2


 To hang him by thrial-barirn' aich as was
Thero wasi trial by jury gotn' on by dayThere was trial by jury goin' on by das Whas them was hard times for an Eonest gos Tr he soiphed in the judges-he'd meet adra
An' whoother the sodgers or judges ger sen
The dipines, much time they ellowed for re An' itt seman's the fine boy was then on,
Wid smain share iv restin', or atin? Wid smanh share iv resuin', or aun',
An? beeapanise they loved Erin, an' scorned


 But his face was as pale as the face of th
And his ofieek never warmed withthe blush
An' for then redt that he wasn't an ugly young For the divill himself couldn't blaze with
So droil aynt, so wicked, so dark and sol
 An' he wean the best mower that ever has
Ax' he ${ }^{\text {biligigantest hurler that ever was }}$ An' hied dancin', was sich that the men used An' the women turn crazy, he done it вo

 The quine things he done: an' ity often
How heord lathered the yeomen, himself again But the fox must aleep sometimes, the wil
 $A n^{\prime}$ many a hard night on the moantain's
An' atheak ibe ide
pasts
pand great dangers and tolls over-
 Now, Shamus, look back on the beaitifal
For the ooobr of the prisonmustcloss on you Ar take bour last look on her dim lovely
That falishon the mountain and valley this One night; the village, one look at the
 Farewef yon thill the patheri, the hurlin' an' And farewell to the girl that would die for
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Mary


An the direams of his childhood kem over
 Bringing iresh to his haart morry days long
Till the etears, gathered heary, and thiok in But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his Would noart turfier one down his pale cheok $\mathrm{An}^{n}$ he esprang to his feet in the dark priso
$\mathrm{An}^{n}$ he hespore with the fierceness that miser By the bopese of the good, an' the cause of
That when he was mouldering in the cold

His bosom might bleed, but his cheel
For, bunound hedrry
Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and
The tontible doy of the thrial came on, An' soopgran to stand, gaard, an' drasoons sword


with hig on
Wrin his gown on his back, an' an illigan
An" Bilence wis called, an" the
The court waid Fsa sithl as the heart of the

An the throng
Ain he frorg, hat he had not a hope nor


$A n^{\circ} 3$ hin

- he jodge took a big pinch iv anuif, and
you glaeg or not, Jim O'Brien, ay
guy beld dhair breath in tho silence of
"My lord, if you ank me, if in my mife-time

THE DAILYEVENING BULLETIN.-PHILADELPHI
 Thongr,
defoed beod the the grave to recelve my
 An fooght for onald rreland, from' the ifr
An' sheat the heose
Ant's blood of her bitteres

 Then the silonce was great, and the jur
 In a told chiniapt he pulled on his ugly blaok
 The orard in is young have meroy, my lord
 Don't part tus forever, we that's so long
 That War whe first minute that 0 ' ${ }^{\prime}$ rrien wa An' or for hais nan;
he wask not quite forg, at the word of his
 spa thath,
and brong, manly
areak: Bat at last, by the strangth of his high
me conting pride
Hwureng and masthered his grief,
 On the fiear, track, trackess moantain, amon
 From thonght, labor, and sorrow, foreve
Then, mollterest Don't more, me seem broken, in this, my For I Iish murben my head's lyin' andher
No thrue maven can aay that I died like a Chen craven,
 The monnin' was bright, and the mista rose
An' the harkt, whisted merrily in the clear But why dre the men standin' ideso later
An' why dit the crowds gather fast in the What come they to talk of? what come
An' why toseof eo

 When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are,
An' fasther mant dout fasther, the crowd gathere there
Boss, harres, and gingerberead, just like
ning



 At last they threw open the big prison-gate
An oot came the sherift and sodgera in
state An' a chtrin the midale, an' Shamus was
Not paler, but prooder the



 Now heart. hade the gallows the cart takes its
stand, An' the hath nymang gets ap with the rope in
An' his priest, havin' blest him, goes dow

 An' therer cope beill', ready, his neok was made An' thr prepare; priest has left him, havin' saie But the gaod priest done more, for his hand






 He hes monited his horse, and soon ho w
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

, SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 10, 1866 .--TRIPLL SHEET.
































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REAL HSTRATE

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The Third and Fourth Stories Back,


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