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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Once more, once more, my Mary dear,
I sit by that lone stream,
Where first within thy timid ear
I breathed love's burning dream;
The birds we loved still tell their tales
Of music on each spray,
And still the wild rose decks the vale—
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek,
By wood and stream and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
Where tears of rapture fell;
And yet beneath these wild-wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours;
There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
Around me seem to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind-harp's chords.
When all the winds are still,
Or like the low and soul-like swell
Of that wild-spirit tone
Which haunts the hallow of the bell
When its sad chime is done.

I seem to her the speak my name
In sweet low murmurs now,
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
Thy heart to mine is laid—
Alas! that such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must fade.

POPULAR TALES

DEATH IN THE EYE,
OR,
THE DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

Colonel Bill Borland was the *generalissimo* of the Texan Lynchers. He well deserved the title which he had won by many a desperate deed. He possessed such incredible skill in the use of all sorts of murderous weapons, that it might be pronounced virtual suicide to even think of encountering him, so rapid was his motion, so unerring his mortal aim. The terrible *cognomen* of "Death in the eye," told truly the mark at which he always fired—a mark he had never once missed—while such was his astonishing quickness that his antagonist usually fell without pulling the trigger. An enemy stood no better chance by resorting to the sword or bowie-knife, against one in whose hands the flash of steel was like lightning—as mighty, as to slay—one who appeared to surpass all other men as much in strength as in activity—a giant in stature, a gladiator in practice, a fiend in courage. His biography in itself was more thrilling than a novel, wilder than the wildest romance; and the first act of his dreadful daring revealed, in all their force and fullness, the two essential elements of his character—the ferocious ardor of his appetite for revenge, and the iron pertinacity of his indomitable will. At the age of twenty, he pursued the assassin of his brother, all the way Carolina to Canada, and shot him dead at the dinner table of a tavern in Quebeck; yet, such had been the cunning of his previous arrangements for the events that aided by numerous relays of swift horses, he effected his escape to the south. The achievement cost him ten thousand dollars. From this time forward his life was one long war.—Almost every month in the year saw him engaged in some fatal duel—fatal only to others never hurtful to him—while each week witnessed the occurrence of casual affairs as bloody as his more regular combats. He was the Napoleon of the knife and pistol. But the truth of impartial history compels me to record that this man so fearful in his deeds, whose right arm wrecked with pore to the elbow, was not commonly the aggressor in his Countless quarrels. Often the friends of those he had vanquished in fair fight assaulted him, from motives of revenge. The lame of his prowess provoked the vain jealousy of others. He had acquired the perilous reputation of a matchless hero—the ardent, the desperate, the ambitious would win, if possible, his laurels. Every young Hercules longed to kill the lion, so as to clothe himself in the skin, and thus was Borlin forced to maintain an interminable war. It is so in all professions.—There can be no peace in high places—storm, hail, and thunder, must break around the mountain's brow.

This duelist was one of the earliest settlers in Eastern Texas, where he became the chief of the Lynching party. In his own county of Harrison, he possessed boundless influence; indeed he would not suffer a foe to reside within its limits.—Hence he might have openly defied the law, had such been his pleasure; but his shrewd and farseeing sagacity adopted a wiser and safer course. After perpetrating any homicide, he invariably submitted his own case to the jury, sure of a triumphant acquittal by his friends on trial; and thus, should public sentiment ever turn against, him in the future, he would be enabled to plead effectual verdicts in bar of all past offences.

At length the time arrived which the colonel had so long anticipated. A wealthy and intelligent class of citizens began to change the current of opinion in Harrison, so that in the county election the friends of order by a slight majority, gained their candidate for sheriff. This was a terrible blow to the Lynchers, as it deprived them of their secure vantage ground in packing juries; and to increase their danger, at this unpropitious crisis, a new judge was appointed. The old faction, however, did not despair. They were still numerous, thoroughly armed, and desperadoes to a man, and determined at the first court to muster all their strength, so as to control and overawe their proceedings.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the second Monday in September, 1842, the new judge took his seat on the bench.—He was a stranger from the West whose name alone had transpired, and whose appearance, at first inspired the desperadoes with hope, and the friends of order with doubt and painful apprehension. Charles Evans was a young man of twenty-two—tall, slender, extremely handsome, and dressed with the most finical taste—his fingers flashing with rings, and his person adorned in the most gaudy manner. His long hair of a bright golden color, waving in curls around his shoulders, and the sweet smile of complacent vanity beaming on his features, gave him an aspect almost ludicrously feminine.

Colonel Bill Borland gazed on this apparition with ineffable contempt, and whispered to his comrades—"We will have it all our own way, as Houston has kindly sent us a *Miss Nancy*.

If the Colonel had paid more attention to the man, and less to the clothing, he would perhaps, have been led to a different conclusion; for there was a strange light in the vivid blue eyes of the stranger—a light that went and came at irregular intervals, like the play of lightning in a summer cloud, while the corners of his mouth wore a wild, resolute, sneering expression, betokening the opposite of pliancy and fear.

The grand jury being called and sworn, the judge commenced his charge, and at the sound of his voice every body started; for the tones were shrill as a trumpet—stern, ringing, imperious, like the accents of a commander on parade. Having glanced rapidly over the legal definitions and penalties of crime, he proceeded to descant on the responsibilities of juries to aid in its suppression. His soul appeared to catch the electric fire at the theme—his voice borrowed the rich roll of thunder—his vivid blue eyes literally blazed with that strange light—the wild expression grew terribly on his writhing lips—and his words flew like volleys of burning arrows. He painted the horrors of lawless anarchy till the very heart sickened; he described the beauty of regular government as a vision of heaven realized on earth; and he finally closed with the bold announcement—"I will perform my duty. I will put down the Lynching wherever I have the honor of presiding, or I will myself be put in the grave!"

"Then *Miss Nancy*, take care of your eyes!" cried a hoarse voice, louder and and more menacing than that of the judge.

Every heart gave one shudder. The sentence seemed like a warning from eternity—a revelation, as it were from the depth of hell.

"Who are you that dares to interrupt the business of the court!" exclaimed Judge Evans, with a grave of majesty of a king.

"My name is Colonel Bill Borland; but most persons call me "Death in the Eye," was the answer.

"But in law you have another name," rejoined Evans, smiling.

"Tell me what it is; but take good care of your eyes!" rsoried Borland, with unspeakable fury.

"It is murderer!" said Evans, and the smile on his lips, before, pale sunshine, was now a wrath of lurid fire.

"You shall pay dearly for that word within a week!" fairly shouted the duelist, grinding his teeth like a raging wild beast.

"There is no time like the present," was the calm reply.

"*Now?*" interrogated Borland, as if doubting the evidence of his ears.

"Yes, *now*! if you have the courage to challenge me," said Evans.

"I *do* challenge you!" thundered Borland.

"And I accept," answered Evans.

"Name your seconds."

"We will fight without any."

"The terms?" asked Borland with signs of astonishment.

"On horse back in a little praire west of the village, one half hour from this, each armed with as many pistols and knives a he can produce, or see fit to carry," said Evans, apparently passionless, as if defending a motion in court.

No one but the chief actors in this extraordinary scene uttered a sylable, or offered to interfere, for all saw that such an attempt would be unavailing, perhaps dangerous to the meddler. One half hour afterwards, the parties met in the little prairie, which was circular in form, and about three hundred yards in diameter. By tacit consent, both actuated by the same purpose, they assumed their stations in the edge of the timber on opposite sides. Both wore strong belts literally stiff with knives and pistols. Both were mounted on powerful steeds, but of opposite colors, that of the judge being white as a cloud, while the Colonel's was black and glossy as the wing of a raven.—The features of the riders in that race of death presented very different types of exgression. The Colonel's brow looked dark as the gloom of a tempest—stern, lowering, awful; but the handsome face of the judge was gay, smiling, joyous—brilliant as the sunbeam that kissed it, The multitude stood around in the grove, speechless almost terrified with the scene about to open.

Suddenly the Colonel waved a white handkerchief, as the signal that he was in the act of starting; and swift as an arrow from the bow, terrible as balls from the cannon's mouth, the two horsemen, with pistols cocked, and finger firm on the trigger, shot towards each other. When within fifty steps of his enemy, the Colonel halted with surprising dexterity, and crying in loud tones—"Now take care of your eyes!" leveled and fired.

At the instant the judge urged his horse to an evolution, as if bounding over a wall and the bullet aimed for his eye struck the silver pommel of his saddle and glanced off without harm. Continuing his former velocity he passed the Colonel within three feet discharging his weapon at the other's bosom, but inflicting only a slight wound; and then both proceded to the opposite sides of the praire, and renewed their headlong course. This time neither halted, but passed, almost touching each other, and both fired as they passed, each drawing from his foe a stream of blood. The same charge was repeated with like result half a dozen times, till their fire-arms were exhausted save a small pistol in the pocket of the Colonel; and, yet, both kept their saddle.

The last sweep of all was terrific. The horses were bathed in foam, the riders were covered with blood, and both reeled in their seats; yet they rushed onward madly as ever, while two terrific cries as they started, warned the appalled spectator that this shock would be final. Some desperate thought seemed to have occured to each at the same instant, uttering itself in those wild cries—yels, like nothing earthly, but shrieking, savage demoniac, on they flew—they kept straight onwards—they swerved not to the right or left—and they met like the collision of adverse comets. Down went the strong steeds—down the furious riders. Ah! surely this must be the end of all! Not yet. See, the judge rises, tottering, slowly to his feet, and his face still wears that indescribable smile, unquenchable by all its blood unconquenchable by all its bruises. The Colonel cannot stand, yet he is not dead—he writhes in his agony like a crushed worm. The judge approaches, crippled, halting, to his enemy—stops, and plunges the sharp knife into his heart. He is the victor in the field of death! Not yet.—*Hark!* a crack a roar, a fall—the Colonel musters all his expiring energies—fires his last pistol—and exclaims in hellish triumph—"I told you to take care of your eyes!"

The horrified spectators ran to the spot. The antagonists were both dead, and the right eye of the judge was shot out. The Colonel was "Death in the Eye!" to the last.

An Army of Monkeys.

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman,—monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see."

The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain and officered like so many soldiers They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadrejaor* ringtailed tribe.

One—an aid de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream as it calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the comadrejas—engineers, no doubt; ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo:*

At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and 20 or 30 of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tagent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite band.—Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself.—Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one with half-a dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution.—It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another gribed him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a meling candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!—*Capt. Reid's Adventures in South America.*

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

In a lawyer's office, in a remote part of Connecticut, laid a mortgage for eleven hundred dollars, which was within a few days of being due. One morning, the man of whose place the mortgage was held, called and inquired if the payment could be put off for a short time. He was a man somewhat advanced in life and very intemperate. The lawyer in reply to his inquiries said that the man that held the mortgage wanted his money—that he was sorry, but it could not be extended. The tears came in the old man's eye, and after standing a few moments, a perfect image of despair, he turned and left the office. He returned home, believing in a few days, his aged and infirmed wife and invalid daughter would have to quit the roof, which had so long sheltered them and seek a home he knew not where.

He could say nothing to them about it it would cause them so much grief. The mortgage became due, and in the morning early, the farmer again repaired to the lawyer's office. He pleaded for a time, but to no purpose. Overcome with emotion, the old man sunk into a chair, and there sat for two hours, apparently unconcious of anything that was passing around him, when a carriage drove up to the door, and a lady stepped from it. She entered the office. After standing a few moments, eyeing the old man with interest and emotion she spoke the old man looked up.

Father, how do you do?

Oh! Sarah, I am well but sad. I am glad to see you, but sorry for your aged mother and invalid sister; I cannot return to them, for it will be to tell them they have no home, and this I cannot bear. It will kill your poor mother.

Father! Father! said the daughter, could you live a temperate man if this were paid?

Yes, oh, yes! I would; but it cannot be, for I have nothing to pay it with.

Now, sign the pledge, and here is the money.

The old man put his name to the redeeming, the saving pledge, and departed to his home with a happy heart.

The daughter had saved the $1,200 by working in the factory.

☞ We have no objections to newspaper borrowing, provided every man takes one to lend.

JOHNATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.—Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and uncle Zekiel had nuckin' on't on the Conneticut?" asked Jonathan Tibertoes, while amusing his old dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for, and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it in our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunning arter ducks in farthers skiff; so we got in and skulled down the river. A proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few on 'em lit down by the marsh and went to feeding on muscles. I catched up my pewder horn to prime, and it slipped right eout of my hand, and sunked to the bottom of the river. The water was 'mazin'ly clear, and I could see it on bottom. Now, I could'nt swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke, "You're a pretty clever fellow,—jest let me take your peauder horn to prime"—and don't you think the old stingy critter would'nt. "Well," sez I, "you're a pretty good diver, an' if you'll dive and git mine, I'll give you a primin." I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he did'nt; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid!"

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Johnathan added:—"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder eout of my horn into hizen!"

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL

"Why yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all."

And the reupon Morgan emptied his pot and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well, then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook, shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming but the devil himself! But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, "Morgan, how are ye?" and says I, touching my hat, pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he, "Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?" And says I, I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carying my backy-pipe with me to smoke." Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, "Morgan, let's have smoke, and I'll thank ye." And says I "You're mighty welcome." So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, "I have you now, old boy," 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. "Puff," says he, when he pulled it out his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he "d—d strong backy, Morgan!" Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shat of the gentleman, my boys!"

Signers to the Declaration.

THEIR BIRTHS AND PROFESSIONS.

Josiah Bartlett, born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, November, 17, 1727—Physician.
William Whipple, born at Kittery, Maine—Sailor.
Mathew Thornton, born in Ireland. 1741—Physician.
John Hancock, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1737—Merchant.
Samuel Adams, qorn at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1735—Lawyer.
Robert Treat Paine, born at Boston, 1732—Lawyer.
Elbridge Gerry, born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, 1741—Merchant.
Stephen Hopkins, born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1707—Farmer.
William Ellery, born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1727—Lawyer.
Roger Sherman, born at Newton, Massachusetts, 1721—Shoemaker.
William Williams, born in Connecticut, 1731—Gentleman.
Oliver Wolcott, born in Connecticut, 1736—Physician.
William Floyd, born at Long Island, New York, 1724—Farmer.
Philip Livingston, born at Albany, New York, 1716—Merchant.
Francis Lewis, born at Landaff, Wales 1713—Gentleman.
Lewis Morris, born at Harlem, New York. 1726—Farmer.
Richard Stockton, born at Princeton, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
John Witherspoon, born at Edingburg, Scotland, 1722—Lawyer.
Francis Hopkins, born at Philadelphia, 1734—Lawyer.
John Hart, born in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania—Farmer.
Abraham Clarke, born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
Robert Morris, born in England, 1834—Merchant.
Benjamin Rush, born in Byberry, Pennsylvania, 1835—Physician.
Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston, 1705—Printer.
John Morton, born in Ridley, Pennsylvania, 1725—Surveyor.
George Clymer, born at Philadelphia, 1739—Merchant.
James Smith, born in Ireland, 1715—Lawyer.
George Taylor, born in Ireland, 1716—Physician.
James Wilson, born in Scotland—Gentleman.
George Rose, born at Newcastle, Delaware, 1730—Lawyer.
Cæsar Rodney, born at Dover, Delaware, 1730—Gentleman.
George Reed, born in Maryland, 1731—Lawyer.
Thomas M'Kean, born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, 1731—Lawyer
Samuel Chase, born in Maryland, 1711—Lawyer.
William Paca, born in Maryland, 1740—Lawyer.
Thomas Stone, born at Pointon, Maryland, 1734—Lawyer.
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, born at Annapolis, Maryland, 1737—Lawyer.
George Wythe, born on Chesapeake Bay, 1726——Lawyer.
Richard Henry Lee, born in Virginia, 1732—Soldier.
Thomas Jefferson, born in Virginia, 1743 Lawyer.
Benjamin Harrison born at Berkley Virginia—Farmer
Thomas Nelson, Jr., born at York, Virginia, 1738—Gentleman.
Francis Lightfoot Lee, a Virginian, born 1734—Farmer.
Carter Braxton, born in Virginia, 1738—Gentleman.
William Hooper, born at Boston 1742—Lawyer.
Joseph Hewes, born at Kingston, New Jersey, 1730—Lawyer.
John Penn, born in Virginia, 1741—Lawyer.
Edward Rutledge, born in Charleston South Carolina, 1749—Lawyer.
Thomas Hayward, born in South Carolina, 1745 Lawyer.
Thomas Lynch, Jr., born in South Carolina, 1749—Lawyer.
Arthur Middleton, born on the banks of Ashley, S. Carolina, 1742—Lawyer.
Button Gwinnet, born in England, 1732 Merchant.
George Walton, born in Virginia, 1740—Lawyer.
Lyman Hall, born in Connecticut, 1731—Physician
Samuel Huntington, born 1732—Farmer.

To Rent.

FOR the year 1851, the dwelling house and garden and Shoe Shop, now occupied by Wm. Conyer, on High street. Also the room, occupied by James Arthur, as a Tailor's Shop and Hat Store.

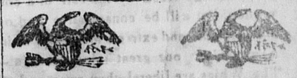
Also the Dwelling House, Garden, Stable, Carriage-house &c. now occupied by self and family, on Cannon street.

Also the tenement now occupied by Jack Barrett, fn. on the Hoop Lot.

Also the Dwelling House and Garden now occupied by John L. Ringgold, on main street. Also the house and garden now occupied by Thomas Hunter, called the Wilcox House, on a part of my Farm about 2 miles from Chester Town.

A. W. SPARKS.

July 6, 1850.



ELECTION NOTICE.

IN pursuance of the proclamation of Governor and in conformity to the Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at December session, 1849, entitled "An Act to provide for the taking the sense of the people upon the expediency of calling a Convention to frame a new Constitution and form of Goverment for this State and to provide for the election of Delegates to such Convention.

Notice is Hereby Given, That an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the the several election Districts in Kent county on the first ***Wednesday*** (being the 4th day of September next, for the purpose of choosing Four Delegates to represent said county in the Convention "to frame a new Constitution and Form of Government," which is to meet at the city of Annapolis on the first Monday of November 1850.

FRANCIS CANN, Shff.

July 13, 1850.

Final Dividend.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the creditors of

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

late of Kent county deceased are hereby notified to file their accounts against the said William Johnson, deceased, with the Register of Wills for Kent county, on or before Tuesday the 13th of August next and to attend before the Orphans' Court of said county on Tuesday the 20th August, 1850, when a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made and paid according to law.

EDWD BOYER,
Adm'r of William Johnson, dec'd.

July 27, 1850—tdd

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laboat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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