THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

"THE SEASONS OF YORE."

"On the soft wings of mem'ry we'll fly,
And muse on the seasons of yore."

The moon-beams shone sweet on the tremulous ocean,
Last night as I travers'd its shore,
And my bosom experienced a pleasing emotion,
While I thought on "the seasons of yore."

I heard the last sigh of each soft rolling billow,
As it broke o'er the white pebbled sand,
And the sweet murm'ring zephyrs that wav'd the young willow,
'Neath which I had taken my stand.

Mine eye with the tear of rememb'rance was wet,
As I look'd o'er the watery plain,
And thought of the friends that I left with regret,
That day I embark'd on the main.

With the rapt eye of Fancy I view'd the lov'd dale,
Where oft with my dear friends I stray'd,
I rov'd through each forest, each meadow and vale,
And the scenes of my childhood surv'd.

O! pleasant it is to the bosom of feeling,
The past scenes of youth to explore;
While the tear of regret down the warm cheek is stealing,
That we shall behold them no more!

Yes, oft when the breeze gently sweeps o'er the billow,
At moonlight I'll pause on its shore,
And oft when my head is reclined on my pillow,
I'll think on "the seasons of yore."

From the New England Galaxy.

IN THE DARK VALE OF SORROW.

In the dark vale of sorrow when hope has deceived,
And we sigh o'er the tale we too fondly believed,
How often does memory her pleasures impart,
And shed a bright halo to solace the heart.

Even now to my view a sweet vision appears;
I catch the illusion, and joy e'en to tears;
The pleasures of memory float on my sight;
And the scenes of my boyhood are lovely and bright.

I recall the sweet hours when I languish'd to rove,
With the beautiful daughters of friendship and love;
I beheld the fair maids like the twins of the roe,
With their bright beaming eyes and their bosoms of snow.

It breaks—bright illusion! O, why hast thou fled?
To tell me the hopes of my boyhood are dead!
Yet oft will it shine through the vista of years,
To warm this cold bosom and brighten my tears.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

COMMUNICATION.

In the advancement of literature and science, when every means of intellectual improvement are so easily obtained, eminence consequently appears less difficult.—Every step we advance towards the pinnacle of perfection strengthens the mind, improves the morals, and enhances our thirst for knowledge, by which we are enabled to fill, with dignity the situation that nature has alotted for us. Yet it is true the genius who adds fuel to the flame, appears animated and contented, and ought certainly to be preferred to the idler, who uses no efforts to distinguish himself in society, by cultivating his talents and improving his mind. It has been remarked, and as I have frequently observed, intellectual merit without wealth, stands in a great measure unnoticed. The man that's crowned with jewels, let him be ever so ignorant is evidently more sought after and courted, than the brightest geniuses who are suffered to dwindle and pine upon their own sources of amusements.

It should be remembered that the garden of literature is boundless, and will admit of innumerable plants; and in a nation like this, where knowledge can be so readily acquired, it should be the pride of every man, where nature has been bountiful in her gifts to assist in refreshing the mind, and in the language of Thompson.

"To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Genius is a delicate plant and slow to mature, "and to have it blasted by some unfeeling wretch," through neglect, is like savage brutality. To the aspiring youth, neglect, like the chill calm of death, benumbs every exertion, nips genius in the bud, & cuts short every effort to be distinguished in the literary world. How are we to know, let me ask, the genius of our country, unless there is something to produce and excitement to call it forth. No, the pages of learning and the ambitious, will ever remain unrewarded, and languish in obscurity, while wealth has its unbounded sway, and continues the object of universal passion. The dazzling bags of gold usurp the place of solid sense and useful knowledge, yet the youth who depends upon his riches to distinguish him in life, will find eventually it points not out the road to fame, honor, or literary renown. But he who possesses ample means to shield him from the frowns and neglect of the world, and goes diligently to work in the classic fields, will there find a bountiful harvest, that will enrich his mind, embellish his fancy, and enable him to shed lustre on the fame of his native country—and then

"With an exulting heart [sun,
He spreads his valued treasures to the
And bids the world admire."

ALONZO.

THE THEORY OF DREAMING.

A Mr. Andrew Carmichael has started a very ingenious theory of dreaming. He enumerates no less than seven different states of sleeping and waking.

1. When the entire brain and nervous system are buried in sleep; then there is a total exemption from dreaming.

2. When some of the mental organs are awake, and all the senses are asleep, then dreams occur, and seem to be realities.

3. When the above condition exists, and the nerves of voluntary motion are also in a state of wakefulness, then may occur the rare phenomenon of somnambulism.

4. When one of the senses is awake, with some of the mental organs, then we may be conscious, during our dreams, of its illusory nature.

5. When some of the mental organs are asleep, and two or more senses are awake, then we can attend to external impressions, and notice the gradual departure of our slumbers.

6. When we are totally awake, and in full possession of all our faculties and powers.

7. When under these circumstances we are so occupied with mental operations as not to attend to the impressions of external objects; then our reverie deludes us like a dream.—*London Mag.*

THE MORALIST.

"Morality and Religion are nearly allied—the one speaks to the Philosopher, the other to the Christian."

GRATITUDE.

———A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays,
At once indebted and discharged.
Paradise Lost.

There is no virtue which the human heart is susceptible of, that so much adorns and elevates it, or emulates the transcendant goodness of the Almighty, more than *gratitude*. It comprehends in itself, the virtues of benificence, diffusive charity, and that universal love by which we are united to each other in the bonds of society.

O gratitude! thou divine source of every social virtue, teach us to explore thy blest abodes; make us happy, infinitely more happy with thy delighting converse in my cottage, than with the unbounded luxuries of the palace, which thou wilt not deign to inhabit.

Fallacious are the transports of a drunkard, and the joys of them to whom thou art estranged, who, urged by the natural impetuosity of their passions, rush into an excess of guilty pleasures, which only have a period with their lives. Intoxicated with power and self-sufficiency, they despise the admonitions of their good advisers, till fatal experience (too late) convinces them that they neglected and disobeyed the commands of their Creator. A death bed repentance succeeds—their last moments are embitterred with the reproach of a deeply wounded conscience and impressed with the most dreadful connections of a future state, sink into the arms of death with distraction and despair.

CHARITY.

Charity is the first of all the graces—the child of virtue—the first born of heaven! the connecting link between divinity and humanity—the only medium of intercourse between earth and heaven; so that a mind destitute of this divine principle, knows nothing of real religion is a total stranger to the genuine spirit of christianity, and to every anticipation of the joys of paradise.

"Charity never faileth"—it is a perpetual current of good will and compassion, that flows towards the whole family of mankind, and visits with particular delight the children of sorrow and of wretchedness.

Charity, despises all distinctions—it feels its connexion with every son and daughter of affliction, for partiality and prejudice dampen the fire, and extinguish the very embers of humanity and love.

Charity is active and diligent, in proportion to its means of benevolence—casual opportunities of communicating and doing good, do not circumscribe its benignity—it seeks for objects of distress in their loneliest recesses. While the habitual sons of want, obtrude their necessities to the public view, modest but unfortunate merit, often perishes in its humbler retreat from observation.

The benevolent mind contemplates its duty in every form—it recognizes it in every adventitious circumstance of misery—and with alacrity searches out the secret abodes of the widow and the fatherless, who have none to help them.

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

SAGE TEA.

The Monthly Review, in reviewing Phillips' History of Vegetables, 1822, respecting Sage, says, "that the Dutch have been long in the habit of drying Sage leaves to resemble tea, for which they collect not only their own but also great quantities from the south of France. They pack them in cases, and take them out to China; for every pound of Sage, they get in exchange four pounds of tea, the Chinese preferring it to the best of their own tea." If this assertion be correct, and if it was possible that a similar trade could be carried on by the English, (considering the greatness of the consumption of foreign tea,) the labour that would be caused by it would be extraordinarily great; the process of drying and curling could be easily done, and it would employ both young and old in its preparation.

[*Lond. Mag.*

Substitution of Potatoes for Soap.

M. Cadet de Vaux proposes to wash linen by the application of potatoes only three parts boiled, instead of soap. The following is an experiment on this subject, made by Mr. Hericart de Thury, the report of which, signed by him, has been published:

The linen experimented on consisted of the clothes of adults and children, sheets, coverlids, table linen, towels, brewer's aprons, hospital linen, &c. The whole was first thrown into a tub to soak for about an hour; it was next placed in a copper of hot water, from which the pieces were taken to be thoroughly rubbed, with the prepared potatotes, as is usual with soap; thus prepared, and after having been well rubbed, and wrung, it was a second time put into the copper with a quantity of the prepared potatoes, and after boiling for half an hour, was taken out, turned, thoroughly rubbed, wrung, and again thrown in for some minutes; it was then well rinsed in a large quantity of water, was put into cold water for half an hour, afterwards into a press to drain, and then hung up to dry. The whole time occupied was about two hours and a half; the linen was perfectly clean, free from all grease, and looked very white.

In the state of Louisiana, the cultivation of the sugar cane, for the present year, produces forty thousand hogsheads of sugar, which, at the valuation of seventy five dollars per hogshead, amounts to two millions eight hundred thousand dollars. The next article, the cotton plant, is worthy of notice, and produces this year forty thousand bales of cotton, of three hundred and fifty pounds each. This, at a valuation of forty dollars per bale, amounts to one million six hundred thousand dollars. In the next place, molasses, rice, corn, &c. have been estimated at six hundred thousand dollars, making an aggregate of five millions of dollars. The population of that state averages about three persons to each square mile, and yet such are already the results. Who does not see in this, the future grandeur of the western world.

Quick Work.—Who'll pick a bale of cotton with Louisiana? Aye, and get it to market in the same time and distance? We throw the gauntlet to the cotton planters of all states beyond our own, and as it is but fair that they should know our speed, we state that on or about the 28th of July last, one of our worthy river planters commenced picking with his ordinary number of hands at daylight, dried, ginned and completed a bale by 2 P. M. and before midnight this bale of cotton, weighing about 350 lbs. was in a steam boat at our levee, a distance of 82 miles from the spot where it was displayed on the shrub in the morning. If this statement should excite any doubts in the minds of our citizens, we are ready to give the names of the planters and the commercial house, a member of which was at the plantation when it was picked, and accompanied it down the river.

Louisiana Adv.

Large and round Turnip.—Mr. Wm. Whitaker, of Attleborough, (Mass.) has this year (says the Providence Journal,) raised and exhibited at that office, a round Turnip weighing 18 pounds, and measuring forty-two inches in circumference; and what is worthy of notice, it was only eighty days from the time the seed was put into the earth, before the turnip was gathered. "Beat this if you can."

THE HUMORIST.

"What say you Hal, to throw gravity aside and hear a good story."

Dr. Cullen and his Sons.

The sons of the late Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, were distinguished by extraordinary talents, accompained, however, by the most eccentric turns of mind and whimsical fancies. One of them was, when a small boy, so singularly arch, and at the same time high mettled, that the doctor could get little good of him. If the doctor corrected him, he worried the doctor in return. One day he committed some very high offence, which the doctor resolved to punish. A friend who was present, interposed and said—"Do doctor forgive him this time; by my faith he's a clever little fellow." "Yes, (re-echoed the boy archly,) I am indeed a clever little fellow." "Aye, aye," said the doctor, "then I'll see if I cannot take away a little of that cleverness from you." So he ordered him up into a garret room, to be confined on bread and water. By some chance a cat was locked up in the room with him. Tearing the sheets into strings, he made a long cord of it, and having fastened the cat to the end of it stood with the window open, prepared for what might happen. At his usual hour the doctor returned from visiting his patients, got out of his sedan chair, his hat according to custom, under his arm, and his enormous white powdered wig, which would have covered a bee hive, exposed to view. Young Cullen immediately let down the cat, which catching hold of the doctor's wig, held it fast. The doctor greatly alarmed, looked up, and to his infinite chagrin and amazement beheld wig and cat ascending into the air, and his son looking out and laughing. "Ah, you rascal exclaimed the doctor, "is this your doing?" "Yes (roared out the arch youngster, while the passers by stopped with surprise,) yes, father, you threatened to deprive me of my cleverness, and I'll be hanged if I have not deprived you of all of yours"

Curious Epitaph.—A country farmer, by the name of Keazel, residing in the state of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and tarry all night with him, and compose his epitaph—for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters; to those proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the Poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be.—The Indian replied, that he would pay up as he went—he had now got his supper and drink, and would make one half of the epitaph. Thus he began—

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, & wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above."—

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbours, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished: making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him, as the preceding seemed clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph: however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have his epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels and only wanted such another impulse to land him into a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent, I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazel! Well, sir, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again. Do so, if you please, replied Keazel, with anxious expectations. Well then said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff;

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, & wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above—
But while they disputed for the prize,
Still hovering round the lower skies,
In slip'd the Devil, like a Weazel,
And down to hell he kick'd old Keazel."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazel close after him with his cane: but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were in a roar of laughter.

When the British minister visited Harper's Ferry, the band composed of the young men belonging to the manufactories serenaded him; he invited them into his lodgings, and entered into familiar conversation with some of them; he declared himself well pleased with the appearance of the shops and arms; but, said he, looking over at the arsenal, "where is the guard?" "We are the guard," replied one of the men. "You the guard," said the minister with increased surprise; "I thought you were the workmen?" "So we are," rejoined the other. "Then," said the minister, "how can you be the guard." "Because," replied the workmen, "in this republican government the people guard their own property." Mr. Canning was silent for some minutes, no doubt meditating on the answer, and contrasting this with the countries of Europe, where the people instead of being the guard are guarded.

DR. G. W. PRATT,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the citizens of the county generally, that he has removed to the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Hayward, opposite Mr. Samuel Corkran's, where he may be found in readiness to attend to any calls in his professional business, and hopes by unremitted attention, to merit a continuation of their confidence and patronage.

He also will RENT for the ensuing year, the ROOM lately occupied as his office, with a good stove in it, on moderate terms—possession given immediately if required.

He has also a handsome and good saddle, gig and harness HORSE, young and sound, which he will sell upon moderate terms for cash or good paper.

Saddle, Cap, and Harne
MANUFACTORY.

Thomas Lucas,

Having removed to the shop next d to Mr. T. H. Pattison's store, and opp site Mr. Ridgaway's tavern,
Race-Street Cambridge,
Takes this method of informing his o customers and the citizens generall that he is prepared to execute all orde in his line, on moderate terms, with nea ness and despatch. He will constant keep on hand, materials of the first qu ity, and he flatters himself that workmanship will bear comparison wi any.—Those persons who may entru him with their work may rely upon ha ing it executed with fidelity.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, CAPS, an all kinds of HARNESS made and r paired at the shortest notice. tf

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the ord of the honorable Orphans' Court of Do chester county, this is to give notic that the subscriber of Dorchester cou ty, hath obtained from the Orphan Court of said county, in Maryland, le ters of administration on the personal e tate of *John Keys*, late of said cou ty, deceased. All persons havi g cl im against said deceased, are hereby war ed to exhibit the same with the pr per vouchers thereof to the subscriber, o before the 1st day of July next, the may otherwise by law be excluded fro all benefit of said estate. Given unde my hand this 18th day of December, an no domini, 1824.

JOSEPH KEYS,
Administrator of John Key
dec 19 3t

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the ord of the honorable Orphans' Court of Do chester county, this is to give notic that the subscriber of Dorchester coun hath obtained from the Orphans' court said county, in Maryland, letters of a ministration on the personal estate *Wm. Rhoads*, late of said county, d ceased. All persons having claims gainst said deceased, are hereby warne to exhibit the same, with the prop vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, o or before the 1st day of July next, the may otherwise by law be excluded f all benefit of said estate.—Given u my hand this 18th day of December, a no domini, 1824.

HOOPER MACE,
Adm'r. of Wm. Rhoad
dec 19 3t

MR. WEISMAN,

Portrait and Miniature Painter,

From Philadelphia, having received flattering encouragement in Baltimore during the last summer, tenders his professional services to the inhabitants of Cambridge.

As Mr. Weisman intends remaining but a short time in Cambridge, those desiring his services will please make early application.

Orders left at Mr. Ridgaway's, hotel, will meet with prompt attention.
dec 18 tf

THE BEREAN.

"These were more noble than those of Thesalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind; and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so."—"Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.—ACTS xvii. 11.—1 THES. v. 21.

The *Berean*, with Scripture and common sense for his guides, examines freely the practices of the religious professors of the present day. Bound to no sect, *as a sect*, nor to any creed, or set of opinions, *because supported by great names*; he reduces to practice the excellent advice of the Apostle,

"*Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.*"

With the Bible in his hand, the Berean contends for what he believes to be the faith "once delivered to the saints"—a faith both simple and practical, and within the compass of the humblest perceptions. Controversy in the commonly accepted sense, and opinions having no bearing on *practice*, he freely abandons to polemical zealots.

The Berean judges no man—condemns no man unless already condemned by his ACTIONS. It is here that the LEAVEN HERESY is seated. Action therefore he will closely try—to action will closely press the infallible test, "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

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THE subscriber hereb friends and the public tha ved his *Hat Factory* to t ing he has lately erected below Dr. Woolford's an store of Dr. White and Co returned from Baltimore supply of the best materia in his employ the most sk he is prepared to make th
Elastic Water P

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N. G.
Cambridge, Dec. 25

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