



THE OLD RASCAL.

"WINTER STILL LINGERS IN THE LAP OF SPRING."

INFORMATION FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

DUGALD McHEATHER asks, "In what part of Scotland was St. Patrick born?" That's just like you Scotchmen, wanting to claim every one of renown as a native of your country, though we imagine you are not far astray in this instance, but when such Scotchmen as the following are paraded before us we think it is about time to draw the line somewhere. Just fancy anyone expecting us to believe that the founder of the Celestial Empire was one McLeod of the Isle of Skye, and that Muehtar Pasha was a certain McTurk from Kilbogie, and that it had been discovered King Cete-wayo told John Dunn that his grandfather was one of the Blacks of Ecclefechan. We should like to know, if the Highlanders are Irish and the Lowlanders are Anglo-Normans, who are the Scotch, anyhow?

"Mr. GRIP, do tell me, if you know, who invented the ulster?"—D'UDEY-DAH.

The garment was invented in the 12th century by Prince Robert Courthose, known to his familiars as Bandy-legged Bob for obvious reasons. The article in question is known in Germany as the *Shabbedudshider*, and is very popular.

"Since the recent diabolical outrage at Petrolia," writes a friend, "I have been reading up about Freemasonry and find that the goat holds a very prominent position in the mysteries of the order: can you tell me why?"

We can and will, though Morgau's fate should be ours.

Ram-oses, the Egyptian monarch, in honor of his marriage with the beautiful daughter of Ap Kydd Bearli, ordained a new degree in the A. F. and A. M. order—the Phi Beta Gamma. From an ancient Coptic MS. in our possession

we translate as follows, in reference to this degree. "And the candidate for acceptance shall be supported by acacia ropes, suspended between the pillars J & B, symbolizing his departure from mother earth. Six P. M.s. (three on each side) shall then move on a slant as far as possible from the perpendicular, the candidate.

"The goat, wearing a cast-iron head-piece, shall stand at a proper distance, and as the brethren release their hold, a contact shall take place between the body of the candidate and the head of the goat, the animal having been trained to stand on its hind legs and deliver with all its force, the blow. This is to be repeated until the brother cries lustily seven times three for release. The burden of the neophyte's cry shall be thus wise:—

Hasten, hasten, let the deed be done,
Is there no help for the widow's son?
Is there no help, is there no help, is there no help for the widow's son?

"The candidate shall then be stamped with the hieroglyphic of Solyma and shall be carried in triumph seventy times round the room, seated in a frying pan heated to redness, which, however, from his previous exercise with the goat, will inflict no pain on him. He shall then be ridden on the goat and his mouth filled with myrrh and honey. A brother taking this degree shall be called ever so many times illustrious, and he shall be a Sir Knight and wear an ostrich feather a yard long in his cocked hat, if he can pay for it, or his credit is good." We dare not divulge more, and trust the above is sufficient.

A luminous paint has been invented which can be seen in the darkest night. This differs materially from the non-luminous kind with which the honest painter primes your new house, and which can't be seen at noonday, without a great deal of trouble and very close searching.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HIGH ART.

OR, PUMBLETHWAITE'S GREEK SLAVE.

Old Pumblethwaite and his wife got on very well together as a general thing, but there was one matter upon which they invariably disagreed, and that one thing was Art: and yet not altogether art itself, but what is known as the *nude* in art. The old gentleman approved and stuck up bravely for statues of heathen divinities and so forth, without any drapery whatever, whilst the old lady gave it as her opinion that such statues were highly improper, if not immoral, and many and warm were the disputes that occurred between the worthy old couple on this subject.

Now old Pumblethwaite was the proud possessor of a very beautiful statue of the Greek slave, and, exceedingly short-sighted as he was,—though no one could ever convince him that his eyesight was not perfect,—he discovered innumerable beauties in it which his wife invariably declared she was unable to see. Mrs. Pumblethwaite said the statue was disgusting and scandalous, and a thing that no pure-minded gentleman would have in his house, and that she would give a great deal to have the abominable thing removed, for its presence was excessively distasteful to her, but the old fellow stuck it up in one of two alcoves in his hall, and stated his intention of procuring another piece of similar sculpture to grace the other one, which remained vacant, and many were the visits he made to auction sales and such affairs in his endeavors to obtain the desired mate for his beloved Greek slave.

One day Mr. Pumblethwaite returned home one evening, and, hurrying into the room where the good old lady was sitting, exclaimed in a triumphant tone,

"I've got her at last."

"Got her!" said Mrs. Pumblethwaite, "got who?"

"Why, I've got a companion for my darling little Greek," answered the old boy; "picked her up at an auction to-day: pure Parian marble; dead cheap, only a hundred and thirty-five dollars; 'Venus rising from the sea,' is the subject, as the auctioneer informed us, and a choice thing it is: I'm sure you'll like it, my dear, in spite of your prejudice: it ought to be here now. The carter started soon after I did."

"It's too bad," answered his wife, "for I—but here's the man now with your precious statue," and as she spoke, two men were seen carrying the article, carefully wrapped in straw, up the front walk to the door. The statue was brought into the house, the hearers departed, and old Pumblethwaite proceeded to unpack his treasure, his wife regarding the operation with a very peculiar, and, for her, sinister smile. At length the 'Venus' lay revealed in all her marble beauty. Mrs. Pumblethwaite uttered a shriek and then, speaking as well as she could in her emotion, exclaimed, "Why, you stupid, silly, blind, yes, *blind* old man; that's your Greek Slave that I sent away this morning to the auction room after you went out, to be sold, for I *will not* have these atrocious hussies round my house."

It was too, too true; Pumblethwaite had purchased his own statue, and his grief and chagrin were terrible to witness.

The Greek Slave still stands in one of the alcoves, securely chained and padlocked to the wall; and old Pumblethwaite, with the key in his pocket, spends his days in hunting round for an occupant for the empty niche;—but he wears spectacles now.

A deadly blow has been struck at the Lorilards by a physician, who announces that a person who chews tobacco does not make a nice-smelling corpse.—*Ex.*