

"BULLY FOR THE BOY WITH THE GLASS EYE."  
*Yankee Saying.*

The Philosopher of Malmesbury defines laughter to be "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with infirmity of others; or our own former infirmity." The Cynic Philosopher is not quite satisfied with this definition, but offers it meanwhile, for want of a better, and begs of his readers to try whether it is applicable to the case he proceeds to record.

A friend, residing in Quebec, writes as follows to DIOGENES: "The enclosed card was handed to me by a verdant-looking youth from the Eastern Townships, with a green patch over his left eye. It is delicious in its way, though it is difficult to account for the fact that it invariably causes laughter. The youth in question has thoroughly canvassed the city, to our great amusement." The following is a *facsimile* of the card:

SHERBROOKE, 1st March, 1869.

The Bearer, CORTEZ A. HALL, whose health is not good, solicits subscriptions to raise the sum of \$92.00, to enable him to go to Boston to purchase a GLASS EYE. He has already raised the sum of \$13.00.

*The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.*

DIOGENES has few comments to offer on this card. It speaks for itself. There is more than a *soupcou* of Pecksniffianism about it; but "Charity thinketh no evil." DIOGENES himself, does not enjoy the privilege of wearing a Glass Eye, but he has a friend who does. This gentleman informs him that the best artificial eye manufactured in New York, may be purchased for the small sum of \$10. Cortez A. Hall, therefore, (whose health, by-the-bye, is not good,) plays his "cards" well, and has evidently *an eye* to business. The italicized text, although incorrectly quoted, is a master-stroke of policy, and probably worth several dollars.

#### BRUTAL LANGUAGE.

Among the curiosities of "Yankee humour" there are many expressions referring to the brute creation, such as, "fighting the tiger," "seeing the elephant," &c. The Cynic recently met with a phrase, which, if it has ordinary luck, will probably become part and parcel of American slang. A speaker at a public meeting, having been charged by an opponent with some crime, replied in the following terms: "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the *alligator*."

#### A "SELL."

A few days ago, while DIOGENES was reading a newspaper, his glance fell upon a paragraph, entitled ROMANCEMENT. In the expectation that he was about to be regaled with something sweetly-sentimental or spicily-sensational, the Philosopher commenced the perusal of the paragraph, when he discovered to his intense disgust, that it was nothing more or less, than a prosaic advertisement of—ROMAN CEMENT!

#### ALMOST TREASON.

One of those very singular affairs, termed Bazaars, at which orthodoxy is sustained by ornamented pin-cushions, Colenso choked with collars, and religion in general supported by raffles, recently came off in "the Capital." The grand *draw* of all, however, was the announcement that Lady Young would be present. Tom Jones was solicited by a friend to accompany him to the show:—"Yes," he said, "I think I will go;" but the profligate was disloyal enough to append—"though I should certainly prefer going to see a lady younger."

#### THE EXODUS.

"And the Egyptians spoiled them."

*New Reading.*

Ho! piper, blow a shriller blast than ever you've blown yet,  
And drown the plashing of the thaw—the surging of the wet;  
The fall of deadly icicles upon the lonely street,  
And the heavy tramp of the "bobby" damp, who sloucheth  
on his beat.

I've sorrow on my soul to-night; then let thy music rise;  
Away,—away,—ye phantom forms, that mock me with your  
eyes;

Up, piper, up, thy melody shall on me softly fall,  
As David, with his harp of yore, soothed melancholy Saul!

'Tis true,—too true,—I'm doomed to go; alas, I'm short of  
funds;

And what is more distressing still, I am beset by duns;  
And then, besides the drives and rides I've taken up and  
down,

I've "spooned" the whole, and have proposed to half the girls  
in town.

They asked me in to dinner, and they asked me in to tea,  
And oft I've walked to church with them, to hear good Canon  
B.—

Ma whispered, *sotto voce*, and said: "My dear, I guess  
"You might do worse than make a purse of the ear of  
Captain S.!"

Now the order's promulgated, and we must go away;  
I never thought to-morrow'd come, so happy was to-day;  
Your homes were mine, ye pretty ones, but much as I love  
domes-

ticity, I can't afford that awful "Breach of Promise."  
If I could stay but longer here, I'd drop you one by one,  
And, by retrenching, soon contrive to satisfy each dun.

AIR: "Bonnie Dundee."

'Tis useless to mention the words that we spoke,  
When our hopes of remaining had vanished like smoke;  
We prefer not to think on't, and all we can do,  
Is drink "doch an dorris" in good "mountain dew."

So fill up the stirrup-cup, fill up the can,  
Fall in the centre, the rear, and the van,  
We are off for the east, where no more we shall freeze,  
With the snow on our bonnets and up to our knees!

The lads they are plaided,—they march up the street,  
The belles line the sidewalks, and think it a treat;  
But that ruthless Recorder says: "E'en let it be,  
"The town is well rid of this bare-legged gentree!"

"Ah! no," cry the ladies, "you call yourself man?  
"You rail at these darlings, but we never can;  
"You bid them go hence,—let them stay if they please,  
"And we'll worship their bonnets and bonny bare knees!"

AIR: "The Battle of the Baltic."

Like a mighty catawampus  
Lies our steamer at the pier,  
Whilst we take our last and fond adieux  
Each of his darling dear;  
'Twill be six of ye clock, by ye chime,  
And the belles who've thither flocked  
Will have hearts with sorrow shocked,  
And we, ourselves, be knocked  
Out of time!