

and an occasional visit to London. Hazlewood appeared to enjoy the quiet, he lounged about on the grass or lay in the hammock and smoked, almost all day. In the house, his manners were charming. His popularity at Oxford had not spoilt him. He came into our family circle and took his place as though he were one of us. He played and romped with the children, and told them stories. With the girls he was always on the best of terms. His manner towards them was courteous and hearty, and though the long country walks which he took with them, he must often have found very dull, he never by word or look appeared bored by their unsophisticated conversation. My father took great delight in talking over college life with him, for my father was himself an Oxford man; and into the deepest questions of politics and theology, the good man's pet subjects, Hazlewood entered with a judgment and originality quite amazing. Not infrequently after dinner, I have allowed the two to go off by themselves into the library, to look up undisturbed the passages and authorities, to which reference had been made during the day. But his manner towards my mother,