

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Block, Front street. (P) Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 25, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 2, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1856.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 6, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Constantly on hand a variety of cakes, and Sugar Breads, Confectionery of every description, &c. &c. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

DRY Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sugar, Oat Meal, &c. &c. FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, Old Fellows' Hall, Sept 25, 1857.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brann's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, also a fresh lot of Sarsaparilla and Fine Apple Cider, Farina and Oat Starch, at D. HERR'S, Sept 3, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

HAIR DYE, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1857.

JUST received, a fresh supply of Kennedy's Medical Doceps, at R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, June 27, 1857.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Genuine Article. For sale at McCHESNEY & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purative Mineral Water. This purgative medicine, which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom salts, is sold by Dr. HERR'S Drug Store, every day at Dr. HERR'S Drug Store, Front st. Feb. 1, 1857.

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Farina and Rice Flour, at McCHESNEY & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1857.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at HERR'S, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions. May 2, 1857.

A LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. E. B. HERR'S, Golden Mt. Drug Store, Columbia, Pa. May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received at HERR'S, No. 1, High street.

A LARGE lot of City cured Beef, just received at HERR'S, No. 1, High street.

HOOPLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCHESNEY & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUDMAN & SON.

HONINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c. just received by H. SUDMAN & SON.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, at H. SUDMAN & SON'S, Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union sts.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and New Depot, Columbia, April 19, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDMAN & SON.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. SUDMAN & SON'S, Dec. 20, 1856.

WICKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUDMAN & SON.

PARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens, to be had in the market just received. P. SHREINER.

WHITE GOODS.—A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, just received, at No. 1, High street, F. JONES & WELLS, No. 1, High street, Columbia, April 23, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap, 1 lb. is sufficient for our barrel of Soap, of the best quality. Full directions for use will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Columbia, March 31, 1855.

GRAT'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, a full supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOMAS WELSH'S, No. 1, High street, Columbia, Pa. March 12, 1857.

NEW lot of WHALE and CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber, May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For sale cheap, by H. F. APFOLD & CO. Columbia, October 25, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

Catawba Wine.

This song of mine
Is a song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wassail wine,
When the rain begins
To drench the drear November.

It is not a song
From warm Cavalonian valleys,—
Nor the laud
And the Maccand
That bark in our garden alleys.

Nor the rustling
Whose clatters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado;
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the beautiful river;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees
Forever going and coming,
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in their way
Are the Veneray,
And the Silvery soft and creamy,
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dainty, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on Guadalupe,
That bears such a grape,
As grows by the beautiful river.

Drugged is his juice,
For foreign use,
When shipped off to the cooling Atlantic,
To track our brains
With the fever pain
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer!
For a poison malign
Is such Chateau wine.
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it one needs but to name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-hall to proclaim it.

And this song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the beautiful river.

[Adapted Monthly.]

The First Snow on the Fell.

Our days had begun to darken,
The shadows upon the lawn
To fall from the elm trees early,
To linger long for dawn;
The leaves of the elm to redden,
And to tremble to the wind,
With their rustling and whistling
Of the worst that lay behind.

And now and again would flutter
A dead leaf to the ground,
Which soon would never gladden
Nor raise to a summer sound.
The fern was rot on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was falling,
That the wintry time was nigh.

But we thought, as I think the lover
With his loved one near her grave,
"O, Death, leave her here for a little,
Leave her here, whom nature can save."
A little more warmth and brightness,
And tarry of the green,
Had led to content with the future,
Thankful for what had been.

We dreamt not of winter, standing
As to-day we see him stand,
In the midst of the mountain's ponder,
With his feet on his land.
Though he dare not come to the valleys,
Though he leaves the hill ere noon,
His foot will be on the lake's breast,
He will wash the river soon.

He will wash the river soon,
You print of his heavy finger
We Northern know full well,
Our sign that summer is over,—
The first snow on the Fell.

[Household Words.]

Selections.

Pride versus Vanity.

Some three years ago there was a brilliant marriage at the church of St. Eustachie, in Paris. All the adjacent streets were filled with equipages, some brilliant and fashionable, while others were sober, unobtrusive, and even shabby, their only distinction (one for which the owners of the other equipages would have given ten times their value) being the arms and the coronets of the noblest and oldest families in France.

The alliance thus celebrated united the two opposing ranks, birth and money, and possessing these two envied advantages, would appear to offer the greatest chances of happiness. Besides, the bride and bridegroom were well matched as far as years and beauty were concerned, for, as they stood side by side it was impossible not to exclaim, whether audibly or mentally, "What a beautiful couple!" Who would have thought that as hand in hand they turned from the altar whilst the organs were pealing, the incense burning, friends and relations congratulating, the young bride was murmuring to herself:

"Who knows if he didn't marry me for my money only? Whilst the bridegroom was saying to himself:

"Who knows if she did not marry me only to be a marchioness?"

Now, the cause of the alliance which had united these two young people dated many years back, long before either of them were born.

The Marquis de Presle, the father of the bridegroom, born in exile during the first

emigration, had, through all the humiliations and privations of poverty and exile, been taught to preserve the pride of an ancestry which belonged to one whose nobility dated from the crusades. On his return to France he found his fortune a mere wreck, nothing remaining to him but his ancestral castle and a few acres of land. The indemnity voted for by those who had emigrated, procured for him, however, a considerable sum. Investing this, he left Paris, and with his wife, (not being able to maintain his rank at Court,) established himself in his ancestral domain.

Here all was changed from what he had been taught to believe it. Not materially changed—but the novelty changed; ideas, principles, and customs were all those of modern times, whilst the marquis belonged emphatically to the *ancien regime*. The village of Presle had grown into a town, not under the auspices of the former lords of the soil, but under the skillful management of a successful speculator. Anselme DuBois, who had established in large manufactories, and employed hundreds of workmen, all paid well, treated kindly and invested with the right to have opinions, and to speak their mind.

"This population had mighty little respect for M. le Marquis de Presle. The castle to be sure stood there, but to them it seemed (what, without historical association it really was,) a heavy, crumbling ruin, to which was infinitely to be preferred the gray white marble villa of the manufacturer. The traditions of the house of Presle had passed away in the turmoil of the various revolutionary changes, in the battle of prosperous commerce; and as for the crusades, not one of the citizens, no longer vassals of Presle, had ever heard of them.

Anselme DuBois was disposed to welcome the Marquis most cordially; not as lord of the manor, but on perfect terms of equality and good fellowship. But this, after astonishing the Marquis, greatly excited his indignation, and soon led to an open feud. The Marquis found himself alone, for all the townsmen, owing their prosperity to DuBois, openly sympathized with him. The Marquis was left to his dignified isolation in company with his wife and infant son.

But although the Marquis disdained to associate with persons whom he despised, the contagious malady of the age—speculation—took possession of him, and inexperience and ignorant of all financial or speculative operations, he embarked in a wild but specious joint stock company, and, as might be expected, lost nearly the whole of the little that the indemnity had restored to him. From this time the Marquis was rarely seen beyond the walls of his domain. His wife, one of those rare models which first suggested the distinctions and titles of nobility, as types of grandeur and nobility of soul, concentrated her existence and happiness in that of her husband and her son.

She was only seen by the townspeople at mass, when her quiet dignity imposed respect, and in the hour of sorrow—far, unable from her poverty to give that material aid of which DuBois was so lavish—she could not but minister the consolation of a woman and a Christian to those suffering from the great catastrophes of the affections common to all ranks.

Georges de Presle, her son, placed by the Bourbons in one of the royal military colleges, had been intended for a military life, but the change of dynasty had also changed his destiny, and he had returned to his home to share the solitude of his father and mother; too proud to remain in Paris on a pittance unbecoming his rank, too faithful to the traditions of his ancestors to swear fealty to a traitor of the ever treacherous house of Orleans.

From taste, as much as from deference to his father, Georges de Presle had forborne to form acquaintance in the town, though he had more than once either at the lawyer's when on his father's business, or at the curate's on a mission from his mother, encountered the great Anselme DuBois, whose brick factories towered almost as high as the crenelated walls of the castle of Presle.

Georges, although imbued with the principles of the *ancien regime*, had, however, progressed with the century in which he lived, and knew how to value and esteem the energy and talent which had made DuBois rise from poverty and obscurity to the high and flourishing position in which he now stood. A few words of courtesy had been exchanged between them on these meetings and an every other occasion on which chance had thrown them together—Georges had not the same cause of irritation against the perruque that the remembrance of former days gave to the marquis; to Georges he was a perfectly unimportant personage, forgotten when unseen. But by a strange anomaly in human nature, the young marquis, so grave, so dignified, yet so courteous, became to M. DuBois a sort of beau-ideal. In the society to which his fortune gave him admittance, he had seen handsome, fashionable, and stylish young men; his own nephew was the very type of this class of the *jeunesse doree* of the Chateau d'Antin, but DuBois despised them; they seemed to him like counterfeit money, very like the real, but wanting intrinsic value.—He himself was a parvenu, a man risen from nothing; he knew it, he was proud of it. Surrounded by every luxury, it was his boast to remain in appearance and manner still the same Anselme DuBois who had risen by his own exertion from the peasant

man and timid as a bride, took the frigid tone of those around her; and all lived, as may be imagined, a tedious and constrained life.

At the end of three months, M. DuBois summoned his children to Paris. He had prepared for their reception a splendid mansion, in which he himself, was also to reside. Laura's beauty, position, and her luxurious splendor, together with her title, made her the point of attraction of the season. Accustomed to luxury from infancy, she loved it not from vanity, but from habit. M. DuBois gratified his vanity by pompously displaying to his son-in-law the magnificence of his habitation.

"This is your home, Georges," said he; "I hope you like it. In the stable you will find horses especially for your use, and, I believe, the most fashionable vehicles have been selected for you by my nephew. Laura's new equipage is a *chef d'œuvre*. The carriage is from London and the horses are Arabs."

"I shall be delighted to go with Laura whenever she will like to have me, but as for the horses and carriages for my own use, I have never been accustomed to them, and therefore decline them."

DuBois was mortified; he wished to impose an obligation upon his son-in-law. But Georges steadily refused all participation in the splendors of his father-in-law as far as he was concerned. He went with his wife everywhere, shared her state whenever she desired it; but, as far as his own habits were concerned, they were unchanged from those he contracted at Presle.

Georges, however, had sedulously surrounded his mother with every comfort.—To leave her had been a great sacrifice, but both mother and son had felt that it was a duty, and both had consented. The health of the Marquis was declining, but she forbore to complain to Georges; she knew he must remain in Paris, and therefore was resigned.

M. DuBois, failing in his plans of subduing the pride of Georges de Presle, had turned his attention towards the Marquis. He commenced the restoration of the old chateau. His architect, his builder, his workmen set to work; subverting all the habits of the quiet and humble household of the old Marquis. She was too proud to complain, and the employees, all paid by DuBois, and recognizing only him, took pleasure in mortifying and annoying her.

Towards the end of the Paris season, Georges, with the instinct of all true and strong affections felt a vague and unusual anxiety for his mother. He wrote, not to her, but to the curate, and awaited with impatience the reply. He had never confided his sorrows or his sentiments to his wife, therefore she was utterly ignorant that and sorrow oppressed him.

One evening, at one of the balls of the Princess Mathilde, Madame Laura de Presle, who had just been dancing with a foreign prince, for some time her most ardent admirer, was surprised by the sight of her husband, who, with a haste unbecoming his place, and very unusual in him, made way through the crowd which surrounded her and bid her follow him.

She obeyed instantly. He took her to the cloak room, and then, without speaking, took her down stairs. When they reached the carriage Laura started back. It was not her own town equipage, but a travelling carriage, and her own maid and her own footman were on the box.

"Where are you going?" said she, turning to Georges.

"To Presle," he replied; "my mother is dying. Do you object to going?"

"I will go anywhere you desire, Monsieur le Marquis; it is my duty."

So saying, she got into the carriage.—When they were seated there, as they proceeded to the railway station, Georges having first most carefully enveloped his wife in additional cloaks and shawls, addressed her:

"Madame," said he, "I ought to apologize for my hasty conduct. The news of my mother's danger came by express this evening, after you had left for the Elysee. I expected it, and returned home, after conducting you to the ball, to receive it. It is of such a nature as requires my immediate presence. I consider it your duty and mine that you, being my wife, should come with me to the death bed of my mother. Your father refused to let us go, referring to a clause in the contract which forbids me taking you from his roof without his permission. My dignity as a man and a husband were here compromised; what I demanded was right, not only for me but for you. This will excuse, I trust, the decision I have come to, and its mode of execution."

"Georges," said Laura, "why did you not confide your anxieties to me, am I not your wife?"

"You are, but I do not desire to make you forget that you are M. DuBois' daughter." "I trust our mother is not in danger," murmured Laura, laying a stress on the pronoun.

"My mother is dying," said Georges, who, at the mention of her name had forgotten all else; but, Laura, I thank you for your sympathy, and for your ready acquiescence." Laura, on the impulse of the moment, would have thrown herself into her husband's arms; but, though she was a wife she was a woman. Could she make the first advances?

When they reached Presle, Georges rushed from the carriage. "Is she living?"

his first inquiry. With sorrowing tone, the curate, who had come to meet him, replied in the affirmative.

Without heeding his wife, though she followed him, he flew to his mother's room; here, though he scarcely heeded it, all was changed; the confusion left by bricklayers and masons overwhelmed the whole chateau. His mother's apartment had not even been respected. At one glance Georges understood all, but he smothered his indignation, or rather the agony of his grief made him for a moment forget it; his mother was dying; the deus of death were even now upon her. He threw himself on his knees beside her bed.

"Mother, mother," said he, "forgive me—has my sacrifice been in vain?"

"No, my child; but my task is over. I am going, but to leave you alone on earth; that is all I regret."

Laura, who had been timidly approaching the bedside, heard these words and drew back.

At this moment a great noise and confusion was heard below. Georges started up and rushed to the door, but Laura was before him; she had recognized her father's voice, and interposed between them before DuBois had crossed the threshold of the room.

"How did you dare, sir," said DuBois, "to violate the contract you had signed, and thus—"

"Father," said Laura, "his mother is dying."

"Let her die in peace," said Georges, alone approaching the bed. For some minutes his mother murmured in her son's ear, as putting his arms around her, he bent his head down to her. Then all was over. Georges rose from his knees, closed his mother's eyes, and the curate, throwing the sheet over the body, placed his crucifix upon it.

Slowly he passed out of the room, unheeding his wife, who was weeping in her father's arms.

M. DuBois had his daughter conveyed to his carriage and taken to her paternal home. "Till after the funeral," said he. Laura afraid to intrude herself on her husband, waited in an agony of anxiety. It was a week since the Marquis's death, when, at last, a letter came, not to her, but to M. DuBois.

"Sir," wrote Georges, "my mother is dead; how far you contributed to her death it is now needless to inquire. With my mother dies the holy reason I had for keeping the castle of my ancestors. I have given orders that it shall be sold; with the produce my lawyer will repay you all you have spent in the reparations you commenced. Your daughter has returned to her home; she is Marquis de Presle; I willingly give her all she valued in me—my title. When you receive this I shall be on my way to Algiers."

"Georges de Presle."

"So you are my daughter again, Laura, my darling; one of these days your noble husband will be sorry for what he has done; meantime we will remain here together."

"No," replied Laura, "I am his wife; I love him, wholly, passionately, tenderly; he is perhaps wrong, but it is not for me to judge him; I will go to the castle of Presle; that is my place; his widow, till again he claims me as his wife."

With her own dowry Laura bought the chateau; here she established herself, her occupation being to complete the restoration of her husband's castle, and by her charities to make the name of Presle as beloved as that of DuBois.

Three years passed away. Georges de Presle from Algiers had gone to the Crimea. There his name had been mentioned five times in the bulletins of his commanding officers; he was one of the young heroes of whom the Emperor was proud. But he did not return to France when all the victorious troops returned; he entered again on active service, and returned to Algiers.

conquered by his ancestors. But even as he spoke two arms were round his neck, and Laura, laying her head on his shoulder, murmured:

"Georges! Georges! my own at last!"

After the first minutes Laura conducted her husband into his apartment, prepared for him by her and ever ready to receive him.

"Your father, Laura," said Georges; "what of him?"