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The People's Cook Boo

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Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1861. Number 8.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY J. G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times;
My growing thirst for early news;
My growing apathy to rhymes;
My growing love of easy shoes;
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold;
All whisper in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist:
I see in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me!—my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years!
E'en flattery's honied words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years!—whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light,
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh—
"I'm growing old!"

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

The soft June breeze of a bright Sabbath morning entered the open windows of a pleasant church in Clinton, stirring the airy plumes and delicate flowers of many a beauty's hat, and ruffling the iron gray on many an old man's head. It was a pleasant congregation. On the desk was a tiny white vase, crowned with the most delicate blossoms of the flower month, and a white rose lay upon the open page of the Bible.

A young man had walked easily up the aisle had taken his seat at the desk, and was now sweeping his full dark eyes over the congregation, as if to measure the work before him. There were little irregularities on the surface of the broad forehead, as though the brain had beat against the frontal bone; the hair, thrown carelessly back, was half inclined to curl, and the lips lay together with a finish and precision, in spite of redness and roundness. It was a strong face—not handsome, but earnest, grave.

This was the minister. The old warrior who had battled the Prince of the powers of the air for almost half a century, whose broad hand had touched the forehead of many and many a sleeper, had just now gone to his rest, saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Hymns had been read in a full, rich tone—prayers had been offered with humility and earnestness. The preacher rose to speak. The interest excited by the appearance and bearing of the young orator, added to the natural charm of novelty, gave him the undivided attention of every one within the walls. Commencing in a low, musical tone, without ostentation, but with a calm earnestness, he unfolded the points of his theme—"The Power of a Christian Life." As the young preacher advanced in his discourse, warming with the unthreading of his argument, strengthening important points and enforcing home truths with the natural fire of his nature, his whole face and figure seemed kindled to a glow of unrestrained enthusiasm, and the light of real genius shot from his eyes. Nothing could have been more complete and deep than the impression with which his audience was held when he said "Amen."

The central pew in the church was occupied by a family, the most noticeable member of which was a lady of fair complexion, a youthful roundness of feature, dressed in a rich silk, and carrying her head somewhat proudly. That she gave entire attention to the discourse is to be presumed, since that may be said of each of the audience. That she was impressed by the manliness and power of the young preacher—that he approached the idea of a proud and somewhat intellectual nature—the reader may take upon the testimony of the writer.

In a corner pew, near the wall, but not far from the desk, sat an old man, of not less than eighty winters, his massive face furrowed, and his thin hair white as snow. From beside him, a pale, classical, maidenly face peered up at the preacher. The young girl was very plainly dressed—with consummate neatness and taste, but with a grave economy. At first she sat there shrinkingly, half seeming to hide under the broad, bent shoulders of the aged grandfather; but when the tide of thought was fully aroused, the child forgot herself, and permitted flashes of feeling to play upon the most expressive and changeful features that I ever saw. During the whole sweep of that discourse, the study of her face was like reading a poem. When the preacher, having dwelt in glowing language upon the beauty and power of devotion to the happiness of others, closed the Bible and lifted a hand for prayer, the young girl leaned her head on her fingers, and wept in her own still way—so like the falling of an April rain.

The old gentleman tottered feebly from the church, and hence the two were the last to descend the steps.—It was a strange sight to any but the accustomed villagers—that massive grandfather, supported so bravely by the slight creature at his side; and yet it may be questioned whether he ever doubted the strength of his sweet little protector.

The old man's foot slipped upon the step, and he would have fallen quite upon the little maiden, whose white fingers were clasping his heavy arm, had not the young minister caught him at the instant, and held him with a strong hand.

The old man looked into the face of the preacher, and, grasping his hand, said, in a heavy, and yet tremulous voice.

"You are a brave lad, my son, a brave lad. Never give way. Fight the good fight. I was young once, but now I am old and broken. Young men must wear the armor now.—Fight bravely, my son. God bless you!"

The young preacher held Maggie's little hand in his for an instant, covering it quiet in his broad palm, while she looking up to his full, clear eyes, with her own speaking ones, sank into herself with a sense of utter littleness.

Poor little, foolish Maggie! Standing there the self reliant protector of her grandfather, and yet looking up to the face of the young minister with such a feeling of reverence, of illimitable distance, as gave her the impression of sinking, sinking, till she half believed herself no bigger than a daisy. (Genius is Godlike, and has its worshippers. But these differ widely in their adoration—one bending, with a stiff obeisance, and another falling prostrate.

As she walked along slowly beside the old man, Maggie felt as though she had gone back to the days of her childhood, she seemed so little. Why the very dress she wore—the little buff chintz—seemed to have out grown her; and even the shawl, which sat so prettily upon her shoulders when she went to church, had become a world too large. And her thoughts—those glowing, burning thoughts which she had kept within her bosom, feeding them from books, and warming them with her native ardor of imagination, till her heart seemed all too big for her little figure—had come to seem so small.—Foolish little Maggie!

The old man muttered to himself as he went along, leaving the maiden to her own littleness and adoration. But afterward, when bed-time had come—when the word had been read, and prayer had ascended—little Maggie felt like talking; and she said,

"Grandfather, isn't it a noble thing to be a man!"

And for an instant, that expressive face lit up into a perfect glow.

"Yes, Maggie. I was a strong, young fellow sixty years ago. And the work I used to do! Never saw a man who could go ahead of me then, child. But now I'm getting old—getting old—getting old—getting old."

And the old man relapsed into musings. The young girl's face fell back to its quietude, disappointed that her own high thoughts were so poorly met. So she went to her nest with her own glow of feeling unshared.

The lady in silk met the young preacher every day; for she was the daughter of a wealthy elder, who had been requested to take him into his family for a few months. Beautiful, refined, intellectual. Nor was she unimpressed. The high talent of the young orator had wrought upon an imagination made sensitive to intellectual influence by its own intellectual bias; it must be confessed, she saw in him an approximate realization of her own proud ideal. Too high-born and gifted to be other than his peer, she was conscious of an admiration somewhat too glowing for the ordinary relations of life. A year went by. The young minister was often called to the bedside of the decaying old man. Little Maggie felt safe when he was there; for it seemed as though his great heart and strong hand could cover and protect, not only herself and grandfather, but half the world besides.

At first she would rarely talk, for what could he care for her thoughts? But at length, drawn out little by little, the wealth of her inner nature began to find expression; and after he was gone, little Maggie would sit a long while wondering what could make her so lose sight of herself when he was by—could make her forget what a very little, simple creature she was—and then the old inshrinking would come again.

The grandfather died—died as a spent candle flickers, and is gone—died one Sabbath morning, with only Maggie by his bedside, and she was not afraid of the messenger that came. As the light went out from the aged eyes, the dear girl pressed her trembling fingers upon the lids, laid her warm face to the wrinkled cheek, the ringlets falling and mingling with the snowy locks, and sobbed in abandonment of grief. The young preacher found them thus; and Maggie felt calm again—felt safe under the shadow of his great heart.

After this the bustle of preparation for burial; the coming and going of friends; the awkward but well-meaning sympathy of the village people; the strong, uplifting words of the funeral service; the slow procession; the last touch; the dreary return.

The young preacher was called away—called suddenly and strongly to a field of labor worthy of his vigorous youth and high talent.

Poor, little Maggie! Weeping on her pillow till she wept herself to sleep, utterly conquered by her tears, till neither household activity nor merry songs could hold them from gushing out whenever she thought of this new loss. Maggie would never be thought of again! He would move among the great, make himself a name, and be very useful and very happy. Well, she would never lose her little title in him; a wee bit of a share in his success—there was a comfort in that.

Everybody said he was going to carry with him the elder's daughter. Maggie was very glad, for the lady was called amiable and good, though a little proud. People pronounced her a fit companion for a minister of mark, with her clear, practical sense and superiority of mind. Maggie hoped she would love him very dearly; but it seemed to her somewhat, that she could not *begin* to love him as she ought. She could not help wishing that the elder's daughter were a little less stately and proud.

The young minister had promised to come and see her once more before he left; and to-day, Saturday, would be the day she was sure; for to-morrow was the Sabbath, and Monday morning's coach would take him away. She had sung very little to-day, her voice trembled so; and she had sewed very little, for she could not see so well as usual. But she went out into her flower garden, and gathered a tiny little star of the snowy Bethlehem, the smallest and fairest she could find, and placed it between the leaves of her own little Bible. Then when she sat down and thought of giving it to him, Bible and all, she began to grow little again, and wondered if he would smile at her for hoping to be remembered very long.

The young man came and went; but before he left, little Maggie went to her table, flattering like a winged bird, and bringing the Bible which she had loved for so many years, put it into his hand, and asked him softly—because her voice wouldn't come—if he would carry it with him, and keep it for her sake, and then the foolish little Maggie sat down and cried. A strong arm stole around her. A deep, rich voice, close to her ear, said—

"Yes, child! and may I carry little Maggie with me too?"

Maggie looked up into the eyes that were bent upon her. They were earnest and soulfull. Then she went down, down, down into nothingness, till she was no bigger than a buttercup. Her little heart almost stopped its beatings: the blood left her cheeks, and her hands were as white as snow. And then the reaction came, the warm blood coursing through the arteries with almost the sound of gurgling streams; and little Maggie's finger-tips were warm and crimson when she laid her head on his bosom and wept in her own still way—"so like an April rain."

She made the darlingest little wife that ever a minister had.

The Counterpoise of Calumny.

A GOLDEN BUCKLER FOR GREAT HEARTS.

We pluck the rose in peril of the thorn; we climb to eminence and every step we gain is planted on a prostrate foe. What wonder, then, that envy should surround the great and slander dog the footsteps of the lofty! Let him who cannot reconcile his mind to encounter the venomed arrows of malignity and falsehood, forever and at once forego the promptings of ambition, and seek, in some more quiet path, a destiny congenial to his soul. Some men are formed for public life: the turmoil of a caucus seems their natural element: their tongue is loud: their action bold and vigorous: their nerves are iron and their faces brass. Such men are rarely men of thought: they are the actors not the thinkers of the world.

The man of science, on the contrary, is too frequently deficient in the power of outward demonstration.—His life is passed among his books and apparatus: he knows no world beyond the limits of his study, and admits no fact that is not capable of syllogistic proof; his calculations, based upon a naked theory of ethic right, make no allowance for the force which prejudice and passion exercise:—he is a man of science—but no more. He digs the gold and tries it; another and a bolder hand must strike the blow that stamps its worth and gives it currency as genuine.

Rarely indeed—among the very greatest only—do we find that combination of physical and mental strength which is essential to success. In Franklin, even more than Washington, the two fold powers of sage and business man were admirably blended. In Holloway, the great physician of the world, a like duality of genius is strikingly developed, and well for us, and for the human family that so it is! Had not his physical activity and daring zeal in the cause of truth, been equal to the mental endowments with which he wooed and won the priceless talisman—what better would the world have been of his labors and acquirements? He might, tis true, within the narrow circle of a London practice, have accomplished cures as miraculous as those which are now chronicled to his account in every quarter of the world; he had a royal road to fortune among the exclusive aristocracy of Europe; and it may be questioned (in a merely pecuniary sense,) whether the wealthy few would not have given him ampler recompense than he has gathered from the gratitude of the millions who acknowledge him their savior. He had obstacles to encounter and of no common sort. Emerging from the hushed precincts of the labratory, wherein for years his studious hours had been devoted to the preparation of his (now admitted) Universal Remedies, he found himself face to face with those gigantic fallacies of physic which had, to strengthen them, the usage of a thousand years and the support of one hundred thousand deceived and interested practitioners! He knew that the cry of "quackery" would be raised against him by men who occuppied high places, and whose very bread depended on the continuance of the error he had discovered, and was determined to unmask.—How smooth was the path before him, then, if he would but stoop to the *suppressio veri?* And what a pack of envious curs barked "humbug" at his heels when, discarding all personal considerations though duly sensible of danger, and looking only to the guiding star of duty, he set forth to proclaim the vast discovery he had made to all the people of the earth, and scatter healing and longevity where formerly disease and death held carnival.

The buckler of a great heart is an approving conscience; the very fierceness of malignity assures us of its transient character. The bloodless toad immured for centuries in some small crevice of the mighty blocks which form the base of Egypt's pyramids, may live and sleep. The tiger, furious in the fight and panting in the chase, exhausts his vitality in a few storms of gnashing rage. Thus stolid ignorance may live, but passion is consumed in its own fires.—Truth triumphs in the end, and this is the counterpoise of calumny.—*Chicago Democratic Press.*

An avaricious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant.

A Policeman Falls Heir to a Million Pounds Sterling.

According to the Cincinnati Enquirer, a policeman in that city, named James Dalton, is believed to have fallen heir to a million pounds sterling, under the following circumstances:

Ninety years ago, in the county of Yorkshire, England, there lived and died one Lord Dalton, who was possessed of an immense estate. Never having been married, Lord Dalton died without issue, and without relatives, save four brothers, each of whom came to the United States, one settling in New Jersey, one in Maryland, and one in Virginia.—These brothers nor their heirs ever appearing after the death of Lord Dalton, his property, both landed and personal, like hundreds of other estates, passed into the hands of the government. Advertisements were sent forth, but nothing of the heirs was ever heard until some five months ago, when Mr. Dalton accidentally, in reading an English newspaper, stumbled across the advertisement. Struck with the mention of his name he at once determined to investigate the matter, and see whether he could identify himself as a decendant of the deceased. He has not been without success, for he has proven that he is a great-great-grandchild of the brother who removed to New Jersey.

For two years past an agent of the British government has been in the United States, searching for the heirs, and is at present in Cincinnati. In Mr. Dalton's genealogical researches he was assisted by the agent, who gives it as his opinion that Mr. Dalton is an heir to the great estate.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

Census of Maryland for 1860.

The following table of statistics exhibits the population, &c., of the different counties of Maryland for 1860, as compared with the statistics of 1850. The white and free colored population are included in the same column. The free colored inhabitants form part of the representative population, as do the whites. The aggregate representative population of the United States is ascertained by the Secretary of the Interior (after each decennial enumeration) by adding to the whole number of free persons in all the States, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. This aggregate is divided by 233, and the quotient, rejecting fractions, if any, is the ratio of apportionment among the several States. The representative population of each State is then ascertained in the same manner, and is divided by the above-named ratio, and this quotient gives the apportionment of congressional representatives to each State. The loss by fractions is compensated for by assigning one additional number to as many States having the largest fractions as may be necessary to make the whole number of representatives 233.

The aggregate representative population (including three-fifths of the slaves) at the last census, (1850,) was 21,767,671, which divided by 233, (the number of representatives established by law,) 93,423 as the ratio of apportionment among the several States. But this gave only 219 members, leaving 11 to be assigned to the States having the largest residuary fractions, after allowing one each to Delaware, California and Florida. If, after the apportionment, new States are admitted, representatives are assigned to such States upon the above basis, in addition to the limited number of 233; but such excess continues only until the next apportionment under the succeeding census. The present number of representatives is 237, an additional representative being temporarily assigned to California, two being allowed to Minnesota and one to Oregon.

The free population of Maryland in 1850 was 492,666, to which add three-fifths of 99,368 slaves—(54,220) makes 546,886, which divided by the ratio of representation, (93,423,) ascertained as above, gives 5 as the quotient and the number of representatives in Congress to which Maryland is entitled, and leaves a remainder of 79,771, for which large fraction she is assigned an additional representative.

The increase in the population of the United States, under the census of 1860, will so largely increase the present ratio of apportionment, 93,423,) that if the present number of representatives in Congress (233) remains unchanged by law, Maryland will probably lose one representative thereby reducing the number from six to five. And this, notwithstanding the white and free colored population of this State have increased 153;517, and the whole representative population (which includes three-fifths of the slaves) has increased 150,515 since 1850.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION, ETC., IN 1860 & 1850.

The white and free colored population of the State for 1860 not having yet been separated at the census bureau, the column for 1850 also gives the white and free colored population together, for the sake of comparison. The free colored population in 1850 is also given separately.

The population, &c., of Baltimore county for 1850 is included in Baltimore city, and the population, &c., of Howard county is included in Anne Arundel county—their complete separation having been made since 1850 by the State constitution of 1851.

The total population of the State for 1861 is 731,595, being an increase since 1850 of 148,531. Decrease in slaves 4,986.

Counties.	White and Free Col'd Pop'l. 1860.	1850.	Free Col'd Popl. 1850.	1860.	Slaves. 1850.
Allegany	26,680	22,045	412	844	724
A. Arundel	16,179	21,144	4,602	7,370	11,249
Baltimore	51,450	. . . .	. . .	3,170	. . . .
Calvert	9,839	5,160	1,539	4,513	4,4[illegible]6
Caroline	10,409	8,884	2,788	739	808
Carroll	24,559	19,641	974	802	975
Cecil	23,391	18,095	2,623	951	844
Charles	6,846	6,578	912	9,613	9,584
Dorchester	16,204	14,595	3,848	4,123	4,282
Frederick	43,631	37,074	3,760	3,248	3,913
Harford	21,747	17,170	2,777	1,813	2,166
Kent	10,781	8,759	3,143	2,563	2,627
Montgom'ry	13,035	10,746	1,311	5,363	5,114
P. George's	10,856	10,038	1,138	11,656	11,510
Q. Anne's	11,817	10,214	3,378	4,117	4,270
St. Mary's	8,684	7,866	1,633	6,550	5,842
Somerset	19,976	16,858	3,483	5,097	5,588
Talbot	11,077	9,617	2,593	3,756	4,134
Washingt'n	23,122	28,758	1,828	1,126	2,090
Worcester	16,555	15,415	3,014	3,603	3,444
Howard	10,521	. . . . .	. . .	2,894	. . . .
Balt. city	211,824	201,928	29,071	2,213	6,718
	646,183	492,662	74,72	90,368	85,382

The following table exhibits the number of farms in this State producing over $100 in 1860, and the number of manufacturing establishments producing over $500 per year in 1860. The number of dwellings in each county in 1860 is compared with the number of dwellings in 1850. The number of dwellings in Baltimore city for 1850, as set down, includes the number of dwellings in Baltimore county in 1850.

Counties.	Farms producing over $100.	Manuf's producing over $500.	1860. Dwellings.	1850. Dwellings.
Allegany	880	215	4,534	3,850
A. Arundel	1,046	76	2,934	3,712
Baltimore	2,231	195	18,829	. . . .
Calvert	633	6	1,116	1,006
Caroline	1,120	36	1,865	1,520
Carroll	1,784	141	4,455	3.476
Cecil	1,390	134	4,114	3,056
Charles	599	8	1,392	1,335
Dorchester	1,206	3	3,178	2,705
Freckerick	2,372	507	7,627	6,397
Harford	1,523	263	3,993	2,993
Kent	761	34	1,892	1,584
Moutgomery	1,151	36	1,801	1,923
P. George's	1,084	12	2,029	1,875
Queen Anne's	982	16	2,084	1,864
St. Mary's	1,047	30	1,851	1,512
Somerset	1,116	23	3,452	3,158
Talbot	1,838	57	2,024	1,751
Washington	1,201	113	5,283	5 052
Worcester	1,700	. . .	3,161	2,884
Howard	774	45	1,802	. . .
Baltimore city	. . .	1,146	33,151	30,065
	26,438	2,926	105,567	81,708

The above tables are official excepting the population, etc., of one district in Allegany county, the census of which is being retaken.

MANERING FOR WHEAT.—A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph*, who reports his crop of wheat on a sandy loam at 24½ bushels per acre, says, the land was ploughed up deep as soon as the oats were off, then rolled with a heavy roller drawn by two yoke of oxen; the manure was then hauled out and *spread as soon as hauled and allowed to lay on the surface* till near seeding time, when the field was again ploughed, but not so deeply as at the first ploughing; it was well harrowed, and the seed drilled in as nearly as possible at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A case of sharp trading is now pending before the Supreme Court, Ohio. One smart chap added off a tract of land upon another for gold chains, put in at $30 each. The land was three feet under water, and the gold chains are sold at $9 a dozen.

The number of marriage licenses issued in Baltimore last year was 1680, making a revenue of $6,720. The number of applications for divorce was 43, of which number 35 were granted, two of them being divorces *a mensa, &c.*

TO REMOVE RUST FROM IRON UTENSILS.—Rust may be removed by first rubbing oil well into the articles, and in forty eight hours, cover it with finely-powdered lime. Rub it well and the rust will disappear.

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