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From the New York Atlas.

OUR VILLAGE.

[*By Miss Mitford—Vol. 5*]

We are not sorry that the present volume of "Our Village" brings the work to its final close; —for though it is scarcely possible to have "too much" of a delightful thing, it is not difficult to have enough; and "enough is as good as a feast." In this case it is a feast—as pleasant and as wholesome as ever was set out by any "neat-handed Phyllis," or partaken of by the intellectual appetites of her guests. It is unnecessary to describe the character of Miss Mitford's prettiest and most enduring work;—for the latter her "Village" will be—her "Julian," "Foscari," "Rienzi," &c., notwithstanding. We need only say that the present volume preserves that character with sufficient exactness—in spirit and talent at least, if not exactly in the nature of its materials—which have evidently been gathered from sources extraneous to "Our Village," and in fact—

"Would smell as sweet by any other name."

We shall not repeat what we have on former occasions said of this pleasant and attractive, work, but give, instead, an extract from its pages—than which nothing can be more picturesquely distinct in its physical delineation, or more true in its intellectual. The persons described are the two daughters of a wealthy country attorney—one of whom is destined by her father for the wife of a wealthy and titled client; and the other for a cousin, to whom he intends to cede his lucrative profession: but the fates will have it otherwise.

"Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were, of course, perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking glass and her father had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business;—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer phrase he used to boast, "an elder son of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house and in favor of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made —the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant:

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointments. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,*" is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership, to his pennyless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined.—The young man was much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters; who, happily unconscions of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory; a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town.

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or speaking to any body, or of anybody's getting to us!' Oh! how tiresome it is!'

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly; "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless, a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them: for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa;" said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done!"

"Refused your hand, child," cried the angry parent: "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady!—What have you to say for him now?"

"Why, really papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that, if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gypsey ran, declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,' replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister!"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him!"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections' Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way: and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbor. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still, for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father!—Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose water reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live singly with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her!"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now my own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do nothing so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles —surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

From the Nat. Gazette of Nov. 17.

The Baltimore papers of Thursday last are all in mourning for the demise of Charles Carroll of Carrollton—the last of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—He died on Wednesday morning, about four o'clock, in Baltimore, at the residence of his son-in-law, Richard Caton, Esq. The flags of the shipping and public places were displayed throughout the day at half-mast; the courts adjourned on the annunciation of the intelligence; the City Council assembled and passed, in reference to the funeral, Resolutions inviting the President of the United States and the heads of the Departments, and the Governor and Executive Council of Maryland, "to join the corporation and the citizens of Baltimore in paying the last melancholy honors to the deceased patriot." It is stated that the funeral will take place to-day. The corpse will be first taken to the Catholic Cathedral, where the religious obsequies are to be performed, and thence it will be conveyed to Dougharagen Manor.

The venerable defunct reached his *ninety-sixth year;* it was in 1801 that he finally quitted public life. His whole career, public and private, suited the dignity of his distinctive appellation—the Surviving Signer. He was always a model of regularity in conduct and sedateness in judgment. In natural sagacity, in refinement of tastes and pleasures, in unaffected, habitual courtesy, in vigilant observation, vivacity of spirit and tone, susceptibility of domestic and social happiness in the best forms, he had but few equals during the greater part of his long & bright existence. The mind of Mr. Carroll was highly cultivated; he fully improved the advantages of an excellent classical education and extensive foreign travel; he read much of ancient and modern literature, and gave the keenest attention to contemporary events and characters. His patriotism never lost its earnestness and elevation. It was our good fortune, in our youth, to pass months at a time under his roof, and we never left his mansion without additional impressions of peculiar respect for the singular felicity of temperament and perfection of self-discipline from which it resulted that no one, neither kindred, domestic nor guest, could feel his presence and society as in the least oppressive or irksome,—exact and systematic, opulent and honored, enlightened and heedful though he was. The absence of all pretension, egotism, hauteur, severity, formed as remarkable a characteristic, as the lively and constant presence of his mind for all persons and concerns in any relation of fellowship. We have not meant to develope fully so fine an example, but may add a biographical sketch which we wrote in 1827 for the American Quarterly Review, and which, we trust, will be acceptable to our readers as a seasonable memorial.

"*Charles Carroll,* of Carrollton, alone *lives,* of all the personages commemorated in these nine volumes—all but *he,* have descended into the grave. *Death* has been said to canonize merit: here, however, it is *life* that does so.—This survivorship sanctifies and endears, beyond any posthumous consideration. The spirit of patriotism softens and clings to the last individual, like that of parental tenderness towards the single offspring spared out of many; and as fragile and sympathetic humanity contemplates one of its kind, invested with special titles to its esteem, and graciously indulged by its creator with a longer charter of exemption from the common doom, than any of their common possessors. It is not merely the circumstance of his survivorship, however ingratiating and singular or his extreme age, and the wonderful preservation of his faculties at that age, which make him an object so worthy of national interest and favour. There are strong, independent merits in his character and career.

Mr. Carroll was born at Annapolis, in Maryland, on the 20th of September, 1737. His grandfather, an Irish Catholic of rank, educated for a barrister, emigrated from Ireland to Maryland in the year 1691. The annexed anecdote of his father, which we find in the commencement of his biography, affords a curious picture of the condition of the Catholics at one period, in the province which they colonized, and where they gave the first example of toleration and religious equality, legal and practical. It will be seen that Maryland was near being deprived of a considerable number of her wealthiest citizens, and the future republic of one of its principal founders, by the fell scourge which the poet has so well described—

"Mother of tortures! *persecuting* Zeal,
High flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she, beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love!*
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined."

"Charles Carroll, (says the biographer,) born in 1702, the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, took an active part in the affairs of the provincial government, and in the religious disputes of the times stood prominent as one of the leading and most influential members of the Catholic party in Maryland. The disqualifications and oppressions to whith the Catholics were subjected, in the early part of the eighteenth century; amounted to a persecution. Roman Catholic priests were prohibited from the administration of public worship; the council granted orders to take children from the pernicious contact of Catholic parents: Catholic laymen were deprived of the right of suffrage; and the lands of Catholics were assessed double when the exigencies of the province required additional supplies. Besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship, not suffered to walk with their fellow subjects in front of the State House at Annapolis, and finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection. In this state of things a large portion of the Catholics of Maryland determined to emigrate, and Charles Carroll, then on a visit to his son in France, applied to the French minister of State, for a grant of land on the Arkansa river, at that time part of the French territory of Louisiana. The extent of the tract demanded startled the minister, as Mr. Carroll pointed to it on the map.—He considered it too large to be given to a subject; difficulties were thrown in the way; and Mr. Carroll was obliged, at last, to return to Maryland, without having accomplished his object. Soon after Mr. Carroll's return, the rigour of the laws against the Catholics was relaxed, and they abandoned their intention of emigrating to the west. After an active and useful life, Charles Carroll died in 1782, at the advanced age of eighty years.

The surviving Signer received his classical instruction on the continent of Europe, at the college of Louis le Grand; studied the civil law at Bourges; and completed his general education in Paris. Thence he repaired to London, where he took apartments in the Temple, for a course of British jurisprudence. In 1764 he came back to Maryland to enter upon a princely inheritance. Embarking in politics, he exerted his talents and influence against the Stamp act, with as much earnestness as if he had nothing to lose, and had never lived under monarchical rule abroad. In 1770, he distinguished himself particularly, by opposing a stretch of prerogative on the part of the royal governor of Maryland; in a series of essays signed the *First Citizen,* that obtained a complete triumph for the popular party, and for the author, even before he was ascertained, fervid compliments and thanks from all quarters.—His decided and active participation; during the years 1773-4-5, in all the measures of resistance to the ministerial policy, confirmed the confidence of the people in his dispositions and abilities. Testimony is furnished of his having, as early as 1772, foreseen and resolved to breast the occurrence of *war.* Some years before the commencement of actual hostilities, he wrote to a member of Parliament—

"Your thousands of soldiers may come; but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains, we will retreat to our mountains &defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion until, tired of combatting, in vain, against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil and your country retire, an immense loser, from the contest.—No, Sir,—we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle; and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of our ultimate success."

Mr. Carroll entered the provincial convention in 1775; and previous to his election as a member of congress in 1776, was deputed by the latter body to Canada, with Franklin and Chase. He returned from this mission during the discussion in Congress of the subject of *Independence,* with an avidity for the Declaration which prompted him to every endeavour for the immediate conversion of the Maryland Legislature to that measure. He did not take his seat in congress until the 18th of July, and the case of the signature to the instrument is thus authentically explained in his biography:—

"Although Mr. Carroll did not vote on the question of Independence, yet he was among the earliest of those who affixed their signatures to its declaration. The printed journals of Congress, indeed, make it appear, that the Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed on the fourth of July, by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed to it under the head of that date. But the impression thus given is incorrect; because, in fact, not one signature was affixed to the Declaration until the second of August. The idea of signing does not seem to have occurred immediately; for not until the nineteenth of July, as will appear by reference to the secret journals, did the resolution pass, directing the Declaration to be engrossed on parchment. This was accordingly done; and on the second of August following, when the engrossed copy was prepared, *and not before,* the Declaration was signed by the members, who on that day were present in congress. Among these was Mr. Carroll. Those members who were absent on the second of August subscribed the declaration as soon after as opportunity offered."

Mr. Carroll served assiduously as a member of the board of war, and continued in congress until the year 1778; after which he confined himself to the internal state business. In the year 1781, he was re-elected to the senate of Maryland, in which he had already served five years: and in 1788, was chosen to represent Maryland in the Senate of the U. States, immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Since 1801, he has lived in retirement. The faithful language of his biographer is the best we can use in concluding this notice of him:—

"In 1791, Mr. Carroll vacated his seat in the senate of the United States, and in the same year was once more chosen to the senate of Maryland. In 1796, he was again re-elected; and in 1797, was one of the commissioners appointed to settle the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. Mr. Carroll continued an active member of the senate of his native state until 1801, when the democratic party carried their ticket, and he was left out. In the year last mentioned, he retired from public life, after having been a member of the first committees of observation, twice in the convention of Maryland, twice appointed delegate to congress once chosen representative to the senate of the United States, and four times elected a senator of Maryland. In his ninetieth year, Charles Carroll of Carrollton finds his activity undiminished, his faculties unimpaired, and his feelings and affections buoyant and warm.

In 1825, one of Mr. Carroll's grand-daughters was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, then viceroy of Ireland; and it is a singular circumstance, that one hundred and forty years after the first emigration of her ancestors to America, this lady should become vice-queen of the country from which they fled, at the summit of a system which a more immediate ancestor had risked every thing to destroy; or, in the energetic and poetical language of Bishop England 'that in the land from which his father's father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter now reigns as queen.'"

"During thirty years passed in public life, embracing the most eventful period of the history of the United States, Mr. Carroll, as a politician, was quick to decide, and prompt to execute. His measures were open and energetic, and he was more inclined to exceed than to fall short of the end which he proposed. As a speaker he was concise and animated; the advantages of travel and society made him impressive and instructive. As a writer, he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular; his style was full, without being diffuse and, though highly argumentative, was prevented from being dull by the vein of polite learning which was visible throughout.

In person Mr. Carroll is slight, and rather below the middle size. His face is strongly marked; his eye is quick and piercing, and his whole countenance expressive of energy and determination. His manners are easy, affable, and graceful; and in all the elegancies and observances of polite society few men are his superiors."

From the U. States Gazette.

Revolutionary Reminiscence.—The following is an extract of a letter from the late Hon. Judge Peters to Col. John Trumbull, respecting the late Gen. Thomas Robinson, of Naaman's Creek, Delaware.

A day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, he (Col. T. Robinson) was selected by General Washington to command a picked corps of two hundred and fifty men, well officered, with orders to reconnoitre and procure intelligence of the march and position of the enemy, which could not be obtained by other means in a disaffected part of the country. He advanced with all the precaution possible, but approached too near its main body, or a strong advance, sending off light horsemen frequently, with information to the General, through both night and day. At length he was pressed on, and was obliged to sustain a powerful attack.—He drew up his command behind the walls of a burial ground, and coolly waiting the onset, reserved his fire till the enemy was within thirty yards. He then gave a well directed discharge, and mowed down great numbers of the foe.

But he met with a severe retaliation; for a strong corps was detached to intercept him, and through superior numbers he had to cut his way. His color was taken, or nearly so, but rescued by unexampled prowess in himself and some of his detachment. In this struggle he received a wound, of which, though not slight, he was unconscious, till he began to bear off the trophy. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,* he brought off the remnant of his brave but unfortunate corps. He returned to our army with only *thirty of his companions.* The General's anxieties were highly wrought up, and he waited on the bank of the Brandywine, viewing with poignant solicitude the passage of the small remains of his chosen detachment, wading more than knee deep through the stream. For Robinson he always had a personal esteem; but the fate of his gallant associates the most deeply affected his sensibilities. You know how magnanimously the General could in most instances, control his feelings, insomuch that adversity seemed to have no power over his conduct or countenance: but on this occasion his usual habit of checking his sensations forsook him. He spurred his horse into the stream drew up in contact with Robinson, threw his arms round him in a paroxysm of fervid affection, and marked approbation, mixed with pene-

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