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POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

The Lonely Heart.

When the lone heart in sadness sighs
At Fate's remorseless doom,
Which every dow'r that hope supplies
Has blighted in its bloom;
And the dear ties now that fancy drew,
That look'd so wondrous fair,
Have disappear'd like morning dew,
And vanished into air,

And silver chords affection wove
And twin'd around the heart,
All sever'd are, nor cares of love
Their longer ceh impart;
And many hours that swiftly flew
On Joy's glad pinions borne,
How vanish'd ever from the view
And promise no return;

And a low voice that once was heard
No longer greets the ear,
Nor look of love, nor gentle words
That sooth'd heart to cheer;
But each revolving joyless day,
Bears on its wings of Time,
In mournful murmurs seem to say—
No joy shall ever be thine.

Nor not that lonely heart then sing
Its melancholy lays,
As mournful memory still will bring
The light of other days?
May not a wreath by fancy wove,
Be twin'd to deck a brow,
In memory never will cease to love,
Although so lonely now?

Philadelphia, July 3, 1847. A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS

Of the Hon. S. S. Prentiss,

At New Orleans, on the Reception of the Volunteers on their return from Mexico.

Brave Volunteers:—The people of New Orleans, filled with admiration for the patriotic and heroic achievements of our citizen soldiers, are desirous of expressing the sentiments of joy, pride and affection, with which they hail their return to the arms of a grateful country. I am their honored organ on the occasion, and most warmly do I sympathise with their feelings, and participate in their wishes.

Welcome, then, gallant volunteers! ye war-worn soldiers, welcome home! The heart of Louisiana warms towards you.—Welcome, thrice welcome from your glorious battle-fields! In the name of the citizens of New Orleans, I greet and embrace you all.

No longer do you tread upon a hostile shore, nor gaze upon foreign skies. Unsheathe ye your sharp swords and unfurling colors. Nor lurking foes waylays you in the impenetrable chaparral, or among the gloomy gorges of the mountain—Henceforth your path will be ambushed only by friends. You will find them more difficult than the enemy to repel. They will pour upon you volleys of grape as you saw—but the grape will be clusters grew so luxuriantly on the hillsides of Monterey, and along the ravines of Buena Vista, where once was the red blood—but the grape which comes from the battery of the heart.

A year and a half has elapsed since I saw most of you bivouacked on the off battlefield below the city, drawing inspiration from its glorious memories, and dreaming, perchance, of those great achievements which you were so soon to accomplish. Since then you have passed through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life—the camp, the march, the battle and the victory. You have played your parts nobly. You have gone far beyond your own promises or the country's expectations. You have borne, without a murmur, the ordinary hardships of military life—hunger, fatigue and exposure. You reached not when death came in the sad shape of disease, and struck down your comrades around you; you submitted cheerfully to discipline, and converted the rude material of individual bravery into the terrible, irresistible power of combined courage. But it was upon legislative fields you gathered those unfading laurels upon which your country now and ever gaze, as they do now, with general pride.

Our little army of regulars, as they well deserved to do, had already plucked the first laurels of the war. On the victorious fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma they established their own high character, and nobly illustrated American skill and valor. They scourged the enemy from the Rio Grande; and then, reinforced by the volunteers, who flocked to their country's standard, their great captain meditated the conquest of the stronghold of Monterey. There, like an eaglet on his eyrie, stood the mountain King. Thither the eyes of the nation turned in eager expectation. All hearts palpitated for the result. Now was our national prowess to be tested—now we were to ascertain whether we could cut back into the teeth of European Generals, and European diplomatists the taunts of cowardice, and heaped upon our citizen soldiery. They had told us that our Republic was weak, notwithstanding its great population and unbounded resources.—They said we had no military strength; that our army and navy, though skilful and brave, were but a cipher compared with the mighty armaments of the Old World; and that our unpracticed citizens could never make efficient soldiers. Scarcely did the ever glorious morning of the mountain fastness, and the problem was solved.—The nation's heart beat free, and joy from the present, confidence in the future, pervaded the land. Indeed it was a great, glorious achievement, and in its moral effect, both at home and abroad, perhaps the most important of the war. It gave the country complete confidence in the volunteers—the volunteers that reliance upon themselves. From that day forth they became veterans.

Time will not permit me to recite the vivid and heart stirring incidents of that memorable and wonderful conflict. On one side of the city the regulars fought, as they always do, with skill, with bravery and success; they did all that was expected of them—their previous reputation rendered it impossible to do more. On the other side the volunteers drew their maiden swords. Never before had they experienced a grasp stronger than that of friendship; now they stretched forth their hands and grappled with death. On, on pressed these unfledged warriors—these men of civil life, these citizen soldiers; their bright blades flashed before them like lightning of flame. Up the hill side, thro' the streets swept by the raking cannon, over barricade and battery, their advancing banners, streaming like thunder clouds against the wind, rustled in the battle breeze like the pinions of an eagle pouncing on its quarry. All know the glorious result. The enemy, though he fought bravely for his firesides and his altars, and in the midst of his supposed impregnable defences, shrunk from such fiery valor. The day was ours, and the Republic acknowledges its debt of gratitude, gallant volunteers.

Welcome, then, thrice welcome, victors of Monterey!

But the fortune of the war determined that your conduct and valor should be tested upon a yet bloodier field. At Buena Vista you met, face to face, the genius of the battle, even as he appeared to the Warrior Bard—

"Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death shot glowing in his fiery hands
And eye that scorcheth all its glories upon—
Restless it rolls—now fixed,—and now anon
Flashing afar: and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done.

Under that his gaze, in the fierce conflict where desperate courage was put to its utmost proof, all fame unites in saying that you covered yourselves with immortal honor. In a pitched battle against brave and veteran troops, outnumbering you four to one, during two days you made successful contest—you stood a living dyke and against and again poured upon you in vain the fiery torrent. "Twere worth ten years of peaceful life" to have witnessed you repulsing the audacious squadrons of the enemy, as, with pennons flying and serried lances, they came thundering upon your unflinching ranks. Often in the changing currents of the moody fight, when the fortune of the day, rent from our standard, fluttered like torn canvass in the gale, seized and fastened it back in its proper place. But we should do injustice and we not remember on this occasion those glorious comrades without whose co-operation your valor would have proved in vain—I mean the artillery, those the sons of thunder, who on that day seemed to scorn to use Jove's counterfeits, and hurled his genuine bolts! Never were cannon served with greater coolness or more fatal precision. At each discharge whole columns were cut down.—

"Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the level plain."

Honor, then, to your brave comrades! We wish they were here to share your welcome, heroes of Buena Vista.

But you have still another claim upon our regard—the love and confidence of your general. To have your names associated with his is itself renown. He has achieved a world wide fame. The whole nation looks upon him with admiration and affection, and twenty millions of people love and confide in him, and right well does the brave old man deserve these great honors. A true patriot he has never obtruded himself upon the country; when his services were needed, then he rendered them. The nation knew not the treasure it possessed until the emergencies of the last year developed it. Now we know we have that gift of a century—a general cool, sagacious, prudent, brave and humane; capacious in resources, simple in habits, modest in manners, and, above all, possessed of the rare capacity of infusing into those around him his own indomitable courage and determination. These are the qualities which have rendered General Taylor and his armies invincible. They are of the true old Roman sort—such as might have belonged to a consul in the best days of the Ancient Republic. It is no small honor to have fought under the eye and received the commendation of such a soldier. Welcome, then, thrice welcome! companions of the great captain in those wonderful engagements whose rapidity and brilliancy have astonished the world. Gentlemen, you have before you a proud and happy destiny. Yours have been no mercenary services. Prompted by patriotism alone you went forth to fight the battles of your country. You now voluntarily return to the pursuits of civil life. Presently you will be engaged in your ancient occupations. But you will be witness the high reward of a grateful country, in the heart's warm welcome of your fellow citizens. Your neighbors will regard you with respect and affection. Your children will feel proud to convey they heard mention your name at Monterey and Buena Vista, and a grateful nation has already inscribed your names upon its annals. In conclusion, I will say, worthy of the citizens of this great Republic, to behalf of the exiled of the country whose armies leap forth in battle array, and from which their services are no longer needed, fall quietly back into community again with the communities from whence they came. Thus the dark thunder cloud, at nature's summons, rent shakes its black battalions and lowers to the horizon; but, at length, its lightning spent, its dread artillery silenced, its mission finished, disbanding its frowning ranks, it melts away into the blue ether, and the next morning you will find it glittering on the dew drops among the flowers, or assisting with its kindly moisture the growth of the young and tender plants.

Great and happy country, where every citizen may be at once turned into an effective soldier; every soldier converted, forthwith, into a peaceful citizen.

Our gallant troops are unsurpassed for skill and courage. Led by their gallant and accomplished officers, they are invincible. All that science and valor can do, they have achieved. At Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo they have plucked new laurels worthy to be entwined among those on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

But it is their business to be brave; it is their profession to fight. We honor the army; but we look upon our citizen soldiers with a different and peculiar pride. They are part and parcel of ourselves.—They have taught us the secret of our vast strength. We now know the mighty nerve and muscle of the Republic. We evoke armies as if by magic, rapidly as they came forth from the sowing of the dragon's teeth; at a nod they disappear as though the earth had swallowed them up. But they are not gone. You will find them in the forest, in the field, in the workshop, in the chamber of the sick, at the bar, in the councils of the country. They have returned to their old professions and pursuits. Let but the trumpet sound, and again they spring up, a crop of armed men. Proudly do we tell the world that we have, whenever occasion calls, two millions of warriors like those who stormed at Monterey and conquered at Buena Vista. Welcome then citizen soldiers! Welcome soldier citizens!

But alas! the joy of our greeting is mingled with sorrow. We gaze upon your thinned ranks and seek in vain for many beloved and familiar faces. Why come they not from the battle field? Why meet they not the embraces of their beloved friends? A year ago I saw them march forth beneath their country's banner, full of lusty life, of buoyant hearts and noble emulation. Where are they now? Where is brave McKee, impetuous Yell, intrepid Hardin, chivalrous Clay, and gallant Watson, with hundreds of their noble comrades whom we meet not here? Ah! I see it all—your laurel wreaths are thickly entwined with cypress—the dead cannot come to the banquet! Alas! alas, for the noble dead. If we cannot welcome, we will weep for them. Our tears fall fast and free; but they flow rather for the living than the dead, for the nation that has lost such noble sons; for the desolate firesides, bereaved of their cherished and loved ones; for the bowed father, the heart broken mother, the sobbing sister, the frantic wife and the wondering children. For them we weep, but not for the noble dead. We envy their fate. Gloriously did they die—those who rendered up their souls in battle. They fulfilled the highest duty mankind owes to this world they died for their country. They fell upon stricken fields where their own valor had already half won. The earthquake voice of victory was in their ears, and their dying gaze was turned proudly upon the triumphant stars and stripes. Honor—eternal honor to the brave, who baptised their patriotism in their blood.

But there are others who equally claim place in our sad remembrance. I mean those who died from disease; whose fiery hearts extinguished in the dull camp or on the gloomy march. It is easy to die in battle. The spirit is stirred to a courageous madness by the rushing squadrons, the roaring cannon and the clashing steel.—All the fierce instincts of our nature are roused, and the soldier seeks for death as the bridegroom seeks his bride. Besides

"Fame is there to tell who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds."

But waste away with sickness; to be crushed by the blows of an unseen enemy, with whom you cannot grapple; to know death is approaching slowly but surely; to feel that your name will occupy no place on the bright scroll of fame; thus, without any of the pride and rapture of the strife, to meet bravely the inevitable tyrant, is the highest test of the soldier's courage, the noblest proof of the patriot's devotion. Honor, sacred—immortal honor, to the brave who fell, not on the battle field, but before the shafts of disease.

Gallant gentlemen, you will soon leave us for your respective homes. Everywhere fond and grateful hearts await you. You will have to run the gauntlet of friendship and affections. The bonfires are already kindling upon the hills. In every grove and pleasant arbor the feast is spread. Thousands of sparkling eyes are watching eagerly for your return. Tears will fill them when they seek in vain among your thinned ranks for many a loved and familiar face; but through those tears will shine the smiles of joy and welcome, even as the rays of the morning sun glitter through the dew drops which the sad night hath wept. Again, in the name of the citizens of New Orleans, I bid you welcome. When you leave us you will carry with you our admiration, our gratitude and our affection.

Education.

This is a practical world—not a world of reverie, a dream, or of imagination.—A world more of noble experiences than of abstract ideas, or of the flowers of poesy and so far as concerns success, and the happiness arising therefrom, may seem to go, and they are very far, perhaps, the less we have of mere imagination. The better will it be for us in the end, unless, indeed, that imagination be so curbed and kept under the lash of strong and downright common sense, that it cannot rise high enough to do serious mischief. The first of all blessings is a mind at ease; and to have a mind at ease, we must be pretty well assured that the landlord, the baker, the butcher, the tailor, and all other imperatively essential people will be paid when they seek for payment. Now, the imagination pays no bills, though it has a curious knack at the encumbering of responsibilities; but that hard headed common sense, at which imagination is apt to disdainfully to curve the nose, keeps an eye open to the downright unadorned facts of the case and provides accordingly. We like sordidness as little as any one—and we are not apt to be a miggard—but common sense always for safety and for comfort, to the scruple and the caution which the world is apt to despise. Nay, it is much better to err on the secure side than to risk a toppling over on that side which terminates in the abyss. The "multiplication table" is a mighty engine—it deserves all reverence; and a business faculty is of more worth in this nineteenth century of making the most of everything, than to be able to build the lofty rhyme, and to secure those empty applauses which fill no stomachs and which cover no backs. Happiness does not exist with hunger—philosophy in rags has a bitter aspect; and the great drift after all—year before all, is the art of getting along in the world. Children, then, should be educated with this chiefly in view. The graces are well; but let the graces be secondary to the substantials—for some graces—graces that must solicit charity cap in hand, become doubtful graces in the end. Buying and selling, and making these ends the points; and one ounce of practical available experience in this direction is worth tons of lounging ideality.—Napoleon was right when he derided the "ideologists," as he termed them, and rested on the man of facts.—*Neal's Gazette.*

Santa Fe.

There seems to be a dreadful state of affairs existing in this conquered province of Mexico, the people of which were declared by the proclamation of Gen. Kearney to be subject to the constitution and laws of the United States. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican states that murders and acts of violence of every description are of daily occurrence—that in the single county of Taos fifteen persons have been convicted of murder and others of treason! After detailing these and many other particulars, the writer remarks: We have a military establishment wasteful, extravagant to the Government, but which has most signally failed of redeeming any of the promises made by General Kearney, in his proclamation. Instead of being the strong arm on which the civil authority can depend, to enforce order and administer justice to all, the soldiery have degenerated into a military mob, are the most open violators of law and order, and daily heap insult and injury upon the people of the Territory; and as matters now stand, the civil Government is powerless to grant them redress. The border Indians are daily committing outrages on the frontier inhabitants, driving off and destroying their stock. Against these Indians they were promised protection by Gen. Kearney and though we have had for months an entire regiment of soldiers in garrison, not one has been sent to the frontier. One half of the Captains of companies do not know the number of their men, nor where they are to be found; and they themselves are to be seen mightily in fandangoes, and less reputable places of dissipation. The soldiers are never drilled or mustered, and from the highest officer to the private soldier, all is insubordination, misrule and confusion. About one fifth of the whole command have died from the effects of dissipation—excepting from this category the artillery companies of St. Louis and Capt. Agney's company from Jefferson City; they are well drilled, under good discipline, and of course healthy and orderly."

CEDAR BLUFFS, (Al.) JUNE 26.

The Wheat fields, so far as we have ascertained, are fully as abundant as those of last year, and our farmers are busily engaged in harvesting the fruits of their industry; though unusually backward in this section, promises fair to again afford excellent crops. Cherokee county last year turned out a larger crop than was ever before known in its borders, and the present season will exceed that of the previous one.—*Cherokee Sentinel.*

Egypt produces a surplus of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat. By the middle of June, a large portion of this can be thrown into European markets. This will have some effect on the price of breadstuffs.

The Chinese Tea Plant.

The lovely bay, the tea, has perhaps produced the most remarkable march in modern times, and gained some of the most brilliant victories of this war, showed the qualities in great numbers in our service yesterday. They are truly a bold, fearless, fashionable band. When they landed from the vessel, their appearance reminded me of the pictures of Robinson Crusoe, and other shipwrecked adventurers, who having been a long time banished from civilization, and compelled to live among savages, and wild beasts, are suddenly transferred to their homes and in the society of cultivated men. Many of them were the very same clothes which they put on six months ago, when they first commenced their perilous march. Many, whose garments have long ago been worn off by exposure and hardship, were clad in skins and hides. Not a few were so borrowed plumes, having cloaked themselves in clothes captured from the enemy. There were many, too, whose garments were of a composite nature; being made up of their old clothes, sometimes patched out by Mexican uniforms, and sometimes by deer and goat skins. An old cuirass would appear out of a grey goat skin, and cut off into a pair of shaggy scarlet inexpressibles, once worn by some proud *lancero*.

Altogether, such a motley band were never before paraded on any occasion. The sympathy and admiration of our people, already deeply avowed in behalf of these gallant boys by the details of their extraordinary exploits, were greatly increased by the appearance of hardship, exposure, and soldiering, which they presented. But they did not long remain in their shabby garments. They had large arrears against Uncle Sam, who is a prompt and liberal paymaster, and who soon furnished them with the means of rigging themselves up in handsome style. In a short time what a change takes place in their appearance!—They are now, thanks to our numerous cheap clothing stores, and small tailors, the best clad and neatest looking gentlemen in our city. Their robust frames, embrowned complexions, bold and bright eyes, and manly carriage, betray the life of daring, fortitude and self reliance which they have led for the last twelve months.

The health of this force has been generally very good, which will always be the case when the men are kept on the march. Although they have been exposed to every thing incident to military life—have fought several severe battles, and encountered the trying vicissitudes of heat and cold—their loss has been much less than many of the regiments that have not yet seen a hostile force, or known any of the serious perils of military life.

All honor, then, to these gallant men.—Their bravery, fortitude, and perseverance are not surpassed in history. And when it is considered that they went forth against the enemy, not as regular soldiers, not as those whose trade war had long been, and from whom honor and duty demanded the sacrifice, but as volunteers, seeking glory, and supporting the honor and rights of our proud Republic—language is inadequate to express the admiration and applause due to their extraordinary achievements.—*N. O. Delta.*

An Indian Massacre of Thirty American Teamsters.

Capture of Government Wagons—Plunder of Government Stores—1,000 Indians in the field—War of the Delawares upon the Osages, &c.

The apprehensions in the Arkansas country of serious difficulties with the Indians of that region, of which we have before made mention, appear to have been but too well founded. Information has been received at St. Louis of a wholesale murder of teamsters by a combined force of Pawhees, Cammanches, and Arapahoes about 1,000 strong. The information was brought to St. Louis by a son of a Delaware chief, whom they took prisoner, but afterwards liberated. He states that this formidable body met and attacked a train of thirty wagons, drawn by mules, and accompanied only by the drivers and eight or ten horsemen. The Indians surrounded them and charging suddenly drove the teamsters from their saddles and massacred every man of the party. The wagons were loaded with government stores, which with the mules, the Indians appropriated to their own use.

The day preceding the massacre, young Nacomb was permitted to depart, having been presented with a fine large American horse. This animal bears the name of Polk, and has been recognized as one of the mules belonging to a government train which left Fort Leavenworth a few weeks since. When Nacomb left Westport, Maj. John Dougherty, who recently started for Santa Fe with 550 head of cattle, was there in for the purpose of conveying more men.—Near Council Grove, his herd made a stampede, and 150 escaped. It was to go in search of these, that the additional aid would be required. Council Grove is 140 miles distant from Westport. The Delawares were preparing to send a war party against the Osages. The latter tribe have recently taken three Delaware scalps.

In addition to the above, Mr. Barclay, who had arrived at Westport, reported that two of the men attached to the return government train which he was conducting, were murdered by Indians near Walnut Creek. They were one an American, the other a Spaniard—a little in advance of the train when they were attacked. The American was killed on the spot; the other was still alive, and was being brought in, with the loss of his scalp. The Indians took the guns and mules of the men.

A Frenchman's tribute to Christianity.

The celebrated and talented Chateaubriand, who may be said to be the founder of the present school of French literature, is rapidly declining in health, and always distinguished for piety, he seems to gather from it a holy comfort in his pathway to the grave. Writing to a young poet who had requested to be allowed to dedicate a book of poems to him, he spoke as follows, in all the plenitude of Christian reverence, abiding faith, and moral truthfulness:

"If I could begin my life anew, I should not write a single line and would wish to die as now, but I shall ever be a Christian as I always have been and even more than I ever was. All things considered, there is but one thing in life—religion. It is religion that gives order and liberty to the world, and after life a better existence. I too have had, amidst the sorrows of my life, moments of doubt and indifference; but in advancing to the end at which I shall soon arrive, my steps have become more firm and I have the more confidence in the increase of my moral strength, as my mind has lost some of the vigor of youth. I have remained what I have always been, an ardent believer in liberty. I wished to see it established, by means of royalty, because it seemed to me, that emanating from the principle of authority, it would be less an object of dread and better regulated. If Kings would not have it so, it is their fault; and I have often predicted to them their fate when they have mistaken their way. Since kings fell, I remain faithful to them rather from a sense of honor than from opinion. This then is my position: I am preparing to die a free citizen, a faithful, vigilant and sincere Christian.—Christianity will shape the future condition of this world; and it is by means of Christianity that after a lapse of one or two centuries, the ancient form of society, which is now in a state of decomposition, will be renovated."

A Boy Carried over the Niagara Falls.—The following melancholy occurrence, which took place at Niagara Falls, on Sunday last, is the only incident of the kind that has been reported since the region around the Falls has been settled. It is told by the Rochester Advertiser:

We learn from Col. John Fisk that a melancholy accident occurred at Niagara Falls on Sunday last. A fine lad of the name of John Murphy, aged about 13, native in the employ of Judge Porter, in crossing to Chippewa in a canoe, was drawn into the rapids on the Canada side and into the "Great Horse Shoe Fall."—When he was first discovered, he was beyond the reach of all earthly assistance; and although the little fellow did all that his courage and strength could do, holding his slight canoe for nearly twenty minutes, almost stationary, and when tired nature gave up contending longer with the wind, most current both against him, the little fellow plunged overboard and with the courage and perseverance of a man, for some time breasted the current. But, alas, too late; though within one hundred yards of the shore, he was in the embrace of the rushing cataract which never releases its victims!

The Broken fragments of his frail bark were all that were found of the little mariner. A widowed mother and three children mourn the loss of a son and brother, and many strangers lament the fate of a noble and excellent boy.

From the Louisville Journal.

Prentisiana.

The editor of the Vermont Democrat describes democracy as having "one foot on the Alleghanies and the other on the Rocky mountains." This beats Santa Anna himself, who, just at present, has one foot in New Orleans and the other somewhere near the City of Mexico.

Has a Democracy one wooden leg?

The editor of the Louisville Democrat copies two or three paragraphs from the Louisville Journal at the top of his paper and fills up the rest of his sheet with stuff of his own. He is like some rascally dealers in butter, who are careful to put a splendid article at the head of the firkin, but fill all below with lard and soap grease.

We learn from the scriptures that King Nebuchadnezzar, in his war against the Jews, robbed them of their gold and carried off the gold and silver to Babylon. As a punishment for this and other sins, he was driven out by Heaven from among men and compelled to "eat grass like an ox." When will Sir Polk be turned out to grass?

Chapman, of the Indiana Sentinel, says he is "not afraid to tell the truth." He had better not venture too rashly upon such an untried experiment. It might be the death of him.

For what warlike exploit was Mr. Marcy appointed Secretary of War?—*Albany Journal.*

Some think it was for his unprecedented *charge upon the State of New York.*

The Washington Union can discover no evidence of extraordinary sagacity in Santa Anna? Nor can we. To be sure he outwitted Mr. Polk—but that's nothing.

Ladies, beware—also dandies! It is stated in the books, that several remarkable cases of idiocy are known to have occurred from the habitual use of hair dye—by the nitric acid (which enters largely into all the quack compositions of the kind,) having poisoned the minute capillary cellules and thus reached the brain. One of the greatest of French actresses, Mlle Mars, fell a victim. This is paying sadly too dear for the whistle.