

We feel no hesitation in hazarding the opinion, that of all human beings, the female sex ought to be the best educated. This would secure the morals of society, and ensure a race of enlightened and virtuous citizens.

The first years of children are spent under the eye and in the company of their mother. Boys, until they are ten or twelve years old, and girls until they marry, may be said to be under the management of their mother. How necessary is it, therefore, that the minds of women should be well cultivated; especially when we recollect that early impressions and habits, whether moral or intellectual, are hardly ever effaced! If mothers are wise and prudent, their children will in general be the same. It has been remarked by persons of the greatest observation, that most men who have been eminent for learning and piety have owed the germs of that eminence to their mothers. *Men are but children of a larger growth*; and our dispositions and habits in after life are nothing more than the development of those principles which were imbibed during our tender years.

#### EARTHQUAKES.

"Some years ago, immediately after a shock of a tremendous earthquake had alarmed the inhabitants of Grenada, the conversation at the Governor's table turned upon the latent cause of such an awful phenomenon. After every one of the company had assigned to it a different cause, an old domestic was asked *her* ideas upon the subject. She replied that she thought the Great God was passing by, and that the earth made him obeisance!

"This reply was striking, and discovered a bright spark of intellect in an untutored mind. It reminds us of that sublime passage in the Psalms, 'He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.'

"Montgomery, in his poem, entitled the Thunder Storm, has a similar thought.

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,  
As the mighty thunder rolls?  
Nature, startled Nature reels,  
From the centre to the poles:  
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky!  
Tremble!—*God is passing by!*

"While earthquakes have doubtless some important use in the natural world, they may also stand committed with the moral system of divine providence and mercy.

"A merchant in Tennessee observed, during the earthquakes in 1811 and 1812, that before these took place, he used to sell ten packs of cards where he sold one Bible, now he sold ten Bibles where he sold one pack of cards!"

Genius, in one respect, is like gold: numbers of persons are constantly writing about both, who have neither. The mystifications of metaphysics, and the quackeries of cranology, may be combined and conglomerated without end, and without limit, in a vain attempt to enable common sense to grasp and to comprehend the causes of genius, or the modes of their operation.—[LACON.

How can we expect that another should keep our secrets, when it is more than we can do ourselves?

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

## THE MONITOR.

### EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

We are indebted to the Boston Spectator for the extract below. The writer observes, "the following circumstance I know to be a fact. It was related by a lady of undoubted veracity, who was on the spot when the affair occurred, and may serve as a warning to those who are fond of a comedy, which too often turns out a tragedy."

In the town of Hampton, in Middlesex, England, a spot celebrated on account of the stately palace erected there by the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey, was kept, some years since, a young ladies' boarding school. A Miss Courtenay, the only child of immensely wealthy parents, in the county of Hampshire, was one of the scholars. To prevent her suffering through life, from the morbid cowardice to which, from nature and education, the softer sex are much prone, her parents and teachers had taken unwearied pains, not only to brace her mind against the terrors of imagination, but of those terrifying realities that flesh is heir to. They succeeded effectually, little dreaming, poor weak-sighted mortals as we are, that this very acquirement would one day prove fatal to her.

Matilda Courtenay was about sixteen, amiable, accomplished, and as lovely in her person as the fabled Hourii. Her disposition was gay as that of the lark—all buoyancy and life. It was not long ere the young ladies in the school discovered this trait of fearlessness in her character, for Matilda had been so praised by her doting parents for its possession, that she lost no opportunity of displaying it on every possible occasion. Many were the tricks resorted to by her companions with the idea of frightening her, such as starting upon her from a place of concealment; making figures with vile physiognomies painted upon them, and placing them upon her bed—perhaps a mischievous one, concealed beneath the bedstead, would seize her foot as she was stepping into it. At other times, Dolly the maid would be hired to get upon the roof and throw brick bats down the chimney of her apartment. But all was in vain—her listening tormentors heard no sound save that of a chuckle or a burst of joyous laughter. Almost wearied with the continued failure of their experiments, they at length hit upon an expedient to frighten the innocent girl by a *corp de main*. Miss Courtenay had been to visit her parents, but was expected at Hampton that night. A student of medicine in the neighborhood was prevailed upon to bring secretly in the evening a skeleton to the school. The hope of at length frightening Miss Courtenay weakened their own fears in handling this otherwise appalling subject. They fastened it with the tester within the curtains, at the foot of the bed, so as to conceal it effectually from her observation; but with the conviction, that the moment the bed should be shaken

by her getting into it, the figure would fall upon her. Matilda did not reach Hampton till bed time, but in more than usually gay spirits retired to her apartment, saying to her loved, but mischievous companions, "good night, dear girls, good night; I have got back and to-morrow we shall have a fine game of romps—good night?" and with a bound was out of sight.—There was a cause, nay *two* of them, for Matilda's heightened spirits. Henry Melmoth, the companion of her childhood, and her *beau ideal* of all that was perfect in mankind, had brought her to Hampton in his curriole and four, and had whispered something agreeable in her ear, and *more*—had "looked unutterable things."—Besides, Matilda was by nature benevolent, and her parents, aware that she would make no ill use of it, had given her a plentiful supply of pocket money—and she might build castles in the moon, think of Henry undisturbed, and in her "mind's eye" dispose of her wealth on the morrow. With this sweetest and most delightful feeling of humanity, the desire of performing kind actions, Matilda, after praying as fervently as a girl of sixteen could be expected to pray, jumped into bed, where we will leave her for the night.

Early on the following morning, those who had been particularly busy in this cruel affair were astir to see its effects, and repaired in a body to Miss Courtenay's apartment, with the expectation of hearing the joyous bursts of merriment, but imagine their surprise and horror on finding the sweet girl, doubtless in the very position she had laid down, with her eyes fixed and rolled up in their sockets; the white froth foaming from her pale mouth, her nostrils fearfully distended, and showing every appearance of approaching dissolution—the forefinger and thumb of her right hand held a shred of fibre which adhered to the skeleton, whose fleshless arm had fallen across her, and its eyeless skull rested on the same pillow with that of the blooming girl. Medical assistance was called, but alas! too late—her extremities were cold.—The physician pronounced that she had fallen into repeated convulsions from affright, and there was no remedy. In a few moments "life ebbed pulse by pulse away," and the angel spirit of the lovely but ill-fated Matilda fled forever!

"Lay her 'neath the earth,  
"And from her fair and unpolled flesh  
"May violets spring!" S. H. S.

"*Eastern Despotism*—The lady of Dr. Macneil, the physician to the mission, was one day in the Zenanah, (in Persia) when she observed one of the princes, a boy of ten years of age, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, groping about the apartment. Upon inquiring what he was doing, he said that as he knew that when the Shah, his father died, he should have his eyes put out, he was now trying how he could do without them."—[*Alexander's Travels*.