

equal to everything that popular magazinist writes in point of merit. The usual departments devoted to the use of the Editor are as cleverly attended to as ever, and the "Drawer," especially so. Harper and Bros., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY under the editorship of Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") which has swallowed up "Putnam," the "Riverside" and one or two others, illustrated, is a creditable serial. The first number is a perfect model of typography, and the reading matter is of very high calibre, Dr. Holland's poem is delightfully extravagant. It is full of humorous incidents and laughter-provoking similes. The sketches and stories are all good, and the illustrations are first-class.

THE "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY" sustains in its January issue its high character. The literary department is well managed: the articles are tersely written and show intimate knowledge of a variety of interesting subjects, and the Phrenological matter this publication contains is very valuable to lovers of that wonderful science. A handsome present would be a year's subscription to this journal. Fowler & Wells, New York.

Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. of New York, have begun the publication of a new weekly paper, called "The Newspaper Reporter and Advertiser's Gazette." It makes a handsome appearance, and the contents are worthy of perusal. The form and general "get up" are eminently prepossessing.

HOLIDAY LITERATURE.

The appearance of the long white shroud nestling in its purity on the bosom of old mother earth, warns us that the reading season, with the long evenings, has arrived; and in these days and nights of mince-pies, jellies, doughnuts, and cakes with plums and cakes without plums, fitting harbingers of troubled dreams and broken slumbers, the reading matter supplied by those kind-hearted fellows, the publishers, is generally, if not invariably, of the lighter sort. Who wants to read Mr. Froude's "Short studies on great subjects," or Mr. Gladstone's valuable contribution to the classics, "Juventus Mundi," at this merry season of the year, when everybody is out buying presents, or plowing through a perfect sea of feathers behind a pair of noble horses, crowned with a garland of joyous tinkling bells—when good cheer reigns within our domestic hearths, and groups of little, happy minors sit round the blazing yule, or listen to their elders' marvellous tales of the legendary St. Nicholas and his prancing ponies? The mind of every one is borne unresistingly away to brighter realms, and the heart glows with a kindlier feeling, and stolid, stern faces are redolent with warm smiles as greetings are interchanged, and one grows happy when the New