

NOT AT HOME.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"I have a call to make this morning," said Miss Lucy Cummings, as she gave a glance at her elegant dress, and turned from the mirror with a sweet smile of self-complacency; "I have a call to make, cousin Robert, and fear I shall be detained some time, as the lady will positively be at home."

"Why are you so certain?" is the lady inquired Robert Hanson.

"Oh! no—she is lately married, and a bride is always at home to receive her friends, you know. I allude to Mrs. James Johnson. She will be at home for a week or two longer."

"And after that, she will cease to be the bride, and then you will no longer be certain of finding the wife at home, will you?" said Robert.

"To be sure not," returned his cousin, smiling. "It is unfashionable for a married lady, except just at the time of her bridal visit, to be always found, like a snail, in her own house. When I make my round of morning calls, I am always vexed if I find my friend at home."

"You think they are happier abroad, I presume, and generally sacrifice your own enjoyment to theirs," observed Robert Hanson, dryly.

"Enjoyment indeed!" exclaimed Lucy, tossing her head. "What great pleasure can there be in saying 'Good morning'—I am delighted to see you—'A charming day'—and then running over a string of common-places that a parrot might repeat just as well, and with as much feeling as do one half of my acquaintances. But with a bride, the call is much more interesting; there is the new and elegant furniture to admire, and the dress and decorations of the bride to criticize, and often some pretty inventions of her taste, or *bijouterie* are on the centre table, or rare flowers in the vase; all these things serve to make a formal call delightful. But a wife cannot take such weary pains to please her friends, so to save her credit, she must not often be found at home."

"And yet the wife must see her husband every day," remarked Robert Hanson.

"Will not the decorations which are fit for his eye be suitable for friends less interested in the credit of his wife?"

"Oh! cousin Robert, how unphilosophical you are," said Lucy, laughing outright.

"O, no, would think you had passed all your life on the Green Mountains. Why, do you not know that it is, quite obsolete to think of pleasing one's husband? It is, among our city fashionables, considered quite vulgar for a married couple to pay any attention to each other in company, and you may be pretty sure that few of them trouble themselves about the graces in private life."

"Then I shall be ranked among the vulgar when I marry," said Robert, seriously.

"But pray, cousin Lucy, where did you learn your code of fashion?"

"From the fashionable novels, sir.—They exhibit the court models of Paris and London, and what better standard would you have for fashionable manners? Oh, never shake your head with that Lord Burleigh air of superior wisdom; it won't do. The fashionable novels will carry it against all your reasoning," said Lucy.

"I think I once heard you admiring Wordsworth's beautiful picture of unsophisticated woman," said Robert Hanson.

"You recollect the lines describing—"

"A creature not too fair and good,  
For human nature's daily food."

"Oh! yes and I could find it in my own heart to love goodness, only it is thought so insipid now a days," said Lucy.

"But pray do answer, for I cannot say to discuss the matter gravely, as I see you are inclined to do. Good bye, dear coz; and put on your smiling face before I return. Such gravity does not become you at all; it positively makes you look like a married man, who is in perplexity because his wife will not be at home," and the gay girl ran off laughing at her own pleasantries.

Robert Hanson sighed as he took his hat and departed on a long walk. He was a highly educated young gentleman, but of very retired habits, and had never been fond of what is styled "fashionable society," still he had travelled and seen much of the world, and was, whenever he chose to be so, a most agreeable companion. He was very fond, as men of his character usually are, of refined and intelligent female society, and having, not long before my story commences, come into the possession of a handsome fortune, he was really in earnest in his search to find some "fair being" who would, by sharing, enhance the value of his property.

"I must give it up," he murmured to himself, as he walked hastily on. "I shall never find a young lady whom I shall dare marry. I could not love an ignorant, awkward girl, and the manner in which admiration is now conducted, though it may confer intelligence and gracefulness, yet fosters such an ambition for display, such a taste for the fashion and frivolities of the European great world, that our young ladies are, in no

me, rendered the most heartless and selfish beings in creation. A lady born to a title has her dignity of station to maintain; she is therefore natural, even in the assumption of those airs of exclusiveness and elevation, which she has always been taught to observe. But for our Republican ladies, whose ambition should be to maintain a noble simplicity and frankness of deportment, such affectation of subservience to fashion is a folly and a sin. Cannot our people see that they are not dependent on the vain pageantries of a court birth day for their patent of fashion? Will they never learn that by superior virtue and intelligence, they are to be measured and graduated? Oh, my fair countrywomen, how much good might be done by their influence! But alas, they are bowing down to vain idols—worshipping the shadows of foreign rank and fashion."

Thus thought Robert Hanson, as he went on his errand, which was to carry a letter to a lady who lived in that part of Roxbury known as Jamaica Plain. He had promised to deliver the letter himself, and had anticipated much pleasure from the long walk in one of the most charming of the beautiful environs of Boston.—But now the scenery had lost its charm, he hardly noticed it, as he strolled on, soliloquizing, like melancholy Jacques, on the faults of mankind, or rather woman-kind. Before he reached Mrs. Carleton's he had decided that the sex was utterly self-h, and that he would never waste another thought on those chimeras, love and "home, sweet home." No, he would never marry even though a maiden lovely as Mary Stuart and good and intelligent as Jane Grey, were to stand before him; he would not even inquire her name—his mind was made up.

As he finished his mental anathemas of love and marriage, he came out on the pretty woodland scene where Mrs. Carleton's dwelling was situated. It was a small cottage, and seemed to have been nestled in among a grove of evergreens, without disturbing a single shrub. The narrow foot path, by which only the cottage was accessible, wound in and around among the trees, like a track turned in the gambols of a fairy folk. Now it led beneath tall, dark evergreens, standing so closely that the hand was involuntarily put forth to part the low boughs ere venturing onward; then a gleam of bright sunshine would break through the opening leaves, and rest on the violets and roses that were clustered in their beauty around the trunks of the acacia and the statily elm, which were mingled among the sombre firs. Here and there a small circular patch of green sward was left in the pathway, as it were, to stay the feet of any evil thing, or to admonish those who were eager to press onward in the brilliant career of worldly distinctions that this was not their way; the verdure never grows so quietly in the pathway to the ambitious.

"Mrs. Carleton does not keep a carriage," thought Robert Hanson, "so perhaps she may be at home," and he pulled the bell with a quick, impatient jerk—for even his walk through that quiet path had not calmed the vexation of his spirit.

"Mrs. Carleton is at home, sir," said the domestic, to Robert's inquiries, "but she is ill and does not see company."

"Give her this card and letter; I will wait here for answer," and Robert turned away towards an arbour overgrown with woodbine and honey suckle, "thinking in heart that it was well women were sometimes kept at home by illness. He heard the sound of a piano—the keys seemed touched by one whose soul was banonious, and a soft, clear voice was breathing—"

"Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing,  
Whence ye come with the flowers of spring?  
We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby."

He could not forbear listening; but he felt glad that he was spared the task of proferring even the common compliments of admiration. He was resolved to steel his heart, if he could not close his ears, to all such sirens—he would be a woman hater.

He was deeply engaged in examining a *scabiosa*; the little purple blossom spoke to his heart of unfortunate love, and the sad history of Paul and Virginia seemed stamped on the mourning flower. He was just thinking whether such devoted affection were in real life, possible, when a light step advancing caused him to look up, and there stood before him a being who might have resolved his doubts at once.

"Mr. Hanson, I presume," said the young lady, blushing deeply.

He bowed low as Sir Charles Grandison, but could not speak.

"My mother, Mrs. Carleton, requests the pleasure of seeing you; if you have leisure this morning, she will be happy to see you now. Will you walk in, sir?" said the young lady.

Poor Robert! he was naturally reserved in manner, but he could converse eloquently. Now he felt his voice as well as language had forsaken him; and it was in the most awkward style that he signified his assent to see Mrs. Carleton. But

he had just determined to be a woman-hater.

Mrs. Carleton was reclining on a sofa. She seemed very feeble, yet she had nothing of that querulous or listless look, which often marks the impatient or impatient invalid. She had become accustomed to confinement, and reconciled to her lot, and the cheerful smile which illumined her face as she extended her hand with a warm welcome to Robert Hanson, appeared to him expressive of that real heart-felt happiness which he had just concluded could not be found in the world, among the selfish race of civilized man.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hanson," she began; "I did not consult your entertainment when thus asking you to visit an invalid. But I wish to hear personally about my friends, and to see a gentleman they so highly commend—and my daughter thought you would excuse me; she believes every body is happy to oblige her mother; do you not, Annie?" What smiles of confiding affection beamed on the faces of Mrs. Carleton and her daughter, as their eyes met!

"I am, indeed, most happy to oblige you, Madam, and to make your acquaintance," said Mr. Hanson, warmly. He addressed the mother, but his eyes wandered to Annie as he spoke. She was arranging the pillow under the head of her mother, so that she might converse more at ease; and then the kind girl brought a reviving cordial and bent over the sofa, while her mother drank it, with that expression of elevated tenderness which a young mother wears when watching the cradle sleep of her sick infant. It was a lovely sample of those domestic charities which constitute the real bliss of human life.

Robert felt the influence of this filial affection enter his soul. He had denounced the whole sex as heartless—he never repeated the accusation.

"Ah, there is dear Willy's voice, Annie—he is calling you," said Mrs. Carleton.

"I will go, mother; Mr. Hanson excuse me"—and she glided from the room.

Perhaps the cloud that passed over Robert's countenance as that bright vision of female loveliness vanished, was noticed by Mrs. Carleton; or she might speak of her daughter from that fulness of soul which must pour itself out, either in praise to a human ear, or in thanksgiving to the God of mercies. He thas it may, she spoke of Annie, and the tear trembled in her eye, as she dwelt on the blessing she possessed in her daughter.

"You doubtless know," said she to her guest, "that Mr. Carleton was unfortunate in business. He is now in India, endeavouring to obtain sufficient to pay his creditors—fortune for ourselves we do not expect—we are poor—I am almost helpless, and yet how much I enjoy!"

"You have a pleasant home," said Robert.

"And firm faith in Divine Providence, that all will be ordered for the best," added Mrs. Carleton. "Hope and love make our happiness. I said we were poor, but I do not feel that I ought to call myself so while possessing such a treasure as my daughter. It is now two years since her father was obliged to leave us, and she has managed all the concerns of the family, with the additional care of nurse to me, and instructress to her young brothers. Never were children better trained and taught. They all love Annie, and are so happy to be at home with her that they apply themselves to their studies with the greatest diligence."

"Did I not understand you that one was ill," said Mr. Hanson. He wished to ascertain if there was any likelihood that Annie would again make her appearance.

"Yes," answered the gentle invalid, folding her hands together and looking upward as though she would commit the little sufferer to the care of Heaven. She felt her own helplessness to aid her child.

"Yes, our youngest, our darling Willy, has been dangerously sick with the scarlet fever; we feared the result; but God is merciful. He has heard our prayers and the child lives. To the unwearied care of his sister, under God, he owes life. For the last fortnight she has scarcely slept; and yet you saw how bright and happy she looked. She never seems to feel fatigue or impatience, her smiles as well as her assistance are always ready for those she loves. Just as you called, she had stolen a moment from her brother's side to cheer me with a song. But excuse me, I am running on with my family story as though you were an old friend, Mr. Hanson."

"Oh! how I wish you would so consider me," he replied, with earnestness;—"how I wish you would allow me the privilege of calling often."

"I am always at home, sir," replied Mrs. Carleton, smiling, "and shall be very happy to see you; but we have no fashionable attractions here; we live only for domestic duties and employments."

"And what else is worth living for?" exclaimed Robert—and then stopped abruptly and coloured, fearing he had not said the most proper thing. When people are in earnest, they seldom compliment gracefully. They feel too much depending on their words to be at ease.

He was relieved by the entrance of Annie. There was a tenderness in her mild blue eyes, as they met his, which he would have given half his fortune to appropriate to himself. But she turned to her mother and in a low voice told her some thing pleasant, which Willy had said, and then inquired if she was not fatigued.

"I must go," thought Robert. "She considers me as an intruder in her Eden. If she would only love me as she does her mother and brothers, I should think she was perfect."

During his walk to the city he became more reasonable, and confessed to himself that the charm which had so won on his admiration, was her devotedness to her own family.

"It is strange," thought he, "that a lover can dream he has won the affections of his lady love, unless she shows in her girlhood that she has a heart! If she has not been loving and kind as a child, sister, friend, she will never be loving and tender as a wife and mother. If she has not loved the home of her childhood, she will never love the home of her husband."

—Marriage does not create affections or virtues, only perfects and enlarges them. I am glad that Annie loves her mother and brothers thus devotedly, and her home. I will see her often there. What a sweet wife she would make!"

Mr. Hanson was really in love, and his own scruples respecting marriage were soon as little remembered as are the snows of January among the roses of July. But Annie was not lightly won. She was not waiting for an offer—she had never imagined what her bridal dress would be, nor arranged who she would invite for bride's maids, nor thought of the wedding party. She was happy as a daughter and sister; oh, how happy in conferring benefits in her own family, and having them daily bless her care and kindness! It was months after she first saw Robert Hanson, before she believed there were dearer relations in life than those she had so cherished. Robert had to wait three years, till Mr. Carleton had returned, and Mrs. Carleton in a good measure recovered her health, before he could win Annie to be his wife. But he says she was worth waiting for.

MR. HAYWOOD'S LETTER.

To the General Assembly of North Carolina. Gentlemen: I have had the honor to receive, through your Speakers, official notice of my election as a Senator in the Congress of the United States from North Carolina, with a request that I would accept the same.

It has become so much a matter of course to make professions of gratitude for public favor, that I am not without apprehension such professions from me will be regarded as a mere form. But called, as I have been, without any solicitation of mine, to assume the responsibilities of so distinguished a station in the service of North Carolina, it is but a faint expression of my feelings to declare that I thank you with all my heart for this mark of your confidence. Though oppressed by a painful distrust of my ability to do the half of what my affection for the State would prompt me to undertake in her behalf, still I believe it is my duty not to decline your nomination. I would that I had more experience and greater capacity for the patriotic work. Such as I have shall be brought to it without reserve. Our State enjoys, as she deserves, an enviable reputation for honesty and disinterestedness. In her devotion to liberty and the Union, she has been second to none. For submission to lawful authority, a reverence for law and order, and a general regard for personal rights, I do believe there is not such another people in the world. These virtues, while they distinguish the character of the State, do at the same time furnish strong motives for faithfulness in her public agents. I trust it may be in my power to show my own appreciation of her partiality, by always regarding the station assigned to me as an instrument to advance her welfare. And if, in the order of Providence, it should be my lot to accomplish any great good, or to assist others in accomplishing it—to prevent any serious evils to our common country and to North Carolina in particular, or to aid others in preventing them. I shall hereafter rejoice more that the good work was done, than I shall that I did it, and much more than I now can that I have been chosen by you to attempt it.

On the other hand, should it be my misfortune to fail altogether, and to lose at the close the confidence which has been so generously bestowed in the outset, my friends shall not find a reason for my failure in the lack of zeal to do all my duty to North Carolina; nor will my enemies be able to attribute it, in any degree, to a violation of previous pledges; for, beyond such as my known political principles have authorized you fairly to infer, I am bound by no other pledges whatever. I do not affect to be ignorant that my election to the Senate was made by the Democratic party; and I should spurn the thought of deserting the principles of that party, after having been chosen to fill so exalted a post for the very purpose of

helping to sustain them. I am myself heartily and conscientiously a Democrat.

It is the common lot of public men to encounter calumny and misrepresentation. That would seem to be a tax imposed by freedom upon patriotism; and I am not so vain as to expect to go free. May I not, however, be permitted on this occasion, without censure from any quarter, to bespeak the regard of all just men against those suspicions which are so common, but so well calculated to weaken on the hands of a representative I do it more for the office of State Senator than for myself; not so much to protect my own feelings as to fortify the station I most occupy—suspicions, I mean, of the political integrity of a representative, begetting distrust, if he falls on all occasions to range himself as a servile follower behind some great party captain; and on the other hand, causing even respectable men, to their own dishonor and that of human nature, to think of enacting a political opponent from the path of rectitude by pretending to anticipate his treachery, if ever he happens to separate from his own party leaders upon any quest on whatever.

The dread of false clamors by selfish men of one's own side, and the mortifying enticements of flattery from the other, springing alike from this uncharitable source, constitute serious discouragements to a scrupulous and sensitive mind against accepting a public office; whilst to vent or to timid men in office they are perilous temptations to swerve from the manly performance of their duty. It must needs that parties will exist; and perhaps it is right and proper that they should. I am not to be understood as deprecating party; but only the malignant ingenuity with which it strives to fasten itself upon all and every question which can be presented. This latter spirit is an undividable evil. It makes us slaves to the bad passions not only of ourselves, but of others also. It destroys the salutary influence of a well regulated and patriotic party spirit, having for its object the happiness of the people, and looking to the welfare of the country. Honest statesmen have always been more or less party men. There are, however, as there always must be, some questions which concern our government, above the rightful control of mere party—questions, in the determination of which, upright minds, though attached to the same party, may differ without crime in either; and legislators for the Union, though belonging to opposite parties, may happen to concur without bad faith in either—questions upon which it were as factious to adhere to a party, contrary to the conviction of one's understanding, for the sake of opposition, as it would be dishonorable upon others of a different character to desert party and to falsify the professions by means of which he had been elevated to office. And is it not a dictate of prudence in the people to multiply rather than to diminish the number of these questions? as it should be a principle of honor among those who aim to give a direction to the popular mind, to allow to their representatives that there are some points upon which, being left to think for himself, he will be expected to act independently according to his own judgment, without thereby exposing himself to be claimed as an ally by his enemies, or denounced as a traitor by his friends. Though a party man, therefore, upon measures which legitimately connect themselves with the acknowledged principles of party, and by no means approving the hypocrisy of statesmen or politicians who may feign to live altogether above its atmosphere, I dare not surrender the State to party, did fealty to the latter make it necessary to do it; nor will I ever sacrifice my party to self, should it be in my power to do that.

Relying upon the blessing of God on my efforts to serve North Carolina, and, as her Senator, [adhering] to right for its own sake, in public as in private life, I shall strive to deserve alike the confidence of the State and of the party by whose favor this high trust has been confided to me.

I am your friend and countryman.

WILL. H. HAYWOOD, Jr.

Raleigh, January 16, 1843.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS & BROWN

From the Raleigh Register. INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE. Washington, January 18th, 1843.

MR. GALES: Having in an Editorial of your paper of the 23d December, had reference to the subjects embraced in the subjoined correspondence, I have to request the favor of its publication in the Register. As Mr. Brown says the "conversation" between Mr. Van Buren and himself, occurred about the time of the termination of the French commission, in which Mr. V. B. used the offensive remark in regard to me, I deem it due to myself to publish his letter to Gov. Spaight, dated a few days after the Commission closed, having reference to the very "appointment" which, according to Mr. Brown's statement, led to the remark. I could also give a copy of Mr. Van Buren's letter to myself, expressing in still stronger terms his friendly feelings, but

that the letter is of a character so exclusively personal, as to render it indelicate in me to make it public.

Respectfully,  
H. M. SAUNDERS.

Washington, December 25, 1842.

Sir: You recollect on the day before my leaving Raleigh, I met you in the Rotunda, when I remarked, I had heard some of your friends had said, they would vote for Mr. Graham in preference to me—that I informed you whatever your friends might do, no friend of mine, as far as I knew or believed, would under any contingency, vote for a Whig as Senator—and towards you personally I had no unkind feelings; that you replied by saying—you reciprocated my feelings of kindness, and if any of your friends had expressed themselves as I had heard, it was wrong and should not be done as far as you could prevent it. You may imagine my surprise, after this, on reading the article in the Raleigh Register. And as the matter has thus been made public, I desire to know if you used the expressions—that you had rather see an ultra Federalist elected than Saunders, or—that you would vote for a Federalist sooner than for me. Also, whether you used the expression—that you had long known me to be politically dishonest; and whether you said, what you are reported as having said—that Mr. Van Buren had told you, he had long known me, and that I thought no man in North Carolina but myself, capable of filling an office.

I have to request an early reply to the foregoing. My friend, Mr. Russell, will hand you this.

I have the honor to be, &c.  
R. M. SAUNDERS.

Hon. Bedford Brown, Raleigh.

Raleigh, N. C. January 1, 1843.

Sir: Your letter of the 26th ult. was duly received by Mr. Russell, and in consequence of the absence of my friend, Mr. Bragg, from town, until evening before last, a day of a day or two has occurred, in writing you an answer.

In regard to the conversation in the Rotunda, which you refer to, as having taken place between us, on the subject of the Senatorial election, it is substantially correct as stated by you, though my recollection of it is different from yours, as to the time, and I think it occurred some days before you left Raleigh. After the expressions used by you on that occasion, disclaiming any unkindness, personally, towards me, and also disclaiming on the part of your friends any intention to vote for a Whig, in any contingency, my feelings prompted me to reciprocate the same sentiments.

While I state this, frankness requires that I should also say, that subsequent to that conversation, I learned that your course had, in some respects, not been characterized by kindness towards me. In addition to this, an article was published in the Richmond Enquirer, without giving the date or place from which it was written, containing many imputations as to myself, respecting the Senatorial election, and doing me great injustice. Without attributing this communication to any one in particular, it nevertheless had the appearance of having been written by some one in your counsels and confidence.

After these occurrences, and the declaration by some of your friends, that under no circumstances would they vote for me, together with the clear indications given, that the Whig party were relied upon to effect your election, it cannot be a just cause of surprise that my sentiments should have been changed, in regard to the subjects referred to in our conversations.

You ask me to inform you, whether I used the expression attributed to me in an article in a late Raleigh Register—that I had rather see an ultra Federalist elected than yourself, or—that I would vote for a Federalist sooner than you. While I deny the right of any one to call in question my privilege of expressing preferences in elections for important public stations, I shall not hesitate to answer frankly your interrogatory. I did, in conversation, use substantially the expression attributed to me, under a change of views for the reasons above mentioned, and because I believed that an election of Senator from the Democratic ranks by the Whigs, would prove more injurious to the Democratic party, than the election of one from the ranks of our political opponents.

You ask also, if I had used the expression—that I had long known you to be politically dishonest. In answer, I will state, that in conversation I used those or words of similar import. It is due, however, to a proper understanding of my meaning, that I should say, that I used them in the sense in which they are ordinarily used towards public men who are supposed, on some occasions, to permit individual views to influence them to too great an extent, in their endeavors to attain public promotion.

You further request to be informed, whether I had said that Mr. Van Buren had told me, he had long known you, and that you thought no man in North Carolina, but yourself, was capable of