

CHAPTER III.

THE next summer I remember very well, on account of an outbreak of cholera which came from the Continent, and did great havoc in our large cities, and caused some deaths and much anxiety in the country villages. Hazlewood ran down to see us for a few days in the middle of July. He had just taken his degree, and his mind was much troubled at times as to his future course. He had sufficient private income to enable him to live in tolerable comfort, so that he looked upon a profession rather as an opportunity for work, than as a means of earning his living. Our home was in Essex, in a small rural parish not far from London. It was not on the line of railway, a fact which added to the primitive condition of the place and to its isolation. I have often wondered how my father, active man that he was, could have spent thirty-six years in it without any longer change than a fortnight's holiday in the summer,