

A COURSE of six lectures is announced to be given to the students of the Toronto College of Music in the rooms of the college, 283 Jarvis street, by the director, Mr. Davenport Kerrison. Each lecture will be accompanied by a pianoforte recital illustrative of the respective authors. A limited number only of tickets will be disposed of to non-members of the college.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ONE honest publisher is reported in Edinburgh, in the person of Mr. David Douglas, who has brought out a reprint of Mr. George William Curtis' books, and who has actually sent a pecuniary acknowledgment, this fact being stated in *Harper's Weekly*.

BULWER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY has eight divisions, the headings being "Childhood," "School," "College," "Wanderjahr," "Single Life," "Unprofessional Authorship," "Matrimony and Professional Authorship," and "Continuance of Literary, and Commencement of Parliamentary, Life." The record ends with the year 1832.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, it is said, "has not yet found it convenient to answer the question addressed to him in the public press as to the division of profits between himself and his workmen, to whom, as producers, he, as treasurer of the Democratic Federation, declares all profit to be due. So we are still at a loss whether or not he is to be classed with the "handful of marauders" who wrong the toiling millions. Nor has he condescended to notice the complaints of his audiences at Oxford and Wimbledon who were induced to attend a lecture on art, and forced to sit through a discourse in favour of socialism. Several persons have written to say that they were drawn to the lecture under a false pretence, but Mr. Morris does not consider an accusation of obtaining hearers by false pretences worthy of refutation."

OF the special Christmas numbers issued by Canadian journals, "The Gossip" feels compelled to give the palm to that which comes to him from the office of the St. John, N. B., *Globe*. It is not only a Christmas issue, but a centennial issue, 1883 being the centennial year of the City by the Sea. Its whole get-up is admirable, paper of the best, designed head-pieces and illuminated cover charming, typography flawless. Mr. W. P. Dole's prize Centennial Ode is reprinted; Mrs. J. E. V. Nealis contributes a Christmas poem; Dr. Macrae writes a bright Christmas "Fantasia"; R. E. A. and an anonymous writer furnish two readable and reasonable short stories. The *piece de resistance* of the number, however, is "Reminiscences for the Christmas season in St. John," by Mr. G. E. Fenety.

MR. HOWELLS, it is said, is again writing with Mr. George Henschel a comic opera in two acts.

A RICH but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said, "He is a paragram of politeness." "Excuse me," said a wag, sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a parallelogram?" "Of course I do," immediately replied the lady. "How could I have made such a mistake?"

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, whose play of "Esmeralda" had such a success, is now writing another drama. "I am very lazy," she says, "and, although I've done an immense amount of work—I have written ten books, including the earlier serials—I have accomplished it only with the greatest effort. I don't like to work, and I'm very lazy. Of course I work methodically. I go to my room, which is on the third floor, every morning immediately after breakfast, and stay there until luncheon. I stay, but I can't always write. Sometimes I spend nearly the entire time walking up and down tossing a ball, a habit I have, as I am obliged to use my hands when thinking."

THERE is often a great deal of sense in the Mother Goose rhymes if only we knew what is intended to be taught by them. A writer in *Golden Days* thus explains the story of the "Four-and-twenty blackbirds." The birds are the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the earth and the top of the crust the sky that over-reaches it. The opening of the pie is dawn of day, when the birds begin to sing "The king sitting in the parlour counting out his money," is the sun, and the golden pieces that slip through his fingers are the golden sunshine. The queen in the kitchen is the moon, and the honey with which she relishes herself is the moonlight. The maid is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds; while the bird who "nips off her nose" is the hour of sunrise.—*American Queen*.

AN exchange says that Mr. Francis A. Quinn, of Montreal, is issuing the prospectus of a monthly "Review of French Literature," to be published in English and called *Contemporary France*. It is expected to do in this country much the same class of work which the *Revue Britannique* does for the English literary world in France. The departments of philosophy, political economy, memoirs, history, travel and fiction, etc., will all find place in its pages, and the material selected will be of the first importance. Such a periodical will be unique and should have a cordial reception.

ALEXANDER DUMAS contributes to the *Curieux* an anecdote told him by the late Henri Didier, who was Deputy under the Second Empire. Didier's father was secretary to the Minister of the Interior at the time when the Duchess de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe in favour of her son, the Comte de Chambord. The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the Government the secret of her hiding-place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes, and never forget it. You will learn what a *lache* is, and the method of paying him." Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained 250,000 francs. As Deutz neared the desk M. Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then taking a pair of tongs he extended the packets one after the other into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and when the transfer was made M. Didier pointed to the door.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

WE have had almost enough of this anonymity. It has become a mere advertising trick. The curiosity is piqued, the work is examined with far more attention than would otherwise have fallen to its lot, and every critic must have either his guess at the authorship or his comment on the enshrouding mystery. "The Bread-winners" has profited splendidly by the well-proclaimed reticence of its author, and now we have another good work, decidedly good in itself, making strenuous efforts to "boom" its anonymity. "THE GOSSIP" cannot refrain from giving the story its desired advertisement by mentioning its title, which is "Arius the Libyan"; but he refuses to hazard a guess, or to repeat the guesses which are already being made by other and more professional critics than he.

IN a Paris letter to *The American* is the following note on the much talked "Heine Memoires":

There seems, after all, to be a great doubt whether we shall ever see the "Memoires" of Henri Heine, of which there has been so much talk of late in the French and German press, and of which I announced the pretended discovery in a previous letter. From all the contradictory statements that have been made, we can perhaps conclude thus much. All Heine's papers are in the possession of his nephew, Herr L. von Embden, of Hamburg, to whom they were sent some time after Heine's death; between the death of the poet and the transmission of his papers to Hamburg, certain fragments may have passed into strange hands; all the papers possessed by M. Julio, who is credited with the possession of the memoirs, can only be letters found amongst the papers of Heine's widow at the time of her death last spring. Heine's niece, the Princess della Rocca, has written three little volumes about the poet: "Souvenirs de Henri Heine," published in French and Italian; "Sommargue," which has only appeared in Italian at Rome; and "Enrico Heine: Ricordi, Note e Rettifiche," published, I believe, at Vienna. In these volumes the niece of Heine formally denies the existence of memoirs of any kind, and relates how shortly before his death Heine said to her: "You know me better than anyone; write my biography; I will help you." She replied: "The biography of Henri Heine! I could not undertake such a task, unless you dictated from beginning to end." "You are right," replied Heine; "but I shall never write anything about my life. Autobiographies are like old women who put on false hair, false teeth and rouge."

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN, son of the great Darwin, and well known for his investigations in fields made familiar by the labours of his father, has been appointed instructor in biology in Cambridge University, England.

AN English critic speaking of a novel called "Thy Name is Truth," pays it a really high compliment by saying "Our belief is that in the whole three volumes there is not a single error of grammar; and to those who read the cleverest novels of the day this must be a most conspicuous and astounding fact."

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.—A lunatic in the Beaufort asylum broke his chain, fell upon and killed one of the inmates.—The Salvation Army has taken root in Kingston. Several conversions have been made among the more respectable classes, and the latest member who has entered the ranks of the Army is Alderman Snooks. It is a pity that the army could not gather in all the politicians.—McBride the Buffalo crank is not going to do any harm to Canada after all, and the wind-storm in the press has died down.—The present winter is said to be very favourable for cattle in the North West. Ranchers are becoming still more hopeful of the complete desirableness of the plains for cattle raising.—On New Year's day seven hundred gentlemen called at Government House, Toronto. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Robinson, and Hon. O. Mowat received the callers. A public reception was also held at Rideau Hall by their Excellencies the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.—To its list of out-door sporting associations Toronto has now added a Toboggan club which has a slide admir-