



NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT. TO ALL WANTING FARMS, A RARE OPPORTUNITY IN A DELIGHTFUL AND HEALTHY CLIMATE 25 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF PHILADELPHIA, ON THE CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, NEW JERSEY.

An old estate consisting of several thousand acres of productive soil has been divided into Farms of various sizes to suit the purchaser. A population of some Fifteen Hundred from various parts of the Middle States and New England have settled there the past year, improved their places, and raised excellent crops. The price of the land is at the low sum of from \$15 to \$20 per acre, the soil of the best quality for the production of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Potatoes, Grapes and Vegetables. IT IS CONSIDERED THE BEST FRUIT SOIL IN THE UNION. The place is perfectly secure from frosts—the destructive enemy of the farmer. Crops of grain, grass and fruit are now growing and can be seen. By examining the place itself, a correct judgment can be formed of the productiveness of the land. The terms are made easy to secure the rapid improvement of the land, which is only sold for actual improvement. The result has been, that within the past year, some three hundred houses have been erected, two mills, one steam, four stores, some forty vineyards and peach orchards, planted, and a large number of other improvements, making it a desirable and active place of business.

THE MARKET, as the reader may perceive from its location, is the BEST IN THE UNION.

Products bringing a higher rate of return in locations away from the city, and more than double the price in the West. It is known that the earliest and best fruits and vegetables in this latitude come from New Jersey, and are annually exported to the extent of millions.

In location here, the settler has many advantages. He is within a few hours ride of the great cities of New England and Middle country where every improvement of comfort and civilization is at hand. He can buy every article he wants at the cheapest price, and sell his produce for the highest, (in the West this is reversed), he has schools for his children, divine services, and will enjoy an open winter, and a delightful climate, where fevers are utterly unknown. The result of the change upon those from the north, has generally been to restore them to an excellent state of health.

In the way of building and improving, lumber can be obtained at the mill at the rate of \$10 to \$15 per thousand. Bricks from the brick yard opened in the place, every article can be procured in the place; good carpenters are at hand, and there is no place in the Union where buildings and improvements can be made cheaper.

The reader will be at once struck with the advantages here presented, and ask himself why the property has not been taken up before. The reason is, it was never thrown in the market; and unless these statements were correct, no one would be inclined to examine the land before purchasing. This all are expected to do. They will sell land under cultivation, such as the extent of the settlement, and will not doubt, meet persons from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements and can judge the character of the population. If they come with a view to settle, they should come prepared to stay a day or two and be ready to purchase, as locations cannot be had on any terms. There are two daily trains to Philadelphia, and to all settlers who improve, the RAILROAD COMPANY GIVES A FREE TICKET FOR SIX MONTHS AND A HALF-PRICED TICKET FOR THREE YEARS.

THE TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

In connection with the agricultural settlement, a new and thriving town has naturally arisen, which presents inducements for any kind of business, particularly stores and manufactories. The shoe business could be carried on in this place and market to good advantage, also cotton business, and manufactories of agricultural implements or Foundries for casting small articles. The improvement has been so rapid as to insure a constant and permanent increase of business. Town lots of a good size, we do not sell small ones, as it would affect the improvement of the place can be had at from \$100 and upwards.

The Hammonton Farmer, a monthly literary and agricultural sheet, containing full information of Hammonton, can be obtained at 25 cents per annum. Title indisputable—warranted deeds given, clear of all incumbrance when money is paid. Route to the land: leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia for Hammonton by Railroad, 7 1/2 A. M., or 4 1/2 P. M. Fare 90 cents. When there inquire for Mr. Byrnes. Boarding conveniences on hand. Parties had better stop with Mr. Byrnes, a principal until they have decided as to purchasing, as he will show them over the land in his carriage, free of expense. Letters and applications can be addressed to Landis & Byrnes, Hammonton P. O., Atlantic Co., New Jersey, or S. B. Conghlin, 202 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished. Aug. 19, 1859-6m.

Allegheeny Male and Female Seminary, RAINSBURG, Pa. FACULTY. E. J. OSBORNE, A. B., Principal, Prof. of Languages and Philosophy. Wm. S. Smith, Prof. of Mathematics. Jas. H. Miller, Adjunct Prof. of Mathematics. Rev. B. F. Stevens, Lecturer on Moral Philosophy &c. Wm. A. Stephens, Prof. of English Grammar &c. Dr. J. Hedges, Lecturer on Anatomy &c. Mrs. E. V. Osborne, Preceptress, Teacher of Drawing, French, Botany &c. B. F. Drott, Prof. of Instrumental Music.

Price of Tuition for term of 11 weeks. Common English Branches \$3 25 Higher Branches, including common, each \$0 Latin and Greek, each 2 00 German and French, each 2 50 Book-keeping and Commercial calculations 1 50 ORNAMENTAL. 2 00 Drawing Colored crayon, and water colors, each 5 00 Oil painting 5 00 Hair and wax flowers, each 3 00 Pencil work 3 00 Embroidery 1 00 Piano music, with use of instrument 10 00 Board \$1 75 per week including room rent, fuel, furniture &c. This is one of the best, and the best institutions in the country. The whole expenses—term need not be more than twenty-five dollar Second Quarter of summer session commences August 4, 1859. Teachers will be instructed free of charge in the Normal Department. For particulars, address the Principal. E. J. OSBORNE, A. B. Rainsburg, Bedford Co., April 23, 1859.

THE HAMMONTON FARMER—A new paper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth all accounts of the new settlements of Hammonton in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cents per annum. Inclose postage stamps for the amount. Address to the Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, P. O. Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land of the best quality, in one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, and where crops are never cut down by frosts, the terrible scourge of the north, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY B. F. MEYERS.

At the following terms, to wit: \$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance. \$2.00 " " if paid within the year. \$3.50 " " if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for less than six months. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stopping of a newspaper without the payment of arrears, is prima facie evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence. The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

SELECT POETRY.

INDIAN SUMMER. There is a time just when the frost Prepares to pave old Winter's way, When Autumn, in a reverie lost, The mellow daytime dreams away; When Summer comes, in musing mood, To gaze once more on hill and dell, To mark how many sheaves they bind, And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low; The dying flowers look up and give Their sweetest incense ere they go, For her who made their beauties live. She enters 'neath the woodland's shade, Her zephyrs lift the lingering sheaf, And bear it gently where she laid The loved and lost ones of its grief. At last old Autumn rising, takes Again his sceptre and his throne, With boisterous hand the tree he shakes Intent on gathering all his own. Sweet Summer sighing, flees the plain, And waiting Winter gaits his grain, Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain, And smiles to think it's all for him.

"SARATOGA SOCIETY."

Saratoga society— What endless variety! What pinks of propriety! What gems of sobriety! What garrulous old folks! And warm folks, and cold folks! Such curious dressing, And tender caressing, (Of course that is guessing!) Such sharp Yankee Doodles, And dandified noodles, And other pet poodles, Such very loud patterns, (Worn often by striaters,) Such hoops—big as Saturn's! Such straight necks, and bow necks, Such dark necks, and snow necks, And high necks, and low necks! With this sort, and that sort— The lean sort and fat sort! The bright and the flat sort! Saratoga is crammed full, And rammed full and jammed full! [Boston Post.]

A Fast Woman and her Victims.

The public has heard of the numerous chapters no less startling than interesting, in the history of fast young men, who, yielding to temptation in an evil and unguarded hour, have rushed headlong to ruin; but here is a history which eclipses them all—an account of an extraordinarily clever and brilliant "fast" woman, whose power of fascinating and beguiling men has been wonderful. We copy from the Paris correspondent of the Courier des etats Unis: "Among the young spendthrifts noticed in the journals of the day, is the name of a Prussian prince, count or Baron Ensel, who has eaten up, in less than four years, a fortune of more than six million francs, all for the sweet eyes of a woman well known in Paris as the Marchioness of Pavia. The history of this woman is curious. She was observed in Russia, where she was born of Jewish parents, by a great pianist who conceived for her a passion justified by her beauty, and above all, by her knowledge and intelligence. She spoke seven languages perfectly. The pianist brought her with him to Paris, where he had the weakness to present her as a legitimate wife in society, and even at a court ball. At this ball she made such an impression on one of the princes of the Orleans family, that she attracted him to the home of the man whose name she bore. Borne down by his excessive expenses, the artist quitted France for a time to mend his fortunes abroad. His companion, left at home, during his absence, quitted it one fine morning, to follow Lord Ward, known in London by his conquests of this kind. This nobleman did not retain her long—he economized too much of the wealth of which she was greedy. Returned to Paris in quest of a new position, which was the height of her ambition, she encountered the young Marquis of Pavia, brother to the Portuguese Ambassador, whom she so fascinated that he espoused her legally and religiously, promising her a million francs in case they should separate on incompatibility of temper. This

eventually was not long in coming. The new Marchioness could not consent to live in the heart of Portugal, whether her husband had taken her, so after making useless efforts to retain her, he counted out the million and let her go. At the end of the year the million had vanished, so that the Marchioness was obliged to sell furniture, horses and carriages, and to take refuge in furnished lodgings, where she spent her last cent. She had not the wherewithal to pay for a dinner, when she met a friend to whom she told her condition, and who offered her a meal at the Restaurant Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysees. In the conversation at dinner she told him that here she would be a millionaire or drowned; that this was her unchangeable resolution, and the vision of her slumber. While saying this she held in her hand a journal, and her eyes rested on an extract from a Prussian Gazette, relative to the decease of a Prussian personage, who left a fortune of ten or twelve millions to his two young unmarried nephews. She read this several times, became thoughtful, and four days afterwards she left for Prussia, with a thousand francs borrowed from her acquaintances. She was presented afterwards, I know not how, to the eldest of the heirs; but he was a species of Nimrod huntsman who had no passion but the chase. She addressed herself to the cadet of the family. He, just coming from school, was of a nature sweet and sensitive as that of his brother was rude. He was an easy prey, and hardly had the adroit huntress caught him in her toils, than the death of his brother doubled his fortune. He followed his temper to Paris, and surrendered himself to her with such abandonment, that I have heard that man, endowed nobly in body and mind, who knew all the antecedents of her who had seduced him, expresses his regret that she was not a widow, so that he could bestow upon her his name, as he had his fortune. He was hardly twenty-eight years old, while she was over forty! He covered her with the rarest diamonds and pearls that could be found. He bought her a country seat near Paris, which is a princely chateau. She gave every week splendid dinners, but she had for guests only men, and this tormented her. Her ambition, when all else was satisfied, was to attract to her, by her splendid style of life, women who were not of the same mould. This impossible thing caused her to blush amid her opulence. Hoping to triumph over this obstacle, by softening the conscience of the public, she commenced to build in the great avenue of the Champs Elysees, a mansion which would be a wonder. The stair case is entirely of onyx, and the dining of malachite. But the work has been suspended after an expense of two or three million of francs. The poor rich man has come to the end of his millions after reaching that of his illusions!

Water Spout on the Prairie.

Terrible Destruction of Life and property. The New York Tribune, dated May the 25th, gives the following particulars of a severe tornado at Iowa City: Last evening, while yet it was light, there arose suddenly a violent wind, accompanied by strong indications of rain. In a few moments the whole horizon became pitchy black, and the most vivid lightning darted athwart the sky. A terrible thunder storm burst upon us. While yet it was raging fearfully the sky suddenly appeared unclouded in the east for a space several inches in width. Many of our citizens discovered, indistinctly at first, the rapid approach of an immense water spout. The phenomenon was so unusual that the attention of hundreds was drawn to it. The appearance of the huge volume of water as it reached from earth to sky—waving to and fro like a rope hung in the wind—was exceedingly grand. The water-spout remained in sight nearly fifteen minutes, when the sky becoming obscured, it was lost sight of. Scarcely an hour elapsed before news was brought that Jesse Berry, a member of our common council, had been killed in a barn, which was thrown down by the violence of the wind and water. The next express from the country brought us information that a family by the name of Morgan, three in number, had been struck—two of its members killed instantly, and the mother so seriously injured that it is thought impossible for her to recover. Two men, whose names we could not learn, were killed instantly. Many have had their legs or arms broken, and others have suffered from contusion and fractures, occasioned by the fall of houses which had been blown down upon them.

The water-spout seems to have been from thirty to forty feet in diameter, and to have destroyed a large amount of property. Its extent was from seven to ten miles, and it is said to have traveled with great rapidity. In one instance a barn of Mr. Berry's was taken from its foundation, carried some three hundred yards, thrown down and crushed into a thousand fragments. A child of Mr. Walsh was taken up and carried nearly five hundred

yards, thrown into a slough, but, strange to say, escaped with its life. The spout appeared like an immense funnel, and it seemed very near, for the whirl and sparkle of the water could be plainly seen.

On the same day a similar tornado passed over a portion of Illinois. A dispatch from Jacksonville, says:

As far as heard from, it began in Calhoun county, carrying everything, men, houses, barns, fences, trees and cattle with it, from Manchester to a distance of twelve miles, directly north-east. We can count thirty-six dwelling houses, with all the barns and out-houses destroyed. The number killed, as far as heard from, are Mrs. Route, a son of Gro. Van Zanes, Samuel Brown, a Portuguese in the employ of Mr. Route, Jonathan Carlisle, Jacob Sample and wife, and Mr. Thomas. There are about fifty seriously, if not mortally wounded. Most of them, it is feared, must die.

To give an idea of the force of the storm, I have in my possession a stone weighing three pounds that was lifted up and carried sixty feet, passing through a window four feet from the floor. The floor and partition of a school room, twenty by thirty feet, was carried away, with heavy timber, and all cannot be found within two miles of the place. A wind mill was carried over four hundred yards, with pipes, pumps, &c., the small end foremost. There is not ten feet square within the route of the storm that has not rails, boards, &c., stuck in the ground, so that no one can easily pull them out. Whole partitions of houses are gone and cannot be found. A man riding in a field was blown from his horse, the saddle torn off and carried about two miles from the place.

No one can form an idea of the terrible effects of this storm, which lasted but five minutes, with but little rain. The cloud was very bright, while on either side it was so dark as not to be able to distinguish objects.

Democracy.

Is there, says a cotemporary, a word in our language that has the ring of our noble watch-word, Democracy? It touches at once every chord of our being, because in itself it comprises all the best men have dreamed, all the greatest sagas have thought, all that the highest flights of human reason have reached. It epitomizes all the results of the painful labors of mankind from the rude attempts of savage ignorance to the beautiful fabric of civilization. It is like a brilliant pinnacle perched on a high rugged hill, upon which struggling millions have toiled and are still toiling. Democracy—the rights of the people! Not the rights of individuals; not the rights of class, or section, but the rights of all including each. Nothing selfish, partial, limited, but the full recognition of one's claim, the unfettered development of each one's faculties, the unrestricted enjoyment of each one's rights. This is Democracy. Is it wonderful that its trumpet sounds wake mankind from the sleep of lethargy, that at its echoes the ramparts of prejudice, the strong fastnesses of tyranny and fanaticism are shaken, down, totter and fall. Was so potent a name ever inscribed on any banner, a name that in itself betokens victory? The party that owns this banner, must be national, it will be universal. It is born from no local passion, from no selfish interest, from no personal prejudice, from no transient expedient or passing cause, its vital spark is an eternal truth. It claims nothing at the expense of others, it stands upon the immutable foundation of truth and justice. Even those that oppose it are loath to sunder every bond. Those that leave it repent and return. Democracy is the pride of our land; it is that which makes it the shining beacon to mankind, the star of hope to present and future generations. Not our shipping that dots every sea, not our fertile, boundless lands, not our inventions and gigantic strides, make us the wonder of the world. These are but the offspring, the practical manifestation of the great principle embodied in our party name—the rights of the people, the rights of all. Can the most prolific brain invent a just cause that is not embraced in its protecting arms? Is there a wrong against which it has no weapons.—The noble tree, which grows only in the richest soil, the young roots of which are fed with the blood of patriot men, that noble tree extends its sheltering branches over everything that is good and just, but wrong and error cannot live within its realm. The party which watched over the birth of this nation, which sat by its cradle, which reared it to youthful manhood, that party shall be its guardian angel so long as Providence has decreed to prolong its days. Let no rash imaginings, no impatient ardor, seduce the unwary from a brotherhood which has ever been faithful to its trust. Let no one rashly condemn when the results have been so grand, and abandon the bright lights of the past for the fitful will-o-the-wisp of the present.

Mr. Partington says that Louis Napoleon has succeeded beyond her most sanguinary expectations.

The skull of Richelieu.

It seems probable that a very curious and interesting affair will soon be brought before the courts. It is known that the famous Cardinal Richelieu was buried in the chapel of the Sarbonne, where his tomb is still to be seen.—During the days of terror the infuriated mob tore open the Cardinal's grave, in common with thousands of others, dragged forth the remains, separated the head from the body, and carried it through the streets stuck on a pike. This head subsequently fell into the possession of a deputy of those days, who bequeathed it to his son. The latter, of course, attaches a high value to the prize, obstinately refusing to give it up to the State, which claims that the skull of the illustrious minister of Louis XIII, should be placed among the public relics of the empire.

It was at first attempted to settle the controversy without appealing to the tribunals, but, as the present possessor of the Cardinal's head is determined not to give it up without being absolutely forced to do so, it is said the authorities are about bringing suit against him to compel its restoration; and there seems very little doubt that he will lose his cherished head, at last. When Richelieu ruled France, and the weak king, his nominal master, with a rod of iron, holding the lives and fortunes of the most powerful in the hollow of his hand, little did he dream that the day would come when his skull would be carried through Paris on a pike, treasured by a city deputy, and reclaimed by Government to be placed under a glass case, perhaps in the museum of the Louvre, or the Hotel de Clurry.—Correspondent of Penna. Inquirer.

A new Marseillaise.

In describing the great celebration in Paris, "Malakoff," of the New York Times, says: "As one of the regimental bands came to take its station on the Place Vendome in front of us, while its regiment filed past, it played the new Italian Marseillaise, or rather Milanaise, which annoyed the Austrians so much, and which they prohibited in their Italian provinces. It was the first air I heard on arriving in Italy, and the last one on leaving; the Italians ate, drank, went to bed, got up, marched and fought their enemies, in unison with its notes; I did the same (all but the fighting) myself. It is one of those glorious airs which raise a man's hair to the perpendicular and set his nerves in a tremor. It utters the plaintive cry of the Italians struggling for liberty, it calls them from their firesides, and clusters them under the flag of independence; it leads them to the midst of roaring cannon and flashing steel; it hushes to sleep the dying warriors on the field of battle, and then sounds aloud the note of victory. I was always afraid when I heard this piece of exciting music that some one might come along and banter me to join Garibaldi! The world owes Italy her independence, if for nothing else than glorious music.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post office:

Pat.—"I say, Mr. Postoffice, is there a litter for me?" P. M.—"Who are you, my good sir?" Pat.—"It's meself, that's who I am." P. M.—"Well, what's your name?" Pat.—"An' what do ye want wid the name? isn't it on the litter?" P. M.—"So that I can find the letter if there is one." Pat.—"Well, Mary Burns, thin, if ye must have it." P. M.—"No sir—there is none for Mary Burns." Pat.—"Is there no way to git in there but through this pane of glass?" P. M.—"No Sir." Pat.—"It's well for ye there isn't—I'd tache ye bitter manners than to insist on a gintleman's name: but ye didn't git it after all—so I'm aven wid ye, divil the bit is my name Burns!"

Greasing the wagon tire.

A good many years ago I hired a "green hand" just "come over" to work on the farm, and I had a good deal of fun that Summer, even if he did not turn out very profitable at first, though he was a good faithful fellow, and after a long schooling became first-rate help. One morning I wanted to go to market before daylight, and I told Patrick to be sure and grease the wagon wheels well over night. Morning came and I started off, Patrick having assured me the wheels were well greased; but when I had traveled about ten miles, I had for my amusement the hardest kind of music ye ever heard, squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak it went, until I wished Pat had been there, so that I could have taken grease enough out of him to stop the miserable noise. When I got home, of course I called him to a pretty sharp account.

"Sure and I grased 'em all, round and round," said he, "and ye can see for your own eyes, where I spilled some of it on the woodens." True enough, he had given all the trees thorough oiling, as the marks on the felloes, or "woodens," as he called them, plainly showed. I couldn't scold for laughing, and I've laughed a good many times since when I've been put in mind of it by seeing a man waste his work by putting it in the wrong place.

There was my neighbor, who had the hardest looking lot of stock I ever saw, and they were just as hard as they looked, for they'd scale fences like so many cats. He used to keep two dogs and spend half his time in chasing his critters out of the corn and grain fields, when they only wanted something to eat, and it would have puzzled a grasshopper to provide for a family in his pastures. Whenever I saw him puffing, and sweating, and tearing around like mad after his cattle, instead of fixing his fences, I laughed and said, "His labor and expense are all in the wrong place, he's greasing the wagon tire."

Another man I new who used to work night and day to make money, but his farm kept running down every year. He would go to market at least three times a week, selling everything that grew on the place, from huckleberries up to sawlogs, and I couldn't see as he spent anything, for he and his wife always looked like distress, but he just managed to keep up his interest, and that was all. His land was only skinned, and his manure lay around loose in the only barn yard he had—the public road. And when I saw him week after week going to town with a load of some truck to peddle out, thinks I, he's "greasing his wagon tire."

When I've seen men walloping their boys for swearing and cutting up, and then letting them run around nights to the village tavern, or wherever they pleased, without calling them to account, although I felt sad, I had to laugh, for they put me so much in mind of "greasing the wagon tire."

I've seen mechanics and merchants do the same thing when they took their capital out of a safe business to go to speculating, and even the women have "greased the wagon tire" by bringing up their daughters to be ladies, by letting them sit reading novels in the parlor while they themselves stood away in the kitchen.

I don't love to think about funny things in church, but when I've heard the parson preaching just to please the people, oiling them down with good smooth pleasant talk, I've had hard work to keep from smiling out loud, thinking about "greasing the wagon tire." JONATHAN.

Transplanting Fruit Trees.

Planting fruit trees, like planting anything else in the ground, designed to grow well, must be done right; and no labor can be more judiciously spent, than in planting a fruit tree well. In the first place, get good, sound trees, and if the top is full of branches, or large, and the roots are small, it is necessary to trim down the top to suit the size and quantity of roots. This the person planting must be the judge of. All roots that are bruised or injured in taking up, must be cut off smooth. The longer and larger the roots the better. In the next place, make the holes for trees large, and not less than four to six feet in diameter, and at least two feet deep—the more depth the better. Fill up the holes with any good soil to within fifteen inches of the top—set the tree in the hole the same way it first grew—fill up all the spaces around the roots with good fine earth, and cover over all the roots three or four inches thick with good rich soil, which press down lightly with the foot, except around the trunk of the tree, where a half bucket of water poured around will have the effect of causing all the vacancies around the trunk and roots under it to fill up. Place a stake or stick in the hole where there are no roots near; or what would be much better, a post of locust, of proper size and height—to fasten the tree to for four or five years, to keep it from swinging about by the wind, then fill up the whole to within four or five inches of the top, and put a layer of any kind of manure, straw, weeds, &c., two or three inches thick, and then fill the hole full of earth, and tramp it moderately tight. The trees ought to be planted from nine to fifteen inches in depth, according to size and former depth of growth. Many good trees are ruined by the storms, cattle, &c., for want of good stakes or posts to prevent their bending down, and shaking loose at roots, &c. These prescriptions are intended for apple trees, and all others can be planted in the same way, except as regards distance. Apple trees, in a new orchard, should be planted from thirty to forty feet apart, according to size or kinds of trees, smaller size nearer in proportion. Fall planting is the surest season, affording more leisure to plant properly, &c., and can be done from the middle of October until the ground freezes. —Patrol & Union.

"No, I won't take a stump," said the girl, when she was asked to marry a short man.