

**SOME HOBBY HORSES;  
OR, HOW TO COLLECT  
STAMPS, COINS, SEALS,  
CRESTS AND SCRAPS**

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Some Hobby Horses; or, How to Collect Stamps, Coins, Seals, Crests and Scraps by C. A. Montrésor

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**C. A. MONTRÉSOR**

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# SOME HOBBY HORSES;

OR,

HOW TO COLLECT

*Stamps, Coins, Seals, Crests & Scraps.*

BY

C. A. MONTRESOR,

AUTHOR OF "HOT WEATHER LESSON BOOKS."

SECOND EDITION.

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caterpillars, silkworms (we poor girls had to wind the delicate silk), stamps, and coins.

My sisters had a hobby for seals, crests, monograms, trade-marks! I, myself, "collected" stones and shells. One of us had a Hobby Horse in the shape of slate pencils, and in a drawer, hidden under a multitude of boxes, might have been found the lost "ends" of many a precious pencil. In the autumn we picked up dead leaves, imprisoned them in medicine-bottles filled with acid, and peeped at them every night to see if they had turned to "skeletons."

In the shrubberies we kept "collections" of berries and acorn cups; had we been allowed, we should certainly have started a collection of wayside treasures, such as old boots and cast-off shoes.

I remember secretly picking up a hair-pin one day in the road, and wearing it for weeks in my thick hair, under the firm belief that it had once belonged to the Queen of my Heart—a pretty, fair-haired girl, whose innocent flirtations with the officers of the garrison town I watched with the wildest interest from the school-room window!

There was an unwritten law in the house which forbade any two of us having separate collections of the same kind; but, even with this regulation, the house was over-run with dusty boxes containing the relics of the last hobby.

Caterpillars frightened the children by appearing in



their beds at night, and blackbeetles lurked unsuspected in the depths of the shelf which held my very grimy collection of stones.

The other day I amused myself with looking over the remains of some of these precious "collections"; only a few, of course, have survived—those we judged to be really "valuable" when our old home was broken up, and we came to live in smoky London; and I was much struck by the wild confusion with which even the best kept of these treasures was arranged. The coins of Great Britain in the time of Queen Anne lay on the top of Roman medals, and both were classed alike as "Antique English"! Ores and fossils reposed side by side, divided only by a smooth white ball of stone picked up by Nurse on the beach. We understood nothing of the history of coins, or of the proper arrangement of fossils; our great idea was to get as many specimens as possible, no more duplicates than we could easily "swop" (that was the boys' word, not mine), and arrange everything "prettily."

"Science" was synonymous in our ears with "lessons," and hobbies were "play."

I am no friend now to "lessons out of school"; I cannot bear to see a child poring over a book when the sun invites her to run in the garden; but sometimes a wet day *will* come, and then I hope you may be amused if I tell you a little about your "collections," and teach you how to ride a Hobby Horse with

profit and pleasure. I assure you, a little knowledge will soon render your hobbies really valuable.

Since I have grown up, Mr. Wood and Miss Buckley have written charming books, explaining to a child's understanding the marvels of Natural History, and telling them much which I longed to know of butterflies, flowers, and shells.

I, therefore, shall confine myself to the world of Art, as the world of Nature is so well represented; and, if you will allow me, I will try and amuse you with a chat over your Scrap-books, your Crest-album, your Stamp-album, your Seals, and your Coins.

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