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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:--"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please very one."

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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
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Edward Mansfield.

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☞All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.



The following lines were handed us by a friend, they are from the N. Y. Penny Gazette:

A Temperance Song.

Some love to roam,
Where the glasses foam,
And the poison circles free;
But a chosen band
In a rescued land,
And a temperance life for me.

When morning beams
O'er the mountain streams,
Oh! merrily forth we go,
To hallow our life,
With a glorious strife,
And to crush our country's foe,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
Some love to roam, &c.

The snake we mark
In the bar-room dark,
And untempted turn our back;
And for right good cheer,
At one homes so dear,
Oh, why should the temperate lack?
For with steady aim,
At an honored name,
And hearts that fear no foe,
Our brother to save
From the drunkard's grave,
In the spirit of love we go.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
Some love to roam, &c.

SELECTED TALE.

'TIS USELESS TRYING.

"You will never succeed—'tis useless trying," was the answer we received one day when talking of something quite unimportant to you, dear reader, but very near our own heart. The voice was one we always listened to, and not seldom follow; but this time its discouraging arguments were unheeded. We *did* try, and we *did* succeed.

The fact set us is moralizing on the good or evil tendency of these words—"'Tis useless trying." And the conclusion we came to was this, that for one vain idea dispelled, one wild project overturned by their prudent influence, these chilling words have rung the knell of a hundred brilliant and life-sustaining hopes, and paralyzed into apathy a thousand active and ardent minds, who might have otherwise elevated themselves, and helped the world on in its progress. What would America have been discouraged by sneers and arguments about the usefulness of his attempt to discover a new world? Or where would have been Newton's stupendous theory, if, at the commencement of his researches, some meddling friend at his ear had whispered, "Don't try; you will be sure to fail?" In aid of the "Never-try" doctrine comes vanity, with its potent arguments that no attempt at all is better than a failure. We deny the fact *in toto*. Should a man fail in a project too high for him, he at least becomes acquainted with the extent of his own powers; he loses that inflirted self-exaltation which is the greatest bane of real merit; and in finding his own level, he may yet do well. And better, far better, that all the pretenders in the world should sink into deserved obscurity, than that a spark of real talent should be extinguished the cold-hearted check—"'Tis useless trying!" Now, having prosed enough, we will enlighten our aguments by a story.

Between ten and twenty years ago—the precise date is immaterial—there was in the city of New York a barber's apprentice, a young boy named Reuben Vandrest. His Dutch lineage was shown by his surname, which, in course of years and generations, had been corrupted from Van der Vandrest, while for his Scriptural Christian name he was indebted to a worthy Quaker, his maternal grandfather, who had come over with William Penn. These names were in truth, all the boy owed to his progenitors, as from his cradle he had been an orphan, cast on the charity of the wide world. But the excellent sect to which Reuben's mother had belonged, is one of the few who never cast the lambs from their bosom, and the orphan child was not deserted. The Friends took care of him; and when he was able to earn a livelihood, one of their number received him as an apprentice. Such was the short and simple story of the barber's boy.

Without entering on metaphysics, every human being has some inner life which the world outside knows nothing of. Thus from his earliest childhood the passion of Reuben Vandrest had been music. He would follow the itinerant minstrels of the city through one street after another, often thus losing his meals, his rest, every thing except his schooling, which precious thing he was too wise to throw away even for music. He made friendships with blind pipers, Italian hurty-gurdy-ists, and above all, with wandering fiddlers; for, with an intuitive perception, the violin—the prince of stringed instruments—was his chief favorite. From all and each of these wandering musicians Reuben was intent on gaining something: they were won by his childish manners and his earnest admiration—for love of praise is the same in a blind fiddler as in an opera-singer—and by degrees Reuben not only listened, but learned to play. No instrument came amiss to him, but his sole private property was an old fife; and with this simplest of all orchestral varieties the poor barber's boy used to creep to his garret, and there strive, with his acute ear and retentive memory, to make out the tunes he had heard in the streets, or invent others.

But the grand era in the boy's life was coming. One day as he stood wishfully looking at a violin which he held in his arms fondly and lingeringly, prior to returning it to its right owner, a poor street musician, the idea of its construction first entered Reuben's mind. He had been accustomed to regard a violin as a mysterious thing—a self-creating, sound-producing being; and never once had he considered of what it was made, or how. Now he began to peer into its mysteries, and to find out that it was only wood and catgut after all. He questioned his friend the fiddler, but the man had scraped away during a lifetime without once casting a thought on the mechanism of his instrument, True, he could replace a broken string, and at times even manufacture a bridge with his penknife, but that was all. When Reuben inquisitively wanted to learn how violins were made, the fiddler shook his head, and said he did not know.

"Do you think I could make one?" pursued the anxious boy.

A burst of laughter, so cuttingly derisive, that Reuben's face grew crimson, was the only answer. "Why, you little simpleton," cried the fiddler, when his mirth had subsided, "surely you'll not be so silly as to try? You could as soon build a house."

"But violins must be made by somebody."

"Yes, by people who know all about it: not by a lad like you. Take my advice, and don't fry."

Reuben said no more; but he could not get the idea from his mind. Every violin that he saw he begged to look at: he examined the varieties of construction, the sort of wood used, the thickness and fashion of the strings; and after weeks of consideration, he at last determined to try and make one for himself. During the long light summer nights, he worked hour after hour in his garret, or on the roof of the house, his natural mechanical skill was aided by patience and ardor; and with the few tools which he borrowed from the good-natured carpenter who had given him the wood, he succeeded in forming the body of the violin. But here a look cessation took place in Reuben's toil; for he had not even the few pence necessary to purchase the strings; and the bow, which he could not make, it was utterly out of his power to buy. He sat looking in despair at the half-finished instrument—a body without a soul—and even his fife could not console him.

But one day a kind-hearted customer noticed the slight, pale looking boy who had arranged his locks so gently and carefully, and Reuben became the glad recipient of a dollar. He flew to buy catgut and an old blow, and with trembling hands strung his instrument. Who can describe the important moment? Leverrier's crowning calculation for the new planet, Lord Rosse's first peep through his giant telescope, are little compared to poor Reuben's first attempt to draw sounds from his violin. The sounds came; string after string was tuned; the bow was applied; and the violin had a soul! Feeble and thin the notes were, but still they were distinct musical tones; and the boy hugged his self made treasure to his beating heart, actually sobbing with joy.

He played tune after tune; he never noticed that evening darkened into night; he forgot his supper, he forgot too—what but for his musical enthusiasm would long since come into his mind—that though the childish fife might pass muster in the house of his master, a violin never would. The good Quaker, one of the strictest of his sect, thought music was useless, sinful heathenish; and a fiddler in his eyes was with a thief. Therefore who can picture Reuben's consternation when his garret door opened, and his master stood before him? Reuben bore all Ephraim's wrath in silence, only he took care to keep his darling violin safe from the storm, by pressing it closely in his arms.

"Thou hast been neglecting thy work and stealing fiddles," cried the angry man.

'I have not neglected my work,' timmidly answered the boy; and I have not stolen the violin—indeed I have not."

"How didst thou get it?"

"I made it myself."

Old Ephraim looked surprised. All the music in the world was nothing to him, but he had a fancy for mechanical employments, and the idea of making a violin struck him as ingenious. He examined it, and become less angry. "Will it play?" asked he.

Reuben, delighted, began one of his most touching airs; but his master stopped him. "That will do," said he; "I only want to see if it sounds—all tunes are the same.—And I suppose thou wilt turn musician?"

Reuben hung his head and said nothing

"Well, that thou canst never do, so I would advise thee not to try. Forget the fiddle, and be a good barber. However, I will say no more only thou must play out of doors next time."

But all the discouragements of the Old Quaker could not repress Reuben's love for music. He cut, and curled, and shaved, as in duty bound, and then fled away to his violin. From the roof of the house his music went forth; and in this most original sonnet-room, with the open sky above him, and the pert city sparrows, now used to hir melody, hopping by his side, did the boy gradually acquire the first secrets of hie art. It is needless to enumerate the contrivances he resorted to for instruction—how he wandered through the streets with his violin at night' to gain a few cents wherewith to purchase old music; and how he gradually acquired skill, so as to be admitted into a wandering band.

One night when this primitive orchestra was engaged for a ball at a private house in the city, the first violin mysteriously disappeared. In this dilemma young Reuben found courage to offer himself as a substitute. It was a daring thing. The other musicians first laughed at him; then heard him play the part, which no one else could take; and finally suffered him to try. For the first time in his life the barber's boy witnessed the glare of a ball. It seemed to him a fairy scene: he was dazzled, bewildered, exited, and in his enthusiasm he played excellently The night wore away: the dancers seemed never weary, the aching fingers of the musicians. Reuben especially, to whom the excitement was new grew more and more exhausted, and at last, just as he had finished playing a waltz, fell fainting from his chair. Most of the gay couples passed on—it was only a poor musician; but one young girl, in whom the compassionate and simple nature of a child had not been swept away by the formalities of young ladyhsood, held a glass of water to the boy's lips.

"Cora Dacres bringing to life a fainting fiddler!" said a tittering voice. "Oh what a nice story when we go back to school!"

The girl turned round indignantly, saying, "Cora Dacres is never ashamed of doing what right. Are you better now?" she added gently to poor Reuben, who had opened his eyes.

The boy recovered, and she disappeared again among the dancers; but a many a time did the auburn curls, and soft, brown, sympathizing eyes of the little school-girl float before the vision of Reuben Vandrest; and the young musician often caught himself repeating to his sole confidant—his violin the pretty name he had heard on his waking, and dimly recognized as hers—Cora Dacres.

Long before he was twenty-one, Reuben had entirely devoted himself to the musical profession. The turning point in his career was given by a curious incident. One moonlight night, as he was playing on the roof as usual, he saw a head peep out from the uppermost window of the opposite house. This head was drawn in when he ceased playing, and again put forward as soon as he recommenced. A natural feeling of gratified vanity prevented the young man from yielding to his first shy impulse of retiring; and besides sympathy in anything relating to his art was so new to Reuben, that it gave him pleasure to be attentively listened to even unknown neighbor over the way. He threw all his soul into his violin, and played until midnight.

Next day, while at his duties in his master's shop, the apprentice was sent for to the house opposite. Reuben went, bearing the insignia of his lowly trade; but instead of a patient customer, he saw a gentleman who only smiled at his array of brushes.

'I did not send for you to act as barber,' said the stranger in English, which was strongly tinctured with a foreign accent, "but to speak you about the violin-playing which I heard last night. Am I rightly informed that the performer was yourself?"

'It was, sir,' answered Reuben, trembling with eagerness.

"Who taught you?"

"I myself."

"Then you love music?"

"With my whole heart and soul!" cried the young man enthusiastically.

The stranger skilfully drew from Reuben the little history of himself and his violin, and talked to him long and earnestly. "You have a true feeling for that noble art, to which I, too, belong," he said.—"You may have many difficulties to encounter but never be discouraged—you will surmount them all. You have had many hindrances; but listen, and I will tell you what befell me at your age. I once came, a poor boy like you, to the greatest capital in Europe, my heart full of music, but utterly without means. My only wealth was my violin. I left it one day in my poor chamber, while I went out to buy a loaf with my last coin. When I came back my violin was gone! It had been stolen. May God forgive me for the crime I contemplated in my mad despair! I rushed to the river; I plunged in: but I was saved from the death I sought, and saved to live for better things. My friend," continued the musician, after a long silence, during which his face was hidden by his hands, "in all the trials of your career remember this, and take warning."

"I will —— I will!" cried Reuben, much moved.

"And now, after having told you this terrible secret in my life, it is as well that I should not seveal my name; and besides, it could do you no good, as I set out for Europe to-morrow. But should you ever be in Paris, come to this address, leave this writing, and you will hear of me."

The gentleman wrote some lines in a foreign language, which Reuben could not make out, though among his musical acquaintance he had gained a little knowledge of both French and Italian. He then gave Vandrest the address and bade him adieu. The young man long pondered over this adventure, and it was the final point which made him relinquish a trade so unpleasing to him for the practice of his beloved art.

It is a mistake to suppose that the profession of music is an easy, careless life, to which any one may turn who has a distaste for more solid pursuits. In no calling is intellectual activity and arduous study more imperiatively required. He who would attain to even moderate eminence in it, must devote years of daily patient toil to dry and uninteresting branches of study. A poet may be one by nature: it is utterly impossible that a musician can be great without a deep science as ever puzzled a mathematical brain He must work—work—every inch of his way; must dig the foundation, and enrich the soil, before he can foam his garden and plant his flowers. Thus did our young ex-barber of New Hork: he studied by science what he had before learned through his natural genius, and rose slowly and gradually in his profession. Sometimes his slight and ordinary appearance, which made him look more boyish than he really was—his quaint old world name—and, above all, a simplicity and Quaker-like peculiarity in his dress and manner, aroused the ridicule of his companions, who followed music more for show than through real genius and love of the art. But the story of his early perseverance always disarmed them; and it was a common saying, with reference to young Vandrest, that he who could make a violin, would surely learn to play it.

By degrees the young violinist rose into note, and became received into society where he conld hardly have dreamed that he should ever set his foot. But it is a happy peculiarity in the domestic manners of the new world, that real talent ever finds its way, and takes its own rank in society. Thus many a rich citizen was pleased to welcome to his house Mr. Vandrest, the young and unassuming musician, whose gentle manners and acknowledged talent were equally prized. The barber's apprentice of New York was utterly forgotten, or only thought of as a proof of how much a man's fortune lies in his own hands, if he will only try.

In one of those elegant re-unions which were established when worthy Brother Jonathan was first beginning to show his soul and mind—when Bryant's poems, and Allston's pictures, and Channing's lectures, first gave evidence of transatlantic genius—Vandrest again heard the name which had never utterly gone from his memory through all his vicissitudes—Cora Dacres. He turned round, and saw the altered likenes of the girl who had held the water to his lips on the night of the ball. She had grown into womanly beauty; but he remembered the face still. She had not the faintest memory of him—how could it be so? Light and darkness were not more different than the pleasing, intellectual' gentleman-like man who was introduced to her, and the pale angular, ill-clad boy whom she had pitied and aided.—Sometimes Vandrest thought he would remind her of the circumstance. but then a vague feeling of sensitiveness and shame, not entirely the result of the memory of those poverty-stricken days, prdvented him. He went home, and again his old violin might have heard brethed over it the name of Cora Dacres; but this time not in boyish enthussasm for whatever was pleasing and beautiful, but in the first stron, all-absorbing love of manhood, awakened in a nature which was every way calculated to receive and retain that sentiment in its highest purest, and most enduring character.

* * * * * * *

But at last Mr. Dacres was roused from his apathy by the evident and close friendship between his daughter and young Vandrest. Though he liked the violinist well enough, the hint of Reuben marrying Cora sounded ill in the years of the prudent man especially when given by one of those odious, good-natured friends with whom the world abounes. The result was a conversation between himself and Vandrest, in which, utterly bewildered and despairing, poor Reuben declared his hidden and treasured love, first with the shrinking timidity of a man who sees his inmost heart rudely laid bare, and then with the firmness given by a consciousness that there is in that heart nothing which an honest man need blush.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Vandrest," said the blunt, yet not ill-meaning citizen.—"But it is impossible that you can ever hope for Cora's hand."

"Why, impossible?" said the young man, recovering all his just pride and self-possession. "I am not rich; but I have an unspotted name, and the world is all before me. Do you object to my profession?"

"By no means; a musician is an honorable man, just as much as a store-keeper."

At any other time the very complimentary comparison would have made Reuben smile; but now he only answered; while the color deepened on his cheek. "Is it because of my early life? My father was of good family; but, it may be, you would blush to remember that your daughter's husband once served in a barber's shop?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Dacres, "you forgot we are Republicans, and talent and wealth are our only aristocracy. The first you undoubtedly possess; but without the second, you cannot marry Cora; and there is no chance of your ever becoming a rich man."

"Will you let me try?" eagerly cried Vandrest.

"It would be of no use; you could not succeed."

"I could—I could!" exclaimed the young man impetuously. "Only let me hope. I would try anything to win Cora!"

And in this earnestness of love did Reuben pursue his almost hopeless way. He had pledged his word that he would not speak of his love to Cora, that he would not try to win hers—this her father imperatively demanded; but Mr. Dacres also promised that he would leave his daughter free, nor urge her to accept any other husband during the three years of al sence that he required of Reuben and Vandrest.

* * * * * * *

When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage, he accidentally found the long-forgotten note of the stranger musician.—It directed him to Paris; and to Paris he determined to proceed, as all Europe was alike to one who knew not a single soul on the wide expanse of the old world.—He arrived there; and found in his unknown friend the kind-hearted and talented Swede, who, on the death of Paganini, had become the first violinist in the world —Ole Bull.

The success of the young American was now made sure. The great violinist had too much true genius to fear competitors, and no mean jealousy kept him from advancing the fortunes of Vandrest by every means in his power. Reuben traversed Europe, going from capital to capital, every where making friends, and, what was still more important to him, money. He allowed himself no pleasures, only the necessaries of life; and laid up all his gains for the one grand object of his care—the acquiring a fortune for Cora: He rarely heard of her; he knew not but that her love might change; and sometimes a sense of the utter wildness of his project came upon him with freezing reality. But intense love like his, in an otherwise calm and unimpassioned nature, acquies a strength unknown to those who are alive to every passing impulse; and Reuben's love.

"By its own energy, fulfilled itself."

Ere the three years had expired, he returned to America, having realized a competence. With a beating heart the young musician stood before his mistress, told her all his love, and knew that she loved him too. It was very sweet to hear Cora reveal, in the frankness of her true heart, which felt no shame for having loved one so worthy, how he thoughts had continually followed her wandering lover, and how every success of his had been doubly sweet to her. But human happiness is never unmixed with pain; and when Cora looked at the altered form of her betrothed, his sunken and colorless face, and his large bright eyeys, a dreadful fear took possession of her, and she felt that joy itself might be bought with too dear a price. It was so indeed. Reuben's energy had sustained him until came the reaction of no pa fulfilled, and then his health failed. A long illness followed. But he had one blesing; his affianced wife wag near him; and amiest all her anguish, Cora felt thankful that he had come home first, and that it was her hand and her voice which now brought comfert to her beloved, and that she could pray he might live for her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death, and won the victory. In the next year in the lovely season of an American spring, the musician wedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreamt of when he used to sit on summer evening on the house-top in New York, looking at the blue sky, and bringing music feom his rude violin. And in Reuben's pleasant home was there no relic more treasured than this same violin, which had first taught him how much can be done with a brave heart and good courage to try.

Reader, the whole of Reuben Vandrest's life was influenced by his acting up to that little word—"try!" Two old proverbs—and there is much sterling wisdom in all proverbs—say, "Everything must have a beginning," and "No man knows what he can do until he tries." Now, kind reader, keep this in mind; and never, while you live, damp the energies of yourself or of any other person by the heartless and dangerous sentence, "'Tis useless trying."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A good many years ago, two elderly maiden ladies of Medford, who lived by Mystic Pond, as it used to be called, waited formally upon Justice W——, to enter a complaint against one John Tanner and others. Such conduct as Tanner's they thought abominable, and he ought to be taken care of. It was a shame, to it was, that two respectable females could not look out of their window of a morning without being shocked at his indecencies. If there was no law for such outrages, they were very sure their ought to be one. Such an example as John Tanner's was enough to currupt the city of London—they could tolerate it no longer, &c., &c. With much difficulty and a world of questioning, the Magistrate at last got from their virgin lips the specific nature of their grievance. It appears that John Tanner, et al, were in the habit of bathing every morning in the pond on the opposite side to where the maidens dwelt.

"But ladies" said the magistrate at seems to me that the pond is at least half a mile wide, and you do not live very close to the edge of it, I do not see how you could identify John Tanner at that distance; or indeed, how you could tell whether it was a man or beast in the water."

"No more we could," replied one of the spinsters, "we were in doubt more than a week, and at last Sarah happened to think of sending to borrow Capt. Dempsey's spy-glass, and this made all clear."

A GHOST STORY.—"Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson," said a Litchfield lady, "in the dead walking after death?"

"Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the Dead March in Saul."

"You really believe, then, doctor, in ghosts?"

"Madam," said Johnson, "I think appearances are in their favor."

SINCERITY VS MANNERS.—Judge Conrad, of Pennsylvania, once canvassing the fourth district of that State, accosted a blunt, rough looking fellow, whom he solicited for his vote. The plain elector replied.

"I cannot give you my vote—I admire your abilities but damn your principles."

The Judge instantly replied.

"My friend, I admire your sincerity, but damn your manners!"

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is Gen. Taylor like a stack of wheat? Because he never is to be thrashed.

Why is a dog's tail like the bean of a tree? Because it is the farthest from the

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REMOVAL!

MRS. S. FRANCIS,

WOULD embrace this opportunity of informing her friends and the public generally, that she has REMOVED to the commodious and convenient house, situated on High Street, recently occupied by Dr. Cruikshank, where she would be pleased to accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen with BOARD, by the week, month, or year. She will endeavor to please and render satisfaction to those who may favour her with their patronage. She returns her sincere thanks for past favors and would most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

☞N. B.—*Her terms are moderate.*
December 25—3w.

In Chancery.

9th December, 1847.

Ordered that the sale of the Real Estate of Joseph A. Harper and others made and reported by the Trustee George Vickers be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 9th day of February next, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $810,09.

True copy—Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY.
Dec. 18—3w Reg. Cur. Can.

TO RENT.

A Stable, Carriage House, &c. in Church Alley, will be rented very low. Apply to MRS. S. FRANCIS.
dec. 4. '47.

Bridles, collars, traces, lines &c. for sale low by
WILEY & PERKINS