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DEVOTED TO
ALL LIVE ISSUES.
THE INTERESTS OF SOUTH-
ERN OREGON ALWAYS
FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the
Improvement of our Harbors, and rail-
road communication with the Interior
specialties.

Storming the Temple of Mexico

Cortes, having cleared a way for the
assault, sprang up the lower staircase,
followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Or-
daz, and the other gallant cavaliers of
his own little band, leaving a file of
arquebusers and a strong corps of
Indian allies to hold the enemy in
check at the foot of the monument.

Cortes and his comrades were close
upon their rear, and the two parties
found themselves face to face on this
aerial battle field, engaged in mortal
combat in the presence of the whole
city, as well as of the troops in the
courtyard, who paused, as if by
mutual consent, from their own hostil-
ities, gazing in silent expectation on
the issue of those above.

The parties closed with the desper-
ate fury of men who had no hope but
in victory. Quarter was neither asked
nor given; and to fly was impossible.
The edge of the arena was unprotected
by parapet or battlement. The least
slip would be fatal; and the combat-
ants, as they struggled in mortal ag-
ony, were sometimes seen to roll over
the sheer sides of the precipice to-
gether. Cortes himself is said to have
had a narrow escape from this dreadful
fate. Two warriors, of
strong, muscular frames, seized on
him, and were dragging him violently
toward the brink of the pyramid.

The battle lasted with unintermit-
ting fury for three hours. The num-
ber of the enemy was double that of
the Christians; and it seemed as if it
were a contest which must be deter-
mined by numbers and brute force,
rather than superior science. But it
was not so. The invulnerable armor
of the Spaniard, his sword of match-
less temper, and his skill in using it,
gave him advantages which far out-
weighed the odds of physical strength
and numbers. After doing all that
the courage of despair could enable
men to do, resistance grew fainter
and fainter on the side of the Aztecs.
One after another they had fallen.
Two or three priests only survived to
be led away in triumph by the victors.
Every other combatant was stretched
a corpse on the bloody arena, or had
been hurled from the giddy heights.
Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not
inconsiderable; it amounted to forty-
five of their best men; and nearly all
the remainder were more or less in-
jured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed
toward the sanctuaries. The lower
story was of stone, the two upper
were of wood. Penetrating into their
recesses, they had the mortification to
find the image of the Virgin and
Cross removed. But in the other ed-
ifice they still beheld the grim figure
of Huitziloputchi, with his censor of
smoking hearts, and the walls of his
oratory reeking with gore—not in-

probably of their own countrymen.

With shouts of joy the Christians
tore the uncouth monster from his
niche, and tumbled him, in the pres-
ence of the horror-struck Aztecs,
down the steps of the tozcalli. They
then set fire to the accursed building.
The flame speedily ran up the slender
towers, sending forth an ominous
light over city, lake, and valley, to
the remotest hut among the moun-
tains. It was the funeral pyre of pa-
ganism, and proclaimed the fall of
that sanguinary religion which had
so long hung like a dark cloud over
the fair regions of Anahuac.

Modern History of Archery.

Archery is the art or exercise of
shooting with a bow and arrow. The
origin of the bow as an instrument of
war is lost in obscurity. With all an-
cient peoples, both civilized and bar-
baric, the bow was a favorite weapon,
and skill in the use of it was regarded
by the Scythians as a princely accom-
plishment. The Greeks and Romans
employed archers to draw the enemy
into action, and exploits of the an-
cient Egyptians rivaled those of the
archers of the middle ages. There is
no record of the bow in France until
the reign of Charlemagne, in the be-
ginning of the eighth century, al-
though we have evidence that in Eng-
land both the Anglo-Saxon and the
Danish used it in the chase, as well as
in battle against the primitive inhabi-
tants of England, many years before
the conquest. The probability is that
it was first introduced as a military
weapon into Britain by the Romans;
but it was under the Norman rule
that the practice of archery in that
island was not only greatly improved
but generally diffused throughout
the country, so that England soon be-
came famous for its archery, and her
archers took precedence of those of
every other nation. To preserve this
superiority by constant practice ap-
pears to have been the study of her
monarchs, and numerous statutes for
enforcing and regulating the use of
the bow among the people were en-
acted from early times until after the
invention of firearms. Many laws
were also made for securing the pres-
ence in distant and obscure parts of
the country of persons skilled in the
manufacture of bows and all the ap-
paratus pertaining to archery. These
laws appear to have been absolutely
necessary; for in the olden times the
English depended for their success in
battle chiefly upon the bravery and
expertness of their archers.

Father of Forty-one Children.

John Hepper, of Hepper, Penn.,
was born in Germany in 1815. In
1840 he married. His wife lived eight
years and bore him eighteen children.
She presented him with twins in the
first year of their marriage. The next
year another pair of twins was born.
Every year for four years thereafter
Mrs. Hepper gave birth to triplets.
The seventh year was signalized by
the birth of only one child to the
couple. Mr. Hepper's seventeen
children, the oldest only seven years
of age, were taken in charge three
months after Mrs. Hepper's death by
a young German lady, who became
the second Mrs. Hepper. The first
Mrs. Hepper died in the month of
February, 1848. In February, 1849,
her successor presented Mr. Hepper
with a boy. On Christmas day of the
same year the nineteenth child was
added to the Hepper flock. Once a
year for five years afterwards the fam-
ily was increased by twins, and for
three years after that one child was
born to Mr. Hepper. The last three
were born in this country. Mr. Hep-
per having emigrated from Germany
in 1854. In 1847 his wife died, hav-
ing been married nine years. Of the
thirty-two children that had been
born to Hepper, twelve had died. In
1858 he married a widow with one
child. The third wife bore him nine
children in ten years, by single births.
Mr. Hepper and his last wife are still
living. None of the first set of seven-
teen children survive. Two of the
second wife's fifteen are alive, and
three of the last wife's nine. With
the step-child that the last marriage
added to the list, forty-two children
have called John Hepper father.

Mrs. ELIZABETH R. THOMPSON and her
mother, Mrs. JOHNA MOORE, continue
to live together in Brooklyn. Mrs.
Thompson is provided for by her husband,
Theodore Tilton, who lives apart from
her, and Mrs. Moore receives support
from her husband, N. B. Morse. Presi-
dent of the Union ferry company,
from whom she has been separated
for a number of years. Mrs. Tilton's
two sons, Carroll and Ralph, live with
her. The former is studying for the
ministry, and the latter is just about
to begin school life.

Soft Saver and Human Nature.

In the course of a journey which
Mr. Slick performs in company with
the reporter of his humorous, the lat-
ter asks him how, in a country so
poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to
sell so many clocks. 'Mr. Slick paused,'
continues the author, 'as if con-
sidering the propriety of answering
the question, and looking me in the
face, said, in a confidential tone:
'Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for
the market is glutted, and I shall
quit this circuit. It is done by a
knowledge of soft saver and human
nature. But here is Deacon Flint's,'
said he, 'I have but one clock left,
and I guess I will sell it to him.' At
the gate of a most comfortable look-
ing farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a
respectable old man, who had under-
stood the value of time better than
most of his neighbors, if one might
judge from the appearance of every-
thing about him. After the usual
salutation, an invitation to alight was
accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he
wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint be-
fore he left Colchester. We had hard-
ly entered the house, before the
Clockmaker pointed to the view from
the window and addressing himself to
me, said: 'If I was to tell them in
Connecticut there was such a farm as
this away down east here in Nova Scot-
ia, they wouldn't believe me—why,
there ain't such a location in all New
England. The deacon has a hundred
acres of diked—'Seventy,' said the
deacon—'only seventy.' 'Well, seven-
ty; but then there is your fine deep
bottom; why I could run a rained
into it. Then there is that water-
privilege, worth three or four thou-
sand dollars, twice as good as what
Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand
for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put
up a carding-mill on it; the same
works would carry a turning-lathe, a
single machine, a circular saw, grind
bark, and—'Two old,' said the
deacon—'too old for all those specu-
lations!' 'Old!' repeated the Clock-
maker—'not you; why, you are worth
half a dozen of the young men we see
nowadays.' The deacon was pleased.
'Your beasts, dear me, your beasts
must be put in and have a feed,' say-
ing which, he went out to order them
to be taken to the stable. As the old
gentleman closed the door after him,
Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said
in an undertone: 'That is what I call
soft saver. An Englishman would
pass that man as a sheep-passer at a
hog in a pasture—without looking at
him. Now I find—Here his lecture on
soft saver was cut short by the en-
trance of Mrs. Flint. 'Just come to
say goodbye, Mrs. Flint.' 'What!
have you sold your clocks?' 'Yes,
and very low, too, for money is scarce,
and I wished to close the concern;
no, I am wrong in saying all, for I
have just one left. Neighbor Steel's
wife asked to have the refusal of it,
but I guess I won't sell it. I had but
two of them, this one and the feller
of it, that I sold to Governor Lincoln.
General Green, secretary of State for
Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars
for this here one—it has composition
wheels and patent axles; but I guess
I'll take it back; and, beside, Squire
Hawk might think it hard that I'd
not give him the offer.' 'Dear me,'
said Mrs. Flint, 'I should like to see
it; where is it?' 'It is in a chest of
nine over the way, at Tom Tape's
store; I guess he can slip it to me
to Eastport.' 'That's a good man,'
said Mrs. Flint, 'just let's look at it.'
Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to
these entreaties, and soon produced
the clock—a gandy, highly varnished,
trumpety-looking affair. He placed it
on the chimney-piece, where its beau-
ties were pointed out and duly
appreciated by Mrs. Flint whose ad-
miration was about ending in a pro-
posal, when Mr. Flint returned from
giving his directions about the care of
the house. The deacon praised the
clock; he too, thought it a hand-
some one; but the deacon was a pru-
dent man; he had a watch, he was
sorry, but he had no occasion for a
clock. 'I guess you're in the wrong
fellow this time, deacon; it ain't for
sale,' said Mr. Slick; 'and if it was, I
reckon neighbors Steel's wife would
have it, for she gives me no peace
about it.' Mrs. Flint said that Mr.
Steel had enough to do, poor man, to
pay his interest, without buying
clocks for his wife. 'It's no concern
of mine,' said Mr. Slick, 'as long as
he pays me, what he has to do; but I
guess I don't want to sell it; and be-
side, it comes too high; that clock
can't be made at Rhode Island under
forty dollars—Why, it ain't possible!'
said the Clockmaker, in apparent
surprise, looking at his watch; 'why,
as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and
I haven't been two hours here—how
on airth shall I reach River Phillip

Self-Control in Society.

American Etiquette in Andrews Queen.
Good breeding gives us certain def-
inite rules, and while these are ob-
served society is possible, else it dis-
integrates. But we may, without
losing self-respect, exercise a vast con-
trol and not show that we distrust
people, nor that we vastly like them;
we need not wear our hearts on our
sleeves for daws to peck at. Mem-
bers of the same family should not
quarrel in public. This is often done
by two sisters of uncertain tempers,
and the crowd laughs. The French
have a proverb about this, perhaps
too well known to be quoted.
Never show that you feel a slight.
This is worldly wise as well as Chris-
tian; for no one but a mean person
will put a slight on another, and such
a person always, profoundly respects
the person who is unconscious of his
feeble spite. Never resent publicly
a lack of courtesy; it is in the worst
taste. What you do privately about
dropping such an acquaintance must
be left to yourself.
To a person of noble mind, the con-
tacts of society must ever seem poor
and furious, as they think of these
narrow enmities and low political
maneuvers, but we know that they
exist and that we must meet them.
Temper, detraction, and small spite,
are as vulgar as a Turkey carpet and
in a palace as they could be in a ten-
ement house; nay, worse, for the ed-
ucated contestants know better. But
that they exist we know as well as we
know that the dyspeptic rages. We
must only reflect philosophically that
it takes all sort of people to make a
world; that there are good people,
rank and file; that there is a valiant
army and a noble navy; that there
are also pirates who will board the
best ships, and traitors in every army;
and that we must be ready for them
all; and if we live in a crowd we must
propitiate that crowd.
Never show factions or peremptory
irritability in small things. Be pa-
tient; if a friend keeps you waiting,
bear, as long as you can, heat, or a
draught, rather than make others un-
comfortable. Do not be fussy about
your supposed rights; yield a dispat-
ed point of precedence. All society
has to be made up of these conces-
sions; they are your unnumbered
friends in the long run.
We are not always wiser than we
quarrel; but if we meet our deadliest
foe at a friend's house we are bound
to treat him with perfect civility.
That is neutral ground. Never, by
word or look, disturb your hostess;
this is an occasional duplicity which
is ordered by the laws of society.
And, in all honesty cultivate a grace-
ful salutation, not too familiar, in a
crowd; be grave and decorous always.
Burke said that manners were more
important than laws. 'Manners are
what vex or soothe, comfort or purify,
exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us
by a constant, steady, uniform, in-
sen-
sible operation, like the air we
breathe.'
A salutation may have a great deal
of meaning in it. It may say, 'I re-
spect you, and wish you well.' It
may say, 'I love you.' It may say,
'I hate you.' In a crowd it should
simply say the first. The bow of a
young lady should be maidenly, quiet,
not too demonstrative; yet not cold
or forbidding. The salutation of a
man to a woman cannot be too re-
spectful. It is to be feared that 'old-
fashioned courtesy' has no place in
our fashionable society. There is
either coldness or too great familiar-
ity. The manners of young women
are apt to be too careless. They em-
ulate the manners of men and of the
age too much, not remembering that
they should carry in their gentle ways
the good manners of all ages. They
should remember that when a wom-
an's salutation ceases to be delicate,
elegant and finished, she steps down
from her throne and throws away her
scepter. There is no salutation, how-
ever, more displeasing than that of a
too effusive and flattering subservi-
ency. 'He bows too low,' should
never be said. Avoid being a snob, in
private as in a crowd.

Garfield and His Columbian.

Of all the malignant and cowardly
attempts that were ever made to
defame the good character of an
honorable public man, the efforts of
certain Democratic partisans to con-
nect Gen. Garfield with the Credit
Mobilier swindle is the worst and
meanest. It was a shameful scandal
at first. It was disproved and ex-
ploded. No intelligent or generous
mind, that knew anything of the
circumstances, and that cared to ex-
amine the facts did not acquit Gen-
eral Garfield of any guilty complicity
with Oakes Ames. It was at
best but a question of veracity be-
tween a confessed briber and a man
of unstained personal honor. It
was but a question of memory be-
tween an imbecile, of unhonored
years and a gentleman in the prime
of youthful vigor. Ames first stated
that he did not recollect paying
General Garfield any money, then
that he did pay him, then that he
might be mistaken. The amount is
too small, and the whole thing too
utterly contemptible for serious
discussion. If the whole career of
General Garfield, from boyhood to
manhood, from obscurity to the
highest pinnacle of national fame;
his services in the dominion of let-
ters, his services on the battle-field,
his services in sixteen years of Con-
gressional life and his final endorse-
ment by the Republican party as a
chosen leader, are not sufficient to
live down this revamped and resur-
rected Democratic lie, then let the
vampires, resurrectionists, and Dem-
ocratic liars make the most of it.
We reproduce, from the most au-
thoritative review of the case, published
some years ago, his manly indignat-
ed protest against the whole nasty busi-
ness. He said: 'If there be a citi-
zen of the United States who is
willing to believe that for three
hundred and thirty-nine dollars I
have bartered away my good name,
and to perjury, these pages are not
addressed to him. If there be any
one who thinks that any part of my
public life has been gunged on so
low a level as these charges would
place it, I do not address him. I ad-
dress those who are willing to be-
lieve that it is possible for a man to
serve the public without personal
dishonor. I have endeavored, in
this review, to point out the means
by which the managers of a corpora-
tion, wearing the garb of honora-
ble industry, have robbed and de-
frauded a great national enterprise,
and attempted, by cunning and de-
ception, for selfish ends, to enlist in
its interest those who would have
been the first to crush the attempt
had their object been known. If
any of the scheming corporations or
corrupt rings that have done so
much to disgrace the country by
their attempts to control its legisla-
ture have ever found me a conscious
supporter or ally in any dishonora-
ble scheme, they are at full liberty
to disclose it. In the discussion of
the many grave and difficult ques-
tions of public policy which have
occupied the thoughts of the nation
during the last twelve years, I have
borne some part, and I confidently
appeal to the public records for a
vindication of my conduct.' Let
the Democratic dogs bark up this
tree until they exhaust their impu-
nent fury. There is nothing in it.

Who is Dr. Tanner?

Dr. Tanner, who is creating a vast
amount of notoriety by his experiment
in fasting, formerly lived at Minneap-
olis, and he is described by a writer
in that city as follows:
Dr. Tanner is a well-known character
in this city, where he has gained
some notoriety since his fast of forty-
two days, made in this city two years
ago. He is reported as a man much
given to hobby-riding, and, though
possessed of more than average ability
and great requirements in his profes-
sion, has not devoted himself much
to the practice of medicine, devoting
more of his time to the temperance
cause and to discussions in the Liber-
al league, a society of atheists, ration-
alists, etc. More recently he has given
his time almost entirely to research
and correspondence on the subject of
long-continued absence from food, in
which capacity he became a newspa-
per nuisance with an inevitable bun-
dle of manuscript. Love of notoriety
is not the least of his eccentricities.
An unusual tendency to accumulate
fat when his appetite is given unre-
strained sway first led him to limit his
diet, by which means he reduced him-
self from one hundred to one hun-
dred and sixty pounds, and those who
are familiar with his habits assert
that he eats scarcely enough in twen-
ty-four hours to make one ordinary
sized meal. He has boarded himself
in lodgings during most of the time
he has resided here. It has long been
a hobby of Tanner's that abstinence
from food was the surest remedy for
bodily ailments, and in his own case
he has regularly practiced it, often
pursuing a policy of this kind for
twelve days.
The Reward for Doing Right.
Exchange.
A man who loudly calls attention
to the fact that he has resolved to
'turn over a new leaf' in his life is
not always to be trusted. He who
perpetually makes resolutions is pret-
ty sure to break them. People should
reform, if it is necessary to do so, at
once, and without parading their in-
tentions before the eyes of the world.
They should go to work silently, and
with a firm determination to carry
out, no matter how trying or hard it
may seem at first, those virtuous de-
signs which they deem necessary for
their welfare. They should not look
to the world for applause; their high-
est reward will in due time come for
the good they have done for them-
selves or others; meanwhile they will
enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet
and precious possession—the con-
sciousness that they are worthy
fulfilling the object for which they
were brought into this world. A more
odious form of conceit than this
bragging about self-reform does not
exist, and no effort should be spared
in order to stamp it out. Let those,
then, who wish to improve, labor to
that end in silence and in sincerity;
success is sure to crown their efforts.
But they should not flaunt their ex-
cellence in the eyes of the world.
The Divers.
Before a man becomes an expert di-
ver he must undergo a certain amount
of severe physical training. The at-
mospheric pressure on the surface is
15 pounds to every square inch of the
body, and on the average man is
something like 15 tons, but the out-
side and inside pressure being equal,
this immense weight is unnoticed.
At every 34 feet of the descent under
water this pressure is increased one
atmosphere, the additional pressure
of 15 pounds to the square inch, and
it is absolutely necessary to have the
air pressure in the armor fully equal
to that of the water, some idea can
be had of what the diver must with-
stand, and even at the moderate depth
of 44 feet, although the inhaling of
this compressed air in a measure re-
lieves the unpleasant sensation.
When the distance is increased to
a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet,
the sensation becomes almost unendur-
able—the blood starts from the
eyes, ears, mouth, and even from the
pores of the skin, and on returning to
the surface extreme exhaustion is the
result. Some men are so constituted
physically that they cannot remain
under water at all. The greatest
depth that is ever attained is one hun-
dred and fifty feet, and then the most
experienced diver can remain at this
point but five or six minutes without
serious injury. Divers go to this
depth only to secure articles of great
value, remaining long enough to at-
tach a chain or rope. At a hundred
feet an old diver can remain about an
hour, and at fifty feet from two to six
hours, according to the strength of
the diver.
EX-GOV. B. GRATZ BROWN announce-
s himself as Democratic candidate
for the U. S. Senate.

Beating a Conductor.

A passenger going West from De-
troit by rail the other day had a pass
to Chicago. When the conductor took
it up he asked several questions to
satisfy himself that the pass had not
been transferred, and the holder of the
passboard didn't take it as good-nat-
uredly as some men would. He
didn't have much to say, but he was
determined on revenge. As soon as
the conductor left the car, the man
changed seats, removed his hat, and
looked like a different person altogeth-
er. After the train left the next sta-
tion the conductor came along with
an eye out for new passengers, and
presently reached out for the holder
of the pass.
'I haven't got any ticket,' was the
surly answer.
'Then you must pay your fare.'
'I won't do it.'
'See here,' said the conductor as he
began to wake up, 'you must either
pay your fare or produce a ticket. If
not, I will drop you on the road.'
'Drop and be hanged!'
The train was not stopped, but after
a run of ten minutes it reached a sta-
tion and arrangements were made for
bouncing the man. When all was
complete he showed his pass.
'Why didn't you tell me you had a
pass?' roared the conductor.
'Why didn't you ask me?' shouted
the traveler.
'Well, I don't like such fooling.'
'Nor I, either.'
The train went on, and the man
put on his duster, traded hats with a
passenger and again looked like some
one else. He changed his seat to the
front edge of the car, and was seem-
ingly sound asleep when the conduct-
or again had occasion to pass through.
He took two fares and then held out
his hand to the traveler. There was
no response; he shook the sleeper
gently, but the latter slept on. Then
he shook him good and stout and
called 'ticket' in his ear.
'How dare you shake me around in
this manner?' shouted the man as he
awoke and stood up.
'Ticket, please.'
'But I don't please! How dare you
come to me every time the train
leaves a station?'
The conductor looked down the
aisle, thought he saw the man with
the pass in his old seat, and said to
the other:
'Come sir, don't bother me, I want
your ticket!'
'You can't have it!'
'Then I'll put you off.'
He reached for the bell rope, but
seeing a general grin all around the
car he stopped and looked more closely
at the man and recognized him as
the one with the pass. He went out
without a word, and when he return-
ed half an hour later he expected an-
other trap. He looked carefully over
the car, and was going slowly along
in search of new faces, when a man
with his coat off and under the influ-
ence of liquor, called out:
'Shay, captain, I hain't got any
ticket!'
'Ah! you can't beat me again—
knew you as soon as I entered the
car!' chuckled the conductor, as he
walked off with a broad grin on his
face.
It was not until he saw the shirt-
sleeved man get off at the next sta-
tion that he knew he had been mis-
taken again, and had let him travel
for nothing, while the man with the
pass was in the smoking car.

Kearney's Talk.

The following is an extract from
Dennis Kearney's speech on the sand
lots a few days ago:
'I started out upon my mission of
reformation; I raised the cry that
the Chinese must go; the evil effects
of Chinese labor are now discussed
everywhere. I know that the leaders of
the Democrats and Republicans are
Chinese lovers. Tiburolo Parrott,
the man who tested the constitution-
ality of the Anti-Chinese act passed
by the last legislature, is one of the
heaviest guns of the Democracy in
California. It was he who helped to
start the council of 280, and he is one
of the leading lights. It was he who
wanted to clean out the sand-lot; it
was he who damned the Working-
man's party of California. And he,
Duke Gwin, A. J. Bryant, [groans]
and W. T. Coleman are the guiding
lights of the Democracy of California.
I am denounced because I don't sup-
port their principles. The solid South
is telegraphing for Chinese labor. And
the solid South is the backbone of the
Democratic party.'
The poet has referred us to the ant
for a lesson of industry. The com-
mon house fly, however, wears the
belt for persistent perseverance. One
of these creatures will go a thousand
times to the same spot on a man's
bald head, and yet there is nothing
to be gained by it in any way.

Garfield and His Columbian.

A HEAVY shock of earthquake oc-
curred at Manila on the 23d ult.,
which lasted 55 seconds. Not a single
public edifice was spared. The
Convent of Guadalupe, which had
lasted three centuries, was destroyed;
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