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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

TIME.

Oh! it is strange, how man will dream
Of coming years, of joy, and fame,
That speak of glory's distant beam
Encircling with its light his name;
And tell of pleasures yet to be
Hid in a dim futurity;

Will while his present hours away,
In useless indolence and ease,
Still whispering to himself, "A day
Of brighter joys and hopes than these,
Upon my life, will yet arise,
And yield what now stern fate denies."

'Tis wonderful how oft is shown
Unfaithful Hope's futility!
The warning record still is thrown
To darkened eyes that will not see;
To ears where adder deafness dwells
How vain, oh Time! thy solemn knells.

'Tis sad—'tis fearful—thus to see
Age loitering through Life's little span,
And mark the imbecility
Of God's most perfect creature, MAN,
In heedless youth his brightest powers
Wasting away like summer flowers.

'Tis worse than sad—for he *should* know
Time's fleetest pinion's e'er is spread,
And that the pride, the hope, the wo,
The joy, which have their influence shed
Upon his life, and checked its stream,
Are borne along its course—*a dream!*

Ah, he *should* know, for all things teach
The mournful, moral, startling truth;
The ruined pile—pale floweret—each
Alike proclaim departed youth;
And man should learn from their decay
How his own life sands drop away.

Yes—he *should* take the lesson home,
Throughout creation sternly taught,
Nor let the daily warning come
Unhallowed still by act and thought;
A little while—how long—alas!
He knows not—and *his time will pass!*

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
Where friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stooped for a while, & sighed to answer, No!

And thou serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost loook upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded, 'No!'

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O! tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and answered,
"Yes, in heaven."

Miscellaneous.

NEY'S CHARGE AT WATERLOO AND DEATH.

BY J. T. headley.

* * * * * * *

The last charge at Waterloo showed that the firmness and bravery of the man were undiminished. It is true, the Old Guard was not what it had been. It required the experience and training of the veterans that fell in the snow drifts of Russia.—But still it was the "Old Guard," which had ever regarded itself the prop and pride of Bonaparte. It was the same that had gained so many battles—the same that at Kraspoil, in the retreat from Russia, when reduced to a little band closed around their Emperor, and marched past the Russian batteries, playing in the hottest of the fire, the popular air, 'Our puetion etre mieux au'on sue de so famille!" It was the "unconquerable guard."

From eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, the battle raged, while victory perched on either standard. The heavy French cavalry had charged the English squares in vain. Jerome Bonaparte had left 1400 men round the Hougomont.—The centre of the English lines had not yielded an inch yet—exhausted and worn, they stood firmly in their places. The Old Guard remained passive spectators of the scene during the whole day; being reserved for the last moment to complete the victory. At this juncture, the head of the Prussian column appeared on the field.—Fifty thousand fresh troops added to the English army, would make the odds too great. Instead of retiring till Grouchy could come up and restore the balance, Bonaparte took the rash and desperate resolution of bringing his entire reserve into the field, and with one awful charge break the centre, & prevent the threatened junction of the two armies. For this purpose he called up the Old Guard, and placing himself at their head marched down the slope, and halting in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, vehement manner. He told them every thing rested on their valor. They answered with a shout, "Vive l' Empereur!" that was heard all along the British lines. He then placed them under Ney, who ordered the charge.

Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry the guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power Ney carried with him, from the reputation he had gained as being the 'bravest of the brave,' was worth a whole batallion. Wherever a column saw him at the head, they knew it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of M'Donald, we do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put on the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of the battle. Bonaparte's star trembling in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his eyes.

At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to put Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his Empire rest on a single charge. We almost forgot Napoleon's ambition and guilt in our sympathy for him in this critical moment of his life. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*la garda recule! la garda recule!*" makes us for a moment almost wish he had gained the day. Ney felt the immense responsibility resting upon him. He felt the pressure of an empire on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great charge committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the moving of that grand column to the assult.—That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines. Without the beating of a single drum to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole columns disappearing one after the other in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The column closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, & he scarcely mounted another, before it also fell to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink under him, till five had been shot down. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets and face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillery from their own pieces pushed on through the English lines. But the sudden firing of that unseen rank into their bosom, was too much for human courage. They reeled—shook—turned and fled.

Ney was borne back upon the refluent tide, & hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him back he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, tho' the whole army was flying, he formed his men into immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific tide and would have done so, had it not been for the fifty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time they stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ and tho' we believe Ney did what no other man in Europe could have done the decree could not have been reserved. The star that had blazed so beautifully over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder,

We now come to the expiration of his treason by a public execution. The Allies after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsels prevailed and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently, and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. Though more guilty than Marshal Soult and many others it was impossible to save him. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the Marshals of France refused to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of an hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason in the letter of the charge, is evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse* not the *ground* of his condemnation. To have carried out the principles on which his sentence was passed, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Lebedoyre, were the only victims offered to appease an unjust hatred. Wellington should have interfered to save so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his own life; but honor was forgotten in the public clamor, and the sentence, which might at least have been commuted, into banishment, was carried out to the letter. Ney was publicly shot by Frenchmen.

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in: "Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney, now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed, and his approaching death. This over he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said "Marshal, you should now think of death" he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me how to die?" But recollecting himself he added in a milder tone, "comrade you are right; send for the Curate of St. Surplice; I will die as becomes a christian!" The place is still shown in the Gardens of the Luxemburg where he was executed. As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the line of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the calm mien he was wont to exhibit upon the field of battle. An officer stepped forward to bandage his eyes; he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I was accustomed to face both ball and bullets? He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye turned towards heaven, said, with the calm and decided voice which had turned the tide of so many battles:

"I declare before God and man, that I never have betrayed my country; may my death render her happy—"vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them struck one hand upon his heart, and said, "my comrades fire on me!" Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges, for a single act, to condemn one braver and nobler than them all to so base a death. If France never had a worse traitor, the day of her betrayal will never come; and if she never has a worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Col. Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought five hundred battles for France—not ONE against her—was shot as a traitor."

His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and glory of his name was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds in his family, that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquirers; and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

These are the words from which I shall draw my morning's discourse:

Where did you come from?
Knock a nigger down?
Who do you belong to?
Knock a nigger down?
Where are you going to?
Knock a nigger down?

My hearers—the first question asked in my text is, Where did you come from?—You may think it as easily answered as a call to supper; and so it may be, but not to my satisfaction. Methinks I hear you reply individually: I came from the South, where the boys are always ready to take a drink but never an insult; I came from Down East, where one man with the assistance of a boy, knows more in a minute than all Gotham in a week; I from Jersey the greatest country in creation; and I did'nt come from any where—I was raised and brought up where I am. Now, this is all very well as far as it goes; but where, I ask, did you come from originally? You refer me to your parents. I know very well they assisted you in getting a foothold upon life; but where, allow me to inquire again, where were you when you were nowhere?—That's a knock-down, not only to a nigger, but to a white man. I will tell you where you were:—your bodies were scattered in particles, hither and thither, all about these terrestrial lots, helping to form food for your progenitors, while the essence of your souls was diffused through all nonenity, like a drop of water evaporated in a boundless space. To think what you once where and what you are now, no doubt makes you feel rather proud and important when you ought to be down on your knees and humbly giving thanks that you are here at all. You should congratulate yourselves that you had the good fortune to come into the world, for odds were astonishingly great against you, when we consider millions and millions that stand no possible chance of ever being born!—Who knows but those myriads of embryos are living upon the door-steps of existence weeping and wailing, and accusing old bachelors and elderly maids of downright murder! But open the door and see if there any to be taken in rather than be guilty of murder in the FIRST degree by wilful neglect.

My friends—Who do you belong to? or more grammatically speaking, to whom do you belong? You can't belong to yourselves, because you are not self-made; and, therefore, you must belong to Him who created you after his own image, and to his own glory. Consequently you are his property, (poor property, too, some of you,) and you have no right to abuse yourselves, nor one another, in any way, manner nor shape. How dare you then eat, drink, and make love to excess, or commit assault and battery upon your neighbor, when you know you are abusing things that don't belong to you! Yes, and how can you have the audacity to put a razor to your throat and destroyt hat which was given to you by God with an especial direction, like what you sometimes see upon a steamboat ticket: "*To be kept until called for!*"—Your maker has given you your lives for to keep until he calls for them, and you have no more business to put them out of your hands by blowing your brains out, or getting drunk and lying down on the track of a railroad, than I have to murder MY congregation—and yet I sometimes do it. But, you may ask, Have I not a right to respectfully return to the Giver what I am not pleased with? No, I answer, perpendicularly because every one ought to be pleased with his life—and so he generally is, till he has abused and injured it by his own folly and indiscretion. So, after you have damaged the precious article, you think it all right and proper that you should throw it back into the hands of heaven with the excuse that you are not pleased with it! If you can look in the face of the Lord and do that, I don't know where there is a meanness you are not capable of committing. Oh! you wicked and perverse generation of self-manufactured fools! where are you going to.

Yes, my hearers—that is the question again, where are you going to? I know. Some of you are going to ruin; some are going to get married; some are going to reform—always *going* to; some are going down hill, and some are going up, some are going to their graves; and from present appearances, you are all going straight to the devil. Religion now is either milk or water, or vinegar effervescing and foaming over the pearlash of party—practical piety has been carried out by somebody so far that it has never found its way back—honesty is a donkey for the world to ride—sympathy is anything less than a red cent: it seldom or never shows itself in the shape of a sixpence—generosity is selfishness in disguise, apparently open and liberal, yet really mean and skulking. Instead of praying for one another, like loving brothers and sisters, you prey on one another like the wild beasts of the forests; and, in many respects, you are of little more consequence than they.

Now to answer briefly the three questions of my text; you came from the dust, you belong to the dust, and to dust you must return: and as you are made of dust, the knocking down part of the text means, I suppose, 'down with the dust!' So mote it be! DOW, JR.

HAVE WE FAILED?

[Written for the Boston Olive Branch.]

BY D. COLESWORTHY.

Don't think every body is your enemy because you have failed in business and cannot pay by five or ten per cent of what you owe. Still look up and strive to do something for yourselves. People will talk about you and accuse you of all sorts of knavery; but don't mind what they say; don't stop to argue with them, but go forward with a determination to be more cautious and prudent in future. Believe every body is your enemy—that every one you meet has a word of reproach to whisper against you, and you will be miserable and accomplish nothing. The best and wisest course is, to believe every man is friendly to you and act accordingly. It will save you from a thousand unhappy moments and make your sleep ten times as refreshing. This worrying and crying because you have been unfortunate, is not the thing. Jacob Faithful's motto is a wise one, and should be adopted by all:—"Better luck next time." We have heard of a man who had a large estate left him by his father, but by a course of dissipation he lost it and became a beggar. One day, reflecting upon his profligate course, he resolved to exert himself, and, if possible, regain his lost property. He commenced by shoveling a load of coal into the cellar of a gentleman. He was industrious—saved what he earned, and in the course of a few years he purchased back his estate, and became a wealthy member of society. A glorious example! What if you have lost every thing you possessed? You have health and hands. At work then; be diligent; be industrious; and the day is not far distant, be assured, when you will regain your property and standing, and be an independent man.

SAM TO SUSAN—AT PARTING.

"Farewell! dear girl, farewell! farewell!
I ne'er shall love another;
In peace and comfort may you dwell,
And I'll go *home to mother!*"

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

The following should be read by every parent in the State. It is a most graphic portrayal of the condition of the uneducated:

'Did you ever see that ragged little straggler?' 'Yes God help him,' said my companion. 'God help him!' With such adjuration do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance, doom them while yet walking the path of guiltlessness to nurture devils—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches; and then punish in their wickedness, our own selfishness—our own neglect. We cry, 'God help the boy,' and hang the man.

Yet a moment—The child is still before us.—Can we not see around it—contending for it—the principles of good and evil? A contest between the angels and fiends—Come hither statesmen: you who live within a party circle: you who nightly fight some miserable fight: continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandizement, come here, in the filthy street, and look upon God's image in its boyhood!—Consider this little man. Are not creatures such as these the noblest, grandest things of earth?—Have they not solemn natures—are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to grace it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the pauper flesh before you, that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon it—no natural formation indicating the thief in its tiny fingers—inevitable blasphemy written upon its lips. It lies before you a fair unsullied thing, fresh from the hand of God. Will you without an effort, let the grand fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it? Shall it, in its innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice? A creature driven from street to street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime? Say: what with its awakening soul, shall it learn? What lessons whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation.—To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, may your brief right and wrong, are writ in stranger figures than Egyptian hyeroglyphics, and—time passes and you scourge the creature never taught, for heinous guilt of knowing naught but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him; and the dunce is punished with the jail. Doubtless there are statesmen, wizzards in bullion and bank paper; thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation in the markets abroad and at home. But there are statesmen of noble aims—of more heroic action, teachers of the people, vindicators of the universal dignity of man; apostles of the great social truth that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like his material light, was made to bless and comfort all men. And when these men arise and it is worse than weak, it is sinful to despair of them—the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshhold of human life, made, per force, by want and ignorance, life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the State; a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics, save the politics of the human heart.—*Literary Messenger.*

WHAT IS REVENUE TARIFF.

This question, we believe, has never been satisfactorily answered, and we doubt whether it can be; or whether, strictly speaking, there can be such a thing as an unmixed revenue tariff; but there are certain principles which should characterize such a tariff, to the standard of which we should approximate as nearly as the nature of things will permit.

A revenue tariff will proportion the burdens of the government, as nearly as possible, according to the wealth of each individual—placing but slight duties on articles which are indispensable for the poor and high duties on articles of foreign luxury, the consumption of which is confined to the rich. In the present tariff this principle is entirely disregarded.

A revenue tariff imposes no burdens upon the people except to pay the expenses of the government—avoiding, as far as possible, the operation of the present system, which imposes a double tax; the duties upon foreign imports alone going into the public treasury, while there is another tax in the higher prices of our own manufactures, which makes up the enormous profits of the manufacturers. This is as much a tax upon the people as though it was levied directly upon their property, and then paid from the national treasury in the form of bounty, with this advantage in the last method, that it would then fall upon each according to his means, while the burden is now placed disproportionally upon the poor.

A revenue tariff looks upon all classes and interests and all sections of the Union as equally entitled to favor—not making one the particular pet and favorite of the government—and building it up at the expense of other; and in this manner it avoids the jealousies and disaffection which have heretofore threatened the permanence of the Union. It also approximates the income of the government as nearly as possible to the amount of its expenses, thus preventing a large surplus revenue and its attendant evils.

Such a tariff being at all times necessary and regulated by a standard which has little variation is sure and permanent not stimulating by temporary benefits or deceiving by false hopes, producing a feverish excitement and constant vacillation in business, and making the politics of the nation a miserable scramble for pecuniary gain.

In the 'incidental protection' which it may confer it avoids raising the profits of one occupation far above that of others, but rather aims at a wholesome and permanent equality in every branch of industry in the nation.—*Barre Gazette.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The N. York Sun furnishes an account (received overland by way of Mexico) of the opening of the Sandwich Island Parliament, and the speech of the King. The proceedings were "moddled after the English forms," says the Sun, "with the usual ceremonies—a throne, seats for the ministers of state, foreign consuls, nobles; representatives, clergy, commanders of vessels of war, &c. &c, the King being dressed in a *new* military suit, and the Queen in a figured straw colored silk dress, bonnet of the same color with white ostrich feathers. The fort announced his majesty's entrance into the Legislative Hall by a national salute—21 guns. The foreign vessels of war responded with the same number of guns.—When their majesties had ascended the throne, the Rev. Mr. Richards, American missionary, addressed the Throne of Grace which being finished, the king ordered his assembly to be seated and then read his speech."

His majesty's speech has the merit of being brief and to the purpose. He informs the "Nobles and Representatives of the people," that, in the exercise of his prerogatives, he has appointed Gerritt P. Judd, Esq. minister for the interior affairs of the kingdom; Robert C. Wyllie, Esq. minister of foreign relations; and John Ricord, Esq. law adviser in all matters relating to the administration of justice; and that he has ordered his ministers to lay before them, reports of their several departments. He states that the independence of the kingdom has been explicitly recognized by the United States, Great Britain, France and Belgium—and expresses the wish to cultivate the relations of peace and friendship with all nations, and to treat the subjects of all with equal justice. With this view he recommends the better organization of the Courts of Justice, the division of powers, and a careful revisal of the laws. After referring to several matters of local concern, he concludes his speech in the following terms:

"We consider it the first of our duties to protect Religion and promote good morals and general education. It will therefore be your duty to consider by what means those blessings can be best promoted and extended among the people of these Islands, and also among the foreigners resident in our dominions. We are well aware that the Word of God is the corner stone of our kingdom. Through its influence we have been introduced into the family of the independent nations of the earth. It shall therefore be our constant endeavor to govern our subjects in the fear of the Lord; to temper justice with mercy in the punishment of crime, and to reward industry and virtue.

The Almighty Ruler of nations has dealt kindly with us in our troubles in restoring our kingdom, together with special guarantees for its existence as an independent nation. May He also aid you in your deliberations, and may He grant his special protection to us, to you and our people."

At the conclusion of the speech, Governor Young, one of the nobles, offered resolutions of thanks to the governments which have recognized the independence of the Islands, which were passed unanimously. A reply to the King's address was passed on the next day by both houses, concluding with "God preserve the King."

FARMER'S CREED.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that the soil loves to eat as well as its owner, and ought therefore to be manured.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farmer and farm rich at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy and a clear conscience.

We disbelieve in farmers that will not improve—in farms that grow poor every year—starving cattle—farmers boys turned into clerks and merchants, farmers daughters unwilling to work, and in all, farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whiskey till all honest men are ashamed of them.

Moreover we believe in taking a newspaper—in paying for it, and reading it.—Such hints as these are worth at least a year's pay.

Thus endeth the chapter of the articles of our creed.—*Ia. Farmer & Gardiner.*

Cost of Heathenism.—In Benares, India, there are 5000 places of heathen worship; and there are supposed to be 50,000 Brahmins in that single city. One individual has presented $1,200,000 to the different shrines, simultaneously, for the support of heathenism. A missionary saw the money carried through the streets; there were between thirty and forty cart loads.

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