CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Dramatic Episodes of the Retreat of Cortez.

By R. M. BIRD.

What Alvarado had reported of Don Amador was true. The neophyte averred that, dead or alive—a specter or a creature of flesh and blood.—the steed, bestridden by the sable phantom and urged with such fury against the footmen, was neither less nor more than his own good beast, Fogoso; and, he declared, with even more impetuosity, as Don Pedro had related, that the figure descending the opposite hill was the knight of Calavar, on his ancient war-horse,—an apparition, perhaps, but no St. James,—unless this heavenly patron had condescended to appear in the likeness of a knight so valiant and so pious. Strange fancies beset him, and so great was his impatience to resolve the marvel, that he scarce waited to behold the General balance his good spear, before he turned his horse, and spurred furiously backward.

Meanwhile, the black horseman descended with such violence upon the footmen, as threatened their instant destruction, his fierce eyes, as the Christians thought, gleaming with the fires of hell; so that, notwithstanding the sudden relief coming in the person of the supposed saint, they were seized with horror, and gave way before him. At the moment when he rushed among them, uttering what seemed the Lelilee of another land, he was encountered by his celestial opponent, whose strong voice shouted out: "God, and St. John! and down with thee, paynim demon!"

The shock of two such steeds, both of great weight, each bearing a man cased in thick armor, each urged on by the impetus of descent from the hills, and meeting midway, in a narrow valley, was tremendous. At the moment of encounter, the sable rider perceived, for the first time, his opponent;—he checked his steed suddenly, and flung up his lance, as if to avoid a contest. But the precaution came too late,—his rising lance struck the casque of his adversary, tearing it off, and revealing the grim visage and grizzly locks of the knight of Calavar; while, at the same moment, the spear of Don Gabriel, aimed with as much skill as determination, smote the enemy on the lower part of the corslet, and piercing it as a buckler of ice, penetrated, at once, to the bowels and spine. The shock that unseated the riders was shared by the steeds, and horse and man rolled together on the earth.

The loud cry of "Calavar! the Penitent Knight! the valiant Don Gabriel!" set up by the bewildered and awestruck infantry, reached the ears of the novice. He spurred on with new ardor, and reaching the footmen just as they divided in pursuit of the flying barbarians, he sprung from his horse, and beheld his kinsman lying senseless, and as it appeared to him, lifeless, in the arms of the wounded Baltasar.

"In the name of heaven, and Amen! what is this? and what do I see?" he cried. "O heaven, is this my knight?—and doth he live?"

"He lives," said Baltasar, "and he feels as of flesh and blood; and yet did he die on the lakeside. God forgive us our sins! for neither heaven nor hell will hold the dead!"

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Just at that moment the knight opened his eyes and rolled them on his kinsman,—but his kinsman regarded him not. A low moaning voice of one never to be forgotten, fell on the ear of the novice, as he gazed on his friend; and starting up, he beheld, hard by, the page Jacinto, lying on the body of Abdalla, from whose head he had torn the helm, and now strove, with feeble fingers, to remove the broken and blood-stained corslet.

"Jacinto!—Leila!" cried Amador, with a voice of rapture, flinging himself at her side (for now, though the garments of escaupil still concealed the figure of the Moorish maid, the disguise could be continued no longer). The joy of the cavalier vanished, for the maiden replied only with lamentations; while the Zegri fixed upon him an eye, in which the stony hardness of death was mingled with the fires of human passion.

"Place my head upon thine arm, cavalier!" said Abdalla, faintly, "and let me look upon him who has slain me."

"O, my father! my father!" cried the Moorish girl.

"God forbid that thou shouldst die, even for the sake of the maiden I love," exclaimed Amador, eagerly, supporting his head. "Thou art a Wali, a Christian, and the father of her that dwells in my heart. Live, therefore; for though thou have neither land nor people, neither home nor friends, neither brother nor champion, yet am I all to thee; for I crave the love of thy daughter."

The maiden sobbed, and heard not the words of the cavalier; but the dying Moor eyed her with a look of joy, and then turning his gaze upon Amador, said:

"God be thy judge, as thou dealest truly with her, who, although the offspring of kings, is yet an orphan, landless, homeless, and friendless on the earth."

"I swear to thee," said the novice,—"and I protest"——

"Protest me nothing: hearken to my words, for they are few; the angel of death calls to me to come, and my moments fly from me like the blood-drops," said the Zegri. "Until the day, when I dreamed thou wert slumbering in the lake, I knew not of this that hath passed between ye. Had it been known to me, perhaps this death that comes to me, might not have come; for, what I did, I did for the honor and weal of my child, knowing that, in the hands of Spaniards, she was in the power of oppressors and villains. That I have struck for revenge, is true; I have shed the blood of Castilians and rejoiced, for therein I reckoned me the vengeance of Granada. Yet, had it been apparent to me, that the feeble maid, who, besides myself, knew no other protector of innocence in the world, could have claimed the love of an honorable cavalier, and enjoyed it without the shame of disguise and menial occupation, then had I submitted to my fate, and locked up in the darkness of my heart, the memory of the Alpujarras."

"Who speaks of the Alpujarras?" cried the knight of Rhodes, staring wildly around; "who speaks of the Alpujarras?"

"I!" said the Moor, with a firm voice, bending his eye on Don Gabriel, and striving, though in vain, for his nether limbs were paralyzed, to turn his body likewise; "I, Gabriel of Calavar, I speak of the Alpujarras; and good reason have I to speak, and thou to listen; for I was of the mourning and thou of the destroyers."

"Pity me, heaven!" cried the knight, staring on the Moor, in the greatest disorder. "I have seen thee, and yet I know thee not."

"Rememberest thou not the field of Zugar, and the oath sworn on the cross of a blood-stained sword, by the riverside?"

"Hah!" cried Don Gabriel; "dost thou speak of mine oath!—mine oath to Alharef?"

"And the town of Bucares, among the hills?" continued the Zegri, loudly, and with a frown made still more ghastly by approaching death; "dost thou remember the false and felon blow that smote the friend of Zugar,—and that, still falser and fouler, which shed the blood of Zayda, the beloved of the Alpujarras?"

As the Wali spoke, the knight, as if uplifted by supernatural power, rose to his feet, and approached the speaker, staring at him with eyes of horror. At the name Zayda, he dropped on his knees crying:

"Miserere mei, Deus! I slew her! and thou that art Alharef, though struck down by the same sword, yet livest thou again to upbraid me!"

"Struck down by thy steel, yet not then, but now!" exclaimed the Moor. "I live again, but not to upbraid thee—I am Alharef-ben-Ismail, and I forgive thee."

At this name already made of such painful interest to the novice, his astonishment was so great that, as he started, he had nearly suffered the dying prince (for such were the Walis of Moorish Spain) to fall to the earth. He caught him again in his arms, and turned his amazed eye from him to Don Gabriel, who, trembling in every limb, still stared with a distracted countenance on that of his ancient preserver.

"I am Alharef, and, though dying, yet do I live," went on the Zegri, interrupted as much by the wails of his daughter, as by his own increasing agonies. "The sword wounded, but it slew not—it slew not all—Zayda fell, yet live I, to tell thee, thou art forgiven. Rash man! rash and most unhappy! thine anger was unjust; and therefore didst thou shed the blood of the good, the pure, the loving and the beautiful, and thereby cover thyself, and him that was thy true friend, with misery. When thou soughtest the love of Zayda, she was the betrothed of Alharef. Miserable art thou, Gabriel of Calavar! and therefore have I forgiven thee; miserable art thou, for I have watched thee by night, and looked upon thee by day, and seen that the asp was at work in thy bosom, and that the fire did not slumber. Great was thy sin, but greater is thy grief; and therefore doth Zayda, who is in heaven, forgive thee."

"She pardons me not," murmured Don Gabriel, not a moment relaxing the steadfast eagerness of his stare. "At the pyramid of Cholula, on the anniversary of her death, she appeared to me in person, and, O, God, with the beauty of her youth and innocence, yet robed in the blackness of anger!"

"And have thine eyes been as dark as the looks of the lover?" cried Alharef. "Stand up, Zayda, the child of Zayda! or turn thy face upon Calavar, that his delusion may leave him."

As he spoke, he lifted the arm which embraced his child, removed the cap, and parted the thick clustering locks from her forehead. Still, however, did she look rather the effeminate boy, upon whom Calavar had been accustomed to gaze, than a woman;—for there is no effort of imagination stronger than that required to transform, in the mind, the object which preserves an unchanging appearance to the eye. Nevertheless, though such a transformation could not be imagined by Don Gabriel, there came, as he wistfully surveyed the pallid features of the maiden, strange visions and memories, which, every moment, associated a stronger resemblance between the living and the dead. He trembled still more violently, heavy dew-drops started from his brow, and he gazed upon the weeping girl as upon a basilisk.

"Wherefore," continued the Zegri, speaking rapidly, but with broken accents,—"when I had resolved to fly to the pagans, as being men whom, I thought, God had commissioned me to defend from rapine and slavery, I resolved to take such advantage of their credulity, as might best enable me to befriend them,—I say, wherefore I resolved this I need not speak. I protected my child, by recommending her to their superstition; and, had I fallen dead in the streets, still did I know, that reverence and fear would wait upon the steps of one whom I delivered to them as a messenger from heaven. In this light, I revealed her to the princes at the temple, when"——

"It is enough!" muttered Don Gabriel, with the deep and agitated tones of sorrow; "I wake from a dream.—God forgive me! and thou art of the blood of Zayda? the child of her whom I slew?—Alharef forgives me; he says that Zayda forgives me; but thou that art her child, dost thou forgive me?"

"Father, dear father, she doth!" cried Amador, gazing with awe on the altered countenance of Alharef, and listening with grief to the moans of Zayda. "O holy padre!" he exclaimed, perceiving the priest Olmedo rising, at a little distance, from the side of a man, to whom he had been offering the last consolations of religion.—"Hither, father, for the love of heaven, and absolve the soul of a dying Christian!"

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"Is there a priest at my side?" said the Zegri, reviving from what seemed the lethargy of approaching dissolution, and looking eagerly into the face of the good Olmedo. Then, turning to Amador, he said solemnly, though with broken words, "Thou lovest the orphan Zayda?"

"Heaven be my help, as I do," replied the cavalier.

"And thou, Gabriel, that wert my friend, and standest in the light of this young man's parent,—dost thou consent that he shall espouse the daughter of Zayda, saved, while a piteous infant, by Christian men, from out of the house of death?"

The knight bowed his head on his breast, and strove to answer, but, in his agitation, could not speak a word.

"Quick, father! for heaven's sake, quick!" cried Alharef eagerly; "let me, ere I die, know that my child rests on the bosom of a husband. Quick! for the sand runs fast; and there is that in my bosom, which tells me of death. Love and honor thy bride; for thou hast the last and noblest relic of Granada. Take her—thou wert her protector from harsh words and the violence of blows. Quick, father, quick! quick, for mine eyes are glazing.

The strangely timed and hurried ceremony was hastened by the exclamations of Alharef; and the words of nuptial benediction were, at last, hurriedly pronounced

"I see thee not, my child!" muttered the Moor, immediately after. "My blessing to thee, Amador,—Gabriel, thou art forgiven. —Thine arm round my neck, Zayda; thy lips to mine. Would that I could see thee! —Get thee to Granada, with thy lord—to the tomb of thy mother—I will follow thee—Tarry not in this land of blood—I will be with thee; we have a power yet in the hills"

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"Let the cross rest on thy lips, if thou diest a Christian," said the father.

The novice drew the maiden aside; the Zegri pressed the sacred symbol to his lips, but still they muttered strangely of Granada.

"I am of the faith of Christ, and Mahomet I defy. My people shall be followers of the cross, but they shall sweep away the false Spaniard, as the wind brushes away the leaves.—The Emir of Oran is prepared—the king of Morocco will follow.—A power in the hills—Ah!—We will creep, by night, to Granada—a brave blow!—Africa shall follow—Ha, ha!—Seize the gates! storm the Alhambra!—but spare life—kill no women!—Remember Zayda!"

With such wild words, accompanied by the faint cries of his daughter, the spirit of the Moor passed away, and Alharef-ben-Ismail lay dead in the land of strangers.

A few words will finish the first part of the cronicle of Don Cristoval. The victory so marvellously gained, removed the last obstruction from the path of the Spaniards. The ensuing day beheld them entering the territories of their allies; and, in four days more, the chiefs of Tlascala ushered them, with songs of joy, into the republican city.

Six days after the happy event, the novice of Rhodes sat by the death-bed of his kinsman.—From the moment when Calavar roused out of the fit of unconsciousness, into which he had fallen on the field of Otumba, his brain wandered with delirium; but it gave his young kinsman, as well as the faithful Baltasar, much relief to perceive, that his visions were oftener of a pleasant than a disagreeable character. Thus, the reappearance of Alharef, after such long seeming death, dwelt in his memory, without the recollection of his subsequent decease; and with this came the conceit that Zayda yet lived among the Alpujarras restored like the Wali to life, and all forgetful of the wrongs he had done her. He prattled of returning now to Spain, and now to Rhodes, and now of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is true that, sometimes, dark thoughts crept to his brain, and agitated him with his former griefs; but these were ever chased away by the sight of Leila, whose countenance seemed to him as that of a holy seraph, sent from heaven, to bid him be of good cheer.

On the fifth day he recovered his senses,

"THE NOVICE DREW THE MAIDEN ASIDE."

and being sensible of his approaching dissolution, assembled at his bedside, after having received absolution, the padre Olmedo, and the few friends and followers whom heaven had spared him in this pagan land, being the young cavalier of Cuenza, the melancholy Zayda, or Leila, as Amador yet loved to call her, and Baltasar. The spear of Alharef had not harmed him; he was dying, the victim of a long remorse.

"I have now called you, my children," he said, bending an eye of affection upon the pair, and speaking very feebly, "to give you such counsel as may be drawn from the history of my life. Its secrets are revealed to you, its pages all lie open; and as you read, your spirits will find their own instruction; for they will discover, that the indulgence of passion, especially the passion of anger, doth lodge a barb in the bosom, never to be plucked out, save by the hand of death. What I have to say, is rather of command than advice; and thou wilt listen to me, Amador, my son, for God hath given thee, in the person of this gentle Zayda, an argument of obedience, which will touch thy heart more eloquently than words.—Break thy sword, hack off thy spurs, cast thine armor into the sea, and think no more of war, unless to defend the fireside, and the altars of thy country, from the fury of invaders."

The novice started with alarm.

"Think not that I rave," said the knight. "I speak to thee with the wisdom that comes from the grave. Think no more of war; for war it is that rouses our passions; and passions have made me what I have been, and what I am. I can not think now (for at this moment methinks I stand in the presence of Him who abhorreth contention) that He will pardon the shedding of any blood, except that which the necessity of self-preservation, and the defense of our country, enforce us to lavish. I repent me of that which I have poured, though even from the hearts of pagans; for pagans are still the sons of God, though walking in darkness, for which we should pity them, not slay. Thou hast drawn thy sword for glory; but the lives that are taken for fame, shall weigh upon the souls of men as murders;—for such they are. Thou drawest for religion:—give thy purse to the priest, and bid him convert with the cross, for the wrath of God will rest forever upon him who maketh proselytes with the sword. Wo is me, that the delusions of glory and Christian zeal have stained me so deeply! Live for happiness, and thou shalt wrong none, neither man nor God, and, thus, happiness shall be awarded thee; live for honor, and thou shalt know, that heaven acknowledges none but that which is justice; live for peace, which is virtue; and for religion, which is goodness. Get thee to thy castle, to the lands which thou shalt inherit; plant thy vines and olives, relieve the unhappy, succor the distressed; and if thy young brother should pant for the barb and lance, teach him the history of thy kinsman. Be virtuous, be peaceful, be charitable, and be happy. When thou hearest of glory, bethink thee of the poor deluded creatures we have slain in this land; when thou art told of pious crusades, remember the days of the Alpujarras.—Would that my days were to pass again!"

With a few more such precepts of virtue, for grief and the hand of death had made his heart wise, Don Gabriel continued to address the novice. He spoke many words of kindness, also, to the old and faithful Baltasar, and was about to give his benediction to the child of Zayda, when a film came suddenly over his eyes:

"Give me thy hand," he muttered, faintly and almost inarticulately; "I see thee not, but mine eyes are opened to Zayda. Where art thou, Amador, my son? Heaven is blissful—Alharef —Zayda— all— Miserere mei, Domine!" Thus he murmured for a moment, his voice dwindling to a whisper; then his lips moved, but without yielding any sound, until, at last, it was apparent that he had expired, and yet so gently, that not even a spasm of muscle, or change of countenance, indicated the passage of his spirit.

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Three days after the death of Calavar Don Amador de Leste left Mexico to return to Spain, bearing messages from Cortez to the great Charles of Austria, and to seek happiness in his castle of Alcornoque in the society of his Moorish bride.

(The end)

Handwriting of Thos. A. Edison.

Brooklyn Life.

Thomas A. Edison's handwriting bears a close resemblance to that of Edgar Allen Poe, a fact which is the despair of those who seek to "read character" by one's chirography.

She Wasn't Allowed.

Brooklyn Life.

Suitor (to daughter of pretty widow)—How old are you, Dotty?

"I'd be nine next month if mamma would let me."

M. D.

Fun.

Tommy Wagg—Pa, what does "M. D." after a doctor's name mean?

Mr. Wagg—Perhaps it refers to his patients, my boy, and stands for "many dead."

THE 14TH NEW JERSEY.

Roster of Survivors of a Fighting Regiment.

This command was organized at Freehold, N. J., Aug. 26, 1862, as a three years' regiment, and was mustered out June 18, 1865. On Sept. 2, 1862, the regiment left the State 1,007 strong. Col. Wm. S. Truex, who was in command, had previously served as Major in the 5th N. J., and Lieut.-Col. Caldwell K. Hall had been Adjutant in that command. Its first duty was guarding the B. & O. R. R. near Monocacy, Md., and it remained in that vicinity until June, 1863, when it went to Harper's Ferry. It was under fire for the first time at Mine Run, Va., where 14 men were killed and 49 wounded. According to Col. Fox (Regimental Losses in the Civil War) this was the heaviest loss sustained by any regiment in that campaign. In March, 1864, upon the discontinuance of the Third Corps, the regiment became part of Morris's Brigade, Ricketts's Division, Sixth Corps. Its losses at Cold Harbor were 29 killed, 107 wounded and 15 missing.

The regiment was with the troops sent to Maryland in July, 1864, to repel Early's invasion, and at the battle of Monocacy 14 were killed, 105 wounded and 39 missing out of 350 engaged.

Maj. Peter Vredenburgh was killed while leading a charge at Opequon. The loss in this action was six killed and 56 wounded. Col. Wm. S. Truex commanded the brigade at the final assault on the works at Petersburg. Both Col. Truex and Col. Caldwell K. Hall received the brevet of Brigadier-General.

The total enrollment of the regiment was 1,312. The losses were eight officers and 139 men killed or mortally wounded, or 11.2 per cent. From other causes 110 men died.

The following roster of survivors was furnished THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE by John C. Patterson, Secretary of the Regimental Reunion Association, Ocean Grove, N. J. Should any survivor of this regiment find that his name has been omitted, if he will send his name and address to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C., it will be added to the list, making the roster complete.

Field and Staff.

Lieut.-Col. J. J. Janeway, New Brunswick, N. J.
Maj. Jno. C. Patterson, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Adj't F. L. Buckelew, Jamesburgh, N. J.
Adj't Wm. H. Foster, Scobeyville, N. J.
Surg. A. Treganowan, South Amboy, N. J.
Ass't Surg. R. Lefferts Disbrow, Toms River, N. J.
Chap. Frank B. Rose, U. S. N., retired, Newport, R. I.

Company A.

Garrison Andrews, Avon, N. J.
Alfred Asay, Thawville, Ill.
Chas. M. Bartruff, Massillon, O.
Holmes C. Bennett, Avon, N. J.
Nathaniel Britton, Asbury Park, N. J.
William Burge, Middletown, N. J.
John Cole, Bennett's Mill, N. J.
Wm. S. Conover, Freehold, N. J.
John N. Dey, Elizabethtown, N. J.
Henry Hayes, Freehold, N. J.
Julius Hildebrand, Manasquan, N. J.
Samuel F. Holmes, Asbury Park, N. J.
John H. Hurley, Freehold, N. J.
Fred. W. Kerner, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Jas. Lafetra, Trenton, N. J.
W. F. Lafetra, Park Row, New York City, N. Y.
Wesley Layton, Long Branch N. J.
Capt. A. H. Patterson, Asbury Park, N. J.
Corlies Preston, Manalapan, N. J.
Jonathan Sodon, Freehold, N. J.
Archie Sutphin, Ardena, N. J.
Geo Swinderman, Howell, N. J.
Wm. Van Brunt, Tinton Falls, N. J.
John C. Vanhorn, Hightstown, N. J.
John H. Wagoner, Turkey, N. J.
Stephen S. White, Spring Lake, N. J.
John White, Como, N. J.

Company B.

Edgar Adams, Bristol, Pa.
David R. Barber, Trenton, N. J.
John W. Barber, Trenton, N. J.
Thomas Barton, Trenton, N. J.
Thomas Beatty, Wilmington, Del.
Jarvis S. Bennett, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. Bennett, Trenton, N. J.
Charles Q. Carman, 123 Reade St., New York City, N. Y.
Wm. L. Carter, Trenton, N. J.
Mathew Chapman, Trenton, N. J.
Jonathan B. Clayton, Trenton, N. J.
Robert J. Goodwin, Trenton, N. J.
Philip Hagerman, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. Hatton, Pension Office, Washington, D. C.
Armitage G. Howell, Bordentown, N. J.
Joshua Kellsall, Newark, N. J.
Milton Kurtz, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. H. Lee, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. T. Lee, Trenton, N. J.
Brazilla Mathews, Trenton, N. J.
John H. Otis, Trenton, N. J.
Geo. Severs, Trenton, N. J.
John B. Skillman, Trenton, N. J.
Elias Smith, Trenton, N. J.
Thos. Snyder, Trenton, N. J.
Jas. C. Taylor, Trenton, N. J.
Alex. T. Thompson, Trenton, N. J.
Isaiah Vansant, Trenton, N. J.
Capt. Jarvis Wanser, Vineland, N. J.
George Whitehead, Trenton, N. J.
Ebenezer Wright, Asbury Park, N. J.
John Lord, Trenton, N. J.

Company C.

Charles Adams, Williamsburg, N. Y.
Wm. B. Ayers, Plainfield, N. J.
James Bedell, 19 Pembroke street, Bridgeport, Conn.
Lewis P. Bruen, Springfield, Ill.
David Calhoun, Jersey City, N. J.
Nathan A. Cheeney, Chatham, N. J.
Peter E. W. Compton, Springfield, Ill.
Geo. T. Commings, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Silas C. Drake, 99 Maiden Lane, New York City, N. Y.
John Drummond, Milburn, N. J.
Samuel H. Dunham, Elizabeth, N. J.
Jarvis Fine, Elizabethport, N. J.
Fred. H. Franklin, Elizabeth, N. J.
Samuel Gaithwaite, Union, N. J.
James A. Grunsted, Metuchen, N. J.
Ira Hand, Elizabeth, N. J.
Capt. Chauncey Harris, Elizabeth N. J.
George C. Hatfield, Elizabeth, N. J.
Wm. Henry, Elizabeth, N. J.
Russell C. Johnson, 511 West St., New York City, N. Y.
Jonathan Jones, Newark, N. J.
Chas. H. King, 38th St., New York City, N. Y.
Abram King, Plainfield, N. J.
Cornelius Lesher, Union, N. J.
Francis C. Ludy, Bayonne, N. J.
James W. Lupton, Jersey City, N. J.
John V. Martin, Elizabeth, N. J.
Henry McAdams, Elizabeth, N. J.
Lieut. Ebenezer Muddell, Rahway, N. J.
Lieut. Henry H. Mundy, Newark, N. J.
Jacob Naylor, Plainfield, N. J.
David S. Pangborn, Jersey City, N. J.
Wm. N. Pangborn, Plainfield, N. J.
Charles E. Patch, Hoboken, N. J.
Henry W. Pearson, Chatham, N. J.
William R. Penn, Elizabeth, N. J.
Christopher Pope, Plainfield, N. J.
Stephen N. Powell, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
Oliver Randolph, Elizabeth, N. J.
George C. Sanders, Elizabeth, N. J.
Benj. F. Shepherd, Glendow, Pa.
Edward M. Slater, Rahway, N. J.
Elias D. Smith, Corner Fifth Ave. and Houston St., New York City, N. Y.
Daniel Sorrell, Elizabeth, N. J.
George V. Sullivan, Port Richmond, L. I., N. Y.
Edward P. Thorn, Plainfield, N. J.
George W. Tomkins, Bedford Park, Fordham, N. Y.
Henry A. Trobridge, Elizabeth, N. J.
Jas. C. Van Houton, Roseville, N. J.
Edwd A. Voorhis, White Plains, N. Y.
Thos. Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
John Waters, Madison, N. J.

Company D.

Wm. R. Bond, Gendola, N. J.
Charles J. Borden, Newark, N. J.
Isaac Brewer, Colts Neck, N. J.
Charles A. Brower, Turkey, N. J.
Jos. Brown, Farmingdale, N. J.
Wm. L. Brown, Manasquan, N. J.
Edward Clayton, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. H. Clayton, Turkey, N. J.
Clinton Dow, Englishtown, N. J.
Jos. P. Duncan, Point Pleasant, N. J.
Robert T. Duncan, Freehold, N. J.
Charles W. Emmons, Trenton, N. J.
James Fletcher, Cleveland, O.
David J. Ford, New Egypt, N. J.
Brazille Hires, Long Branch, N. J.
Edward Holmes, Dutch Neck, N. J.
Isaac Jamison, Hightstown, N. J.
Wm. Lacom, Long Branch, N. J.
Gilbert Lane, Rochelle, Ill.
Jos. J. Lawyer, Jamesburg, N. J.
George L. Little, Sewickley, Pa.
Robert W. Little, Sewickley, Pa.
Abram Longstreet, Trenton, N. J.
James H. Mathews, Turkey, N. J.
John H. Mathews, Turkey, N. J.
Chas. V. McDermott, Trenton, N. J.
Jerry McCormick, Freehold, N. J.
James F. Minton, Long Branch, N. J.
David W. Morton, Manasquan, N. J.
Jonathan Parker, Elizabeth, N. J.
Richard B. Pettitt, Manasquan, N. J.
Charles Pullen, Manalapan, N. J.
Wm. H. H. Pullen, Manalapan, N. J.
John T. Reed, Ardena, N. J.
John T. Reynolds, Southard, N. J.
Lieut. Jas. H. Riddle, Manasquan, N. J.
Nathan C. Ripley, 877 W. Polk St., Chicago, Ill.
Gordon Sherman, Pt. Pleasant, N. J.
Wm. B. Sherman, Oceanport, N. J.
Alex. Strickland, Trenton, N. J.
Reuben H. Wagoner, Turkey, N. J.
Hendrickson Wagoner, N. Spring Lake, N. J.

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Geo. Avery, Rahway, N. J.
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James L. Bodwell, Rahway, N. J.
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Martin Conover, Morristown, N. J.
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John F. Brown, New Egypt, N. J.
George H. Bryan, Toms River, N. J.
Edmond R. Chafey, New Egypt, N. J.
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Reuben Chamberlain, Barnegat, N. J.
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Wm. H. Hall, Osbornville, N. J.
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Lewis Herbert, Point Pleasant, N. J.
Jas. Herbert, Englishtown, N. J.
Jno. Heron, Kettle Creek, N. J.
Jno. Hopkins, Hornerstown, N. J.
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William Johnson, Toms River, N. J.
Chas. C. Jountry, Camden, N. J.
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Edward Newman, Manahawkin, N. J
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Henry Powell, New Egypt, N. J.
Levi S. Prickett, Cranbury, N. J.
Harrison Reed, Cassville, N. J.
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Wm. Rogers, Cassville, N. J.
Silas Southard, Lakewood, N. J.
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Wm. Casey, Middletown, N. J.
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Harvey G. Conover, Middletown, N. J.
Wm. W. Conover, Middletown, N. J.
Nelson Cooper, Farmingdale, N. J.
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Joseph Johnson, Middletown, N. J.
Elisha J. Kench, Oceanic, N. J.
John H. King, Eatontown, N. J.
John McClusky, Red Bank, N. J.
Abram T. Metzgar, Branchburg, N. J.
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Aaron Poldemus, Navesink, N. J.
Hendrick S. Poling, Keyport, N. J.
Wm. A. Prickett, U. S. Consul, Rheims, France.
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John Slocum, Avon, N. J.
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Daniel W. Thompson, Red Bank, N. J.
Elias L. Truex, Camden, N. J.
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Lewis Van Brunt, Keansburg, N. J.
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White Williams, Rahway, N. J.
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Abraham McDermott, Manalapan, N. J.
John McDonnell, Cranbury, N. J.
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Thomas P. Ryan, Jamesburg, N. J.
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John Silvers, Manasquan, N. J.
James H. Emmons, Trenton, N. J.
George A. Logan, New Brunswick, N. J.
E. R. Vandusen, Manasquan, N. J.
Robert A. Vandusen, Manasquan, N. J.
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Henry Ashmore, Trenton, N. J.
Jabez Ashmore, Trenton, N. J.
George H. Bradford, New Brunswick, N. J.
Joseph L. Brown, Trenton, N. J.
John Chambers, Trenton, N. J.
George W. Crosley, Trenton, N. J.
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James Fletcher, Cleveland, O.
Capt. Joseph Hawks, Morrisville, Pa.
Henry C. Hellings, Falsington, Pa.
Jesse A. Halcombe, Titusville, N. J.
John H. Halcombe, Trenton, N. J.
Benjamin Jones, Frederick City, Md.
Wm. P. Karsboom, Pennington, N. J.
Wm. Large, Fairview, Ill.
Henry C. Larowe, Washington Market, New York City, N. Y.
Michael P. Mack, South Amboy, N. J.
Wilson Moon, Trenton, N. J.
Wilson Nolan, Trenton, N. J.
John Perdam, Trenton, N. J.
Wm. H. Ross, Trenton, N. J.
Samuel Ross, Soldiers' Home, N. J.
George W. Smith, Trenton, N. J.
Jacob Smock, Spottswood, N. J.
George D. Sorter, Trenton, N. J.
Alfred Stoneaker, South Amboy, N. J.
Charles S. Stoneaker, South Amboy, N. J.
Charles Thorn, Trenton, N. J.
Liscomb J. Titus, Harvard, Neb.
James W. Totten, Trenton, N. J.
Edward Updike, Harvard, Neb.
Wykoff Voohies, New Brunswick, N. J.
Cornelius V. Wilson, Jersey City, N. J.
Joseph Wilson, Jersey City, N. J.
Peter R. Young, Soldiers' Home, N. J.

Company K.

Frederick Buckelew, New Brunswick, N. J.
Jacob Buckelew, South Amboy, N. J.
Augustus Cheeseman, South River, N. J.
Jonathan Culver, South Amboy, N. J.
Freeman Edwards, Newark, N. J.
John G. Fisher, Jersey City, N. J.
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John W. Garrigus, New Brunswick, N. J.
Adam Geipel, New Brunswick, N. J.
Jacob Hardy, New Brunswick, N. J.
James Hardy, New Brunswick, N. J.
Isaac Hendricks, Millstone, N. J.
James V. Hoagland, Terre Haute, Ind.
Horatio Holden, Washington Market, New York City, N. Y.
Jacob H. Lanning, Trenton, N. J.
John L. Manning, New Brunswick, N. J.
Richard Savage, Mt Rose, N. J.
Nicholas Schurm, New Brunswick, N. J.
Abraham G. Siddells, New Brunswick, N. J.
E. D. Sperling, Toms River, N. J.
John Sylvester, Old Bridge, N. J.
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Charles Vandeventer, New Brunswick, N. J.
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THE "BLACK STONE" OF ROME.

Suppose Ruins of the Tomb of Romulus.

New York Times.

All archaeologists will remember the interest aroused some months ago by the discovery in the Roman Forum of the Black Stone, or Lapis Niger, at the depth of about two feet beneath the pavement of the way which leads down from the arch of Septimus Serverus, as well as the many discussions, arguments, theories, and speculations brought about by the same discovery. Signor Giacomo Boni, engineer and inspector of the excavations at the time, recalling a certain passage in the works of Dionisius of Halicarnassus, was led to recognize the sacred spot in the Comitium as the one originally consecrated and prepared for the tomb of Romulus, the founder of the City of Rome.

Signor Boni's opinion met with opposition and even ridicule, and the mystery surrounding the Black Stone induced the Hon. Guido Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, to order further excavations in the vicinity of the "sacred place." These excavations were at once commenced and carried on under the superintendence of Signor Boni, who conducted them with admirable zeal and care. The first thing brought to light was a mediaeval well, surrounded by pavements of ancient marble and stonework, and then, a few days ago, the diggers came upon a tufa base with moldings of a quadrilateral structure, at the ends of which rise two other bases, also of tufa rock.

The archaic character of the whole structure dates back to the sixth century before the Christian era. The classical memories of the sacred monument to Romulus, which, according to Dionisius, was said to have existed in the Roman Forum, tell us that the spot was adorned with two images of lions—probably resembling those found at Micenae and in other places.

It is now believed by many that these two lateral bases which have been unearthed probably served as supports to the two lions which adorned the sacred place. The stratum of earth which for a distance of three or four feet separated the Black Stone from the base was thickly sown with votive offerings and various archaic objects, weights, bones of sacrificed and burned animals, bronzes, vases, etc. Among the vases was found a fragment of one with black figures on a red ground.

Later the workmen came upon a pilaster at the side of the structure, also of tufa, implanted in the ground at the same depth as the main construction, and probably contemporaneous with it. Several letters appeared on the face of this stone. Soon the pilaster was almost entirely freed on three sides, on each of which was found an inscription, with one line running from left to right, the other from right to left.

No attempt has yet been made to decipher these inscriptions, which are perhaps contemporary with those on the celebrated vase of Duenos, or on that of the Quirinal Palace here. The letters are finely and deeply cut in the tufa, and by the side of the usual signs of archaic Latin are others which are less clear. The words are divided by periods.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the researches of students and specialists, it is certain that this Cippus, preserved as it is in its original position, is a very important discovery. Excavations are proceeding with feverish zeal in other parts of the Forum as well—near the Regia, near the temple of the Divus Julius, and near the Templum Sacrae Urbis. Two interesting wells have also been found, one in the Regia, the other near the temenos of Vista. All in all, the fresh start at excavating the Forum is destined to bring forth much of interest to the surface, and very probably to change in many ways some of the present ideas regarding this theater of many events in Rome's most important history.

How Squirrels Subsist in Winter.

Lippincott's Magazine.

The popular notion that squirrels of all sorts subsist wholly on nuts arises from limited, not to say careless, observation. Their food is widely varied in the course of a year, especially in the Spring and Summer. Indian corn in the milk suffers more from squirrels than from raccoons or muskrats, which are proverbially so fond of it. In places on the Western frontier an expensive system of watching has had to be maintained at times against this pest. One dainty in late Summer is the mushroom, of several varieties of which they are fond; and this reminds me of a bit of unexpected sagacity in one of the Western chip-munks lately spoken of in my hearing by the artist and author, Ernest Seton Thompson. It appears that this chipmunk depends for its ordinary Fall and Winter fare upon the seeds of the pinon pine, which it preserves by storage in its holes in decayed stumps or underground. It happened lately, however, that in a certain area of the Northwest the pinon crop was a complete failure, and the ground-squirrels were compelled to find something else for their subsistence and Winter stores. In this extremity they turned to the mushrooms, everywhere abundant, and were busy during all the late Autumn in gathering them. They were too wise, however, to store them underground, where they would soon have rotted, but instead deposited them in notches and crotches of the lower branches of the forest trees, where they dried in the open air and so kept in good condition to be eaten. Their shrivelling up and the shaking of the branches by the winds caused many to fall, and these the squirrels industriously picked up and tried to fasten more securely to the branches.

This method of providing themselves with Winter food implied the necessity of their coming forth from their underground retreats, no matter how cold and snowy the weather, whenever they wanted something to eat, instead of having their larder indoors as is usual with them; and it would be interesting to know whether they actually did so, or whether they failed to profit after all by their seemingly sagacious prudence.

ECCENTRIC BRITISH WAGERS.

Bets Made on the Weather and the Doing of Ridiculous Things.

London Mail.

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of the Briton is his fondness for wagering, as is amply demonstrated at Epsom each year. But horse racing is not only the excuse afforded the Britisher to exercise his mania for betting.

Quite an astonishing number of annual occurrences are made the subject of wagering. Years ago, before the vagaries of the weather had brought the four seasons into discredit, wagering that snow would be found on the ground on Christmas morning was popular. Even now, when the weather behaves with a sublime indifference to the time of year, wagers are still made as to its raining forty days if St. Swithin's be wet.

One enthusiastic supporter of this hoary legend a few years since wagered all he possessed on one wet anniversary that there would be rain every day during the prescribed period. It did rain twenty-two days, but the twenty-third ruined him.

A well-known bookmaker, who lays himself out for what he calls "fancy wagering," has stated that the amount of money which was wagered on the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone reaching the age of 90 was simply enormous. He also says that, being a believer in the unexpected happening in politics, he accepted at the time of the home rule split in the liberal party three wagers of £3,000 to £1,000 each that Mr. Chamberlain would one day be Prime Minister of England. The stakes are deposited in a bank under a deed which provides for the drawing of the interest till 1904, the date when the wager expires.

Costume balls at Covent Garden have led to some curious wagering. In accordance with the terms of one last year a person presented himself for admittance dressed like a woman on one side and a negro on the other. One side of his face was white, rouged and powdered, the other blacked. The lady half wore a beautiful costume, the other being the attire of a street negro minstrel.

During the building of the Tower bridge one of the workingmen wagered to cook a big pudding 10 feet under the surface of the Thames. Needless to say, so impossible a feat led to a deal of money being laid that he couldn't. On the appointed day the pudding was tied in a sack and sunk to the required depth, the assembled crowd being greatly amused with the careful manner in which the performer handled the sack.

At the end of three hours the pudding was drawn to the surface, and was found to be thoroughly cooked, the only fault being that it was a little too well done. The sack was half full of lime

A NATURAL FLY TRAP.

A Carolina Plant That is Surer Than Flypaper.

Philadelphia Press.

Flytraps are well known in the animal kingdom to every one who has eyes, or, at least, who uses them.

The delicate web of the spider and the deeply cut and broad mouth of the swallow at once suggest themselves. But that a vegetable should have an exquisitely constructed and perfect apparatus of this kind is very remarkable, when it is remembered that plants differ markedly from animals in regard to their food. For, while animals live on organic substances—that is, on plants or other animals—vegetables live on inorganic substances.

It is, then, unlikely that a fly could supply a plant with food, and yet a more perfect flytrap than the leaves of dionea can not be imagined.

This little plant is a native of the sandy bogs in the pine barrens of Carolina. It grows to a hight of from six to twelve inches, producing a loose head of large whitish flowers, not unlike the flower of the lady's smock.

The flower stalk rises from a rosette of yellowish-green leaves, spreading on the ground. Each leaf is divided by a deep incision into two portions, the lower being a broadly winged footstalk, and the upper the blade or true leaf itself.

This upper portion is the flytrap—the most curious part of the plant—and demands a careful description.

It is roundish and divided into two equal parts by a strong mid-rib. The margins are fringed with a row of strong spiny bristles, so that it may be likened to two upper eyelids joined at their bases. The leaf is a little hollow on either side of the mid-rib, the upper surface is dotted with minute reddish glands, and each hollow is furnished with three slender bristles. The sensitiveness of the leaf chiefly lies in these bristles. If an insect alights on the leaf and touches one or more of them the sides suddenly close with a force so great as to imprison the little creature, notwithstanding all its efforts to escape. The fringe of bristles on the opposite side of the leaf interlace like the fingers of the two hands clasped together, or like the teeth of a steel trap.

The insect is not crushed or suddenly destroyed, but is retained firmly imprisoned until it ceases to move, which would mean until it was dead, and then the leaf slowly expands.

The two lobes are enfolded at night, but spread open in the day. When the bristles are irritated by man, the leaf quickly closes, remains closed for a short time, then slowly expands, ready to close again if newly irritated.

But if it be caused to make repeated efforts at short intervals, its movements become languid, or the sensibility is altogether exhausted and is recovered only by a period of repose.

An Indian Cockatoo.

Philadelphia Press.

There is a wonderful cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea. It is as large as a full-grown pheasant, and it is of jet-black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch in it.

Now, the favorite food of this cockatoo in the kernel of the canary nut; but there is wonderful ingenuity required to get at it, for the nut is something like a Brazil nut, but it is 10 times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it. It is quite smooth and somewhat triangular in shape.

The cockatoo might throw the nut down, but it would not break, or it might hold it in its claws like parrots usually do with their food, and attempt to crush it; but the smoothness of the nut would cause it to fly out of the beak. Nature appears to have given the possessor of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers, for the cockatoo takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill and by a carving motion of its sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws and biting off a piece of leaf retains it in the deep notch of the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill and is prevented slipping by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sharp nip or two in the notch breaks off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and pokes the long sharp point of its bill into the hole and picks out the kernel bit by bit.

The cockatoo has a very long tongue, which collects each morsel as it is broken off by the bill.

This is a wonderful process, for it is quite clear that without the leaf nothing could be done, and it proves how certain structures in birds are made to destroy certain parts of plants.

Came Back.

Chicago News.

"Look here! Are you the man I gave a square meal one cold, bleak February morning?"

"I'm the man, mum."

"Well, do you remember that you promised to shovel all the snow out of my back yard, and then sneaked off without doing it?"

"Yes, mum; an' me conscience smote me. Dat's de reason I tramped all de way here through the blazing sun to do de job."

Laying Up and Down.

Detroit Journal.

"I would lay down my life for you!" he protested.

The orphan girl looked wistfully into his eyes.

"But when it comes to laying up anything you aren't there!" she exclaimed, sadly.

Happily, she knew what it was to be poor.