

sylvania, 1731—Lawyer.  
 Samuel Chase, born in Maryland, 1641—Lawyer.  
 William Pace, born in Maryland, 1740—Lawyer.  
 Thomas Stone, born at Pointon, Maryland, 1734—Lawyer.  
 Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, born at Annapolis, Maryland, 1837—Lawyer.  
 George Wythe, born on Chesapeake Bay, 1726—Lawyer.  
 Richard Henry Lee, born in Virginia, 1732—Soldier.  
 Thomas Jefferson, born in Virginia, 1743—Lawyer.  
 Benjamin Harrison, born at Berkley, Virginia—Farmer.  
 Thomas Nelson, Jr., born at York, Virginia, 1738—Gentleman.  
 Francis Lightfoot Lee, a Virginian, born 1734—Farmer.  
 Carter Braxton, born in Virginia, 1736—Gentleman.  
 William Hooper, born in Boston, 1752—Lawyer.  
 Joseph Hewes, born at Kingston, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.  
 John Penn, born in Virginia, 1741—Lawyer.  
 Edward Rutledge, born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1749—Lawyer.  
 Thomas Hayward, born in South Carolina, 1745—Lawyer.  
 Arthur Middleton, born on the banks of Ashley, South Carolina, 1743—Lawyer.  
 Button Gwinnet, England, 1732—Merchant.  
 George Walton, born in Virginia, 1740—Lawyer.  
 Lyman Hall, born in Connecticut, 1731—Physician.  
 Samuel Huntington, born 1732—Farmer.



**Ladies' Department.**

TO S—

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

LIFE'S TALISMAN! thou wert the first,  
 A Poet's love, within me nursed;  
 The feeling yet my bosom thrills,  
 While musing on my native hills;  
 The distant mountains' azure hue  
 With heather clad, and hare-bells blue,  
 Its rocky dells, and valleys deep,  
 Where cowslips with the violet sleep;  
 But, O! how dear the sacred spot,  
 Within the "Dargle's" rustic grot;  
 When first my lips (till then unblest)  
 Were to thy trembling rubies prest;  
 Till then, the thought had never struck  
 My mind, how much in Woman's look  
 Of power there lay—of blessedness—  
 Enough!—I felt its happiness!

The pictured image granted then  
 (An angel's gift to goddess man,  
 A treasure seem'd—by absence tried  
 More valued now than aught beside;  
 Tho' nearly three score years are fled,  
 Since first our loving hearts were wed:  
 (Wed, but to sunder,) still art thou  
 Life's morning star! and evening glow!

Beverly, C. W. Aug. 30th, 1854, midnight.

**VICISSITUDES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.**

From the *Anzeiger des Westen* the *Tribune* translates the following touching narrative, the facts of which doubtless are not alone in their painful sadness, among the experiences and suffer-

down went into the house, and soon after re-appeared at the door, along with another indifferent looking man, carrying a coffin of rough boards. The coffin was put into the wagon, and the wheels rattled away over the empty streets to the place of interment. No one followed it with looks of sorrow: no one stood with heavy heart beside the grave as the clouds fell upon the coffin. And yet that coffin hid the form of a woman once the object of countless attentions, who was once honored, admired, envied in society, who controlled vast riches, and who but a few years since, before she trod the shores of America, could look forward to a happy and contented old age.

The deceased was Rosa Neschemi, the daughter of an immensely rich Polish nobleman. In her early youth she was attached to the Court of the Austrian Emperor, where, at the age of 18, she married a French nobleman who was also very rich. She lived afterwards, for long and happy years, partly on the estates of her husband, partly in journeys through Germany, Spain, Italy, and England, and bore her husband three sons, who received the best education, and on whom their parents looked with the greatest pride.

This happiness was interrupted by the July Revolution at Paris. Rosa's husband was actively engaged in it, and fell on July 28—shot through by three bullets. His name may still be read on the column in the Place de la Bastille.

Of the sons, the oldest, a young man of remarkable talents, had greatly succeeded in Spain, and was at one time Private Secretary to King Ferdinand. After the death of the King, he withdrew to a country residence, where it was supposed he was assassinated. The second son, who had become a priest, was a special favorite of Pope Gregory; but he, too, died shortly after this event. The third, who was then quite young, remained with the mother, who had found a refuge in Switzerland, whither she brought the relics of her fortune. When he was 16, he left his mother, and went to America. In New Orleans he found employment and earned money, but bad company and a natural disposition to excess, soon led him astray, and about five years ago, he resorted to the last desperate means of reviving his credit, by inducing his gray-haired mother to come to America. She could not resist the entreaties of her only son, and came. She was able to get together \$6000 in cash, which her son very soon dissipated. Some two years ago he ended his career in New Orleans, where he was deputy sheriff at the time, by stabbing a Creole. He fled to California, and the aged mother, to whom New Orleans had naturally become hateful, went up to St. Louis.

One morning of week before last, at early dawn, the miserable city dead cart of St. Louis, bore the mortal remains of Rosa Neschemi to the place of their last unwept repose. Such is life."

**A FEMALE HINOKS!!**

A FEMALE FINANCIER.—The financial speculations of Queen Cristiana, mother of the present ruling monarch of Spain, are of the most stupendous character, beating all the big and little financiers in any quarter of the globe. She is debtor to the State twenty four-millions, which she received unlawfully as Reina Gobernadora, from 1834 to 1840, having married a second time shortly after the death of her first husband: twelve millions were paid to her on her return from France for the three years which she passed out of the country, and thirty-five millions, the difference between the mopey of Spain and America, for the ten years that she has drawn her pension on the treasury of Cuba, making a total of seventy-one millions of reals. With this money the Queen dabbled in every thing,—coal mines, canals, railroads, joint stock manufacturing companies, and every other project which promised large profits. She established for herself the character of a very enterprising woman, which would all have been to her credit, had she not obtained the means for carrying on her great enterprise by exertions and extortions from the people, against all law, and by the most corrupt means. The people of Spain will not suffer her to leave the country until she disgorges.

A STRANGE CUSTOM.—A most extraordinary custom prevails among the Vizcas, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India. It is in fact, a female prerogative that has no parallel

pin which she used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is obliged to marry if he can pay the price to her father.



**Youth's Department.**

**THE LITTLE GRAVES.**

There are two little graves in yon churchyard—  
 A mother's fondest hopes lie buried there;  
 Two babes there slumber in the arms of death,  
 Lost to the world, unknown to all its care.  
 The mother wept the more to think of two  
 Thus gone—that both her babes must die;—  
 Mother, in bitter grief forget not hope,  
 For your lost treasures safe in heaven lie.  
 The more you love them, the more you try  
 To seek the road that leads to their abode:  
 Those babes make more bright the heavenly way,  
 They, smiling, point to you the Saviour's road.  
 The Lord in mercy took them—bow your head  
 In full submission to his chastening rod:  
 He knows the best, and would not have a hope  
 To tempt thee to forget He is thy God.

The means were blest unto that mother's soul,—  
 She seeks out heaven, for her hopes are there;  
 Her pride is humbled—she the world foregoes—  
 Her sins acknowledged, and her Saviour dear;  
 And she hath heavenly hope, and doth confess  
 That God is good to us, what'er betide;  
 His name is love, though He doth punish man  
 For his rebellion, his sins and pride.

Sept. 5, 1854. Mrs. C. DUNN.

**BONAPARTE'S POVERTY IN EARLY LIFE.**

M. Thiers, in his history of the 'Consulate, relates some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without means of paying ten sous (10 cents) for dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes from his acquaintances. He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had at one time only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only get out alternately, time about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror, "At whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterwards so famed for its classical mould, was during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisar, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years.

The squalid beggar then, the splendid Emperor afterwards—the thread-bare habiliments and Imperial mantle—the meagre food and gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and prisoner. Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

A SINGULAR FACT.—Is it not singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in so many different languages? In Latin it is Deus; French, Dieu; Old Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Old German, Odia; Swedish, Gode; Hebrew, Aden; Dutch, Herr; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra;

several other languages in which the word is marked with the same peculiarity.

**HUMAN HAPPINESS**

Is much more generally distributed by Providence than most suppose. It is not those who seem happy that are always so. There is a great deal of truth in this article.—Ed. Sox.

**WHICH IS THE HAPPY MAN?**

We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money; and that is only \$70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs, and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their \$70 per annum.

We know a man in New York who expends \$10,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for his gas light more than the whole income of the Michigan man. He makes annual holiday presents of more than the whole of the amount of the property of the Michigan man. It costs him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a waiter.

We know them both very well, and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest, healthiest, and most enviable man. They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and paper places abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ill, and a necessity for intense activity deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former in the probable course of events will die of old age at ninety and the latter at seventy. Such is the distribution of happiness and health.—*Toledo Blade.*

There is a mountain at the head of the gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. A steamboat goes from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness this phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

**Humorous.**

A little nonsense now and then,  
 Is relished by the wisest men.

It is singular that music is so little cultivated by Quakers, for where ought we look for harmony if not among friends?

A couple of verdant specimens of the genus hoosier sauntered into an office, the other day, and expressed an earnest desire to see some printing done. The editor pointed to the press where the outside impression of the *Intelligencer* was being worked off. They pulled up within a safe distance of the machine, and with elongated necks, and mouths and eyes wide open, they stood and gazed for some time in silence, when one of them broke forth: "By thunder, Jim, don't you call that swift work?" "Yes, Sir; I wish I may be blest, if it aint exactly similar to what I never saw before?"

An inveterate dram drinker being told that cholera, with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well, that's a comfort, at all events; for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A RAINY NIGHT.—"Vell lash Friday night vash de vorst-ash never vash. I thought to go down de hill to mine house, but no sooner I did vash den de faster I stands still, for the tarkness vash so tick dat I could not stir it in mine boots; and te rain, dunder and blixum, in more dan tree minutes, mine skin vas vet troo to mine cless. But after von little vile, it stopped quitting to rain something; so I kept feeling ov minself all the vay along—and ven I comes to mine house to vash in, vat you tink?—Mine Sar! it belong to somepody else!"

A CRANE STORY.—It is a pretty good story about Mr. Crane, a young clergyman who was settled, a great many years ago, in a town in Massachusetts. A maid servant in the village, who attended his preaching, soon exhibited symptoms of being "in love," after much urging from her mistress, confessed the object of her passion by silently pointing to the crane in the fire place! He married the girl immediately.