

COLONIAL PEARL.

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ALL THINGS LOVE THEE—SO DO I.

Gentle waves upon the deep,
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Little birds upon the tree,
Sing their sweetest songs for thee!
Cooling gales with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow,
When in slumber thou dost lie,
All things love thee—so do I.

When thou wak'st, thosæ will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee;
While the glorious stars above
Shine on thee like trusting love:
From the ocean, Earth and sky,
All things love thee—so do I.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

A STORY.—BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

Caroline Staples was the only child of her parents. She was an idol of course; and, as is usual, where there is but one child, her parents took every pains to spoil her. It is a strange thing, but still true, that the mere instinct of paternal love leads directly to making its object unamiable and unlovable. Hence there are so many of mamma's and papa's darlings who become insufferable nuisances to every one around them, and so many more who have all nerve and originality melted away by indulgence, and become vapid common-place characters. The affection of Mrs. Staples for her daughter was wholly one of *instinct*; or, according to modern cabala, "a developement of pure philoprogenitiveness;" love entirely without regard to character, entirely unguided by reason or calculation.

Mr. Staples was a man of superior mind, and high classical and professional attainments; one, who if he had given his attention to the subject, might have formed the mind of a child to any thing he pleased. But Mr. Staples was entirely absorbed in law books and newspapers, in electioneering and political dinners, which every body knows are things of far more importance than the education of children. That disinterestedness of the present age by which people become so absorbed in great public and national interests as to sacrifice their own domestic enjoyment, and allow their children to grow up at sixes and sevens, is a virtue whose practical results cannot be sufficiently admired. It is a plan fully equal in wisdom to that of the man who intended to build the roof and upper stories of his house in the first place, and lay the foundation as he found leisure.

Little Caroline was regarded by her father merely as a beautiful plaything, a musical box, to be wound up and set to playing whenever he was tired and wanted amusement. She was endowed by nature with exceeding beauty: that equivocal fairy gift, so often coveted as a blessing, so often granted as a curse.

She was the most brilliant and graceful little fay that ever prattled and sported by a fireside; and all her motions and attitudes seemed more like pictures than images of reality.

Alas, how sad a sight is the graceful, beautiful child, with all its sweet confidingness—its fair, enquiring eyes, its loving tones, its blessed ignorance of the wicked ways of men, when we see it growing up under an influence that will surely mar and destroy all that is charming about it. How sad, that such perfect specimens of God's workmanship should be given into the hands of the worldly, the selfish, the negligent, to do what they please with.

Now, good reader, do pardon us for having kept you waiting so long with our reflections, we are now going strait on with our story till we come to the end—that is, unless some more useful remarks insist upon interrupting us perforce.

Mrs. Staples was a pattern wife and housekeeper after the strictest sect of the days of our grandmothers, and that my dear ladies of the present is saying a great deal; for methinks in these times there are few who go through all things pertaining to female employments with the pertinacious undeviating scrupulosity of some of the paragons of olden time. She was, as we have before said, a woman entirely of habits and instinct, with very little intellectual compass. She was accurate, punctual, methodical, because her mother was so before her. She was up to the line in all that pertained to domestic duty and comfort, and in consequence, every thing in her house moved on with such ease and regularity from year's end to year's end that one would scarcely imagine there was any thing done in the house. Mr. Staples always found his dinner ready at the moment; always found his slippers ready warmed by the fire just when he wanted them, his clothes were silently bought, and made, and mended, without a word or thought of his,

his family accounts kept, and every thing so done up to his hand, that he had nothing to do but read his newspaper, smoke his segar, and enjoy himself.

But unluckily for poor Caroline, her mother's instinct was in one thing too strong for her habits. She could not cross her child, and that child alone, of all pertaining to her establishment, was allowed to grow up, without rule or law, a little intractable, wandering star in the domestic hemisphere. While every other male or female member of the family must be warned up, at exactly such an hour in the morning, the little Caroline was allowed to lounge in bed at her own pleasure, and if the delinquency was at all noticed by her mother, a ready plea of a little headache, or something equally significant ended the whole matter. If Caroline preferred finishing her game or her story first, as the dinner bell rang, and consequently began dinner when every one else was closing, Mrs. Staples said, "Caroline, my dear, you ought always to be regular at meals;" to which Caroline would reply, "oh mamma, I wanted to read that story." Her father would then pinch her cheek, and ask her "what sort of a housekeeper she would make if she was n't a better girl;" and so between jest and earnest the thing was passed over.

With the same facility did Caroline escape a knowledge of all the domestic arts and mysteries in which her mother was so skilful.

"Caroline, my dear," her mother would say, "you must learn the marking stitch; it is quite time you understood it."

"Oh, but mamma, it is so horrid puzzling, I can't—indeed I can't."

This "I can't," was a settling clause also, with regard to fitting, and making, and mending of every description—all of which she declared to be "horribly tedious," and to all of which she had some insuperable objection.

Like many another skilful operator, Mrs. Staples found it more trouble to teach an unwilling learner, than to do things herself, and if ever she brought Caroline to the point of attempting any domestic employment, it was usually taken out of her hands, with "Well, well, child, I'll do it for this time."

"Biddy," Mrs. Staples would say, "you must take the charge of Caroline's room. I meant she should do it herself, but she never leaves it fit to be seen, and it's of no use to try to make her."

Mrs. Staples often pathetically lamented Caroline's deficiencies in the domestic line, and declared with a sigh, "really that girl does try me;" but the lamentation generally concluded with "but, poor thing, she has such fine spirits now—I want her to enjoy herself as she can—now is her time—she will have care and trouble enough after she is married."

Mothers who talk and act in this way have the best reason in the world to think that such predictions will be verified. One would think, by the way people often speak, that the essence of all enjoyment consists in being of no use, and having nothing to do, and that a situation demanding activity and exertion of mind and body was an eminently unfortunate one.

But the want of a system, induced by this mode of bringing up, was not the worst of its evils. By nature Caroline was endowed with a *quick* if not a deep mind, and a feeling heart. But both these were so entirely grown over by the self-indulgent habits in which she was allowed, that scarce a trace was discernible. As to her heart—it was so much a matter of course to her, that every thing should bend to her wishes, that every want should be anticipated, and every little complaint made matter of serious consideration, that there was little room for gratitude for favors, or appreciation of kindness of any kind: and as for her mind, it was in a state of complete torpor, because, every thing being given, even before desired, there was no room for invention, plan or ingenuity.

At the usual age she was sent to school, or in cant phrase, her education was begun.

All that masters and teachers could do in the matter of putting ideas and accomplishments into or on to a subject who made no sort of effort to retain them, was done.

We will give our readers a glimpse into one of Caroline's school epistles as exhibiting an edifying picture of the progress of a young lady's school education.

"Don't you think, my dear E—, that the odious Miss P— is going to keep me in grammar and geography, the whole of this term—I did hope I had learnt them enough, and all the girls, I know, have gone into chemistry, natural philosophy, and rhetoric—I do wish papa would not insist upon it that I should take the whole course, for if I have to learn mental and moral philosophy, with the dancing and waltzing, and French and Italian, I shall ne-

ver get through. Dear me! I shall be so glad when my education is finished off! By the by, what has become of the handsome Mr. P—, that we saw at your aunt's? There is a gentleman of my acquaintance here, that has such whiskers, precisely."

At length, after a suitable time, Miss Caroline had been into and out of the several sciences announced in the boarding school bill of fare, as the materials of which young ladies are to be constructed, and she had gone into and come out of them with a mind as entirely unawakened and unfurnished as can well be imagined. In all that could be gained by slight of hand or natural taste, for that pertained to personal display, she had made a considerable proficiency. She wrote an easy, fashionable hand, sketched well in all cases where no knowledge of perspective was required, played rapidly, and with some taste, upon the piano, though in incorrect time, and in dancing was pre-eminently accomplished.

As to morals— We may as well make a dash here, for where there is no reflection there is no principle—Caroline had no standard of right and wrong. There were some things to be sure, that she considered as wicked, but they were such as are universally set down to be so by the voice of society. But as to the regulation of her daily conduct, she was as far from shaping it by any principles of right as a canary bird or a butterfly.

Her strongest passion was for admiration, and she had every means for its gratification. Nevertheless, Caroline passed in society as a very amiable young lady. She had tact enough to see what would and what would not advance her in society; and the instinct of pleasing, that universal varnisher, stood in the place of many a virtue.

There was, however, one species of literature in which Caroline had made some proficiency, and that was the literature of novels and souvenirs, and there was in consequence one grand subject of speculation always before her mind, and that was the subject of falling in love and being married.

We would not be understood to say that young ladies of the description of Caroline are the only ones who speculate on this subject. It would be affectation in any woman to deny that the probabilities and contingencies attendant on her share in this strange lottery, do not form more or less a subject of reflection. But in the mind of Caroline it was an idea that engrossed every other—marriage being regarded as a sort of grand finale, a triumphal procession that would close her campaign in society.

Our heroine blazed for one winter as the leading star, went through the usual course of flirting, giggling, and reported engagements, incident to the situation of a belle, and at length the beaux of her own circle having become tiresome, she varied her pleasures by projecting an attack on those of a neighbouring metropolis, and accordingly accepted the invitation of a young friend to pass a winter with her in New York.

Among the various new swains by whom she was soon surrounded, there was one who more decidedly than any other was "the fashion for the season." This was no other than William Hamilton, a young lawyer recently established in business in the city. Hamilton had neither the recommendation of wealth nor of fashionable impudence, so that his success in society was rather a freak of fortune than a thing to be expected in the ordinary course of events. He was of a family rather distinguished by talent than fortune, his father enjoying deservedly the reputation of being one of the first lawyers of his day. Young Hamilton was gifted with no ordinary powers, and had improved them under the stimulus of no ordinary ambition. Study, close and intense, had absorbed him for years, and it was not till his residence in the city of N—, that society first broke upon him like an enchanted vision, full of new and strange delight. Though well read in law and ripe in classical attainments, he was but a child in knowledge of the world, and like a child was dazzled and pleased by everything he saw, but particularly the forms of female grace and beauty, which seemed to him nothing less than importations direct from Paradise.

The ladies, in turn, were taken with his handsome person, his expressive eyes, and above all with his genius, for in the view of young belles, genius is a great matter, and regarded with no less consideration than was gunpowder by the untaught natives. There is something delightfully mysterious about it, that creates an agreeable flutter, and gives something to be speculated on, when the pretty creatures have settled all the high points with regard to blonde, laces and satins.

Of course, it was essential to Caroline's reputation that she should subdue such a prize. She determined to do it, and the Persian proverb says that "when a woman takes a matter in