

which Lucien Carr, a college mate of mine, in his recent History of our native State, Missouri, says that it gives a very favourable idea of the extent and character of the knowledge which even at that early day, the French had acquired of the geography of all this region.

ONLY A CATALOGUE.*

By MR. HENRY MOTT.

As a lover of good things poring over a *menu* will derive enjoyment from it, partly the result of imagination, partly of memory, so to one fond of books, a mere catalogue may become the source of no inconsiderable delight. The word itself, is very suggestive, put into the plural—*catalogues*—with the letters transposed, they will give us an anagram, *got as a clue*. But of course there are catalogues and catalogues. An auctioneer's mere recital of lots, embracing such lines as,

Rollin's History,
Blair's Sermons,
Culpeper's Herbal,
Pamela and nine others,

is not particularly stimulating to the literary appetite. It is when we get among lists of the rare and the curious, when at every page we encounter some quaint tome, or fabulously costly tractate, and especially when appetizing hints and toothsome morsels are given by the vendor, that a catalogue becomes a real delight.

To this order belongs, in a great degree, the recent Hart Catalogue, of old-time aspect, and black-lettery flavour, which ever and anon reaches us from a perusal. To open it is to enter, in fancy, a library, and a veritable whiff of Russia leather may be caught from its pages. It is like a supplementary Lowndes, and alike instructive and amusing.

*Read at a meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal.