

THE IRISH DUEL.

POTATOES grow in Limerick, and beef at Ballymore,
 And buttermilk is beautiful, but that you knew
 before;
 And Irishmen love pretty girls, and none could love
 more true,
 Than little Paddy Whackmackerack lov'd Kate O'Donohco.

Now Kitty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
 And Paddy bore with equal grace, a musket or a hod;
 With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero chose,
 To build up houses for his friends, and then to charge his
 foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss
 To find some ugly customer, their happiness to cross;
 And Paddy found no little trouble from a rival swain,
 Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower-lane.

This youth nam'd Mackirkincroft, a very dapper elf,
 Whose clothes they fitted neatly, for he made them all
 himself;
 A tailor blade he was by trade, of natty boys the broth,
 Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.

But Paddy knew the feeling of gentleman it hurts,
 To find another ungentleely sticking in his skirts;
 So sent to challenge without fear, for though he wasn't
 rich,
 He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behav'd as *sich*.

Mackirky too good manners knew, for he, as it appears,
 To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off both his
 ears;
 Says Pat to that, in style polite, as you may well
 suppose,
 "My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull your
 nose."