

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

VOLUME 27--NUMBER 15.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1419.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
(A Weekly Newspaper.)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
H. H. FRAZIER.

TERMS.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum
cash actually in advance.
Two Dollars if paid within the year.
Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid
until after the expiration of the year.
No subscription will be permitted to re-
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"Poe's Career."

The Ocean.

BY GEORGE D. FRANTZ.

"How beautiful—from this blue throne on high,
The sun looks downward with a face of love
Upon the silent waters—and the sky
Larger than that which lifts its arms above,
Down the far depths of Ocean, like a sheet
Of flame, is trembling—the wild, the vast,
To rave their cloudy pinions—Oh, how sweet
To gaze on Ocean in his hour of peace.

"Years have gone by since first my infant eyes
Rested upon those waters. Once again,
As here I muse, the hours of childhood rise
Faint or my memory, like some witching strain
Of forgotten music. You blue wave
Still roll on in beauty—but the tide
Of years rolls darkling o'er the lonely grave
Of hopes, that with my life's bright morning died.

"Look! look!—the clouds' light shadows from
above,
Like fairy islands, o'er the waters sweep—
Oh! how dearer my spirit thus could rove
To dream of freedom on the boundless deep,
Communing with the elements to hear,
At midnight hour, the death-bell's solemn rave,
Or gazing on their starry spheres,
Gleaming in glory in the mirror wave.

"To Ocean—deep mingling with the shades of eve,
In Ocean's spirit, caves, and coral halls,
There, cold and dark, the eternal billows heave,
No rapture breathes, nor struggling, sunbeam falls.
As round some far Isle of the burning zone,
We tropic groups perfume the breath of morn,
Let us the Ocean's melody seek,
Like a lone mourner's on the night winds borne.

"Toe the infant wave on your blue verge,
Like a young eagle, o'er the linking sun,
And twilight dying on the crimson surge,
Till dawn, the deep dark zenith, one by one,
The lights of Heaven were streaming; or to weep,
The lost, the beautiful, that calmly rest
Beneath the eternal wave—then sink to sleep
Hid by the beating of the Ocean's breast.

"Oh! it were joy to wander wild and free
Where southern billows in the sunlight flash,
Or night all brooding o'er the northern sea,
And all is still, save the overwhelming dash
Of that dark world of waters; there to view
The meteor hanging from its cloud on high,
Or see the northern fire, with blood red hue,
Strike the white tresses o'er the startled sky.

"To sweet, 'tis sweet to gaze upon the deep,
And muse upon its mysteries. There it roils,
It yet the glorious sun had learned to sweep
The blue profound, and bathed its beams in gold;
The morning stars, as up the skies they came,
Heard their first music o'er the Ocean surge,
And saw the first flash of their own flames
Back from its depths in softer brightness flung.

"And there it rolls! Age after age has swept
Down, down the eternal cataract of Time,
Still there it rolls, undimmed and unrepent,
As bright there waves their sunny sparkling fringe,
As brightly now the bending heavens they kiss,
As when the Holy Spirit, brooding wing
Meted o'er the waters of the vast abyss!

"There, there it rolls—I've seen the clouds unfurl
Their raven banner from the stormy west,
I've seen the tempest's spirit whirl
His black-floored lightning at the Ocean's breast;
The storm cloud passed—the sinking wave was
tossed,
Those boiling waters were glittering, fresh and fair,
Screaming bright the peaceful waters blushed;
And heaven seemed painting its own beauties
there.

"Ocean, farewell!—Upon thy mighty shore,
I laid in childhood's fairy land to dwell
But I am waning—life will soon be o'er,
And I shall cease to gaze on thee—farewell!
Still thou wilt glow as fair as now—the sky
Shall echo as proudly as these—Evening steal
Along thy bosom with its soft dye—
All to be as now—but I shall cease to feel.

"The evening mists are on their silent way,
And thou art fading; faint their colors bled
The last longes of the dying day,
Farewell!—farewell!—the night is coming fast,
I deeper shadows up the skies ascend:
I deeper tones thy wild notes seem to swell,
I go, I go, Ocean, fare thee well!"

"My dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Brown, "come near to my bedside: I am dying, and I wish to say a few words to you." "Yes, Mrs. Jones," ejaculated Mrs. Brown, "and what are you about to part with?" "I wish to say a few words to you," said Mrs. Jones, "and what are you about to part with?" "I wish to say a few words to you," said Mrs. Jones, "and what are you about to part with?"

Selected Miscellany

A Mackinaw Winter's Tale.

The island of Michilimackinac, the name of which, as the legend is derived from its oval shape, and signifies in the Indian tongue, 'The Great Turtle,' lies just to the straits of the same name, which form the connecting link between two of our great lakes, Huron and Michigan.—The town of Mackinaw is situated on the south shore of the island and consists of a few streets running parallel to the water, intersected by others at right angles, with houses neither very many nor very large, a court house, a jail, a church, and a hotel. Just back of the town rises a steep cliff, one hundred and fifty feet high on the top of which stands the fort. In summer this little place is full of life.—The fur traders and the Indians are in the constant habit of resorting thither, though of late years the steady and rapid advance of the white men towards the West has been, as usual, a signal for the retrocession and disappearance of the red hunters and their squaws. The great squaws of the Western lakes make Mackinaw a landing place, and through the whole of the traveling season, multitudes of tourists are tarrying there for a few days, at a time to breathe the deliciously cool atmosphere, so refreshing and invigorating after the stifling heat of the crowded cities. Some of the rich men of Buffalo, Detroit, and Cleveland have little country seats here, where they may enjoy more quietly than they otherwise could the pleasures of the place. Fishing, boating, bathing, &c., are the favorite amusements of the visitors; and the date when the first white fish is eaten, forms in each one's life which is never forgotten.

Such is the summer life at Mackinaw. But in winter the aspect of the place changes, the town is deserted, except by the few people who make it their home, and by the troops who are stationed at the fort. The cold is always intense; the snow lies many feet deep over everything, and the lake is frozen for miles around. The only communication with the main land is by passing on the ice. The strait at the narrow point is four miles wide, and the main body of water is not over ten feet deep, and the wind sweeps with terrific force through the straits, and the driving winter storms of snow and hail possess a fury and a strength which is nowhere surpassed.

It was about two hours after noon on one of these wintry days, and the storm and the wind were whistling and howling with sounds like the laughter of demons mingling with the groans of their victims, when a troop of children left the school-house in Mackinaw for their homes. There were girls as well as boys, among them, but they were all buffeted their way in the face of the driving sleet cheerfully and bravely, though now and then the cold, and a fall perhaps, would bring the tears to the eyes of some of the younger ones. Their path lay along the shore where they felt the full violence of the wind, which was blowing a perfect hurricane; at one moment driving the snow before it with a tremendous velocity; at the next catching it up in some eddy, and whirling it into a pillar of the most light and graceful dimensions. The children had just reached that point of their route which they had after much discussion decided to be the place of the greatest difficulty, when the strings of the bonnets of one of the little girls became loosened, and in a moment the bonnet was tossed high and thither, and the wind was carrying it with great rapidity out on the lake. One of the boys of an officer's stationed at the fort, sprang after it, and was just about to seize it, when a fresh blast of wind snatched it from him, and hurled it a rod or two farther away. He ran after it again, and each time the bonnet eluded his grasp, and it was carried still farther out on the ice; till when he had almost succeeded in securing it he found himself nearly a quarter of a mile from the land, breathless and exhausted, the wind and snow combining to prevent his return. Every effort to reach the shore served only to diminish the little strength he had left, while in every pause he made him to take breath, the wind would blow him more away from the land. He shouted for help, but the storm drowned his voice. He renewed his exertions to reach his companions, but his wearied limbs refused to obey the promptings of his will. The shore was apparently fast receding from him, and the thick falling snow-flakes were shutting out everything within his veil. Meanwhile his perplexities had not escaped the attention of the children, who had been carefully observing his movements; following with shouts of laughter and applause his chase after the bonnet, and greeting with cheers his constantly increasing anxiety till attempts to return, and seeing that his strength was failing, and that instead of getting nearer to them the wind was each instant blowing him further away, they had hastened as quickly as they might to the fort, and there, with eager, imperfect and confused language told the story. To the mind of the father only this seemed clear: his son was on the lake; the wind was carrying him constantly away from the shore; his little strength had failed him in his attempt to return, and unless assistance was speedily rendered him he must perish. Accordingly the officer summoned together some of the men who were in the fort and they descended to the beach. Already the middle of the winter day was passed, and the light was beginning to fade. The storm seemed to increase with violence as the sun went down, the snow-flakes fell more thickly, and the wind howled more hoarsely. The cold was intense and the current of ice swept through the straits, piercing like the bayonets of the spee the stout hearts of the soldiers. It was a day

In the deep forests, and the dense thicket

of the group within. There was a fire built of logs resting on some bricks before which Old Ben was cooking his breakfast—a slice of venison stretched on two sticks. In the corner wrapped in warm skins, lay a boy, the last child, in the deep sleep of infancy, and the old Indian turning his eyes thither from time to time, was watching the sleep of the little fellow as anxiously as the fittest parent. The footsteps of the new comers roused all the inmates. The Indian forgot his breakfast and the boy awoke from his slumbers. "The rest of the story may be told in a few words. Finding it impossible to return, the child had directed his way towards this island, hoping to find 'Old Ben' at home and stay in his hut, or if he was not there to take shelter in the woods. But his strength had failed him before he reached the island, and overcome by cold and fatigue he had sunk down in the snow a little distance from the shore to rest. The old Indian returning to his hut with some wood had perceived the dark clothes of the boy lying against the white snow. Thinking it some animal, he started with his gun to shoot it, and so coming up to the poor frozen child he had carried him to his hut, wrapped him in warm furs, and hid him with cordials, and never ceased to care, till the little fellow opened his eyes, and saying 'Mother, I am very tired,' dropped off into a gentle sleep which was only broken by his father's voice.

A QUEER BED FELLOW.

AN INCIDENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas was come, and Washington Hall was filled with guests. I know no country house in which I would sooner have passed that cheerful season. Sir George was hospitably itself, and as for Lady Stanley, her frank and generous and natural amiability of disposition completely won the hearts of all her visitors; while their family of happy children, from blooming blushing Fanny of seven, and Master Harry who was just beginning to think about shaving, down to blue-eyed Trotty who was the pet of every one and the privileged romp of the family, all reflected their parents' goodness, made the merry music in a house which, when Christmas would not be complete. "It was a large party, and the hall, and had tested its ample accommodations to the utmost. All the dressing rooms were pressed into use for us bachelors, and even the sacredness of the housekeepers' still room was desecrated and converted into a species of barracks for 'the young gentlemen.' The ladies it was rumored had made compact of partnership, and thus it was as we afterwards learned, that Fanny Stanley shared Helen Warrington's bed.—The great part of the guests, Helen and her brother, did not arrive until Christmas eve, so that our dinner on that night, was our first general meeting, and passed off right merrily.

When the Christmas romps with the children were over, and the mistletoe had been put up, and 'the girls all kissed' (as Tenynson observes with such collected unctious) and when the juveniles had been posted off to their barracks, we all drew around the spacious fireplace, and while the yule log blazed brightly and cheerily, told Christmas stories, in which ghosts were as plentiful as blackberries. In one tale that was then told, the hero belonged to a family in which insanity was hereditary, and (as is commonly the case in such circumstances) appeared only in alternate generations; and thus in the family mentioned, the same old man, a madman, invariably became the father of a madman. I forget now who related the story of which this was the theme, but I remember it was some one who had not met the Warringtons and was ignorant of the fact that Helen's grandfather had died in an asylum, and that she herself had, some years previously when at school in a 'low way,' sufficient to cause, at that time considerable anxiety to her mother. This, however, was not known to the narrator of the story, and, indeed, he never remembered by those present until after we were all in bed; when he said, 'I have just remembered it to you; it was at that time a fine, handsome, and beautiful girl, and one of the acknowledged belles of the country. What effect the tale may have had upon her, no one could tell, as she sat back in the shade of the room, which was only lighted by the blue fire.

This was the last tale told, and a light supper, (for on the children's account we had dined rather early) that was discussed amid lively jokes and merriment, soon dissipated all the little lady like fears, the ghost stories of the night had given rise to, and the wit, and the village band soon after coming, with their Christmas carols, made us sit for some time longer under the fire, until midnight, and the earliest dawn of the Christmas morning had come, and then wishing each other 'a merry Christmas,' we all said good night. I have said that Fanny Stanley and Helen Warrington shared the same bed, and when an hour after this, their maid had left the room, (we of the privileged faces of all the lovely ones that on that night were assembled beneath the roof of Washington Hall, pressed the laced pillows of the dowry bed. It was not till the morning that the maid called to mind the Warringtons' dark eyes, as she laughingly beds and talks a slice of her young man's story, and with her merry Christmas wish she should not have the chance next year. What followed from that time, I shall describe as it was afterwards told to me.

After a little chat with Helen, Fanny

had sunk into a slumber. How long she slept she knew not; but, on awakening, and on getting up in bed and looking around her, she saw Helen Warrington pacing along the other side of the old-fashioned bed room. It was a beautifully bright night, and the light of the moonbeams shone full upon the two windows of the room, and upon Helen walking there in her night dress, her cap off, and her long black hair streaming over her shoulders. "Helen, dear, come to bed! You will catch cold; are you still?" "The white-robed figure stopped in its pacing to and fro, and came up to the bed side.

"Helen, what's the matter? How

strange you look! You must be ill!" "For Helen stood there, not speaking, but looking fixedly at Fanny, with a strange wildness of expression. Fanny began to throw off the clothes to rush from the bed to assist her friend, believing her to be ill. Then Helen spoke—"Lie still, Fanny! I am not ill, but I have come to put an end to your life. I must kill you!" And her words came in a low but distinct whisper; strangely at variance with her usual quick manner of speaking. Fanny trembled in spite of herself, and she said with half fear in her tone—"Come Helen, what nonsense! I will not be killed. We will act charades to-morrow night."

Still the white-robed figure stood there at the foot of the bed glaring with its eyes. "I tell you, girl," it said, "you have but a few minutes to live! Say your prayers and make your peace with God. He has sent me to destroy you." In an instant a crowd of thoughts rushed unthoughtfully through Fanny's brain, the conversation round the fire—the tale of the madman—the insanity of Helen's grandfather—and a hundred other things all with lightning speed, linked them selves together in her mind, and she felt that Helen's long concealed hereditary madness had burst forth, and that she was certainly mad!

Even then she did not lose her presence of mind; and with a forced laugh she said—"Come, Helen, dear—come back to bed; you know you cannot do what you are jesting about."

"Not kill you! Thank you so!

You are deceived, girl," said the white-robed figure. "Look here!" And raising her right hand, she held up a shining blade of a large knife. "With the cutting of this knife, I have contrived, unseen to take it from the supper table, and conceal it within the folds of her dress. When the poor girl saw the knife, she sprang from the bed, and with a loud scream, reached the door, and endeavored to open it. It was locked, and the key removed. She then in a delirium of agony, turned and fled to the fire-place to seize the bell rope, and alarm the house, but only to find the rope severed, and useless. During the brief space, the white-robed figure stood at the door, watching apparently enjoying her despairing disappointment with a wild satisfaction.

"Now, girl," it said, "you see all

capable hopeless, so you have now nothing to do but to die!" And she advanced with upraised hands, and gleaming eyes. "Oh, Helen!—Helen!—spare my life!—Help! help!" shrieked Fanny in agony. As she turned, half paralyzed with fear, to fly wildly about the room, she espied the closet door of which stood ajar, and into this she sprang with the rapidity of thought, drew shut the door shrieking loudly for help. There was but little hope left for the poor girl, for the inside of the door was not furnished with a handle, and her only chance of keeping it closed, was by fixing her fingers tightly round the lock, and so pulling it towards her. This she did with the energy of desperation. But at the best of times this would have been a difficult thing to do; and now that she had to contend with the unnatural strength of a maniac, her chance of safety was poor indeed. Fear however, and the love of life, gave her a new vigor to her frame, and sustained her in those terrible moments.

Helen had got the handle of the door on the outside, and was trying to force her way in, when Fanny clung to the lock, tightly and despairingly to the lock, well knowing that upon this depended her safety. But in a few seconds the severity of this exertion had lashed her hands in a clamy perspiration, and with a horror scarcely to be described, she felt the security of her hold was relaxing. The door opened slowly but surely, and swung backwards and forwards with every attempt to counteract the force the maniac was applying to it.

As the figure of Helen was thus revealed to her, her dark hair tossing wildly over her night dress, and her arm making frantic thrusts with the shining blade through the partially opened door, the courage which had hitherto sustained her, gave way, her wretched hands relaxed their hold, and uttering but one more piercing shriek she fell back senseless on the closet floor. It so happened that the dressing room in which for that night, I had been put to sleep, joined the bed-room, in which these scenes took place. One of Fanny's piercing shrieks had aroused me, and I started from my bed in terror, impressed with the idea that the house was on fire, though not knowing from which direction the alarm had proceeded. In a moment I had partially dressed myself, when another and another shriek, more plainly from what quarter they came. The second door of the dressing room

which opened into the bed-room, would

of course be locked. Without losing time by trying this, I picked up a heavy portmanteau, which had fortunately not been unpacked, and swinging it around me at the lock of the door, with one heavy crushing blow that burst open the door, and threw down a dressing table placed against it on the other side, I sprang into the room. I shall never forget the scene. At the closet door was Helen Warrington, with madness stamped in every look and action, her night dress in confusion, and her dishevelled hair falling down over her shoulders. Her left arm supported the passive form of Fanny Stanley who lay senseless and motionless in her grasp, while her right hand, yielded the knife which she appeared about to plunge into the white bosom on which the moonlight shone so purely. To note all this was but the work of an instant; in another instant I was at her side.

She had turned to me as I came up,

and with a sort of addened reproachful look in her wild dark eyes, said—"What would you stand between me and God?" "Before she could use the knife on Fanny's form, or anticipate what I was about to do, I whirled the knife out of her hand. At once she threw Fanny from her, and rushed to the bedside to repossess herself of her weapon, but I threw myself upon her and held her firmly to the floor. Others had come to the door, and were trying ineffectually, to obtain admittance. Amongst them, I heard Sir George's voice, calling in despair on his daughter's name, for he had recognized her alarming cries and had fled along the corridor in an agony of terror. I called loudly for him to get around by my room, which it seemed in the hurried excitement of the moment, no one remembered his committing with the bed room. Directly afterwards they joined me.

It wanted no words to explain the sad

tale, and poor Warrington, who was one of those who had rushed in, was the first to assist me in securing his sister. Others assisted Fanny, who was still in a swooning state and bore her from the room. I need not pursue these distressing details further. The physicians who were called in did all they could; but human skill was ineffectual for one who was a confirmed maniac. Poor Helen Warrington still lives in the Asylum in which she was placed from the first. Fanny and I go to see her at intervals but at no time has she recognized us. Under the kind discipline and humane treatment of Dr. —, she appears to pass her days happily. And may we not hope that those whom God has thus been pleased to afflict, have an inner light of happiness, which shines the more brightly, because it shines only for them? Mrs. Fanny she has changed her name. Her deliverer on that terrible Christmas eve, now her husband.

Professor Charles Whitney.

A SKETCH BY C. D. STUART.

Charles Whitney is the youngest son and child of the late well-known Gen. J. Whitney, of Binghamton, and one of a family of ten children. He was born in the year 1820, at a place then called Chenango Point, at the junction of the Susquehanna and Chenango rivers. His grandfather fell fighting for liberty, in the American Revolution. His father emigrated to the Columbia County, on the Hudson River, to Broome County, and a wilderness. By industry, frugality, and enterprise, he obtained from the Binghamton agency for a large tract of land lying in the valley of Chenango, and named the town of Binghamton after his noble benefactor. Charles was left a half-orphan, by the death of his mother, in infancy, and was thus, in a measure, among so many children, left with only native resolution to battle with life and build his fortunes. True, his father died wealthy, but while Charles was still young, and his large estate had been in litigation ever since. A fortune man came from the "youngest child," but Charles had consented to look, if indeed he ever looked, to such a source for aid in life. The beautiful scenery surrounding his birth-place and early years, produced naturally on a quick, sensitive and powerful mind, deep and lofty poetic impressions. During those years, and later, when relieved by school vacations, the romantic boy found his chief delight in the "pathless woods," in the study of the voices of nature, and with them, through his favorite *belles-lettres*, the voices of history, poetry, and great men.

est villagers were "sold" by Charles

Whitney. A plenty of such freaks might be narrated. In College, Charles always bore away the prize in declamation. Speaking of his family, I may say that one of his brothers was the first love and whole of Mrs. General Gates. The whole of the family were intellectual, but to Charles belonged the gift of oratory and impersonation. His early mimics are remembered by many as actually true and striking. He could impersonate equally the ludicrous and sublime, the sentimental and the bombastic. This was he has wonderfully proven at various times. In Dublin, (Ireland), soon after the trial of Gavan Duffy, for treason, while Mr. Whitney was reciting the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, in which we must *fight*. I repeat it, air, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of host is all that is left to us! Mr. Burke, who alone held out six weeks rather than vote treason, was present, and, rising up, exclaimed, with all the emphasis of sincerity, "By *Jesus*! I'm of that man's opinion!" which had the effect of raising the assembly, *ex mero*, and their cheering shook the massive walls of the Rotunda.

While in London, the Duke of Wellington

was so impressed by Mr. Whitney's impersonation of Brougham, that he sent him, the next day, a draft for one hundred pounds. His celebrated impersonation of Vol. Jim, before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, caused his delighted Majesty to say, "Did you ever see the like in London?" So said *Punch*, the next day. At any rate, Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, offered Mr. Whitney, after an evening at his entertainment, five thousand pounds a year to go upon the stage. Though a young man, Professor Whitney has, for some years, given the public occasional "Impersonations and Readings," not so much as a professional elocutionist, but rather, with rare education, to embody and reproduce great oratory, and to do so—the orators and poets of our language. We may say that he has not done this solely for pecuniary profit, but from a keen relish of the pursuit, and a desire to impart, by voice and action, the conceptions so delightful to himself. A careful student of character, an extensive traveler and a keen observer, he has been able to entirely comprehend and comprehend every character he has attempted to delineate, and the list reaches over the record of British, American and Indian history. We never think of Mr. Whitney, and his mimicry, as though it were a phantasmagoria or magic mirror, as the phantasmagoria of the phantasmagoria, Daniel Webster, impersonated Henry Clay, brilliant, scathing John Randolph, impetuous Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Marshall, Hayne, Wirt, or Indian Philip, and other of his compeers in the New World. So, too, his spell involves a Brougham, a Canning, a Spill, an O'Connell, a Sheridan and a Burke. For, by personal observation and study, he has come to impersonate all these, and with the more, so truly in tone and gesture, that the beholder is at the time, carried away by the extraordinary illusion.

"We know of no elocutionist, who can

fairly claim to be his rival. His voice is clear, full and rich, under perfect discipline, and capable of infinite modulation. Indeed, we strongly suspect him of high ventriloquial power. We have heard him recite that terribly touching apostrophe of Lear to the tempest, and his unnatural daughter, when, at a faint, quivering, and also, a rendering of the death scene in "Marmion," and the weird scene between Luchiel and the Wizard, when we felt transported to the battlefield and blasted death. Not less, though in a far different way, has he affected us by his "Paul before Agrippas," and with some of his recitations of the religious poems of Willms, and the soul-stirring lyrics of Morris. In the broad field of oratory and literature, Mr. Whitney appears to have wandered over the record of British, American and Indian history. We never think of Mr. Whitney, and his mimicry, as though it were a phantasmagoria or magic mirror, as the phantasmagoria of the phantasmagoria, Daniel Webster, impersonated Henry Clay, brilliant, scathing John Randolph, impetuous Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Marshall, Hayne, Wirt, or Indian Philip, and other of his compeers in the New World. So, too, his spell involves a Brougham, a Canning, a Spill, an O'Connell, a Sheridan and a Burke. For, by personal observation and study, he has come to impersonate all these, and with the more, so truly in tone and gesture, that the beholder is at the time, carried away by the extraordinary illusion.

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