the fortified walls, towards where he imagined the beacon was shining for his guidance Now and then, to be sure, he felt slightly nervous, in spite of all his romance, as he heard the passing tread of the sentinel upon the ramparts over his head, or found himselt unexpectedly in the exact line of some mighty piece of ordnance that bristled from the battlements; but he soon got beyond these, going up higher, and higher, until he looked down upon the lamps of Coblentz and its opposite suburb, far beneath him, and glistening in in the river.

At last he came to the window, or rather the glazed embrasure, at which, to all appearances, the fair contrabandist was to meet him. As he listened intently he could plainly hear the notes of a guitar in the interior of the building; which was small fort connecting two curtains of the works. But he would not trust himself to make any vocal signal, so he scraped together a handful of dust, and threw it against the window, which was a little higher than his head. There was no reply, nor did the music cease, and Mr. Ledbury, thinking his projectile was not forcible enough, collected a few small pebbles, and again cast them at the pane, one of somewhat larger dimensions than the rest being included by mistake in the handful, which immediately cracked the glass. But the attempt had succeeded, for the guitar was suddenly hushed, and a shadow passed quickly across the window.

"She comes!" thought Titus, approaching closer to the window by climbing up the steps slope of turf that led to it. And placing both his hands upon the sill, he raised his head to a level with the glass, when the casement opened, and he found himself face to face, not with the lady minstrel he had expected, but a gaunt Prussian soldier, of terrific aspect, and cast-iron visage, who savagely demanded in German, "who went there?"

It needed no effort of volition on the part of Mr. Ledbury to loose his hold of the sill, for he dropped down the instant his gaze encountered that of the terrible stranger, as if he had been shot; and coming upon the slanting bank, of course lost his footing as well, and bundled down into the pathway. The sentinel, who ought to have been upon guard outside the building, but had been attracted by the music of the guitar-girl—for she was there belonging in reality to the canteen,—in the supprise of the instant, and before anything could be explained, seized his firelock and discharged it out of the window to give the alarm, not knowing but that Mr. Ledbury might be the chief of some revolutionary party intending to attack the fortress Titus, who expected nothing of a milder character than the simultaneous explosion of fifty mines immediately beneath him, started up at the report; and, as it was answered from above, set off down the steep track as fast as his long legs would carry him. But, had a chain of wires connected everybody in the fortreas with a voltaic battery, the alarm could not have been more sudden and general; for before the echoes of the first gun had well died away, a roll of drums broke out apparently from every direction at once, beating an alarm: and a confusion of hoarse and awful challenges rang from every angle of the fortifications.

On went Mr Ledbury, like an avalanche, driving the gravel before him with his heels, until the big stones bounded down the hill, bringing fifty others along with them, which increased the general confusion. On he went, taking such strides that those remarkable boots of the fairy chronicles would have dwindled into ordinary highlows by comparison; and onward, to all appearance directly at his heels, came the tumult after him. In what direction he was flying he had not the least shade of an idea; he only knew that he was going down the mountain, and that the descent must eventually lead him to the river

Which it did most literally. The distance was nearly accomplished, and ten strides more would have brought him to the bottom of the hill, when a turf upon which he placed his foot gave away beneath him, and he was directly thrown off his legs But this did not arrest his progress, for the declivity was very rapid; and, after sliding a short distance upon his back, he began to roll head over heels down the slope, with a fearful velocity that no living clown could have contested, in the most bustling physical pantomime ever put upon the stage. Every effort to stop his course was in vain. He went on, turning all ways at once, like a roulette ball, until the last piece of ground was cleared, and, with a final wild clutch at nothing, he threw a concluding somersault, and plunged into the cold, dark waters of the Rhine, which roared in his ears with a deafening riot, as he sank directly to the very bottom of the river.—a matter of six or seven feet in debth.

He never knew precisely what followed; but, adapting a favourite passage from various novelists whose works he had read, he was heard to say, "that it was one of those moments when the sensations of years are concentrated into the intensity of a single second." Jack Johnson, upon the very first alarm, had pushed the boat just away from the shore to be ready for a start; and to one of the rakes used to propel it was Titus principally indebted for his preservation, being fished up thereby almost as soon as he touched the water; for he had luckily fallen in close to the spot he started from.—*Liverpool Times.*

New York Union.

GETTING A LIVING.

The numerous expedients and diverse means resorted to, to get a living in this city are matter of astonishment to the uninitiated who occasionally only make their *entree* among us, and also to many of our own citizens. These cannot conceive how so many people who throng our streets, and are seen by the stranger apparrently unengaged in any visible employment, can possibly contrive to pick up crumbs enough to keep the machinery of life in motion. They little know of the devices that the difficulties of living drive thousands to adopt in a city like this, where so many secret springs of subsistence are opened, which the unpractised eye of the stranger is unable to trace to any satisfactory source of productiveness.—Living as many do, "by their wits," it is no wonder that those whose ample acres, or whose mercantile or mechanical pursuits furnish them, at all times, an adequate support—should become Malthusian in their opinions. and conclude, from evidences before them, that there are more mouths in our commercial metropolis than there are morsels to fill them; and that the growth of population among us, far outstrips the means of production for its present comfort or future support. This is, however, a natural error for strangers to fall into, from which we shall endeavour to extricate them, by proofs of a contrary fact.

Let us then examine the subject somewhat briefly in detail. Look, for instance, at that army almost of badly dressed and bronzed faced women and children, who rise with the dawn, and traverse the streets with coarse empty bags on their shoulders, or baskets on their arms: they are a coterie of either Swiss or Germans, answering in employment to the chiffoniers of Paris, and start at early day to gather the rags, papers, old shoes, pieces of glass, bones, or any other refuse substances they find in the streets or gutters, which they carry to their humble homes, and assort, and sell them to advantage to different manufactories, to be worked up into articles of value. And in this seemingly chance way they pick up and piece out the means for purchasing food and clothing, as well as laying up a small pittance each day besides. Look, again, at those females who also leave their homes at an early hour and wend their way to the docks and slips. These are hucksters or market women, who purchase from the sloops at the wharves the fruits and vegetables they daily vend, and from the profits of which they eke out, not only a living, but lay by something for a rainy day. Others, also who repair to the same wharves and vessels, are those who obtain a living by the vendition of vegetables and fruits, in small shops, in some comparatively unbusiness portions of the city. Many of these thrive by their vocations, and some become comparatively rich.

Look again at that stream of rough clad manhood, hastening with heavy tread to the docks and slips. These are called "along shore men," who traverse the water side for jobs of work, such as fishing wood or lumber, removing the discharged cargoes of vessels, rolling casks and bales and boxes, &c., by which labour they earn their bread.—There, also, are to be seen thousands of boatmen, fishermen, and those who live on or out of the water,—or vend the products of the deep. That morning congregation of young and smiling faces is composed of young females, hieing to their homes, who are diurnally employed in book binderies and printing offices, folding and stitching the sheets, or putting them on or taking them off the press. Others polish the new printing types, while thousands are employed in sewing, in tailoring, or in shirt, bosom and collar making establishments. Others again are employed at wool assorting and picking—in making umbrellas and gloves, lining or trimming hats and caps, and binding and closing shoes, and in furriers and in fancy hair working establishments. In these and other ways some thirty thousand females obtain a living—and it was computed that at the great revulsion in trade and business some five years ago, when failures were common, that 20,000 females who lived by the use of their needles were thrown out of employment. Most of these to stranger have no *visible* means of support, and yet they all earn a livelihood. But look also at the swarming thousands of day laborers, hod and stone carriers, earth diggers, carmen, porters—hack and cab drivers, fruit and refreshment venders,—street sweepers, watermen, lamplighters, workers in stone and wood, and in the various metals, and minerals, and in the long catalogue of employments necessary for the comforts or promotive of the ease and luxuries of man and woman, and you have scores of thousands of both sexes, who get their living with their hand, or by honest industry.

To name all the various branches of business by which the honest get their liging, were almost an endless task. There are some thousands, however, who have invisible and dishonorable means of living, such as the swarms of genteel gamblers, in gay apparel, who like the wolves and jackalls, hunt their prey by night, and fleece of their money the unsuspecting strangers, or the "flats," as these "sharpers" term them.—Tens of thousands of dollars almost nightly are won by these human harpies, whom the vengeance of violated law seldom reaches.

To these may be added, the hundreds of well dressed thieves, burglars, pickpockets, utterers of counterfeit money, &c., who prowl by night and plunder where they can, until justice, slow but sure overtakes them. Thousands also of both sexes live by vice in its various forms, and appear in the streets well dressed and respectable, but yet are mere "whited sepulchres" replete "with all uncleanness." These are, however, generally migeitting in their character, and go where their base vocations are most profitable. If we except the comparatively small number of these, we find four-fifths of our 320,000 inhabitants, of both sexes, who are old enough to labor, industriously and honestly employed. We are litterally a working people, and the aggregate of labor constitutes our wealth. All, despite of difficulties, contrive to live in a state of comfort, compared, to which the population of other countries are destitute and wretched. Thanks to our happy destiny, starvation is a stranger here. The industry, enterprise, skill, and talent of our people *will* conquer difficulties and earn the means of living though fortune puts on her most forbidding frowns.

SECRECY.—For once that secrecy is formally impressed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is intrusted to you only.—Much of what a man tells you in the hours of affliction, in sudden anger, or in sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue without the context.

There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential, which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confined to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So that when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears to any body that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself; for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence, would have been said, in the same words, at any time, aloud, and in the market place. In short, that he is the average man of mankind, which I doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself.

On the other hand, there is an habitual and unmeaning reverse in some men, which makes secrets without any occasion; and it is the least to say of such things that they are needless. Sometimes it proceeds from an innate shyness or timidity of disposition; sometimes from a temper naturally suspicious; or it may be the result of having been frequently betrayed or oppressed. From whatever cause it comes, it is a failing. As cunning is some men's strength, so this sort of reserve is some men's prudence. The man who does not know when, or how much or to whom to confide, will do well in maintaining a Pythagorian silence. It is his best course. I would not have him change it on any account; I only wish him not to mistake it for wisdom.

That happy union of frankness and reserve which is to be desired, comes not by studying rules, either for candor or caution. It results chiefly from an uprightness of purpose, enlightened by a profound and delicate care for the feelings of others This will go very far in teaching us what to confide, and what to conceal, in our own affairs; what to repeat, and what to suppress in those of other people. The stone in which nothing is seen, and the polished metal which reflects all things, are both alike hard and insensible.

When a matter is made public, to proclaim that it had ever been confided to your secrecy may be no trifling breach of confidence; and it is the only one which is then left for you to commit.

With respect to the kind of people to be trusted, it may be observed that grave proud men are very safe confidants; and that those persons, who have ever had to conduct any business in which secrecy was essential, are likely to acquire a habit of reserve for all occasions.

On the other hand, it is a question whether a secret will escape sooner by means of a vain man or a simpleton. There are some people who play with a secret, until at last it is suggested by their manner to some shrewd person who knows a little of the circumstances connected with it. There are others whom it is unsafe to trust; not that they are vain, and so wear the secret as an ornament; not that they are foolish and so let it drop by accident, not that they are treacherous, and sell it for their own advantage; but they are simple minded people, with whom the world has gone smoothly, who would not themselves make any mischief of the secret which they disclose, and therefore do not see what harm can come of letting it.

Before you make any confidence, you should consider whether the thing you wish to confide is of weight enough to be a secret. Your small secrets require the greatest care. Most persons suppose that they have kept them sufficiently when they have been silent about them for a certain time; and this is hardly to be wondered at, if there is nothing in their nature to remind a person that they were told to him as secrets.

There is sometimes a good reason for using concealment even with your dearest friends. It is that you may be less liable to be reminded of your anxieties when you have resolved to put them aside. Few persons have tact enough to perceive when to be silent, and when to offer you counsel or consolation.

You should be careful not to trust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure, when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor.—*Essays writen in the intervals of Business.*

From the Sierra Leone Watchman.

THE ATTROCITY OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The following revolting anecdote was related to Mr. G. Thompson, by that warm advocate of abolition, Mrs. Child, of the United States:

"A clever young physician, of the name of Wallis, went from Alexandria to a town in the state of Mississippi, and took up his abode in a boarding house. Here he fell in love with a very beautiful youg female who had the management of the establishment. She was slightly colored, but not having sufficient prejudice to prevent him from appreciating her worth, he made her an offer of his hand. The offer was accepted; they were married rather secretly, and he brought her as his wife into the district of Columbia. They had not been very long as man and wife, when one day, an individual dressed in the garb of a gentlemam called upon Dr. Wallis. After some little conversation, the man in a very gruff voice, said, 'Sir, did you not bring *a woman* from the south with you?' 'No, Sir,' replied Dr. Wallis, 'I am not aware that I did.' 'Why, retorted the other, 'did you not bring your wife from the south.' 'Yes,' replied Dr. Wallis, 'I believe my lady is from the south.' Your lady, as you call her, is my slave, and unless you give me 900 dollars for her at once, I will advertise her as a run-away slave. She is honestly worth 1000 dollars, but as you have married her, I will let you have her for 900. Struck with astonishment, Dr. Wallis said, 'Your slave sir, I don't believe it!' 'Believe it or not,' replied the other, 'you will find it correct; I shall leave the bill, and if you do not send the money to me before such a time to such a hotel (naming the time and place) I will advertise her in all the papers as a run-away slave.' As soon as the man was gone, Dr. Wallis went up stairs to his amiable, and lovely, and accomplished (for by this time he had given the finish to a previously imperfect education) wife, and said, 'My love when I married you, were you a slave?' She burst into tears, and faulteringly said 'I was.' And why did you not tell me this before we were married?' 'I did not dare to tell you,' she replied, 'I feared you would never think of forming an alliance with a slave.' 'Well,' said he, I have found you out; but I will give the 900 dollars, for I love you far too well ever to part with you.' During this time she was deeply agitated, and requested Dr. Wallis to describe to her the individual who had claimed her as his slave. He gave her as accurate a description of the man as he could, and then asked her if it corresponded with her former master. 'Yes,' said she, 'and more than my master; *that man is my own father!!!*' This is but one of thousands upon thousands of cases which are constantly coming into notice. The blackest features of this system must ever, in a mixed assembly like this, be thrown into the shade altogether."

"While the slave-trader only buys and sells, retaining possession no longer than till he can reach the market, the breeder is engaged in the protracted process of *raising human stock!* He selects his breeders,' he *encourages licentiousness*, he rewards, amalgamation, he *punishes sterility*, he coolly calculates upon the profits of fecundity, *takes vengeance for miscarriages*, and *holds mothers accountable for the continued life and health of their offspring!* On the head of the new-born child, he sets its future price. He trains it in premediated ignorance; he feeds it for the same purpose for which he feeds his swine.—*for the shambles!* From the day of its birth, he contemplates the hour when he shall separate it from the mother who bore it,—for that hour of yet keener pangs did its mother pass through the anguish of its birth. When that hour comes, the long-determined deed is done. The master proceeds about it deliberately; no entreaties or tears can surprise him into pity. The mother's phrenzied cry, the boys mute look of despair, move him not. He tears them asunder, handcuffs the victim, and consigns him to the *soul driver!* Who can doubt whether, in all this long and complicated process of villany there is not more to sear conscience, blunt sensibility, and transform man into a demon, *far more* than can be found in the slave-trade itself? While the trader deals with *strangers*, the master is perpetrating these outrages upon those whom he has reared from their birth; in some cases, upon the companions of his own boyhood; in others, on the children of the woman, or perchance the woman herself, who nursed his infancy; and often, worst of all, on his OWN OFFSPRING!!!"

LIBERIA HERALD.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, DECEMBER 30th, 1843.

Commerce of the Colony. The trade of the colony is increasing at almost encouraging rate. The returns made by the Collector of the exports for the two last years, give *two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars.* This however is known to be far short of the business done. A large amount of business is done by the traders in factories, stationed along the coast. The Merchandize sold at these factories rarely pay duties; because they are not landed at the settlements. The contract is made with the foreign vessels to land the goods at the factory and receive their returns there.

Our commerce has recently received an impetus, and it will continue to increase at an annually increasing ratio. Perhaps the business of the last three months has not been equalled in the same space of time, in any former period of the colony. With the exception of provisions our supplies are mostly obtained from European trading vessels.

U. S. SHIP MACEDONIAN.

The United States Ship Macedonian, Captain I. Mayo, for which we have been so long in waiting, arrived at this port on the 19th ult. She bears the flag of Commodore Perry, Commander of the Squadron. On the following day, the Commodore honored the shore with a visit, accompanied by Capt. Mayo, of the Macedonian—Capt. Tattnall of the Saratoga, and Capt. Abbott of the Decatur, and a number of the officers from each vessel.

As it was propper on such an occasion, an appropriate salute was fired, which was returned by the flag ship.

The Commodore and his officers took a *tour* around our little village, *called* into several houses and professed themselves highly pleased with the indications of comfort and prosperity which they met with.

When we recollect that the present site of the colony is Commodore Perry's own selection;—that he first opened a treaty for it with the natives, we are led to hope much from his exertions in our behalf. And we are pleased to find that he takes a deep interest in our welfare.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

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