

The reading public which knows celebrated men in black and white only, has lost a writer who for epigrammatic brilliancy has never been excelled in our language. But far deeper has been the loss of the circle of friends who delighted to spend whole evenings in catching the stream of wit as it flowed unimpeded from Jerrold's lips, and acquired for themselves a reflected glory by reading "Jerrold's last." The 'wits' of London have lost their acknowledged chief.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold died at Kilburn Priory in the arms of his eldest son, and retained his intellect till within a few minutes of his death.

THE BIBLE.

(From the Boston Anglo-Saxon.)

A nation would, indeed, be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it; it contains everything needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to the senate, authority and direction for a magistrate; it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells *him* how to rule, and *her* how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of the Almighty, to all that walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings, and for burials. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father,—tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust,—and promises a father to the former, and husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first-born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all—and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher, and oppressor. It is the *first* book,—the *best* book,—and the *oldest* book in the world. It contains the choicest matter,—gives the best instruction; affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction ever was enjoyed. It contains the best laws, and the most profound mysteries that ever were penned; it brings the best tidings, and affords the best of comfort, to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matter in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in such: in short, it is a book of laws, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in the world—the most authentic, and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars; it describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes and devilish legions. It will instruct the accomplished mechanic, and the most profound artist. It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful arithmetician; puzzles the wisest anatomist, and exercises the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the unwise astronomer. It exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws—a perfect body of divinity—an unequalled narrative—a book of lives—a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on—the best deed that ever was sealed—the best evidence that ever was produced—the best will that ever was made, and the best testament that ever was sealed—the best evidence that ever was produced—the best will that ever was signed. To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's spelling-book, and the learned man's master-piece. It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, and the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the winner, and the prevalent. And that which crowns all, is, that the Author is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, "*In whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.*"

Wordsworth, in one of his beautiful sonnets on the translation of the Scripture, says:

"But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong
Which faith has suffered, heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendant boon!—nobler that earthly king
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless,
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness."

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHoy, BARONET.

In granting the title and rank of Baronet to Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, her Majesty has done more than confer a distinction on a man who eminently deserves it, for he is distinguished already by his own excellent qualities as well as his remarkable successes; her Majesty also bestows a boon on the native races, who will feel that they share the honor of the British recognition; and at the same time gives the highest sanction to a brilliant example of personal worth, of public spirit, and, using the word in its widest and best sense, of loyalty. The public have a vague sense of St. Jamsetjee's claims to distinction, but the sense is only vague. Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy was born at Bombay, in 1783. His parents came to that place from Nowsaree, a large village about twenty miles from Surat, inhabited by Parsees. He lost his parents before he was sixteen years old, but his future father-in-law, for he had been betrothed in the Oriental fashion from infancy, placed him in the way of keeping accounts; he could already write and read the commercial dialect of Bombay, and subsequently he acquired at school a slight knowledge of English. These were the elements of his "education," and he possessed as his fortune about £12 sterling. He soon afterwards began trading on his own resources, and had already acquired so much good will and confidence that he was able to borrow £200. For some time he traded with China, being himself his own supercargo; and his career was diversified by a capture at sea and an imprisonment at the Cape of Good Hope, under the Dutch. In 1807, he settled at Bombay, and since that time his wealth has been continually increasing. With his wealth has increased his reputation for probity, liberality, and charity. The contribution of £700 from his family to the monument of the Duke of Wellington, perhaps, brought him first under the notice of the general British public, although it was only a trifle, and late in his career of giving. Many institutions in Bombay long struggled, until the intelligent munificence of Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy ended the struggle. He gave £1,500 to provide books and prizes for students in the Medical College; £3,000 to the Obstetric Institution; £16,500 to endow an hospital. The bridge and causeway at Mahim, uniting Bombay to Salsette, which cost £18,000, is the gift of Lady Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. Water was wanted at Bombay and other towns; Sir Jamsetjee gave the works. He gave £4,500 towards the £18,000 for the works at Poonah. Towards an hospital for the poor, others gave £8,000; Sir Jamsetjee and his lady, £7,000. A "Dhumsalla," or resting-place between Bombay and Poonah, was the gift of Sir Jamsetjee. A native Catholic Christian had endured several reverses of fortune—Sir Jamsetjee gave his family £10,000. To a local institution, built by a friend, Jamsetjee gave £7,000, after the man's death, as a token of friendship. A poor debtor, a town in difficulty, an Arts' School—all came to him. He is understood to have thus distributed £110,000 amongst the members of his faith, and a like sum amongst persons of all sects; and this in a country where money purchases four or five times more than it does in our own. One fact will show Jamsetjee's high repute for justice; he was never engaged in a law-suit on his own account; but his friends, neighbours, and townsmen frequently referred to him cases of a mercantile as well as of a private and personal nature for his arbitration. Yet, with all this open-handedness, it is not alleged against Sir Jamsetjee that he has resorted to the Indian practice of "Khutput," or spending money in "making things pleasant." It was in acknowledgement of some of these public services that, on retiring from the government of Bombay, the late Sir James Carnac bespoke the favour of the Sovereign, and her Majesty then conferred on Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy the honor of knighthood. We well remember the pleasure which that act gave in England as well as in India. But greater services performed in the fifteen succeeding years, almost challenged greater rewards, and we have not completed the list; the full amount and details of which, probably, will never be known.—*London Globe.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE NANKING PORCELAIN TOWER.

It appears by the accounts published in the *North China Herald* that the wonder of China, the Nankin Pagoda, or so-called Porcelain Tower exists no longer. It was blown up by orders from Hung Siu-tsiuen about the time that the head of Wei, the Northern king, was demanded of him by Shi Tah-Kai, the assistant king, under the appre-