

Impressions.

Soft haze about the woodland lurks. Disturbs the ox the slender prod. And Annabel the golden rod. From earth with coy abandon jerks.

The sunbath by the meadow burns. No robin charms the garden nook. And in the forest by the brook. The squirrel skips among the ferns.

And while the Summer's weary ghost Across the valley floats away. I think of theatres and May. Delmonico's and quail on toast.

The partridge darts across the wold. The rabbit by the tunnel dreams. And all the sogless woodland seems A silent symphony in gold.

Now lovers in the meadow stroll. Her eye's the poem he doth con; He thinks his name is writ upon The lily-tablet of her soul.

The bluebirds southward swiftly fly. The crow above the buckwheat caws. And small boys yearn to stretch their jaws. Serenely round the pumpkin pie.

We dream about our seaside loves— Those sweet, seraphic little gangs Of damozels with golden bangs. Blue eyes and seven-button gloves.

We dream about the full-dress hop. And conversations on the beach. And cheeks as ruddy as a peach. And of the sparkling ginger pop.

And how we laughed at Fortune's flaws That couldn't make our spirits droop. While we alone upon the stoop. Mint juleps drank through slender straws.

Bill Arp's Baby Talk.

The poet hath said that "a baby in the house is a well spring of pleasure." There is a brain new one here now, the first in eight years, and it is raised a powerful emotion. It's not our baby, exactly, but it is in the line of descent, and Mrs. Arp takes on over it all the same as she used to when she was regularly in the business. I thought maybe she had forgot how to nurse 'em and talk to 'em, but she is singing the same old familiar songs that have sweetened the dreams of half a score, and she blesses the little eyes and sweet little mouth and uses the same infantile language that nobody but babies understand. For she says "tum here to its dandmudder," and "bess its little heart," and talks about its sweet little footy-tooties and holds it up to the windows to see the wagons go by and the wheels going rounny-pounny and now my liberty is curtailed, for as I go stamping around with my heavy farm shoes she shakes her ominous finger at me just like she used to and says don't you see the baby is asleep, and so I have to tip-toe around, and ever and anon she wants a little fire, or some hot water, or some catsup, for the baby is a-crying and surely has got the colic. The doors have to be kept shut now for fear of a draft of air on the baby, and a little hole in the window-pane above as big as a dime had to be patched, and I have to hunt up a passel of kin'ings every night and put 'em where they will be han'y, and they have sent me off to another room where the baby can't hear me snore, and all things considered, the baby is running the machine, and the well spring of pleasure is the centre of space. A grandmother is a wonderful help and a great comfort at such a time as this, for what does a young mother with her first child know about colic and thrash, and hives and hiccups, and it takes a good deal of faith to dose 'em with sut tea and catnip, and lime water, and paregoric, and soothing syrup, and sometimes with all of these the child gets worse, and if it gets better I've always had a curiosity to know which remedy it was that did the work. Children born of healthy parents can stand a power of medicine and get over it, for after the cry comes the sleep, and sleep is a wonderful restorer. Rock 'em awhile in the cradle and then take 'em up and jolt 'em a little on the knee, and then turn 'em over and jolt 'em on the other side, and then give 'em some sugar in a rag, and after awhile they will go to sleep and let the poor mother rest. There is no patent on this business, no way of raising 'em all the same way, but it is trouble, trouble from the start, and nobody but a mother knows how much trouble it is. A man ought to be a mighty good man just for his mother's sake, if not for else, for there is no toll or trouble like nursing and caring for a little child, and there is no grief so great as a mother's if all her care and anxiety are wasted on an ungrateful child.—Atlanta Constitution.

Smoking in the Presence of Ladies.

The fact should ever be kept before us that absolute cleanliness alone is compatible with health. And more, a regard for the rights of others in eschewing all filthy habits is indispensable in the conduct of true gentlemen. What shall be said of a man who will smoke in the presence of ladies, even with their unreserved consent? This is done by men who would be highly insulted if they were charged personally with doing that which was in the least ungentlemanly. We ourselves have met with men who justified smoking in the presence of ladies, with the remark that the ladies expressed a liking for the odors of tobacco smoke. We do not impeach such as to the fact of falsehood, but we do say that if they really enjoy smoke, their taste is altogether abnormal and not very refined. It seems to us that their gentlemanly friends should recognize this fact, and at least do nothing to foster in them a depraved taste. The time will come, we hope, when all ladies will make it a rule to protest against smoking in their presence, or in rooms in which they have to dwell. It is a sign of weakness for a woman to submit to such an outrage as to have tobacco smoke befalling the air she has to breathe. To protest against wrong is the right of every one. On our women lies the duty of combating this tobacco fiend, which is sapping the health and life of our people. To court smoke, and profess to like it, is either hypocrisy, or a sign of a depraved taste which needs purifying. Let every woman refuse positively to allow smoking in her presence. She will thus do her share in ridding the world of a filthy and health-destroying habit, and show that she has at least an appreciation of cleanliness and of womanly refinement. The qualities which guide her actions who does this will win for her the admiration of all men whose appreciation is capable of soaring above that which is coarse.

CRAFFT.

The man who cheats his landlord is open to the charge of ignorance. A hen in a china closet can do more damage about it. Punctuality is the soul of business, saith the proverb. Hence it naturally follows that punctuality is not material. Gen. Wolsey is a one-eyed man. If he was only bow-legged as well, he might readily be mistaken for a bicycle rider.

A St. Louis man who painted a lamp-post every evening for two weeks saw his marks on the backs of ninety seven different loafers. A Cincinnati man in trying to break a \$40 colt smashed up \$90 worth of property, but as he had the applause of two hundred men and boys he didn't mind the loss much.

Dr. Hall says that taking a walk before breakfast has put more people into their coffins than the ailments they were seeking to get rid of. The attention of tramps is particularly called to this statement. Nothing makes the keeper of a railroad restaurant more mad than to have one customer ask in a rather loud tone of another: "Have they ever tried plating war-ships with these kind of sandwiches?"

The other day the czar was discovered standing in one corner of his palace dodging big rubber footballs which his attendants were throwing at him. It is supposed that he was practicing for his coronation. No amount of persuasion would induce a stranger in a Vermont town, who got hit by a polecat, to give his name. He said he was in trouble enough without having the neighbors hear the story and guff him.

"Hold up your hands," yelled the western outlaw as he boarded a palace car and showed his pistols. "Are you a road agent?" asked a frightened passenger. "Yes." "Thank heaven! I feared you were another porter."

A Buffalo man has been missing since "moving day." If there is any day when a man is justified in disappearing, "moving day" is the one. A man who will not get away then will stay under all circumstances—even twins.

Thomas Schofield, aged 91, walked nine miles to renew his subscription to a paper. It is the general impression among country editors that there are a number of subscribers who are waiting until they are 91 years old to come and pay for their paper.

A Chile allers deserves whippin' de most when his father is outen humor. Dare's a ole saying what says neber hit a boy when yer are mad. I wouldn't give a cent ter hit him any udder time, case I ain't gwir ter fight nobody when I see in a good humor.—Arkansas Traveler.

There is a proverb to the effect that it is best to have the good-will even of a dog. This statement is strictly true. If you don't believe it, not over four minutes of the energetic ill-will of a good, healthy bulldog would convince you that his friendship was much more to be desired than his enmity.

John Jones lived in Cleveland. While milking he tied the cow's tail to his leg, as the flies kept that appendage flopping. After he was taken three times around the cow-pasture on his back, he remarked: "I recognize my mistake. I should have tied her tail to her own leg instead of to mine."

"My young friend," exclaimed a prosperous New Yorker as he greeted a freshly-arrived youth at Castle Garden, "welcome to free America, and let me give you a word of advice; you want to rise in the world, don't you?—become an alderman, perhaps the mayor of the city, or maybe go to congress." "Yes, sir." "Well, you go right up to The Herald office and advertise for a position as bartender."

It was at the shore and a gentleman was chatting on his cottage porch with two or three guests. His pretty daughter comes up from the beach, just out of the surf: "Oh, pappa," she exclaimed, "only think, I was nearly drowned." Pappa, turning pathetically to his friends: "By the powers, gentlemen, do you hear that? I have spent more than \$5,000 on that girl's education, and to-day she was nearly drowned."

Burns and Scalds. Five years since (Sept., '77) the American Agriculturist recommended the use of bicarbonate of soda, that is the common baking soda, for most kinds of burns. Since then frequent experiments and observations, the opinions of physicians, and the best medical journals, have more than confirmed all we then said. As burns and scalds are always liable to occur, and as this remedy, though simple, has proved to be extraordinarily useful, it should be fixed in the minds of every one. The soda, and the carbolic acid so readily set at liberty from it, have antiseptic, astringent, and disinfecting properties—all highly beneficial for burns.

For slight burns cover all the injured parts with a layer of powdered soda. For deeper burns, but where the skin is not broken, dip linen rags in a solution made by dissolving about one third of an ounce of the soda in a pint of water; lay the rags on and keep them moist with the solution. For very severe burns followed by suppuration (formation of pus) apply the rags in the same way, keeping them moist; but frequently exchange them when dry for fresh ones, and carefully wash off with the soda solution any matter that has accumulated underneath, so that it may not be absorbed into and poison the blood. Leading European medical journals give numerous instances in which, by the above treatment, extensive burns of very severe character have healed speedily, leaving little scar.—American Agriculturist.

Prince Arthur Protects the Nun at Ramleh.

The daughters of Zion have a convent and institution of their order at Ramleh. They write in a tone of deep gratitude for the protection their convent received from the Duke of Connaught when he occupied that town. His Royal Highness took up his quarters in the convent itself, and gave strict orders that the chapel and everything sacred connected with it should be respected. The good sisters, therefore, upon their return to their convent, had good reasons to be thankful to the royal Duke, and very thankful they are for his Royal Highness's protection and courtesy.

How Russian Girls are Courted.

Love is the same all the world over, but "courting" is managed very differently in different countries, Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar. The first Whitsunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years, she is taken to the Petersburg Summer-garden to join the "bridal promenade." This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession, followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons, dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side. However, every now and then some young fellow slips out of his proper rank and adds himself to the line of girls on the other side speaking to one particularly. The parents of the girl join in the conversation in a few moments, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man. Generally the old folks have talked it over before, but on this occasion every one pretends to be surprised. On the next day a female confidante calls on the girl's parents and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet and argue about the portion to be given with the girl. If this is not satisfactory, all is at an end; if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place. The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur mat, and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another. The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father folds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed locks. As they arise bridesmaids sing a wedding song. The guests each bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is handed about, and some one says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetness being supposed to be provided by the kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this: "Farewell, happy bridegroom. But return to be still more happy.

Courting time has now begun. Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present which, is always something good to eat—generally cakes or sugarplums. He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom, which must include brushes, combs, soap and perfume. On receiving these, the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away, and wash her, dress her hair, and perfume her pocket-handkerchief.

Thus touched up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home with him in a neat bag. Those eternal bridesmaids, whom they must have by this time, are there, however, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her husband's boots, to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms generally hide jewellery or money in their boots, while the bride may take possession of as a balm for her pride. After the wedding day the parents begin to give feasts, and keep it up a week, and it is not till all this is over that the "young couple" see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them, and give them each a present.

Dramatic.

A handsome monument to Bellini, the composer, has just been erected in Catania, Sicily.

The Big Four are doing a big business wherever they strike—and they strike every time.

Minnie Hauk will not appear in opera this season, but will shortly commence a concert tour.

"The Vicar of Bray"—a decided failure in London—has proved as dismal a failure in New York.

Salvini has added "King Lear" to his repertoire. His season begins at the Fifth Avenue, New York, on the 26th inst.

"Only a Farmer's Daughter," with Agnes Herndon in the leading role, will shortly be presented for the first time in New York.

"For Congress," the new play for Mr. John T. Raymond, whereof so much was promised in advance, seems to have failed. He has gone back to "Fresh."

Now we know what the matter with Mrs. Langtry's Rosalind. She plays the part in pants, instead of the doublet and hose; and the boys are mad.

So sinful a thing was the first theatrical performance in Boston thought to be that the lawmakers interfered, and no other was attempted for twenty-seven years.

Charles Wyndham, who is justly regarded as the representative English actor in genteel comedy, will open his American season at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and will no doubt meet with a hearty reception.

Mlle. Rhea is meeting with the most flattering success on her present tour. The houses are well patronized, her support is excellent and the press criticisms eulogistic.

Mr. Wm. Stafford, the clever young tragedian, is now making a tour of the States and Canada, and is meeting with gratifying success. He has, we are told, a capital company with him, including Miss Kosa Rand, and appears in some of Shakespeare's best characters—Romeo, however, being his specialty.

If I Had a Donkey. An "Old Mohammed" asks what is meant by "The Drawing Room Version" of the old song "If I had a donkey what wouldn't go," and how it originated. The new version first appeared in Punch for February 7, 1844, and may be found in volume VI, page 85, under the heading of "A Polished Poem." It opens thus: "If I had an animal avers to speed, Do you think I'd chastise him? No, indeed! But I'd give him some oats, and say, 'Proceed, Go on Edward!'"

THE "HERDER" DISASTER.

The History of an Unfortunate Vessel—a Dangerous Headland—the Wrecked Party. On February 24th, 1876, a fire broke out on board the "Herder" while she was lying at her pier, foot of Third street, Hoboken, to the great consternation of the passengers, who were just settling themselves down to the voyage. The United States mails were on board at the time and \$65,000 in specie. After a detention of twenty-four hours the steamer left on her voyage, the fire having been extinguished after doing damage to the extent of \$600.

On January 24th, 1877 the "Herder" then commanded by Captain Bradt, reached New York after a very stormy passage of sixteen days from Havre. For a time she was under sail, but the fierce winds soon made it impossible for her to carry any canvas. Two of her boats were swept away, and almost everything movable on deck was washed overboard. The stout iron davits were twisted and broken, and the skylights smashed into pieces. The crew suffered great hardships, but the passengers escaped with a few bruises, caused by their being knocked about by the rolling of the vessel. On January 20th the "Herder" passed a vessel turned bottom up, but the weather was too heavy to allow an investigation.

In June 1878, when twenty miles off the Dry George's Shoals, on her way to this port from Hamburg, and in a dense fog, the "Herder" came in collision with a large full-rigged ship. Subsequently the Captain related how near his case came being similar to that of the "Ville du Havre," which was run into by the "Loch Earn." "It was clear weather," he said, "when the 'Ville du Havre' was struck, and the 'Loch Earn' was seen fifteen minutes before the collision. In my case the unknown vessel, which was certainly as big as the 'Loch Earn,' came out of the fog a minute or so before her jibboom was scraping my rigging, and if I had not so suddenly ported my helm and sent my vessel ahead at full speed she would have ploughed clean into us, and the chances of escape for 300 passengers in the thick fog would have been much less than they were for those of the 'Ville du Havre.'"

In April, 1880, the "Herder" was thoroughly overhauled. The boilers and machinery were put in perfect order, the second cabin was entirely refurnished and all the rooms were newly carpeted, upholstered and fitted with various conveniences. The last vessel before the "Herder" lost by the Hamburg line was the "Pomerania," wrecked off the Scilly Islands in 1876, but the greatest disaster that happened at the ill-starred spot was the wreck of the "Schiller," of the same line, commanded by Captain Thomas. There were about two hundred and fifty lives lost on that occasion, the vessel running on a sunken rock in a heavy fog and going to pieces rapidly. The gallant Thomas stood by her to the last and went down with his ship like a hero.

Cape Race is near the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, latitude 46 deg. 4 min., north, longitude 53 deg. 4 min. It is a lofty and precipitous headland extending into the Atlantic from the southernmost point of the island of that name called Ferryland. It forms a prominent point for navigators in the North Atlantic, lying near the ordinary route of vessels between the eastern ports of the United States and England, and being the last point of American land sighted or passed in the eastward passage. It is a point very dangerous to ships sailing in foggy weather between the United States and Europe. On it is a revolving light 180 feet above the sea. It was established by the British Government, and is sustained by a tax upon all ships sailing from or to Great Britain, to or from Canada and the northeastern part of the United States.

The S. S. "Herder" has broken up, and portions of the cargo are washing ashore.

Under Fire.

A few men, very few men, go into action for the first time without thinking a great deal of the bullets and the danger, and wishing it was all over and they were safe; the second time they are under fire they remember the last time when they came out of it unharmed, and they think a great deal less of the bullets and more of the work in hand than they did on the former day. Take an instance from the late war against the Zulus, where the British had mostly young soldiers, with only a sprinkling of old ones. There "funk" reigned universal with young and old. There is no need here to tell the old tale of the nightly scares, of the stampedes of the terror which crept over faces when a Zulu was mentioned. A lancer rides in with dispatches, and the remark flies round the ranks—"Look how he's riding; he's looking behind him; the Zulus are after him." These and a thousand other instances were but the natural outcome of ignorance—looking forward into the unknown—with men suddenly called upon to face something which existed only in their imagination, and as such was pictured in the blackest colors.

Black at Ulundi, where the Zulus came round at the Little-square in thousands, with the sun shining on them, our men saw that they were only men like themselves after all, and blazed away merrily into the "brown" of them, obeying the words of command just as they used to do at Aldershot with the blank cartridges blowing in their friends' minds. Henceforth they knew that the rifles they carried were no mere toys to make a noise with, and they learned that it was a useful thing for themselves if they obeyed their officers. They had seen a group of 50 or more Zulus creep into a bush in front of them, and by a well-timed volley disappear; and they remembered it was their officer who had told them to fire that volley; without his directing work they would have potted away, and the Zulus would have potted back, for all they knew till to-morrow, or the day after. And from that time there were no more scares. So much for the apprenticeship state. Now this stage once over, and the young soldier knows as much about fighting as the old one, with all the buoyancy of youth to back him up; and so the value of the men is no longer equal.

It has been the writer's good fortune lately to have seen a good deal of real hard fighting, with men under him who had learned their apprenticeship to fire thoroughly; and what has he seen, not once, but repeatedly, in action? He has seen the old

soldier breathless, always in a stumbling when he might have been straight, not showing cowardice, but his head gone, and fingers to nerve stick up the night of his rifle; while, in some actions, he has seen the boy's face lit up with anxiety, looking up and listening for the word of command, and hastily, but always under check, and hesitating when it was an advance, was called for. One fat boy under me, belonging to some civil department, and out on the ally, he remembers well, with a fat face, very placid, with round sheeplike in expression, and in a heroic or flashing fire, as the youth's boy kept close to him all the time of firing was hottest. Whenever he looked down he found himself looking into the depths of his plaid eyes, which asked, unmistakably, what "sight" he should make up to the rifle he grasped on his knee. Now then he gave him his attention, thought was the distance, when he adjusted the bar as methodically as if on a precision turning it side-a's to see if the line of sight pond exactly with the figures, and then raising it as coolly as ever, quietly delivering his fire and returned to the ready posture.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

Hon. Mr. Aikins will not assume the duties of Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba until the 2nd day of December.

It is the intention of the Government to grant licenses for the sale of liquor in Portage and Brandon. From the former place there are three applications, and from Brandon twenty.

The C. P. R. South-western reached the O. T. P. on Thursday evening, amid general rejoicing. It is proposed to devote Oct. 15th to the last day of the coming county exhibition, a special celebration of the event.

New wheat at Brandon brings 75c, oats 50c. Barley or buck-wheat has, but yet put in an appearance. A rough estimate of the grain available for shipment to season would place the figures about 100,000 bushels. The quality so far is very good.

On Monday last, the first sleeping car was in connection with the C. P. R. west. It was the Montreal, in charge of Mr. Bryant; and the Toronto, in charge of Mr. Burns, passed west on Tuesday, and the tawa on Wednesday, in charge of Mr. Brown. These magnificent cars are the that are made, and are fitted up with the most comfort necessary to railway travel.

The Portage, Westbourne, & North-Western Railway have now in operation two complete regular mixed trains between the Prairie and Gladstone. A distance of thirty-five miles. They have left the tract for the construction of the balance of the fifty miles of road necessary to the curing of their land grant, and before expiration of the time allotted, Dec. 1882, will have complied with all the government requirements. They have sent over 200 men at work, and are putting things with characteristic North-West enterprise.

So it is Said. MADAME—I write this to you of your brother, Monsieur Richard W. found near Paris, Ky. Some negroes, who lie at this house dying, vating for allroad, two miles from town, came upon them ten feet below the surface of the earth. The first bone discovered was the aakle, which, on being measured, showed a diameter of seven inches. Followed up this bone, they discovered the knee, which, through the socket, was two inches in diameter. From the ankle to the top of the shoulder blade—it being the top of the bone—was fourteen inches, and the teeth are five feet in length and condition. The back bone was then followed up, and forty feet from the head of the bones of the tail. The hind-quarter were exceeding large, and measuring a height twenty-three feet eight inches. The teeth, on being weighed, proved to be two or three pounds.

The Armored Train. Respecting the "armored train" or "steam-engine" which has been doing good service in Egypt, a correspondent writes to me to say "that idea of a steam-engine being armed and going to battle front" was practically demonstrated so far back as 1853, by the famous Maurice Nash de Lacy (or de Saey), Gordin, who served under Suvaroff, drawing of the war steam-engine was the usual result of such submission. In the lowing year just before the outbreak of Crimean war, a drawing of the war steam-engine was forwarded to the Emperor Napoleon III. From the Imperial Cabinet a letter briefly thanking the inventor for an individual recollection of some kind of "war steam-engine" having been used in the Civil War in America in 1862—man who is so ill?"

The Physical Powers of the Austrian Empress. The Empress of Austria, even putting aside the fact that she is a grandmother, is a marvellous woman, and has recently been through a more than usually severe course of training for the hunting season, which by the bye she will in all probability spend as was at her summer residence at Ischl, Upper Austria, she generally rose at 6 o'clock in the morning, and devoted a couple of hours to gymnastics and fencing; after the breakfast were supplemented by a walk of ride, which lasted some hours.

Lately the Empress has actually been running for two hours a day; and to encourage her in the exertion, a pack of beautiful beagles have recently been sent to Godeola, which her majesty intends hunting her. The walking costume, in wet or cold weather, is a long waterproof Newmarket coat, brown straw hat, thick navy boots; in hot weather the long coat is changed for a hunting slip, and a circus, in which she trains her own horses and rides them a la Reine.—From the London World.

ED AND TRACK

years ago since an incident in my life which may possibly be interesting to those who, like myself, were imposed upon; and although I hold myself open to the most candid and searching examination, yet in order to warn those who are more readily won over by a fair and plausible narrative as nearly as I can remember the facts of the case, I will narrate as nearly as I can the adventure which befell me during the winter of 1869.

The wife of an English officer, a friend of mine, who was residing in London in June my husband was ordered to be in readiness to sail for the continent for the following month, and I had decided not to accompany him, as I had decided to accept of a situation in the United States, and had decided to make my headquarters during the time of my separation.

My husband's body servant fell suddenly ill, and on his resignation the duties of his office were expected to start. I made inquiries on all sides for a person of filling the vacant position, and a Mr. J. C. was recommended to me as a person who spoke very tolerably English, and was in readiness to sail for the continent for the following month, and I had decided not to accompany him, as I had decided to accept of a situation in the United States, and had decided to make my headquarters during the time of my separation.

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