

library table. While on the subject of almanacs, we might mention two or three others which the times have brought about. *Cassell's*, of London, and the *Illustrated London* are of superior workmanship and finish, more particularly the latter. *Nas's Almanac*, published at New York, is a very fair specimen. The cuts are, upon the whole, above the average, and the reading matter is cleverly written. *Frank Leslie's Almanac* is hurled at the public with considerable pretension, and, it is almost superfluous to add, goes beyond the mark rather awkwardly. The engravings, which are fairly done in some individual instances, are not of that wholesome modesty which is always commendable. There is too much nakedness exhibited to please the taste of right-thinking people; but it would not be Frank Leslie, were his figures clad as ordinary mortals usually are. He delights in the somewhat scant garb of our first parents, and as he prints his own almanac, we presume he has a perfect right to put just as much clothing as he likes on his figures.

*Josh Billings* comes to the front again this year with his "Allminax for 1871," and a most woful attempt at wit the whole thing is. Beyond the want of refinement exhibited in the blasphemous allusions which greet the eye on nearly every page of this remarkable work, there is little harm in it. The jokes are stale and flat, most of them have done duty time and again, and the notoriously bad spelling with which "Josh" always clothes his inelegant remarks is not calculated to raise the spirits or induce our risibles to become facetious. Billings has written frequently some very clever and witty things, and despite the bad spelling which really possesses no humour, very little if any to the reader, and certainly none to the listener, we have noticed some eminently pointed efforts in his quaint sayings, quips and cranks; but J. B.'s present "launch" is a poor one, and the lamest thing of its kind we have ever seen.

Holiday Book literature usually consists in stories for the young, and the American publishers of these volumes turn out some very good books, in elegant cloth and leather bindings, which make them pleasant to read, even if the matter contained within the covers is not of a very brilliant or interesting nature, but who reads anything at this season of the year, from which he expects to reap any real advantages, either in science, art of the other branches of education? Surely no one. Then the books are good enough and let them be read, as they certainly will be, whether we said so or not.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

REPUBLISHING IN CANADA.—Messrs. Hunter and Rose of Ottawa, have made arrangements with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, to republish such of his works as they consider best adapted to the Canadian market. The Epic of "King Arthur," now being proceeded with, will be