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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra,laborat, qui omnibus, placere, studet—"He labours vainly, who endeavors to please every one.

BY E. MANSFIELD. CHESTER TOWN, Md. $1 50 PER ANNUM, in advance.

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EDWARD MANSFIELD,
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POETRY.

THE PILOT.

BY ALEXANDER COCHRAN.

The waves are high, the night is dark,
Wild roam the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining barque,
As gallantly she rides.
"Pilot! take heed what course you steer;
Our bark is tempest driven!"
"Stranger, be calm, there is no fear,
For him who trusts in Heaven!"

"Oh, pilot! mark yon thunder-cloud—
The lightning's lurid rivers,
Hark to the wind, 'tis piping loud—
The mainmast bends and quivers!
Stay, pilot, stay and shorten sail,
Our stormy trysail's riven!"
Stranger, what matters calm or gale
To him who trusts in Heaven!"

Borne by the winds, the vessel flies
Up to the thundering cloud,
Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
Conceal the topmast shroud.
"Pilot! the waves break o'er us fast,
Vainly out barque has striven!"
"Stranger, the Lord can ule rthe blast—
Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"

Good hope! Good hope! one little star
Gleams o'or the waste of waters;
'Tis like the light reflected far
Of beauty's loveliest daughters!
"Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
As He has often given;
Then learn this truth—what'er may be,
To put thy trust in Heaven!"

Child's Evening Prayer.

Jesus, heavenly Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed,and fed, and clothed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
When I die, take me to Heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

MISCELLANY.

Surrender of Burgoyne.

As late as 1777, the sentiment of the English people generally was in favor of furnishing means necessary to reduce the American colonies to unconditional submission. The king had not softened his iron determination to make no terms with the Congress that should even hint at independence. Every expenditure was popular, provided the success against the Americans was very probable. In this state of feeling, an army of ten thousand men was placed under Gen. Burgoyne, with orders to organize in Canada, and march down to meet Sir Henry Clinton at Abany, where it had been arranged these two should meet, and thus divided the southern and eastern colonies by the Hudson river.

On the 12th of June, Burgoyne's advance left Quebec, and arrived at Fort Edward, August 3d. During his march roads were to be made, bridges built or repaited, and his difficulties increased on every hand. The Americans poured from all quarters, and the British army soon found that any retreat would be dangerous, and advance was next to impossible. August 14th, they were reduced to provisions for five days only; every foraging party sent out was sure to be cut off, and their situation in every respect was desperate indeed.

When the Indians saw that Burgoyne was in this trouble, they at once exhibited signs of mistrust and treachery.—These allies had been the terror, on the march of the Americans, particularly to defenceless women and children, and they day determined, in a body, to leave the British service. On the 8th of October, Burgoyne was obliged to leave his hospital, with over three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of the Americans. This clearly illustrated to Gates how desperate was the situation of the enemy, and he resolved to press him hard to meet the Americans in battle. On the 19th, General Burgoyne made overtures to Gates, who required the British to be drawn up in their encampment and unconditionally ground their arms. Burgoyne replied that this would be inadmissable in any extremity, as the British army to a man would prefer death to dishonor. Gates at last allowed them the privilege of marching out with the honors of war, and then the terms of the surrender were mutually agreed upon; and on the morning of the 17th of October, Gen Burgoyne, with his general officers, surrendered their swords to Gates. Burgoyne, in a rich royal uniform, was received by Gates at the head of the American camp; the former came up within a sword's length, reined up and halted; Burgoyne raising his hat most graciously, said:—"The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner;" to which the conqueror, returning a courteous salute, promptly replied, "I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." On the 18th of October, 1777, Gates advised Congress of the surrender; and what was remarkable, he wrote not a word to Washington upon a subject of such vast importance, leaving the Commander-in-Chief to be informed from common report.

Burgoyne's army contained noblemen of high rank, and several of them were accompanied by their families up to the day of surrender. From the statements of those accomplished women, many particulars were learned after they became prisoners. Lady Harriet Ackland was among the number, and particularly distinguished for her heroic fortitude and devotion to her husband, Major Ackland, who was severely wounded and left on the field in the hands of the Americans, while charging at the head of his grenadiers. As soon as the fate of the major was known, Lady Harriet instantly resolved to go over to the enemy and attend her husband. At her earnest solicitation, General Burgoyne furnished her with a flag with which, in the dead of night, amid a terrific storm of rain, accompanied only by her servants and the chaplain of the regiment, she approached the American camp. The sentinel was so confounded by the appearance of such a party, that he forbade the advance for a long time and until Major Dearborn the commander of that post, was sent or.—This gentlemanly officer, at once placed his own quarters at the disposal of Lady Harriet, who was in a delicate state of health, and after assuring her of the majors safety dispatched a dragroon to inform him of the arrival of Lady Harriet, who would join him the next morning. Gates himself was seriously affected with the courage of this wonderful woman, and ordered her every possible attention, and begged her to look upon him as a father. Major Ackland recovered,and after his return to England, often spoke of the American character in the highest terms. One day at dinner, a military club, the American war was discussed, and the courage of the Americans doubted—Major Ackland defended them warmly.

A challenge ensued. The Major fell dead at the first fire. Lady Harriet's reason, in consequence, became dethroned, and so continued for several months, when she recovered: after which she gave her hand in marriage to the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Brudonel, who accompanied her to the American camp to join Major Ackland. This marriage, on the part of Lady Harriet, was supposed to be one solely of gratitude for his kind services during her severe trials with the army in America, as, by birth and rank, she was so far his superior as to seperate him and her own family friends forever.

Madame De Deidesel, whose husband was Major-General in command of the German troops, was another lady of remarkable character. With three young children and her servants, the kept constantly with the army. In a log house, within reach of the cannon of both armies, she remained, holding her children one whole day and night,alone with her servants, while her husband was at the head of his troops exposed to every danger and in fearful expectation every moment of hearing of his fall. During this eventful day, wounded officers were brought in and laid down before her; and one died at her side, and there the corpse remained the whole day and night. Other officers lay groaning with their wounds, and not a medical officer to attend them. The distress of those wounded officers, for water, was inconceivable. They were within two hundred yards of a stream, but no one would bring a bucket, as the Americans were strongly posted on the opposite hide, and shot down every one who approached the stream. At last an English servant woman took a pail, and declared she would have water. As she run to the stream, the soldiers, out of regard to her sex or some other cause did not molest her. The gratitude of the officers placed in her lap pieces of gold amounting to over thirty dollars.

As soon as the surrender was settled, the heroic lady, in a wagon, with three young children, one an infant, and her servant woman, without other attendance, drove up to the American camp, as she described it: "A war-worn officer came up to the wagon, and took her children, and hugged and kissed them. She trembled herself, so as to be unable to speak. The officer offered his arm and said: 'Madam do not be afraid, you are now among friends.' She replied: 'I ought not to be afraid, sir, for your kindness to my children prove that you must be a husband and a father.'—This officer was evidently deeply moved at the sight of an unprotected woman, with small children. In a few moments I was informed he was General Schuyler. Before I learned his name, he kindly came to me, and said: 'You and your children had better come and dine in my tent, as it will be more agreeable than dining among so many officers.'—I gladly accepted his invitation, and made a most excellent dinner. Afterwards Gen. Schuyler invited Gen. Burgoyne and suit to his house, and myself and husband also, where we were all received by his noble family, not as enemies, but as friends. Gen. Burgoyne, a few days previous, having burnt Gen. Schuyler's mills, house, &c., the value of which was over $50,000, was completely overcome by his kindness, and said to Schuyler: "*You, sir, treat me with great kindness, after I have done you great injury.*' Schuyler replied: 'O, that, General was the fortune of war; we now are friends."

General Schuyler was a patriot in every sense of the word. As Burgoyne's army advanced, they became distressed for provisions. Schuyler's landed possessions were extensive and well cultivated—and were in danger of falling into Burgoyne's hands. As soon as Schuyler saw the advantage his crops would be to the enemy, he sent an express to Mrs. Schuyler,t requesting her to call together his tenants, take them into the field, and with her own hands to set on fire the crops and barns, and burn every vestige that could benefit the enemy.—Posterity will do this patriot justice.—Washington wrote him. 'Stand by the army; generations yet unborn will appreciate your services and reward your merits."

Burgoyne was a noble specimen of a man. He acted strictly by his instructions, and when the last council was called, he stated that every officer was exhonerated from blame for the loss of the army; that he alone was responsible to the king, as he had never asked their advice, but merely given them orders, which they were bound to obey. In parliament, his defence was generous towards the Americans. He warned the nation that America could not be conquered. He introduced before the British people the injury he had inflicted on his march, upon the property of Mr. Schuyler, and how much he had afterwards suffered in regrets, under the magnanimity of General Schuyler and his noble family, while enjoying their unbounded hospitality. Madam Reidesel often spoke of the absence of all feeling or reflection towards their new friends on the part of the Schuyler family. On the other hand they appeared like persons noble by nature, ready,and capable and willing to forget, as well as forgive injuries.

A Mysterious Vague and Unsatisfactory Meeting.

An advertisement, for some time past has been published in a morning paper, calling upon the male members of the Methodist Episcopal Church to meet and discuss the propriety of sending lay members to a convention to be held in Philadelphia, in March next, which designs effecting such a change in the dicipline as will allow lay members to take part, hereafter, in the annual and general conferences of the church. In answer to this call quite a number of prominent laymen of the church assembled last night at Union Hall, but after waiting a considerable period it was ascertained that no one appeared to be willing to move an organization. Inquiries were made for the gentleman who published the call for the meeting, but it appeared he was *non est*, or, if present, preferred remaining in a state of unobtrusive disguise. One of the Elders proposed that the company join in a prayer meeting, but this was objected to by one of the junior members in an emphatic "no you don't," and an avowal that they didn't come there for *that!* What have we met for? was asked on every side. A motion made to adjourn being voted down, it was proposed to organize, but the gentleman called to the chair refused to preside unless he knew what the meeting was assembled for, and concluded by calling upon the gentleman who had summoned the meeting to show himself. As well might he have invoked a spirit from the vasty deep; no head uprose in obedience to the summons, to become the focus of an hundred eyes; then whispers went round that an enemy in the camp—an enemy of the church—had called them together in a spirit of mischief. With commendable resolution one of the audience then determined to convert the meeting into a medium of relief for the poor. He thereupon rose and moved that a collection for this purpose be taken up, which he was willing to commence with a donation of 25 cents from his own pocket. This measure seemed to meet with favor from one portion of the audience, but others objected; and, after a discussion as to whose custody the funds thus collected should be confided, the matter was dropped entirely. More calls were then made for the mysterious caller of the meeting, but he still remained invisible to the anxious eyes which vainly glanced even from floor to ceiling in expectation of his appearance. In the midst of some confusion; one of the members arose and moved that a committee be appointed to wait upon the proprietors of the paper, in which the call for the meeting appeared, and demand of them the name of the author.—This proposition was met by the statement of a gentleman, that he called upon the aforesaid proprietors on two or three different occasions for the purpose of obtaining the desired information;that at the first call, he was promised the authors name, but at the subsequent calls, he had been informed that the manuscript, at the time of its presentation, was not endorsed, and had since been lost or mislaid. A luminous solution of the question here irradiated the ideas of another gentleman, and he remarked that by inquiring who rented the hall and had it lighted, and observing who paid for it, the identity of the mysterious gentleman might be established. Just as the audience was congratulating themselves upon this apparently feasible plan of discovering the *incognito*, a sepulchral voice (which came apparently from beneath the bench,) drawled out in hollow tones—"Its already paid for." "The room's haunted—let's adjourn," said several venerable members; and upon the motion being made, it was unanimously carried. Thus ended the first step announced towards obtaining lay representation in the M. E. conferences. Whether the next effort will prove more successful remains to be seen.—*Argus.*

Singular Story.

A Paris newspaper of the 12th ult, says:—The police commissary of the quarter of the ministry hotels reported, three days ago, in a modest lodgings of Bac street, the double suicide of a young student and a young lady of foreign origin, living with him. He had presented her, in taking lodgings, as his wife. In taking all the particulars of that event in order to write a report, the police magistrate found some papers and regular acts which established the individuality of the young man; but he could not discover anything of a nature to give a knowledge of the unfortunate lady, who asphyxied herself with her lover. The body of the young woman was consequently sent to the Morgue, where she was decently exposed. Yesterday, an old American priest, who was coming from Notre Dame church, entered curiously, the gloomy establishment, and recognized in the young lady exposed one of the boarders of a religious school in New York, Miss Mary F., who disappeared in the last part of July, leaving her family in the greatest despair. A summary inquest, held immediately after the declaration of that venerable stranger, proved that the young man, L. B., had an uncle in New York, with whom he had spent about eighteen months,till July, 1851. It is supposed that, at that epoch, he had some relations with Miss Mary F, six years older than himself, although she was in a convent, and that he induced her to follow him to France, where his family called him. It was, perhaps, the sorrow for the fault that induced the young lady to commit suicide, and it is also presumed that the young lover, not having authority enough over her to make her renounce her fatal resolution, wished to partake her fate.

☞A quaint writer of sentences says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to get married

A lady, on being seperated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, as she said, to avoid his company in this world and

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Bless my soul! I'm thirty-nine to-day; six feet in my stocking, black eyes, curly hair, tall and straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and still a bachelor! Well it's an independent life, at least; *no it isn't either!* Here's the new gloves of mine full of little rips, string off one of my most faultness dickeys, nice silk hankerchief in my drawer wants hemming, top button off the waistband of my pants; what's to be done? How provoking it is to see these married people looking so selfish and consequential, at the head of their families, as if they had down the State a great service.—Why, as to *children*, they are as plenty as flies in August, and about as troublesome; every alley, and court and garret is swarming with 'em; *there's no rarity*, and any poor miserable de—(I beg pardon!) *wretch*, can get a *wife*, enough of *them*, too, such as they are. It's enough to scare a man to death, to think how much it costs to keep one. Young folks have to *begin* now where their fathers and mothers *left off*. Silks and satins, ribbons and velvets, feathers and flowers, cuff-pins and bracelets, gimcranks and fol-de-rols; and there's no help for it in my case; for if I marry a woman I loved, and the dear little thing should ask me for my scap, I should give it to her, I know I should. Then there is the tapestry carpets, and mirrors, and sofas, and ottomans, and damask curtains, and pictures, and crockery, and (you must look at the subject in all its bearings,) little jackets and frocks, and wooden horses and dolls, and popguns,and ginger-bread:don't I *can do it*, by Jupitar! But, then, here I sit, with the toe of my best boot kicking the grate, for the want of something better to do; it's coming awful cold, dreary weather, long evening, can't go to concerts forever, and when I go my room looks so much the gloomier when I come back, and it would be cosy to have a nice little wife to chat with. I've tried to think of something else, *but I can't*; if I look in the fire I am sure to see a pair of bright eyes; even the shadows on the wall take fairy shapes; I'm on the brink of ruin—I feel it; I shall read my doom in the marriage list belong—I know I shall, Heaven help me, for there's no living with a better half so they say; and a may I be refuse if I can get a long without one.

An Incident for History.

Circumstances have been developed, by the arrival in this city within the last few days, of a family from California, which are characteristic of our time and country. They are these: In the spring of 1849 an emigrant party started from their homes in Western Missouri for the land of gold. They were among thousands of other hardy adventurers whose white tents covered the Plains of many months, and made the wild prairies of the north-western territory appear like the camp of an immense army. During the ascent of the Sierra Nevada, a daughter was born to one of the emigrants, and the occasion was celebrated by a general half of the party, and the devotion of a day to such festivity as the place and their stores would permit. The little stranger was named after the great mountain near the summit of which she first saw the light, and the emigrants resumed their toilsome march. The placers were gained toward the close of the year, and a busy multitude were soon engaged in withdrawing from the rich valley of the San Joaquin tho golden rewards of their toil. Our little emigrant party became in a short time the centre of a large population; houses were erected and streets laid out; and the period arrived when a new city should be incorporated and named. The incident near the summit of the great Sierra was not forgotten; and as the little girl; whose birth was celebrated there prattled upon the knees of the founders of the new city, they declared it should receive the name from her, and it was called "Nevada." It is now a populous and thriving place, and surrounded by sources of wealth and future greatness; while the little girl,whose birth occurred when it was a wilderness, and from whom the name of the great mountain descended to it, is, after having traversed California; sailed the Pacific ocean, crossed the Isthmus and the Gulf of Mexico,still fondled in her mother's arms as they now ascend the Mississippi towards that mother's early home.—*N. O. Picayune.*

CURE FOR LOVE.—Take a grain of sense, half a grain of prudence, a drachm of understanding, one ounce of patience a pound of Resolution and a handful of Dislike, mix them all together and fold them in the remembrance of your brains for 24 hours, then set them on a slow fire of Hatred, strain them clear from the dross of melancholy, then sweeten them with Forgetfulness, then put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with a cork of Sound Judgement, let them stand 14 days in the waters of Cold Affection. This rightly managed and properly applied is the best remedy in the universe, and was never known to fail.—*Backstarstown.*

Banking Capital of Cities.

The following table showing the population and banking capital of the principle cities in the United States, is taken from the New York Courier and Enquirer:

Cities.	Population. 1849.	Bank Cap. 1851
New York, N. Y.	515,000	$85,442,000
Philadelphia, Pa.	409 000	10,518,000
Baltimore, Md.	169,000	7,140,000
Boston, Mass	138,007	24,560,000
New Orleans, La.	119,000	12,267,000
Cincinnati, Ohio	116,000	1,725,000
Brooklyn, N. Y.	96,000	1,300,000
St. Louis, Mo.	82,000	808,000
Albany, N. Y.	50 000	2,043,000
Pittsburgh, Pa.	50,000	2,618,000
Louisville, Ky.	43,200	2,960,000
Charleston, S. S.	42,000	9,153,000
Providence, R. I.	41,500	8,788,000
Buffalo, N. Y.	40,200	987,000
Washington, D. C.	40,000	882 000
Newark, N. J.	39,800	1 800,000
Rochester, N. Y.	36,700	990 000
Lowell, Mass.	33,000	1,100,000
Williamsburgh, N. Y.	30,700	none
Troy, N. Y.	28,700	1,768,000
Chicago, Ill.	28,200	none.
Savannah, Ga.	27,800	2 370,000
Richmond, Va.	27,400	2,114,000
Portland, Me.	26,800	1,125,000
New Haven, Conn.	22,500	1,987 000
Syracuse, N. Y.	23 200	88 ,000
Springfield, Mass.	21,000	1,150 000
Paterson, N. J.	21,300	none.
Detroit, Mich.	21,000	762,000
Mobile, Ala.	20,500	2,000 000
Milwankie, Wis.	20,000	225,000
Manchester, N. H.	19,000	260,000
Salem, Mass.	18,800	1 750,000
Lawrence, Mass.	18,300	500,000
Hartford, Conn.	18,000	4 697 000
Nashville, Tenn.	17,500	5,181,000
Columbus, Ohio	17,400	698,000
Utica, N. Y.	17,200	1,610,000
Cleveland, Ohio	17,000	40 000
Bangor, Me.	14,400	1,900,000

CLAY AND LAFAYETTE.—The Washington correspondent of the Savannah Georgian, writing in reference to reception of Kossuth by the House of Representatives, says:

"By the way I heard an interesting anecdote of Clay and Lafayette, which, perhaps, has got out long since. I got it from good authority. It appears that Mr. Clay *wrote the answer himself*, that Layfayette gave to Mr. Clay's beautiful speech on the occasion of Lafayette's reception by the House. Mr. Clay being asked if it were really so, laughingly replied in the affirmative, and that Lafayette's speech was *highly complimented* but his own, (Mr. Clay's) was not noticed."

HISTORY.—Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars.—Mean and petty his wants and desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with grand glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts which sweep the heavens, and "wanders through eternity." A pigmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, his far reaching spirit stretches outwards to the Infinite, and there alone finds rest. History is a reflex of this double life. Every speech has two aspects—one calm, broad, and solumn—looking towards Eternity; the other; agitated, petty, vehement, and confused—look towards Time.

☞After Burke had finished that extraordinary speech against Hastings, a friend of the latter wrote the following impromptu, which to our mind can hardly be surpassed:

"Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
No venomous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stands revealed in nature's work—
She saved her venom to create a Burke!"

☞A witty auctioneer was trying to sell an old organ. To that end he was grinding out throw out the music, when the crowd began to throw out the pennies when a countryman stepped up to him and said—"Sir, you ought to have a *monkey!*" My good fellow,"replied the auctioneer, 'so I had,*step right up here!*" The countryman "vamoosed."

☞'My son," said Mr. Spriggs to his little boy, who was devouring an egg—it was Mr. Sprigs' desire to instruct his boy—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?"

"Ah, do they, father?" said the young hopeful; "I thought that eggs came out of chickens."

The elder Spriggs drew back from the table, sadly, gazed on his son, and then put on his hat and went to work.

☞Nobody is satisfied in this world If a legacy is left to a man he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money he searches the same lucky spot for more. If he happens to be elected to some high office, he wishes a higher one. If he is a single man, he is looking for a wife, and if he is married for childen. Man is never satisfied

A GOOD TOAST—*The Ladies.*—Our stars before marriage, and our stripes after.

That's laying down the law, as an Irishman said when he knocked down the Judge.

Always speak well of your friends, but of your enemies, speak no ther good or evil.