

# THE LAST OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

## THE FUNERAL RITES.

Chiselhurst, England.—All is now over, and the body of the Prince Imperial rests at the side of the ashes of his father. Trains from London this morning brought vast numbers of people anxious to witness the funeral ceremonies, and the tidal trains from Boulogne and the regular train from Dover brought over additional numbers of Frenchmen and women anxious to pay this last tribute to the Imperial Prince. From a very early hour in the morning the grounds of Camden House and common, extending outside the walls of these grounds to the Church of St. Mary, were densely thronged with people.

Queen Victoria arrived at Chiselhurst station in a special train at 8.30, and, entering her carriage, which stood in readiness for her, drove rapidly to Camden House, where she was received in the private room of the Empress, and the two ladies remained together during the whole of the morning. Neither of them accompanied the body of the Prince to church.

The Empress had passed a large portion of the night in the room where the body of her son reposed, sometimes convulsed with agony, but having occasional moments of repose and resignation.

All being at last arranged the coffin was finally closed and hermetically sealed, and was then borne from the room through the main door of the Camden House, and out of the great gate into the road leading to the church. The chief mourners were the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Connaught, Duke of Cambridge, Prince Jerome Napoleon, his two sons, and the Prince of Monaco. The groom led before the coffin the favorite horse of the Prince. A double line of Metropolitan police and a strong detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery lined the passage way from Camden House to the church. As the funeral cortege passed every head in the vast concourse was uncovered and subdued exclamations of sympathy and sorrow were heard on every hand. The minute guns were fired by a battery of Royal Artillery during the passage of the cortege, and as the body was borne into the church three volleys of musketry were fired. The seats in church, with the exception of those reserved for the chief mourners, were already filled with the most distinguished members of the Bonapartist party from France, and with a large number of the nobility and gentry of England. The church was heavily draped in black, and a handsome but simple catafalque in front of the altar had been prepared to receive the coffin. The funeral mass was said by the Right Rev. James Daniell, Bishop of Southwark, with Mons. Goddard as deacon and a French priest as sub-deacon. At the conclusion of the mass, the spectators slowly withdrew, leaving the body in front of the altar in custody of the members of the religious order, who watch over it until this evening, when it will be removed to the temporary resting place assigned for it by the Emperor's tomb.

It is stated that ex Empress Eugenie did not visit the coffin until three o'clock this morning. She remained over it in agony of grief until seven, when she fell asleep and was removed to her chamber.

The favorite horse of the Prince Imperial was led after the coffin. At the conclusion of the services in the church the members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies in attendance and deputations of workmen filed round the coffin, sprinkling it with holy water and immortelles.

### FULL PARTICULARS OF HIS DEATH.

The *Times*' correspondent at Itelexi Hill telegraphs: Shortly given, the report of Lieutenant Carey, who accompanied the Prince Imperial on the reconnaissance which led to his melancholy death, is as follows:

"Having learned that His Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1 to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that as I had already ridden over the same ground I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time Colonel Harrison, Acting Quartermaster General, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and I applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders and at 9.15 six men of Captain Beittington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these and a friendly *Mulu*, provided by the Hon. Mr. Drummond, we started. Six *Basutos* of Captain Shepstone's Corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incezi and Itelexi Hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of *Basutos* scouting. Arrived upon the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's Cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh, no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond *Hyotozi* River. I proposed that we should here off saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no *Zulus* were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired and lay down beside a hut. The men made coffee and I reconnoitred with my telescopes. At 3.35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes,' but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it and then went to fetch my horse from the meadow fields. I had saddled and mounted on the horse side of the kraal when I heard His Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said, 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles I saw the black faces of *Zulus* about twenty yards off, rushing towards us through the meadow fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the *Zulus*, I did not expect that any one was injured. I

therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every one.' On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The *Zulus* had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the *Tombocto* River."

The above, though not a copy of the report, is framed from notes taken from it. To avoid repetition, I append only such points of the evidence of the surviving members of the escort as differ from the report of Lieutenant Carey or throw fresh light on the subject. The names of the men were Sergeant Willis, Corporal Grubb, and Troopers Letoga, Cochrane, Able and Rogers. Able and Rogers were killed. Willis mentions that when the native who accompanied them returned to the kraal with the horses, which he had been sent to bring out of the meadow field whither they had strayed, he told them he had seen a *Zulu*. He continues:

"We saddled as quickly as possible. All mounted and left the kraal except Rogers, who was trying to catch a spare horse he was leading. I heard a volley fired, and saw Rogers fall against a hut. I saw too men fall from their horses. The *Zulus* followed us for about 200 yards from the spot. I should say they numbered about 50. Grubb states that the kraal was 100 yards from the Imbezane River, and that when they entered it they saw some dogs and signs of *Zulus* having lately been there. The native told them that he saw a *Zulu* go over the hill on the other side of the river. He further says, 'I hear a volley, and the *Zulus* rushing forward shouting, 'Uaux nanka umagorara abalmaga' ("Here are the English cowards.") As I rode off I saw Rogers, who was dismounted behind a hut, level his carbine. On nearing the donga I saw Able, who was just before him, struck below the bandolier by a bullet. From its whiz I could tell that it was a Martini. Letoga now passed me, crying, 'Put spurs to your horse, boy. The Prince is down.' I looked and saw the Prince clinging to the stirrup and underneath his horse. The horse galloped a few lengths, and then the Prince fell and was trampled upon. I turned and tried to fire, but my horse tumbled into the donga, and in striving to keep my seat I dropped my carbine. I saw Lieutenant Carey put spurs to his horse. We all did the same, and followed him."

Cochrane in his statement says: "I was next to the Prince. He did not mount. At the shots of the *Zulus* our horses were frightened, and we could not hold them. After I crossed the donga I looked back and saw the Prince running. About a dozen *Zulus*, all armed with guns and assegais, were following and within three yards of him. His horse was galloping away. No order was given to rally, fire, or stop. We galloped for two miles without stopping. Nothing was said about the Prince."

Letoga says: "The Prince asked the question, 'Are you all ready?' We answered, 'Yes, sir.' He then said, 'Mount.' When the volley was fired I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I could not again get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of the stirrup leather and was attempting to mount. I said, 'Depechez-vous, il vous plait, Monsieur, de monter.' He did not answer. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down; his horse trampled on him. Carey was leading and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that Grubb and Willis could not catch us up, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, 'We will cross the spruit, and then go on to the high ground and wait.' No order was given to rally, halt, fire or try to save the Prince. All Lieutenant Carey said was, 'Let us go quick; let us make haste.'"

### DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

Describing the finding of the body the correspondent says:

Men speedily gathered round a spot near the crossing; their uncovered heads told that one of the dead had been found. All my apprehensions were confirmed, for there the poor young Prince lay dead. Surgeon-Majors Scott and Robinson were soon present, but their skill was of no avail. Life had been extinct for hours. All they could do was to examine the wounds and find that two, at least, of them would have proved instantaneously fatal. It is probable that one of them was the first that he received, for the face wore a calm and pleasant expression, not as of one who had died in pain. No bullet had touched him. The wounds, nineteen in number, were all caused by assegais. Beside the Prince was found his spurs and round his neck a small chain with locket and charms. These were given into the charge of Captain Molyneux, by him to be handed over to Lord Chelmsford. It was a mournful sight, and no one regarded it with unconcern. At the Prince's head his old soldier-servant knelt and wept; and grief like his, exhibited by one who had served him only a short time, spoke well for the private character of his master. Strange fatality! Only a few days before, in conversation with Captain Lane, he had said, "It is no fun to be fired at; I want a trial with the assegai. I should like a slight assegai wound." By General Marshall's orders a stretcher was formed of lances and a blanket; and, wrapped in another blanket, the corpse was borne to meet the ambulance by the General himself, Colonel Drury Lowe, Major Stewart, Captain Molyneux and officers of the 17th Lancers. The kraal where the party had been surprised consisted of six huts, collected round a circular store cattle fence. Gardens of melons and Caffre corn surrounded it on three sides, the fourth being open and facing towards the donga.

### THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral service is thus described: The ambulance returned to Itelexi Camp at about two o'clock. A funeral parade was ordered to take place within a few hours, and on the morrow it has been decided to send the body under escort to Landman's Drift. M. Deleage will accompany it to England. As the afternoon drew to a close and early evening approached, the troops marched

silently away to an open space without the camp. The 21st 58th, 91st, the Artillerymen dismounted. Dragoons and Lancers carrying their lances, wheeled regiment after regiment into line until three sides of a great oblong square were formed; and as the gun-carriage bringing the covered body of Prince Louis Napoleon, preceded by artillerymen with reversed carbines, moved slowly into the centre, the gloom that had pervaded the camp since the mournful news was received grew deeper and sterner. The dull murmur of voices was hushed. Amid us, simply wrapped and stretched upon a gun-carriage, was the Prince's dead body, pierced by nineteen assegai wounds. The Catholic priest read out the funeral service, and his words increased the universal gloom. Beyond the ranked soldiers and bareheaded multitude was a strange sky; dull, leaden clouds hung about, and the near mountains seemed dark and distant in mist. Just about them, in a small space, lingered the intense after-gloom of setting sun, drawing slowly down cloud-curtains in the west.

### The Root of the Evil.

(Toronto Mail.)

For weeks past the papers have been curiously filled with details of violence, assaults, maimings, murder. Some of these cases reveal with startling vividness the hideous blackness of the moral condition of a part of our own population. It is a very melancholy fact that in the districts remote from cities and far from the madding crowd, crime gets at its worst occasionally; but of course it is in the cities that we find the greatest crop of crime and the most revolting surroundings. The Montreal murder case which has filled the papers for some days, has probably never been surpassed in the dismal depravity of all its details. All the four persons concerned, Meyers or Meyers, his wife (the supposed murderess), Flanagan and the murdered woman, were about as low in the social and moral state as human beings could get. There was once a terribly suggestive picture in *Punch*. Two shivering wretches of women, dirty, clad in rags, emaciated and repulsive, stood under a lamp post, and one said to the other: "How long is it since you have been gay?" What a horrible satire it was! Well, these wretches in Montreal were leading the gay life. The murdered woman, married, was a drunken street-walker. The man who picked her up was a drunken loafer. The woman who is suspected of murdering her was a drunken virago. And the husband was apparently a besotted brute, without one honest human emotion. It does not appear that he was the same kind of drunkard as the rest—there is something grimly humorous in his detestation of whiskey drinking and his preference for the less exciting intoxication of beer. The ease with which they all found houses to resort to, "liquor to drink and opportunity to enjoy" themselves, shows plainly how much help the procurers of hell afford in our great cities to their victims. But at the bottom of all the trouble, all the crime, all the vice, all the poverty, dirt, idleness and degradation, there was one familiar spirit, the Devil of Drink. With the woman who had sold herself to him for his paltry pennies lying murdered on the floor, Flanagan swears that he had to go out to get a drink. With drunkenness and vice before his eyes, lying on his bed, or sleeping on his floor, and possibly with blood and murder staring him in the face, Jacob Meyers goes to his pot-house, brings home his beer and consumes it. And in the midst of it all there is—murder! Even after the murder there seems to have been no remorse. Meyers was as cool as a cucumber or a cloud. He steps round the murdered woman as if she were only a poisoned rat. Flanagan thinks no more of her than if she were a dog who had once followed him. Her husband is plainly relieved at her taking off. Her alleged murderess is reported as treating the case with a levity which reveals a deeper depth in the gulf of crime.

Can anything be more terrible? Can anything be more suggestive? The cases are not isolated at all. They are typical. If all four of them had been murdered they would not have been missed out of the mass of miserable beings who are living lives like theirs, to end in deaths as dismal as that dead woman's, though not perhaps by murder. Any visitor in the dangerous localities of our great cities, knows how large the area of drunken degradation is. Any chance passer in the streets may any night in any of our great cities see Flanagan leading his street-walker, can follow them to their haunts, can witness their debauchery, can shudder at their language and grow pale at their quarrels and curses, and dread to think that humanity made in the likeness of God and destined for happiness, could come to a state like that. And it is all, or mostly, the fault of the one great curse of this continent—drink! The destruction of character; the breaking up of good habits; the loss of health; the acquiring of bad habits, of lying, stealing, and treachery; the ruin of home; the degradation of wives; the poverty and filth of children; the descent into the hell of the living—damned with the Meyers and Flanagan—all is due to drink. And yet human ingenuity fails to provide a remedy for an evil which aims at the ruin of humanity. Examples such as are given have no effect at all upon the class which produces them. The details of each bloody tragedy are told in tavern parlors, and the lips that tell them are thick with drink. The names of the wretched creatures are bandied about in haunts like theirs, and made household words among creatures engaged in like dissipations. And in every room in which they pigged together, others will follow their lives and pursue their pleasures. And what are we all going to do about it?

The following was a New Haven colony law in 1669: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any male or maid-servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence 40s., the second 24, for the third shall be imprisoned or corporally punished." An old record has just been found showing that under this law Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle got into trouble by "setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waist, and her arms upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

### PHILADELPHIA.

#### Congress a Nuisance—Party Struggles—Points of Interest—The Immortal Penn and His Treaty—Notable Buildings—Lavish Expenditures, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1st, 1879.

Sir,—To-day hope springs up afresh in the American mind. Congress promises to adjourn. The wearied debates of the past two months are to come to an end with but a very small modicum of that triumph to the Democratic party which its leaders so vauntingly and so foolishly predicted at the commencement of this extra session. The appropriations for carrying on the Government are made—saving those for the Deputy Marshals—and this without the political riders so fiercely combated by the Republicans. The schemes of the silver maniacs have been given their quietus till the December session, and all business men, of the North at least, of both parties, heave a sigh of relief that no more legislation is possible for six months. The Democrats would have the world believe that their opponents were fighting but men of straw, that their proposed legislation was only in the interest of fair elections. But the truth seems to be that the Democrats were really endeavoring to win by legislation some of those State rights that they lost by the war. Whoever else was right, the gallant and successful fight made by the Republicans shows what may be done by a persistent minority led by skillful chiefs. Differences in the rules that govern the Legislatures of the United States and Canada may prevent Mr. Mackenzie's small band from checking the crude protective and other unwise schemes of their opponents; but the same general system of tactics so successfully used by Messrs. Blain & Co. has at least given Mr. Mackenzie and his followers such a full hearing as has thrown ridicule upon the "National Policy."

Let comparisons be as odious as they may, we "Canucks" cannot help feeling proud of the decent observance—outwardly at least—of the laws against liquor selling across the line as compared with what one sees here. It would be amusing, if it were not disgraceful, to note what a thin veil of outward observance serves to hide from the watchful police the breaking of the law here against the Sunday liquor traffic. Eating houses and cigar stores are the usual covers; but one can see all day long a steady set of a tide of rather unsteady-looking customers towards side and back doors of saloons; while at night a full blaze of gas shows that business of some kind goes on within.

But I promised to visit with your readers some of the numerous points of interest in and about the city and I do not know one of greater general interest than the spot, now marked by a small obelisk, where stood the elm tree under which Penn's famous treaty with the Indians was made and ratified—"the only treaty not ratified by an oath and the only one never broken," as was said by some celebrity. It—the stone I mean—stands not far from the river and nearly a mile from what is now the centre of the city. Whether Penn made a treaty with the Indians or not, there is no doubt that people here believe that a man of that name once lived here, for, look where you will, you will find Penn banks, Penn insurance companies, statues, hospitals, hotels, etc. And this reminds me that at No. 10 Letitia street is a low, old fashioned building, now occupied as a lager beer saloon, and called the William Penn Hotel, which was William Penn's first American dwelling, and the date of its erection (1682) is marked on it, and his portrait serves for its sign. "Sic transit," etc.

Another old building—though some fifty years the junior of the last mentioned—is the old "Independence Hall." This building was formally opened in 1735, with a formal banquet to Governor Penn. In it the first Colonial Congress met. In it the Declaration of Independence was debated and finally signed one hundred and three years ago last Friday. Though far from being decrepit—in fact still a strong, substantial building—it has been superannuated by the nation and now enjoys, in dignified repose, a sound, hearty old age. Its old antiques forgotten, here mingle as guests the faces of George, "the Tyrant," and George, "the Rebel," King William and "Penn" William; Queens Mary and Anne, and a number of the queens of New World society. Here you may see an original stamp of the issue of 1785 that helped to bring about the Revolution, and here, too, you may see specimens of the Continental money raised to carry on the war. Hundreds of old time relics—letters, crockery and furniture—are well preserved and may be seen by the public without money or price.

Another object of general interest is the grave of Benjamin Franklin and of Deborah, his wife, in Christ Church burying ground on the corner of Arch and Fifth streets. The plain old tablets erected to their memory are nearly worn away by wind and weather. Opposite the graveyard is the "Apprentices' Library," founded and endowed by Quaker friends of apprentices in 1820. Though originally intended for only that class, any respectable person may draw books from the library without a deposit, or even a recommendation. The librarian informed me that they rarely lost a book. The idea may be worthy of imitation. There are many other ancient buildings revered by the American people for the old associations connected with them, which, however, do not so much interest the general public, and we will pass on to something of a more modern date and more general interest.

One cannot pay even a flying visit to Philadelphia without seeing Girard College. In fact it is so widely known that I suppose I ought to apologize for attempting to describe it. It is the result of a bequest of the late Stephen Girard who commenced business in this city as a junk dealer, and ended by becoming a millionaire, who, dying in 1831, left two millions of dollars for a free home and plain education for orphan boys of Philadelphia. Whether from personal ill usage at the hands of clergymen generally during his lifetime, or from their neglect of him, he would direct that no minister of any sect should ever be admitted to the premises for any purpose, even as a visitor. The principal structure is of white marble and represents a Grecian temple supported by thirty-six marble columns, and stands upon an enclosure of about forty acres. There are about 600 inmates at present. The name "Girard" is almost as widely used by Philadelphians as "Penn," and there are banks and avenues and markets and bridges all named after the old junk dealer. The University of Pennsylvania is a very fine pile of buildings—its charter dating from 1779. The buildings at present occupied are

new and of brown stone, presenting a very stately appearance, but they occupy a mere 7 x 9 bit of ground, entirely disproportioned to their size.

Americans boast that the Custom House is the best imitation of the Parthenon of Athens ever constructed and yet, in these days of Republican degeneracy, so plain and massive a building is quite unsatisfactory and a new Post-office and Custom House are being erected at the corner of 9th and Chestnut streets, which for gorgeousness are not to be eclipsed. They are to be of granite and to cost, exclusive of stealings, \$6,000,000. Among the beautiful buildings of the city is that of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner Fifteenth and Chestnut. It is 230 x 72, five storeys high, mansard roof, is highly ornamented and topped with a tower 95 feet high. A model of convenience and comfort, with large rooms beautifully furnished, and, besides, the lecture room for ordinary occasions, the most commodious, well arranged and elegant hall for state occasions I ever saw. Earnest Christian men are at the helm, and the amount of good done is incalculable. Every Sunday morning during the winter its President John Wanamaker, and a few other devoted men, gave a substantial breakfast to all comers in one of the poorer wards of the city, and when all had been served spoke plainly and kindly of the folly of sinful courses and the comfort and happiness of a Christian life. Their guests were generally more than five hundred. This kind of Christianity tells. Americans have the reputation of worshipping the Golden Calf, but I do not believe there is a country in the world where the almighty dollar after it is made and secured is given away with more freedom than there. The Y. M. C. A. building cost about \$500,000. Among the grand buildings of the city I should sooner have spoken of the new city buildings now and for the past six years in course of erection. This immense pile covers, exclusive of the court yard, four and a half acres nearly. The north and south fronts measure 470 feet, and the east and west 486 1/2 feet with an interior court yard. It is designed in the spirit of the French school and profusely ornamented. But I am talking like a guide book, and will only add that the contract price for the superstructure is \$5,800,000, and that its entire cost is computed at \$10,000,000, (I hope I am not using up your supply of cyphers.)

A notice of the new Masonic Temple may be interesting to the craft, and here again nothing but superlative adjectives and high toned figures can be used. Like the first Masonic Temple, that of Solomon, it was "built without noise," the massive blocks of granite having been dressed and prepared at Quincy, Mass. It is 250 x 150, with a 240-foot tower, and was more than five years building. The main wall is 20 feet wide and runs the entire length of the building. The main rooms are the Banqueting Hall, magnificently ornamented with flowers, fruit and game, seating 500 guests; the Oriental Hall, so called from its style of architecture, decoration and furniture, capable of seating 200 persons; the Grand Lodge-room, pure Corinthian style, seating 800 persons; the Grand Chapter Hall, 90 feet long, 50 feet wide and 50 high, with a seating capacity of 600; and the Commandery Rooms, Gothic, with seats for 500. Offices, regalia-rooms, etc., make up the rest of this magnificent temple. It cost \$1,540,000.

I am loath to leave off, and still I have said nothing of the mint, the bridges, libraries, hospitals, stock exchange, shipping, coal and iron trade, etc. A mere outline even of the second city of the Union, with a population of nearly 900,000, cannot be given in a few paragraphs.

One is surprised and pleased to find so many relics of the mother country clinging to the institutions of a people who pride themselves upon having shaken off the dust of the old sod from their feet. I was in Morrisburg, a town about twenty miles from the city, and found that it was spoken of as neither a town or city. It was a borough and its chief magistrate was—what do you think? A Burgess.

Yours,  
H. V. A.

### Old Editions of the Bible.

Queer titles have been given to some old editions of the Bible. The "Bug" Bible was printed in London, in 1551; and received its nickname from the fact that Psalm xci. 5 was translated, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any *Bugges* by night," instead of as in our version, "Afraid for the terror by night."

The "Breeches" Bible was printed in Geneva, in 1560; and is so called from Gen. iii. 7, being translated, "they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*," instead of *aprons*, as in our version.

The "Treacle" Bible was printed in 1568 and in it Jeremiah viii. 23 reads, "Is there no *treacle* in Gilead," etc., instead of *balm*. In 1609, this word was changed to "Bosin," and so came the name of the "Bosin Bible"; and in 1611, this last word was changed for "balm," as now.

The "He" Bible, printed in 1611, takes its name from an error in Ruth iii. 15, "I measured six measures of barley and laid it on her, and he went into the city," when the word should have been "she went into the city," etc.

The "Wicked" Bible was printed in 1633 and was so named from its omitting the word "not" from the seventh commandment making it read "Thou shalt commit adultery"; and this extraordinary omission occurred again in a German edition of 1732; so that there was a wicked Bible in each language.

The "Vinegar" Bible was printed in 1707, and is so called from the headline of Luke xxii, which, in it, is made to read, "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "The parable of the vineyard." The printer of this edition was one John Basket, of Oxford, and from its many errors in spelling and punctuation it was sometimes called, "A basket full of errors."

The "Eel-pot" Bible was the edition translated by Elliot for the Indians. Describing, by the sign of crossing his fingers what he thought would represent the "lattice work" through which the mother of Siera's cried (Judges v. 28), he asked the Indians for the proper word for it, and they gave him one, which he inserted in his translation, supposing, of course, it was right. But when he became more fully acquainted with their language, he found he had made the passage read, "The mother of Siera looked out at a window, and orle through the eel-pots," instead of "lattice."

The Sultan of Zanzibar will visit Europe next summer.