

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1863. NO. 49.

The Tioga County Agitator.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always in advance. The paper is published for the Proprietor, and is not responsible for the opinions or statements of any person or persons, or for the contents of any advertisement, unless the same be signed by the advertiser. The paper is published for the Proprietor, and is not responsible for the opinions or statements of any person or persons, or for the contents of any advertisement, unless the same be signed by the advertiser.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.
(Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.)

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of the great trade of goods, and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties.
(Jan. 28, 1863.)

J. CAMPBELL, JR.,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Prompts attention given to the procuring of Pennsylvania Patents of Invention.
(Jan. 7, 1863.)

DICKINSON HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge.
(Jan. 1, 1863.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
Proprietor.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.
(Jan. 1, 1863.)

IZAKA WALTON HOUSE,
GAINES, Tioga County, Pa.
Proprietor.
This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public.
(Jan. 1, 1863.)

EAGLE HOUSE,
THOMAS GRAVES, Proprietor.
(Formerly of the Livingston Hotel.)
This Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart, is being repaired and furnished anew. The proprietor has leased it for a term of years, where he may be found ready to do up his old customers and the travelling public generally. His table will be provided with the best of the market. At his bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.
(Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.)

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.
The Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the travelling public. Attending waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.
(Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.)

A. FOLEY,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.,
REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
NO. 5 UNION BLOCK.
(Wellsboro, May 26, 1863.)

MARBLE SHOP,
I AM now receiving STOCKS OF ITALIAN and ENGLISH MARBLE (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of
TOMB-STONES
and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.
HARVEY ADAMS is my authorized agent and will sell Stone at the lowest prices at the shop.
WE HAVE ONE PRICE.
(Tioga, May 26, 1863.)

FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
WRIGHT & BAILEY
HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town. Cash paid for all kinds of grain.
(Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.)

PRICE & FIRMEN,
MECHANICAL & SURGICAL DENTISTS.
WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that they are now stopping at J. V. Bigony's Hotel, known as the Pennsylvania House, for a few weeks, and would be pleased to wait on all who may need the services of their profession. All business pertaining to the profession performed in the most careful and scientific manner. We would call particular attention to our hard Rubber or Gonalite work, which is unprecedented.
PRICE & FIRMEN.
(Wellsboro, March 18, 1863.)

WELLSBORO ACADEMY,
MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M., Principal.
The Spring Term will commence on the 30th of March, 1863.
Tuition for term from \$5.00 to \$6.00.
A. D. COLE, Teacher. Classes will also be formed.
By order of Trustees,
J. P. DONALDSON, Pres't.
(Wellsboro, March 11, 1863.)

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S BANK,
CORNING, N. Y.,
(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)
American Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold, New York Exchange, do. Uncurrent Money, do. United States Deigned Notes "old issue" bought. Collections made in all parts of the Union at Current rates of Exchange.
Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be open at 11 A. M. closing at 4 P. M. giving parties passing over the Tioga Hill Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening.
Q. W. WELLINGTON, President.
(Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.)

HOMESTEAD,
A NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP HAS just been opened in Tioga, Penna., where may be found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, of the best approved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is admitted to be the best of the kind ever made in the market. The

"GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE," are square, flat top, eight doors, with large ovens, with many advantages over any other stove before made. Parlor Stoves, The Elegant and Carbon are both very neat and superior stoves.
Also Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron work, kept constantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, all of which will be sold at the lowest figure for cash or ready pay.
Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. GIBBNEY & SMEAD.

Watch, Clock, & Jewelry Repairing,
A. R. HASOY
HAS removed from the Post Office, to Bullock & Co's Store, (three doors below), where he is ready to do all kinds of work in his line at the shortest notice, and in the best manner possible. Thankful for favors, he will give satisfaction to all old and new customers that see fit to patronize him.
(Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.) A. R. HASOY.

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(Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.) A. R. HASOY.

Original Poetry.

(For the Agitator.)
SPRING AND YOUTH.

How beautiful is Spring! when all the air is redolent with fresh and new-born charms; When forest trees, which late were bleak and bare, Extend with their wide and leafless arms, Are robed anew in all their verdant bloom; In gorgeous liveries attired once more, Which Winter, in his cold and cheerless tomb, Had vainly sought to lock forever more!

Yes! beautiful is Spring! when shrub and tree unfold to light their tender leaf and bloom; And odors sweet, as is the laden bee, That homeward wends to his rich garner room; Are borne on every breeze, and every breeze, And all the air with a delicious perfume, How full the soul such blessing cannot please, Nor fill with strange delight nor heavenly calm!

And beautiful is Youth! so fair and bright, So full of hope, of promise, and of joy; Whose golden hours, unheeded in their flight, Are naught to him save as a sporting toy! But faint flowers will wither and decay, Old nipped by some cold wind, and faintly frost; Thus do we mourn a cherub boy to-day, Laid in his grave, to us forever lost!

But though to earth the spring will oft return To deck with greenery all the allowed mould, Entwine the ivy round his sacred urn, Its richest gems above his tomb unfold; Yet we no more his lovely form shall see, No more shall hear his voice at noon or even; For faint flowers will wither and decay, Old nipped by some cold wind, and faintly frost; Thus do we mourn a cherub boy to-day, Laid in his grave, to us forever lost!

(For the Agitator.)
THE SWEET SOUTH-WIND.

The sweet south-wind from the valley blows, Floating the mist of the curtain's lace, Breathing of moss where the daisy's repose, Then out, again, at the casement goes, Leaving a kiss on a tearful face.

The sweet south-wind had lingered long, Since it left the balmy elms, Where the right is striving to crush the wrong, And nobles around their standard throng, As in wars of olden time.

But the sweet south-wind had a tale to tell; It told it not on the hills' crest, That silent hung in the lonely dell; To the maid pale with unrest.

The sweet south-wind told the saddest tale, As it floated the curtain white; Of a dark, dark spot in a distant vale, Of a white cold brow and lips all pale, In the terror and gloom of night.

Then the sweet south-wind sighed soft and low And left the kiss on her brow, And straightway there stole a rosy glow Over pure pale brow and neck of snow. O, sweet south-wind, catch each last word, And treasure each dying kiss; And give them not to the flow'r or the bird; But where the heart is with anguish stirred, O, leave its pain with bliss.

(For the Agitator.)
Select Miscellany.

THE COBBLER.
In the little picturesque village of Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, lived a poor and honest mender of boots and shoes by the name of Robert Kenoul. He had been a cobbler all his days, but to no purpose. He had made nothing of the business, although he had given it a fair trial of fifty or sixty years. To make the ends meet, was as much as he could do; he, therefore, bore no very great liking to a profession which had done so little for him, and for which he had done so much.

His mind, in short, did not go with his work; and it was the interest, as well as the duty and pleasure, of his good wife, Janet, to hold him to it (particularly when he had given his word of honor to a customer) by all the arts common to her sex—sometimes by scolding, sometimes by taunting, but oftener—for Janet was a kind-hearted creature—by treating him to a thimble full of aqua-vita, which he loved dearly, with its proper accompaniments of bread and cheese.

Although, however, Robin did not keep by the shoes with any good heart, he could not be called either a lazy or inefficient man. In everything but cobbling, he took a deep and active interest. In particular, he was a great connoisseur of the weather. Nobody could prophesy snow like Robin, or fore-tell a black frost. The latter was Robin's delight; for with it came the people of Edinburgh, to hold their saturnalia on Duddingstone loch, and cobbling, on these occasions, was entirely out of the question. His rickety table, bottle and glass, were then in requisition, for the benefit of skaters and skaters in general, and of himself in particular. But little benefit accrued from these to Robin, although he could always count on one good customer—in himself. On the breaking up of the ice he regularly found himself poorer than before, and what was worse, with a smaller disposition than ever to work.

It must have been on some occasion of this kind, that strong necessity suggested to Robin a step for the bettering of his fortunes, which was patronized by the legislature of the day, and which he had heard was resorted to by many with success. Robin resolved to try the lottery. With thirty shillings, which he kept in an old stocking for the landlord, he went to Edinburgh, and purchased a sixteenth. This proceeding he determined to keep a profound secret from every one; but his wife cannot tolerate secrets; and the first half-mitchin with barber Hugh's succeeding in ejecting it; and as the barber had every opportunity, as well as disposition to spread it, the circumstance was soon known to all in the village.

Among others it reached the ears of Mr. Blank, a young gentleman who happened to reside at Duddingstone, and who took an interest in the fortunes of Robin. Mr. Blank, (unknown to the villagers) was connected with the press of Edinburgh, particularly with a certain newspaper, one copy of which had an extensive circulation in Duddingstone. First of all, the newspaper reached Mr. Blank on the Saturday of its publication; and on Monday, it fell into the hands of Robin, who like the rest of his trade, had most leisure on that day to peruse it; on the Tuesday the paper had its own Wednesday; the tailor; on the Thursday, the blacksmith; on the Friday, the gar-

denier; and on the Saturday the barber, in whose shop it lay till the succeeding Saturday brought another. Mr. Blank soon got from Robin's own mouth all the particulars of the lottery ticket purchase, even to the very number, which was seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, a number chosen by Robin, who had an eye to fatalism, as being the date of the year in which he was born.

A love of mischief or sport suggested to the young gentleman the wicked thought of making the newspaper a means of hoaxing Robin regarding the lottery ticket. We shall not undertake to defend Mr. Blank's conduct, even on the score of his being, as he was, a very young man. The experiment he made was cruel, although we believe it was done without malignity, and with every resolution that Robin should not be the loser by it. (About that time when news from the lottery-drawing was expected, the following paragraph appeared in the newspaper with which Mr. Blank was connected.)

"By private accounts from London, we understand that nine hundred and eighty-four, and seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, are the numbers drawn in the present lottery for the two twenty thousand pound prizes. We know not if any of these lucky numbers have been disposed of in this quarter."

Poor Robin came for his newspaper at the usual time, and in his usual manner. He got his customary glass, but missed his customary "bother" with Mr. Blank, who chose for the present to be out of the way. Home he trudged carrying the newspaper, the harbinger of his fortune, in the crown of his hat—placed himself on his stool—drew out his spectacles—and began to read as usual, from the beginning of the first page. It was some time before he reached the paragraph big with his fate. When he saw it, he gave a gasp—look off his spectacles and began to rub them, as if doubtful that they had deceived him—placed them again deliberately on his nose—read the passage over again, slowly and surely—then quietly laying his hand on a shoe which he had been mending, and which contained a last, made it in a moment spin through the window, carrying the casement with it. His wife Janet, was not at home, so, rushing out of doors, he made way to his old haunt, at the sign of the Sheep's Head. The landlady held up her hands at his wild look.

"Send for barber Hughie," he cried, "and Neil the tailor; and I say, Luckie, bring in—let me see—a gallon of your best; and some cheese—a half cheese—name of your half and quarters."

"Guide us Robin! What, best's this in your bonnet? The man's gyle!"

"Look there, woman, at the paper. I've gotten a prize. The man's gyle!"

"A prize and nae blank! Eh, woe, Robin, gie's a shake of your hand. I aye said ye had come to something. I ay, my dear, zin for the barber—and Neil—if he's sober—and bring the gude man, too. The mair the merrier."

Robin was soon surrounded by his cronies of the village, for the news of his good fortune spread with rapidity of scandal. Innumerable were the shakings of hands, and the pledges of good-will and assistance. The Sheep's Head soon became too hot for the company, the village itself was in an uproar; and as halloo followed halloo, Mr. Blank inwardly "shrank at the sound himself had made." Meanwhile, to have the truth of the statement confirmed, a superannuated lawyer had been dispatched on an old horse to the lottery office at Edinburgh; and his return with the intelligence that all was a hoax, spread dismay over the faces of the carousers, and made Robin's heart sink with grief and shame.

A speedy change took place in the conduct of those fair weather friends who had flocked around the poor cobbler. From being the admirers of all beholders, he became an object of scorn and laughter, till, unable to stand their mocks and gibes, he rushed from their presence and sought shelter under his own bed clothes. The only one who stood true was Neil the tailor. He followed Robin to his own house—took him by the hand, and said, "Robin, my man, I promised you a suit of clothes of the best. I ken ye had befriended me had ye got the cash—and, lottery or no lottery—by Jove! I'll keep my word."

Mr. Blank took care to discharge the debt incurred at the Sheep's Head, and endeavored by proffers of money otherwise to comfort Robin, and atone in some measure for the injury which he had secretly done. But Robin turned himself in his bed, and would not be comforted. Three days he lay in this plight, when authentic information arrived of the drawing of the lottery. Robin's number was, after all a lucky one—not, indeed, twenty thousand, but five thousand pounds. The sixteenth of even this was a little fortune to him, and he received it with a sober satisfaction, very different from the boisterous glee which he had formerly displayed. "I'll see nae o' them this time," he said to his wife, Janet—"except Neil the tailor; he's pur body, was the only true hearted creature among them all I've learnt a lesson by what has taken place, I ken what to trust."

Who is Old.—A wise man will never rest out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. "Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Young, and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who are old? Not the man of energy, nor the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence, but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless.

"Gonna, gonna, gonna, gonna" cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passer-by. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going to the Zoological Gardens to tell the managers that one of their baboons is loose."

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

STEVE CONANT'S VICTORY.

I once called on my friend, Steve Conant, and while the conversation turned on courtesies; and at my request, the old gentleman told me an incident in his life which, I will give in his own words:

"Well, seeing it's your day, I don't mind telling about a scrape that happened to me when I was courting Nancy here. That are is something that I never tell anybody. But you shall hear it."

"No, don't, Steve," broke in the old woman; "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, telling your love scrapes to everybody."

"If you can't bear to hear it, you may go out of doors—so here goes! When I was nigh about twenty-one I came up here all alone, and built me a cabin. I hadn't a naber nearer than five miles, so ye see I didn't quarrel much; but as it grew to be near winter, I got kinder lonesome, and began to think that I ought to have a woman to keep me company; so one morning I started down to Lewney, to take a look at the girls, to see if I could see one to suit me. When I got down to the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married, and he told me that he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife, I had better try and hitch on with her; and he said that if it was agreeable, he would go to Deacon Knox's and make me acquainted with Nancy, and he was as good as his word, and 'twas an hour after Nancy and I was on the best of terms. Afore night I hired out with the deacon for ten dollars a month, half of the pay to be taken in produce, and the rest in clear cash, and I was to work all winter."

Well, for about two months I felt about as neat as a mouse in a new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sunday night, and I was determined before another month to pop the question, and I hadn't a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be overjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. Well about this time there came a fellow from one of the lower towns to keep school, and he hadn't been there more'n a week afore I found he had a natural, banking arter Nancy; and worst of all, the old deacon, who had seemed mightily pleased at the thoughts of my courting his girl, began to kinder cool off, as if he would like the schoolmaster better for a son-in-law, and it made me feel kinder down in the lip, I can tell you. Well, one Sunday night, Bill Smith, for that was the pecky critter's name, came in just at dusk, and when the clock struck nine he didn't seem ready to go. Old Mrs. Knox and the young ones all went off to bed, and there were none left but the old deacon, Bill, Nancy and I, and there we all sat around the deacon's fire, and he was certainly the best of company for the change, and clean water (for his tail had now ceased to bleed), and his respirations were thirteen in the minute, and certainly stronger and longer.

I was curious to take the temperature of his breath, which felt warm to the hand as it came out like the breath of a human being blowing hard against it. As far as I could make the experiment with a thermometer, its temperature was about fifty-two or fifty-five degrees. There were only two objects to his being placed in the seal pond, and those were "Kate" and "Tom," the two seals, the rightful inhabitants thereof. It was most absurd to see them out away in the greatest alarm to the further end of the pond, turn suddenly around, and stare up at the poor sick porpoise with their huge eyes distended to twice their size; and then down again they went in an instant under their house, shortly to reappear and have another long and frightened stare at the intruder. I fear the poor porpoise—who was caught at Brighton, and allowed, unfortunately, to spend several hours panting on a fishmonger's slab in Bond street—will die after all, in spite of the brandy and water and other treatment. He has had too many hours' start of his doctor. However, the stimulative treatment, I really believe, prolonged his existence, even if it will not save his life. However, we have gained one fact at least, i. e., that it is possible to transplant a live porpoise to the gardens, and that he will live out of the sea several hours. This is most encouraging to the idea of Dr. Scater, the secretary, Mr. Bartlett, and many fellows of the Society, who are very desirous of having one of these days' live porpoise at the Zoological; and should any gentlemen residing at Dover, Folkestone, Brighton, Southampton, or any place within easy reach of London, be kindly willing to aid in procuring a live and uninjured specimen (I should say the live by the tail in the sea when caught) Mr. Bartlett, or myself, if telegraphed for, will be too happy to run down and see if we cannot bring him up alive to London, in the place of our sick marine friend, to whom, in spite of his present condition, we wish a speedy recovery.—The Field.

PROPAGATING BY CUTTINGS.—Propagating by cuttings is not nearly so well understood by people generally as it should be. We may say by gardeners, generally. Nearly all soft wood will grow from cuttings, in the hands of a careful person. It is a common way to multiply grapes, currants, gooseberries, &c.; but few persons, unacquainted with horticulture, will attempt the same thing with the raspberry and mulberry, with which, following the same method, they would be nearly if not quite as successful.

So with flowering shrubs, which in propagating, are usually "laid down," there is not the least difficulty, though with some the success is not so uniform as with others. All the arbutives can be propagated by inserting the branches of last year's wood four or five inches without removing the leaves.

Now is the time when this work should be done. Prepare the bed, dig deeply, pulverize the soil well, and put it good order. To be sure of the cutting growing, it should be inserted five or six inches in depth, and placed from two to six inches apart, the earth being pressed firmly around them. They should be mulched, and watered moderately daily in warm weather when the ground is dry. They can be either planted in the fall, or left remain over winter, slightly protected with a little straw or long manure.

DOCTORING A PORPOISE.

Mr. Bartlett was good enough to send me word that he had just received a live porpoise. I immediately went over to the garden, and found the poor beast well cared for and placed in a small tank of sea water behind the aquarium house. I immediately perceived that the porpoise was "very bad"; he was upon his side, and every now and then turning his under side uppermost. His breathing, or rather blowing, was hard and labored; and his wonderfully-constructed "blow hole" at the top of his head was working with difficulty. I counted his respirations, which were eight a minute, loud and powerful, (especially the expirations,) reminding one of a man snoring heavily; it was quite evident that the porpoise was in a very exhausted state. Now I, as a doctor, could not help reasoning thus: this is an animal with a four cavities heart, warm blood, and air-breathing lungs; his system is much exhausted from a slow process of drowning in air; in fact, it is in exactly the same condition as a human being would be half drowned in water. Reasoning thus, I could not help advising stimulants, and, having gained the permission of Mr. Bartlett, we agreed to give the porpoise a dose of ammonia immediately; but how to do it was the question. There was only one way; so I braved the cold water and jumped into the tank with the porpoise. I then held him up in my arms (he was very heavy) while Mr. Bartlett poured a good dose of salt volatile and water down his throat with a soda-water bottle. I then dashed cold water on him about every ten minutes, to help the effect of the medicine. This treatment had some salutary effect, for his respirations, which when I first saw him were eight in the minute, increased to ten, and then to twelve. In two hours time I visited him again, and, again going into the water, lifted him up while Mr. Bartlett poured down his throat a good glass of stiff brandy and water; again the results were good—the respiration increased to thirteen a minute. Perceiving that the water in which he was floating was stained with blood, I examined him all over, and found a wound in his tail, which was bleeding pretty fast. This I soon stopped with common salt. Seeing that, in spite of all done, the porpoise did not get much better, Mr. Bartlett and myself agreed to give him another chance; so we fished him out of his tank, and carried him quickly to the seal pond, and put him carefully and gently into the water. In about an hour he got decidedly better, and of his own accord swam twice across the pond, using his tail with that peculiar motion seen only in the whale tribe. He was, however, very blind and stupid, for he invariably when he saw the seal, he would strike at it, and he was certainly better for the change, and clean water (for his tail had now ceased to bleed), and his respirations were thirteen in the minute, and certainly stronger and longer.

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PROPAGATING BY CUTTINGS.—Propagating by cuttings is not nearly so well understood by people generally as it should be. We may say by gardeners, generally. Nearly all soft wood will grow from cuttings, in the hands of a careful person. It is a common way to multiply grapes, currants, gooseberries, &c.; but few persons, unacquainted with horticulture, will attempt the same thing with the raspberry and mulberry, with which, following the same method, they would be nearly if not quite as successful.

So with flowering shrubs, which in propagating, are usually "laid down," there is not the least difficulty, though with some the success is not so uniform as with others. All the arbutives can be propagated by inserting the branches of last year's wood four or five inches without removing the leaves.

Now is the time when this work should be done. Prepare the bed, dig deeply, pulverize the soil well, and put it good order. To be sure of the cutting growing, it should be inserted five or six inches in depth, and placed from two to six inches apart, the earth being pressed firmly around them. They should be mulched, and watered moderately daily in warm weather when the ground is dry. They can be either planted in the fall, or left remain over winter, slightly protected with a little straw or long manure.

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