

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

A NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AND THE MARKETS.

W. J. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I. NO. 40.

NEW-BERNE, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

WHOLE NO. XL.

THE WEEKLY NEWS
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
\$2 00 per Annum, in advance,
BY
W. J. WILLIAMS, :
Proprietor.

Rates of Advertising.
For one square 1 insertion, \$0 50
For one square 2 do. 75
For one square 3 do. 1 00
For one square 4 do. 1 25
Contracts will be made by the year or for a shorter time, either for permanent advertisements or to be renewed at the option of the advertiser, and for Business Cards, on terms the most advantageous.

JOB PRINTERS.
Having as good a variety of Job Type as can be found in the State, we are prepared to execute all orders in the above Branch in the neatest manner, on reasonable terms, at the shortest notice.

LETTER POSTAGE.	
U. States	Canada.
Per 1000 letters	Per 1000 letters
3 10	3 10
4 00	4 00
5 00	5 00

LETTERS AND THEIR WEIGHT.	
Weighting 1 oz. or under—being the single rate	Cts. 3 6 10 15
Over 1 oz., and not over 1 1/2	6 12 20 30
Over 1 1/2 ounces, and not over 2 ounces.	9 18 30 45
Over 2 ounces, and not over 2 1/2 ounces.	12 24 40 60
Over 2 1/2 ounces, and not over 3 ounces.	15 30 50 75

WHEELS PREPAID.
Weighting 1 oz. or under—being the single rate. U. States 3 6 10 15. Canada 3 10 16 20.
Over 1 oz., and not over 1 1/2 ounces. 6 12 20 30. U. States 9 18 30 45. Canada 9 12 20 30.
Over 1 1/2 ounces, and not over 2 ounces. 9 18 30 45. U. States 12 24 40 60. Canada 12 15 30 45.
Over 2 ounces, and not over 2 1/2 ounces. 12 24 40 60. U. States 15 30 50 75. Canada 15 20 30 45.

C. A. HART,
MANUFACTURER OF
Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Wares,
AND DEALER IN
STOVES AND JAPANNED WARES.
CORNER OF BROAD AND MIDDLE STREETS,
One door South of the Court House,
NEW-BERNE,
N. C.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber will build or repair, (at a short notice.)
BUGGIES, WAGONS,
CARTS OR CART-WHEELS.
Of the best materials in the best manner and as cheap as can be done anywhere.

THE LARGEST SILK, RIBBON AND TRIMMING HOUSE IN NEW YORK.
THOMAS G. STERNS,
Printer and Jobber of Silks, Millinery, and Fancy Goods,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES—THE GRANTED BY ADDING INTEREST.
162 Broadway, New York.

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162 Broadway, New York.

CREAM TARTAR, Epsom Salts, Super. Carbonate Soda, Saleratus &c., received and for sale by
JAS. W. CARMER.
August 27, 1853.

D. B. BRUNER'S OFFICE,
No. 538 Broadway,
NEW YORK,
A few doors above Spring Street.
DENTISTRY.
U. H. WHEELER,
DENTIST,
ROOMS AT H. O. CUTLER'S WASHINGTON HOTEL,
NEW-BERNE,
N. C.
May 27th, 1853.

T. L. HALL,
DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
SHOES, HATS, CAPS,
Umbrellas, Parasols, Jewelry, &c.
Pollok Street,
NEW-BERNE,
N. C.
June 25th, 1853.
DOLLNER & POTTER,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW YORK.

Liberal advances made on Consignments on Naval Stores, Cotton &c.
H. DOLLNER,
February 18th 1853. G. POTTER.
18th 1853. 41 Y.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.
JUST received and for sale Harrison's best Columbia Ink. In quart, pint, half pint, and smaller bottles. Black, Red and Blue.
WM. H. MAYHEW.
March 11th, 1853.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.
COPY of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.
To Professor Holloway:
Sir—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Popular Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose she had great relief. She continued to take them and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have seen many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.
AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart Town Courier, of the 1st of March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.
Margaret McCannigan, nineteen years of age residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period, she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time, she effected a perfect cure.
CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE HEART AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.
From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement—August 2d, 1851.
To Professor Holloway:
Sir: I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach, which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means, comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before. (Signed) HENRY COE,
North street, Lynn, Norfolk.

MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!!
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of New-Berne and adjoining counties, that he has opened a Piano Forte Ware room on Broad Street, opposite the Washington Hotel, where may be found a fine assortment of Musical Instruments, consisting of Pianos, Concellions, Violins, Guitars, Accordions, Concertinos, Flutes, Flutes, Clarinetos, Flageolots, Tamborinos; Banjo &c. Also a large collection of Sacred Music Books Handel and Hasden. New Carmina Sacra, Boston Academy. Southern Harmony and Musical Companion. The Shawm a Library of Church Music. Instruction Books—Hunters instruction and Berte's method for the Piano. Primers for the same. Schuieder's Practical Organ School—White's instruction for the Mandolin, M. Carissimi for the Guitar, and all kinds of musical instruments. There may be found among the sheet music, all the new pieces and having made arrangements in the Northern cities, shall receive all new music as soon as published—a small stock of Stationery, all of which will be sold at New York prices.
He is Agent for Messrs. Geibe and Jackson, and Bacon and Ravens, Celebrated Piano Fortes also George A. Prince & Co., 1st premium Medallion. Persons wishing to purchase any of the above will do well to call and see him.
He will also give lessons on the Piano Forte, commencing on the 1st of October. Terms per Session of 24 lessons. \$12 00
For sale by
Side Agent,
NEW-BERNE, N. C.
New-Berne March 5, 1853. **JOHN F. HANFF.**

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New Goods! New Goods!
A. COHN has just returned from the Northern Cities, and is now opening at the Fire Proof Building, Pollok Street, a large and splendid assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods of every description, for which his pocket has been made to suffer. But being thereby enabled to sell cheap, he contents himself with the air of a martyr, resting confident of a speedy sale.
His Stock consists in part of
Ribbons, Silks, and trimmings, &c.
To please the young, the aged, the fair, the Merinos, Cashmeres, true fine plain.
With the richest styles of M. de Lain.
The Ladies too, perhaps will find every kind of every price.
Collars, Sleeves, and Laces nice,
Of every kind and every price.
The Farmer, too, perhaps will call,
If he wants to buy cheap goods this Fall,
As his large Stock is new and neat,
With everything that is complete,
Now quick conclude at once to try us
And you'll never think of passing by us.
A. COHN.
Pollok Street, one door East of J. W. Corner's Drug Store.
New-Berne, Sept. 21, 1853.

NEW GOODS AND READY MADE CLOTHING.
Fall Trade—1853.
LEWIS PHELPS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
RESPECTFULLY informs his old customers, the citizens of New-Berne and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the North with a carefully selected assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, of the latest and most approved styles, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable manner, with superior workmanship, and at the shortest notice.
In addition to the above he has purchased an excellent assortment of
Ready Made Clothing, to which he would call particular attention; consisting in part of
Dress, Frock, Sack and Over Coats, Pants, Vests, Drawers,
Quaker Neck Shirts, Dress Shirts, &c. &c.
All which have been bought low, will be sold at corresponding prices.
New-Berne, Sept. 21st, 1853. 35 If

RAYNER, GILMORE & CO.,
Commission Merchants.
No. 154 Water Street.
NEW YORK.
W. G. RAYNER, J. R. GILMORE, B. C. LEWIS.
Messrs. Francis Skinner & Co., New York.
"Lord, Warren & Co.,
"F. Kidder, Esq., Boston.
"Ams Wade, Esq., Newbern.
"John D. Flanner, Esq.,
"Messrs. Rankin & Martin, Wilmington.
"E. Kidder, Esq.,
"J. H. Flanner, Esq.,
Cash advances made on consignments.
March 10th 1853. 7 1

FEMALE SCHOOL.
THE Rev. WM. N. HAWKS will re-open the Female Department of his School at the Old Fellows' Hall on the 1st Monday in October next. Terms of Tuition as heretofore.
Higher English Branches, \$10 per session.
Junior Department, 6 "
Sept. 1st, 1853. 32 3m.

EDUCATIONAL NOTICE.
THE Subscriber returns his acknowledgments to the public for the patronage they have hitherto bestowed upon his School, and he will resume his duties the first Monday in October.
His rooms are in the Masonic Lodge, in a central part of the Town, well fitted up, and he will endeavor to the best of his ability, to advance the moral and mental interest of those entrusted to his charge.
JOHN A. HODGE.
New-Berne, Atlantic City, 1853.
(Circular please copy.) 33 If

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Poetry.
From Arthur's Home Gazette.
OCTOBER.
BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.
Oh, beautiful October!
Thou art with us once again;
With the flush upon thy forehead,
And thy finger's purple stain;
With thy amber-girdled vesture,
And thy ruby-dotted train.
Round the edges of the woodland,
Where the misty fogs are red,
Forth by trees, the glossy chequers
Creep from many a downy bed;
And the carved and silvery walnut
Lights the stubble 'neath thy tread.
Through the scree and scented orchard,
Where thy lingering feet have passed,
Mellow heaps are bathed in blushes
By thy scarlet mantle cast;
But the rich and ripened russet
Wears thy soberest hue, and last.
Broad, through many a cottage casement,
Streams that unchecked light to-day;
Long the veiling vines grow gorgeous
With the hectic of decay,
Till the Autumn wind, last midnight,
Swept them moaningly away.
Pods are bursting in the garden,
Till the shrivelled seeds are seen—
Grapes are black upon the trellis,
Quinces hanging golden-green—
From her sprig drooping fruitage,
Comes the bounteous Autumn queen.
Yet, oh, beautiful October!
To the land-sick one at sea,
To the desert wanderer, pining
For a far-off whispering tree,
Dost thou bring the weary yearning
That thou bringest unto me?
All the long and lightsome Summer,
I have chased a fairy dream—
I have waked to see the fitting
Of its light wings' parting gleam,
Like the faint, delusive glimmer
Of a star upon a stream.
In thy lights, the vision faded;
With thy earliest falling leaf,
From the rainbow-gleaming pinions
Dropped the hues that were so brief;
And I cannot love thee, Autumn,
That thou bringest me this grief.
Yet my spirit is unbroken,
Though so long it wore the chain;
Time shall yield the dew of healing
Ere another summer reign:
Then, oh, beautiful October,
Thou wilt bring me joy again,
Edinburg, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.
THE REFLECTED WIFE.
BY MARY M. GILLES.
"Shall you be late to-night?" This was asked in a low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.
"I do not know that I shall," he replied somewhat coldly, as replacing his cigar between his lips, turned away. There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy she slowly bent her steps homeward, with that drooping of the head which betokens sadness of the heart. It was Saturday night; she had been marketing, and the little purchases were contained in a basket which hung on her arm.—On reaching home, the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighborhood, she raised the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessaries she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his pillow. How tenderly was he taken to his lonely mother's lap—his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snow bedgown.—Pressed to her bosom she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again from the fire, to which she every now and then held her open palm, thus pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit by his capable, but unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation! and when kneeling in her lap, joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructress. When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck and cheek; they murmured together the lulling song which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.
So far all was sweet, would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmed, it was rather a craving for that mental and social aliment which is necessary to every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer—often perish—in silence.
Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the lonely woman's companion, her work basket.—A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the careless needle was plied. Now and then she paused—it was to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was just twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town she had been left night after

night, in loneliness. Philip Morris her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings with a very small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and with the utmost trust in her management and economy left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself, it never occurred to him that it was her equal right—would be her equal advantage. While he sought the interchange of thought with other minds he never reflected on the utter privation of such communion he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a pains-taking woman had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station remarkably well. Her father's heart was one flowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus aided by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a moral sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given to it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments Susan would look back on the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it as a dream; the whistled words of love—the promises of devotion—endeavors for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell (which now appeared to her a maze of mud and stone, ill-exchanged for the daisy fields, with their sweet breath and bright atmosphere)—had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the ignorance of her heart, she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain.—She loved her husband; she was proud of his superior abilities; and made no mean estimate of his high moral character, untroubled in the slightest degree, by the gross vices, which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive, marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privation. Compared with such offences, she persuaded herself that Philip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blaming herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have any real cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness, the art of the social atmosphere, to keep them in health and life. Daily food was scarcely more necessary for her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindness was for her spiritual nature; all this her husband's habits, and the unsocial plans of life in England, and especially in London, denied her. It is true, except morally, she was uneducated, but had talent and temperance that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant to plead her own cause, or urge her claims to him who had precluded appeal to others, she unconsciously lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved the dull unvarying round of her domestic duties and her spirit full of capabilities unexplored and unexpressed. She grew nervous and hectic her appetite and spirits failed, her frame wasted, white, quiet, and uncomplaining, almost unconscious of her malady, or its cause, consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice and care assayed, while none guessed the quick feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.
Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.—This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own weak heart, lifted it to her Maker, and remembered with consolation that it is said "those also serve who only stand and wait." She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties amid many privations, the worst of all privation, that of mental development and social cheer, yet she had a conscious account, in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register amid the higher achievements of more favored minds. With the certainty that she was not so long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household into order. She repaired and made clothes for the child, and she laid them away, embalmed with tears. In the same manner the needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality effected were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.
"These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while he will forget me, for better company, 'tis true my only happiness was to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more solitary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."
Sometimes a little ink bottle was taken from the mantle shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table-drawer, and then, with effort a few lines were traced, and the paper hidden carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she made more endeavors of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink bottle restored to the shelf, and taking the candle she went out to the landing place.
She believed her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm; it had been set—she had faintly recollected to such a degree as to appear before her.
This event prostrated Phillip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employments were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength.

But although unable to pursue his manual labors, Phillip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social employment. He went to his club to the Mechanics' Institute, to the coffee-shops where he could find the best selected books and the newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from becoming the mere machine of toil and drudgery for so much trash as can be grasped thus. Alas! had he thought of her whom he promised to love and cherish till death should part them; had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own, perhaps an intellect as capable of rearing a culture; and then he was twice blessed, blessed in the act and its reaction. But selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the wan looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheeks grew paler and her voice weaker; not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health, he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he sinned against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually, Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs; and then there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effects of her native air. She smiled feebly at this was spoken of, yet left it unattempted; she knew that she was going to a further and better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, nor sufficiently strong in spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.
Phillip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed were late hours. One night he returned home as usual about midnight. When, on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear like a paralysis, invaded his heart; at length he exclaimed:—"Susan! Susan, my dear." There was no reply; he stepped farther into the room—he repeated her name yet louder—all was still. He groped his way to the fire place, on the mantel shelf he found a box of lucifer matches—obtained a light, and lighted a candle. He now beheld Susan, with her head resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O Heaven! its icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor, and looked up into her face; there was a sweet placid smile upon her lips—for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them—but the eyes were fixed, and—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed. A medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom, inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck, and the heart-struck; particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner, who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:—
"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you. Phillip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will one day take another wife. Phillip! that which you never gave to me give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her—at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never know it, and therefore cannot tell how sad the long hours."

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Phillip Morris struck his heart, as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation; but the second nature induced by habit had encrusted his original feeling and faculties—he had grown up to regard women as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself.

Too late conviction dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder of his life; and if at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction which the self-taught and isolated man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endeavored) is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her and her love, and a vision of him with a desire to participate, the feast that has been furnished for all.

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