

great is the power with which the words are given that one hangs upon each pause in dreadful expectation of the next revelation, and when the actual confession is hurled at C  none, it shatters the faculties of the listener, even as it seems to blast the whole being of the woman who makes it. It contains a world of contending passions; it conveys the utmost stretch of tragic horror, the depth of remorse, the ecstasy of martyrdom, and, with all this, a cunning triumph in the fact that Ph  dre has not herself spoken her infamous secret, but has left it to be put into the shamelessness of words by C  none. Mlle. Bernhardt's delivery of Racine's verse is admirably limpid, and her diction confers upon the text its full value, while her electrical bursts of passion are full of stirring power. She has elaborated what was at first a fine and original conception into a finished and magnificent piece of acting. In contrast, or, perhaps, as complimentary to the fiery passion of Ph  dre we may refer to the penetrating pathos of Berthe in M. de Bornier's fine play of *La Fille de Roland*, and to the mingled dignity, tenderness, and passion of Donna Sol in Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, and the heroine in Voltaire's tragedy of *Zaire*. In each of these parts the actress's genius revealed itself under new conditions, and therefore under a new form, and in them the spontaneousness and absolute identification with the character represented are to be seen in a marked degree. In Dumas' *l'  trang  re*, she gave life and consistency to a character which is, as written, incomprehensible and impossible, and delivered a long tirade, which is tedious and affected enough in itself, with a skill and power that raised the author's ill-considered sayings to eloquence. It may be said, in fine, of Mlle. Bernhardt, that there is nothing which, as an actress, she has touched that she has not adorned.