The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Defeat.

By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win
Those far dim towers that he would ream within.

Through paths of peril, load with dying groans,
Down chasms of failure, white with human bones.

Past brakes of treachery, whence the tiger sprang,
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion stung.

His eager feet pressed onward to attain
The lofty beams of that desired domain.

And there at last, worn fight-vext fate,
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.

A moment more, and while its proud peal rose,
The towers would rock, the portals would unclose.

But then, even then by some foreloom prophetic dread,
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one sound!

—*Edgar Fawcett, in Harper's Magazine.*

"GIRL OVERBOARD!"

A Sailor's Yarn of How He Attended to His Business.

I had just returned from one of the periodical wild-goose chases after wealth that occurred here so often in the early times. It is needless to say that I had not made my fortune. Like most of the miners, I had come back "broke." I was looking around for something to do, when I found an opportunity to go as second mate of the bark *West Chester*, bound for Honolulu. I accepted the chance gladly; I was longing for a voyage in blue water, and, bidding farewell to San Francisco, we were soon bowling along upon our voyage. We had a few passengers, most of them traveling to the islands in search of health; one of them, a Captain Hudson, of Marysville, was going after his wife and daughter, who had made the trip six or eight months before for the benefit of Mrs. Hudson's health. The voyage and change had so improved her that she now felt well, but so homesick that she was anxious to get back to Marysville. Captain Hudson was an old salt who had been a long time ashore, so he was glad of this opportunity to make a trip with his old friend, the captain of the bark, and intended to return with us. He was a jovial old fellow, and the best "yarn-spinner" I ever heard. The voyage was a pleasant one, and it did not seem long before we sighted the island of Oahu, and entered the harbor of Honolulu.

The Hawaiian capital was then a very lively port; whaleships were repairing and fitting for the Arctic fishing grounds; others were loading with oil for the long voyage "'round the Horn," home, and two men-o'-war—English and American—were lying in the outer harbor. While we were in port the American officers gave a ball on board ship, to which I received an invitation. The main or spar-deck was cleared, the guns run out, and an awning housed the entire deck, which was handsomely trimmed with flags of all nations, and lighted by battle-lights and Chinese lanterns; the deck was scrubbed as white as wood can be made, and waxed to perfection; the band played on the forecastle, and altogether it was as complete and handsome a ball-room as one would wish to see.

There were a few American and English ladies present, but most of the fair ones were native girls, who would rather dance than eat at any time. The dusky king, with his aids and members of the cabinet, all in uniform, the American and English officers in gold lace and brass buttons, made a most brilliant picture. Captain Hudson was one of the guests, and introduced me to his daughter. I asked her to dance, but she declined. Evidently the mate of a merchantman stood no show among so many brass buttons. I contented myself with the native belles. We did not leave the ship until daylight, and to this day I have pleasant memories of that most delightful evening.

Our stay in port was very brief, and the flag was soon hoisted announcing to all wanting passage that the time had arrived to come on board. Before long we parted with our pilot, and as we left the violet island slowly sinking in the west, I said to myself that when I had made my fortune that land should be my home. Youthful visions! They are gone. I have grown older—I hope wiser—and the island is not my home.

On the homeward trip we had twelve passengers—Captain Hudson, wife and daughter, and the wives of two missionaries going home to the Eastern states on a visit and to regain color. I found that all foreigners bleached out to a dead white, and had no color at all after living a few years at the islands. Miss Hudson was the only young woman on board, and I naturally thought she would affect my company, as I have been told many times I was good looking, and always thought those who told me so extremely sensible people. I was rather a dandy officer then, and quite as conceited as young men generally are. Consequently I expected to make an impression on Miss Hudson's heart, and looked forward to having her charming company in my watches on deck. Alas! I was sadly disappointed; she hardly deigned to treat me civilly.

The cabin of our bark was flush with the main deck, running to within a few feet of the main-mast, having state-rooms on each side, the centre being the saloon or dining room, with a long skylight for light and air. The top of the cabin was the quarter or poopdeck, and around this house on deck we had no bulwarks or rail, instead, there were some iron stanchions a few feet apart, with a chain running around two sides and across the after part, as a life-guard. This cabin had been built after the bark came to this coast, in order to give more cargo room and better passenger accommodations. Several times when Miss Hudson was on deck she had sat down on the chain and swung herself to and fro, holding on by her hands. I thought it so dangerous that one day I spoke to her about it.

"Pardon me, Miss Hudson," said I, "but if you are not careful you will fall overboard some day. That is too risky an amusement, for the vessel may give a lurch at any time and throw you off your balance."

All the thanks I got for my warning was this cutting speech:

"You will oblige me, sir, if you will attend to your business, and I will attend to mine."

The young woman resumed her swinging and I resumed my pacing on deck. As I turned away, I vowed inwardly never to trouble her any more with my good advice, but to put a stopper on my jaw-tackle.

A few days after this, I had taken my watch at twelve o'clock, when all were taking dinner except the watch on deck. We were sailing along on a free wind with all the weather studsails set, making six knots. I was pacing fore and aft the deck, listening to the yarns being spun at the dinner-table; the skylight had been set for days, and I could hear everything said at the table. Miss Hudson, having finished her dinner, came up on deck and went aft, taking her usual place on the chain near the man at the wheel. Every time I went aft I looked into the binnacle to see if the wheelsman kept the ship up on her course. Once, as I turned at the break of the deck to go aft, I looked toward where Miss Hudson was sitting. There had been a change. A pair of symmetrical feminine legs were pointing toward the zenith. A somewhat disheveled feminine head was pointing toward nadir. Miss Hudson had executed a neat somersault backwards over the chain.

Running past the skylight, I shouted to our captain: "Miss Hudson has fallen overboard!" then, throwing off my coat, hat and slippers, I cut the life-preserver loose abaft the rudder head. I told the man at the wheel to put the helm hard down and let the bark come up to the wind so they could throw her aback and stop her steerage way. In much less time than it takes to write all these particulars, I had jumped overboard, and was swimming toward the struggling girl. In her fall she had turned a complete somersault, striking the water with her feet; her skirts and dress had formed a bag such as little girls make when they whirl themselves round and round and then suddenly crouch down in the infantile amusement called "making cherses." In the same way the air under the girl's skirts had so buoyed her up and protected her that her head and shoulders were not at all wet. As I swam up close to her, she tried to throw her arms around my neck, but I backed out and told her I was not used to being so familiar with ladies I was not acquainted with. She tried it again, and then I could not resist the temptation to retort for the speech of a few days before.

"Listen to me," said I. "The air is escaping from under your skirts, and you are gradually going down. If you continue to struggle and attempt to grasp me, I will leave you and let you sink. All you have to do is to keep still. All I have to do is to swim up behind you, and put this life-preserver under your arms. Attend to your business, and I will attend to mine."

Whether it was that she really regained her presence of mind, or that her self-possession came from anger at my unfair retort, I never knew. I had said it for that reason, however. She ceased struggling, and I soon had the life-preserver over her head. I kept one hand on it, and swam with the other arm, thus keeping us both up. As we rose to the crest of the waves we could see the boat lowered and started toward us, and in a few moments we were lifted into it, and, returning to the bark, ran in under the falls, and were hoisted safely on board, only a little wet.

Well, by the hearty hug Mrs. Hudson gave me, I didn't consider her much of an invalid. We all became very good friends before the end of the voyage, which was a remarkably pleasant one, as from the time we sheeted home our topsails and moistened them at Honolulu, we never disturbed them until we furled them in the harbor at San Francisco.

Miss Hudson and myself did *not* marry each other—this story doesn't end in that way. When we arrived in San Francisco, the first person who came on board from the Merchants' Exchange news boat, off Meiggs' wharf, was Miss Hudson's intended,* a young merchant at Marysville, and a few days after I acted as best man at a wedding that took place in the old Bethel ship church on Davis street, between Clay and Washington. There Father Taylor spliced William Harding and Mary Hudson. I was presented with a handsome specimen, a shield of virgin gold, given me by Mr. Harding as a memento, which I lost when ship-wrecked on the brig North Bend a few years after. There is an old story of a young man who, when he was first married, thought his wife so sweet he could have eaten her, and six months afterward wished he had. Remembering this, I have sometimes wondered whether Harding would have given me a larger specimen had I not deserted my post to carry a life-preserver to his sweetheart, and in lieu thereof attended to my business.

* Subsequently married to a young lady who came on board at Honolulu, where the vessel was stayed a few days to repair damages.

How "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Came to be Published.

John J. Jewett, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," said:

"Professor Stowe was in favor of selling the manuscript for a sum. 'I'll tell my wife,' said he to me, 'that if she can get a good black silk dress or fifty dollars in money for the story she had better take it.'"

"Do you believe that you could have bought the story for $50?"

"I believe that I could have bought it for $25.

"So large were the orders for the book that from the day I first began to print it the eight presses never stopped for six months, day or night, and even then there were complaints that the volume did not appear fast enough. In a little while I was able to inform the Professor and Mrs. Stowe their percentage already amounted to $10,000, and although my contract with them required me to give a note only, I would pay them that sum in cash."

"How did they receive the information?"

"They seemed a little dazed by the news. The sum was so vastly beyond anything they expected or had hitherto possessed, that it appeared to them like a great fortune. When they called at my office I handed Professor Stowe my check for $10,000, payable to his order. Neither the Professor nor Mrs. Stowe had ever before received a check they told me, and they did not know what to do with it or how to get the money represented. I explained to the Professor that he must indorse the check and present it for payment. I advised him to deposit the money in the same bank. We went thither together. I introduced him to the president and the professor opened an account. After instructing him how to keep his check book, and so on, and cautioning him and his wife never to go about with more than five dollars in their pockets, I bade them good day, and they went on their way rejoicing. When I gave them a second check for $10,000, I found they needed no further instructions."

"How many copies of 'Uncle Tom' did you publish?"

"More than 350,000 sets of two volumes each were published the first year. After that the demand fell off."

Jay Gould's Library.

Jay Gould's library is one of the most remarkable things about that remarkable man. Not only does it contain all the standard classical works of history, science, finance, fiction and poetry, says the writer, but in certain glass cases, well guarded with strong wire net work outside, tomes of immense value and great age, and many an incito princeps which would delight the heart of a bibliophile. This room is the one holy of holies of the millionaire, the mysterious chamber which Bluebeard forbade even the wife of his bosom to enter. No person except Mr. Gould is allowed to touch his precious books, even his factotum, Moreini, avoiding that dangerous ground. With all his business cares, Mr. Gould is a close student, and singularly well versed in general literature. A well known New York lawyer once said of him that he was the best authority on the law of corporations in the United States.

A FISH WITH A WEAPON.

Power of the Sword Fish in Its Attacks on Vessels Illustrated in Some Remarkable Cases.

In 1871 the little yacht Red Hot, of New Bedford, Mass., engaged in swordfishing, was struck by one of these fishes so effectually as to sink her. She was ultimately hoisted up and afterward used by Professor Baird in the service of the Fish Commission. A Gloucester schooner, the Wyanoke, on her way to George's Bank, in 1877, was struck at night by a swordfish, the sword penetrating the hull to a distance of two feet. The shock was distinctly felt by the captain. The fish finally broke away, leaving its weapon, that if it had pulled out would have undoubtedly sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly.

J. F. Harwood, master of the British brigantine Fortunate, repeated an instance similar to this. While on his passage from the Rio Grande, this ship was struck by a large fish, which made the vessel shake very much. Thinking the ship had been merely struck by the tail of some sea monster, he took no further notice of the matter, but, after discharging the cargo at Rouen and coming into the Canal de Ballaladock, he found one of the planks ends in the stern split, and, on close examination, he discovered that a swordfish had driven his sword completely through the plank, four inches in thickness, leaving the point of the sword nearly eight inches in the plank. The fish in its struggles broke the sword off level with the outside of the vessel, and by its attack upon the ship had nearly a foot length of the very dangerous weapon with which it is armed. There is no doubt that this somewhat similar occurrence took place when the vessel was struck, as Captain Harwood described.

A swordfish weighing one hundred pounds struck the fishing boat of Captain O. F. Hamlen, while he was hauling a mackerel seine, off Block Island, and raised near sinking her. The captain made several hatchets around the weapon and then it was secured, and sent to Fulton Market. The sword was nearly four feet long. A few years ago the brig P. M. Tinker was hauled up at the Norfolk shipyard for repairs, and upon examination it was found that the leak was caused by a swordfish, the sword being found broken off, forward the bows, about sixteen feet above the forefoot. The fish, in striking the vessel, must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches in all about ten inches. It occurred in the morning when the ship was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about four o'clock in the morning, and found free of water. At six o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when water was obtained, and, on examination, it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there and on her trip to Norfolk.

Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, had a curious experience some years ago. He struck a sword-fish from a thirty-foot boat, forty miles southwest of Nomans Land, threw overboard the keg, tacked and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it the man at the mast-head called out: "Why; here he is, right alongside." The fish was then about ten feet from the boat and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about two feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been "stove" by sword-fish on our coast, but always after the fish had been struck.

The power of these fishes is inconceivable. In the planking of the ship Leopard a sword was found that had pierced the sheathing one inch, then through a three-inch plank, and beyond that three and a half inches into the hard oak timber. The men at work estimated that it would take to drive an iron spike a similar distance nine heavy blows from a twenty-five pound hammer.

In an examination of the ship Fortune, a sword was found that had been driven through the copper sheathing, a board under-sheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, then through a solid white-oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two and a half-inch hard oak ceiling, and finally through the head of an oil barrel, where it stopped, not allowing a drop of oil to escape. A solid shot could hardly have done much greater damage. A good example of timber damaged in this way can be seen in the museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

THE SQUATTER'S RUSE.

He Saves a Friend By His Very Evasive Answers.

Several weeks ago a party of revenue men stopped at the rude house of an Arkansas "squatter." He saw at a glance who they were, and when they called to him, he leaped out to the fence.

"How do you do, sir?" said the commander of the squad.

"Purty well, thank yer. Won't yer light an' hitch?"

"No, we can't; we're in a hurry. What is good land worth?"

"I dunno."

"That's singular."

"It mout be fer some folks, but it ain't fer me. Say thar, Jim!" turning to his son, "drive the sow outen the house, fer she mout turn over the sugar trough an' spill the young 'uns."

"Do you know a man in this neighborhood name of Bob Blakemore?"

"Is he got a sort of mouse-eyes on one side an' a sort of hang-dog eye on t'other?"

"That's the man, I believe."

"Never works like he didn't keer what he was a-doin' fer a dollar?"

"Yes, from what I know of him he does."

"Is he whose wife talks like he was a lawyer fur what he can't get?"

"He's the man. I have no doubt."

"Was a pow of sheep what was made by dogs somebodies, we'ns one fur t'other way an' t'other t'aint way," making signs with his hands.

"That's the individual. Where can I find him?"

"Well, if yer know him as well as I do yer ought fer know who fetched him."

"Who did you say fetched him?"

"Don't yer know the last time as well as I do the first? The first time I ever seed him was at. We at till his wife she come, an' then I'll my wife she come, then we all at. Arter awhile we got mixed up, an' my wife she at me an' his wife she at him, an'—"

"Well, we don't care anything about that. I'd like to know where we can find him, as we can do business with a trade."

"Yas, but lemme tell yer. Say, Jim, did yer drive out the sow?"

"Yas, pap."

"Did he spill the young 'uns?"

"No, pap."

"Look here, my friend."

"Don't know as I'm yer friend, but I'm er lookin' thar."

"We want to find Bob Blakemore."

"I'll tell you how ter find him if that's what yer want. See that hog path?"

"Yes."

"Well, take that path till yer come ter the deer-lick. Bob's a mighty hunter an' yer air mighty likely ter find him thar."

"Suppose he isn't there?"

"Then I ken tell yer 'zactly where he is."

"Where?"

"Summers-like. Say, Jim, is the sow all right?"

"Yes, pap."

"Look here.—"

"Lookin' thar agin."

"We want to go into the house."

"Sartinly, come in," and the party dismounted and entered. After looking around, and seeing nothing but a bed, a kettle, a sugar trough cradle and a baby, they went away. After they had been gone awhile, a blanket in one corner of the room moved and Bob Blakemore's head appeared. All the time the old "squatter" had been engaging the revenue men in conversation, Blakemore, who knew that flight would be useless, was digging a hole in the dirt floor, and when he had crouched down and covered himself with the blanket, the boy, Jim, discovered that the sow was "all right."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Trial of Horses at Heavy Pulling.

In trials made not long ago at the Illinois industrial university it was proven that a pair of more than ordinarily powerful farm horses, one weighing about 1,250 pounds and the other over 1,400 pounds, at a "dead pull" drew 1,900 and 1,925 each. This was done when the land was tightened so that the straightening of the traces gave the horses the benefit of their own weight. With loose land, allowing the traces to rise naturally, each horse drew 300 pounds less. These horses were both well shod. Another horse of about the same apparent strength as these, but unshod could only draw 675 pounds with tight hard. In each case the horse was hitched to the end of a rope about 16 feet long, having the benefit of the stretching of the rope as a relief from a "dead pull." The maximum strength seemed to be exerted at each trial, all the horses being accustomed to heavy pulling.

The Seventeen-year Locusts Due In 1884.

The seventeen-year locust is not, as many suppose, several years late. He is due in 1884. Everybody knows the insect which buzzes and hums from the limbs of our trees. The veins in its wings mark a W on its back, and its note is heard at intervals of about three minutes. This is the common *cicada septemdecim*. It is with us every year. Its brother, the seventeen-year locust, has the W on his wings, but is black and is a little smaller. It comes in great swarms, but does no great amount of damage. Popular prejudice is against the seventeen-year locust. It is firmly believed by some that great mortality prevails during its stay, and that its bite is fatal. These ideas are erroneous as most popular entomological theories. The male dies soon after a queer mouth. The sexes are hardly long enough to mate. The male dies in a day or two, and the female, with a spur, which is carried beneath the abdomen, punctures a small branch of a tree with little holes. In eggs then deposited in each hole. The mother dies in eight or ten days, and the eggs hatch by themselves. The larvæ fall to the ground and commence to dig. Entirely these embryos in size and form, way to the attermost roots of the trees. There they exist for seventeen years and a few months, undergoing development into the perfect insect. Their food is the sapped the trees. In seventeen years these return to the earth and produce the young, which go through the same process. The head of the insect when above ground, is not provided with no mouth. A species of giant wasp, which carries a poisonous sting, is destroying, among other insects and locusts. It stings the locust and carries it under ground to its nest. The belief that the locust's sting is fatal, arises from the fact that persons sometimes brush away a locust that has fallen from a branch above, and are stung by the wasp which is clinging to its victim in the crush. The sting of this wasp is sometimes fatal. The *cicada tredecim*, or Harlem year locust, are smaller specimens of the red winged locusts which come before the main army; some of them are with us now. The farmer might well rejoice secretly in the growing crop of every insect whose as harmless as the so called locust, whose unique voice through the summer woods is only a part in the symphony of lazy summer sounds.

—*Indianapolis Sun.*

A Ramrod Through the Head.

A rather remarkable prophecy was brought prominently to light by the late Tichborne claimant. Early in the seventeenth century Lady Tichborne begged of her husband to create a dole for the poor; that he should set aside a portion of land, the produce of which should be given them. The lady at the time was sick in bed, and not expected to live long. Her husband, to avoid the gift if possible, told her he would give all the ground she would walk over. In spite of her enfeebled condition and the immediate danger of death, she left her bed and actually crawled over several acres of good ground, and was carried back to her bed to die. That portion of land is called Crawle to the present day. Before her death she made this prophecy that if the dole were neglected the house would fail, that the family would become extinct from lack of male heirs, that a generation would appear having seven sons and no daughters, and the generation following would have seven daughters and no sons, and in this way the line would become extinct.

The dole was continued until 1796. In 1803 part of the house fell. Sir Henry Tichborne, seventh of the name, son of the one who stopped the dole, had seven sons and no daughters.

Sir Henry Tichborne, eighth of the name and eldest son of the above, had seven daughters and no sons.

The prophecy and its fulfillment are too lengthy to follow out, but a few years ago the fortunes of the house depended on a single male heir, and then the dole was reestablished, and after this that puny little fellow seemed to thrive. Of course it remains to be seen whether or no the reestablishing of the dole has broken the spell.

Waiting for the Cow.

A boy was sent to milk the cow, and after he had been gone over two hours his father started out to look him up. He found him sitting patiently on a three-legged stool in the corner of a ten-acre lot.

"What the mischief are you sitting there for?" demanded the irate father. "Why don't you do your work and get back to the house?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the teacher said to-day that all things come to him who waits, and I am waiting for the cow."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Untold.

A face may be world white
To every heart that's aching;
A smile may be full of light
Over a heart that's breaking.

'Tis not the heaviest grief
That we show to the world;
The heart-sick sigh
Is not hushed by the pillow.

Hard may be the hidden pain,
The secret sorrow unknown them;
Harder are crosses worn
Where none save God can find them.

For the loved who leave our side
Our souls are well nigh riven;
But oh! for the loves we find,
Have pity, troubled heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet
That soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the words unsaid
That may not rest to morrow.

HUMOROUS.

Advice to an egotistical blower: Shut down your wind, sir!

Many a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

Many a young man who works hard during the day allows his hands to go to waste during the evening.

"I fill the bill," said Willie, when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the bill," remarked papa, overhauling the collegiate.

The young man who counts the country
In numbers sure to let pass,
Would be only a large hungry,
If he took seven times as.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the gilted youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally. But I'm bored to death with seeing the same old bill."

Anthony Trollope said that an illfitting shirt collar would keep him from thinking. He knows Mr. Trollope's eccentricity. An ill-fitting boot is with the average man the more common cause of irritability.

Nothing disgusts a young lover in love under parents so much as to find that the paper that he has been occupying for the last hour has been used as a "wrapper" at the children's candy-pulling party the night before.

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in a recent article. If they do, we would like to know what a canary bird thinks of the fat woman who stands up in a chair and "calls baby" through the brass wires of its cage.

While the arrangements were being made for a party a few evenings ago a young lady present innocently inquired: "Is the invitation to embrace the young ladies?" "Oh, no!" replied a young man, "the gentlemen will attend to that." And now the young lady wonders what the young man meant.

She was in the dimly-lighted reception room of a city dry goods store; and, walking up to a tall mirror placed against the wall, remarked: "Why, how came you here?" Then, observing some surprise, not to say amusement, on the faces of the other occupants of the room, she saw her mistake and exclaimed in great confusion: "I thought it was my sister; we're twins."

Origin of Papa and Mamma.

An early instance which occurs to me is in the "Beggar's Opera," (1727,) where Polly Peachum, I think it is, speaks of "papa." The modern change from "papa" and "mamma" to "father" and "mother" among the upper classes, which began about thirty years ago, seems to have been a reaction against a custom which had gradually crept in among persons of a lower grade. As soon as common people's children began to say "papa" and "mamma," those of higher grade were taught to say "father" and "mother." It was among my High church friends that I first noticed this adoption of "father" and "mother." One does not see the connection, but truly such is the fact. When I was young, "papa" and "mamma" was universal among what may be called the middle and upper classes of society, and to this day, "ladies of a certain age" still use these words. King George III, about the year 1762, addressed his mother as "mamma;" so I find it stated in "Greville Memoirs." But I do not think that Charles II, unless he was speaking in French, ever addressed Henrietta Maria by that endearing term, and I felt tolerably sure that Lady Elizabeth never called Henry VIII "papa." On the other hand, I would observe that "papa" and "mamma" are fast being supplanted by the old original "father" and "mother." For ten or perhaps twenty years past children in the upper and middle classes have, so far as my observation goes, been taught to say "father" and "mother;" and "papa" and "mamma," which are words of extreme tenderness to those of my generation, seem now to have sunk into contempt as a "note" of social superiority.