

the manor, and inquiring for the agent, she was shown into the hall, where he sat before a large screen. 'I am come,' said Agnes, 'to beg you will take the lease of the mill off my hands; for my children are too young to work, and I am unable to take the management myself.' 'Supposing I take your lease,' said the agent, 'how do you propose supporting yourself and family?' 'You know,' said Agnes, 'that my good Lady gave me a better education than falls to the lot of many; I propose to open a school, to take in needle-work, and I hope in time, when the children can work, to be able to pay all my husband's creditors.' 'I have a better plan for you than that,' replied the agent: 'a friend will advance you money; you will hire a stout lad to do the hard work about the mill; your eldest and youngest boys will remain at home with you; the Priest will take the second one; your two little girls will be educated by the Sisters of Mercy at B——, and the other will—' 'be taken into my service as you were at her age,' said the lady of the manor stepping from behind the screen, and embracing Agnes, who wept and knelt at her feet. The family had returned the evening before; and hearing for the first time the misfortune of their protegee, determined to give her all the assistance necessary.

It was Christmas day. Several weeks had elapsed since the last events recorded. Agnes and her children sat at their cottage fireside after having made their usual circuit round the mill saying their Paters and Aves. They had that morning heard their three masses, and worshipped at the cradle of their Infant Redeemer; afterwards they had dined at the manor house, and each one had returned home laden with Christmas gifts. 'Where is Tom?' said Agnes, for this was the name of the lad she had taken into her service. A noise was heard at the door. 'Surely these footsteps are not Tom's, or he must have got four legs,' said one of the boys. All turned round, and there stood Tom, sure enough, but beside him was—What could it be?—O dear! cried the children screaming with joy—'It's our dear old cow!'

**GENUINE POLITENESS.**—He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercises of these feelings by good common sense is truly the polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance—it does not consist in artificial smiles, and flattering speech but in sincere and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to add to the enjoyment of others. The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man though he may wear a home-

spun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable who dresses genteely and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility.—True politeness is a virtue of the understanding and the heart.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reprehend thee not. He that does a bad thing in zeal for his friend, burrs the golden thread that ties their hearts together. Prepare to yourself every day a chaplet of good works to present to God at night.

**A TEXAS WONDER.**—The 'Enchanted Rock,' which has long been celebrated as a place to which many of the tribes of Northern Indians pay periodical visits, for the purpose of performing their superstitious devotions, is situated on the 'Sandy,' a branch of the Pedernales; and is thus described by a gentleman who has recently visited it:

"The feelings and imaginations swell almost to breathless astonishment one immense solid rock of dark reddish colour, rising to the height of about 400 feet and covering a space larger than a common mile race track of about 200 acres of ground. Upon its surface there are several excavations or pits one of which would hold several hundred hogheads of water, from which there may under a peculiar state of the atmosphere, exhalations escape and explode, doubtless giving rise to the traditions of its emitting light. The only evidences of the pilgrimage and worship of the Indians were the innumerable amount of deeply worn trails approaching in from every valley and plain, and the small pieces of loose rocks and pebbles found upon its top.

This rock is composed almost entirely of a dark colored mica, and it is probable to the reflection of the rays of the sun or moon from the numerous glassy surfaces of the scales of mica, that the brilliant appearance of the rock is attributable."

### General Intelligence.

**THE URANIA.**—A Sicilian Frigate called the *Urania*, has been anchored in our harbor for some weeks, and has attracted considerable attention from the citizens. She has been visited by thousands, who have been treated in the most courteous and gentlemanly manner. The frigate is of the largest class, her complement of men being three hundred and fifty; they are fine, healthy looking men, and, we should judge, good soldiers and seamen. On the lower deck is an altar, beautifully decorated with flowers, where the sacrifice of the mass is daily offered up. We believe the whole crew are Catholics.

Some of our pious citizens had strange conjectures in relation to this popish frigate. Some thought she came here by order of the Pope, others that she came with a cargo of Jesuits, and various other surmises were made. We believe the editor of the *Courier* has not had a good night's rest since her arrival among us.—*Boston Paper.*