

BIOGRAPHY.

JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, a well-known contributor to, and editor of, various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and, in person, is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp, angular, and his eye of a grayish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and, with keen sensibility, he often writes, under the impulse of the moment, articles which his cooler judgment condemns. His *Caudle Lectures* have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and a grandfather.

MACAULAY.

The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic proportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body. His face is literally instinct with expression; his eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks along the street, he seems in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems, or analytical criticisms, were a part of his daily and intellectual food.

BAILEY.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Nottingham, England, says: "I have seen Bailey, the author of 'Festus.' His father is proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick-set sort of a man; of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark, and his years about eight and thirty. He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in America, of which he seems very proud. In England it has only reached its third edition, while eight or nine have been published in the United States."

DE QUINCEY.

He is one of the smallest-legged, smallest-bodied, and most attenuated effigies of the human form divine, that one could find in a crowded city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are neither fashionably cut, nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerable rough idea of De Quincey. But then his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back part of his head, and his light grey eyes that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most obtruse logic, are something that you would search a week to find the mates to, and you would be disappointed. De Quincey now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, where an affectionate daughter watches over him, and where he is the wonder of the country people for miles around.

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine has a fine head, physiologically speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar or Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and, like other men, he chooses to sink the shop, at least when he sits for his portrait.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is, like a general or a poet, born—not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for, after a display of brilliancy, brief, but grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the Times to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me; but very few of them of common sense." The

"Thunderers" in the Times, therefore, have so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D'Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips succeeded, and DeLane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper—he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines: and, to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.—*London D. Post.*

—The *New York Home Journal* says:—"We observe, this winter, a gradual improvement and return to common sense, in the mode and article of apparel. The laws of our physical nature and our climate, require us to dress in heavy and warm material—particularly in the cold season. There is an instinct gratified, then, as well as a fashion, in the present rage for furs. Some days the pedestrians of our streets present the appearance, almost, of a colony of beavers moving over the pavement, or a zoological collection freshly imported. Furs are becoming universally used, for ladies' cloaks and victorines; for gentlemen's gloves, caps, coat-collars, cuffs and mufflers. They add beauty to the garment, and become more appreciated as their rarity increases. Better than all, they preserve warmth and health. We welcome, therefore, the Esquimaux and Rocky Mountain invasion."

THE "ANGLO SAXON."—We have received the second number of a News and Literary Paper, just started in Boston, bearing the above title. It is neatly "got up" and excellently printed. It is under the able Editorship of Dr. Bartlett (who formerly conducted the *New York Albion*) and is intended to promote British Colonial interests and to cherish International relations and good will. When fairly under way, we believe it is destined to have a wide influence, and we wish it complete success.

TELEGRAPHING.—The Telegraphing of the President's message entire, to four of the Boston papers, was transmitted so rapidly that, although 500 miles distant from Washington, the message delivered to Congress, at noon on Monday, appeared entire in Boston papers of Tuesday morning. Eight hours time were occupied in its transmission from New York to Boston.—*Canada Paper.*

MARRIAGE OF FANNY FERN.—We have the pleasure of announcing that our gifted contributor, Mrs. Sarah Payson Eldridge (renowned and admired as Fanny Fern), was married, on Saturday, the 5th inst., to Mr. James Parton, well known in literary circles as the author of the *Life of Horace Greeley*.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MANHOOD LETTER.—A New England gentleman in California, who corresponds with a young lady of this city, sent her a letter, which arrived in the mails of the George Law, on the 28th ult., and which comprised one hundred and forty-six pages of letter paper.—*Fall River News.*

NOTHING GAINED BY GOING WEST.—The recent cold weather has been quite as severe in the western states as in New England; and it appears that persons who go from Maine to Illinois, Wisconsin or Kansas, to escape the rigors of our northern winters, gain but little by the change. The weather reports from the West say that the mercury has been from 10 to 20 below zero at many points in the great West, below our own latitude. At Frankfort, Ky., seven degrees further south than Bangor, the mercury was 16 below zero, one day last week.—*Bangor Courier.*

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

A DISCOVERY IN PERU—A SHROUD OF GOLD.

The Hon. Thomas Ewbank communicates some interesting information relative to recent discoveries in the excavation of Peruvian tumuli. It was received by Mr. Ewbank, from W. Evans, Esq., engineer of the Africa and Tacna Railroad in Peru. Mr. Evans states that in making excavations for the rail roads at Africa, hundreds of graves are demolished, in which are numerous Indian relics. The excavations are seventy feet deep, and as the soil is loose sand, as the work proceeds, everything from the top comes sliding down—dead Indians, pots, kettles, arrow heads, &c.—Among other interesting mortuary relics, an Indian was started out of his resting place, rolled up in a shroud of gold. Before Mr. Evans had knowledge of the incident, the workmen had cut up this magnificent winding sheet and divided it among themselves. With some difficulty Mr. Evans obtained a fragment, and despatched it to Mr. Ewbank.

Mr. Evans notices as a very remarkable fact, that in hundreds of Indian skulls which he has examined, not one has contained a decayed tooth. Mr. Ewbank thinks the weight of the entire shroud must have been eight or nine pounds, and had it been preserved, would have been the finest specimen of sheet gold that we have heard of since the times of the Spanish conquest. In some eloquent remarks upon the preservation of souvenirs of the departed, and the futility of attempting to secure the great dead from contact with their native earth, Mr. Ewbank says it is the form or feature, and not the body or substance, of the dead, that should be preserved, and adds:

"The mummies of Egypt are quarried for fuel, and, whether those of the Pharaohs, their wives, their priests, or their slaves are split open and chopped up with the same indifference as so many pine logs. The gums and balsams used in embalming them have made them a good substitute for bituminous coal; and thus the very means employed to preserve them have become the active agents for their dissipation. So it is, when the material of coffins have a high marked value; they are then seized as concealed treasures, and their contents cast out as rubbish. Like heroes in the Eastern hemisphere, the descendants of Manco Capac were sometimes, if not always, entombed in such, and with considerable treasure besides in vessels of gold and silver; hence we learn how the Spanish conquerors sought for, often found, and as often plundered rich Incan sepulchres."

Mr. Stratton, the father of the world renowned Gen. Tom Thumb, died at his residence in Bridgeport, Conn., on Friday evening last. His mind had been disordered for some time. It is understood that he has acquired a large amount of money by the exhibition of the little general, which will now be divided between the widow, the renowned dwarf, and his two married sisters.

FIVE TIMES MARRIED.—A few days since an old man of sixty-one years applied at the office of the city registrar for his fifth marriage certificate. His intended bride is but twenty-four, it being her first marriage certificate. This is the only case within the knowledge of the present registrar of a fifth marriage. Last year one man applied for his fourth marriage certificate, and during that year, more men were married for the third time than females. There is, however, a woman in this city of about forty years who is now living with her sixth husband. She was first married at the age of thirteen, and when fourteen was a widow. At the expiration of her third year, she was married to her third husband. She has but three children.—*Boston Traveller.*

In the United States there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers, but the census does not tell which class do the most shaving.

The telegraph wire between Boston and Pawtucket, on the New York Line, was broken in fifty-seven places by the ice on Tuesday last.

It was very unhealthy at Porto Rico, by the last intelligence. Cholera was raging fearfully.

MATRIMONIAL SIGN.—Whenever you see a lady and gentleman alone in a cab, each looking out of a different window, be convinced that they are perfectly harmless—for they have been married some months at least.

In a case of slander, a dignified silence is generally the most expedient course to pursue; a vague suspicion of being slandered cannot be well answered, and the person who listens to slander, and condemns you unheard, is self-condemned in doing so, whilst you, from ignorance of the particulars of the charge, cannot reply.

During a late agricultural fair, a place was wanted for the trial of horses, and a man offered the committee and spectators free admission to his grounds for that purpose. The crowd rushed in, but, when the sport was over, it cost them sixpence each to get out.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—A cabman, "bowing to the storm," during a heavy shower of hail!

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

A MAIDEN'S HEART.—The heart, the pure, warm, social heart of a maiden may be said to be as the turtle-dove, which pines in the absence of its mate, and fills the wilderness of the world with its solitary moanings. It waits but to see its destined counterpart, to tremble and palpitate; and if its first emotions are not rudely jostled aside, or overpowered by the destruction of conflicting objects and the variety of opposing temptations, they will become the governing principle of existence during the whole life of love.—*Königsmarke.*

QUESTIONS FOR CARD-PLAYERS.—Is it legal to play the knave?

ANOTHER RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—We understand that the direction of the City Electric Telegraph has been entrusted to Alderman Wire.

WORLDLY WEALTH.—There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given concerning them.

THE HEIGHT OF INGRATITUDE.—Scared individual dodging infuriated Bull behind a tree: You ungrateful beast, you, you wouldn't toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX!—Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and encase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear waterproof boots over woollen hose, and encase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women having an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads, ride or walk about in north-east winds, professing not to suffer at all.

DON'T QUARREL.—One of the easiest, the most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom, man, woman, or child—or on what pretence, provocation, or occasion soever. There is no kind of necessity for it, and no species or degree of benefit to be derived from it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians quarrel, lawyers, doctors, and ministers quarrel, printers and editors quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels, nations, tribes, and corporations quarrel, men, women, and children quarrel, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel, about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.