

CHAPTER V.

THERE was nothing surprising in Hazlewood's success as an actor. He had all the exterior qualifications for his art, personal beauty, grace and majesty of bearing. He had also all the requisite mental powers, intellectual mobility, quick sympathy, clearness of vision, imagination and self confidence. The actor's life by its excitement and applause supplied to him, as no other profession could, that continual stimulus which his nature required. From his first entrance upon it therefore, he trod the stage with a firm step, the step of a master. His rise was rapid. In a few years he was at the head of his profession. His pieces ran on for hundreds of nights. The old Tragedy Theatre in the Strand, which he had renovated and made his own, was crowded nightly. Statesmen, musicians, poets, sculptors, sat in wonder at the youthful hero who seemed the embodiment of their dreams of greatness and beauty. Their souls were