

not tell, unless it were that, our natures being complete opposites, each supplied to the other what that other lacked in himself. Hazlewood was to me the living embodiment of the spirit of poesy and ideality. Doubtless my prosaic and more commonplace nature he found restful. An ardent spirit, I have frequently observed, cannot brook contradiction, or even enthusiasm in opposite lines of thought, in others. Hence men of genius nearly always choose for their closest friends those who by nature are receptive rather than initiative. The favour of conferring friendship was all on his side—I was so carried away by the splendour of his imagination, and the knightliness of his disposition, and a subtle grace that won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, that I would as soon have parted with my right hand as have forfeited the friendship of one so attractive. Yet there was an element of weakness in his nature. His mental organization was too fine; it predominated over his bodily in too great a degree. When the mood was upon him, he could do anything, but the mood would quickly pass and his powers were gone. It might have been said of his spirit, that it was like