

tance of ten miles from Corizo enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semi-circle, and this enclosed by high banks of shale and fine white clay. The petrified stumps, limbs, and, in fact, whole trees, lie about on all sides; the action of the waters for hundreds of years have gradually washed away the high hills roundabouts, and the trees that once covered the high table-lands now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction, and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance, for all the world, of having been just cut down by the woodman's axe, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan and Pennsylvania. Many of the small particles, and even the whole heart of some trees, are now become thoroughly crystallized, and the beautiful colored cubes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds. Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst color would pass the eye of a novice for the real stone. The grain of the wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen, making the pieces more beautiful than ever.—*Albuquerque Journal*.

CHARLES LAMB.

"I do not know whether Lamb had any Oriental blood in his veins, but certainly the most marked complexional characteristic of his head was a Jewish look, which pervaded every portion of it, even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and the black and crispy hair standing off loosely from the head, as if every single hair was independent of the rest. The nose, too, was large and slightly hooked, and the chin rounded and elevated to correspond. There was altogether a Rabbinical look about Lamb's head, which was at once striking and impressive.

"Thus much of form chiefly. In point of intellectual character and expression, a finer face was never seen, nor one more fully, however vaguely, corresponding with the mind whose features it interpreted. There was the gravity usually engendered by a life passed in book-learning, without the slightest tinge of that assumption and affectation which almost always attend the gravity so engendered; the intensity and elevation of general expression that mark high genius, without any of its pretension and its oddity; the sadness waiting on fruitless thoughts and baffled aspirations, but no evidence of that spirit of scorning and contempt which these are apt to engender. Above all, there was a pervading sweetness and gentleness which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on it; and not the less so, perhaps, that it bore about it an air, a something, seeming to tell that it was not *put on*—for nothing would be more unjust than to tax Lamb with assuming anything, even a virtue, which he did not possess—but preserved and persevered in, spite of opposing and contradictory feelings within, that struggled in vain for mastery. It was a thing to remind you of that painful smile which bodily disease and agony will sometimes put on, to conceal their sufferings from the observation of those they love.

"His head might have belonged to a full-sized person, but it was set upon a figure so *petite* that it took an appearance of inappropriate largeness by comparison. This was the only striking peculiarity in the *ensemble* of his figure; in other respects it was pleasing and well formed, but so slight and delicate as to bear the appearance of extreme spareness, as if of a man air-fed, instead of one

rejoicing in the proverbial predilection for 'roast pig.' The only defect of the figure was that the legs were too slight even for the slight body."—*From Personal Traits of British Authors*.

HAZLITT.

"For depth, force, and variety of intellectual expression, a finer head and face than Hazlitt's was never seen. I speak of them when his countenance was not dimmed and obscured by illness or clouded and deformed by those fearful indications of internal passion which he never even attempted to conceal. The expression of Hazlitt's face when anything was said in his presence that seriously offended him, or when any peculiarly painful recollection passed across his mind, was truly awful, more so than can be conceived as within the capacity of the human countenance, except, perhaps, by those who have witnessed Edmund Kean's last scene of 'Sir Giles Overreach' from the front row of the pit. But when he was in good health, and in a tolerable humor with himself and the world, his face was more truly and entirely answerable to the intellect that spoke through it than any other I ever saw, either in life or on canvas; and its crowning portion, the brow, and forehead, was, to my thinking, quite unequalled for mingled capacity and beauty."

"For those who desire a more particular description, I will add that Hazlitt's features, though not cast in any received classical mold, were regular in their formation, perfectly consonant with each other, and so finely 'chiseled' (as the phrase is), that they produced a much more prominent and striking effect than their scale of size might have led one to expect. The forehead, as I have hinted, was magnificent; the nose precisely that (combining strength with lightness and elegance) which physiognomists have assigned as evidence of a fine and highly cultivated taste; though there was a peculiar character about the nostrils, like that observable in those of a fiery and unruly horse. The mouth, from its ever-changing form and character, could scarcely be described, except as to its astonishingly varied power of expression, which was equal to and greatly resembled that of Edmund Kean. His eyes, I should say, were not good. They were never brilliant, and there was a furtive and at times a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their over-hanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression to those who did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly toward you; as if he were afraid you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you. His head was nobly formed and placed; with (until the last few years of his life) a profusion of coal-black hair, richly curled; and his person was of the middle height, rather slight, but well-formed and put together.

"Yet all these advantages were worse than thrown away, by the strange and ungainly manner that at times accompanied them. Hazlitt entered a room as if he had been brought back to it in custody; he shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat himself down upon one corner of it, dropped his hat and his eyes upon the floor, and, after having exhausted his stock of conventional small talk in the words, 'It's a fine day' (whether it was or not), seemed to resign himself moodily to his fate. And if the talk did not take a turn that aroused or pleased him, thus he would sit, silent and self-absorbed, for half an hour, or half a minute, as the case might be, and then get up suddenly, with a 'Well, good-morning,' shuffle back to the door, and blunder his way out, audibly muttering curses on his folly for wittingly putting himself in the way of becoming the laughing stock of the servants!"—*Personal Traits of British Authors, by Edward T. Mason*.