

He inverted the tumbler, and never winked—that fellow might be warranted “A1—treble-copper insided!”

He smacked his lips, and proceeded—offensively at first—his opening remark, or innuendo, will avouch.

“Well, lavin’ our poor relations—the four-footed ones—I’ll come to the subject of me discourse—an’ that same, as you know, is Matrimony—the holy estate, as Father Donovan called it, though, to be sure, he never thried it; but little Lanty Doolan, who did—muchly—sed, when his betther three-quarters-an’-a-thrifle bate him first ov all till he looked like a sick nigger wid a full crop ov the mazles, and then gev him in charge to the polis for ‘salting her!’ ‘Holy!’ sez Lanty; ‘by the hokey, I wish it was holy enough for me to find a hole to squeeze through out of it!’ An’ a hard life he had ov it—for she was mortal strong—wid an arm so stout, that the shadow ov it ‘ud knock the crutch from onder a cripple. She’d think no more, when her back was riz, ov takin’ him up this away” (here the Professor suited the action to the word, by grasping the landlady’s ‘harmless, necessary cat,’ and so suiting the cat to the action, that ‘the subsequent proceedings interested him no more’), “an’ chuckin’ him down on a hard wooden sate, or a stone windy-sill—wrong end up—than a policeman would ov swarin’ that a black pig was a Christy minstrel. Poor Lanty—axin’ your pardon for sayin’ it—used to look, when she tuk a squint at him out ov her gimlet eye, as if he’d rather be in any other man’s skin than his own—an’ small blame to him; for there was such a twist in it, that any honest corkscrew, afther seein’ it, would immediatly retire from business, an’ niver aftherwards have the cheek to look a dacint bottle of whisky in the face.

“Well, Lanty, as I was sayin’,” continued the Professor, as he took up tenderly the comatose grimalkin on his knee, and galvanized him into one of his other lives by pouring a glassful of the nectar immortalized by Heroes, Goddesses, O’Connell and O’Toole, down his innocent throat—“Lanty, as I was sayin’—bad luck to that cat!—he doesn’t take to his drinking scientifically—he’s written his name on my fingers in red ink of home manufacture; an’ there he goes, staggerin’ an’ sneezin’, wid his tail down. Well, Lanty, as I was sayin’, was a *daenshee* little crathur, about the size of a *leprehaun*—he looked for all the world as if he’d been made out ov the sweepin’s of a dissectin’ room. He’d a pair of legs—oh! none ov your every-day *odd* ones, but a rale pair—both turnin’ the one way—just like number eleven (11) on a gentleman’s hall door—only the fust one was a capital one, an’ t’other was in *Italics*. If you’d seen him, you’d sware he’d been hirin’ ‘em out second-hand from a graveyard, an’ that the sexton that lint ‘em out was drunk—seein’ that one was long an’ strong enough for a grannydier, an’ t’other too short and thin for a gillygooley. Poor divil!—he’d an up-and-down kind o’ life ov it, as Tony Fitzgerald sed, when he tuk to studyin’ architecture practically (he began by carryin’ a hod); but I’ll tell yez of Tony some other day. In the manetime, my subject is Matrimoney—Matrimoney, or Wedlock. The fust name, ‘Matrimoney,’ takin’ its rise from the matter o’ money a man is supposed to resave when he sells himself to a she-keeper; an’ the second title, ‘Wedlock’—demonstratin’ the lock he finds to his cost he can’t pick, when the clargyman has turned the key in it, wid his last ‘Amin.’”

I need scarcely say that there were many breaks in the foregoing; but, in order to simplify matters, and bring the opinions of the modest Professor to the “fore,” I have omitted, and mean to omit, many questions and responses, and only allude to one occasion—one of many—when, like a true astronomer—but with a different kind of glass—he took “observations” of the flies disporting on the ceiling through the bottom of his emptying tumbler.

“Matrimoney, or the hymaneal state”—he proceeded, without even the suspicion of a hiccup—“I’ve heerd remarked by some of the deluded but repentant victims who have been kotchted in the kinnubial thrap, is like a little heaven below. *Below*—now, what do they mane by ‘BELOW?’ They can’t mane earth; for the atmosphere, by all accounts, is sometimes too hot and onconvenient, an’ ‘any change,’ as the smasher sed when they nabbed him an’ the bad guineas upon him, would be ‘change for the better.’ Maybe it’s bekase love is what they call an exotic, an’ wants heat to make it grow, even when, like the tail o’ Moll Flanagan’s ould cow, it grows *downwards*. An’ talking o’ down—sure I was tould by a scholar onct, ov a party that they say

in prent wint *down* to bring *up* his wife—wint down wid a lyre—but, by my conscience, I think the fellow that tould me was the biggest liar. Oh! he was mighty particular, an’ tould me who it was, too. One Orpheus by name, a kind ov banjo-player by thrade. Now, av he sed he wint *down* to lave *her* there, one might bleeve it; but the contraary proves the onpossibility ov it. Besides, her name wasn’t a name at all at all—t was only what one ov his pals sed to him when he kem up alone. ‘You’re rid-I-see,’ sez he. ‘Ov what?’ sez ould Parchment-an’-catgut. ‘Why, ov yer wife, to be sure,’ sez t’other.

“Now, Matrimoney, to my mind, *ought* to be a fair partnership; but all the wives an’ married faymales took Hoppy McCormack’s view ov it. An’ sure his view ov it was exactly like the handle ov a pump—t was all o’ one side. He was called Hoppy becase he had a wooden leg. He wasn’t born wid it, you know—he only inherited it. Well, they do say ov Hoppy, that one night when he was in Dublin an’ drink—an’ be the same token there was few people could put themselves outside a few scaldin’ tumblers o’ whisky punch in as short a time as Hoppy—one night, when he was in drink an’ Dublin, the end of his wooden leg got into one ov the fire-plugs in Sackville street—an’ he, being occupied in his mind, kept on walkin around it wid the live leg till mornin’, houldin out his latch kay, an’ wondherin’ who had run away wid the frunt door. Well, as I was sayin, all the faymales—particularly the ones licensed by their marriage lines ‘to worry’—take Hoppy’s view ov the partnership—an’ I’ll tell ye how: Hoppy, ye see, was partners onct on a time wid Cawdy Cortigan in a private still, down near Knocknanduddery; an’ the gaugers happenin’ to get a scent ov the poteen, Hoppy an’ Cawdy had to run for it; but, thru to their partnership, they tuk the poteen along wid ‘em. “What’s partnership, Cawdy, *avie*?” sez Hoppy, as he did his ‘dot an’ carry one’ afther him—‘what’s partnership, *alanna*?’ ‘Oh, its a fair an’ aquil division ov profit an’ labour,’ sez Cawdy. ‘That’s just my way ov thinkin,’ sez Hoppy; ‘so if I carry the *whisky*, and you carry *me*, the profit ‘ll be all right, and the divisions of the labour aquil.’

“But, comin’ back to me subject—Matrimoney, they tell me, is called a civil contract—it’s called so by the law—but by the hokey, Murtough Mollowney was nearer the truth than he sed, that the rayson it was a civil contract, was becase all *civility* ended at the altar—when the masculine victim had tied the knot wid his tongue that he couldn’t after ontie wid his teeth. Howsomever, be all accounts, it’s an ould ancient institution, an’ I have heerd that a good wife is a bargain any day—an’ a bargain that seldom comes singly—but, singly or doubly, its’ like what they call an epidemic—chronic in the case of widdys, an epidemic that kem to our ancestors as natural as the mazles. It breaks owt, I’m towld, in their posterity, when they’re about escapin’ from their teens. The symptoms in the faymale showin’ strong when she begins squeezin’ in her waist until it ain’t half an armful, and making a bloon ov her back hair. An’ in the male when he makes up his mind to makin’ clane pipes dirty, an’ to feelin’ for nothin’ at all on his upper lip. Howsomever, if it be that it must be had onct at laste in a lifetime, my opinion is that, like the hooping cough, it’s lightest when taken early; but, if it ain’t taken wid a trifle ov the *rale* money, there’ll be precious little ov the *Harmony* in the mixture. An’ as most ov the people ov the day, who haven’t had the disease, are likley to catch it by rubbin’ again those that have, an’ squeezing’ the fingers ov those that haven’t, I’ll just conclude my remarks an’ my last tumbler wid a conundrum. ‘Why is the state of matrimoney like a besieged city in war time?’ Do ye give it up?—Well, it’s becase those that are *outside* are wantin’ to get *in*; an’ those that are *inside* are wantin’ to get *out*!”

CRAWFORD WILSON.

Who are these people who shout out Reform,
And with plausible buncombe would take you by storm?
Who cry down Protection, and deny the “Big Shove”?
Why, says Brother Jonathan, they’re the fellows I love!
Who are these men with the Liberal mask,
Who never yet studied a Liberal task.
With their cant about duties and Liberal stories,
Why, he whole box of dice are real out and out Tories.

NOTICE—The next number of the CARTOON will be issued next Tuesday—although we intend (after getting into good running order) making Saturday the day of publication.