Daily Appeal.

REMEMBER.

Remember with the Spirit-land,
Where God's home, all children dwell,
Where no tears are found wet,
Where Death and pain are unknown,
No human love could keep her here.

O'er her clear eyes a shadow crept,
And slowly dimmed their loving light,
Anthy's best her cross and wept,
There came a dark and bitter night,
When broken chain to earth pined were,
And Death winner with dim eyes,
Then full upon her soul fell fast and soft,
Then full upon her soul fell fast and soft.

Anthy, when many years have past,
When I have older, colder grown,
There come to mother and her heart at last
A smile as sweet as Annie's own
Like stars that shine thro' Autumn skies,
And brighten all the night
Such smiles for weary hearts arise
To win them from despair and care.

Still in the watches of the night
Those pleasant eyes may come to me,
Still may I have hours from them a light,
A gleam which I alone can see,
Remembrance of the dead can make
A thing to me more fond than life,
And it may be for her sweet sake,
That those blue eyes have grown so dear.

SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

Whoever visits "ye antient towne" of Windham, Connecticut, will not fail to observe, just on the outskirts of the village, on the road leading thence to Mansfield, a dark, decayed house, standing back a little from the highway in a weedy, neglected garden. A stone-walled lane, guarded, not shaded by a row of ancient, spindle-shanked willows, leads to the door of that old mansion, known to all the dwellers round as the "Widdy Parsonage House."

More than a hundred years has that house been standing, gathering moss and mold from the elements. More than a hundred years since those blackened walls were bright and new, and the heavy sycamore was a young tree, planted by the hands of the youthful minister and his bride, the lovely Mary Dyer.

But the bride and the bridegroom, with their sons and daughters, all passed away in their time, leaving, as I say departed one by one, darker shadows in their familiar places, and a deeper silence upon their dwelling. I can just remember when the last of them, an aged woman clothed in black, was seen at evening walking in the garden before the house where great golden sun-flowers, and cun-rows, African marigolds and princess' feathers—flowers beloved and cherished by the old black serving-woman Dresse—were all that remained of the blossoms her mother had loved and planted. That same old woman in black was a brightly-eyed, fair-haired, sunny hearted little maiden once; the pet of the parson's household, the pride of his parish; named for her great-great-grandmother who came over in the Mayflower. Not of the lonely old woman, the last of her family, am I going to write now, but of little Susa White, whom my grandmother used to tell me about sometimes when I asked her for a story.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled and at out dead. He laid it on the hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When the first signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it tenderly, until it licked her hands, and blate in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the mother just one before us, I shan't have much time to raise cossets; for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field the women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to leave the little critter to die, though. I'll tell you what we'll do with it, wife. There's the minister's little gall, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a few days till it gits strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Carey was not at all mistaken in this conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried to the parsonage. Its dam, she declared, was softer than silk and whiter than snow. She would take the very best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was considerabl about a name, advised her to give the lamb no fancy name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather a hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

So that afternoon, when the parson was fast asleep in his study, she put a wreath of starry dandelions around the cosset's neck, and sent Kate, the little servant girl, to call some of the neighboring children. She then led it to the great wooden trough which stood running over beside the well, and dipping her hand into this abundant fount, said, in tones as grave as the Sunday tones of her father,

"This lamb's name shall be Nebby," at the same time sprinkling it with wooly head. Neb was not at all pleased with the ceremony, for he shook off the cold drops, and stamped his feet at his young mistress, to the great amusement of the children, particularly of little Kate, who said:

"White wooly didn't like being fixed any better than a darkey."

Neb grew fast, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go anywhere he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers, as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, though, a season of sore perplexity and darkness to the elder and wiser in heart. From north to south there was a fluttering of white war feathers. Act after act of oppression had accused the mother land in ton to a trial of its strength. The American array was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watch-word of all was "Liberty if Enough had been heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The people have rights and only Heaven is supreme!" Such was every where the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston reached that patriot city. The king had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unconditional submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port Act was received, and tidings of it were wafted speedily as possible from town to town, and from colony to colony. Sections transversing stage coaches were favored at that era, for the coaches had always the latest news from the seat of disaffection, and news was what the people of all ages and rank waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage a group of one night have been seen collecting around the old Stansford Tavern in Windham, discussing on one subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counter, from the work-shop and from the plow, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the driver's horn, and to hear the tidings of the heavy wheels down the hilly road. Women with children in their arms stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle and prominent in the group of just grazed through their grated windows to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once from the tavern steps, as they hear her on the top of Zion's Hill. Smith tools loudly to-day. He's got news—no mistake about it!"

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they passed. Beautifully they danced of their circle in front of the stage-house, bringing the coach-door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver, with one hand, was guiding his team through their well known figure, with the other he scattered a handful amidst the bystanders; copies of the Boston port bill, edged with black in token of mourning; then an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid of the sister colonies in their time of trial. And now this friend, "good old Boston," or Boston, then as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the coach was started again on its way to Hartford the bills were pasted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door—the same tree on which the jolly little Sachem had set up so many long years ago, astride his tun; a record was secured on another large elm a little farther to the north; a third to the whipping post, which stood on the town-house corner, and the fourth to the court house door. Before night they were sent to the most remote sections of the town, and all true Windhamites pledged themselves not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Parson White—who, like most of the New England clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot—carried the subject with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for their brave, suffering brethren. He reminded all they had done and all they had suffered since that first odious revenue act had spread consternation and alarm throughout the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance of the stamp act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the tea question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and below branded as the "chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted them as men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measure for carrying what all they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's audience that day, no nightmare of election hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and approves in things temporal and spiritual. The weakest intellect in the house could comprehend the whole, and the requirements; and before the discourse was ended many were calculating what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa White, as she turned her eyes for a moment from her father's high pulpit toward the door, and caught sight of Neb standing with his front feet on the sill, chewing his cud, and looking so sleek and knowing, felt for the first time the appeal directed to herself. Her heart eyes quickly filled with tears. "Poor Nebby!" she thought, "I cannot give him up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary soother.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced she hastened to the door, feeling sure sorry that Neb should have been foolish enough to show himself there that afternoon. "Everybody will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a nice fat cosset' which she can spare as well as not!' I know they will—and will laugh many, too; but then I can't give him up. Poor Nebby!"

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usual, licking her little unglued hands, and testifying his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"H.'s grown famously," said old Mr. Tucker. "He'd make a fine roaster."

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an under tone, bending over as if to pet the lamb, but in reality to hide her tears. Savage old man! he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb or pet him that night as usual, but Susa fancied they were thinking she ought to buy him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the contrary, they would, one and all, have protested against so great a sacrifice on the part of their little favorite. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking, little Susa White, and the voice of a heavenly also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately to deliberate on what should be done, and how soon. The port bill was to take effect the 1st of June, and then from many hundreds of the heavy pillaxes would arise a daily cry for food, for the hands of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for the meeting. The old meeting house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men expressed their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in case of outbreak, and to do it in person. These would have their subsistence contributed their fellow-town's people had to offer. The gallant fellows were full of women and children eager to hear and see all that was said or done, and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her brother is going to volunteer, and mother Susa White to be her sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, should he go!"

"No, indeed," was the speedy response; "I should be ashamed of him if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'll teach him to fire a gun myself if nobody else will."

"But he might be killed you know," said Susa shudderingly, "like those young men father told us about last evening at Gray's rope walk."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use in hoeing back the purchase-money when once the field is to be bought. I only wish I was man myself to help drive every British officer out of Boston!"

"Oh, dear, everybody is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, as she turned her head thoughtfully. "There's the poor widow Lincoln, whose oldest son had offered to go, has just given a sheep. May be she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then she is a poor woman with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it was because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White linger'd; for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntington, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them were ready to start the next day at noon. If there was no more business before the meeting they would adjourn.

The young men went down and stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to shut him up in the well, the before leaving home, lest he fol. lowed and should excite farther remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of their neighbors. She took hold of her hand in hide and look ed up in his face to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? What do you want?" he asked in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, bursting into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his daughter for a moment without uttering a word. His compassionate heart yearned to wipe away from his eyes. Everybody in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you? Her father loved sel at least. "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter! The liberal soul shall be made fat."

"I want you to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think strange, and as sin the child's feelings were too near to her."

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, sir, and no mistake," said Col. Dyer. "Let the women and children work with us, and the Lord's cause will be sure, leaving alone the tea and coffee and the foreign gewgaws, and the old country will come to her senses by and by."

Tears, with a smile, Susa turned back to add the last gift to the roll, he laid his hand earnestly on Susa's head, and said: "You have a brave and generous heart, my dear little girl!"

Susa shook her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home, and when they reached the house, perceiving some children there who had come to play with her and her Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon lost sight of amid the leafy boughs.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning, her father told her that Mr. Tucker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her about Nebby on the way from church, and whom she had suspected of sinister motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with a quivering lip; "I am ashamed, because I thought so hard of him."

Then she frankly confessed what feelings possessed her when he praised England. But she would not allow him to redeem Nebby. He was a poor man, whose children were obliged to go out to work, and she knew he could ill afford it. She had given the lamb, and she would not take it back; for when Susa half fully made up her mind there was no shrinking from its decision of right; and then, the children's children were sorry one as stauch patriots as their father.

Every member of the family, except little black Kate, appreciated the child's sacrifice. She stamped and screamed, and pulled away at her short low frock with a vicar which would have been destructive to a modern fabric, when she heard that Neb, her own pet as well as Miss Susa's, was to be driven away to Boston.

"Mend White's folks only got one little sheep," she said, "otherwise she got a heap on 'em. Ole Wobetic Mountain all alive wid 'em—could send sheep, too, to be eaten.—They wouldn't eat Neb, I'm sure!"

But though Kate's demonstration sorely affected the children, not a voice was heard pleading for their dumb favorite.

"Never mind about it, Susa," said her brother Dyer. "I'll catch a rabbit for you this fall, when I go to hunting, and a gray squirrel too. We can keep them in the house all winter, and feed them on apples. Molly has promised to learn me how to fire a gun, and in two years more I shall be sixteen; then, if the British don't look out, I shall be after them. I ain't a coward, Sue. Hurrah for Liberty! I tell you what, I'm up. Pitt and the Boston folks a dozen of 'em, 'cause I like their spunk."

Before noon the farmers came driving in their flocks, and the volunteers were ready for the long march. Two hundred and fifty-eight sheep—a noble offering from one small country town! Susa White's lambs was counted among the rest. Her mother had been carefully washed that morning, for the last time, at the wooden trough beside the well, and a great wreath of green leaves was fastened around his neck.

"That's the way the old heathen used to dress up their victims, Susa," said her brother. "I don't blame that fellow telling a Carthaginian sheep go off in that shape."

But Parson White found no fault with the garland; he only pointed out the altar on which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of their destiny, and very much inclined to regard heroes who accompanied it—the first volunteers for freedom. Susa White was with them, feeling very much like a martyr herself. Nebby, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sylle Lincoln, heavey trying to say a cheerful "good-bye" to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage brought a grateful message to the citizens of Windham for their ready aid and sympathy. Theirs was the earliest donation from Connecticut—the earliest, save one, beyond the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention of this fact in his "History of the American Revolution;" but he knows that some incidents have been chronicled, we offer to the public the above tradition of Susa White's cosset.

To the Ladies.

MISS HOLLOWAY is positively informing the ladies of Memphis and vicinity that she is now prepared to make Dresses at the shortest notice, with materials and fixtures.

Address Miss Mary Holloway, between Union and Monroe, opposite Speed Demetre & Strangler's. m-11-2m

SWAYNE & GORSUCH,
DEALERS IN
CIRCULAR SAW MILLS

PORTABLE and stationary steam engines and boilers, Gray Mills, Planing machines, sugar mills, cotton gins, iron bells, and all kinds of mill-wrights and machine manufacturers. Agents for the proprietors of the celebrated French Burr Flouring and corn mills, and dealers in the well known Cincinnati Plows. Our patterns are furnished and erected at the shortest notice. Cata. logues and prices furnished on application at our Depot, Memphis, Tenn.

NAVY YARD, Memphis, Tenn.
feb25-dtw8

Mattress Manufactory!

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL!

I RESPECTFULLY announce to the people of Memphis and vicinity that I have added to my Upholstering manufactory an Upholstery store, between Union and Poplar, near the Theater, a large assortment of

MATTRESSES,

of all kinds, such as Spring, Hair, Moss, Cotton, Husk and Straw Mattresses.

Also, Palmetto Mattresses, which I will sell at manufacturer's prices.

Also, all kinds of old Mattresses renovated. Call and give me a trial.

J. P. LALLEMAND.
m-28

NUNN & CLARK'S PIANO FORTES

FOR SALE BY

F. KATZENBACH,

AT the Variety Store of ARNOLD & BRO., 304 Main street, south of Court.

Having procured the sole agency of the above celebrated pianos, and expense of transportation, I offer them to the public at New York retail prices. Teachers and others supplied at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine for yourselves and hear them play.

Professor Katzenbach will continue to give lessons in the Theoretical and vocal music as heretofore.

m-28-3m

For Sale or Lease.

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS in Fort Pickering, 1 inc. well large yard and stable, in shelter and fruit trees attached to each. Apply to

PHANEUF HALL.
m-28-2m

BELL HANGING!

W. M. KINNEY,

Practical Bell Hanger and Locksmith,

Corner Front street and Second Alley.

BELLS Hung and Repaired; Keys fitted; Locks repaired, etc. Personal attention to Horses and Horses. feb8-dy.

Official List of Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 8TH DAY OF APRIL, 1860. Persons calling for them should say that they are advertised.

Ordered to be advertised in the MEMPHIS APPEAL, according to the following section of the Act of Post Office Law, viz: the newspaper having the largest circulation of any daily newspaper published in Memphis.

SECTION 8. *And be it further enacted*, That Lists of letters remaining uncalled for in any Post Office, in any city, town, or village, where a newspaper shall be printed shall hereafter be published once only in the newspaper, which notice (until twenty or oftener, shall have the term) commences within the range of delivery of said office, to be included by the Postmaster of said office.—*New Post Office Law passed March 3.*

Letters open at 7 o'clock precisely on Sunday evening, and close at 5 o'clock.

No papers given out on Sunday.

Any body calling for letters will please say that they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

ALLISON R C, Anderson A R, Alderson S C, Anderson S M, Ann R C, Alexander M A
BURDELL M S, Butler L, Bogle R C
BROWN F A, Brown J, Brown J
Bowen P, Blackburn A, Brown V M
Bailey E, Bailey E, Bailey E M
Burts S, Barker R, Blackwell M A
Bentley L E 2, Barnes S S, Barnes A L
CARTER J, Cassidy J, Cassidy M A
Cowan C, Connor —, Conway M
Copenhaver F, Cunningham A, Cox T
Clifton N, Carson R E, Calhoun W
Coleman L, Cannon C S, Clinton H E
DUFFY A, Dunlap C S, Duncan A
Davis Kate, Dyer E, Dyer M
Dye —, Dier J E, Doyle M
Downs C, Dawson L J, Davis J
EVANS W, Easterling R J 2, Elliott M
Evans C S, Eaton M, Ellis M
FORTUNE P, Fowler E 2, Finchbanner S
People W, Pulsey J
GRAY N, Graham C, Graham M
Gaston C H T, Gibson S, Gibson E J
Gibson P, Green M, Green E
Gibbs M, Gibbs M, Gibbs M
Gibbons M, Grier M, Gossard A M
HOGAN M, Hudson E, Harmon E C
Hopkins L M, Holmes L, Harper J E
Hawkins M, Hollins L, Hyatt K
Howard M A, Hill L, Hill C
Hill E, Harris L, Harris R
Hill S, Hill L, Harris M P
Howard K
IVES M T
JOHNSON, Jennings M, Johnson M A
Jackson E, Johnson S, Johnson E
KEEPER S, Kennedy C, King A M
Keener L, Kenna M, King M P
Key —, Lewis S, Lamb M
Lindsey C M, Lane E J, Linnell J
Locke M E
LEWIS A, Mahony H S, Miller S
Mahard S, Mathews S E, Miller L
Mitchell M A 2, Mahin S, Morris C N
Moore M, Mabbit E
NELSON M, Nagles M A, Newell M
Neely R A, Newton M M
OLIN M, Olmstead S
PARNELLY, Pendergrass M, Price J A
Perkins S, Payne M, Pulliam E
Phillips S R
RUSH J, Robinson M S, Roberts M M
Rollin P, Rose F M, Rose J E
Rutherford C H, Rutherford —, Ryan M
Rudder M, Reynolds E
SWEET S, Sawyer M, Sweeten
Stephens A E, Stewart J A, Sloman M
Sims M J, Sloan N, Spain N A
Stone P L, Smith M E, Smith M
Stoner E, Smith M J, St Clair S
Shirley A, St Clair E
THOMAS G, Thomas K E, Thrasher E
Tillman T, Thompson M J, Tyler J
Thompson M, Turley S, Trent M
UNDERWOOD M
VERNON G, Van Brunt, Vincent K
WREN W J, Wilson P, White S A
Wooten A M, Wilkins W G, Williams M
Wilmot H, Wyper —, Wise E
Wilson G, Wilson L, Weston C E
Wolfe K, Worsen R F, Watson S
Wood N Y, Wagoner J, Wall A A
Walton S N, Walton S S, Ward S
YOUNG S
McKENS M, McClean —, McKon M
McMillan S, McLean M, McVay M
McIlwaine M, McDonald H, McKinney M
O'BRIEN M J, O'Neill C, O'Connor S

Gentlemen's List.

ADAMS T, Anderson J, Anderson W T
Anderson J J 2, Adams C, Akin G J
Allison W, Adams H, Alexander J H
Addington W W, Andrews R, Andrews R
Andrews J P, Andrews J J, Arrington R P
Alexander R, Alexander W, Allen W L
Allen T, Atkinson J H, Atkinson J H
Armstrong J, Alsopaugh H, Alsopaugh H
Armstrong A, Ashby T T, Ashford J
Anthony J G, Armstrong A J
BAIRD J, Bradley M S, Bartlett J W
Black J, Baker W T, Baker R
Bailey W, Baker R, Baker R
Bradley L J, Baker P, Bacon W T
Bishop F L, Baker G, Ballard S O
Barry D C, Bailey S W, Bailey W L
Barron J Q, Batton R, Burbridge A J
Bailey J, Bailey J, Bachman E M
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Barnard W H, Bell T, Brannhamp T
Bates A, Berkham L A, Berkville E L
Boyd J M, Bedell J, Bell J
Beaumont G, Bethard H, Beth L M
Bennett W, Bennard M, Bennard M
Berriman E, Brannan J, Brewster E S
Bryant J, Byers J, Byers J
Byrne C, Briggs D S, Briggs D
Bridges W, Bridges M A, Bryant J
Bird E F, Bird E F, Burke W
Bond S, Baker J, Broadhurst D W
Boyle M, Burchard J, Bell T
Bailey W C, Bond R A, Brock M
Bowen J, Bowman C E, Bowman S M
Boulin J W, Boswell G H, Bond W W
Bates T, Brown H H 2, Brown P L
Brown C A, Brown J, Brown J A J
Brown J S, Burnes J, Burney G W
Brown J, Bickham W, Burnham M
Buchanan W G, Buchanan M, Burke W
Burke J, Butler J L, Burton F A
Buck C S, Bell A M, Brown R J
Bailey M, Bailey W, Berry A Williams
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CLAY C H, Clancy C, Clancy M
Cochran J, Cobb J, Cobb J
Chambers G D, Cain W, Clarke J
Cantrell C A, Carthworth J, Crawford E D
Carroll G J, Crabb J, Cassidy J
Chase J, Cook J, Cook C H
Chapman C, Cambell A D, Comin W G
Crawford J R, Camp C M, Cutter J M
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Carter R H, Cover J P, Carroll J J
Cone D S, Curtis L, Cannon C A
Carter R, Carver R H, Carter G P 2
Cobb J, Clark C W, Clark G
Clark J, Cliff J S, Collins J
Cooper J, Cordell W, Cowell A
Cowan G, Cobb H E, Coleman P
Cobb C F, Collins J, Cowell J A
Cowell J, Cox J, Cowell J
Cooper S J 2, Connaughy W T M, Conklin C L
Cooper J, Cooper P H, Crawford J M
Cooper J, Cooper P, Connay M
Cooper C H, Cooper C H, Carmichael A J
Cooper J, Corry J, Curtis E
Cooper J, Crutchfield J, Cammons W
Cartis J A, Crouch A T
DAKE P S, Dare R, Dudley S
Davis J, Davis M, Davis J
Dalton T P, Dawson A M, Dettlinger J
Davis J, Davis J J, Davis J J
Dow J E, Dabbs S W, Davis S S
Davis A, Dickinson W G, Dyson T
Dixon T, Dodson J M, Dennis J E
Dixon T, Dolinin H C, Dennis J C
Dennis J, Dye C H B, Dorrelson J D
Dewey T, Drake J, Duncan D
Dunn J, Dunlap J M, Dunn W
Dinsmore J S, Dowd A, Dunlevy J H
Dougherty W, Dabbs E, Dowlin N
Dowdy Gorin L, Davis S, Davis W J
Dowdan, Dodd E, Downey J
Dunn J, Dunn W, Dunn J
Dodge G H, Doyle P
EDWARD T S, Elam S S, Ellington A W
Edwards P, Eaton A, Elmond S S
Eaton W A, Everett A, Erben H
Ellis J, Ellis M M, Ewright S
FAY W, Finnegan J, Farrar J
Ferrington N, Fitch A J, Fairley G L
Frazier J, Fuller C R, Fuller J
Fuller N C, Fairbanks J, Frazer J
Fitzgerald J, Fitzgerald J, Fitzgerald J
Fulton E R, Fishback A, Fisher D E
Fisher J, Fowler W D, Fowler J
Fisher J F, Foley P, Fowler E F
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Forquer J, Fitzgerald J, Ford J
GARDENER J R, Graham J, Gaston R
Graham J T, Graham J, Graham J S
Gaffney E, Garrett J, Gadbury J
Gibson J, Grey J J, Green A J
Gibson W, Gibson J, Gibson J
Gallagher C, Giles J R, Griffith J
Gaddy T, Gallagher J, Gillespie W
Gr Ho, J, Griffin J, Gridley W
Gordon J, Gorter J W, Gwin J W
Gordon J, Gordon M, Gorman E C
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