

magnificent cloud-effects in the sky behind the towers of the Houses of Parliament. The rooms were exquisitely fitted up in Moorish style and luxury. Rich lamps, odd little windows dimmed with the gorgeous emblaznry of jewelled glass, art treasures and curios, life-size statues here and there of the Greek Gods, oriental rugs and draperies, and pastilles burning faintly with glow-worm light in the recesses of the silent rooms, were more like a dream of the Arabian nights than a modern abode in the metropolis. After the play on the night in question, Hazlewood took me home with him to supper. He had been a splendid success. Never had I seen him, and I often ran up from Beaconshurst to "The Tragedy," to be fired and stimulated by a brief admission to hero-land, never had I seen him in better form. I had sat there entranced. The audience were enthusiastic. They hung upon his every word, they strained their eyes to catch his every gesture. He was rapturously applauded after the last act, much to my delight, as I looked down in admiration on the knightly figure, and thought of our boyhood and how intimately we had known each other, then and in the