The Democratic Watchman.

"TO MAINTAIN THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE, LIBERTY AND PROPERTY, THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE IS GIVEN TO THEM, AND THEY ARE BOUND TO SEE THAT IT IS NOT PERVERTED OR WITHHELD FROM THOSE WHO ARE ENTITLED TO IT, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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Miscellaneous.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Post.]

Remarkable Career of Crime.

Several months since the Bank of New Brunswick was broken into and over $70,000 stolen from its vaults. The details of this audacious robbery have already been published; and after being tracked for a long time, and through many places, its perpetrators have at last been captured, and are now awaiting trial before the Court of Arsizes in Nova Scotia. They are three in number, and their names are Phil Stanley, Jack Rand and Bell Smith.

These three men apparently are none of your smooth, [illegible] They display the [illegible] from a love of honesty, we will not stop to inquire.

The leader of this trio is Phil Stanley, alias Phil Sanford, who prides himself upon being one of the most artful villains in Christendom. He was born in England, and is over 32 years old. His manner is affable and quiet, yet he is a very devil in hardihood, and gifted with almost unparalleled finesse. He has the eye of a lynx, the subtlety of a cat, the quick decision of a consummate general, and a force of execution which sets all obstacles at defiance.

He first became known on this continent in the city of Buffalo, where in a single night he committed three burglaries. He was arrested for the crime, tried, convicted, and sentenced to nine months imprisonment.—Unfortunately, his sentence was soon after commuted, and, true to his instincts, he hastened to deserve another.

This fellow is aristocratic in his trade.—He entertains a hearty contempt for small rascalities, and aspires to great projects and achievements. Scarcely had he got out of prison, when he planned a grand enterprise against the Milton Bank, of Dorchester, and one fine morning that institution missed $32,000. Having succeeded in this great project, he carried on his operations in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and Springfield; sometimes alone, sometimes with his associates. But in Buffalo the bird was caged the second time, the Grand Jury found a true bill of indictment, and he was sentenced to the Auburn State Prison for another period of nine years and nine months.

In the meantime Phil had married the widow of a Jew, who kept an obscure hotel in the city of Albany. When he found himself a second time under the restraint of iron bars and heavy locks, he set his genius to work to devise the means of recovering his liberty. He drew up a petition to the Governor of the State for his pardon, signed by all the employees of the prison, and having counterfeited the signature of the Judge, sent it on to Governor Seymour. His excellency was ensnared by the trick; he promptly sent on an order for his release, and in a few days Phil found himself outside the prison walls. The fraud was afterwards discovered, and officers were dispatched to find the criminal, and after a long and fruitless search, they listened to the proposals of his wife, who agreed to discover his whereabouts upon certain conditions. The bargain being consummated, Phil got off with two years and six months confinement. This inadequate punishment only whetted his instincts, and gave him new faith in his lucky star; and he soon after robbed the Windham county Bank of $23,000. He next turned his thoughts upon Canada, and went to Montreal, where he committed many robberies with impunity—among others one of a thousand dollars from the office of the Grand Trunk Railroad. A police officer, getting a clue to his proceedings, tracked him to Buffalo, where he succeeded in capturing him. He was locked up two or three months, and then let off for want of sufficient evidence.

After getting rid of this annoyance thus fortunately, he went to New York, where his wife was then living. Scarcely had he stepped out of the cars when this adorable creature demanded a fur mantilla. Could he refuse such a request to a loving angel who had turned aside the poisoned arrows of justice aimed at his devoted head? The thing was not to be thought of, though Phil had not the funds, be assured, he was not the man to spoil his dignity by pilfering so petty a thing. To relieve himself of the embarrassment, he signalized the night of his visit to the metropolis by breaking into a store and stealing a quantity of rich furs which he thought could not fail of satisfying the most extravagant wishes of his beloved. But unfortunately for him, he had not obtained the article ready made; he had only taken the raw materials; and though the skins were magnificent, his wife upbraided him in no gentle terms for this oversight. "They must do," said Phil; "they must be made up." They were accordingly sent to a furrier, where, as luck would have it, they were seen and recognized by the lawful owner, and Phil was arrested when he called for the article.

"So it has often happened," philosophically remarked poor Phil, on his way to the Tombs; "these cursed baubles of women have often ruined great men." But he did not content himself merely with giving utterance to the maxims of wisdom; but while on his way to that venerable penal institution he slipped from the officers, out-stripped them in the race, escaped from the city, fled to Michigan, robbed the State Bank of $11,000: went to Connecticut, plundered several [illegible] Indian [illegible] store, plundered several [illegible] shops, and joined Jack Rand and Bell Smith.

The trio next attempted to rob an [illegible] company. By means of false keys the [illegible] cals got into the company's [illegible] their chagrin found the [illegible] two or three nights they continued the experiment, but still found no money. Enraged with his ill-success, Phil resolved not to have all this trouble for nothing. Having carefully examined the [illegible] and acquainted himself with [illegible] doing business, he forged their [illegible] and personating one of their employees [illegible] discounted and left the city. [illegible] note became due, [illegible] was 21 and for [illegible] sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

The other two [illegible] repaired to Quebec. Their exploits in that city having alarmed the people and [illegible] up the [illegible] of the officers, they left for Nova Scotia.

A few weeks after their arrival there, the Bank robbery of 75,000 was committed. In this stupendous affair, Phil employed all his devilish genius. His manner of proceeding is sometimes slow, but always sure.—With a ball of wax he took an impression of the outside door lock, and from this model they constructed a key. Another night the robbers entered the building and took impressions of the locks of the drawers' and vaults, and made other keys as before; and were now sure of success. It is asserted that Phil has often devoted six months study to the plan of an enterprise, and when it promised largely, has not scrupled to spend $2,000 in maturing it.

He possesses great powers of strategy and invention. At Auburn he made a key for securing the grates, and gave it to the jailor, who sold the secret to a house in New York. They got it patented, and have realized large profits from its sale.

Ordinarily, Phil managed an affair and let his confederates execute it. But in Nova Scotia he departed from his prudent custom: and to his negligence he owes his detection.

Jack Rand, one of his accomplices, was born in New Hampshire, where he exercised the trade of a locksmith. He began his career of crime with stealing $500, for which he suffered two years imprisonment.

After the expiration of his term, he figured in the robbery of the Portsmouth Bank, and received $70,000 as his share of the spoils. He sent a part of it to his father, who being found with some of it in his possession, was arrested for the crime. Jack, not altogether forgetful of the obligations of a son, confessed himself the guilty party to the police. He was imprisoned, and his father set at liberty; but the rascal made his escape in about four months. At Concord he was arrested for larceny. He got out again, and in New Jersey this modern Jack Sheppard committed a heavy wharf robbery. They caught and imprisoned him, and for the third time he broke jail. He was, however, recaptured in Philadelphia, and sent back to New Jersey, where he was acquitted in some unexplained manner.

Disgusted with the States, he went to Canada with Stanley, and the two traveled up and down the St. Lawrence. Steamboats, expresses, &c, were the theatre of their operations. One time they attempted to steal a box containing $50,000 in gold dust, but failed. Phil was arrested for the attempt, but was discharged for want of competent evidence.

The last of this diabolical trio is Bell Smith, whom we may regard as the servant, or rather slave of the other two. He does the most dangerous and servile work, and receives the least pay.

MAN WORRIED BY HIS OWN DOG.—On Sunday, about 12 o'clock, Mr Lyle Brookover, of Wayne township, in this county, while his family were at church, took two small boys, his sons, and went into the woods, accompanied by a young dog. When they got to the woods they discovered that an old dog, which had been with the family eight or ten years, followed them. Mr. B, ordered the dog to go home, and took up a stick to drive him, but when he struck the dog the latter made at his throat, but failing to reach it caught his hand and mangled it badly, while Mr. B. was endeavoring to choke him off with the other hand. In the fight, the young dog came to the aid of his master, and the old dog then, for a moment turned upon the young one, but came immediately back upon Mr. B., thus mangling his hands and arms to a horrible degree.—Once in the difficulty Mr. B., escaped from the dog and tried to climb a tree; but the dog caught him by the leg and pulled him down again, and kept worrying him as they both worked toward home, until finally Mr. B., crossed the field; but, upon arriving at the house, the dog met him again. He, however, by closing the yard gate quickly, escaped almost exhausted into the house.—Dr. Moorehead, of this city, has been closely attending to the case, and reports the patient as improving.—*Zanesville Aurora.*

"Charley, my boy, why do you stand there?" said an over-anxious mother to her son at at a fashionable party; "Go in and enjoy yourself, you look like a statue, there's Miss J—, she's a splendid creature—plump as a patridge, shall I introduce you?"

"No, I thank ye. I saw the lady in bathing at Nahant last summer. Excuse me."

Sad Result of Cruel Punishment.

From the Louisville Journal we clip the following:—

Some three or four years ago, the son of the Warden of a prison in a neighboring State—a bright, intelligent, handsome boy of seventeen—was detected by his father in the commission of an offence, for which he no doubt merited and should have received an application of the rod from the hand of a parent. The father, however, instead of applying the punishment useful in such cases [illegible] arraigned his child, [illegible] from his head and dressed him in the striped garb of a convict, confined him within the walls of a penitentiary—there to remain until the unnatural parent should see proper to release him. For weeks, the boy unable to help himself, underwent the rigid discipline of the prison, and performed the duties assigned to the convicts, the most humiliating and degrading of which was to appear in the public thoroughfares of his native town, and assist with a team engaged in hauling. Citizens shook their heads, and public execration towards the Warden became so strong and decided that he was compelled at once to restore his son to liberty, and he came very near being turned out of office.

As soon as released, the dishonored boy, broken in pride and spirit, fled from his home, and for a long time nothing was heard of him, until at length he turned up in the California courts accused of burglary. He was acquitted, and about a year since returned to the Atlantic States—going from one to another of our large cities and plunging into every species of dissipation and vice. A few months since, he was arrested in one of our municipal cities for arson and robbery, had his trial, and received for his sentence ten years solitary confinement in the penitentiary—and but one week ago he was brought back to the home of his boyhood, one of a gang of 30, chained felons in charge of the Sheriff. He met at the prisoners threshold, his own father, still the Warden. And so near father, mother, brothers and sisters—who are all respectable members of society—he must serve out his long and dreary term of punishment.

A Tale of Retribution.

Three days ago a man worth upwards of $40,000 died in this city. He left a voluminous document, which he called his will, and, upon opening it, his wife and eldest son, a young man, found themselves cut off with legacies of $500 each. He gave reason for so doing that the young man had once attempted to murder him, aided and abetted by the wife and mother. The occasion to which the testator referred in making this dreadful death-bed accusation is explained as follows: One day, some years ago, this man, who was of brutal disposition and addicted to drinking, was beating his wife so severely that she considered her life endangered, and called upon her son (the young man referred to) to protect her. He did this in an effectual manner by taking up a poker, striking his father across the head, and falling him to the floor. The father cherished the recollection of this act to his dying day, and sought to revenge himself, as above, by depriving the offending parties of their lawful inheritance, though the will will not stand under the statutes of the State of Louisana, and the dead man will be balked of his vengeance. It is due to the young man to say that he is of feeble intellect, his imbecility being the consequence of the brutal treatment of his father, who struck him to the ground when a lad with such violence that an injury ensued; which has affected his brain ever since. So retribution for the cruel blow of the father was visited in kind upon him by the son, who knew no better than to beat his parent over the head with an Iron poker because of that limited appreciation of the "proprieties" and "humanities" of life for which he was indebted to the father's maltreatment.—*N. O. Delta.*

Remarkable Heroism.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder, of India, in a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following instance of heroism, called forth by the Indian mutinies:—

"Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country. Her sons are heroes and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with these valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

It is no sin to be tempted, and all who will may resist.

A Dangerous Man to be at Large.

There is a terrible fellow somewhere "Down East," who ought not to be permitted to run loose. He threatens to play the very deuce, and break things, in consequence of his faithless GAL. If he should happen to put his threats into execution, the Lord have mercy upon us! His first threat is—

I'll grasp the loud thunder,
With lightnings I'll play;
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away.

That's attempting considerable for one man—however, if he has a mind to take the responsibility, and pay damages; let him smash away—we are not afraid. He next says:

The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon,
Or in the ocean I'll paddle,
In the bowl of a spoon.

That won't hurt anybody. Go ahead old chap—we like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure.

I'll set fire to the mountain,
And swallow up the rill;
I'll eat up the fountain,
And be hungry still.

Goodness gracious! is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach?—Must we suffer all this because he and his girl hasn't anything to say to each other, at present? No—never! Down with him! down with him! we say.

The rain shall fall upwards,
The smoke tumble down:
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown.

Hear that! a pretty world this would be, truly, with the rain falling up, and the smoke tumbling down, the grass dyed purple, and the sky painted brown! We might as well live in an old boot, with a dirty soul for the earth beneath, and brown paper leather for the heaven above.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwind's play!
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away.

There is no doubt, if he cuts that caper, the sun will feel as much PUT OUT about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be trifled with, or not; and as for his turning day into night, and sleeping it away, we would just as lief he would as not—if he can do it.

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The earth I'll physic,
Volcanoes I'll strangle,
Or choke with the phthisic.

Oh, ho! he dare not clinch with an old he earthquake, and so he threatens to flog a young 'un," of the neuter gender! Coward! why don't you take one of your size?

The moon I'll smother,
With nightmare and wo;
For sport, at each other
The stars I will throw.

Serves 'em exactly right—they have no business to be out when they ought to be a-bed.

The rocks shall be preachers,
The trees do the singing,
The clouds shall be teachers,
And the comets go spreeing.

That's all well enough, except getting the comets on a spree. We don't like that "pretty well."

I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs
With an ostrich feather.

Oh, crackey!—now he goes it! We did'nt think it lay in the gizzard of mortal man to do half as much.

Really, we think such a desperate and dangerous individual ought to be caught, cast into a spider's web, and safely guarded by one flea, two musquitoes, and a vigilant wood louse. There is no knowing what the chap MAY DO.

An Irishman driven to desperation, by the stringency of the money market, and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road.

Meeting a traveller he stopped him, with "your money or your life!"

Seeing that Pat was green, he said:

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed."

Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blixard away me hearty," said Pat, "divil the dhrop of powther there's in it, sure."

There are now loading with grain and flour at New York the large number of thirty ships, all for Europe, about half being for Liverpool and the remainder for Glasgow. They will average about 20,000 bushels for each ship. Such a wholesale exportation of these two great staple articles of agricultural produce is unprecedented.

The New York papers state that Joseph F. Perry, one of Mrs. Cunningham's bondsmen in the "baby case," was arrested on Friday, with counterfeit bills to the amount of $2,000 in his possession. One of his associates, who had $240 in counterfeit bills on the Roundout Bank, was also arrested. They were both committed.

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?"

"No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

A Sad Story.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* relates the following incident, which occurred at Xenia on the 4th instant:

"Among the passengers in the train from Cleaveland was a young man of perhaps twenty, and a lady some few years his senior. The gentleman was plainly clad, but the girl was dressed in the extreme height of fashion, and *rouged beyond even brazen* wantonness. It was frequently observed by the passengers that the young man appeared to be earnestly remonstrating with the girl, and seemed to be deeply affected. At Xenia, both left the cars, and it was apparent that the course of each lay in different directions—the man to this city, and the girl to the West. As the cars were about starting, the young man kissed her a hasty good-bye, and both burst into tears. The conductor, seeing that there was some deep grief at heart, invited the gentleman to a seat in the baggage car, as more secluded from the gaze of the crowd. "Anywhere," said he, "only come with me. I *must* speak to some one, or my heart will break."

After becoming a little calmed, he said: "That lady and myself were raised together; with moss for carpets, acorns for cups and saucers, and pebbles for walks, we played in childhood. She was a few years older than myself, but we were inseparable. She grew up to womanhood, was married, then separated from her husband and sought the city, and became a wanton—a heartless, disgraced courtezan. Steeped in sin as she is, shameless as she may be, I could not but kiss her good-bye, for she is *my sister!* She has already hurried a loving mother to the grave, and brought disgrace upon her brothers and sisters. But while she acknowledges it all, and sheds tears of apparent contrition and regret, no remonstrances can change her course. She has just been home to make us a visit, but she left again for her residence in the city, to drown the wanton's life the remembrance of what she was and what she might have been. Do you blame me, then" turning to the sympathizing conductor, "for weeping as I do over one so loved and fallen?"

The Sober Second Thought.

President Van Buren, in one of his messages speaks of "the sober, second thought of the people—seldom wrong, and always efficient;" and the history of the Democratic party is a significant verification of this remark.

Fanaticism and excitements ensure to the momentary advantage of the opponents of the Democracy; but the calm judgment of the people is fatal to them, and to those who deal with them. What has become of the anti-Masonry, of anti-rentism, of anti-Popery, of anti-slavery, of anti-license, and of all the other fanaticisms that have run through the land? Each, as it rose, injured the Democracy; but each fell again, and the demagogues who rose on the flow of the tide were stranded on the ebb.

The temporary advantage they gained was more than offset by permanent disadvantages. They won over factions, but lost the great body of the people. The favor they secured was ephemeral, the disgust they inspired permanent.

The recent election in this State is the last of the series of illustrations of these truths. Our opponents are not destined to profit by it; but we may do so. It should inspire us with hope amid disasters, and with moderation in the midst of victories.

Our Presidents and the Temperance Question.

In the year 1833, (says a contemporary) Mr. E. C. Delavan, by personal application, obtained the signatures of Presidents Madison, Adams, and Jackson to a declaration against the use of ardent spirits. Each successive President has added his signature to the instrument, excepting Gen. Harrison, to whom it was not presented. The document is now made complete up to this time by the signature of the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, and is as follows:

"Being satisfied, from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that, should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal health, but the good of our country and the world."

JAMES MADISON,	JAMES K. POLK,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,	Z. TAYLOR,
ANDREW JACKSON,	MILLIARD FILLMORE,
M. VAN BUREN,	FRANKLIN PIERCE,
JOHN TYLER,	JAMES BUCHANAN,

At a recent wedding in Trenton, New Jersey, it is stated the bride received presents of splendid sets of jewelry, a complete tea service of heavy silver, a box containing silver spoons, knives and forks, five dozen each; several sets of exquisitely beautiful and very costly lace, together with a complete outfit of household and table linen. To crown the whole was a purse of $500, another of $800, a third of $1,000, and a check for $10,000.

A singular marriage lately took place in Wilkes county, N. C. A man named Holloway, married his stepmother, the second wife, the widow to his own father! She had six children, three of them by his father, and three by himself; and having nine children of his own, the couple set up housekeeping with 15 children.

Popping the Question.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensible young man, than asking the girl he loves, to marry him, and there are few who do not find their moral courage tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which is one way or other they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suited to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity; if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke; if softly sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of high romance, and if severely practical, rules upon straight-forward common sense.

There is one maxim of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Women cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasions to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity, she expects him to improve it; and though he may tremble and feel his pulse throbbing and tingling through every limb; though his heart fills up his throat, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, yet the awful question must be asked, the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a romantic walk by moonlight, with the lady of his love—talks of the beauties of the scenery, the harmony of nature and exclaims—"Ah! Julia, how happy would existence prove, if I always had such a companion!"

She sighs and leans more tremblingly on the arm that tremblingly supports her.

"My dearest Julia, be mine for ever!"

This is a settler, and the answer even so inaudible, makes or undoes him quite

"Take pity on a forlorn bachelor," says another, in a manner which may be either jest or in earnest; "marry me at once, and put me out of my misery."

"With all my heart, whenever you are ready," replies the laughing fair. A joke carried thus fair is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attention to a lady, says, "Well, Mary, when is the happy day?" What day, pray?" she asks, with a conscious blush.

"Why, everybody knows we are going to be married, and it might as well be at one time as another; so when shall it be?"

Cornered in this fashion there is no retreat.

"Jane, I love you. Will you marry me?" would be somewhat abrupt, and a frankly given "yes?" would be short and sweet for an answer.

"Ellen, one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe.

"I should be cruel not to speak it then, unless it is a very hard one."

"It is a word of three letters and answer the question, Will you have me?"

The lady of course says "Yes," unless she happens to prefer a word of only two letters, and answers "No."

And so this interesting and simple process in practice simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways, according to circumstances and the various dispositions.

One timid gentleman asks, "Have you any objections to changing your name?" and follows this up with another which clinches its significance, "How would mine suit you?"

Another asks, "Will you tell me what I most wish to know?"

"Yes, if I can.

"The happy day when we shall be married?"

Another says, "My dear Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall."

"All the world is very impertinent."

"I know it—but it can't be helped.—When shall I tell the parson to be ready?"

As a general thing, a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to a point of declaration.

CURIOUS DEATH.—There appears an account, in the Paris papers of the death of a man in the most agonizing torments, from even so simple a thing as this: He was scratching his ear with a match, when, unfortunately it ignited and set fire to the hair on the inside of the ear, which blazed up.—In the excitement of the moment, he stuck the burning sulphur against the side of the aural cavity. A part of the melted matter adhered and continued burning. He died in two days in appalling tortures, his pain being so exquisite as to seal his tongue.

An odd sort of genius, having stepped into the mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movements of the machinery, when the miller thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news.

"Not's I know on," said he, "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By jinks," says Jonathan, "is he? Who heads the mill then?"