THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1871. NO. 7.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:2
" Morris',	8:15	1:4
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:5
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:1

GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:0
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:1
" Morris',	12:05	P.M. 8:2
" Massey's,	12;20	8:3
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and a... Stations on the Kent County Railroad, wi... reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philade... phia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:0... P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroa... will leave Baltimore (President street depo... at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corn... Broad street and Washington Avenue,) ... 8;30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M...

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Wo... ton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Re... turning, leave Worton on the arrival of th... train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their name... at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be calle... for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown t... Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and...
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 High St. Wharf, Balto...

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS... Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and othe... Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited*
January 19, 1870—y

Chester River Steamboat Company



On and after THURSDAY, January 19... 1871, the **STEAMER GEO. LAW...** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thurs... day and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crump... ton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown... Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quak... Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. ... *Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monda... Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A. M... making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES,
Jan. 21, 1871. Agen...

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 73 South Street...
OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.

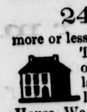
Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.
Feb. 13, 1870— Y.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Farm situated in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, on the public road leading from Church Hill to Millington, about five miles from Church Hill, and adjoining the lands of Capt. Ford, Capt. Robinson, and others, and at present tenanted by Mr. Jas. Porter, containing

244 ACRES,

more or less, under good fencing.



The improvements consist of a fair one-story FRAME DWELLING, large Pantry and Kitchen, a good Barn and Stable under it, Meat House, Wagon House, Poultry House and Dairy; and a well of excellent water.

100 ACRES ARE IN WOOD,

mostly young White Oak Timber.

THERE ARE
2,000 PEACH TREES,
SIX YEARS OLD, on the Farm—and 24 bushels of Wheat seeded.

This land is about ½ mile from a Church, two schools within ½ of a mile, and 2½ miles from a Landing on Chester River.

TERMS EASY.

For further particulars apply to
E. F. PERKINS, Att'y.,
May 20, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

BLUE LICK WATER, by the barrel, gallon, or glass.

FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is not surpassed by any Lead now manufactured.

JOHN WYETH & BRO'S. Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BURNETT'S Flavoring Extracts. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871. Chestertown.

FINE DWELLING HOUSE
For Sale.



The Dwelling House in Chestertown, formerly owned by Judge Chambers, and recently by Gen. R. Clay Crawford, (reserving the office and lot in the rear) is offered for sale. The gas and water fixtures to go with the house. This property has been modernized, and is in good order and commodious: the large back building is new. The premises and improvements cost about sixteen thousand dollars, and will be sold for $8,500.

TERMS—$1200 cash, the rest to remain on mortgage.

Possession given at once.

E. F. PERKINS,
Attorney for Mrs. E. L. Pelton.
June 3, 1871—tf.

DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT
For Sale.



The subscriber offers for sale all THAT DWELLING HOUSE and premises, situated on Market Space in Chestertown, the property of R. K. Pippin. The Dwelling is a one-story and hip-roof frame house, with two rooms 16x20 feet and 8-foot passage on the lower floor, with three rooms above—ample kitchen and room above: A BACK BUILDING with two rooms above and two below. The Lot is 75 feet front by 100 feet deep. The premises also include a *CARPENTER SHOP*, Meat house and wood house. This property is eligibly situated, and altogether desirable.

For further particulars apply to
E. F. PERKINS,
May 20—tf. Att'y. for R. K. Pippin.

READY MADE CLOTHING!
SUPERIOR CASSIMERE CLOTHING!!
Low Priced Clothing!!!

WE BEG LEAVE to inform our customers, and buyers generally, that we are keeping *A FULL LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING* on hand this season, and are constantly replenishing our stock with purchases of fresh and desirable Goods in the way of

COATS, PANTALOONS AND VESTS.

We keep nothing in stock that is not up to *a high standard of excellence both as regards*

C. F. STAM & BRO.
March 18, 1871—y.

TAKE DUE NOTICE!
AND
Govern Yourselves Accordingly

On, and after MONDAY, the 16th inst... I shall ONLY SELL STRICTLY *for Cash*. B... adopting this system, I shall be enabled t... carry a much heavier stock, will buy all m... goods for Cash, and will be able to sell ther... at least twenty per cent. less than if I sol... them on a credit. I trust my friends and th... public in general will call and compare my... prices now, with those formerly asked.

JOS. A. CATLIN.
Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

To Mothers.

LIEBIG'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.—This valuable and popular food for infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

ATTENTION

Just opened a large and splendid assortment of
FASHIONABLE JEWELRY,
WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED; AT
E. T. WILLIS'.
Fine Gold and Silver Watches,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
Fancy Goods
&c., &c., purchased on the best terms for cash, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

The Ladies particularly, are invited to call and examine this beautiful stock.
Chestertown, Dec. 5, 1869.

NOTICE.

A DESIRABLE STAND AND STOCK AT PRIVATE SALE, AT
Kennedyville, Kent Co., Md.

I have reduced my stock quite low by Auction, and what I have left is in good order. Any person wishing to purchase can do so by applying to
C. W. WARREN,
June 10, 1871—tf. *Kennedyville, Md.*

Selected Poetry.

From the Printing Gazette.

Missouri Editors in Convention.

The annual convention of the Publishers' and Editors' Association of Missouri was held at St. Joseph on the 24th ult. It was very fully attended, and the exercises were of an interesting and practical character. The following poem, by Mr. C. B. WILKINSON, was read on the occasion:

THE EDITOR.

In some fair land, unknown to mortal ken.
And still by common mortals daily sought,
'Tis fancied by a host of honest men,
And women, too—who'er without them wrought
A story or a poem into being?—
There dwells a kind of literary sprite—
Believing whom is better far than seeing—
A semi-mortal, lifted to that height
Where he knows all, and tells with fresh variety;
Or, if he knows not, guesses, and tells that;
Who puffs lean men to swelling notoriety,
And blows up many an office-holding 'flat.'

I often think there is such fairy-land;
There surely is this knowing, telling sprite
Who heeds the voice from heaven, that old command
To John of Patmos, bidding him to '*Write!*'
And writing, he must everybody please;
Speak well of men, and flatter every woman;
Of gold and dry-goods, laws of war and peace.
His knowledge must be more divine than human.
Polemics must engage his inmost soul;
In chess and billiards he should be *au fait*,
While in croquet and ten pins he must roll
In ecstacy, the live-long summer day.

All points of ethics he should make so plain
That he who runs may read, without a stumble;
Must know the cause of sunshine and of rain,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's sullen rumble.
Must learn what wires in politics prevail,
Like secret springs, to force weak men to glory,
And strong ones crowd to dark oblivion's vale—
To many a man, a sad, but o'er-true story.
To some fat office every noisy fool
He must elect, or else be dubbed 'unsound,'
"Disloyal," "Copperhead," or plastic tool
Of abler men, whose purse-strings hold him bound.

By some, his mission is supposed to be
To elevate the *brazen* image high,
That in his moral waste all those who see
A gilded serpent never more may die.
Others insist 'tis his *this* work to do:
Lift up the weak, uphold the wise and strong;
Reform the erring, make them good and true;
Give woman rights, by righting every wrong.
The advertisers say' tis his to place
Each advertisement at the very head
Of the first column, where its staring face
Shall catch the eye, and first of all be read.

Is there a heaven for weary man to gain,
He must the path thereto make straight and level;
Is there a hell of endless wrath and pain,
With walls of fire, and soul-disturbing Devil,
He must not seek its flame to quench or pale,
Nor, skeptic-like, deny that sooty Nick
Hath crooked horns, split hoofs and forked tail,
With pitch-fork heaping many a human rick.
Thus, his religion must, like India-rubber
Or modern charity, be made to stretch
Till every sin and foible it will cover
Of priestly sneak or vile psalm-singing wretch.

No item floating on the passing breeze
Must e'er escape his eager, watchful ken;
No one take snuff but he must duly sneeze,
And note both acts with reportorial pen.
A perfect mirror of the passing world
His sheet must be, as from the rattling press
Like gusty flakes each morn the leaves are hurled,
And sent like lightning o'er that world to bless.
From him the dealers learn the price of grain;
The doctors learn of patients gone to rest;
The lawyers learn of suits they lose, and gain,
And clients learn that eels are skinned when drest.

The rogue is told of thieves and burglars caught,
And aims to shun their ways which proved so taking,
While city *squares* which he so often sought
Are those whose *rounds* policemen were not making.
The faithful wife skips all the divorce news,
Nor squints at telegrams from Indiana,
And drops the paper, faints, or has the blues,
When some Chicago freed-man shouts "Hosanna!"
Mismated spouses peer with keenest vision
Deep into columns bearing faintest token
Of happier days, in Western fields elysian,
Where marriage ties, as horse-trades loose, are broken.

The preacher learns of Beecher and of Cheney;
Reads of their antics; votes them strange or cunning.
The farmer learns what blessed Horace Greeley
Knows about farming, draining, mules and pruning.
Sometimes—when romance claims him for her own—
Our editor will print—nor care a button—
How some sharp-tilting brother has been thrown
From a horse-radish or a saddle of mutton.
Or, if a doctor calls, and sagely gives
Him drugs, and pills, (that doctor's field of clover),
His epitaph he'll write, e'en while he lives;
"Twill be "Thank Heaven! *his pill*-grimage is over."

For some he rings those joyous wedding bells
Which fill their little world with sunshine bright;
For others, tolls those solemn funeral knells
Which cloud their skies and plunge their earth in night.
He crowns with praise all who for freedom bled;
He cheers the fainting struggler in the trench;
Upholds the weary watcher's drooping head;
Sends words of wisdom to the toiler's bench.
Through all the fields of learning he must roam,
For king and peasant heed his earnest call;
To royal castle, and to prarie home,
His lines in pleasant places daily fall.

At times, I feel there's not a swallow's flight,
Nor robin's song, nor orison of wren;
There's not a cloud by day nor star by night,
Escapes a faithful editorial pen.
Thus, up to all he holds his magic glass,
Each finds the face reflected there he sought;
Kaleidoscopic are the views which pass,
Astounding, too, the wonders which are wrought.
For all these blessings, you, the public owe
A debt to him whose life is speeding fast;
A debt you'll pay by writing (well I know)
Upon his tombstone, "Here he *lies* at last!"

With all his faults, of head or running pen,
The public will invoke his timely aid
To build a railroad or a bridge—and then
To patch an ordinance their wise men have made.
Should census-figures e'er be put to route,
Or fall consumptive, in a dire collapse,
He writes them up, and puffs them boldly out,
And crowns their bare-heads with the largest caps.
If Judges stagger on their dusty way,
Or jurors pass beneath the tempter's rod
He holds them up to scorn, and day by day
Proclaims their crimes to an avenging God.

To darkest depths he sends the cheering light;
Extirpates crime which rears its lofty head;
Pulls down the wrong, enthrones the trampled right,
And lifts mankind where'er his words are read.
By him the gospel to the poor is given—
He preaches daily, and with growing power.
To see the shackles of oppression riven,
He labors on with faith from hour to hour.
And when the golden bowl is broken quite,
The fountain dry, and loosed the silver cord,
That voice from heaven will still be sounding "write,
Blessed are the dead, who die in Christ, the Lord."

CHEAP MOSQUITO-BAR.—There is a cheap mosquito bar in vogue among the plantation hands and boatmen in some parts of the South, which answers every purpose to the letter; it is common petroleum. A small quantity is dropped on a piece of cotton, and then squeezed out as dry as possible; after which the cotton is rubbed over the face and hands. No mosquito will alight where the scent has been left. I have tried it and then exposed myself to clouds of them, on various occasions, without experiencing the least annoyance. Thousands of them would hover within an inch of my face, and sing by the hour, but none would dare touch.—*Cor. American Entomologist.*

A CAUTIOUS MAN.—A fellow who was traveling in Western New York, entered a bar-room, and after calling for drinks for two, looking about over the loungers, apparently for a friend to drink with him. To every one's surprise, he invited a XVth, who eagerly accepted, and swallowed his "pisen" with great avidity. Our traveler, however, leaving his untouched, very coolly lighted a cigar, and settled himself by the fire. After some time, the landlord inquired, rather sharply, if he did not intend to drink that whiskey. "Why, certainly," said he, "if it don't kill that colored man within ten or fifteen minutes."

STORY OF AN IRISH ADVOCATE.—He would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his irritated Lordship cried, "Sir, 'tis no use speaking; what you say to me goes in one ear and out the other."

The advocate would not be silenced.

"My Lord," he said, "it's no wonder, when there's nothing between 'em to stop it."

☞ You have all heard of "Hobson's choice." Down in a certain village in one of the Eastern States a poor half-witted fellow named Hobson got married. A neighbor met him and said, "How is this, Hobson? You've married a woman that is foolish, hard of hearing and lame. What sort of a choice was that?"—"I know it," said poor meek Hobson; "but it was her or nobody." This was the origin of "Hobson's choice."

An Eastern Legend.

BY WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a man of God.—He spent his days in the temple, he made sacrifice, he argued with the doctors of the law, he gave alms to the poor.

But his heart was heavy and his spirit was sad. The smoke of the altar soothed him not, the incense stifled him, and the music gave him no peace. He read that God made man in his own image, and he sought this image everywhere, but beheld it not. He left the ways of men, and dwelt in a hermit's cave, praying and fasting. In the night an angel came into the cave, saying: "Rabbi, thou hast pined to see thy God. It is well; but know that first thou must lose thyself, not in the law, but in thy fellowmen. Never look upon thy own face; but see thyself in thy brothers. Then, on the first day of the month, go to the bottomless spring of Zobah, and in its depths thou shalt see the Father of men."

The Rabbi went into the city, and into the temple; but he staid not there.—Through all the city he sought the hearts of his fellows; he cheered the stranger; he fed the hungry; he cooled the hot lips of the leper, when all had left him; he watched by the dying; he lifted up the mourner. Into all sorrow and into all joy went Ben Levi. The people wondered, and touched their foreheads; but he smiled at their folly, knowing that he in whose heart God dwelt be sound in his mind.—The wise men looked askance, saying that he must be giving himself over to the Chaldean magic; but he hugged his secret, knowing between God and his children there is no magic.

When the month was ended, he went to the lake, as the rays of the morning sun lighted its clear waters. Trembling, he looked; and from the pure liquid came back a face which was as the features of one seen in a dream. It was himself, and yet not himself. Fearing that he should see himself in a second glance, he fled away to his work in the city. His heart beat higher, and his strength was as the strength of two. No duty was too heavy and no care was too mean for his simple zeal. Another month came. The face of Ben Levi was worn and wan; but his eye shone with a light brighter than the light of a human eye. As it pierced the crystal of the lake, which grew deeper in it gaze, the face it beheld was as the face of an angel. Still he lived on, and spent his whole force in his daily toil.

The months passed; and Ben Levi was seen no more in the ways of the city.—Good men sought and found him, as he lay in the cave. They thought him dying; but the Rabbi held to the promise of the Lord, and awaited the end of the month. They watched by him; but when day dawned the watchers slept. Softly Ben Levi stole away, and dragged his failing steps to the waters he loved. Deep down amid the hills lay the mirror of Heaven. The sunlight flowed down the hillsides, bearing rock and tree, grass and leafy shrub, sky and cloud and flitting mist, down the bosom of the earth. The tree shape was transfigured, the sky color was glorified as by the air of Heaven, and the rock form and the leaf color mingled in the bosom of the waters.—Not many images, as these words tell, but the harmonies of one great image, came forth to the pure eye of Ben Levi. He was filled with new life; for he saw that the garment of God was spreading before. His heart rose, then sank within him; for he knew that mortal man may not see God and live. His poor body trembled, and he gave a yearning look toward the world behind; but, with a mighty effort, pressing forward, he threw his glance into the lowest depths, where he should behold the Father of men. With a faint cry, he fell back. His soul had fled.

The watchers came. They saw in the water only rock, and tree, and cloud; but on the face of Ben Levi they saw a smile which was as the smile of God!

The Darwinian Theory.

Darwin's theory concerning the descent of man is creating a tremendous sensation among the monkeys. They have just heard of it, and are terribly exercised.—They repudiate the whole theory. That man descended from them they consider a slur on the entire monkey race.

A cage of John Robinson's monkeys held an indignation meeting over the matter the other day, after the performance. A venerable chimpansee, whose gray hairs entitled him to the distinction, was made chairman, and sitting in a swing, presided with the utmost dignity. He got a little excited in his speech as he took the chair, but this was pardonable under the circumstances. "What," exclaimed this venerable baboon; "man descended from *us!* I repudiate the idea with scorn. True, we have our faults.

"We are accused of cutting up monkey shines sometimes, and not without causes, but this attempt to make us father on us the human race is altogether too much. Is it not enough that poverty requires us to travel around the country in this manner to make a livelihood; to exhibit ourselves to gaping men, women and children, at so much a head, (when two-thirds of them haven't any head at all to speak of,) without having it flung in our faces that we originated the pack of fools styled men?"

His remarks were received with every expression of delight possible to the monkey. Some stood on their pyramidal heads, others hung by their tails, while others threw flipflaps from one end of the cage to the other.

A monkey who had traveled much and seen a great deal, and who had probably used the cat's paw to pull more chestnuts out of the fire than any other monkey of his age, next addressed his fellow monkeys:

Said he: "This Darwin has inflicted a disgrace upon us that no monkey of any self-respect will hesitate to resent. I fling his base insinuations back into his teeth! [A wild chatter of applause.] If man was indeed descended from us, what a fall was there, my countrymen! [Prolonged howls of derision.] If I had this base slanderer of our race—this Darwin, who *dar' win* fame by traducing us—I would r-r-r-rend him in pieces with these pentadactylous hands, and whip him to death with this prehensible tail:" [Immense cheering.]

The chairman interrupted the speaker to remind him that no puns would be allowed. Nobody but men perpetrated puns and a pun was altogether beneath the dignity of any monkey who had the least respect for himself. The speaker promised to be more guarded in the future, and proceeded with his remarks.

"Look at the follies men perpetrate every day. Did you ever know a monkey to make such a fool of himself as they do? Did you ever know a monkey to buy a ticket to a menagerie and go staring around and making remarks about people better than himself? Did a monkey ever get drunk, or talk about his neighbors, or wear a plug hat unless it was fastened on his head by a detestable ringmaster,) or sue for a divorce, or lace, or color his whiskers, or go into bankruptcy, or cheat the printer, or get elected councilman, or run a bar account, or eat hash, or—or run for Congress?—Never!" [Screams and screeches of assent.]

"Man descended from the monkey, indeed! If we were descended from man it would be sufficiently disgraceful. I get ashamed when I think there is a possibility of a connecting link. Look at them in their political conventions. In our most idiotic moments did we ever yell and howl as they do?"

"Look at them in Congress. A whole menagerie on a drunk couldn't behave worse. And where did they get it?—They didn't get it from us, that there is a sure thing. The key to their cussed nonsense is not the mon-key. [An admonishing shake of the head from the President.] Mr. Darwin must seek for ancestry elsewhere, and let the monkey alone. He might perhaps trace it to the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, or (what is more likely) the jackass!"

Tremendous applause followed his great speech. After some further remarks on the part of distinguished monkeys of like tenor, the meeting passed a series of resolutions utterly repudiating the Darwinian theory, and adjourned.

Loyal Prejudices.

Calhoun and Clay were always, even in their boldest ventures, sustained by enthusiastic constituencies. However the nation at large regarded them at times, they were never called on to face overwhelming indignation at home, as was Webster, after his abandonment of sectionalism for statesmanship. Theodore Parker graphically describes his position in Faneuil Hall when he returned to give an account of his stewardship in 1842.—It will be remembered that Webster for the purpose of averting war with England, had remained in the cabinet after the President had Tylerized from the Whig party. His constituents were disaffected, displeased and indignant.

The crisis was gloomy enough. The political elements were gathering against him from every point. Denunciations opened from every quarter. "The clouds had thickened into blackness all around and over him, and hurled their thunders fearfully upon his devoted head. But there he stood in Faneuil Hall and thundered back again! It was the ground lightning from his Olympic brain!"

This was not the only instance where Mr. Webster faced the storm of sectionalism. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, thus describes another occasion:

One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when in an open barouche, in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed in substance to a vast assembly of his constituents, unwilling hearers. "You have conquered an uncongenial clime; you have conquered a sterile soil; you have conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; you have conquered most of the elements of nature; but you must yet learn to conquer your own prejudices." I know of no more fitting incident in the life of that wonderful man, "*clarus et vir fortissumus*," for perpetuating the memory of the true greatness of his character on canvass or marble, than as he then and there stood and spoke! It was an exhibition of moral grandeur, surpassing that of Aristrides when he said, "O, Athenians, what Themistocles recommends would be greatly to our interests, but it would be unjust."

DRUNK!—DRUNK! Young man did you ever stop to think how terrible that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery and woe you brought upon your friends when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk! Young man did you ever for amoment stop to think how you looked in the eyes of respectable people and Christians, when drunk? Hear him as he reels along the street, asking God to damn his soul. Suppose they have their drunken words heard and answered, how many thousands would daily have their souls damned? Oh! it is a fearful thing to trample under foot the high claims that God and man have upon you. Drunk! How it rings in the ear of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a doting father and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters!—See him as he leans against some friendly house. Drunk! He stands ready to fall into the open jaws of hell, unconsious as

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