

THE LIBERATOR: PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. VOL. XII.—NO. 29. W. Williams, General Agent.

REFUGES OF OPPRESSION. This may possibly be a piece of anti-slavery...

From the Cincinnati Anti-Slavery. White Niggers. We wish to state to the Presbyterian...

From the Northampton Church. Shareholders in the Church. I noticed in your paper of the 25th...

From the Fall River Gazette. System of Southern Literature and Philanthropy.

From the Liberator. The article which has given so much interest...

From the Liberator. Now if the states will appropriate...

From the Liberator. I have had the pleasure of reading...

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1842.

produce the impression, that the appearance of this Russian agent was an event of great importance...

From the Manchester Times, June 18th. Affghan War. MR. GEORGE THOMPSON'S LECTURE.

The question in every one's mouth now is, Why did we commence this war? It is, I know, the question...

From the Liberator. I have had the pleasure of reading...

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As a nation, we occupy a very inconsistent position—religiously or politically considered. The principles of our government, as they appear...

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AGENTS. MAINE.—A. Soule, Bangor. NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—N. P. Rogers, Concord...

WHOLE NO. 602. J. BROWN VERBINTON, Printer.

On the 15th of May, 1838, the citizens of Onslow Co. Md. offered the following reward:

\$100 is subscribed, and will be punctually paid by the citizens of Onslow, to any person who will apprehend and safely confine in any jail in this State...

Fellow-citizens, I ask, was any thing ever more diabolical? Were ever avengers more cold? Would not the human, blood-living Malay blush to call us brothers?

What an incomprehensible being is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and even death itself, in vindication of his own liberty...

The President of the United States is a slaveholder! The man whom the people have chosen to administer the laws of government, as their chief Magistrate...

From the Liberator. I have had the pleasure of reading...

WHOLE NUMBER. 602.

The Civil War in Rhode-Island.

On the morning of Gov. Dorr's retreat, and on the evening of the day of his arrest, several persons went in hot pursuit, for the purpose of preventing his escape; but this was being done to do effect, than on account of any personal animosity to him.

About this time, gatherings of armed Suffrage men, for drill, were frequent at Woonsocket and Cumberland plains.

Simultaneously with these, the Suffragemen in the city, who still adhered to the Constitution, assembled in secret meetings, for the purpose of concerting their action, and preparing for the approaching contest.

Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

The quarterly meeting of the Boston F. A. S. Society was held at the Marlboro' Hall, No. 4, the afternoon of Wednesday, July 13th.

Old Times—William Goodell.

The explosion of Mr. Giddings from the U. S. House of Representatives seemed to be, for the time being, a signal triumph of the slaveholding power; but his prompt re-election and return to the House humbled that power in the dust.

Joshua R. Giddings.

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Accident—On Monday, the Fourth, as two men named Meakin and Brewster, were engaged in firing a howitzer in this village, the piece was accidentally discharged before they were ready.

Meakin was killed on the spot, being horribly mutilated, and Brewster had both arms blown off below the elbow, his eyes nearly blown out, and was otherwise injured.

Entered the influence of the general joy which pervaded all minds in the community, upon the blood-stained banner of this fearful crisis, it was hoped that all would unite to restore the wretched peace and harmony of the city.

The Legislature had been impeded, by their own friends, immediately to take some measures towards an extension of Suffrage; thus removing the cause of complaint, and the necessity for any further feasible measures on the part of the people.

Do not say, you are tired by former exertions of this kind; for, the Fair has absorbed the leisure of nine consecutive years, and all the charm of novelty has worn off.

Resolved, That we believe the time has fully come when it is the duty of the Christian Church to lift up its voice, not only against all sin in general, but especially against that execrable crime, which is the great and crying abomination of our land.

Resolved, That as a component part of the church of Christ, we feel ourselves called upon to bear our testimony against the heinous crime of slavery, as a duty which we owe to God and man, to the oppressor and the oppressed.

Resolved, That we cannot hereafter receive to our pulpits, any minister or layman who holds his fellow-men in slavery, or who encourages and upholds those who do so.

POETRY.

The following effusion is from the pen of a gifted female writer, and was solicited for publication in the Liberator by a worthy friend in Bath. We shall be pleased to receive other favors from the same source.—Ed. Lis.

For the Liberator.

SEND, SEND THE WARNING FOR THE TRAMP.

Cry aloud; spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.—Isaiah 56, 1.

Whisper no longer; Whisper no longer; Speak as the trumpet doth; Stern and stronger! WARRIORS,

Whisper no more! Nay, send the warning forth In trumpet-tones; and thro' the length and breadth Of this proud, guilty land, let truth be told.

Man may not hear—he may close his ears Against the friendly warning, as of old, When Noah preached, and men refused to hear. Patience be for that? No: faithful to his God, Patient and long-enduring, he toiled on,

Till the time fully came, and vengeance burst In one engulfing deluge o'er the world. Thus with the dwellers in the plain,—they scorned The voice of warning and reproof, and fled.

And when the Prince of Peace walked upon earth, And preached repentance, man refused to hear. And thus, even now, man will not hear the voice That calls to justice and to penitence.

We cannot fail to force them, for that power God never gave to man; but we must speak— For so hath God commanded; and he saith,

Cry ye aloud; spare not; my people shall be as a trumpet, and shall cry, let them see how much with all their boasted sanctity,

Their high pretensions, and their lengthened prayers, Their long subscription lists to send the Word Abroad to other lands; while in their midst, Their dark-browed brother lifts his fearful eyes,

And asks for life in place of flinging dust, How much sin reigns within their hearts; and there, Low, the fulfilling of the law, is not.

Well may they wish the Gospel hence, far hence: What else they wish it? As their presences come With light, and truth, and love from heaven, to break The midnight darkness of their souls, how quick

The selfish powers 'gainst holy truth rebel! Then let them send abroad the glorious Word To those who will receive it—just for heart-ack And weary are they of its just reproof,

Its awful warnings, and its curse to sin. And let them do as a Christian act, If they choose— but if they fondly think

That they have wrapp'd so closely round their hearts, Deception and concealment, that no eye Can pierce its ample folds, they've yet to learn,

Despite the pure and spotless robe of white, The blackness of hypocrisy is seen; And infidelity, with open eye,

Looks on, and laughs, and gains new strength for sin. And when a brother, with a soul deep red In spiritual truth, and taught from heaven,

Comes forth, and with a heart replete with love, Who meets a brother where'er he turns,— And worships God, the Lord and Sire of all,

Yet dares, with impious tongue, even to assert That sin within the church hath found a home— That they, when men ordained, should be the Jews

Over God's heritage, have power to sin, And have, even as ourselves, deceitful hearts, That lead them off to sacrifice the truth

Upon the altar of expediency, and join In a firm compact with oppression's friends, Loud is the cry against him; and where power

Is joined to rage, what page of history, Of barbarous ages, wears so black a hue?

'Spare not,' 'Almighty saith; 'show them their sin! Oh! at the dread tribunal, when all hearts Are open to each other, and all acts

Are done on earth,—how long forgotten deeds Of bygone years come up before the soul, Then will the memory of the warning voice,

And the returned contempt, be present too. Oh! can it be, that sight of earth has power To lead the spirit that the Lord hath freed?

Shall threats, and mockings, and imprisonment, The severed hearts, the ties of friendship rent, The burning wars, the sword, the lash, the stake,

Or whate'er man's worse nature may invent— Shall these deter us from the path He trod, Who was our Leader in the Holy War?

Let us not quit—for great is our reward— A quiet peace that tyrants seek in vain— A cloudless prospect of eternal rest.

The spirit saith, 'Remember them in bonds As with them bound,' partaking of their woes. And with such feelings can our hearts be calm?

Shall we, in gentle whispers only, speak The word of warning by Jehovah given? Can we expatulate as for our lives,

Our liberty, our dearest privileges, Our own rights, in whippers? Hath God will'd That blasphemy should louder speak than truth?

Sounds there not now in every human heart, Touched by a spark from heaven, the holy work, 'Cry ye aloud; spare not; lift up the voice;

Where sin abounds, let truth much more abound!' Bath, Me., 1842. H. W. H.

From the Friend of Man.

THE FALLEN CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY.

BY F. F. M.

I sing not of earth, nor of Marathon fell, Where the spear and the shield rang the Persian's death-knell;

Nor of those who were slain on New-England's free shores, Where a thousand brave souls dyed the soil with their gore.

A Lundy, a Lovejoy, a Follen, have fled From the scenes of their strife to the bourne of the dead;

A Chandler, a Legard, a Ladd, are no more, They were borne from the field ere the struggle was o'er.

All harmless, all bloodless, they're borne to their rest, To the home of the martyr, the land of the blest;

And to the torn, the w-worn, the poring slave, Shall wait for their fate as he weeps o'er their grave.

They are gone, but the spirit of Freedom survives, That burn'd in their bosoms, and flam'd in their lives;

And that spirit, aroused, shall ne'er slumber again, Till the bondman is freed from his creaking chain.

Till the throne of the tyrant shall crumble to dust, Till the sceptre be borne shall be eaten with rust,

Till the wrongs of the captive are numbered and o'er, And the crushed ones of earth are trampled no more.

Then rest ye, ye champion friends of the slave, No column, in grandeur, may rise o'er your grave;

But your names, they shall live in the deeds you have done, When the battles of Truth and of Freedom are won.

THE GUILT OF INJUSTICE.

Oh, mother! 'tis a fearful thing, A human heart to fail— To plant a seed on the lip,

When smiles and peace belong, In selfishness or callous pride, The sacred trust to start—

Or lightest finger dare to press Upon the burdened heart, And doubly fearful when a child Lifts its imploring eye!

NON-RESISTANCE.

Here is one of the latest exhibitions of American Christianity. Is it any thing better than pure, unadulterated diabolism?

From the Newport Herald of the Times, Extra.

The Reception of the Newport Artillery by their Townsmen.

Thursday, May 19, 1842.

On the arrival of the Artillery company, from their service against the insurgents, in Providence, they were met by about one hundred and fifty of their fellow citizens, under arms, and by a large body without arms, formed into military and civil escort.

The procession moved from the place of landing, at the head of Long Wharf, and proceeded forthwith to Trinity Church, to offer the tribute of public thanksgiving to God, for his speedy and bloodless suppression of the late insurrection against the State. All the Protestant clergy, twenty were present among the procession. Old Trinity never presented such an array of soldiers, very happy countenances. Among the military volunteers were many fathers, whose sons were among the members of the Artillery.

The services were commenced by a masterly voluntary on the organ, by Mr. Taylor; after which, the choir chanted the 'Gloria in Excelsis.' The 'Te Deum' was then said by the Rev. Francis Vincent, Rector of the church, who then offered prayer and thanksgiving from the incomparable Liturgy. He then read from the chapters of the Psalms, beginning with 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God; the powers that are are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For he that is a terror to good works, but to evil? Ac. This selection from holy scripture was judged to be appropriate for the occasion, and remarkably applicable to the late insurgents. We hope they will mark, learn, and inwardly digest it! After this, following the usual order of the service, the choir sang 'The Lord is on our side,' with great feeling, by the choir and congregation. The Rev. Mr. Vinton then ascended the pulpit, and delivered an address, in effect, as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—We meet on an occasion of unusual and solemn interest. Our hearts are beating with combined affection and gratitude, and our eyes are turned to the God of our salvation, for his merciful protection of our brethren, and the prosperous termination of our civil war.

It was the custom of pagan States to welcome their returning armies with exulting peans, and to offer trophies of their conquests to their tutelary deities. A truer and holier devotion signified our fathers, who adorned their Congress to the sanctuary, to present themselves before God. We have obeyed the suggestions of the religious principle, which springs spontaneously in the breast of pagan superstition, and of our Christian fathers, in our patriotic forefathers. The movement that brings us hither, is the impulsive gushing of our warm affections. We need not the authority of example. We follow the feelings of our hearts as Christians and as men. We bless God for the quick supplication made, and the prompt and successful execution of our patriotic forefathers. The movement that brings us hither, is the impulsive gushing of our warm affections. We need not the authority of example. We follow the feelings of our hearts as Christians and as men. We bless God for the quick supplication made, and the prompt and successful execution of our patriotic forefathers.

If any man, however, demand the reason why religion is engaged to sanction and aid the conduct of our citizens, whom now we welcome, this is our answer; because in honoring them, we honor the cause which they were ready to uphold. That cause is the cause of government, of law, of liberty, of religion itself, and of God. Liberty is our birthright; it is the regulator; government is the protector; religion its sanctifier; and God its author. He commands us 'to obey the powers that be; and our civil allegiance is therefore an imperative duty. Until those powers, by their tyranny and fraud, interrupt our pursuit of following the path of duty, we are to maintain them. The government of this State has not forfeited its right to our allegiance. Its authority is sanctioned by God's command. Our lives were threatened. Our property was seized. Our rights were jeopardized. And if the principles by which the insurgents attempted to disguise, and give validity to their designs, were to prevail, the horrors of revolution and anarchy would have desolated the land, and the stars of freedom and Christianity would have been extinguished. The prospect, the starting, dreadful prospect. The sun has scarcely made his diurnal revolution, since no other view than this was in the future. The alarm was sounded, the tocsin rang at midnight, and these young men aroused from their peaceful slumbers, to the scene of action, and marched manfully to defend the State. The father gave his hasty blessing, the mother pressed her son to her beating heart; sisters printed the warm kiss on the manly brow, and the wife embraced her husband as though it were for the last time. They met in a hasty assembly on that memorable night. Their step was firm, their aspect was calm, and their heart was resolute. They were leaving the objects of their deepest domestic love, to obey the summons of authority, to sustain their country, and defend their fellow-citizens. There was no terror in their eyes, and their souls; and though principle and feeling were in conflict, duty triumphed over passion, and they prepared for warfare with the cheerfulness and alacrity which distinguishes them in providing for their families. The prayers which, I know, were ascending from the bed of the home, and the altar of the throne of grace with the ejaculations and silent aspirations which issued from the busy alarm-post. The probability of impending death recalled memory to the past, and lifted the veil of a near eternity. While they hastily repaired their consciences wrong, they and their loved ones, those young men, continued their preparations with assiduity, and went forth 'with their lives in their hands,' to engage in the severities of civil war, with deluded and desperate, but still compensated insurgents.

Fellow-citizens: what is the prospect now, that dawns again upon us? Instead of the dark and fearful sight of anarchy and strife, the laws are sustained, and peace restored. Instead of conflagration and distress, we behold the unmoleted hearth, and the happy family. Instead of a prostrate Constitution, and a degradation of the nation, sit in its integral strength, and in all the majesty of vindicated sovereignty. Instead of the riot of unchained passions, and the decrees of reckless despotism, we behold the preservation of the safeguards of our liberties. Instead of the triumph of the dogmas of political fanaticism, and the ruin of the Republic, we discern their defeat and downfall, overthrown by the indignant voice of an insulted people, and crushed by the presence of loyal and resolved freemen. Government, the institution of the Most High, is victorious over anarchy. Liberty has vanquished licentiousness. Order has overcome the fury of individual will, and religion once more beams upon our homes and altars. The frown of God that darkened our destiny, has disappeared in the radiance of his smile that now illuminates the future.—And, to crown our joy, all these glorious results, accomplished without the shedding of a single drop of the delving of our land! Shall we be at a loss to account for these blessings? O, Sirs! we owe them to the restraining power of God; they are the rewards of repentance, and the fruit of prayer. They are the royal and gratuitous gift of a merciful and all-wise God, who has mercifully forgiven us, through the mediation of meritorious servants. To Him, therefore, be the praise and the glory, now and forever. And let us learn and practice the virtue of contrition to dispel Divine judgment. As a nation, we have no exception, except in this world, and therefore no retributive punishment, and therefore no obligation to your brethren and fellow-citizens. We would avoid the doom so lately impending over us, let us renounce our public iniquity, and turn heartily to the Lord our God. Let the piety and patriotism of this day not evaporate with the occasion that discloses them, but be the means of our future legislation. Let us fix and steady principles of our public and private action.

But young men! members of the Artillery company! we do not forget what God has wrought, through your instrumentality, which cannot be unprofitable to our fellow-citizens. You have been faithful. Your behavior has elicited the admiration and gratitude of your fellow-citizens. I stand here in the two-fold capacity of a minister of Jesus Christ, and the representative of your townsmen, to thank you for your good conduct in favor of liberty, and to welcome you home in the name of God and your country. You have given your aid to their

MISCELLANY.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

Lucretia Mott.

The fact, Mr. Editor, that this lady requires no praise at the hand of any one, that she lives within the temple of her own spirit with no care for the world's applause, and no fear of its censure, is not the least of the motives which prompt me to send you this passing notice.

It is necessary to state that any name we should be told that Mr. Mott is now on a visit to Nantucket—her native place, by the way—to which she is bound by many ties of affection and sympathy. It has been my pleasure, several times, to listen to her when her gentle spirit has been moved to give utterance to its noblest thoughts. Altho' she does not act in concert with societies with whom, as yet, I have but little sympathy, and whose spirit of times feel bound to censure in no measured terms, still I would travel far out of my way, at any time, to listen to the music of her voice, and be refreshed by the beauty of her countenance.

As a speaker, she is truly remarkable. She never speaks unless she has something to say, and always says the very best way to say it. She disarms all prejudice instantly, and you feel that you are listening to a noble and self-sustained, a noble mind. She is perfectly self-possessed, yet possesses all that delicacy and refinement which constitute the brightest ornament of her sex. She deserves especial commendation for good taste in freeing herself entirely from that affected whim which many speakers indulge in, and for her general style of speaking, I can only say, it is my best ideal of excellence. Every word she utters is clear, and is in perfect good taste. If you are ever startled, it is by some remarkable feeling of expression, of which she seems herself wholly unconscious. When her soul is stirred deep, gleams of light shoot from her eyes, and play about the countenance, until they are perfectly radiant with the truth.

Such is a feeble expression of my ideas of Lucretia Mott, and why more do not flock to every place where she may be heard, would be to me a mystery, were it not that so often

Men's ears are closed, And shut their eyes; we on from high the angels, Listen, well-pleas'd, to a career draw to earth.

From the Herald of Freedom.

Thoughts on the Second Advent.

I am afraid that some of our friends are so absorbed in the concerns of 1843, that they are forgetting there is such a year as '42, and that its passing hours and days are burdened with the groans and agonies of slavery. Now I have no sort of expectation, but that some of our friends will, in the next year or any year—but if I were expecting Him, or looking for any other awful and trying event, I know no better preparation to make for it, of a public sort, than this: to push the abolition of slavery. I should feel that this nation is horribly unworthy, if she could not, in the clouds, with her 3,000,000 of her children bound hand and foot in brute slavery within its borders. Anti-slavery and Temperance and Peace, it seems to me, are among the wisest means of fitting up the land for Christ's reception. If He were to be expected here, I say nothing of the moral course, except to notice it as causing a diversion from anti-slavery agitation, or any other, that it diminishes interest in such a cause as anti-slavery. Anti-slavery is a present, palpable duty. Christ's coming is a future event. As soon as we have done with it, it is over. I do not see. One of the disciples asked Christ a question when He was here—touching one of these same matters of futurity, which he answered by saying, 'What is that to thee? follow thou me.' So I say, 'Why anti-slavery, and temperance, and peace, for you know not what hour the Son of Man cometh.' Be true ready. And when He does come, it will be doubtless like a thief in the night for suddenness and unexpectedness. It can hardly be calculated, like an eclipse of the moon, nor will it be, I should apprehend, a sign in the sky, that you might see it through the telescope, or with the bodily eye. I have no inclination to meddle with the subject, or with any man's faith; only I deprecate its absorbing the humanity of abolitionists. Mankind are prone to rush out to gaze at these outward events, and to look away from their duty rather than into their own hearts and lives. Anti-slavery summons us to a reformation of character and to active philanthropy. Therefore I like it above all that is abroad in the earth. It calls us to active duty, to-day.

From the Bangor Gazette.

Fugitive Slaves.

We have received a letter from a gentleman who formerly resided in this city, and who has been a town in the interior of Ohio, from which we make the following extract. It shows conclusively two things, at least; that slaves are a very uncertain kind of property, and that a state of liberty is always preferable to a state of slavery.

'I was called, at about time since, at midnight, to see a man who had just fled from a plantation, and who was making his way to the north. He was a young man, and was as honest in taking a horse to aid him in his escape, as I should be to take a horse without leave to serve a drunken friend.

Also about the same time, I had the pleasure to serve another, a girl about 13 years of age. And another from New-Orleans, who, just before landing at Cincinnati, overheard inquiries made of the captain respecting him. He took to the water, and was being night—and escaped the hands of the Fowler.

Yesterday, two more came in to breathe, and to share in our sympathies. One of them was the last of twenty from a plantation, who had escaped to the land of the free. Oh! these can tell you what slavery is, and draw from your eyes all the moisture in your body.

There are two men here as white and as good looking as yourself, (and that, your modesty will allow, is not saying much,) who recently were fugitives from slavery. Could you hear them tell over the wrongs they had suffered, and the wrongs they were doing, your heart would verily burst with anguish—your body would almost sweat its very blood.

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

From the Liberator.

From the Liberator.

From admission to the annual celebration of the Freedmen's Society, held in this city for the last two years, the colored schools have been positively prohibited.

The Catholic Sunday Schools, in their celebrations, have freely admitted the colored schools, and in their processions made no distinction of complexion.

To the credit of the one, and the disgrace of the other, we make this record.

O. A. BROWN. A writer in the last number of the Biblical Repository, in an article on Transcendentalism, thus dispatches Rev. O. A. Brownson:—

Mr. O. A. Brownson might here be naturally named, as being himself a poet altogether peculiar. But we shall not attempt to describe him. A preacher and a politician—a critic and a theologian—a determined reformer of all the present forms of society, and a stern defender of the powers that be—a vulgar demagogue and a most inflexible fanatic in his opinions, and in the experimental school—he is beyond the powers of any one who would seek to portray him. As he is manifestly and avowedly in a state of continued transition—in a condition of perpetual becoming, but of never being—of unquiescent vigor, of intellect, of industry, of capacity for investigation in the moral and intellectual sciences—possessed of surpassing facility and force in stating and defending his opinions—we can barely give his name as one of those who bear the name of 'Transcendentalists,' without giving a history of his transactions, or venturing upon a prophecy of what he is yet to be!

The Chamber of Commerce of Malaga has published a long address, condemning violently the proposal of emancipating the slaves in the Spanish colonies. It declares that such a measure, founded on mistaken principles of humanity, would be the most injurious to the colonies, and that the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Malaga would be unworthy the name of Spaniards, if they did not protest against it. The Chamber guards itself against the imputation of being the advocates of negro slavery; but it contends that the right of property in the negro is sacred, and that the emancipation should be gradual and progressive, and made in such a manner as the colonists may approve of. The document then examines at much length the state of the slave population in the islands of Cuba, Puerto Rico, &c., and concludes by protesting against the proposition of Great Britain for the emancipating those slaves, the consequence of which would be fatal to the Antilles and other colonial possessions of Spain. [Nonsense!]

The Slave Trade.—Captain Borden, of the whale ship Sally Ann, who arrived at this port on Saturday last, from St. Helena, has furnished us with a list, which he compiled on his voyage, of the names of the slave vessels and number of slaves captured by H. B. M. on the W. Coast of Africa, and taken to the island of St. Helena for adjudication, and condemned at that place during the period from July 3, 1840, to the 31st of December, 1841. It is a most interesting and valuable document, and we are glad to see it published. It contains the names of the vessels, the names of the captains, and the names of the slaves, and the date of their capture. It also contains a list of the names of the vessels, and the names of the captains, and the names of the slaves, and the date of their capture. It also contains a list of the names of the vessels, and the names of the captains, and the names of the slaves, and the date of their capture.

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