



### BOODLE versus BLOOD.

THE FORMER WINS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SUPREMACY.

—Munsey's Weekly

### DENNIS MORIARTY ON ADAM AND EVE.

(WITH DIRECTIONS FOR RECITATION.)



[Stand before the audience respectfully and majestically—make a bow.

W IN Adam, changed to man, from mud,  
In Aiden's lovely garden shtud,  
He felt a bit conceited,  
For right forninst him was the place—  
Some twinty-two shquare feet in space,  
Whince he'd been excavated.  
His mimory wasn't worth a cint,  
He couldn't moind the laste ivint  
A single moment pravius ;  
An' he looked so full iv foightin' power,  
His eye a Kerry bhoy would cower,  
It seemed so clane mischaviuous.

[Look flustered like and oncartain.

“Well, this bates Bannagher,” says he,  
An' who I am—that puzzles me.  
I niver saw this place before,  
Or anny other—which is more  
Begor ! I'm fured intirely !

[Same to be in profound miditation.

I see me effigy is cut  
In turf, would make a r'yal hut.

The legs, the body, arrums an' head,  
Shtretcht out 's if an a feather bed.

[Open your eyes woide, and look woise intirely.

Musha ! The saicret I have found,  
Some wan has built me out ay ground—  
I wonder 's anny more around ?

[Purtind ye are shpoilin' fur a bit av a ruction.

Wid this he cut a shtout blackthorn,  
As hard 's a tin-year-ould buck-horn,  
An' marchin' out he yelled “Hurroo !  
If e'er a wan in waitin'  
Will boudly shtep before me view  
He'll get the purtiest batin'  
That anny man in rhyme or raison  
'Ud want in anny single saison.”

[Now, look as if ye had been on a long thramp.

For hours he marched all round the place  
But niver saw an inimy's face ;  
For thim days, bhoys tuk no delight in  
The fun we now call faction fightin'.  
There wor no durty, mane O'Gradys,  
O'Sullivans, O'Tooles, or Bradys.

[Appear to be hungry and thirsty

Returnin' home he felt quite dhry  
An' thought he'd dearly loike to thry  
A shmall tashte av good ould potheen  
But sarched in vain for a shebeen ;  
For timperance thin was all the go  
Wid rich an' poor, an' high an' low.

[Look disappointed and in bad humor wid ivery wan.

Wid fruit he had to quinch his thirst,  
An' aitin' till he thought he'd burst,  
He picked a place inondher trees  
To lay him down an' take his ease,  
Thin fwat he niver did before—  
He shlep', an' he began to shnore,  
The furst shnore in creation !  
An' whoile he shnoored, he dhramed a dhrame,  
The swatest, too, that iver came  
In slumberin' miditation.

[Ye know yersilf how to look.

Now fwat he dhramed I'll not repate,  
Because, altho' it was so swate,  
'Twas not a bit conthrairy.  
For whin he woke an' rubbed his eyes  
He rose, an' wid shupraime-surprise  
He saw a hivenly fairy !

[Think ye see an aingel

The craiture, shtoopin' o'er a brook  
Reflected, saw her purty look ;  
(As manny toimes since thin, whin passin'  
The darlints, bless thim ! look the glass in.)  
She gaped, she frowned, she smolled, she cried,  
An' manny other movemints thried  
To foind the most bequoilin',  
Thin ather manny a repetition  
She voted for the best condition  
Whin she was shmoilin' !