

VICISSITUDES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

From the *Anzeiger des Westens* THE TRIBUNE translates the following touching narrative, the facts of which are doubtless not alone in their painful sadness, among the experiences and sufferings of European emigrants to this country:

"A few days since, at St. Louis, at an early hour in the morning, the common dead wagon, which at the cost of the city conveys friendless paupers to their last home, stopped before a house in the southern part of the town. The driver got down; went into the house, and soon after appeared at the door, 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 honoured, 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 that time private secretary to King Ferdinand. After the death of the King, he withdrew to a country-house near Valencia, where, as is 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 his mother, who had found an asylum 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 grey-haired mother to come to this country. She could not resist the entreaties of her only son and came. She was able to get together \$6,000 in cash, which her son very soon dissipated. Some two years ago he ended his career in New-Orleans, where he was a 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 the river 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 and wept repose. Such is life."