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Poetical.

CONTENTMENT.

BY CHARLES D. RYDEN.

The brightest gem the world can boast,
The poorest man may wear,
And keep it as an amulet
To exorcise his care.
It never mocks at poverty.
Nor makes the weaker proud,
But sheds soft lustre on his path,
Like sunlight through a cloud.

'Tis one the noble in his hall,
The monarch on his throne,
Mid lofty pomp and pageantry,
Can never call their own.
It rarely graces stately dames,
Although it adds to beauty;
It sheds unknown delight upon
The least attractive duty.

It is not to be bought with gold,
Nor high estate can gain it;
And yet the humblest in the land
May easily obtain it.
It is not found in Orient streams,
In deep mines is not hidden,
But answers to a fairy call,
And ever comes when bidden.

'Twill make a palace of a hut,
A paradise of earth;
And though it can be cheaply bought,
It is of priceless worth.
And he is wise whoever wears
The jewel in his breast,
His heart will own tranquility,
However much oppressed.

It keeps the brow from furrows free,
The spirit ever young,
And teaches more and better truth,
Than's often said or sung.
It checks impatient wanderings,
Takes pain from banishment;
Add after all this precious thing
Is nothing but CONTENT.

The Lord Will Provide.
A poor but pious widow in Boston, in her eighty-seventh year, said to a friend, "When I was left a widow with three little children, I was brought into such extremity that they were crying for bread, and I had nothing for them to eat. As I arose on Sabbath morning, I knew not what to do but to ask my Heavenly Father to feed my little ones, and commit myself and them to his care."

"I then went out to the well to get a pail of water, and saw on the ground a six cent piece, which I took up; and learning that it did not belong to any of those who lived in the same house with me, I thought I might take it to feed my famishing children. Though it was a Sabbath morning, I felt that it would be right to go to a baker who lived in the neighborhood, tell him our circumstances, and buy bread with the money Providence had thus cast in my way. The baker not only did this, but the Lord opened his heart to add a bountiful supply; and from that hour to the present, which is nearly fifty years, I have never doubted that God would take care of his children."

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—We read the following in the *Independence Breeze*: A parish in the Canton of Thurgovia, (Switzerland,) has just given a grand example of toleration and union between the two confessions. The occasion was the installation of a new protestant pastor at Frauenfeld, where the two creeds count about an equal number of believers. The reception was accompanied by a certain degree of pomp. Young Catholic girls assisted Protestant girls in preparing crowns; the Catholic clergy went out to meet the new preacher; a choir of men composed of Catholics and Protestants, conducted by a cure, chanted hymns of thanksgiving, and the fête terminated with a grand banquet, at which all the principal citizens of the locality were present.

A lawyer in Batavia, New York, charged a client \$782 for collecting a claim of \$800. The *Herald* of that place publishes the document in proof of the fact.

Miscellaneous.

From South Carolina to Virginia.

Here is a perfect gem from one of Dr. Mackay's recent "Transatlantic Sketches," published in the London Illustrated News:

Away again through the eternal pine forests for hundreds of miles! The railway is as straight as an arrow's flight or a mathematical line; and we have to travel for thirty hours without other stoppages than an occasional ten minutes or quarter of an hour for breakfast or dinner. The country is picturesque, the railway the reverse of comfortable, and sleep, if wooded, is difficult to be won in "cars," or carriages where there is no support for the back or the head of the unhappy traveler; where there is not even a place to stow away a hat, a stick, an umbrella, or a bag; and where about sixty persons of all ages and conditions in life, including half a dozen of young children, and at least twenty people who chew tobacco and spit, are closely packed in an atmosphere deprived of all moisture and elasticity by the red heat of an anthracite stove that glows and throbs in this locomotive den. Behind the stove, and on the side of the car, in large letters, is the following inscription:

GENTLEMEN
ARE REQUESTED
NOT TO SPIT
ON THE STOVE.

And here, as well as at any other point of my journey, I may as well say what I have to say on the subject of the odious practice of tobacco chewing, and its concomitant and still more odious practice of spitting, so disgustingly prevalent in the southern and western States, and to a minor extent in the northern. Before I saw with my own eyes the extent and prevalence of this filthiness, I imagined that the accounts given by preceding travelers were exaggerations and caricatures, intended to raise an ill-natured laugh; but observation speedily convinced me that all I had previously read upon the subject fell short of the truth, and that it would be difficult to exaggerate the extent of the vice, and the callousness with which it is regarded even by people of education and refinement. Americans who have traveled in Europe do not seem to be annoyed that a stranger should take notice of the practice and be offended by it; but custom so dulls even their perceptions of its offensiveness that they consider the fault finders as somewhat squeamish and over sensitive. Once, at Washington, I found myself the centre of a group of members of Congress, two of whom were among the most expert and profuse spitters (I was going to write expectorators, but the word is not strong enough,) whom it was ever my fortune to meet, when the conversation having turned upon the military prowess and skill of several gentlemen who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican war, I was suddenly asked by one of them—who cleared his mouth for the purpose of one of the most portentous floods of tobacco juice I ever saw—who was the greatest general in America? The reply was General Spit. "Well," said the senator, "I calculate you are about right; and though you, as a Britisher, may say so, I should advise you not to put the observation into print, as some of our citizens might take it as personal." On another occasion an eminent lawyer, who had filled some of the highest offices of the State, a man to whom ancient and modern literature were equally familiar, who had studied European as well as American politics, whose mind seemed to have run thro' the whole circle of human knowledge; and who could converse eloquently on any subject, though while he spoke the tobacco juice oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and ran down upon his shirt front and waistcoat, took a large cake of tobacco from a side pocket, and courteously offered me a chew. "The cake, I should think, weighed about half a pound. I asked him if he had ever calculated how many gallons of spit such a cake represented? "Well," said he, putting the cake back into his pocket, "it is a disgusting habit. I quite agree with you. I have made several attempts to break myself of it, but in vain. I cannot think, nor work, without it; and, although I know it injures my stomach, and is in other respects bad for me, I am the slave of the habit, and will, I fear, be so to the end of my days." Even in the presence of ladies, the chatters and spitters do not relent; and ladies seem almost if not quite, as indifferent to the practice as the other sex. In theatres and lecture rooms are constantly to be seen inscriptions requesting gentlemen not

to spit in the boxes or on the stoves; and in all places of public resort the spittoon is an invariable article of furniture. Spittoons garnish the marble steps of the Capitol at Washington; spittoons are in all the reading rooms, bars, lobbies, and offices of the hotels; spittoons in every railway car; and in the halls of every State Legislature which I visited, the parliamentary spittoons seemed to be as indispensable as the desks and benches of the members. If the American eagle were represented as holding in his or her claw a spittoon, instead of the thunderbolt of Jove, the change might not be graceful or poetical, but would certainly not be inappropriate. But enough on this subject, which I would gladly have omitted to mention, if I had not hoped, as I do, that the concurrent testimony of all travelers will ultimately produce some effect; and that, sooner or later, Americans will be ashamed out of a habit so loathsome in itself, and so prejudicial to the health, bodily and mental, of all who indulge in it."

A LEARNED COOK.

The following anecdote, which we find in the biography of an eminent mathematician and teacher of navigation—himself entirely a self-taught man—was translated by Rev. Mr. Young, from the *Correspondance Astronomique* of Baron Zach, a very distinguished European astronomer: "The Baron is relating the sensation caused at Genoa by the arrival there, in 1817, of that splendid packet, the *Cleopatra's Barge*, owned by Geo. Crowningshield, Esq., of Salem. He says that he went on board with all the world, "and it happened," to use his own words, "that, on inquiring after my friends and correspondent at Philadelphia and Boston, I mentioned, among others, the name of Mr. Bowditch."

"He is a friend of our family and our neighbor at Salem," replied the captain, "a smart, little, old man; and that young man whom you see there, my son, was his pupil; in fact, it is he, and not myself, who navigates the ship." Question him a little, and see if he has learnt anything."

Our dialogue was as follows: "You have had an excellent teacher of navigation, young man; and you could not well help being a good scholar. In making the Straits of Gibraltar, what was the error in your reckoning?"

"The young man replied, 'Six miles.' 'You must then have got your longitude very accurately; how did you get it?'"

"First by our chronometers, and afterwards by lunar distances."

"What! do you know how to take and calculate the longitude by lunar distances?"

"The young captain seemed somewhat nettled at my question, and answered me with a scornful smile, 'I know how to calculate the longitude!—why, our cook can do that!'"

"Your cook!" Here the owner of the ship and the old captain assured me the cook on board could calculate the longitude very well, that he had a taste and a passion for it, and did it every day. "There he is," said the young man, pointing with his finger to a negro at the stern of the ship, with a white apron before him, and holding a chicken in one hand, and a butcher knife in the other. "Come forward, Jack," said the captain to him; "the gentleman is surprised that you can calculate the longitude,—answer his questions." I asked him, "What method do you use to calculate the longitude by lunar distances?"

"His answer was, 'It's all one to me; I use the methods of Maskelyne, Lyons, Witchel, and Bowditch; but upon the whole, I prefer Dunthorne's.'—I am used to it, and can work it quicker."

I could not express my surprise at hearing that black face talk in this way, with his bloody chicken and knife in his hand. "Go," said Mr. Crowningshield to him, "lay down your chicken, bring your books and your journal, and show the gentleman your calculations." The cook soon returned with his books under his arm. He had Bowditch's Practical Navigator, the Requisite tables, Hutton's Tables of Logarithms, and the Nautical Almanac. I saw all this negro's calculations of the latitude, the longitude, and the true time, which he had worked out on the passage. He answered all my questions with wonderful accuracy, not in Latin of the caboose, but in good set terms of navigation. This cook had been round the world with Captain Cook, on his last voyage, and was well acquainted with the particulars of his assassination at Owhyhee, on the 14th of February, 1779."

WILL CASES.

The Providence Journal discourses on this subject as follows:

Hardly a newspaper comes to us now-a-days that does not contain an account of some important will case. Either the probate is opposed or some questions are raised under it to defeat or modify its provisions. It is getting quite rare for a will that disposes of a large estate to be quietly approved, and the property distributed without litigation. To a great extent we know this must always be the case where a large estate is depending. The disappointed do not easily surrender long cherished expectations. No matter with what care the testator may consult and employ the best legal talent, the chances are more than even that his estate will be in the law. We have seen it stated and believe it to be a fact, that a London conveyancer, eminent in his profession, after accumulating an immense fortune, drew his own will and it was ultimately broken.

Three different views are already taken of the will of the late Thomas Lloyd Halsey, of Providence, as to where the real estate shall go. Choate, Curtis, Payne, Hart, Jenckes, Currey, and Wood, we observe as lawyers already in the case to urge the different constructions. The large residuary estate of the late James D'Wolf, now divisible by the expiration of the twenty years named in the will, is before the supreme court upon a bill of the trustees for instructions as to the distribution. Curtis, R. W. Greene, Jenckes, Payne, and Hart, are lawyers already in the case to assist the court in finding out the meaning of what the testator undoubtedly thought he had made very plain. The happy or the unhappy possessors of large estates can avoid a part of the evil by overseeing a part of the distribution in their lifetime.

ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—HOW A YOUNG WIDOW WAS DECEIVED.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Clipper*, writing from Philadelphia, says:

Quite a romantic affair occurred in the western part of the city last week. The facts are these: Mrs. B.,—(a handsome and rich widow, and the mother of a pretty daughter of 15 summers,) by some means became acquainted with a young carpenter, who, altho' a fine looking man, was in rather poor circumstances. The carpenter visited the lady's residence very frequently, gallanted her to church, the theatres, &c., scarcely ever paying any marked attention to the daughter, who sometimes accompanied them. Madame Rumor with her thousand tongues, soon noised it about that the carpenter and widow were about to be made one, and his friends congratulated him on the prospect he had of so shortly being able to "hang up his hat." The widow, too, was complimented by her acquaintances, and in fact she began to think that the thing would take place although the carpenter had not, as yet, "popped the question." With the craft naturally possessed by "widowers," she threw out a hint to her gallant at his next interview, and from this hint he took it for granted that she was anything else than averse to a matrimonial union with him. He thought it was time to act, and undecide the lady, which he certainly did, and astonished her too, for the next morning he eloped with the daughter! This set all the gossips in the neighborhood going, and they one and all pronounced it "scandalous." The girl's mother, however, being a woman of sense, takes it philosophically, and has forgiven the young people, who are now domiciled at the family residence. She gives her daughter credit for the shrewdness she exhibited in her courtship, and also the carpenter for his discretion in picking of the two, the youngest and the prettiest.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE ON DISEASE.—Dr. Mosely observes in his "Treatise on Coffee," that in consequence of the great use of the article in France it is supposed the prevalence of gravel has abated. In the French colonies, where coffee is more used than in England, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel but the gout is scarcely known. Dr. Faur relates, as an extraordinary instance of the effect of coffee in gout, the case of Mr. Deyveran, who was attacked with gout at the age of twenty-five, and had it severely until upwards of forty, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but for four years preceding the time when the accounts of his case had been given to Dr. Faur, to lay before the public, he had by his advice used coffee, and had no return of the gout afterwards.

Extract from the Paris correspondent of the True Union.

BEES AND HONEY.

Two rather remarkable phenomena of instinct among the bees have lately been discovered in England. A farmer's man found a bees' hive in a hollow tree, and drew from it three pails of honey, which he took home to his master's house. It was placed in the dairy; and the next day a great number of bees were remarked in and about the house. The honey was all carried off again by myriads of bees. A gentleman purchased a quantity of honey in the comb from a village tailor. In this instance the bees followed their own hard earned savings and carried it off again.

INJURIOUS JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

An Edinburgh paper recounts that a fine boy about 9 years of age, a few days ago, so injured his back by attempting to accomplish the feat of standing on his head, that death terminated his sufferings on Sunday evening.

A singular instance of the absence of reflection in boys, occurred lately in England. Some four or five were at play, and it was proposed to bury one to see at what distance he, the buried one, could hear their shouts; accordingly a hole was dug and a boy of 12 years, laid in it; one offered his pocket-handkerchief to prevent the earth from getting into his mouth, which was folded and laid over his face, then the earth shoveled in upon him. This finished, the others ran away to shout. A woman crossing the field, observed a foot protruding and a spade lying near, with which she served herself to extricate the body, when she discovered it was that of her own son, but life was already extinct.

Another boy of 14, working at a smith's, saw a neighbor of his own age come and put his eye at a hole to peep in, upon which he poked a red hot iron through the hole which entered the boy's eye and extinguished it forever, but inflammation of the brain has ensued, and his life is despaired of. I mention these facts as conveying a warning.

Death in Childhood.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage, which is taken from the *Dublin University Magazine*:

"To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely innocent and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest page; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it, there is nothing cruel or harsh in its history. The yearning of love, indeed, cannot be stilled; for the prattle, and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such we know is the kingdom of heaven."

Sleeping after Dinner.

This habit, which is becoming so very popular in this country, and particularly so with young persons, is an exceedingly pernicious one. In our climate, the stomach does not perform its functions during sleep, except with slowness and difficulty; if it be heavily loaded, it remains in a semi-torpid condition until the siesta is finished. The result of such a daily torpidity is indigestion, or some one of the thousand different forms assumed by the hydra, dyspepsia. In hot countries the action of the digestive organs is much easier than here, and sleep, unless very sound, impedes the stomachic functions but very slightly, if at all. The siesta is, therefore, a natural and proper thing for the tropics, although totally inappropriate to the United States.

RELIGION AT HOME.—"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion begins in a family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principal of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

Paragraphs from Prentice.

The expatriation of Glancey Jones will take place in November, during "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year." Our ways and means may suffer, perhaps, but Jones should not dispond, for Aristides, when *Austracized* was recalled in less than six years, and he will be in less than half that time.

We have fears, for the first time, in reference to the building of a railroad to the Pacific. The President will advocate, in his next message, its immediate construction, which is proof positive that he will oppose it strenuously next year.

The opposition in New York have been trying to unite, but failed. They remind us of the courting couple who fell asleep and never woke up till the candle burned down and set fire to the table on which they were reclining.

Will the Washington Union try the experiment of reading Hon. Mr. Wright, a Democratic member of Congress from Georgia, out of the party? He has incurred the "curse of boreasy" by writing a letter to his constituents endorsing Senator Douglas and expressing the opinion that the President and his Secretary might be better employed than in endeavoring to break down the author of the Kansas Nebraska Policy.

The United Presbyterian Church.

The *United Presbyterian*, the organ of the church in Pittsburgh, thus speaks of the late union between the Associate and Associate Reformed branches of the Presbyterian Church:

"Our local Synods have been all organized, have transacted what business was before them and adjourned. Harmony seems to have prevailed in all the Synods. Not a word uttered to wound the feelings of the most sensitive, and what was of more importance at present, not a word betraying a want of mutual confidence among brethren, nor a disregard to our common doctrinal bond of Union. Enemies may prophesy and utter fearful forebodings, friends may be faithless and distrustful, but we trust that our union is in spirit, and in truth, and that we are no longer two hands, but Judah and Ephraim become one."

We'll all meet again in the morning.

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, says the *Newark Mercury*, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement. "Good by, papa, good by! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the morning!" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under his burden; for something told him that his little one had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." There is something cheerful and inspiring to all who are in trouble in this, "We'll all meet again in the morning." It arouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightened away forever the dark shapes thronging the avenues of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our paths—disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we have this motto upon our lips:—"All will be bright in the morning."

PHUR, HE'S ONLY A PRINTER.—The following tribute to the noble preservative art we find in a contemporary, and we commend its strong contrast to the intelligent reader:

"He is only a printer." Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality.—Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What is Prince Frederick William, just married to the Princess Royal of England? He too is only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. And Benjamin Franklin, what was he but only a printer. What was G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Thiers, Douglass, Jared, Geo. D. Prentice, and Senators Dix, Cameron and Niles? They too were printers. What was James Buchanan, who occupies the most enviable position on the earth? He too was also a printer. You, so called printers, 'devil' work on never let codfish aristocracy trouble you, and you will probably be ranked with those men—men that have been a honor to the world. Every one cannot be a printer—brains are necessary.

DOUGLAS AND CUBA.—In his speech at Belleville, Illinois, Senator Douglas said: "When we got Cuba, (and get it we must sooner or later,) I am willing to allow her people to say whether they will have slavery or not, and I have no doubt what their decision will be, since they will never turn loose a million negroes to desolate that beautiful island."

RELIGION AT HOME.—"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion begins in a family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principal of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

THE GRAPE CROP AT CINCINNATI.—A failure, that place is supplied with grapes from Cleveland, where the crop has not failed for twenty-three years.

THE DUELLING LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

—There is a law in California, the penalties of which are very severe. It provides that if death ensues within one year after the date of the duel, from any wound inflicted, the survivor, upon conviction, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for any term not exceeding seven years, nor less than one year. The surviving party is liable for all debts of his victim, and for the expenses incurred, and the support of his family during his sickness—if he was not instantly killed—and the heirs of the deceased are entitled to recover ten thousand dollars.

This law was drawn up and passed through the exertions of Mr. Johnson, who was lately engaged in a duel with Mr. Ferguson. Ferguson, it will be remembered, was wounded in the thigh and afterwards lost his life. Mr. Johnson, it is said has property, and a lucrative position, and it would be singular if he should be called upon to make good the provisions of his own law.—*Wheeling Times*.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.—We have a carrier connected with this office, who is between the ages of 13 and 14; who occupies a seat in the highest class of one of our public schools, has the geography of his country at his finger's end, and who can cypher round a bevy of schoolmasters; and in two and a half years more, (which will make him sixteen,) he will probably read Cicero and Homer to boot. But in addition to acquirements at school, he has three hundred dollars in the Savings Bank, drawing five per cent. interest, and daily adding thereto, all gathered together by selling newspapers between school hours.—*Trenton True American*.

The Congregational Journal mentions the case of a man who, a few months ago, became a hopeful subject of divine grace, and united with the Congregational church in an agricultural town. Though a farmer of limited means, he solemnly devoted a young horse to the Lord soon after his conversion. He sold the animal for \$70, which the editors of that paper had received, with instructions to divide it between the Missionary and Bible causes. This is the more remarkable illustration of the power of religion upon the heart and life, from the fact that he was never known to pay anything before, either for the cause of benevolence or the support of the Gospel.

James Bogart, generally known as "Jimmy Bogart the miser," recently died in Brooklyn, aged 93 years, leaving property valued at half a million dollars. He lived for a long series of years in comparative comfort with his sister. Neither were ever married.—He was an Irishman by birth, but had a number of relatives in this country. By his will he bequeathed \$1,000 to the American Bible Society and \$1,000 to the American Tract Society. These are the only charitable bequests he made; the balance of his property being divided between his nephews, nieces, and grand-nephews and nieces.

DAMAGES.—The supreme court of Pennsylvania has given Patrick Kelly \$3,000 damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company because his son lost a leg while crawling under a train. The train stood across the turnpike, and the boy, who was going for some "baccy" for his father, could not stop in case of such emergency for the cars to go on. So he crawled under, and the cars started and ran over his leg. The court held that the railroad had no right to stop its cars on the turnpike to obstruct travel; hence the verdict.

LESSON TO PRINTERS.—Andrew Kessinger, the compositor who set the first type in what is now the State of Iowa, is worth \$50,000. He located at an early day in Dubuque, stuck to his business, never "drumped" and now reaps the reward of purpose in an independent fortune. He however, still acts as compositor in the Times office.—*Indianapolis Citizen*.

We are informed, says an exchange paper, on the authority of a prominent Baptist of New York, that the churches of that denomination in the Empire City have offered Spurgeon, the great star preacher, \$10,000 and his expenses, if he will consent to make a six months tour in this country.

HOGS AT THE WEST.—There is said to be a good demand at Cincinnati for hogs at \$5.76 net to be delivered in December.

The Illinois Central railroad, which suspended in 1857, has resumed the payment in full, having during the past year, paid off five millions of its indebtedness.