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The Daily Crescent.

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From Thomas Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth.

HER OWN REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER.

No performer was destined oftener than Mrs. Siddons to expend superlative genius on the acting of indifferent dramas. It is true that she sometimes turned this misfortune into the means of creating additional astonishment. Where there was little or no poetry, she made it for herself; and might be said to have become at once both the dramatist and the actress. Where but a hint of a fine situation was given, she caught up the vague conception, and produced it in a shape that was at once ample and defined; and, with the surliest text to justify the outpouring of her own radiant and fervid spirit, she turned into a glowing picture what she had found but a comparative blank.

Much, however, as we may wonder at this high degree of theatrical art, I doubt if its practice would be desirable, as a general advantage, either to the actor's profession or to dramatic poetry. Actors, in parts beneath their powers, are, after all, only like musicians performing on instruments unworthy of their skill. They overcome us, it is true, with wonder and delight. I have heard the inspired Newtonian draw musical sounds from a common parish-church organ, which, under any other touch than his own, was about as musical as the bell overhead that summoned the parishioners. But this did not prevent me from devoutly wishing that I had heard him perform on the Haarlem organ.

The stage-artist's inspiration ought never to depend on shining by its own light; for it never can be perfect, unless it meets and kindles with the correspondent inspiration of poetry. The temporary triumph which this marvellous acting affords to indifferent plays, is unjust to the truly poetical drama and perplexing to popular taste. Mrs. Siddons' *Margaret of Anjou*, for instance, I dare say, persuaded half her spectators that Franklin's "Earl of Warwick" was a noble poem. The reading man, who had seen the piece at night adorned by her acting, would, no doubt, next morning, on perusal, find that her performance alone had given splendor to the meteor; but the unreading spectator would probably take her acting for the "Earl of Warwick" a tragedy as good as any of Shakspeare's.

The most pleasing points, therefore, in Mrs. Siddons' history, are her returns to the plays of Shakspeare. She chose the part of *Lady Macbeth* for her second benefit this season, February 2, 1785.*

I regard the tragedy of "Macbeth," upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look, as Britons, on Greek sculpture and Italian paintings, with an humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but, in the drama, we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakspeare: and, of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy, "Macbeth" has no parallel, till we go back to the "Prometheus and the Furies" of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakspeare's and of Æschylus' style—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that, unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose only from the consanguinity of nature.

In one respect, the tragedy of "Macbeth" always reminds me of Æschylus' poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to Æschylus, when the Titan Promethus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains! Or when the ghost of Clytemnestry rushes into Apollo's Temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies! I wish to imagine these scenes: I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted.

In like manner, there are parts of "Macbeth" which I delight to read much more than to see in the theatre. When the drum of the Scottish army is heard on the wild heath, and when I fancy it advancing, with its bowmen in front, and its spears and banners in the distance, I am always disappointed with *Maibeth's* entrance, at the head of a few kilted actors. Perhaps more effect might be given to this scene by stage preparation; though with the science of stage-effect I can pretend to little acquaintance. But, be that as it may, I strongly suspect that the appearance of the *Weird Sisters* is too wild and poetical for the possibility of its being ever duly acted in a theatre. Even with the exquisite music of Lock, the orgies of the *Witches* at their boiling cauldron is a burlesque and revolting exhibition. Could any stage contrivance make it seem sublime? No! I think it defies theatrical art to render it half so welcome as when we read it by the *mere* light of our own imaginations. Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in referring from these remarks to my first assertion, that, all in all, "Macbeth" is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry. With the exception of the *Weird Sisters*, it is not only admirably suited for stage representation, but it has given the widest scope to the greatest powers of British acting. It was restored to our theatre by Garrick, with much fewer alterations than have generally mutilated the plays of Shakspeare. For two-thirds of a century before Garrick's time, "Macbeth" had been worse than banished from the stage: for it had been acted with D'Avenant's alterations, produced in 1672, in which every original beauty was either awkwardly disguised or arbitrarily omitted. Yet, so ignorant were Englishmen, that "The Tatler" quotes Shakspeare's "Macbeth" from D'Avenant's alteration of it; and when Quin heard of Garrick's intention to restore the original, he asked with astonishment, "Have I not all this time been acting Shakspeare's play?"

Lady Macbeth, though not so intensely impassioned as *Constance*, is a more important character in the tragedy to which she belongs. She is a larger occupant of our interest on the stage, and a more full and finished poetical creation. The part accordingly proved, as might have been expected, Mrs. Siddons' master-piece. It was an era in one's life to have seen her in it. She was Tragedy personified.

Mrs. Siddons has left, in her Memoranda, the following

"*Remarks on the Character of Lady Macbeth.*

"In this astonishing creature one sees a woman in whose bosom the passion of ambition has almost obliterated all the characteristics of human nature; in whose composition are associated all the subjugating powers of intellect, and all the charms and graces of personal beauty. You will probably not agree with me as to the character of that beauty; yet, perhaps, this difference of opinion will be entirely attributable to the difficulty of your imagination disengaging itself from that idea of the person of her representative which you have been so long accustomed to contemplate. According to my notion, it is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex,—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile.

'Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head.'

Such a combination only, respectable in energy and strength of mind, and captivating in feminine loveliness, could have composed a charm of such potency as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable, so honorable as *Macbeth*,—to seduce him to brave all the dangers of the present and all the terrors of a future world; and we are constrained, even while we abhor his crimes, to pity the infatuated victim of such a thraldom. His letters, which have informed her of the predictions of those preternatural beings who accosted him on the heath, have lighted up into daring and desperate determinations all those pernicious slumbering fires which the enemy of man is ever watchful to awaken in the bosoms of his unwary victims. To his direful suggestions she is so far from offering the least opposition, as not only to yield up her soul to them, but moreover to invoke the sightless ministers of remorseless cruelty to extinguish in her breast all those compunctious visitings of nature which otherwise might have been mercifully interposed to counteract, and perhaps eventually to overcome, their unholy instigations. But having impiously delivered herself up to the excitements of hell, the pitifulness of heaven itself is withdrawn from her, and she is abandoned to the guidance of the demons whom she has invoked.

"Here I cannot resist a little digression, to observe how sweetly contrasted with the conduct of this splendid fiend is that of the noble, single-minded *Banquo*. He, when under the same species of temptation, having been alarmed, as it appears, by some wicked suggestions of the *Weird Sisters* in his last night's dream, puts up an earnest prayer to heaven to have these cursed thoughts restained in him, '*which nature gives way to in repose.*' Yes, even as to that time when he is not accountable either for their access or continuance, he remembers the precept, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'

"To return to the subject. *Lady Macbeth*, thus adorned with every fascination of mind and person, enters for the first time, reading a part of one of those portentous letters from her husband. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned with desire to question them further, they made themselves into thin air, into which they vanished. While I stood wrapped in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor,' by which title, before these sisters had saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with '*Hail, king that shall be!*' This I have thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell!' Now vaulting ambition and intrepid daring rekindle in a moment all the splendors of her dark blue eyes. She fatally resolves that *Glamis* and *Cawdor* shall be also thine, at which the mysterious agents of the Evil One have promised. She then proceeds to the investigation of her husband's character:

'Yet I do fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily. Wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou dost have great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do if thou have it!*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.'

"In this development, we find that, though ambitious, he is yet amiable, conscientious, nay, pious; and yet of a temper so irresolute and fluctuating as to require all the efforts, all the excitement which her uncontrollable spirit and her unbounded influence over him can perform. She continues—

'Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.'

"Shortly *Macbeth* appears. He announces the king's approach; and she, insensible it should seem to all the perils which he has encountered in battle, and to all the happiness of his safe return to her,—for not one kind word of greeting or congratulation does she offer—is so entirely swallowed up by the horrible design, which has probably been suggested to her by his letters, as to have entirely forgotten both the one and the other. It is very remarkable that *Macbeth* is frequent in expressions of tenderness to his wife, while she never betrays one symptom of affection towards him, till, in the fiery furnace of affliction, her iron heart is melted down to softness. For the present, she flies to welcome the venerable gracious *Duncan*, with such a show of eagerness as if allegiance in her bosom sat crowned with devotion and gratitude.

"THE SECOND ACT.

"There can be no doubt that *Macbeth*, in the first instance, suggested his design of assassinating the king, and it is probable that he has invited his gracious sovereign to his castle, in order the more speedily and expeditiously to realize the dire thought, '*whose murder, though but yet fantastical, so shook his single state of man.*' Yet, on the arrival of the amiable monarch who had so honored him of late, his naturally benevolent and good feelings resume their wonted power. He then solemnly communes with his heart, and after much powerful reasoning upon the danger of the undertaking, calling to mind that *Duncan*, his king, of the mildest virtues, and his kinsman, lay as his guest, all those accumulated determents, with the violated rights of sacred hospitality bringing up the rear, rising all at once in terrible array to his awakened conscience, he relinquishes the atrocious purpose, and wisely determines to proceed no farther in the business. But, now, behold his evil-genius, his grave-charm, appears, and by the force of her revilings, her contemptuous taunts, and, above all, by her opprobrious aspersion of cowardice, chases the gathering drops of humanity from his breast, drives before him her impetuous and destructive career all those kindly charities, those impressions of loyalty, and pity, and gratitude, which, but the moment before, had taken full possession of his mind. She says:

'I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out,—had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.'

"Even here, horrific as she is, she shows herself made by ambition, but not by nature, a perfectly savage creature. The very use of such a tender allusion in the midst of her dreadful language, persuades one unequivocally that she has really felt the maternal yearnings of a mother towards her babe, and that she considered this action the most enormous that ever required the strength of human nerves for its perpetration. Her language to *Macbeth* is the most potently eloquent that gulf could use. It is only in soliloquy that she invokes the powers of hell to unsex her. To her husband she avows, and the naturalness of her language makes us believe her, that she had felt the instinct of filial as well as maternal love. But she makes her very virtues the means of a taunt to her lord—'You have the milk of human kindness in your heart,' she says (in substance) to him, 'but ambition, which is my ruling passion, would be also yours if you had courage. With a hankering desire to suppress, if you could, all your weaknesses of sympathy, you are too cowardly to will the deed, and can only dare to wish it. You speak of sympathies and feeling. I too have felt with a tenderness which your sex cannot know; but I am resolute in my ambition to trample on all that obstructs my way to a crown. Look to me, and be ashamed of your weakness!' Absolved, perhaps, to find his own courage humbled before this unimaginable instance of female fortitude, he at last screws up his courage to the sticking-place, and binds up each corporal agent to this terrible feat. It is the dead of night. The gracious *Duncan*, now shut up in measureless content, reposes sweetly, while the restless spirit of wickedness resolves that he shall wake no more. The daring fiend, whose pernicious potions have stupefied his attendants, and who even laid their daggers ready,—her own spirit, as it seems, exalted by the power of wine, proceeds, 'That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,' now enters the gallery in eager expectation of the results of her diabolical diligence. In the tremendous suspense of these moments, while she recollects her habitual humanity, one trait of tender feeling is expressed, 'Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it.' Her humanity vanishes, however, in the same instant; for when she observes that *Macbeth*, in the terror and confusion of his faculties, has brought the daggers from the place where they had agreed they should remain for the crimination of the grooms, she exhorts him to return with them to that place, and to smear those attendants of the sovereign with blood. He, shuddering, exclaims, 'I'll go no more! I am afear'd to think of what I have done. Look on't again I dare not.'

"Then instantaneously the solitary particle of her human feeling is swallowed up in her remorseless ambition, and wrenching the daggers from the feeble grasp of her husband, she finishes the act which the infirm of purpose had not courage to complete, and calmly and steadily returns to her accomplice with the fiend-like boast,

'My hands are of your color;
But I would scorn to wear a heart so white.'

"A knocking at the gate interrupts this terrific dialogue; and all that now occupies her mind is urging him to wash his hands and put on his nightgown, '*lest occasion call*,' says she, '*and show us to be the watchers.*' In a deplorable depravation of all rational knowledge, and lost to every recollection except that of his enormous guilt, she hurries him away to their own chamber.

"THE THIRD ACT.

"The golden round of royalty now crowns her brow, and royal robes enfold her form; but the peace that passeth all understanding is lost to her for ever, and the worm that never dies already gnaws her heart.

'Nought's had—all's spent,
Where our desire is had without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.'

"Under the impression of her present wretchedness, I, from this moment, have always assumed the dejection of countenance and manners which I thought accordant to such a state of mind; and, though the author of this sublime composition has not, it must be acknowledged, given any direction whatever to authorize this assumption, yet I venture to hope that he would not have disapproved of it. It is evident, indeed, by her conduct in the scene which succeeds the mournful soliloquy, that she is no longer the presumptuous, the determined creature that she was before the assassination of the king: for instance, on the approach of her husband, we behold for the first time striking indications of sensibility, nay tenderness and sympathy; and I think this conduct is nobly followed up by her during the whole of their subsequent eventful intercourse. It is evident, I think, that the sad and new experience of affliction has subdued the insolence of her pride and the violence of her will; for she comes now to seek him out, that she may at least participate his misery. She knows, by her own woful experience, the torment which he undergoes, and endeavors to alleviate his sufferings by the following inefficient reasonings:

'How now, my lord—why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on. Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done.'

"Far from her former habits of reproach and contemptuous taunting, you perceive that she now listens to his complaints with sympathizing feelings; and, so far from adding to the weight of his affliction the burthen of her own, she endeavors to conceal it from him with the most delicate and unremitting attention. But it is in vain; as we may observe in this beautiful and mournful dialogue with the physician on the subject of his curious malady: 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased!' etc. You now hear no more of her chidings and reproaches. No; all her thoughts are now directed to divert his from those sorrest fancies, by turning him to the approaching banquet, and to inforting him to conciliate the good will and good thoughts of his guests, by receiving them with a disengaged air, and cordial, bright, and jovial demeanor. Yes; smothering her sufferings in the deepest recesses of her own wretched bosom, we cannot but perceive that she devotes herself entirely to the effort of supporting him.

"Let it be here recollected, as some palliation of her former very different deportment, that she had probably been, at this period, commanded all around her with a high hand; had unintentionally, perhaps, in that splendid station, enjoyed all that wealth, all that nature had to bestow; that she had, possibly, no directors, no controllers, and that in womanhood her fascinated lord had never once opposed her inclinations. But now her new-born relentings, under the rod of chastisement, prompt her to make palpable efforts in order to support the spirits of her weaker, and, I must say, more selfish husband. Yes; in gratitude for his unbounded affection, and in compassion for all his sufferings, she suppresses the anguish of her heart, and while that anguish is precipitating her into the grave which at this moment is yawning to receive her.

"THE BANQUET.

"Surrounded by their court, in all the apparent ease and self-complacency of which their wretched souls are destitute, they are now seated at the royal banquet; and although, through the greater part of this scene, *Lady Macbeth* affects to resume her wonted domination over her husband, yet, notwithstanding all this self-control, her mind must even then be agonized by the complicated pangs of terror and remorse. For, what imagination can conceive her tremors, lest at every succeeding moment the terrors known by applying the *single state of man* to her crimes, I have imagined that the last appearance of *Banquo's* ghost became no less visible to her eyes than it became to those of her husband. Yes, the spirit of the noble *Banquo* has smilingly filled up, even to overflowing, and now commends to her own lips the ingredients of her poisoned chalice.

"THE FIFTH ACT.

"Behold her now, with wasted form, with wan and haggard countenance, her starry eyes glazed with the ever-burning fever of remorse, and on their lids the shadow of death. Her ever-restless spirit wanders in troubled dreams about her dismal apartment; and, whether waking or asleep, the smell of innocent blood incessantly haunts her imagination:

'Here's the smell of the blood still.
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
This little hand.'

"How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of *Macbeth*, in expressing the same feeling!

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood
Clean from this hand?'

And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!

"During this appalling scene, which, to my sense, is the most so of them all, the wretched creature, in imagination, acts over again the accumulated horrors of her whole conduct. Those dreadful images, accompanied with the agitations they have induced, have obviously accelerated her untimely end; for in a few moments the tidings of her death are brought to her unhappy husband. It is conjectured that she died by her own hand. Too certain it is, that she dies, and makes no sign. I have now to account to you for the weakness which I have a few lines back, ascribed to *Macbeth*; and I am not quite without hope that the following observervations will bear me out in my opinion. Please to observe, that he (I must think, pusillanimously, when I compare his conduct to her forbearance) has been continually pouring out his miseries to his wife. His heart has therefore been eased, from time to time, by unloading its weight of wo; while she, on the contrary, has perseveringly endured in silence the uttermost anguish of a wounded spirit.

'This grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.'

"Her feminine nature, her delicate structure, it is too evident, are soon overwhelmed by the enormous pressure of her crimes. Yet it will be granted, that she gives proofs of a naturally higher-toned mind than that of *Macbeth*. The different physical powers of the two sexes are finely delineated, in the different effects which their mutual crimes produce. Her feeble frame, and keener feelings, have now sunk under the struggle—his robust and less sensitive constitution has not only resisted it, but bears him on to deeper wickedness, and to experience the fatal fecundity of crime.

'For mine own good—all causes shall give way.
I am in blood so far st-ep'd in, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

Henceforth, accordingly, he perpetrates horrors to the day of his doom.

"In one point of view, at least, this guilty pair extort from us, in spite of ourselves, a certain respect and approbation. Their grandeur of character sustains them both above recrimination (the despicable accustomed resort of vulgar minds) in adversity; for the wretched husband, though almost impelled into this gulf of destruction by the instigations of his wife, feels no abatement of his love for her; while she, on her part, appears to have known no tenderness for him, till, with a heart bleeding at every pore, she beholds in him the miserable victim of their mutual ambition. Unlike the first frail pair in Paradise, they spent not the fruitless hours in mutual accusation."

Mrs. Siddons had played *Lady Macbeth* in the provincial theatres many years before she attempted the character in London. Adverting to the first time this part was allotted to her, she says, "It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic care and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of *Lady Macbeth*. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to my cost, I went on with tolerable comfort, in the silence of the night, (a night I never can forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room, in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped the candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.

"About six years afterward I was called upon to act the same character in London. By this time I had perceived the difficulty of assuming a personage with whom no one feeling of community of natural nature was congenial or assistant. One's own heart could prompt one to express, with some degree of truth, the sentiments of a mother, a daughter, a wife, a lover, a sister, etc., but to adopt this character must be an effort of the judgment alone.

"Therefore it was with the utmost diffidence, nay, terror, that I undertook it, and with the traditional fear of Mrs. Pritchard's reputation in it before my eyes. The dreaded first night at length arrived, when, just as I had finished my toilet, and was pondering with fearfulness my first appearance in the grand fiendish part, comes Mr. Sheridan, knocking at my door, and insisting, in spite of all my entreaties not to be interrupted at this to me tremendous moment, to be admitted. He would not be denied admittance; for he pressed so hard upon the circumstance upon which so deeply concerned my own interest, that it was of the most serious nature. Well, after much squabbling, I was compelled to admit him, that I might dismiss him the sooner, and compose myself before the play began. But, what was my distress and astonishment, when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping scene. He told me had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and, when I urged the impracticability of washing out that '*damned spot*,' with the vehemence that was certainly implied by both her own words and by those of her gentlewoman, he insisted that if I did put the candle out of my hand, it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in her. My mind, however, was made up, and it was then too late to make me alter it; for it was too agitated to adopt another method. My deference for Mr. Sheridan's taste and judgment was, however, so great, that, had he proposed the alteration while it was possible for me to change my own plan, I should have yielded to his suggestion; though, even then, it would have been against my own opinion, and my observation of the accuracy with which somnambulists perform all the acts of waking persons. The scene, of course, was acted as I had resolved it; and the judgment of Sheridan, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me, after the play, and most ingenuously congratulated me on my obstinacy. When he was gone out of the room, I began to undress; and, while standing up before my glass, and taking off my mantle, a diverting circumstance occurred to chase away the feelings of the anxious night; for, while I was repeating, and endeavoring to call to mind the appropriate tone and action to the following words, 'Heaven on this (meaning my husband's breast) cry!' my dresser innocently exclaimed, 'Dear me, ma'am, how very hysterical you are to-night; I protest and vow, ma'am, it was not blood, but rose-pink and water; for I saw the property-man mix it up with my own eyes.'"

* List of the parts in the performance of "Macbeth," Feb. 2, 1785: *Macbeth*, Smith; *Macduff*, Brereton; *Banquo*, Dunlop; *Hecate*, Parsons, *Moody*, and Baddeley.

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WET NURSE—A healthy Mulatress, with a fine Breast of Milk; is of the best character and standing; can be had for a few months, if immediate application is made to 25 Bank Place. f14

LOST—A note drawn by E. J. Hart & Co. in favor of E. L. Hyams, dated St Amare, 1850, and payable in March, 1851; amount, twelve hundred dollars. Payment has been stopped, and the public are cautioned against negotiating it. A suitable reward will be paid for its delivery to E. L. HYAMS, or
ja 10 E. J. HART & CO. 79 Toulouptoulas st.

CISTERNS AND PACKING BOXES made to order, and Jobbing done by
d3 1y ea JOHN H. BEHAN, 125 Camp st. near Julia.

ITALIAN SILK VELVET—4 pieces superfine Italian Silk Velvet, for sale by
ja6 BARELLI & CO. 61 Common st.

FAMILY FLOUR—300 bbls. Albion Extra, in store and for sale by
ja22 FERD. KENNETT & CO. 93 Magazine st.

SUPERFINE FLOUR—300 barrels Planters' Mills, in store and for sale by
ja22 FERD. KENNETT & CO. 93 Magazine st.

CASTOR OIL—18 barrels Adam's Castor Oil, St. Louis, in store and for sale by
ja22 FERD. KENNETT & CO. 93 Magazine st.

FRESH LEMONS AND ORANGES—6000 boxes, landing and for sale by
ja22 BARELLI & CO.

JUJUBE PASTE—20 cases Jujube Paste, Lemon and Rose flavored, just received, for sale by
ja22 P. L. MASSEY, Druggist and Apothecary, corner Camp and Gravier sts

GUM ARABIC LOZENGES—500 lbs. Gum Arabic Lozenges, in fine order, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
ja22 P. L. MASSEY, corner Camp and Gravier sts.

TOOTH BRUSHES—500 doz. assorted patterns for sale by
ja22 P. L. MASSEY, corner Camp and Gravier sts.

WHISKY—50 barrels for sale by
ja28 I. W. ARTHUR & CO. 25 and 29 New Levee.

MUSIC.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE.
29 CAMP STREET.

E. A. TYLER has on hand and is constantly receiving a PIANO FORTES, from the justly celebrated Manufactories of Hallet, Davis & Co. Boston; John H. Dunham, New York; Nunns & Clark, do.; and Jas. H. Gravenites, New York; also, 2 Paris PIANOS. Orders received for the HORST'S PATENT IRON PIANOS, to be delivered in turn as fast as received from the factory. These Pianos are decidedly the best Piano now in use, particularly for the country, where *Tuners can seldom be had*, as they will stand longer and in better tune than any other Piano. These Pianos have an independent rim or case, which can be removed in a moment, there being no connection between the Piano and the outer case. MELODEONS, GUITARS, VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS, FLUTES, and all other Musical Instruments, constantly on hand and for sale at low prices. SHEET MUSIC for Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute, etc. Also, INSTRUCTION BOOKS for all musical instruments. A Liberal Discount to Dealers, Teachers and all those sending large orders.....All orders promptly attended to. E. A. TYLER.
ja28 1m

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The subscribers would respectfully request your attention to their large and extensive stock of Music and Musical Merchandise of every description; and also to their well selected assortment of Piano Fortes, from the factories of the first makers in the United States and Europe.

Strings for Violin, Guitar, Harp, Violoncello, Double Bass, etc. Guitar Pins, Pegs, Screws, etc.

Violins, Flutes, Flageolets, Accordeons, Brass instruments for Bands, Tambourines, Bagnos, Drums, etc. etc.

Piano Forte Wire, Tuning Hammers, Forks, etc. etc. and every article connected with the Music Business.

Orders for Music and Musical Instruments will be promptly attended to.

A liberal discount made to dealers and professors, and to seminaries.

Second Hand Pianos bought, and taken in part payment for new ones.

All the new Music received from the North as soon as published.

The entire Music Department will be under the charge of Mr. H. D. Hewitt.... New Orleans, Jan. Oct. 26.
E. A. TYLER.
H. D. HEWITT.
oct8 dtf3t W4t

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

J. O. ANDERSON, No. 17 St. Charles street. Watches, Chronometers and Nautical Instruments accurately adjusted. Philosophical and Electrical Apparatus made to order and repaired. 60-hour Chronometers altered to run 56 hours. d25 1y

M. H. MEYER, No. 100 Camp street, Watchmaker and Jeweler in JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, FANCY ARTICLES, and WATCHES. All Jewelry articles repaired at moderate prices. m15

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, etc.—YOUNG & CO, No. 8 Camp street, have at all times on hand a complete assortment of articles in the above commodities. WATCHES of the finest Jean manufacturers, in Gold and Silver, hunting and open face cases. Patent Lever, Lepine, Roskopf, Repeaters, full and jewelled, full plate and three-quarters plate movements, and all sizes. Gentlemen's Watches, plain, engraved, enameled, and the same with Diamonds—all of which are fully warranted for time and quality.

Ladies' CHAINS of the newest patterns.

Gentlemen's Guard, Fob and Vest CHAINS.

SPECTACLES, Gold, Silver and Steel, for all sights.

Diamond Pins, Ear Rings, Finger and Ring—very cheap.

Ladies' Breastpins and Ear Rings—a large assortment.

Gold Pens, in Gold and Silver Holders, Pencils warranted.

Plated Rings, other Rings, Wedding Rings, plain Gold Rings.

Gold and Silver Thimbles, Shoes, Collar and Sleeve Buttons.

SILVER-WARE, warranted pure as coin, Tea and Dessert Spoons, patterns, consisting of Table and Tea, Dessert, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Tea and Dessert Forks; Soup Ladles, Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs.

Gilt and Silver Spectacles, and Spectacle Silver Cups.

PLATED WARE, consisting of Castors, Candlesticks, etc.

Marble CLOCKS, of black, white and gray Marble.

Time Pieces, Office Clocks, with Bells, Striking Chimes.

☞ Citizens and strangers visiting the city are respectfully invited to examine the above stock before purchasing elsewhere, as the whole is of the finest quality, and to be executed by any house in the trade, and at moderate prices.

☞ Particular attention given to repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. Commissioned and Diamonds tested. ot 30

DENTISTRY.

DENTAL NOTICE—The Copartnership heretofore existing between F. H., C. S. & J. S. Knapp is dissolved by mutual consent.
F. H. & C. S. Knapp and I. Chandler, may be consulted at the old stand, 104 Common street, corner of St. Charles.

J. S. Knapp may be consulted at his new office and residence, No. 10 Bayonne street, near Canal.

They give particular attention to the preservation of Carious Teeth, millions of which are now annually lost for want of timely and judicious treatment. They are also prepared to insert Artificial Teeth according to the latest improvements in the art, either fastened by atmospheric pressure or clasps, and with or without Artificial Gums, as the case may require. Teeth extracted without pain, under the influence of Chloroform or Letheon, with perfect safety, they having used these articles in nearly four thousand cases, successfully, and without injury to the patient. d3 m&F2d&W1y

JAMES H. SPRATLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office No. 110 St. Charles street,
Between Perdido street and Lafayette Square,
WHERE all operations on the TEETH will be performed in a scientific manner.

F. H. BADGER, DENTIST, of Tennessee, formerly of Alabama and Georgia, No. 123 Julia street, between Camp and St. Charles streets, (Thirteen Buildings,) New Orleans. n15 1m

MEDICAL CARDS.

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—BELDEN, Jas. G., M. D., 10 Carondelet st., New Orleans. ja28&W

DR. G. T. STELLE, S. B. NORTH.
DRUGS AND MEDICINES—S. B. NORTH & Co., Wholesale and Retail Drug store, No. 110 Perdido street. Fresh Vaccine Matter, direct from Boston, always on hand, at 50c per quill $1. Vaccine office up stairs; open from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. ja28 6mdh W

TAYLOR, Dr. B. F., (late of Memphis) Office 81 Canal street. d17 3m os*

DR. C. S. FENNER devotes particular attention to the treatment of DISEASES OF THE EYE. Office, 155 Gravier street, opposite the Varieties. d2 6m os

BOTANIC DRUG STORE, No. 98 Camp street, combined by DR. A. A. JONES. mh11 1y

EGYPTIAN EYE BALSAM.

DR. COHEN, having had 30 years' experience, offers the above infallible remedy for all Diseases peculiarting to the EYE. Ophthalmia, of five years' standing, cured in 11 weeks; the Tear in the Eye, of 3 years, cured in 1 week; a mist over the eye, of 3 years' being stone blind for 8 months, was restored to the sight of one eye in three weeks; a gentleman who always used specs for 25 years, by using the above drug, was enabled to read the newspaper without them by candlelight 8 hours after. Inflammation of 3 days *cured by one single drop*. It gives a lilling to the eye, and restores complete the sight.

☞ Nos. 203 Philippa street, near Davis, and 42 St. Charles st. ap17 1y

W. K. F. FRYER, INDIAN DOCTOR, formerly of Mobile, Ala., cures all curable sickness of Men, Women and Children. Residence and Office 39 Frenchmen street, Third Municipality. Office hours from 6 o'clock A. M. till 9 P. M. For further particulars, please to examine the "Daily Delta."

☞ INFORMATION TO THE PUBLIC—I do certify, upon honor, that I have treated and cured many persons in 1850, *one hundred and twenty-seven patients*, and have not lost a solitary one, many of whom having been under the treatment of the most skillful physicians in the city and country without being cured.

Given under my hand and seal of honor this day and date.
K. F. FRYER, Indian Doctor.
New Orleans, La., January 31, 1851.

Testimonial.

"For a length of time I suffered from Dropsy. Every remedy which I tried, and every physician I employed or consulted for a cure, proved of no avail, and with despair I contemplated the future. Then I read in the Louisiana State Gazette a card from Dr. Fryer, Dauphine street, No. 39, stating that he cured every species of Dropsy, and this in a very short time. As I was situated then, a man would grant at any and every expense, and so I turned to Dr. Fryer. Whatever is said in his preceding card, he has truly performed. In a short season of time I was cured, so that now I am well and in perfect good health, and, therefore, earnestly would recommend Dr. Fryer to all my former fellow-sufferers.

"Genina, near New Orleans, January 17, 1851.
fel ord "BERNARD MUNCH."

REMOVALS.

REMOVAL—JOHN WILLIAMS, Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant, has removed to 87 Gravier street. ja24

REMOVAL—J. H. SWAIN has remov