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LIBERIA HERALD.

THE MODEL GENIUS.

There is, generally, in every family a Wonderful Child. It comes in with the dessert. It is an infant Babbage's machine. One puts on the head, and off it goes. Its extraordinary powers of recollection are almost 'too awful' (as the guests too frequently experience) for recital.' It runs through *Paradise Lost* in a minute. Dr Watts, Wordsworth, Cowper, are all stowed away in its little head. You can have any piece of poetry you like by asking for it. It plays the piano also. You must hear the *Battle of Prague*. It does the 'shrieks of the wounded' so naturally; and, before you go, do listen to its singing. But—fan and change your dress first, my dear. Thus ends the first act of the Wonderful Child. Ten minutes are supposed to elapse—which is a good half hour, when a child changes its frock—and enter *La Vivandiere*. Well! I do declare! it's the very picture of Miss Lind—and, as I live too, it plays the piano! The likeness is perfect. How prettily it sings!—why, it's the *Rataplan*, Well! I'm sure, its quite astonishing in a child so young. "How old is it, pray?" "Only seven next Michaelmas!" "You don't say so? On my word, it's perfectly marvelous! Will you sing it again, my dear?" And once more is the *Rataplan* drummed through only more loudly than before; when nurse appears, most opportunely, to take the clever little darling to bed.

End of act the second. The gentlemen dawdle up stairs to coffee, when there is the pretty little dear again! Its fond mamma could n't let it go to bed without its showing the company how nicely she dances the Cachuca. It goes through this very juvenile dance, castanets and all, in a style that elicits one unanimous conviction that Taglioni would n't have done it better.

Then its drawings are displayed, and a wonderful portrait of papa, it took when he was asleep, with the spectacles on his forehead. Well! you never saw anything like it. But this is not all. Just have the kindness to ask it what is the cube root of seventeen? Positively you could n't unless you had heard it "Only seven years old, did you say? "Not quite—only seven next Michaelmas." "On your word—it's a perfect marvel!" It can tell you, also, what gunpowder is made of! and pray look at the wonderful foliage of that tree—it did every leaf of its little self—is n't it extraordinary, now?

At last the Wonderful Child has exhausted it's Admirable Crichton stock of talents: but before the company retire, it must recite a few lines of *Young's Night Thoughts*, and it will be sure to mind its stops. There—that will do—it's a dear good girl—and now it can go to bed, and be sure to get up the first thing, or else it will never learn its pretty lessons in time. The nurse carries it off, and all the company are in loud ecstacies about its extraordinary gifts, till they leave the house; then, oddly enough, they all unanimously confess to one another that that child of Mrs. Peacock's is a most "horrible bore."

These extraordinary gifts, however, which are most hospitably received one minute, and most harshly turned out of doors the next, are acquired but by the very hardest study, as the sickly appearance of the Wonderful Child too plainly betrays. Its cheeks are pale, its lips almost colorless, and its sunken eyes never shows the smallest ray of mental light at the recital of the grandest sentiments, but main tains one dead stare all the while, as if the book were before it, and it was afraid of missing the next line; the same when it is dancing or singing the gayest songs. It laughs even by rote In fact, there is no childhood about it; it is a living mummy, bound hand and foot in rolls of precocious accomplishments. It is very clever and very unnatural.

The Wonderful Child, as it gets older, grows, even more wonderful. It knows Latin, is learning Greek. sings French. German, Italian Swedish, Swiss—draws, paints, composes writes verses, and studies astrology out of the garret window; when one cold chilly night it takes cold, is confined to its bed, and dies very suddenly. Its parents are quite heart stricken, but they staunch their tears with the dry comfort that the 'little thing was far too clever to live." No one likes to tell them that if they had not made it so very clever, it might porbably, be living at the present time. They preserve its daubs and scratches and rhymes, and have a cast of its wonderful head taken, little dreaming that it was the weight of that wonderful head that bent its slender body to the earth.

This is too often the fate of the Model Genius. How many clever children have been mortally wounded, if the truth were known, at that *Battle of Prague!—Vincennees Zette.*

From the Southern Baptist

OLD AND YOUNG MEN.

BY MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

"Our years a fruitless race without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise;
To say the truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstained with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightlinsss and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost;
The fruits of ageless fair, are yet more sonnd,
Than those a brighter season pours around."

Cowper.

The ancients were so certain that with the aged alone is wisdom, that they regarded as utopian, every supposition of youth excelling in anything that required the exercise of either judgment or prudence. This mistake seems to have originated principally in the difficulty then existing of acquiring knowledge otherwise that by experience.

But if such was the error of olden times, the belief of our own day has verged on the opposite extreme. Youth now, as if determined on making ample amends for its lone minority, assumes to itself the whole field of enterprize and fame, as if the arduous pursuits of these departments were wholly incompatible with matured knowledge and lengthened experience. Surely this sentiment is equally absurd, and the design of this article is to illustrate the folly of both these impressions, and to convince, by undeniable facts, the advocates of each that eminence has been attained in almost every kind of excellence, by very old as well as by very young men. And indeed this is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of human character, its capability of acting from apparent intuition, as well as from reflection or experience.

D'Israeli says of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences, and literature, that "time will not abate the growing passion for these pursuits, since old men still cherish an affection, and feel a youthful enthusiasm for them, when all others have ceased to interest." Dr. Reid, to his last day, retained an active interest in his various studies, and particularly in the revolutions of modern chemistry. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure, and in old age enjoy them with the same relish with which more youthful studies commence. Professor Duglad Stewart relates a remark of the celebrated Adam Smith, that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favorite authors of youth.

Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. His literary labors were only terminated by his death.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age with eminent ability and success. His early years were chiefly spent in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies; but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate, disgusted him with these occupations; and then, resolving to attach himself to regular studies, and literary society, he sold his farms, and became a learned antiquary and lawyer,

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learned logic merely for an amusement, and to dispute with his grand-children.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language, but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his times, a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who is himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Some of the most delightful works of Blair, Fenelon, Young, Massillon, and Fontenelle, were written, at a very advanced age, and every student of the Bible must feel that the book of Proverbs, with its profound wisdom and universality of adaptation, is a labor of advanced age—whilst nothing less than a youthful imagination could have conceived and executed the inimitable designs of Raphael or Corregio.

Alexander subdued his enemies in Greece, took possession of the neighboring countries, conquered the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Persia, and a large part of India, besides countless smaller kingdoms, and died at Babylon at the age of thirty-two years.

Hannibal was made general of the Carthagenian armies at the age of twenty-two. By the time he was twenty-eight, he had driven the Romans from Spain and Gaul, and crossed the Alps, and by the battle of Cannæ had brought Rome itself into imminent danger of subjection.

Buonaparte, at the age of twenty-seven, was made general of the French armies, after which he subdued the whole of Italy, passed into Egypt, invaded Syria, returned to France, was made First Consul, crossed the Alps, gained the decisive victory of Marengo, again subdued Italy, and was eventually crowned Emperor—having gained many of his most brilliant victories before he reached the age of thirty-five.

Cortes pushed his way up from obscurity, and obtained the command of the expedition to Mexico, and by his consummate boldness and address, at the age of thirty-five, became master of the mighty Aztec Empire. The young Pitt was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and prime minister of England, at the age of twenty-four. Burke laid the foundation of his reputation for eloquence as a writer and speaker, as early as his twenty seventh year. Lord Bacon had conceived his design of overthrowing the philosophy of Newton had made his most important discoveries before he reached the age of thirty. Lord Byron composed many of his finest poems before his thirtieth year; and Burns, who died at the same age, published some of his most exquisite compositions before the age of twenty-seven.

The Rev. Sylvester Larned, at the early age of thirteen, was chosen by his fellow students at the Academy of Pittsfield to deliver an oration on the anniversary of American freedom. It was a subject of great surprise how this remarkable boy could, by a glance of thought, range through the whole field of knowledge, and without any apparent effort, outstrip all his cotemporaries.—His subsequent brilliant career, and lamented death, are too well known to require from me a repetition in this place. I might go on to narrate many other instances of precocious genius, as well as of vigorous intellect in old age, but enough has been said to prove that no one rule can be applied universally either to the development or the decay of the mental faculties. We admire the manifestation of genius and energy in early youth, but when, as in the case of the venerable Adams, the patriot and the sage of Quincy we see the tree that in extreme youth was covered with blossoms, still bringing forth fruit in old age, we involuntarily before the majesty of this more than Roman virtue, and confess that such a hoary head is indeed a crown of glory.

Salt as a preventive of Rust—Sir John Sinclair, one of the best agricultural writers that England has ever produced, has the following remarks upon the subject: *It (Salt) has a tendency to prevent Rust or Blight in Wheat.*—In the course of a most extensive inquiry into the causes of the rust or blight in wheat and the means of its prevention, it appears that Mr. Sickler, a farmer in Cornwall, was accustomed to manure his turnip land with the refuse salt from the Pilchard fishery; and that any ground thus treated was never liable to the rust or blight though it infected all the neighborhood.

This important circumstance is confirmed in recent communication to the author, from the Rev. Robert Hoblyn He used one ton of old salt, with one ton of fresh fish, mixed with earth and from twenty to thirty tons of sea sand, and his crops, he states, were always good, and never infected with rust

It is probable that the salt is the only article in this compost that could be of material service in preventing the rust, by its checking putrefaction, the result of too frequent a repetition of corrupted manures. It is well known that the rust does not attack plains in a state of perfect good health. Its general cause is the over-fullness or over luxuriance of the plant, from its being glutted with rank and unwholesome food.

MORAL USE OF THE SEA.

BY REV. DR. BUSHNEL.

The sea has yet another kind of moral and religious use, which is more direct and immediate. The liquid acres of the deep, their mighty anthem round the world, may be even the most valuable and productive acres God has made. Great emotions and devout affections are better than corn, more precious luxuries than wine or oil.—And God has built the world with a visible aim to exercise his creatures with whatever is lofty in conception, holy in feeling, and filial in purpose toward himself. All the trials and storms of the land have this same object To make the soul great, He gives us great dangers to meet, great obstacles to conquer Deserts, famines, pestilences, walking in darkness, regions of cold and wintry snow, hail and tempest—none of these are, in his view, elements of waste and destruction, because they go to fructify the moral mind. As related to the moral kingdom of God, they are the engines of truth, purity strength, and all that is great and holy in character. The sea is a productive element of the same class What man that has ever been upon the deep has not felt his nothingness, and been humbled, for the time at least, of his pride? How many have received lessons of patience from the sea?—How many here have bowed, who never bowed before, to the tremendous sovereignty of God? How many prayers otherwise silent have gone up, to fill the sky and circle the world, from wives and mothers, imploring his protecting presence with the husbands and sons they have trusted to the deep? It is of the greatest consequence, too, that such a thing as God should have images prepared to express him, and set him before the mind of man in all the grandeur of his attributes. These He has provided in the heavens and the sea, which are the two great images of his vastness and power; the one, remote, addressing itself to cultivated reason and science—the other, nigh to mere sense, and physically efficient, a liquid symbol of the infinitude of God We ourselves are upon it resting in peace, or quailing with dread, as if wafted by his goodness, or tossed by the tremendous billows of his will.—*The Southern Baptist*

A Beautiful Allegory.

When God created man he commanded his angels to visit him on earth, and guide him in his ways, so that he might foretaste the bliss of life to come. But lustful man sought after sensual joys in preference to those of heaven, and growing greedy of worldly fruits, began to quarrel with his brethren for the possession of them; and the guardian angels wept among themselves. But when the strong oppressed the weak, and took from them by force the produce of their soil, justice rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth flew back to heaven And when the weak overcame the strong with falsehood and deceit, and got from them by cunning what they feared to take by force, truth rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth flew back to heaven. And when the injured went forth to slay their injurers, and crimsoned the plain with their brother's blood peace rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth flew to heaven. Thus each bad act scared some good angel from the world, until forgiveness the most beautiful of all—alone remained behind.

And when she heard anger and revenge whisper dark deeds in man's ears, and counsel them to repeat the wrong that had been done to them, she rose up sorrowing and said, "I will not leave the earth. While my sister angels were here, might I have rested in my Father's bosom, for man needed me not But now that they have fled, I will seek to make him listen to my voice, telling him that, as he cherishes forgiveness here, so will forgiveness cherish him hereafter." So the loveliest child of heaven remained on earth; and peace and love, re-

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