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THE FATE OF A FALSE LOVER.

Or the successful Triumph of MARGARET GARRITY, who was tried, at Newark, N. J., for stabbing her Seducer with a Carving Knife.

By John Costin Eames.—Air : Caroline of Edinburg Town.

Come all who feel for innocence,
And learn what I shall say,
Concerning acts of violence
That took place the other day.

'Tis of a fiend in human shape,
Whose name I cannot tell,
He played his tricks some like an ape,
And then did boast and swell.

It was in Newark City where
A fatal deed occurred,
'Twould fill the breast with anxious care,
Wherever it was heard.

This fiend did court an Irish dame,
And promised day by day,
That he would keep her free from shame,
But turned his face away.

He kept this damsel in distress,
But sought her ruin first,
In order then to seek redress,
She did no more than just.

He courted this young Irish girl,
And brought her to disgrace ;
His malice then he did unfurl,
And from her turned his face.

He left her in an awful plight,
Which cast her spirits down,
And in the time of vengeful spite
Upon her he did frown.

He did engage another lass,
And to her he was wed,
But awful was his fate alas.
His comfort from him fled.

For Margaret met him on the way,
And took a carving knife,
She stabbed him then without delay,
By which he lost his life.

'Twas on the third of August last,
This tragedy took place,
But still the girl stood firm and fast,
And showed a smiling face.

She gave herself up to the law,
Whatever might betide,
That she might either comfort draw,
Or else be cast aside.

They sent her to the Newark jail,
To wait the judgment day,
No one appeared for her as bail,
While she in prison lay.

But when she stood up at the bar,
To meet her awful fate,
She found three lawyers standing there,
Which gave her courage great.

The foreman claimed her innocence,
And cleared her from the crime ;
They made a reasonable defence
Just in that awful time.

The shouting from the assembled throng
Were far from jokes or jeers,
And while they did the sound prolong.
They gave three noble cheers.

Success unto the Lawyers brave,
The Judge and Doctors too ;
The Jury who the verdict gave,
And all the noble crew.

And success to the Irish lass,
Who stood so firm and bold ;
But few her virtue can surpass,
She's worth her weight in gold.

May this warning be to all
Who afterwards remain,
To keep such rascals from the gall
Of doing so again.

She now is set at liberty,
To act a worthy part,
May she respected ever be
By every virtuous heart.

And may she triumph in the land,
For her the song shall be,
The part she carried out was grand,
We'll give her three times three.