From the Indiana Aurora.

IMPROVED BREEDS.

A matter of great importance among farmers, but the value of which seems not to be duly appreciated, is the growing of the best breeds and varieties of live stock, [as indeed of every thing else,] in order to receive the best return for their labor and investment. An animal of the very best breed and quality, whether horse, cow, sheep, or swine will, it is true, cost you more than one of inferior quality and blood,—perhaps twice, perhaps five times as much. And what then? Why then all the difficulty is over, and they become a continual source of revenue to you ever after.

The raising of an inferior colt, or calf, or lamb, or pig, gives you about the same labor and expense as one of the best blood and quality; but mark the contrast when you offer them for sale.

Your *common* colt, at, say three years old, may bring you from thirty to forty dollars, while your *blooded* colt, at the same age, will readily command seventy-five to one hundred dollars. Your *nurly* calf, at say six months old, will bring you two, three, or four dollars, while for your fine Durham calf, (or other improved breeds,) you may command thirty, fifty, or seventy-five dollars, and so of the rest.

In view of the importance of this thing to the agricultural interest of this section of the country, we would suggest to our spirited *young* agricultural society, the propriety of raising funds by subscription, for the purpose of procuring and introducing among us some of the better varieties of domestic animals, especially cattle. They can be had, of the most approved breeds and of pure blood, in several places in Kentucky and Ohio, within such distance as to render the expense of bringing them here inconsiderable—especially when compared with that of bringing them from Europe, which has been done by the enterprising agriculturists of our country, and have thus brought them within our more convenient reach. We are satisfied that the requisite sum would readily be contributed by our enterprising farmers and others, were the proposition fairly brought before them. We have heard several persons express a disposition to contribute liberally to such an object, and we know not how a small sum could be better expended.

A gentleman from Washington county, of this state, informed us a few days since, that he sold, the present season, a bull calf four days old, of the improved Durham short horn breed, for $200.

Sheep.—The Vermont Courier, in speaking of the importance of the Wool business, in that State, says: A farmer purchased the other day fifty full blood merino two year old bucks, the average products of which at the last sheering was 5 pounds. The wool sold for 60 cents, being worth rather more at the time. The expense of keeping them will be but a trifle more than that of the same number of ordinary sheep, but their fleeces will be worth three dollars each, while those of common flocks will range under one dollar and fifty cents. The increase and profit in one case is just about double that of the other. The fact is mentioned as showing that it is much more profitable for farmers to secure a good flock of sheep than poor ones. Those farmers who raise the blood, and retain the most thriving and best wooled sheep, have fleeces that command the highest prices in the market, while those who take no pains to improve the breed, and sell the best to drovers, have ordinary wool, and light fleeces, with corresponding prices and profits.—*Claremont Eagle.*

Take care of your Calves.—There is no species of domestic animals that suffer so much as calves in the beginning of winter, when obliged to leave fresh and green food, for dry hay and fodder. It is almost impossible to winter them without a little grain or meal; and the obvious reason is, that they have never learnt to eat any thing but grass, and such is the force of early acquired habit, that if suffered to become weak and languid, they can never afterwards be taught to eat the most nutritious food, even of the kind they would otherwise devour voraciously. We have all witnessed how exceedingly difficult it is to make horses or horned cattle eat food to which they are unaccustomed, although we know from experience that when taught, it is better than that they had before; this fact applies with peculiar force to calves, many of which languish through a wretched existence during the winter, and die in the spring. The simple remedy is to place a little oat meal, or Indian meal within their reach during the early part of the fall, let them lick it with their salt, and in the course of a few weeks they will acquire a new relish for it. But it must be given them before strength and vigor are exhausted, they will then continue to eat with a good appetite, but they must also be furnished with soft, fine hay, not so much for the purposes of nourishment as to keep them chewing the cud, an operation by which saliva is secreted in large quantities; and which is absolutely essential to all animals of the ruminating species, and without which they inevitably perish.

For Pork, Hams, Beef, &c.—Take 6 gallons of water; 8 pounds of salt, half fine; 3 pounds of brown sugar; 1 quart of molasses; 3 ounces of saltpetre; 1 ounce of potash. Put the above ingredients into a clean pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off all the scum as it comes to the surface. When the scum ceases to rise, take the liquor off, and let it stand till it is cold. Then, having previously rubbed your meat with the fine salt, pack away in the vessel which you intend to keep it in, pour the liquor over it and let it stand.

Swimming Horses.—It is certain that horses have the power of swimming many miles, of which the following fact is a proof. A gentleman, while bathing under the rocks, which are close to the sea, near Dunraven, in Glamorganshire, saw some strange object at a considerable distance swimming towards him—as this object came nearer, it made a great snorting, and proved to be a horse. The opposite coast was ten or twelve miles from the spot, and it was never ascertained to whom the horse belonged or from whence he came. He was much exhausted when he landed, and was taken to Dunraven Castle, the owner of which took care of him for many years. It is more than probable that the horse was endeavoring to return to his former quarters in South Wales.

From Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers, just published by the Harpers.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND.

As a story of witchcraft, without any poetry in it, without any thing to amuse the imagination, or interest the fancy, but hard, prosy, accompanied with all that is wretched, pitiful and withering, perhaps the well-known story of the New England witchcraft surpasses any thing else upon record.

The prosecutions continued with little intermission, principally at Salem, during the greater part of the year 1692. The accusations were of the most vulgar and contemptible sort,—invisible pinchings and blows; fits, with the blasting and mortality of cattle; and wains stuck fast in the ground or loosing their wheels. A conspicuous figure in nearly the whole of these stories was what they named the "spectral sight," in other words, that the profligate accusers first feigned for the most part of the injuries they received, and next saw the figures and action of the persons who inflicted them, when they were invisible to every one else. Hence the miserable prosecutors gained the power of gratifying the wantonness of their malice, by pretending that they suffered by the hand of any one whose name first presented itself, or against whom they bore an ill will. The persons so charged, though unseen by any but the accuser, and who in their corporal presence were at a distance of miles, and were doubtless wholly unconscious of the mischief that was hatching against them, were immediately taken up, and cast into prison. And what was more monstrous and incredible, there stood at the bar a prisoner on trial for his life, while the witnesses were permitted to swear that his spectre had haunted them and inflicted them with all manner of injuries. The poor prosecuted wretch stood astonished at what was alleged against him, was utterly overwhelmed with the charges, and knew not what to answer, was all interpreted as so many presumptions of his guilt. Ignorant as they were, they were unhappy and unskilful in their defence; and if they spoke of the devil as it was natural, it was instantly caught at as a proof how familiar they were with the fiend that had seduced them to their damnation.

The first specimen of this sort of accusation in the present instance was given by one Paris, minister of a church at Salem, in the end of the year 1691, who had two daughters, one nine years old, the other eleven, that were afflicted with fits and convulsions. The first person fixed on as the mysterious author of what was seen, was Tituba, a female slave in the family, and she was harassed by her master into a confession of unlawful practices and spells. The girls then fixed on Sarah Good, a female known to be the victim of a morbid melancholy, and Osborne, a poor man that had for a considerable time been bedrid, as persons whose spectres had perpetually haunted and tormented them; and Good was twelve months after hanged on this accusation.

A person who was one of the first to fall under the imputation, was one George Burroughs, also a minister at Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their lifetime, and consequently it was whispered that he had murdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to vaunt that he knew what people said of him in his absence; and this was brought as a proof that he dealt with the devil. Two women, who were witnesses against him, interrupted their testimony with exclaiming that they saw the ghosts of the murdered wives present (who had promised them they would come), though no one else in the court saw them; and this was taken in evidence. Burroughs conducted himself in a very injudicious way on his trial; but when he came to be hanged, made so impressive a speech on the ladder with fervent prostestations of innocence, as melted many of the spectators into tears.

In such a town as Salem, the second in point of importance in the colony, such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity.—Many were seized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions of their limbs and features and became a fearful spectacle to the bystanders. They were asked to assign the cause of all this, and they supposed or pretended to suppose, some neighbor, already solitary and afflicted, and on that account in ill odor with the townspeople, scowling upon, threatening and tormenting them: Presently, persons, especially gifted with the 'spectral sight,' formed a class by themselves and were sent about at the public expense from place to place, that they might see what none else could see. The prisons were filled with the persons accused. The utmost horror was entertained, as of a calamity which in such a degree had never visited that part of the world. It happened, most unfortunately, that Baxter's Certainty of the World of Spirits had been published but the year before, and a number of copies had been sent out to New England. There seemed a strange coincidence and sympathy between vital Christianity in its most honorable sense, and the fear of the devil, who appeared to be "come down into them with great wrath." Mr. Increase Mather and Mr. Cotton Mather, his son, two clergymen of highest reputation in their neighborhood, by the solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they displayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant.

All the forms of justice were brought forward on this occasion. There was no lack of judges, and grand juries, and petty juries, and executioners, and still less of prosecutors and witnesses. The first person that was hanged was on the 10th of June; five more on the nineteenth of August; and eight on the 22d of September. Multitudes confessed that they were witches; for this appeared the only way for the accused to save their lives. Husbands and children fell down on their knees, and implored their wives and mothers to own their guilt. Many were tortured by being tied neck and heels together, till they confessed what was suggested to them. It is remarkable, however, that not one persisted in her confession at the place of execution.

The most interesting story that occurred in this affair was that of Giles Cory and Martha his wife. The woman was tried on the 9th of September, and hanged on the 22d. In the interval, on the 16th, the husband was brought up for trial. He said he was not guilty; but being asked how he would be tried, he refused to go through the customary form, and say, "By God and my country." He observed that of all that had been tried, not one had as yet been pronounced not guilty; and he resolutely refused in that mode to undergo a trial. The judge directed, therefore, that, according to the barbarous mode prescribed in the mother country, he should be laid on his back, and pressed to death with weights gradually accumulated on the upper surface of his body, a proceeding which had never yet been resorted to by the English in North America. The man persisted in his resolution, and remained mute till he expired.

The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a thread. The spectre-seers for a considerable time prudently restricted their accusations to persons of ill repute, or otherwise of no consequence in the community. By and by, however, they lost sight of this caution, and pretended they saw the figures of some persons well connected, and of unquestioned honor and reputation, engaged in acts of witchcraft. The leading inhabitants presently saw how unsafe it would be to trust their reputations and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. Of fifty-six bills of indictment that were offered to the grand jury on the third of January, 1693, twenty six only were found true bills, and thirty thrown out. On the twenty-six bills that were found, three persons only were pronounced guilty by the petty jury, and these three received their pardon from the government. The prisons were thrown open; fifty confessed witches, together with two hundred persons imprisoned on suspicion, were set at liberty, and no more accusations were heard of. The "afflicted," as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the "spectral sight" was universally scouted; and men began to wonder how they could ever have been the victims of so horrible a delusion.

SPAIN.

It is melancholy to reflect upon the fate of this beautiful, and once wealthy and powerful kingdom. Under Charles V., and his son Philip, she almost, if not quite, swayed the destinies of Europe; now she has sunk to a second rate power, and can hardly maintain her position in that rank. Her ground uncultivated, her commerce is annihilated, her navy is ruined, her treasury is empty, and her army is but an irregular and undisciplined assemblage of partizan troops. Her soil is crimsoned with the blood of her subjects, shed by each other in the fierce contest between the Carlists and the Queen's party; while predatory bands of robbers, taking advantage of this state of things, pillage and murder unprotected travellers, without regard either to party or nation. More recently still, a third party has sprung up, alike inimical to Don Carlos and to the Queen, who proclaim the Constitution of 1812, and threaten to overturn the existing government. Mobs of the infuriated populace are burning Convents and murdering their inmates; cities and provinces are rising in rebellion, and their citizens are driving out the officers and soldiers of the government. —*Pitts. Visiter.*

Two metaphysicians debated the question whether the soul is matter or no matter. "I will prove it to you," said one, "that it is matter: Suppose you were to knock out my brains?" "That," said the other, "certainly would be no matter."

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

From the Portland Evening Advertiser.

THINGS IN HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, August 10, 1835.

Do the people here and hereabout, live on land or on water? Do they go by fins or legs? are they amphibious or not? I never saw such green places, such greenly built cities, such an odd mingling of land and water,—a paved street here, and a canal there,—this man crying things for sale on his skiff in the water, and that man carrying things on his head for sale, on land,—here a ship, by that man's windows, and there a stepping from a side door to the paddle-boat, —here men sailing under the houses, through the cellars as it were, and there a fellow going under the visible earth, and popping his head up again some rods off. Never did mortality dwell in such places before! Well done, ye Messrs. Thunderbludgeons and Sheepmakerhuysens, with your unpronounceable names! Ye won't even give the frogs a resting place. Ye have robbed the fishes of their dominions. Old Ocean ye have driven back, and though he is ever battering your rocky walls, and roaring around you with threats of desolation, yet ye laugh at his anger, and smoke your pipes in peace. Are ye men, and women, and children, made of the same flesh and bones as we are, with blood in your veins, or some new finned tribe from the deep, that naturalists are puzzled with? What a strange language this is of yours,—strange signs too, this *Koffijhuis* (Coffee-house,) this *Vischmarkt* (Fish market,) this *Boterhuis* (Butter-house or hall,) this *Koornbeurs* (Corn bourse or market,) &c. &c. What metaphorphosed English and French ye have, and German, too, as if your language, like your lands, was made up of all the scraps of the earth. All things are so odd, so very odd, that I verily believe some fine Flemish painter is cheating me with a sight. Never were *cities* made as these are! For the first time, too, I really feel that I am in a foreign land. England, where I can hear, and talk, is like my own home. But now I have lost two of my senses. I am deaf and dumb. I can hear, I grant, but there is not so much sense for me in the sounds. I hear as in the sounds of the bugle, and if I talk my English, who understands?—and so I am dumb, yes, deaf and dumb. For the first time in my life I am deaf and dumb. I go by signs, as the deaf and dumb go. I was puzzled for an hour in Rotterdam, using all manner of signs, to find the house of a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and signs alone enabled me to find it at last. It is no use to talk, I have given up that. How delightful then are the sounds, like those I have heard before! I never hear a bell now without a thrill of pleasure, for I know what *that* means,—and I listened for an hour or more, one evening, at Leyden, under the window of a lady, who was playing on her piano some German waltzes, that I had heard in America. Think of the rapture, then, with which a lone man, as I am now, hears the English, his own language, spoken. I had that pleasure in some families at the Hague,—and I am quite attached to a servant in this hotel, who can utter a dozen words or more in a tongue which I have been accustomed to speak all my life. How happy, then, must Europeans, when in America, be, to have their own language spoken to them; for no tongue is so sweet to us, as that which we first lisped, and which is linked with our early associations. And if, as Washington Irving hints, we close, when we leave America for England, one volume of the world, and open another when we land, I may add with truth, that volume is written in a language we cannot read nor understand, if we enter Holland, or any other part of Europe, the words used in which we are ignorant of.—I feel this difficulty every step I take—every movement I make. I see that it will take away from my letters whatever of the spirit or interest I may flatter myself that my letters from England might have, for I have now but one sense to learn by, and that is my eyes. People discuss questions with earnestness before me—and I cannot understand them. I am overflowing with questions, and I can have no answers. I have separated myself from my countrymen, or, rather, have been separated—consoling myself with the reflection that I should learn more when alone, and be more independent in movements, and knowing that it is not well for men of the same nation to travel together, as then, they always cloister together, and keep up old prejudices and old habits—but I cannot endure this awful feeling of loneliness. The first party I fall in with, I know I shall be drifted along with them, no matter in what current. So fond are all of going in flocks, herding as the cattle herd—and, in this respect, so like them, as well (too often) as in the exercises or in the non exercises of the intellect—the great faculty which God has given to man to distinguish him from the brute—that I sometimes feel the chief difference to be, only in fact, that the brute has four legs, and we but two. I am vexed with myself that I have courage to travel any where alone, but must, perforce, in spite of my better judgment, make "the grand tour," and go in the track of the whole mob of travellers, who, like flocks of sheep, scamper over the one way that their leaders have shown them.

Yes, of all countries, I think Holland must be the most extraordinary, which with an Englishman's definition, means all that can be said of it—and if I were writing for Englishmen, I could say nothing more. The wonder-working power of industry here, is beyond description. No writer can give a vivid idea of what man has made of the earth out of the water. Think of rescuing all the swamps of the lake Mississippi from the inroads of the waters, and of making it all as a garden—a healthy and a charming country, full of little palaces, and pleasure houses, and bridges, and canals, under which and over which, the boats were sliding—and you will have a faint idea of what has been done in Holland, save that nature has done nothing for it—man every thing—and that there is nothing remarkable in soil—but every thing in climate—and with the whole train of aches and rhumatisms, that cold and damp is ever generating. Why, I thought the English were the most remarkable people on earth for profiting by their position, and turning every spot of land to advantage or to pleasure, but the Dutch are before them, very far, remembering how little nature has done here. Think of a city, built as Amsterdam is, on enormous piles, in what was a deep and pestilential morass, a splendid city now of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, with canals (forming ninety little islands, connected by three hundred bridges,) running through the streets, vessels or boats in all of them; loading and unloading at the large warehouses going on,—and all these canals bordered with large, lofty, and healthy trees,—the masts of the shipping here mingling with the trees, or there running by the windows of the houses. See them at quite every house, often at every window, single or double looking glasses, or reflectors so that a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see, by reflection, the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal and the shipping. Look into one of these, and you are quite convinced that such a city is no city but a picture. No view can be more picturesque. Thus the Dutch ladies,—beautiful women they are,—with beautiful complexions, and fine, healthy forms, pass their leisure hours with a book, or with needle-work in their hands, often arranging their reflectors at right angles, the right angle pointed toward the window, so that directing their eyes to that angle, they see, (concealed themselves) the whole street both right and left. When they are very pretty, and I have seldom seen such a profusion of beauty in the windows of any city as in Leyden; say for example,—the provoking sinners will show you their beauty in reflection—themselves with their backs towards you, and you in the street, or at the door of your hotel, by arranging their glass at a right angle with the window,—and then your eyes meet theirs, and you see them roguishly smiling at the recognition, as they drop the curtain, or run away from the window, or quickly turn round the glass. Alas for the little sinners if their sober Dutch mothers were to catch them in such sport as this, for their ears might ring with a strange story, or they might tremble before the frowning nods of their rebuke. But wild, pretty girls are the same all over the world, and if they do not have wings, so as to be entitled to be called angels, they endeavour to make up for the loss of them in that buoyancy of spirit, that light, ærial frolicsomeness which, at times, make them seem, not of the dull, cold earth, but of some warmer, more fairy sphere,—for I take it for granted, I do not know why, that angels have not, sackcloth wings, with truculent, puckering, Puritan faces,—but dance and sing, and have joyous times, ever happy because they are ever innocent.

Angels last! Reflectors,—Amsterdam,—sentiment, and nonsense before! Really I admire that *lucidus ordo* of this my own performance, which the rhetoricians extol so much; so snugly do I stick (a critic would not use that word,) to my text, (nor that proverb, either.) But I write as my pen races along with my thoughts, quite indifferent as to the route it goes, just as I am indifferent to the route I go myself,—for every thing is so new to me, and so astonishing to my unprepared mind, (thus fresh am I in this old world,) that I do not take a step without gathering a thought, or having a feeling I never had before. But to return to Rotterdam.

The traveller landing at Rotterdam from another country, is not only reminded by a change of language that he *is* in a foreign country, but by a change of coin too. The English shilling, half crown, and sovereign give place to the florin or guilder, and stivers and centimes, with an incomprehensible lot of little coins, the value of which I shall never take the trouble to learn. A letter of credit from a banker in London, soon filled my pockets with gold and silver, with ten guilder pieces of gold, and Prussian crowns and shaters, and Baden dollars and florins and francs, and Groschens, &c. &c. &c.—so that though I only took fifty pounds sterling home to the hotel, I travelled as with a load of iron in my pockets, realizing for the first time in my life all the blessings of a specie currency, by which a man is made a horse, with the impossibility of carrying his money about him, besides the danger of losing it if he leaves it in his luggage,—and thus of enjoying that very comfortable sensation which one would undoubtedly have, when pennyless in a strange country. All that I can say is, that the fifty pounds are not worth carrying, with the constant impressions of peril upon one, provided there was any mode of moving without them. Again, you exchange the low dull dinners of English hotels and English coffee houses, for the lively *table d'hote*, where all sit down around one board, and you hear, see and know who is in the world with you—a knowledge to which you will seldom attain, under the exclusive system of England. Porter and ale give way to the Rhenish wines. Your expenses become less too.—Servants' expectations are not so enormous; for you have ceased to pay this national debt of England, which every traveller must contribute to pay in part, who puts his foot on English soil.

In Rotterdam there are many things worth seeing, though it is not the most interesting of the cities of Holland. If it is the first city that the traveller sees, the novelty of the sight will make a deep impression upon him, no matter how much he may have heard of Holland. I never shall forget with what strange, staring attitudes I roamed about, over bridge and by canal, gaping at the new sights, and confused by the strange Dutch gabble. But no man can go through even a single city of Holland without being impressed with the greatest respect for the Dutch character. As yet, I have not seen a beggar in Holland. I do not believe I shall see one. Nothing that is said of their neatness, is exaggerated. They are undoubtedly the neatest people on earth,—and the women scrub from morning to night, scrubbing every thing—post, pillar, floor, street, brass, —yes, every thing that can be scrubbed: and the consequence is, that even the streets are as neat as a parlor. In Leyden, they never permit the dirt to rest in peace between the crevices of the rocky pavements. Water, in the morning, flies about in all directions. It is really unsafe *then*, to venture in the streets, for little cataracts from engines prepared to wash the windows, are hissing about you in all directions. Scrub, scrub, scrub! you see in the morning, and at noon, and at night too—but more particularly in the morning, whole battalions of women, scrubbing, scrubbing, scrubbing. They do it with the air of people who know how to scrub. They seem to love to do it. I have seen them scrub where there was no dirt at all. Amateur scrubbers they are, playing with a broom as the young lady plays with the string of a harp. Is all this so well? What can a poor Hollandtz husband do, whom, when he comes home for peace, his wife begins to scrub? I have a horror of an American washing day, —and my heart aches for their afflicted husbands,—and, therefore, I do not wonder at all that they smoke, puffing off their afflictions in clouds of tobacco, and thus enveloping themselves in an atmosphere that even scrubbing cannot touch. But smoking and scrubbing aside—and scrubbing is only a *virtue* carried to excess—the Dutch are a most interesting and wonderful people.

You hardly see a miserable house. I do not remember one. Though the country houses have not so many flowers as the English have, yet they are all neat and attractive. All have gardens who have grounds to make them, and the prettiest gardens too. If I were called upon to paint the place where the industry of man has done the most to triumph over obstacles, where nothing of soil or climate seems to have appalled him,—where, *not* the wilderness was made to blossom like the rose—but the morass, the bog, I certainly should point to Holland. To say that such a people, who have done all this, now so well off, so rich too, so happy in possessing all the necessaries and enjoyments in life, are a wonderful people, is but faint praise. It only illustrates the position, that the more nature does for a people, the less they are likely to do for themselves; for they are content in the profusion of its gifts: but where labor is necessary, and the duty imperative, then man arouses himself, and every faculty of mind and body is developed to its full extent. Thus Holland is what it is,—and thus Italy is what it is.

B.

The road to wealth and preferment.—A few years ago—and but a very few years—for it is within the recollection of so young a man as the writer of this paragraph, there might have been seen in one of the obscure towns in western Massachusetts, a sturdy, but youthful adventurer, with health and hope in his countenance, and a bundle suspended from a broad blade, an implement of his craft, over his shoulder, bidding adeau to friends and home, and commencing a journey with a light purse and a lighter heart, to seek his fortune. After the lapse of the aforesaid few years, a splendid pageant is exhibited in the great commercial metropolis of our country, and the people are doing honor to an individual, who, by the aid of strong natural powers, with great industry and probity of character, has won their esteem—nay, their love and confidence—and they are bestowing upon him their highest municipal dignity and honor. Toil, and care, and ripening years, had each its distinct mark in his manly and cheerful countenance, but they had not so far changed it that an old friend could not discern there the lineaments of that same youthful and obscure New England adventurer. *Gideon Lee*, the tanner and currier, is now a member of Congress from New York.—*Newburg Tele.*

Spanish manners.—The belles of St. Sebastian are represented as justly vain of their superior foot and ancle, and spend much of their time, perched upon one leg on the cross iron bar of the balcony, swinging the other backwards and forwards in the air, for the benefit of the spectators.