

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The following "Curiosity of Literature" is extracted from the *Canada Scotsman*, of October 2nd:—

To the Editor of the *Canada Scotsman*:

SIR,—I am not given to hypercriticism, but pretentious ignorance is always offensive, and everybody seems inclined to have a fling at it. Your *correspondent* DIOGENES, after quoting and misquoting the line "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," attributes it first to Shakspeare, and, in a subsequent number, to Garrick. Now, almost any schoolboy could tell him that its real author is Dr. Johnson. It is from an address ~~of 1747~~ by Garrick on, I believe, his last appearance on the stage. Verily, if old DIOGENES has arisen from his classic tomb to make such a literary "Guy" of himself, he had better go back to it again.

PUCK.

The facts are these: DIOGENES, with strange inaccuracy, attributed the line in question to Shakspeare! GRINCHUCKLE, in drawing attention to the *lapsus*, pointed out that the line was Garrick's; and DIOGENES subsequently adopted the correction, disingenuously alleging, at the same time, that "the line had been attributed to half the authors in the English language."

"Puck," by his interference, has not mended matters, and is, beyond all doubt, wrong in asserting that Dr. Johnson is "the real author." Johnson's celebrated Prologue (to which, we suppose, "Puck" alludes,) was spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747. The line does *not* occur in this Prologue, but is found in a Prologue *written by Garrick*, and also spoken by him at Drury Lane, on quitting the stage in 1776. On that occasion he played Don Felix in the *Wander*, and the performance was for the benefit of the "Theatrical Fund." This accounts for the words that he both wrote and then recited:

"Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind,—
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Lord Byron quoted the last line very amusingly in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, substituting (like DIOGENES) the word *us* for *one*.

Facts are stubborn things; and we assure "Puck" most positively that Garrick, and *not* Dr. Johnson, is "the real author."

Canada Scotsman, please notice.

P.S.—Those who are curious about these verbal trifles, will find the phrase "wondrous kind" in one of Helena's speeches at the close of "All's Well That Ends Well."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GRINCHUCKLE is informed that a Montreal Editor, horrified at the large sums of money which are spent during the winter on Balls and Dancing-Parties, has written an eloquent discourse on the subject. It is styled: "An Essay on the High Price of Hops," and will probably be published in the *New Dominion Monthly* before the commencement of the Dancing Season.

SEVERE.

Our readers are aware that several mad commentators of the Baxter stamp have discovered in the Emperor of the French the Apollyon of the Book of Revelation. We hardly expected such fanatic absurdity, however, from such a writer as Mr. Kinglake; but, after reading that gentleman's "History of the Crimea," we cannot fail to see that he considers the Third Napoleon to be veritably Abaddon (a bad 'un).

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

GRINCHUCKLE'S OFFICE.

MONTREAL, Oct. 5, 1869.

Arrangements have been made to furnish the readers of GRINCHUCKLE with the latest and most reliable commercial intelligence that can be got together from all points of the Dominion. The staff for this department is a large and experienced one. We proceed to give our report for the past week:—

All the markets during the week have been remarkably quiet, with the exception of the Bonsecours Market, into which a drunken man managed to make his way, and created a horrible disturbance. He was immediately arrested, and taken before a magistrate.

Gold was scarce, to judge from the quantity we saw. However, it is to be hoped for our own, if not the public, good, that a reaction will soon take place.

The Stock Market in New York has been unusually active, —the bulls and bears having a lively time of it, owing to a serious break-out among them. The infuriated animals, however, seem more composed now, and will likely, in the course of time, return to their usual state of equanimity.

BACON was inclined to be high,—no doubt owing to its *ambitious nature*.

BUTTER of all kinds was difficult to hold, and a quantity in the hands of an old lady, returning from market yesterday, fell. On being taken up, it consequently rose, and, subsequently, remained steady.

WHEAT is reported steady, although, in the face of this, we saw a quantity *carroted* on the canal bank yesterday.

ROCKETS are inclined to go up, particularly if bidding is over hot.

BARLEY is quiet,—after having kicked up a terrible row.

OATS are unsteady (these are wild oats), which must be a source of anguish to the family.

IRON—Stocks light.

FEATHERS are heavy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T.—We must unhesitatingly decline to print the eighty-three stanzas that you enclosed us, "*On the Arrival of Prince Arthur at the Bonaventure Station*." Send them to the Prince, and see how he will like them.

UNCLE JIM'S six comic poems are utterly unsuited to the pages of GRINCHUCKLE. *Uncle Jim*, while pleading for moderate remuneration, remarks that "he lives upon his wits." We are personally unacquainted with the gentleman,—but cannot help thinking that he must be extraordinarily thin!

E. S.—Your "*Philosophic Reflections on seeing a Hottentot in Top Boots*," are far too long and dull. Besides this, they have been printed before. Send them to DIOGENES.

MAID MARIAN.—The paper that you sent, on "*Mermaids, Unicorns, and other small Deer*," will probably appear in our next number.

CANINE.—Dog poisoning begins about the 1st September. It is not likely to become a popular pastime in Montreal, the game being now scarce, and really not worth the trouble. Sportsmen do not seem to consider the game worth anything, to judge from the quantity of it to be found on the streets.