

the daughter, and even preparing the simple food with that quiet dignity which was her especial characteristic. Studying carefully, persevering indomitably, was it surprising that she could demand where others sued? "Neglect is but the fiat to an undying future," a great thinker has told us, and so those early, cruel years proved to Rachel. But though success was sweet, and the voice of applauding thousands a necessity, yet a very short time was sufficient to develop the great characteristic of her race, and the insatiable greed for gold was stronger than her strongest passion. Certain money transactions were bruited that did not redound to her honor, and many of her best friends grew cold. Then, with all the passion of a pythoness, she roused herself, and, making each endeavor stronger by her womanly antagonism, she determined to succeed despite their displeasure.

The first night of *Roxane* closed, and for the only time in her life "the woman sank dismayed at sight of unfriendly brows." This was ice to her heart, but it was the ice that quickens and intensifies the flame. So rallying with a grand courage worthy a better motive, she prepared herself for the second night. Thunders of applause repaid her, and her "*Sortes!*" brought down the house. Hers was a new school, where the rules that had once been laws were entirely disregarded. No studied declamation, no loud ranting, marred the classic beauty of her perfect rendition, but each phase was true to nature, each gesture told its part; and the actors themselves were startled by the fearful earnestness of her tones. The fiercer and more terrible passions seemed hers pre-eminently; and hatred stole the fires of hell, while jealousy incarnated the passion of devils, when her genius made them realizations. Not so much a living impersonation of characteristics, she possessed the art of waking conceptions of what might be, and, with these premonitions of the possible, she would pass onward to some newer and more sublime translation.

Never finding expression in screams, indicative always of mere surface-feeling, hers was the utterance of controlled passion, which you saw gleaming in her burning eyes, or listened to with bated breath in each whisper of her distinct voice. Her physique was very frail, but there was wonderful power in each movement; and more than any other actress has she realized the eloquence of action.