the country, where the forest trees, and a herd of cattle browsing on the hill, alone met the view.

Her head was buried in her hand, and she appeared in deep thought; a cloud passed over her eloquent brow; her heart heaved, and her eyes filled with tears. Taking a letter that had fallen from her hand, she pressed it to her lips, refolded it, and placed it on the table beside her. 'Oh God!' she exclaimed, 'by what a small thread hangs this miserable existence!'

The door opened, and a fine looking old gentleman entered. 'Well, Agnes,' said he taking a seat beside her, 'I am asked in all quarters if my daughter is not soon to be married. It is a strange report, Agnes, but is it entirely without foundation? Come my dear, remove my doubts upon the subject.'

The blood rushed to the cheek of the maiden, then left it with greater force, leaving her as white and motionless as marble. After a few minutes, with much effort, she answered inarticulately, 'Why, father, who—what do you mean?'

'I mean that report says you are engaged to Harrison McKay; and you certainly know my feelings towards him, that I never could accept a libertine as the husband of my daughter. The unfortunate marriage of your sister to a man of dissolute habits, and the unhappiness it has caused, should deter *you* from taking a similar step.'

'Father you are ungenerous; that is too harsh and false to be connected with his name. Harrison McKey is no libertine. He has been wild I know, but not that bad.'

'The world gives him this character, and I thought you had more respect for virtue than to receive his visits, knowing this.'

'Father, the world slanders; 'tis very wicked. Oh! should we be influenced by the voice of calumny? Indeed he is innocent. You do not know his generous disposition, or you would pity rather than blame. He is young, and not the first who has erred; and one bad deed should not cancel all good ones.'

'He is what you may always expect him to be. There is no hope of his reforming, and if there was, what sensible woman would trust her happiness to a reformed rake's keeping? I never expected to have occasion of speaking to you in this language; but I have said all. The moment you become his wife, I renounce you forever."

'Then be it so,' inwardly breathed the maiden, as the door closed on the departed figure of father. She was decided—her love firmly rooted and matured, and never arose a thought that she ought to sacrifice it to duty. Oh woman! how determined and resolute art thou in things of the heart. Whether tempered and strengthened by obstinacy, or a holier feeling, I know not; but it would be far easier, in my opinion, to stop the current of the ocean, than to influence thy affections, or move them from one object to another.

Agnes Silvers was the daughter of a plain, honest, respectable farmer, who had accumulated a comfortable fortune by his own industry, adequate to his wants, who resided in a retired part of Maryland, on the banks of the Chesapeake. He was a man possessing kind, hospitable feelings; generous to all, but those who would not do as he wished; virtuous himself, he had no generosity for vice. He thought a wicked heart alone prompted the perpetration of a bad act. Mr. Silvers married, when young, a beautiful woman, who died when Agnes had learnt to know the adventage of a mother. A numerous offspring had been the result of this union, but only two remained, our heroine, and one older, who had been married several years. Agnes was a tall, well formed, fine loaking girl of nineteen, with a face not strikingly handsome, but well to look upon. A fine hazel eye, brown hair, and fair complexion. She had received a generous education; had acquired a competent stock of knowledge, and was well versed in the belles lettres of the day. She had read the works of all the popular authors, ancient and modern, and was universally termed a 'blue.' She was a wild, high-minded, proud, enthusiastic girl, full of romance, and the lover of solitude; subject to a depression of spirits; gay and grave alternately. But her feelings were of that strange temperament, that even in her dullest mood she would laugh if any thing occurred very ludicrous. She was a real lover of nature. Amid its wildness, her feelings had a widened range, and the notes of the wild songsters of forest was music her soul leaped to hear. There was more beauty for her in a running brook, (however tame,) a bank of wild flowers, or a beautiful landscape, than all the elegance and grandeur her imagination could paint of a foreign court. She loved to ruralize amid the wildness of nature, whilst her eye traced out myriads of little worlds that sparkled in the canopy of high heaven. Every object spoke in beautiful language to her heart, bursting with delightful pleasure, real as it was lasting, because it flowed from an inexhaustible source—the works of God. Agnes, at an early age, became attached to one who possessed not the advantages of wealth. Yet she preferred him to the wealth of worlds and loved him more arduously, because it was for himself alone. She refused, for his sake, the proffered hand of many his superiors in point of fortune. The thought she possessed his entire affections, and believed him constant, wooed her into dreams elysian. Her imagination embellished a picture of the future, to suit her ideas of happiness. Perfectly infatuated, and misled by a blind passion, she had no judgment for herself. Ever the child of indulgence, placed above the reach of want, she had felt no ill, and had known none of the cares of life, consequently could not anticipate aught of sorrow. 'Oh,' thought she, in her meek hours of solitude, 'why do they speak of his poverty? when I would sacrifice every tie of earth, every comfort of life, to endure with him penury and want.' Is there any thing stronger or more lasting than woman's love?—What will she not sacrifice for the idol of her affections? Oh woman! if there is one fault in thy noble nature, 'tis the strength of thy affection!—'tis loving with such idolatrous fondness the object of thy affections.

Harrison McKay was a handsome, talented youth; not tall but well proportioned. A dark, intelligent eye, high forehead, shaded by a profusion of loose raven locks. He was proud, spirited, passionate, reckless, sensitive, generous, noble, frank, improvident, and a slave to his passions; easily persuaded and convinced, but a disposition that would not brook control. He possessed a fine mind, cultivated by education. He loved Agnes dearly, and she accepted his secret adoration, with a thought, when his circumstances would allow, she would be his, and he was determined, with every exertion, to remove the unfortunate obstacle that prevented their union.

CHAPTER II.

It was a calm, cold evening in the beginning of February, that two lone being sat in a solitary appointment. Their countenances were dejected, and gave proof that they were not happy. The youth was playing with a loose ringlet that fell in beautiful carelessness from the head of the maiden, almost concealing her cheek. She was looking fondly in his face, whilst the hand held a miniature suspended to a blue ribband that hung from his neck. "Agnes," he at last whispered, after a long pause, which neither felt willing to disturb, 'do not let those who rejoice in defaming my name, influence you when I am away; always think me a little better than they will tell you, and remember, Agnes, I love you; and I love you for yourself alone.' 'Oh Harrison, I cannot believe aught against you, were it from your own lips.'

'If God spares me I will return, and then prove to you I am not all they have represented me,' returned the lover, imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, 'but it may be years, and God knows how many years, before I return. Oh, Agnes, ours is a hard fate.'

'Do not be so serious, dear Harrison; we must learn to submit to hard fortune. Come, smile; do smile, dearest, and forget we separate so soon.'

'I cannot help it. Does it not make you unhappy, Agnes?' 'I never think when I'm with you how soon you go away, without you remind me of it, and then I know you will not forget me, and I am happy."

'Forget *you*, Agnes!' repeated the youth mournfully, '*then* I'd deserve to die.'

The young girl leaned her head upon her hand, and burst into tears.

'Come, Agnes,' said the lover fondly, 'you just advised me, and you are giving way to these melancholy feelings yourself. Come, dearest, lean up, and I will laugh for you, and, tho' not happy, persuade myself at least I am;' and he bent down and kissed the falling tear drop from her cheek.

CHAPTER III.

Six months had passed away since the departure of Harrison McKay from Maryland, and Agnes had heard no tidings of him, and the pale loving girl drooped daily. Her father saw the visible change in her, thinking the cause; though he thought it was a romantic attachment on her part, which would wear off in a short time, and a fickle one on his, which would be forgotten when another pretty face would excite the same passion, and he gave himself no further uneasiness as to the future consequence. She imagined a thousand things and reasons that might prevent her lover from writing. She thought at one time business, at another sickness, and another inconstancy. 'Yet how can that be?' she murmured to herself, as she remembered his promises of love and fidelity, which was always affirmed by an appeal to Heaven. 'Yet it must be so,' she continued—'it must be so.' A year had passed, and a settled melancholy, had fixed itself upon Agnes, and the wild, lively, laughing creature had become a pale, sedate, serious woman. Time wore on in the same routine of occupation to her. She had given up the hope of hearing from her lover, and she was unhappy, most unhappy; but her grief was of that calm nature, that did not go beyond the bounds of reason. All saw the change in her form and face, without knowing the cause. The paleness of her cheek added more lustre to her eye, and the agility of her figure, improved the gracefulness of her mien. About this time, a gentleman was introduced to Agnes by her father. His land ran along the bay, and joined that of Mr. Silver's He possessed great wealth, which consisted in landed property, bank stock, and a hundred or two of slaves. He moved in much style, but had no haughtiness of manner, which prepossessed him in the favour of all. Charles Relf was the son of the greatest aristocrat in the United States; though he inherited none of it from his father. He was handsome, amiable, kind, affectionate, sociable; a man of fashion, and the world. If he admired Agnes the first evening he saw her, he felt a warmer feeling than admiration for her the second. It was not the sweetness of her face, the symmetry of her form, nor the simplicity of her dress, that awakened such admiration in his heart, but it was the beauty of her mind, her elegant language, and her ideas, so pure and chaste; her knowledge of books, history, and literature. He was astonished, amazed, and delighted, to find one so intellectual in such an obscure and humble abode. A few visits to Mr. Silvers finished the task the first commenced, and but a short time had elapsed, and the proud and wealthy Charles Relf was the declared lover, of the young and accomplished Agnes Silvers. Mr. Silvers was not the least calculating, but he thought such a marriage for his daughter would be most advantageous, as she would get with an affectionate, moral, upright husband, a large fortune. He often told her it was quite time for her to be thinking of establishing herself in life, for it was uncertain how long she'd have a father's care, in the course of nature not long, for then he felt the infirmities of age. She thought of her absent lover, and looked at the ring he placed upon her finger, as she vowed it should not be removed till at the altar, when he would replace it, proclaiming her his bride. Her heart sickened, and her lips murmured a prayer to Heaven; a supplication for strength of mind to support her in her present difficulties Woman's love and woman's pride were strongly at war with each other, and she tried, and vainly tried, to renounce from her memory every pleasing association that was blended with her acquaintance with Harrison.—She was determined to believe a change had taken place in his affections. She took the ring that shone so brightly on her taper finger, in mockery of the past, and placed it in a secret part of her drawer, where it would not meet her maddened sight, and with a powerful effort strove to forget the giver. Charles Relf used every exertion to possess the key of her heart.—Her feeling towards him was neither love nor indifference, but she most certainly had admired him much from her first acquaintance. He loved her, and was more anxious to possess her, from the knowledge he would have to woo much to win her. He did not suppose, or suspect her affections were engaged, and flattered himself that he would give her first lesson in love.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a mild, warm day, in the beginning of June, that a solitary carriage stopped at the Shrewsbury Church, in the county of———. An old Gentleman entered the antique and time worn chapel, followed by a handsome, fine looking youth, who supported the frail form of a pale and delicate female, attired in a white robe; a long rich veil hung in loose folds to her feet, concealing much the agitation of her frame. They were before the altar, where the holy man waited to perform the marriage rites. The ceremony commenced, and concluded. A cold tremour passed over the lady, as she thought of her rashness in giving herself to one whom she promised to love, in sight of that God she would unwillingly offend, whilst her heart was deeply rooted to the object of its first adoration. But she felt this being had forsook and slighted her; and in an hour of madness and insulted pride, became the wife of another. Agnes esteemed her husband, and had an exalted opinion of his virtues and goodness. He was all she could ask, and of that frail and and affectionate nature, she bestowed upon him all the attention, kindness and affection he could exact.

They had been married a year, and Charles Relf was the happiest man in Christendom; unhappy only when he thought of the delicate health of his wife, which was impairing daily. They lived in much retirement. Agnes would not go into society upon the plea of ill health, and her husband devoted himself to her and home, forsaking his innocent sports, amusements, and gay companions; not happy when from her, supposing her delicate frame received more feebleness when out of his sight. Such devoted attention and affection from her husband, only made her more unhappy. She felt her unworthiness, and prayed with fervency of heart to God to forgive the step she had taken, and for a change of feeling.

CHAPTER V.

Agnes was one evening alone; her servant entered her apartment, and handed ner a small packet. Supposing it a surprise from her husband, she broke it eagerly, when to her amazement, her own miniature fell from the paper which had been in the possession of Harrison McKay for years. A note accompanied it; in great trepidation she broke the seal, and read as follows:

Madam:

I return your miniature. It was put in my possession when you were Miss Silvers. It has never been in my power to send it before. I hope this apparent neglect may be forgiven.

HARRISON McKAY.

As she finished the contents, she sighed deeply. 'This is unbecoming a wife,' she at last exclaimed, and paced the floor in a state of agitation, not easily described. Her husband entered, noticed her pale cheek, and quivering lip, and tenderly inquired, 'dearest Agnes what ails you?' 'Nothing,' she answered, 'nothing ails me; do not apprehend any fears; you are so anxious, how will I ever repay you?'

'You have already, beloved Agnes. Do not suppose I could love you too much;' he kissed her pale cheek, and was leaving the room, but the miniature that still lay on the rug, attracted his attention, and she picking it up, with a forced smile, handed it to him, and was going to confess all, but his fond look when he discovered her features in the painting, and a dread of what might be the consequence, if he knew she had concealed so much from him, froze the words on her tongue. She saw all in a moment. He thought the miniature was taken for an agreeable surprise to him, and exclaimed in delight, 'dear, good Agnes,' I am more than happy for such a proof of your affection, and such a treasure as this.' 'Hush, hush,' interrupted the wife; 'this is too much.' The husband tapped her cheek, and kissed the miniature and the angel alternately. The miniature was taken when Agnes was in ill health, and resembled her so much, that no one would ever have supposed it was not taken in her present delicate state.—Knowing she had deceived her husband, not with a falsehood, but by keeping from him a confession she trembled to avow, made her very unhappy, and she would willingly have fell at the feet of him whom she believed so good, and asked his forgiveness, confessing her error, but it was the anticipated consequence that deterred her. She was afraid of losing his confidence, and marring his happiness, and she felt determined not to disappoint him in his supposition of the miniature being taking expressly for him.

CHAPTER VI.

Charles was taken with a severe illness, prevalent in the bilious climate. This disease continued long and lingering, and baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. Agnes watched by his bed, waited and attended on him, night and day, not wanting or taking rest. The pleasure afforded in discharging her duty towards the being of her warmest solicitude, added fresh vigor to her costitution, and she never tired. He could not longer stand the disease of the body; all hope was gone; nature had sunk, and his spirit was soon numbered, with those who had found a happy eternity, whose pure and upright lives entitled them to. The fainting form of Agnes was borne to her chamber; her sorrow was excessive; and for once in her life, she was guilty of immoderation. Her grief brought on a fever, which confinod her a couple of months to her room. She had gone to a mere shadow, and suffered greatly from weakness of body. Her life for many weeks was despaired of, but it seemed that God had saved her for more trials and grievances in life, where she had reaped all the bitter without tasting the sweet.

CHAPTER VII.

Years had passed, and the young widow was wedded to solitude. She went not into society, and received but few visiters. Her father died about a year after her husband; and her sister, the last member of her family, left to comfort her, had removed to New Orleans. Her husband being a physician, was soon established there; got an extensive practice, and was making an immense fortune, but took sick and died, leaving his wife a widow, with two children and a small income. Harrison McKay returned to Maryland and paid a visit to Agnes. What a different creature he found her, so changed. From the wild, lively, youthful lassie he used to know her, when he braided the wild flowers for her hair, she had become a delicate, serious woman. He loved her fervently, and a sight of her face brought back, with pleasing emotion, every warm feeling that animated his breast, in "auld lang syne."

He now felt every obstacle removed; and he felt determined to sue for her hand again, which he thought he had a prior right to previous to the death of Charles Relf. He visited the husband of the sister of Agnes. He was on his death bed, and conscious he would never recover, he confessed to Harrison he had intercepted his letters to Agnes, and she had never received one, which put an end to their engagement, and possessed her with the belief, that he had grown inconstant, and in a mad hour she married one who was worthy a whole and a true heart.—This nearly drove Harrison mad; and in the anguish of heart, cursed the dying man. For an unseasoned speech at college of his, Harrison McKay had ensured the enmity of Dr.———which was not forgotten, or forgiven by the latter, after he had advanced to manhood; consequently a duel ensued, in which Harrison escaped uninjured, whilest the other received a severe wound in his side, which had like to have terminated his life. This after he recovered made Harrison a deadlier enemy. He was determined to have revenge, and greatly predjudiced the father of Agnes against Harrison.

CHAPTER VIII.

An explanation took place between the parties, consequently a reconciliation, and what followed can be imagined, when three years after the death of her husband the young widow threw off her weeds of mourning, and became the wife of her first and only love.

She was not happy long; there had been a great change wrought in Harrison; his feelings had been greatly corrupted, for he had devoted the last six years to dissipation, gambling, and intemperance. After the intercourse between him and Agnes was ended, he was a lost creature. The only being he ever loved, he thought had changed, and in the anguish of his heart, plunging into sin, he cursed his being. Although he loved Agnes, his treatment was harsh and uncivil; so different from that of Charles, that she often contrasted the two husbands, and wondored how two could be made in the same world, in the image of one God, so unlike. Harrison was always from her in some den of vice, dissipating and squandering her fortune, which he had the entire possession of.

A circumstance that occurred a year after Agnes' marriage destroyed her happiness for life. She was walking in the cool of the evening, in her favourite place of recreation; a figure came from the shrubberry, muffled in a large cloak, handed her a letter, and hurriedly disappeared again. It was written in a small cramped hand. A feeling of presentiment that it contained ill tidings, prevented her from opening it for some moments. Suppressing her fears as much as possible, and greatly agitated, she broke the seal, and read the following:'

"Dear Madam:

A friend takes the liberty of informing you, that the man you are now living with is not your husband. He was married four years ago to a young lady of excellent family, whom he seduced, and comforted with a false marriage, as he thought, but afterwards found his hellish plot had been blasted, and that she was his lawful wife. Upon this discovery he abandoned her, and she now lives in the most wretched misery and poverty.

ANONYMOUS.

'Oh God!' she exclaimed, as she finished the horrid scrawl, 'and am I left for this? 'Tis surely the plot of some demon to kill me,' and the broken hearted creature fell on the ground in a state of mental derangement. She recovered; her feelings had undergone a change.—Meditating what step to pursue, to keep this from the wretch in whose power she was now in, she bent her steps homeward. Until she could make an escape from the roof that contained the being who had committed such a foul and outrageous act, every moment of her life would be spent in soul-destroying reflection of the misery and shame he had heaped upon her. When she reached the dining room, the first person she saw was Harrison. He was whistling a favorite song, in his highest spirits and most animated air. Agnes sank on the nearest chair, overwhelmed with grief and insulted pride.—'Oh God!' thought she, as she watched his bright eye and animated brow, 'how can he who looks so young & innocent, and apparently so unsophisticated in wretched ill, be the guilty lost one, whom I once, I will not say now, love. He is changed! and how is he changed! Surely it is the delight of demons to lay their fangs on the loveliest and most loved. While I pity, I cannot hate. Oh no Harrison! I love thee for what thou wert, and pity thee for what thou art—a poor pitiful thing of error—the creature of infatuation, and not thyself.'

CHAPTER IX.

Harrison left home a few days, and when he returned the following letter was handed him by the servant:

"Sir:

I have left your house, and forever; but this will not surprise you, when I say I have been informed of the wicked deception you used towards me by a form marriage, when you were the husband of another, and that other the victim of thy seducing arts! Harrison McKay! there is a hell! and that hell will be the home of the seducer! Beware! Thy career has been short, and as inglorious as guilty. But thy last victim, her you professed to love in youthful days, forgives the crime, and prays fervently to that God who has but little mercy for the wicked in heart, for thy repentance, and a heart that will guide thee to the woman whom thou hast abandoned to misery and disgrace. Go no further in the guilty course, lest the curses rise from the tomb, ane blast thee forever, of the father of the injured.

AGNES."

As Harrison finished the contents of the letter, he pressed his forehead madly, and strode across the room in mental derangement. How Agnes was informed of these facts, he could not imagine. Had an enemy acquainted her with it? Dr.——— was dead, and he knew of none he had. She had gone, and where? One place was as likely to find her as another, and he abandoned the thought of pursuing her.—'For,' thought he, 'she hates and scorns the wretch who has injured her thus. I durst not see her; but her request is, I must return to the unfortunate Amy. Dearest Agnes! loveliest of women! that is too much!'

Man, however depraved his nature, can never love the victim of his seduction; and if he loved her once, it vanishes the moment she adheres to his dishonorable advances.

CHAPTER X.

Agnes had been but a short time with her sister in New Orleans, when she fell a victim to the southern fever, that terminated her life. In her possession was found a will, in which she divided her immense possessions equally between her sister and Harrison.

Two years had passed since the mournful event here recorded, and the public prints announced a horrible suicide, committed by the unfortunate and guilty Harrison McKay. Thus ended the life of that being who owed his guilt to "DISAPPOINTED LOVE."

CECILIA.

Chesapeake Margin, May, 1837.