

"CHIPS."

'THAT TROUBLESOME SPLINTER.'

"Fine feathers make fine birds!" Not always, my wise Philosopher! and, if you believe me, you never gave utterance to a maxim containing weaker logic, or more pernicious counsel. The youth of Montreal believe in the proverb, however, and live up to it, *voyez vous*. And the effect? I will show you. Walk up St. James' Street, my amateur Cynic, any fine afternoon,—say from three to four. "And what then?" you ask. In its most literal and uncompromising sense, I answer "Nothing!"

For if you call that collection of bedizened, be-starched, and over-dressed humanity *anything*, please to take the lie direct. Here comes a bright and shining light, *par exemple*: Gaiters (drab), covering elephantine boots; pants all the time what the owner is in the evening—"tight";—vest of many colors à la Joseph, and a collar!—to do this latter article of apparel justice, space is inadequate, language fails,—and, where the rest of the garment usually attached to that article is, affords a fruitful source of speculation to the beholder. He wears wristbands, too, which reach his knuckles, and which are not over clean; he wears his hat with a knowing touch, as who should say, "Not for Joseph." He—poor imbecile—was once taken for a military man by the short-sighted "darling" described in my last, and—he has been sick ever since! So have persons who know him!

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Here is your only original and genuine specimen extant of the "Tella Cheek-for-ansa," or untamed Bank Clerk." Well, suppose he does get six hundred dollars a-year, and lives on Beaver Hall,—is that any reason why he should ape the "bloated aristocrat," and render the lives of his inferior, but probably better-paid brethren miserable and make their daily visit to the Bank as dreaded as was Banquo's ghost of Macbeth? Don't be afraid of him,—he only barks, and never bites; and can be managed, or "managed," as easily as possible, by simply mentioning the name of his principal, when he will slink away with his metaphorical tail betwixt his figurative legs! And thus the world wags. Vanity, and conceit, and superciliousness, and Bank Tellers, and Snobs!

I wonder who blackens a Bank Teller's boots, and who pays his tailor's bills? And I wonder if the moon is made of green cheese! *Malice prepense*, you call this? Perhaps so. But the banquet has been spread by the victims themselves;—they have, as it were, invited the figurative thunderbolts which I wield—"in a small room on the fourth story," adds my friend over my shoulder.—And if so, why not? Is not truth, truth, down the well or up in a garret; and is not "all well that ends well!" Why, certainly!

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

The Toronto *Globe* of August 26th says, that a few days before the close of the Session, Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer, suggested the propriety of reducing the weight of the English Sovereign. This comes of having Ministers distinguished for their "restless activity." What has Mr. Lowe to do with the weight of our beloved Queen? What's her weight to him, or his to her? The very idea of suggesting that Her Majesty should "reduce"—as though she were going to row a race, is—or ought to be—treasonable, and DIOGENES hopes that somebody—say the Sergeant of the Beefeaters or the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade,—will call Mr. Lowe to account. "Lo, the poor Indian" would never have been guilty of such *low* conduct, and Lowe, the Chancellor certainly should know better!

"SUB ROSA."—Arthur's Seat.

THE OXFORD AND HARVARD BOAT-RACE.

The following letter from a genuine American, honest enough to see and satirise the weak points of his countrymen, will be read with interest at the present time. The New York papers are, just now, very sore at the comments of a portion of the Canadian press on the late aquatic struggle. DIOGENES here presents the *Herald* and *World* with the opinions of a native American, who cannot be accused of an inordinate admiration for Britain or Britishers.—Ed. DIO.

DEAR DIOGENES:

Yesterday, we waited very impatiently for news of the great boat-race;

And got the news!

But not of the right kind!

We were disappointed; but, knowing that the Cable was the tool of a "rotten monarchy," we waited until the New York *Herald* could get a telegram from the deck of the "Dauntless." I went to bed in good spirits last night, for I ascertained that it was all a mistake that Oxford won. The rascally reporter made a mistake about the boats!

This morning we meet—joy depicted on every countenance! People have satisfied themselves that the honors belong to Harvard. They rejoice in Harvard's success. We wish our "boys" would do a little better next time; but, in view of their magnificent stroke, physique, and pluck, how contemptibly mean the Oxford crew must feel!

The arithmetician of the *World*, this morning, proves that the Harvard boat rowed some hundreds of feet more than the Oxford.

And went through the water quicker!

They didn't reach the stake-boat first, because they didn't see it!

Do you remember, my dear fellow, how we used to account for our defeats during the war?

At Bull Run we actually licked the enemy, but, not knowing it, we walked back to Washington rather hastily.

Now, I'll venture to say that, by Monday, there will be discovered five hundred reasons why Harvard does not get the credit of winning. She can beat Oxford in every thing

But speed!

And endurance!—

Also skill!

Likewise getting to the stake-boat first!!

Can't your Three Rivers crew challenge Oxford?

We are an ingenious people, we are; and can't be beat when we do our level best at racing or lying!

Now, mark my words,—we will convince our cousins yet that we beat them on the Thames yesterday!

I convinced Mrs. Eagle last night!

She was stubborn at first, demanding to know which boat came in first?

(So like a woman!)

But yielded finally when I showed her "that wasn't the idea."

For whatever idea Harvard had of winning when they started at Putney Bridge, was abandoned when they reached Hammersmith Bridge.

I need hardly add that the Harvard crew is sick!

And that I have lost heavily:

Lost greenbacks, and

Lost heart!

Yours, impecuniously,

S. EAGLE, Jun.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1869.

AN OBVIOUS DEDUCTION.

Boston is called by its sons the "hub of the universe." And why?

DIOGENES replies: Because it is the "centre of gravity,"—laughter being unknown amidst its solidity and Puritanism.