"The Freedmen's Record" is the organ of the New-England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission, lately New-England Freedmen's Aid Society, and is published monthly by the Executive Committee.

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MONEY!

THAT IS WHAT WE WANT!

If we could have One Hundred Thousand Dollars pledged to us during September, our Teachers' Committee would go to work with a will, and have a corps of teachers in the field in October that would do credit to our Society and New England. Why should we not? If every sincere well-wisher to the Freedman would exert himself or herself immediately to raise all the funds possible, by subscriptions or fairs or entertainments, how easily could the money be raised.

Every little helps. A boy who has no money to give may gather a peck of walnuts or chestnuts, to sell to the nearest grocer. They will buy a spelling-book for some poor child, if no more. Last year we suffered from constant anxiety about our funds. Unexpected legacies enabled us to carry through our work and keep our teachers in the field. We cannot hope for these favors again; but at least we may feel encouraged to try the "promise given to faith," and send out our teachers in the assurance that New England will not fail to answer our draft upon her benevolence and wisdom.

We should be glad to have assurances from Branch Societies intending to support teachers, as soon as possible.

CO-OPERATION OF THE SOUTH IN THE WORK.

We are especially desirous during the coming year of stimulating the people of the South themselves to new efforts in the support of schools. In order to accomplish this purpose, we must have a general plan of co-operation with them in the support and management of schools. An informal meeting was held at No. 8 Studio Building, July 12, to consider this subject, and a series of resolutions was drawn up, expressing the views of that meeting. It is proposed to hold a general conference of all the branches, at New York, in September, in order to arrange an effective plan in which all may unite. Should the season prove favorable, we hope that the physical suffering from want will be so much lessened that the people may contribute to the cause of education without injury to themselves.

WHAT THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY DO FOR RECONSTRUCTION.

Six years ago there worked at the South a people (four millions strong) to whom it was a penal offence to teach the letters of the alphabet. To-day, the men of this same people are mustering at the polls to vote! The color, the low brow, the scarred-back, the barbarous ancestry, all overlooked; the arguments from science, from the Bible, from natural right, from policy, from necessity, all abandoned; and, to-day, Cuffee, as well as Cuffee's old master and the President of Harvard College, may help to govern his country to the extent of one vote, if he will.

Now, then, more than ever, both from regard to our own future and in justice to
The freedmen, do we need to couple with the principle of universal suffrage that of universal education. If we saw the case as it really is, we should see that to make light of education at this moment is to make one of those fatal national mistakes like that of the Fathers just expiated by the four years' war. Of the two principles, one is establishing itself; our allies at the South have thus far taken care that it should not be neglected. But who is sufficiently awake and wise, or obstinate enough to make the other sure?

Shall we look to the Government to do it? It will be well indeed for the country, when constitutional amendments shall have defined political citizenship even as the pending amendment would define civil citizenship, for the whole nation. And if this citizenship should be based on education, and the Government should guarantee education as it now guarantees republican institutions to every individual in the land, then our war will have reached its fit consummation. And, meanwhile, who is to look out for education at the South?

The negroes themselves,” it is said. “It is time for these charity-schools to cease. The help which the Aid Societies give is at best but small compared with the need, and small compared with the expense incurred. Education rests on a sure basis only when it is a native demand, met by native efforts. Those people are growing fast enough. Reconstruction first, education afterwards. A few years, more or less, are of little account.” Such seems to be the thought of many now; and to them we would reply thus,—referring for evidence to our “Records,” our Treasurer’s account, and the reports we have from our teachers and the Bureau Superintendents of Education:

The blacks are still so poor and ignorant that aid must yet be given from the North if the cause of their education is to keep its headway. Appreciation of the schools they furnish in abundance, but their very attempts to maintain them independently, show painfully how much they need the impulse and the guidance which the aid societies afford. In many cities there are small private schools kept by colored teachers for an irregular pittance, which, so far as we have heard, are little better than useless. In one case at least, a public system has been tried; both teachers and money failed. But gradually through all our schools we are pressing this principle of self-support. The blacks are still so poor and ignorant that aid must yet be given from the North if the cause of their education is to keep its headway. Appreciation of the schools they furnish in abundance, but their very attempts to maintain them independently, show painfully how much they need the impulse and the guidance which the aid societies afford. In many cities there are small private schools kept by colored teachers for an irregular pittance, which, so far as we have heard, are little better than useless. In one case at least, a public system has been tried; both teachers and money failed. But gradually through all our schools we are pressing this principle of self-support. More was required from the blacks last year than the year before; much more will be required the coming year than during the last. As a rule, books, fuel, repairs, and often whole buildings, have been furnished by the freedmen themselves. In Maryland, they have paid the teachers...
board in almost every instance, and during the past year have contributed in the different counties $6,000 towards the support of the schools. In Eastern South Carolina they own over $12,000 worth of unencumbered property devoted to school and church purposes, two thirds of which was obtained by their own industry, skill, and collections; the remainder from the associations of the North and the Bureau. Out of the seventy-nine schools in the whole State, the freedmen partially supported twenty-six, their January contribution amounting to $1,500. The school at Belton was entirely maintained by them.

According to the recent Report of Mr. Tomlinson, the State Superintendent of Education, of $106,000 spent for education between July, 1866, and July, 1867, $65,-000 came from the North, $24,000 from the Bureau, and $17,000 from the colored people. In Columbus, Ga., two additional teachers were sent for and paid for by them through six months; and in this State the freedmen have organized a State Educational Association. Such facts as these (and many like them might be cited), are promising indeed. We are not working for those who are themselves listless. It is seed we are planting, not rations that we are serving out. But let it be observed that this is the direct result of the stimulus applied by the Northern Aid Societies. The $17,000 would not have been contributed, in Georgia the Association would not have been formed nor the extra teachers sent for by Columbus, had the people been left to their own ignorance and the indifference of the State governments, or to the encouragement of the Bureau, which furnishes buildings and transportation, but no teachers. In the Eastern District of South Carolina, for instance, the twenty-two schools have all been established since January 1st of last year, by the exertions of a superintendent sent by the Bureau and of teachers supplied from the North.

We are not, then, debarring or delaying the native effort, but our very aim is to rouse and systematize such effort, and our very success is that we are rousing it in the only way possible at this time. What the Government does for Education through the Bureau, what the negroes are doing, what separate planters are doing, what the States and the towns are beginning to talk of doing, is due, more than to all other agencies put together, to the fact that Northern Aid Societies have placed and kept teachers on the ground these past three years. And if, in virtue of the condition of the South, it comes to pass that the Government will have to, or will choose to, adopt universal education as a national responsibility, it is our Aid Societies that will have determined that result by doing this work at the providential moment.

Now, as has been said, our efforts should be greater than ever. In the unreadiness of the Government, and the inability of the States, we, the Northern people in their homes, may do much to interpenetrate Southern society while still half-fused with the principle which must eventually be for it, what it is for us, the guarantee at once of stability and of progress. "Fast enough!" Those people are growing too fast for this element to be left out at so critical a time. A few years now, with no earnest attempt in this direction, will hinder for many years the reconstruction that the country needs. Reconstruction cannot be first, and education afterwards. Whatever true Reconstruction has thus far been accomplished is, as we well know, the effect of education of one kind or another. Necessity is a wonderful educator, but so is a Yankee school ma'am!

For what have been the results of her presence in the South? Small, compared with the want, doubtless; but who can call it a small result to have sent from 90,000 to 100,000 children and adults to school for six or eight months of the year? To have made true even one half of Mr. Tomlinson's estimate, 25,000 persons in the single State of South Carolina to-day able to master tolerably a newspaper, who two years ago did not know the alphabet! Is it a small result that in town after town at the South where a Yankee school teacher has opened a colored school, the public opinion has changed within the year from bitter hostility to negro education into
hearty approval of it? Is this an educational result to be despised as a contribution to real Reconstruction? As to the expense, $500 is the average sum which pays for nine months' instruction to about seventy children. Is this a bad investment for charity, or justice, or patriotism, as people may prefer to regard it? All things considered, does the same sum, subscribed by an individual, a circle of friends, a parish, a village, in behalf of any other good cause produce more fruit than this annually?

For these reasons, we mean to go on with the New-England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission. This past year we have done only about two thirds of the work of last, and have done it through faith rather than sight that the means would be forthcoming. But the faith has been justified, and we shall begin the new year out of debt. In the New-York Society we understand that the interest is taking a fixed form. We do not believe that New England will be the first to abandon a cause to which all its past history so specially and strongly binds it.

Our question, then, who is to look out for the school at the South this year? is answered. Again we must take up the burden, and with more alacrity and heart than ever; and "we," you know, reader, means YOU AND I.

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A SCENE IN THE MORRIS STREET SCHOOL.

The following dialogue was enacted by some of the pupils of the Morris St. School, in Charleston, on the occasion of a public examination, in June last. It is inserted here, not merely for the merits of the piece, but because it contains specimens of genuine plantation dialect.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Mr. Cordozo, Principal of the Wentworth Street School.
Mr. Sumner, Principal of the Morris Street School.
Janitor of the Morris Street School.
A Boy, a pupil of the Morris Street School.
A Girl, an applicant for admission to ditto.
A Woman, mother of the girl.

---

(Mr. Sumner, sitting, solus. Enter, Janitor.)

Jan. Mornin' sir. An ole woman out here, sir; fetch her chile to school. Mus' bring her in, sir?

S. Yes, Scott, show her in. (Janitor retires, and comes back leading a woman and girl.)

Woman. (Making a plantation curtsey.)

Good mornin' Maws' Sumpter. How you do dis mornin'?

S. Pretty well, I thank you; how is your health to-day?

W. Tankful for life, mawsa; ony so-so. Me head hart me so bad.

S. Well, what can I do for you, to-day?

W. I come to ax you, sir, ef yer'll be so good, sir, as to take dis lee gal in yo school. He de ony one I got, sir; an' I want to gi um a little lamin' fo' I dead. Here, stan' up, you gal, an' telly gen'lin'man howdy. (Girl drops a curtsey.)

S. How old is your child?

W. Don't rightly know, mawsa; spec he 'bout five.

S. Can she read?

W. No, sir; kin spell, a little.

S. Come here, babe; look on this book. Now what's that?

W. Talk hard, gal.

Girl. D-o-g, cat!

S. That's pretty well. Now spell cat.


S. You've been to a pay school, haven't you?

Girl. Yes, sir; more'n three mont.

S. I thought so. What else did you learn besides dog?

Girl. Larn History, Rithmetic, French, 'n Latin.

S. You know a great deal, don't you?

Girl. Yes, sir.

S. How much are two and two?

Girl (quickly). Fifteen, sir.

S. What's your name?

Girl. Name Sack, sir.

S. What?

Girl. Yes, sir.

S. Is it Psyche or Sack?

Girl. Yes, sir.

S. All two one ting, sir, De Yankee lady, sir, tell we mus' call the gal Psyche, sir.

S. Well, child, you may go down. I'll put you into a class where you'll learn to spell cat, and dog, too.

Girl. I goin' in a fourf reader class, ain't I, sir?
S. Be still, you monkey. I suppose you
know, ma’am, that we require a tax of twenty-
five cents a month for each scholar, to help
pay expenses, don’t you?
W. I heary so, sir; but my humban’, he
out o’ work now, sir, ’n I can’t git no money
fo’ tax.
S. But your child seems pretty well dressed.
What has she got in that paper! My stars!
here is more than twenty-five cents worth of
gunjies* and apples!
W. I blewee to gi’ de gal a little o’ dese yere
ting: all de chilum care un to school.
S. (Indignantly ) I know tliey do. And
the good people at the North are scraping to¬
tgether every dollar they can get to keep your
children at school, while you spend your j
money for sweetmeats and picnics. Next
year, it will be different. The Northern peo¬
pie are getting tired of this; and next term, if
you want your children to go to school, you
will have to help pay for it. Good morning, ma’am.
W. Good mornin’ mawsa. Please, sir, do
be so good, sir, ef dis chile don’t larn, lash um
hard, sir. Here you gal (shaking her)
mine yer lesson, now; an’ come home soo/i.
[Exit.

Jan. A heap o’ chilum outside. Dey’s one,
sir, I think might be let in.
S. Let him in. (Janitor goes out, and
comes in with a boy, leading him by the col¬
lar, and twitching him angrily.)
Jan. (to boy). What make ye tag out in
de street? Yer’ll nebber larn nuf n, les’n yer
come to school soon in de momin.’
[Exit.
S. Well, my boy, what makes you come
so late to school?
Boy. Could n’t come soon sir. Stay out
to git a job o’ work for pay my tax, sir. I’m
a mudderless boy, sir; ’n my pa, he got a
swell han’, an’ Tiddy, she ‘flicted—
S. What do you mean by “ Tiddy ? ” And
what’s the matter?
Boy. Tiddy my sister, sir; him cripple,
sir. Bubber, ony a lee boy.
S. What ’s become of the rest of your
brothers and sisters?
Boy. All dead, excuse me one. But I got
my tax; shumt here, sir?

* Gunjies, plural of gunju, a ginger cake much
esteemed by the dark infants of the South, and
also by their Northern teachers.
† Shum, a corrupted contraction of see him (her,
them, or it).

S. Ah! that’s the right spirit! You’re
a fine boy.

(Enter Mr. Cardozo.)
S. Good morning, Mr. Cardozo; how do
you do? Take a chair: take mine,—that’s
the only one there is. How is your school
getting on?
C. Very well indeed. How is yours?
S. Nicely. The children behave very
well, with few exceptions. Those who come
regularly are making great progress. It is
very gratifying to see the interest which the
parents take in the school. But there ’s one
thing troubles me very much.
C. Indeed! Let me know it.
S. (in a hollow voice). Taxes!
C. Oh! dear! You ought to have a pic¬
nic. I gave my scholars a picnic over at Mt.
Pleasant the other day; and I luckily thought
of those same taxes. So I told the children
they should not one of them come unless they
had paid their monthly tax. The result was,
that I got just about three times as much
money as I should otherwise have received.
S. Good! So it seems (addressing the
audience) you can pay your taxes when you
want to.
C. Most of them can. But I came in to¬
day to hear some of your classes recite.
In good time. I was just going to call up
a class. Miss L——, please send your
class to the platform. Mr. Cardozo, suppose
we step down, where we can see the class.
[Exeunt.

(Miss L.’s class here file out for examination.)

NOT TIME TO STOP THE WORK YET!

We once knew of a worthy man who was
employed as engine driver on a railroad,
who said he did not mind the heat nor the
work, but the running over the cows hurt
his feelings too much; he had to give up
the business.

Such has been the feelings of the teach¬
ers’ committee this summer. They did not
mind working through the dog-days, but to
answer the beseeching letters of the freedmen asking for schools, in the nega¬
tive, and especially to see the lengthening
faces of Superintendents of Education,
when we propose to diminish the work in
any department, has been a little too much
for their feelings. Their wise resolu to us,
not to send any teacher whose support is
not pledged, may be swept away, and they
may go on trusting in the promise given to
faith, and sending out teachers to these
hungering and thirsting souls a little faster
than societies are pledged to support them.
"If we do not have schools our State will
become a second Jamaica," says one super¬
intendent. "You must not give up a sin¬
gle teacher," writes another.
"You promised me eighteen teachers,"
says Mr. Ware. "I must have a hundred;
where are the other eighty-two coming
from?" "We will do our utmost," is the
promise we make to all.
Help us to fulfil it generously. The
work this year is more important than
ever. But as we all love to feel that it is
a work which will not be indefinite in dura-
tion, we are glad to record one encourag-
ing sign. The City Commissioner of Charles-
ton has decided to open the Morris Street
School, formerly taught by Mr. Sumner as
a free school for colored people. This is
a great step gained. Mr. Sumner will im-
mediately open another school in Charle-
ton, and we hope the City Commissioner
will adopt them as fast as he gets them in
order for him.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF REV. ED¬
WARD ANDERSON BEFORE THE AMERI¬
CAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN BOS¬
TON.

... The great hope for the country lies
in the fact that the colored people have
learned that they must work and save, and
study to make themselves men. Give them
political position, civil position, social po-
sition, and they will work steadily on, and
rise higher and higher, until they hold the
position they are fitted for; and we cannot
decide to-day what that position is to be.
The great hope in regard to the negro is
that he is so eager to study. The feeble
hands, helplessly groping in the darkness,
have touched God's hand, and been lifted
up and strengthened. Go where you please
among the colored people and you find
schools. In the city of Nashville, you con-
tinually hear of General Fisk's school.
Meet a colored child there and ask him if
he goes to school and he says, "I does." Ask
him where, and he says, "Gen. Fisk's
school."

Two little colored boys were disputing
in the streets of that city (where they have
two colored schools), and one taunted the
other with, "You go down to the bone-
factory to school;" and the other replied,
"I don't care if I do; I'se larning, any how."

I went to see an old woman in Grenada, said to be one hundred and twenty years old. I found her sitting down over a large Bible given her by her minister, following along the page, letter by letter, line by line, as she looked at it through her spectacles. I said, "Do you know how to read?"

"No."

"What are you doing, then?"

"Well," she said, "I'se got so old I can't learn the letters: I am three or four hundred years old. I tries to learn the letters, but I forgets them as fast as I learns them. I was only looking to see how they looks, for when I dies and goes home to heaven, I hopes to be able to learn to read the blessed Bible, and I thought I miglit remember how it looked to me here."

The people want to learn to read because they want to be able to read for themselves; the promise and word of the Lord Jesus Christ. The men want to be able to read the newspapers to find out what is going on in the country, and to be better fitted to hold the ballot. They have a clear idea of the situation of political affairs. I attended a love-feast, and listened to speeches from several colored men. One of them had attended a conservative meeting the Saturday night before, and, in his speech, he referred to it as follows:

"There was a man that made a speech, and said we niggers had wool in our teeth. I don't know what he meant, unless that we talk nigger talk. I'se a nigger, and I'se got wool in my teeth; but when the election comes we'll take some big tooth-picks and pick the wool out of our teeth; and, if that is not enough, we'll take the wool off our heads and stuff a Republican chair, and we'll put the Republican candidate in it and carry him into Nashville."

We already see more than we dared to hope for,—one child teaching another,—so that this work is going forward rapidly. Where they are urging us to send them teachers now, we shall soon find this work taken out of our hands into their own, and they will be abundantly able to carry it on; and, instead of the poor wretches that we saw two years ago huddled together in Federal barracks, dying like wild beasts, we shall find a strong, earnest people, able to assist in the affairs of Government: a people which will have been born out of the work done by the people of the North.

LETTER FROM BAUFORT, S.C.

OLD FORT PLANTATION, BEAUFORT, S. C.,
JULY 2, 1867.

DEAR MRS. CHENEY,—We have received your letter containing an invitation to be present at the teachers' festival, Thursday, the 11th. I regret it will not be possible for us to reach home by that time. Will you, therefore, extend to all our friends of the Society and to our fellow-workers in the field a cordial greeting.

We rejoice with you upon the return of this day, and this happy reunion. It is, indeed, a time to make glad the hearts of all interested in this work; when teachers from so many different localities are permitted to return to bring good news of their year's labor to those so kindly aiding them at home.

As we now sit here, at the close of our school-year, and look back upon the work accomplished, and forward to that to be done, we can only feel the deepest gratitude for the past and great hope for the future.

We fully appreciate the efforts of our Northern friends to keep these schools along. I wish they could see as we do the blessings resulting from these efforts. I wish, too, all the north could see the need there is of holding out a little longer. Let all our friends put their shoulders to the wheel with renewed zeal. I should like to cry aloud from the house-tops, "Do not stop short in this great work. The good seed planted now will bear fruit forevermore. If a field is neglected the worst of weeds will spring up. Every district without a school is sinking into worse than heathenism."

In some parts of the South the people are, doubtless, able to support their schools, but not here. Our people are at present able only to feed themselves. On these islands we are very much restricted; there are no outside means of support. The people know nothing but to plant corn and cotton, and have scarcely ever heard of any world beyond the Sea Islands.

I think they understand the importance of
their school, and what they have to do in the future to support it. I know they are most ready and willing to do all for themselves as soon as they are able.

Last Friday we closed our year’s teaching with an impromptu examination, which gave us, as well as our colored neighbors, the greatest satisfaction. We allowed all to come in whose names had been on the record during the spring. There were one hundred and thirty pupils present, but not more than one hundred and ten joined the exercises. One old woman told me she had to “rub her eyes” to be sure she was here and not some old woman. “Taint your fault, ma’am, but it ‘pears like my boy ain’t know as much as dem others. I so glad to see the children know so much.”

But one man looked very dismal when he said, “It was fine, ma’am, but I berry sorry my boy ain’t know as much as dem others. ’Tain’t your fault, ma’am, but it ‘pears like he ain’t got good sense,” which gave me an opportunity to prove to him the importance of regular attendance at school, and the help parents can give to teachers.

One woman said, “I so proud, and I so shamed, too, for when the children kum home I ain’t know what them say, they learn so much and talk such smart words. But I glad all the more, fur I see dem know so much when I ain’t know nothing.”

When the exercises were over such a shaking of hands and laughing, and congratulations in their uncouth language, is rarely seen, but was certainly gratifying to us.

We urged upon all, men and women, boys and girls, who can read, to teach some one who cannot during the vacation. We promised them a school in the fall, but no one can be admitted to it who cannot read a little. They have already formed themselves into a “Hooper School Mutual Aid Society,” which will, I trust, be a help to them in our absence, and the nucleus for a self-supporting society in the future. This brings to me the hope we believe the way will be made open and clear to us.

Just now, the people here, as everywhere else, are greatly troubled from scarcity of provisions. They have no corn and no chance to earn any, and must wait until their crops come in. The Church of the Disciples sent me some money to supply their most pressing wants. This is the cause of our present delay. We cannot leave until we see them with something to live upon.

The crops are backward, but a few begin to have vegetables. Watermelons are first ripening, and with a little green corn we shall know they cannot starve. Next week, I hope the worst time will be over, so that now we plan to start for home Wednesday, the 10th, being in Charleston the day of the festival. May you all have the happy reunion which we remember from last year with so much pleasure. When the roll of teachers is called may the ranks be still unbroken, and of none may it be said, “the places that know them shall know them no more.” And when the days of rest are over, and the call comes for work again, may all be ready like good soldiers to “fall in,” with renewed strength and support.

With the best wishes for the present and future, we remain as ever, yours,

E. H. Botume.
F. S. Langford.

ENIGMA.

A little girl has sent us the following, which may serve to exercise the arts of some of our pupils:

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 7, 21, 9, 23, 24, 7, 18, was as witty as wise.
My 6, 13, 20, 3, 22, is fond of two kinds of smoke.
My 25, 8, 18, 22, 23, is one of the sweets of life.
My 2, 8, 26, is what all must do or die.
My 6, 20, 7, 2, is the dread of sailors.
My 5, 24, 16, 4, 1, are charming creatures.
My 11, 12, 20, 13, 9, 10, is a solace, is a sorrow, a comforter in joy.
My 15, 14, 3, is the ornament of the grass.
My 12, 17, 13, 10, an ancient instrument of writing.
My 11, 7, 24, 19, 23, is an article used in embroidery.
My whole is a vine with many branches and bearing good fruit.
**AUXILIARY SOCIETIES SUPPORTING TEACHERS.**

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<td>Beverly, Mass.</td>
<td>Mrs. A. Wilkinson</td>
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<td>Boston (Arlington-st. Church)</td>
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<td>Miss Kate A. Harris</td>
<td>G. H. Frothingham</td>
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<td>Rev. Geo. L. Chaney</td>
<td>Oliver Sanders</td>
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<td>Miss M. A. Cochran</td>
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<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>Rev. E. H. Hall</td>
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<td>Mrs. C. P. Fairbanks</td>
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<td>Rev. J. B. Clark</td>
<td>Mrs. Annie B. Winsor</td>
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<td>Miss Martha P. Putnam</td>
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