

She never appealed by her sex's gentleness, neither did this woman dazzle by the beauty others owned ; but she extorted what you could not withhold—she demanded as a queen, and you dared not deny her tribute. The most exclusive saloons were now open to her, and the noblest of France offered their homage. Chateaubriand petted her ; Récamier welcomed her with winning grace.

Her career has been reckoned from 1840 to 1856, closing in January, 1857 ; and during this long period the public gave her a loyalty that was always faithful. But those who are most exalted must expect the world to treat them as a marksman would a first-rate target. Therefore, in Rachel's case many and in quick succession were the arrows aimed. The artist only acts, said one, and the woman is devoid of feeling ! — but had they seen her after the imprecations of Camille, when, panting for breath, her large eyes would close, and her purple lips prove the fearful strength of her passion !

At this time, she appeared as Pauline in *Polycette*, but the public was not pleased with this, and it was only when she concentrated her strength in the magic words, " Je crois — je suis Chrétienne !" that her eyes kindled, and her audience felt its old inspiration.

Many incidents have been recalled to disprove her want of feeling ; but none are more touching than that at Lyons. She was at her zenith then, with two continents echoing her acclaim ; and again she trod the well-known streets, and entered the poor *café* where the chilled and trembling child first assayed her verses. She was rich and powerful now ; thousands passed through fingers ; but she only saw the faded calico dress ; she only heard the hungry cry for " two sous !" " They willingly give me a louis, now I am rich and celebrated," she said then, while assisting some charity. " They refused me two sous when I was a poor child dying of hunger !" And, with this full tide of the past sweeping her passionate heart, she sat in the little *café* near the *Théâtre Célestins*. The triumphs of the artist were forgotten, and the great burning eyes of the woman wept !

Now came the famous English tour, in all respects a triumph ; then she extended her travels to the provinces, and afterward further on the Continent. But the Parisians never liked her absence, and were always sulky on her return.