

THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air
 And cheeks like opening blossom;
 Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
 And glittered on her bosom;
 And pearls and costly bracelets deck
 Her round white arms and lovely neck;
 Like summer sky with stars begirt,
 The jewelled robe around her;
 And dazzling as the noon-tide light,
 The radiant zone that bound her;
 And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her mild face
 A pensive shade was stealing:
 Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
 But that deep holy feeling
 Which mourns the heart should ever stray
 From the pure font of bliss away;
 Around her brow a snow drop fair
 The glossy tresses cluster:
 No pearl nor ornament was there
 Save the meek spirit's lustre;
 And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

MY TRIAL FOR MY OWN MURDER.

"Run for officers;
 Let him be apprehended with all speed;
 For fear he 'scape away; lay hands on him.
 We cannot be too sure—'tis wilful murder!"

I verily believe if any man could look into the Sybil-line leaf of the future and catch a glimpse of the various vicissitudes and misfortunes with which he must struggle, he would turn sharply round, and seek the nearest course short of suicide, to rid himself of those trials which might shake his manhood; and so, give up all the sunshine of existence to avoid its showers. Fortunately, however, man has not the privilege of foreknowledge, a faculty which few could have the courage to render serviceable, and which most would convert into an engine of misery and affliction.

With what exquisite heart-throbbings we look backwards upon the first twenty or thirty years of our existence, and in retrospective enjoyment brood over those halcyon days (for we all have had our halcyon days,) when the heart was expanding with ever new emotions omnipotent and all-absorbing. I, indeed, have enjoyed many halcyon days, and often have I reviewed them with increased delight. But I spoke of vicissitudes and misfortunes at the commencement of this paper, and the general observation I then made was drawn from me with reference to one misfortune of my life, perhaps, one of the severest, certainly the most singular, that can befall any man. I was doomed to suffer one over-

whelming evil, which stands amidst the events of an otherwise happy life, like a barren and dreary spot, surrounded by the greenest verdure and the most fragrant flowers.

"Oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!" says the moralist, when his mind is harrowed by hearing the detail of crime and wickedness. "The unerring hand of justice and retribution," says he—good man—"will sooner or later overtake the culprit:"—and, in truth, it not unfrequently happens that crime will cry aloud from its hiding-place, with most miraculous organ." I am a moralist, and oftentimes has my mind been harrowed by the detail of crime and wickedness, and I too, have often exclaimed, "oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!"—but my cry has now become—"oh! the *erring* hand of justice and retribution!"

Justice has indeed been truly painted *blind*, and a very expressive portrait she makes in that way. If not really blind, justice is certainly, in some cases, near-sighted or short-sighted, as some people call it; and this same blindness, or short-sightedness of justice, very nearly placed my unfortunate neck within the grasp of the merciless legal halter. I cannot now endure the sight of a blind man or a rope—they are both images repulsive to my mind—even a field sown with hemp-seed, smells like poison to me.

In what language shall I attempt to explain (so as to be intelligible to my readers, or such of them as have been accustomed to live in quiet, at a respectful distance from the reach of ropes and halters,) the nature of that charge by which the bungling and erring hand of justice overtook me. The facts are almost incredible——Perhaps—but no: I will put a truce to all surmise: I was accused, imprisoned, prosecuted, and all but condemned to the gallows—but I am innocent, in the face of the world, I solemnly protest, I am innocent—for my own murder!—Yes gentle (and I trust, now still gentler) reader, I, who am at this moment telling the painful story, have been actually accused, imprisoned, and prosecuted, and saw the halter swinging over my head, with a retributory menace, for the crime of my own murder.

A wanderer by nature, as well as by necessity, I had for many years been absent from my native country, seeking to gratify my love of variety, both in situation and society, and to amass, by my own diligence, those golden qualifications, without which a man stands but a poor chance of being looked upon in the world. The first of these objects I accomplished to my heart's content; but as to the second, I fell far short of my hopes, and returned very nearly as poor as I went; for, except a few hundred pounds, invested in merchandize, I set my foot on British ground, with about fifty dollars and a few English coins, and these for safer custody, I carried in my pocket.

Necessity had taught me economy, and therefore, instead of indulging myself with the accommodation of a