

COLLECTIONS, HOBBIES, AND FADS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



HERE is a touch of good-natured satire in a charge of "riding a hobby-horse," i.e., indulging in a specially favourite pursuit, or expending mind and money on forming a collection of any kind. Indeed, Sterne employs an adjective composed by himself, i.e., "hobbyhorsical," to denote whimsicality and eccentricity, which would certainly be unfair, and quite misapplied as regards the formation of many kinds of collections, or the pursuit of many vocations and curious studies. But it must be confessed that the term "hobby-horse" is certainly, correctly speaking, indicative of that which is absurd and unreal; an imposition on a child's reason being presented to him in the wooden effigy of a horse, or a stick with a horse's head only, and a wheel for a foot.

Quizzical or not, as the term may be, the following sketches of the various hobbies that have so much contributed to the recreation and education of their votaries, is written with the main object of offering some really useful suggestions to my girl-readers, who might find a special pursuit or study a very agreeable means of recreation.

The formation of collections is by no means an essentially selfish occupation, for the amount of pleasure it affords to your friends is often surprising. When inviting a few guests to spend an evening with you, what a relief it is to give them something to look at. How it lightens the tax on the conversational powers of host and guest to find a subject which will prove suggestive of others, branching out into diverse paths, and waking up reminiscences of bygone days.

To give an example of what I mean, I may tell my readers that I have a pet hobby of my own, and the amount of interest it affords to all my visitors, and the pleasant conversation to which it always gives rise, have made it well worth its adoption. What is this very successful and popular collection? do you enquire. It is one of minerals, cut and uncut, some from mines, but mostly pebbles and small boulders, obtained from the moraines or stony *débris* carried down from the high Alps by the glaciers. The cost of forming this collection is small. Two or three specimens gathered here and there in my travels were obtained at a few shillings each, and have been augmented by an occasional gift of a stone from friends, who have admired those I had exhibited, and felt pleasure in gratifying my fancy. The outlay, therefore, has not been felt.

But some of my readers may object that they never make tours in Alpine countries. It is not essential that you should to gather together many beautiful and interesting specimens.

In the Isle of Wight I obtained a few lovely specimens, including moss-crystals, not to speak of fine fossils, which of themselves only suffice to constitute a hobby for many. This latter is one very easy of indulgence without leaving England, and affords a delightful object for walks, hammer and chisel in hand, and a small basket. On our own coast-line—and at some watering-places very notably so—a pebble-hunt can be most successfully made;

and with the few hints to be obtained from a resident lapidary (who will cut and polish the specimens you find), you will soon learn to distinguish one stone from another by the rough outside. Jasper and chalcedony I have found at Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton during a short visit; and at the latter place there is a beach almost entirely formed of sandstone pebbles of variegated patterns and colouring. At Llandudno the yellow topaz may be found. If your fancy led you in the direction taken by mine, you would find an additional interest in the study of mineralogy, so as to supply the appropriate name for every specimen.

We are not all painters and sketchers, so as to interest our friends with such reminiscences of our travels, nor thus, it may be, agreeably recall their own. We are not all singers, nor good instrumental performers; nor are we all blest with conversational powers, nor able to "keep the ball going," and find words at will to express bright and humorous thoughts, supposing we had any to communicate.

Thus the hobby-horse will be found a very useful as well as delightful nag to ride, licensed to carry even more than a pillion, which might accommodate but two riders only; as in those unsophisticated days of long ago, when our dear old grandmothers used to jog leisurely along the country lanes under escort. On this little horse you may carry a host of friends with you along the charming by-ways of art or science, in agreeable and elevating companionship. In the adoption of a special object of study, there need be no danger of turning into the tiresome "man (or woman) of one idea;" for the pet pursuit should be only one (although the chief amongst them) of many fields of research and interest. I cannot impress on my reader with too great emphasis the advisability of following out this suggestion, and of collecting, by little and little, all the specimens she can acquire for its illustration. She cannot be always displaying her muscular powers, nor her quickness of eye and deftness of hand in outdoor games, nor can she live in a boat, nor on the back of a horse. One axiom should ever be borne in mind, viz., that the pursuit which may afford general gratification to her associates is of a far higher order than any that are more exclusively appropriated to self-gratification. In adopting one, for example, that would contribute to the recreation of an invalid, or an elderly person, excluded from those to be enjoyed by herself in the happy sunshine outside the threshold of home, she will improve her own character, and sanctify the indulgence of any little outlay on a pet collection, acquired in pursuance of a natural instinct and bent of her own individual mind.

When speaking of a collection of minerals, I alluded *en passant* to one of fossils. To those interested in these wonderful records of prehistoric times, the search for them becomes little less than a passion, and to some few an all-absorbing one. I can recall a visit to a veritable genius, in the person of a poor but respectable woman of the trade class, as I imagine—Miss Anning, of Lyme Regis, to whom I looked up, as a child, with reverential awe when I entered her little museum of splendid fossil remains. The walls were hung with slabs of blue lias, and extended on them were the skeletons of the *Ichthyosauri* and other such old-world monsters, ferns, and flora of various kinds, and impressions of objects left on the once semi-liquid clay. To this most gifted woman the British Museum is indebted for some of its most wonderful and perfect geological specimens. As a child I delighted

to wander along the shore for the pleasure of a fossil-hunt amongst the *débris* of the ever-crumbling, sombre-looking cliffs, from which I had often to make a hasty flight from the fall of a leaden-hued shower. Still earlier in my childish days, it was my good fortune to visit the never-to-be-forgotten Banwell Caves (Somerset), discovered and guarded by a genius of the other sex, a man entertaining an equally enthusiastic love for the like venerable treasures they contained as that exhibited by the distinguished geologist above-named. Holding much the same position in life, old Mr. Beard was a remarkable character. The caves were simply a mass of animal remains, and some of the bones of great dimensions. Whether any of them were removed to other collections I am unable to say, for I have never again visited that locality; and whether the other museum formed by Miss Anning were completely dispersed or not, after the death of its inaugurator, and certain bequests to the country, I cannot tell. All over England my young collectors may reap a valuable harvest if they desire it. There is an enthusiastic fossil-hunter at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, a few of whose remarkable specimens he showed me when there three years ago; and had I felt equal to some long, rough walks, which I was invited to make with him, I should doubtless have been rewarded for any fatigue entailed by such expeditions. The fine collection of fossils and minerals gathered together during a long life devoted to scientific and other important pursuits, which used to afford me so much interest on my visits to the rectory of Stoney Middleton (Derbyshire), was enough to inspire all who saw it with a desire to form another. Our hospitable friend, the late Rev. Urban Smith, was likewise a collector of books, which lined even the bedroom walls for lack of sufficient space.

I think I may now pass on to the subject of ferns and flowers, as worthy of a collector's researches, opening a wide field of interest and employment as well for in as for out of doors. It is not the intention of this series of articles to teach the classification of the objects gathered together, nor the method of preparing and preserving them. To those who desire to form a herbarium, the best instruction should be obtained, or specimens may easily be destroyed. Our own country will supply a variety sufficient to fill a splendid album, composed of a mixed variety of plants and flowers. But the collector of treasures of the vegetable kingdom is frequently enamoured of a special description of vegetable growth, and the collections of the specialists are full of interest. Ferns supply us with many of these, being sought for with as much enthusiasm as the costly orchids, some of which are procured, like the capture of herrings, at "the price of the lives of men." Growing, as the scarcer and more quaintly beautiful do, amidst untrodden forests and the tangled mazes of tropical growth, where venomous reptiles and poisonous fever-giving miasma abound, the hunters for the markets, frequented by the wealthy only, fall victims in numbers to their trying and dangerous vocation.

In the departments of mosses and of lichens a beautiful collection may be formed; or seaweeds and fresh-water mosses would result in affording much interest to the collector and her friends. Two volumes should be employed for this purpose, that there may be no confusion, and that the beauty of order may be preserved. It would add greatly to the value

of such herbariums if not merely the Latin and popular English names were inscribed under the several specimens of all vegetable productions—whether of land, sea, or fresh water—with a brief note appended of any remarkable fact connected with their character or history. To exemplify what I mean, let us select the well-known Carrageen moss (*Chondrus crispus*), so much employed in Ireland as a substitute for Iceland moss and for isinglass, with which we stiffen our jellies and blanc-mange, and the *Gelidium*, a seaweed employed by swallows in the formation of their nests, and is known as the edible nests of Java, so greatly esteemed as a delicacy of the table by Chinese gourmets. A brief note conveying such-like information would add immensely to the value and the general interest of such a collection. Of course those plants that belong to the light-giving or the carnivorous orders should have their specially distinctive and curious characteristics signified in a few words, on the page to which they are attached.

How beautiful a collection of specimens of wood may be made probably but few are aware. Samples, of about two or three inches long, of an "oblong square," ranged side by side, numbered, and neatly fitted into a wooden frame, would prove generally interesting. But the beauty of such a collection would much depend on the arrangement of their colours. They should be so placed with reference to one another as to make their various hues strongly contrasting, and every piece should be finely polished, but on no account varnished. There are woods as red as roses, and others as yellow as primroses, and of every conceivable variety of shade. Ebony, sycamore, white maple, box, mahogany, walnut, rosewood, yew tree, bird's-eye maple, oak, acacia, cedar, terebinth, and scores of exquisite woods of foreign growth, with which our English eyes are little if at all acquainted, should all be represented. Some of these are of two or more descriptions each; as, for example, the new brown oak, the dark old and hardened oak of our two-century-old panelling and furniture, and the black bog-oak of the buried primeval forests. Then there are the plain and the beautifully-variegated pine-woods; the walnut, that is straight and uniform in the grain and of a pale brown hue, and the dark and harder kind, having a much denser, closer substance, diversified by knots, and showing great variety in the forms described by the grain. To an artist in wood-sculpture, the

polishing, arrangement, and framing of specimens obtained from the tree-world would prove of considerable interest. Every example, as I said, should be numbered, and a catalogue made in a blank book to correspond with the collection in every frame when completed, giving notes of nationality, uses, age, etc., besides the scientific and popular name of each. There might also be a frame devoted to woods of archaeological and historical worth and significance, such as fragments from celebrated ships, ancient castles, historical trees, weapons, banners, and flag-staffs. As a wood-carver myself, designing for my work, and accustomed to utilise the knots and variegated grain of the wood I have employed so as to suit my pattern, the beauty and almost countless variety presented in the tree creation have always provided a field to me of more than common interest, and called forth my greatest admiration. I should be glad to think that I had now made a suggestion that would take the fancy of some of my boy readers, and supply agreeable occupation for many a day at home with their sisters.

It is with a certain degree of reluctance that I now must enter on some other treasures so carefully sought and scientifically arranged by the naturalist. There is so much wanton destruction throughout the whole of the animal creation, that one feels a scruple in still further augmenting the evil by suggesting a hobby that is purchased by death. The extinction of races is by no means a difficult nor very long process, and such extinction should not even be risked, excepting only in the case of harmful and dangerous creatures and actual vermin, that in many cases are the offspring of man's evil-doing, or neglect of his obvious duties. Laziness, dirt, and disease—which are the outcome of sin—may be credited with the bringing into existence of various forms of life repugnant to any refinement of feeling, unwholesome, and inimical to human well-being.

But apart from the justifiable war, which is, and ought to be, still more vigorously waged, in certain quarters life is taken by wholesale in a most cruel and unjustifiable way. Bird-slaughter (even though serviceable for food) and that of larger game, and seal-slaughter (though for purposes of desirable clothing) have been so reckless and exterminating, that it has called down the execration of right-minded and benevolent people. Thus, in suggesting the collection of birds for stuffing and preservation under glass, and even of moths, butterflies, and all other flying and

creeping things of the insect world, I must strongly object to the needless curtailing of life by multiplying duplicate specimens for your natural history museum. I would also give my collectors a hint, to have a piece of camphor in the box where the butterfly is to be imprisoned, or laurel leaves cut up and shut in with it, after a quick pinch of the thorax (or upper part of the body), which, if well done, destroys life in a moment. The arts of setting up the insect, and that of taxidermy, must be learnt elsewhere. The former might be done by a girl; but I should advise her to leave the latter art altogether in the hands of her brothers.

Shell and coral collecting must follow next on my list, and a very beautiful, and to me a far more attractive, hobby than either of the death-dealing pair which we have just discussed. The forms, the patterns traced upon the shells, the exquisite tints they exhibit, make any cabinet in which they are preserved a highly ornamental object. We have many species of pretty shells on our sea-shores, and some of them are rendered specially interesting by some curious history of their own. Those who select this lovely department of natural history as their special object of study, will find their researches full of interest, and will have many a curious story to relate for the entertainment of those who inspect their cabinets. The history of the coral islands, the growth of the shell upwards from out of the ocean, and from rocks so many fathoms below the surface, and the various forms and varieties of colour they present, are worthy of study; and those investigations will give an added value to the specimens preserved. At one of our great exhibitions in South Kensington (at this moment I forget which it was) I saw a variety of bonnets composed of nothing but branches of the loveliest coral—white and pink. They were most cleverly manufactured, and apparently designed as curiosities of nature and art combined rather than as articles of dress. Specimens of amber—the dark and transparent, the pale gold (which is semi-opaque), and the clouded, with gold and white—might well be included in a small museum of shells and corals.

This, the first of my series on "Hobbies and Collections," must draw to a close. In my next chapter I propose to deal with inanimate things of human construction as well as of natural growth. And so for a season, albeit a brief one, I bid my readers farewell.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

PROUD PARENTS.

George: "Dear me! What can be the matter. Telegram says, 'Come home immediately.'" (*Rushes into his suburban home one hour later.*) "Tell me, quick, my dear—what is it?"

Wife: "The baby said, 'Mamma!'"

A FOUNTAIN OF GLADNESS.—A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

AVOID QUARRELLING.—It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of "standing up," as people call it, for their little rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world.

CONSOLATION.—Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happened.

A SOCIETY MOTHER.

Daughter: "Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night."

Mother: "Did you accept him, Ethel?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Has he any money, Ethel?"

"Only five hundred a year, mamma."

"Well, Ethel, handle him carefully till the spring. Possibly you may pick up something better during the winter."

PRAISE AND BLAME.—There is nothing better for a human being sometimes than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act in the directly opposite way, and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame.

A TERRIBLE WANT.—The chief canker at the root of some women's lives is the want of something to do.

BEFORE THE BENCH.

Magistrate: "You are accused of not supporting your wife."

Prisoner: "But, your honour, you don't know my wife. She is insupportable."

ILL-NATURED TONGUES.—When a girl can't make a fool of you in any other way, she can do it by repeating in earnest what you said in fun.

IN A LOUD VOICE.—"We have noticed," says a wide-awake observer, "that when a woman asks to be taken to the silk counter, she speaks in a much louder voice than when she asks to look at the calico remnants."

HOW TO GROW PERFECT.—Love those who humble and contradict you, for they are more useful to your perfection than those who flatter you.

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PART II.

IT would have stretched my first chapter into somewhat unreasonable dimensions had I completed my reference to natural history collections. So I will take up the thread of my discourse, and "spin my little yarn," as sailors express it, to its ending, before I gather up any fresh ones.

I have the advantage of acquaintance with a very learned and scientific man, who seems to know much about everything. I think he has more hobbies than one; but a certain speciality, in which he takes a more than common delight, is equally calculated to give pleasure to others. The investment he made was not an expensive one in the first instance, and the collection acquired of a kind that Nature herself abundantly supplies, proving an ever-delightful object for a healthful outing. My friend's pursuit is for specimens to be found in the insect and vegetable world, which, with a little gum, he attaches to small oblong glass slides, and places under a powerful lense, an adjustable microscope being constructed for that purpose. The marvels of beauty in colouring, and perfection in form, existing, yet unrecognisable to the unassisted eye as the objects lay on the slide, when I inspected them—like mere specks of dust—I have no words to describe. One small atom taken from the granulations in an unripe pear, and long dried up, exhibited all the colours of the prism, and appeared like an opal of the finest quality. To find and prepare these little microscopic specimens, wings, and other portions of insects, etc., and mount them on slides, may prove a great source of useful recreation. I say useful advisedly, because how great a lesson such nearer insights into the little-known wonders of creation must necessarily afford, and tend to exalt our views of His unspeakable power and wisdom, whose ways are past finding out, and whose infinitude is shown in so marvellous a way, in His creating and perpetual supervision of the minutest of His creatures.

A few years ago I spent four delightful months in the charming island of Guernsey. There it was my good fortune to become acquainted with a leading member of society, who owned a lovely place, having a winter-garden in the grounds. In that most genial climate the latter was scarcely an essential acquisition, for out in the open, carnations, anemones, pinks, and flowers many and summer-like held up their beaming faces to the winter sunshine in the month of February, and the pyrus japonica and the myrtle, and all manner of flowering shrubs, blossomed in profusion in all directions throughout the island. Passing from the garden grounds of our friend's demesne into the house, there was much to admire, and evidence was presented of more hobbies than one, in the collections of divers kinds that it contained. But the good lady had one which came very prominently into notice, and a very rare and beautiful one it was. I never had seen such specimens of lace before, nor have I since the day when she herself turned over the leaves of the large album treasury, and gave me the name, history, nationality, and date of the several samples therein contained of every description of that beautiful fabric. It seemed to me a very extraordinary incongruity in our friend's mind and character, to take such enthusiastic delight in these elegant and most delicate manufactures, and yet to dress in the plainest of print

gowns, and wear a large apron suitable for a housemaid, or at least the lady-housewife, to save a good dress when occupied in a private dusting-bout in the early morning. She thoroughly appreciated the beauty of her treasures, and every specimen of her much-valued lace had an historical interest to her beyond its intrinsic costliness; and all the samples were classified and placed in their proper order in this wonderful book. Truly this was a veritable hobby, and one that gave pleasure to all her guests. Useful and interesting knowledge was to be derived from its study, and it served to diversify the commonplace themes of ordinary conversation. The dear kindly old lady is now no longer there—she has been called up higher, having been one of the wise who had laid up treasure where neither rust nor moth corrupt, nor thieves break through, nor steal.

When speaking of the love of mineral-collecting, I omitted to mention that of precious stones, because so very few, comparatively, have the means to justify such an outlay. Besides, in forming a cabinet-museum they would occupy so very little space, a small saucer sufficing to contain some hundreds—nay, thousands of pounds' worth. But there are persons whose wealth enables them to indulge a taste for ancient jewellery, old plate, curious watches, and suchlike valuable things, that are highly ornamental when artistically arranged in an old carved oak cabinet. Of watches there are very quaint and curious examples still extant. I am not quite sure, but fancy that some specimens of the huge watches imported from Germany as early as the year 1584 are to be seen in some of our public and private museums. These watches used to be worn enclosed in very ornate cases, hung round the owner's neck as a decoration. A distinguished friend of mine, with great antiquarian proclivities, is the fortunate possessor of a cabinet full of most curious old watches, of forms such as should be seen to be imagined. My friend's enthusiasm for the antique and the beautiful in various departments of art is widely extended; and coins, jewellery, engraved gems, china, and paintings are all to be numbered amongst his interesting hobbies, and to be enjoyed by the visitors at his house. I cannot now recall sufficiently well to describe the early examples of watches; but they used sometimes to take the form of birds and animals; and one specimen illustrative of the quaint fancies of the old-time jewellers, of which I have seen engravings, represents a duck having a ring at the back of his neck, to which a chain was attached. It dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is to be seen in the private museum of Lord Londesborough. It is of silver, and is enclosed in a thin brass case covered with black leather, also in the form of a duck. Ancient specimens of snuff-boxes are also highly prized by jewellery and plate fanciers. But it is quite unnecessary to describe the costly curiosities in plate and jewellery that so captivate some people, as that their collection of them becomes more or less a sort of craze and infatuation. It gives me no surprise, although I warn my young friends to restrain any longings for their acquisition, and select for their pet fancy a hobby more in proportion to the means at their disposal, having a due regard to the straitened circumstances of some amongst their near kindred and friends. The superior blessedness of giving over that of personally acquiring should never be forgotten—a consideration which will regulate all calculations of expense, and leave the balance in favour of the giving.

Amongst multitudinous fads and fancies of persons whose minds run out of the groove of the tasteless and commonplace, is that of collecting old shoes and gloves. Some of my young readers may smile at the idea, which is perhaps novel to them; but in each department of clothing specified there is much of both historic and antiquarian interest. Their use by certain celebrated persons must in many instances add greatly to their interest, as likewise that they mark the several periods in the history of nations to which they respectively belonged. In the hobby for collecting shoes and boots I can see much that would contribute to the pleasure of others; and as nearly everyone has a personal interest in so essential a thing as dress—contributing so much as it does to health and beauty, or the reverse, and controlled by the circumstances of both climate and the position of the wearer in social or public life—an article characteristic of a certain age and nationality will have a special interest for everyone. Still, the fancy is a quaint one, and the display made decidedly curious. In shoes and boots the varieties are far greater than in gloves, and the cabinet needs to be of considerable size.

Amongst the more notable of collectors I may name the present most excellent Queen of Italy. Her private repository for such relics includes both these articles of dress, *i.e.*, of the hands and feet, being chiefly, if not entirely, restricted to the mementoes of royal personages. Numbered amongst these are shoes worn by our Queen Anne, and others by the Empress Josephine; and a pair of white slippers belonging to Mary Queen of Scots. The Lady Ermytrude Malet has made an enormous gathering of boots and shoes—enough to fill a shop—numbering more than a thousand examples. Germany is, I believe, rather a happy hunting-ground for them. With Chinese shoes for men and women all my readers must be acquainted; and those who have visited our Exhibition—nicknamed "The Healtheries"—had an interesting department presented to them, displaying our successive national styles of dress extending through many centuries. The distinctive shoes and boots of each reign were very remarkable in form and variety. Canadian moccasins, and the Indian and Mexican varieties, you must, for the most part, have had chances of seeing. Perhaps one of the most curious exemplifications of foot-gear adopted by women was that derived from Persia and Turkey, called a *chopine*, to which reference is made by Hamlet, addressed to an actress, *viz.* :—

"Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I last saw you by a *chopine*."

This shoe was formed on the top of a wooden pillar covered with leather—white, red, or yellow—raising the wearer from a foot to half a yard high, some of which erections were more worthy of being called stilts than shoes. For an illustration of this preposterous structure, and a further account of them, I must refer the reader to Fairholt's *Costume in England: A History of Dress, etc.* In the early part of the seventeenth century this *chopine*, or *chapiney*, was universally worn in Venice, and some specimens were curiously painted and gilt.

Of gloves a very pretty and curious collection could be made; but very few are in existence dating from their earliest use in this country, and whether to be acquired I am unable to say. The mitten-gloves, which many of us are employed in knitting for our deep-sea fishermen, are formed like the earliest of

their kind, the thumb alone having a separate stall divided from the rest of the casing for the fingers. Such mitten-gloves are in use in the Canadian winter costume. Gloves some four or five centuries ago were very costly, and only worn by the nobility, being decorated with jewels on the back, or with fringe, lace, or embroidery, and were favourite badges placed in the helmets of the young knights, bestowed on them as tokens of special regard by their ladies-loves. A glove used to be thrown down before a knight by his adversary as a token of a challenge to single combat, the taking up of which indicated acceptance of the challenge. A white glove, that had belonged to one deceased, used to be hung up on the wall in churches in token of remembrance.

I name these few facts merely to give an idea of the historical interest attached to these articles of dress, accounting for the hobby developed by certain persons in their search for them. You have just had an interesting article on the subject of gloves in this paper, to which I need do no more than refer you.

I have drawn your attention to the interest attached to the treasures of the lace-fanciers; and of the same class are those of the connoisseurs in old embroideries, specimens of samplers, and pictures executed in needlework. In most of our old manor and farmhouses, and sometimes in the better class of country cottages, charmingly quaint little pictures adorn the bedrooms. These often describe a sylvan scene: shepherds and shepherdesses, crook in hand, with sheep and dog, collected under a wonderful tree, whose brilliant green, the sunshine beaming in through the little square panes, and dust of many a year since the deft fingers of the artist-grandmother were laid to rest, have little succeeded in fading. Sacred subjects, such as Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, the sacrifice of Isaac, and Our Saviour at the well, etc., were very popular. One cannot say much for the good old lady's acquaintance with anatomy; but the interest of the specimens remains unimpaired.

And here I would suggest to "our girls" that while the splendid ecclesiastical embroidery—in the work of which so many of them have injured their sight for life—(as doubtless they also discovered, to their distress and regret, who executed the superb tapestries of olden times), a delightful pastime might be found in first copying some of these quaint old samplers, groups, and rural scenes on somewhat larger dimensions, less trying to the eyes; and then devising original ones of their own conception. Pieces of embroidery interleaving an album, as well as samples of the magnificent silk-stuffs worn a century or two centuries ago, would prove an interesting collection.

There are some who lay by patterns of every dress material they have worn; but this is generally done in an unmethodical and inartistic way, which seems a pity. The scraps are stuffed unceremoniously into what they call a "rag-bag," instead of being tacked into an album, or on sheets of new stiff brown paper of the best description, which could be laid inside a portfolio. How many personal incidents of private life would such fragments recall and preserve, more especially if each were dated, and the place of its purchase and wear indicated! Scraps of the dress worn by celebrated persons would, thus arranged and mounted, add much to your treasury of textiles, placed of course apart from your own personal relics. From such collections our manufacturers add to the ideas of their designers, and reproduce or make varieties upon the patterns of past years.

Specimens of Indian silks and other fabrics and embroideries—Persian, Turkish, Russian, Moorish, American Indian, Canadian, Mexican, Chinese, and Japanese, amongst others—would make a beautiful assemblage of brightly-

coloured objects, some suspended and tacked on the back and sides of the cabinet, and others laid together in little separate parcels, to be taken out and exhibited, each with its appropriate label. The Moorish and American Indian embroideries are mostly executed on leather and bark.

Relics of the needlework on which some of our queens have shown such remarkable talent may be collected, but only as additions to other and less costly treasures of such a kind. We have seen much in the New Gallery exhibits of these valuable historical remains, both of royal industry and artistic work, and of interesting articles of royal apparel, some of them of terribly tragic interest. Note, for example, those in the Tudor and the Stuart Exhibitions.

Perhaps one of the prettiest amongst those acquisitions that form a hobby for some is that of varieties of fans. A few years ago I visited a very extensive exhibition of them, brought together by the Fanmakers' Company, of which there have been others since then. The review generally acknowledged to have been the best—and remarkably interesting it was—appeared in the *City Press*. If you read that, you may remember more about the wonderful varieties made—the old and the modern of every nationality—than I have space to record. For purposes of room-decoration, cheap but gorgeously-coloured fans had a long run of favour. Now—as for the china plates that kept them company—the fancy for such a display has nearly worn itself out. Two or three only retain their places of distinction, and, I think, with better taste. This fan and plate fancy—as frequently taking the place of pictures, and sometimes employed as pegs for the festooning of dust-trap draperies—became a positive fad, worthy of the name, with many. A large and handsome fan, employed as a screen, for instance, for an empty grate is both reasonable and in good taste; but the multiplication in excess of cheap bazaar articles is the running to death of a trifling idea sooner or later, and in this case would be little in keeping with furniture and decorations substantially good, and permanent in fashion.

As fans are adjuncts to women's attire, I shall not be deviating from my present subject in alluding to a fancy, developed by some few persons, of making a collection of buttons. Perhaps no article of our common use, for men as well as for women, exhibits more singularly numerous and beautiful varieties than this useful and ornamental little appliance. There are uniform and livery buttons, those of national costumes and of fancy dresses, and ordinary buttons of common use, of endless variety, often of great beauty, and in every description of material. The hanging open-work silver buttons of Malta, Genoa, Sweden, and Norway, as of Greece and Spain, and elsewhere, are exceptionally pretty. Those of the national costume of the Scandinavian countries last named are heirlooms in the families of the peasantry, together with other handsome ornaments of the same metal, and it is difficult to induce any of them to part with them. I once had a Norwegian set, but gave it away, and only remember how handsome it was, and decorative to a dress bodice, especially if there were a sufficient number of buttons to be placed down the sleeves on the outside seam.

To make a collection of buttons, it would be necessary to visit many shops, and to buy a sample of every description they can supply. Those of uniforms may be had at naval and military tailors, almost endless varieties at manufactories, and you may also supplement your acquisitions in these several examples by seeking contributions from the States of America. It would be entertaining to a child to collect them, more costly specimens

being added in later years. Those that have shanks are hung on cords, and those that are flat are attached to sheets of cardboard. A friend of mine has seen the former in thousands strung upon cords by fanciers in the States.

Rather a quaint and curious notion is that of collecting penny articles—penny toys, useful appliances of every description, puzzles, books, ribbon, and all articles of haberdashery. Vendors of such wonderful things are always to be seen standing about in Cheapside and St. Paul's Churchyard, as elsewhere, even in the West-End as well as the City. A room could easily be filled with these bargains, giving evidence of the enormous manufacture, and equally unlimited popularity, that could render their sale at such an inadequate price within the range of possibility.

Some of the books to be obtained at that price are actually nicely bound in cloth, as, for example, the small Gospels and Epistles, which I take this opportunity of bringing into my young readers' notice. Copies of these, in various languages, they will do well to take with them on their holiday travels, leaving a copy here and there as they go—under the cushion of a railway or other carriage, and under their pillows at the hotels where they sleep. But one penny is a price four times as much (and probably a great deal more, in proportion to the size of the book), as that at which Richard Hengist Horne's epic poem *Orion*, published in 1843, was sold. It passed into several editions, the first being sold at one farthing a copy, a price which was, it is said, placed upon it as a sarcasm upon the low estimation into which epic poetry had fallen. In contrast to this—the smallest price ever given for a book—was that paid by a Bavarian Elector, who in bygone times gave a whole town for a copy of the New Testament. These penny collections take the fancy of certain persons, not for the love of art or antiquity, but from a discursive fancy, perhaps deserving the name of a fad. I have visited at the country house of some very wealthy friends in Ireland, in whom the organ of acquisitiveness was developed to a most abnormal degree. But with this description of craze there was no consistency of taste, no idea of the fitness of things. A handsome cabinet filled with gems, precious vases, and curios of the most costly nature, was the receptacle of rough unpainted Dutch toys; wooden poodles, and harlequin dolls, with strings depending from them, inviting a pull to make them throw up their arms and legs! Of statuary there was no lack in the grounds surrounding the mansion, the owner having a fancy for sculpture. But their distribution and arrangement were *bizarre* in the extreme. To say that they were stuck up like ninepins in promiscuous confusion, anyhow and nohow—this may best describe the appearance they presented. Happily, but few who form collections have so illregulated a mania for the mere acquisition of objects, without reference to any special fancy, or power of distinguishing between the valuable and worthless, so ridiculously placed in close juxtaposition in the *omnium gatherum* I have described.

Have one object in view. If the collection of a variety of articles be an essential characteristic to the hobby, let such articles be all of one price or period, one kind or nationality. The sequence of your ideas should be preserved intact. Supposing that you had collected together every textile, work of art, or instrument of warfare, manufactured by the half-civilised natives of some far-away island, the single idea in the formation of the little museum would be consistently maintained, although objects of art and industry, and the implements of peace and war, were placed in the closest juxtaposition. I hope I have made myself clearly understood.

From penny museums I may pass on to

commonplace books. This little collection costs nothing after the purchase of a good-sized album, properly thickened with the interleaving of cut-out pages, to allow for the pasting-in of clippings. Such a work as this supplies a *perpetual change* of ideas, and may prove exceedingly valuable. Each page should have its distinctive heading, such as "History," "Art," "Music," "Bon-mots," "Epitaphs," "Archæology," "Explorations," etc., keeping one subject apart from the other. You will only have to turn over the leaves to find all these several subjects at once. To a writer such extracts are invaluable for reference, and I strongly recommend my young readers to commence so entertaining an employment.

It was an everlasting source of pleasure to me in the days of my childhood and early youth; and when I passed out of the pinafore stage of my existence, I took a step further, and my aspirations rose to the collection of steel engravings. This became, like that of the newspaper cuttings, a very absorbing hobby, and many were the albums I made. I always had a great objection to the mixture of verses, small poorly-painted cards, with a stamped border like a frame round them, an uninteresting drawing of a cottage, and a head with a simpleton face, all interspersed with a few nice steel engravings. Such a combination I loathed, and do not recommend any girl to form a worthless collection like this.

Invalids much confined within the four walls of their own sitting-rooms, or to their beds, would find the gathering together and arrangement of some objects of interest a very great delight; as the employments within their attainment are generally so little diversified, and the unavoidable monotony in the routine in a sick chamber, and in that of an incurable invalid able to amuse herself, must prove a great trial of patience, and very unhealthful to the mind. I have many more suggestions to make, but must defer them all to the forthcoming chapters of this series, and for the present take my leave.

(To be continued.)



OUTLIVED.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

BEHIND the walls of the past
Is a country of sun and shade,
Where the roses bloomed too fast,
And the children laughed and played.

And a thousand joys were planned,
And a thousand songs were sung;
Oh! that was a lovely land
Where we lived when we were young!

Behind the walls of the past
Is a country of wild regret,
Where the roses died too fast,
And the sun in darkness set.

Full of thorns that pierced the hand,
And gifts to the thankless flung;
Oh! that was a bitter land
Where we lived when we were young!

Yet, when we think of it all—
Of the passionate grief long spent,
The tears that have ceased to fall,
The pain that is deep content;

Of the yearning soothed and stilled,
The shadows that passed away—
We know that the life God willed
Is the life we live to-day.



AUNT LU'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN the steep and slippery little street, without much care as to footsteps—for the glimpse of snowy hills and crimson sunset at the end was too beautiful to be lost—Irene Northam went lingeringly one January evening.

The long day's work of teaching over once more, the host of little people, for so many hours under her control, scattered in tumultuous disorder to the four winds; registers and needlework all locked away for another week, she was exulting in the thought of freedom for the morrow, and in the near prospect of crisp tea-cakes and new magazines awaiting her return. For Irene kept holiday on Friday evening, and celebrated it by a larger fire and better tea than usual, and especially by some story or bit of bright reading reserved for that hour of well-earned rest.

Just now her thoughts were held by the vision of beauty between and above the irregular lines of little grey houses, the dazling drifts that hid the strength of the hills, and beyond, the deepening glow that foretold a colder morrow.

To sensitive eyes that have seen much sorrow there is always a touch of sadness in the going down of the sun, and Irene, in spite of her bravely-fostered habit of cheerfulness, felt a mist over her own eyes now. "She

loved it so," she whispered to herself. And then the old schoolhouse, and the rose-covered cottage where her own childhood had been spent, came back, and she saw again the west window, and the sweet mother-face looking out for the last time before taking the journey whose end is beyond sun or star.

But the memory faded abruptly as she reached the door of her own lodgings and saw, close by, a crowd of roughs jeering at something on the ground before them. "Poor Miss Lu!" they were shouting. "Let's treat her to a snowball or two!"

But the group parted to right and left as the young schoolmistress sprang forward, and with words of indignation and pity gently lifted a poor old woman from the kerbstone. "For shame, boys! Can you not see that she is badly hurt? Who will run for a doctor, or help me to take her home?"

But at the word "doctor" the dim eyes unclosed, and she whispered, "No—no!" with great energy; "I can walk home"—and making a great effort she rose painfully, only to fall back again half-fainting.

At that moment a friendly policeman came up, and at Irene's entreaty helped her to bear the unexpected guest to her own sitting-room within. Such a pitiful little figure she looked as she lay on the old red sofa; for there was an

ugly cut on her forehead, around which her grey hair hung wildly; her nose was bleeding; and though it was mid-winter, and bitterly cold, she wore a thin muslin dress and white flower-bordered shawl of a fashion fifty years out of date.

"She's Miss Lucindy West," explained the policeman in a loud whisper. "Lives at Ivy House, in Dean Road; and she's a bit touched in her head, you know, but quite harmless. There—she's coming round now!—be all right directly."

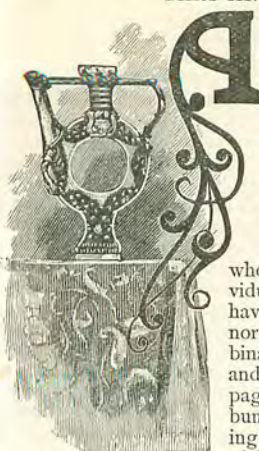
Suddenly she looked up at her befrienders and moaned out, "My poor nose! It was my best feature, and now I fear it is disfigured for life."

But Irene, doing battle with the desire to laugh, answered cheerily, "Oh, no; some warm water and a little care will soon put it right." And dismissing the policeman with a timely shilling, she set vigorously to work, bringing all her ambulance knowledge to bear upon the case, and soon had her patient's injuries strapped and bandaged in the most approved manner. And then, as she still refused to have a doctor, Irene propped her with cushions, and proceeded to toast tea-cakes and make the tea, and to serve her guest daintily from the old-fashioned china that had been her mother's. And colour came back into the wrinkled face, and the dim, wandering eyes,

COLLECTIONS, HOBBIES, AND FADS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.



VERY favourite hobby is that of collecting crests, armorial bearings, and monograms, and great taste is sometimes exhibited in their arrangement. There are some young people who like their individual prettiness, but have no eye for order nor for artistic combinations of form, and they waste whole pages of a crest album in merely pasting them in, some side-wise, some

straight, and others obliquely, none of which plans are pleasing to the eye. Others have no regard for colour, and thus a page in such hands will present a blotched or speckled appearance, and the general effect will be unsightly. An album filled by a member of my own family always elicited exclamations of surprise at the variety of designs exhibited and the beauty of the combinations of colour, such as those representing the stained glass in Gothic windows; heraldic shields filled the compartments, and little circular monograms often fitted admirably into the "rose-windows," and there was an ample field for the exhibition of cultivated taste. Arms with supporters, belonging to peers, should have their own separate pages, and those of war-ships and regiments should likewise have their place apart from each other and from the rest. These latter look best when arranged on banners and flags, which the collector can sketch, and then gum the several arms on each. Mullioned window-frames may likewise be sketched-in, tinted in grey or drab to resemble stone, and given suitable shading. Ordinary crests and devices may be selected according to their individual hues, and a great variety of mosaic patterns may be devised. These few suggestions may be supplemented by anyone having a little originality of ideas, and good taste in the blending and contrasting of colours. Figures of knights in armour and ladies in mediæval dress might be introduced on some of the pages, a crest surmounting the helmet, a device on the shield resting beside the knight, and fleurs-de-lis decorating the trained gown of the ladies. The banners could be emblazoned with the supposed charges of their family escutcheons. Old archways and gateways of feudal castles might be introduced, cut from little prints (advertisements and others), to be decorated with armorial bearings. But the album-maker must beware of producing incongruous mixtures. All fancy devices, monograms, and initials of a modern type must be kept quite apart from the shields, crests, and separate charges of genuine escutcheons.

The collector of autographs may produce a most valuable book, and one full of interest, and more especially so to the "cunning" diviners of character and intellect—exhibited in the style of calligraphy peculiar to every writer respectively—and no less so to the antiquary, so far as regards the writing of persons of note, both contemporary and historical.

To procure them, two or three methods have to be pursued. Some may be acquired by purchase at certain shops, some

at bazaars, which may be supplemented by gifts from friends, and duplicate examples from other collectors; and, lastly, by writing to contemporary celebrities for them,—a request that rarely meets with churlish silence. The less these examples are cut into even shapes the better. Some may bear the method of the gumming-on of small additional margins, by means of which they can be affixed to the page; but others amongst the old examples ought not to be gummed upon at all, but should be slipped entire under narrow straps of fine but tough paper, and so held in without disfigurement or mutilation. Of course there will be no prettiness of design nor artistic effect produced in this album; but its historic associations and intrinsic value will fully atone for all lack in other respects.

Much of the same character are the "franks" of former times, bearing the autograph signatures of the peers, who used to free these letters, so signed on the outside, from all postage liabilities. The era of envelopes had not come in when they first appeared, and large square sheets of letter-paper were addressed on the back-sheet, folded over, and sealed either with wax, or with wafers of a composition of paste or of gum. These franks belong as much to the department of autographs, as to that of postage-stamps, and thus I place them between these two collections as being of a kindred nature to both. Franks should be affixed to the page by means of a strip of the thin, tough paper to which I before alluded, gummed all down one end of the letter (or envelope) at the back. But if there be writing inside, behind the address, the whole letter should be attached to the page, so as to be opened and read with ease. For ordinary letters of one large square sheet (for inland issue) the charge used to be 1s.

The institution of franks dates from 1764, when the system was confirmed and regulated by Parliament, and collections of these are now becoming valuable as well as interesting. Many amongst my older readers will remember, as I do myself, that the first description of a paid-letter guarantee took the form of an envelope, the address on which was surmounted by an engraving representing the four continents, commerce, shipping, etc.

The stamp craze, almost universal amongst young people, and boys more especially, is by no means an objectionable hobby when consisting of varieties British and foreign. But when the collection descends into that of an uninteresting accumulation of ordinary penny or halfpenny ones, the fancy is debased into a veritable fad.

Common sense and good taste are violated by papering walls with them, and at so great an expense of time and fatigue, when even a few sheets of common whitish cartridge-paper would look so much better, and be, in point of fact, so much more clean and wholesome, considering the method generally employed in affixing them to letters in the first instance. The collections made, including rare and interesting specimens, are numerous beyond calculation, and when the fancy for their acquirement for self-indulgence and their use in the entertainment of friends have severally been enjoyed and exhausted, the owner may more than recoup herself for any expenditure made on their gradual acquisition by offering the book for sale at any shop where collections of stamps are sold. The largest at present known is credited to the work of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and it is one of the finest compilations in every respect, if it does not excel all its rivals. A

small hobby of this kind must afford an agreeable pastime on board ship, when floating about in time of peace. For an invalid, also, and more particularly for the bedridden, to have a special fancy, the pursuit of which may divert the thoughts from personal suffering and privation of liberty, and give employment to the feeble hands that can accomplish so little to break the monotony of an unnatural state of existence, such a recreation is of untold value.

I need scarcely say that postage stamps were devised by Rowland Hill in the year 1837, when the transmission of letters was exceedingly slow, as there were no railroads. But the adoption of the penny postage system was not an accomplished fact till 1840. The small squares of paper attached to letters as a receipt for their prepayment were stamped; and thus it was that they were known by the name of "stamps." These were "water-marked," to ensure that there should be no forgery of those issued by the Government, and they were sold in sheets, and cut out as required. The perforations round them, to enable their employer to tear them off, were a later invention. England can claim the credit of introducing the postage stamp to the rest of the world, a service of no mean value.

The mania for collecting commenced in France about the year 1856, and thence the infection crossed the Channel to us. A grand international exhibition of them, to take place in the Champs de Mars, was announced this summer, which may have taken place before the publication of this article.

There was a paragraph in one of our contemporaries of recent date on the subject of post-marks as a distinct attraction from that supplied by postage stamps, and having, intrinsically, no money value whatever. It appears that collections have been formed even of these, however strange the fad may appear, since there is no artistic beauty to commend them to the collector. In the same notice I saw the statement that if popularity were regarded as the determining factor, the pride of place must be awarded to the postage stamp amongst the multifarious objects, quaint, ordinary, or valuable, that form the hobbies of collectors. The same writer demonstrated the positive perversion of the judgment and all good feeling sometimes exhibited by those bitten by the "Stamp Craze," quoting the example of the man who advertised himself as a husband for any woman who could bring him, as purchase-money, a certain much-coveted postage stamp, valued at £200 (a price which was evidently in excess of his own real value), and of the nine-years-old boy, who it is recorded prayed for the success of the late grievous Brazilian revolution, "because the value of his stamps of that country would thereby be raised in value." "The boy is the father of the man," it is said, and a man of instincts such as his would eventually prove a most trustworthy voter, and what an acquisition to the ranks of any political party! No fancy, however innocent and refining and elevating to the mind and moral character, should be allowed to absorb more than a limited amount of time or money, for it may develop into undue proportions, and exercise an irresistible sway over its possessor, thus proving as injurious as *dram drinking*, its indulgence assuming the character of a vice instead of a profitable if not elevating pursuit. The more inexpensive the hobby the better morally for the collector, and the specimens procured may be none the less interesting and beautiful of their kind. In these days, so

hard pressed by the failure of treacherous in-
"securities" for capital, small sums of money,
even shillings, are abnormally valuable, in view
of impoverished friends and the ever-existing
poor relations that (we must never forget)
have natural claims upon us; nor the duty of
weighing a winter's wrap, or a few additions
to a scantily furnished store-closet, against the
acquisition of a rare coin or a new specimen
of china. First contribute something in re-
sponse to the appeals of natural affection and
conscience, and pay-up all your personal
liabilities, and any small balance that may
remain you may expend on your pet pursuit.

Probably but very few of my girl-readers
have the means, if they had the taste, for
collecting arms and armour, especially under
the restrictions named. Such articles are
expensive, and in every sense open a wide
field as the collector's hunting ground. The
arms of the various eras which our own United
Kingdom has successively seen would fill a
very large gallery, not to speak of the various
styles of helmets, and chain and steel armour.
But weapons from our colonies and from
India, together with Chinese, Japanese, Scan-
dinavian, Moorish, Mexican, Polynesian, Red
Indian, New Zealand, and appliances of war
all the world over, would expand a collection
to great dimensions, though confined to one
example from each. Besides these, there are
some of historical or antiquarian interest, if
once belonging to celebrated knights or royal
personages. But odd specimens of the less
valuable may easily be acquired and as easily
housed and disposed-of in a decorative way.
They need no cabinet, but should be hung on
the walls of a hall, study, or dining-room,
arranged in an artistic way. Shields made of
wood and covered with velvet may be sus-
pended from the walls, and swords, daggers,
and steel gauntlets affixed to them by wires
and nails. Helmets and guns, being heavy,
should be severally supported on racks or
hooks in the walls. Flags and banners are
only suited for suspension in large halls, but
halberds and javelins may stand in the corners
of the room. These suggestions are made
more naturally for our boy-readers, of whom
(we are gratified to learn) we have many. Of
course, if such a museum of weapons of war
be not acquired as a family heirloom, or if the
owner have a fancy for supplementing it, the
aid of a connoisseur should be enlisted when
searches are made, to be followed by purchases,
as all that is antique is grievously copied. I
should recommend that every piece of defen-
sive armour and every weapon should be
numbered, and that a descriptive catalogue be
written, with corresponding numbers, so that
visitors may enjoy the greater interest in them,
and contribute no less to the benefit of the
future possessor. The intrinsic value of the
collection would, likewise, be thereby greatly
enhanced, and were a sale ever contemplated
it would then be the more easily effected. I
need scarcely remind the reader that books of
reference would have to be consulted and
historical notes appended to the catalogue,
dates correctly given, and the several speci-
mens carefully classified. It would also be
desirable for a collector of arms to visit other
repositories, such as those in the Tower, at
Warwick, and at other castles and ancient
country seats, and museums at home and
abroad. There is a very fine armoury at Turin,
and likewise at Innsbruck, both of which I
have myself visited amongst many others.

The collecting of intaglios is a very charm-
ing hobby, but one that could scarcely be

indulged in by any but persons of good means.
Engraved gems, both modern and ancient,
are valuable acquisitions as compared with
most of the objects collected by hobby-riders.
The word "intaglio" means, in Italian, "an
incision," and is applied to designs and in-
scriptions cut into a gem. This beautiful
work, known as the "Glyptic Art," was
practised by the early Egyptians and Assyrians,
and afterwards by the Greeks and Romans,
who brought it to great perfection. Examples
of the earliest work are to be seen in the
cylindrical seals of the Assyrians. Raised
designs, sculptured on precious stones and
on shells, are distinguished by the name
"cameo," and were usually produced on the
sardonyx, carnelian, jasper, and chalcedony
of different kinds. The finest specimen of the
glyptic art extant is in the Imperial Viennese
collection, and is known as the cameo named
the *Gemma Augustea*; and in England the
finest example is contained in the Marlborough
collection, the work of a Macedonian artist,
representing Cupid and Psyche. In my
series on "Occupations for Women" I men-
tioned that of shell-cameo-cutting as an
industry of recent introduction and a remunera-
tive one for them.

To return to the question of purchasing
intaglios, the seeker for them should be
prepared for, possibly, gross imposition. In
Rome manufactories existed (and some may
still be covertly worked) for the production of
spurious antiques. Fortunately the Govern-
ment took cognizance of the wholesale im-
postures perpetrated on too unsuspecting
collectors, and proceeded against the nefarious
traders in a summary way. Still it may be
well to give the seekers for such gems an
extra hint for their protection to supplement
that accorded by the State. A genuine
antique has usually a rubbed and scratched
surface, worn by age and friction against the
stones and gravel from which the majority
have been rescued. The new and sometimes
very beautiful works of modern art are, on the
contrary, free from such marks of rough
usage, and present a fine polish on their flat
surfaces. I am the possessor of two intaglios,
both ancient, and one exceptionally beautiful
modern cameo, representing the head of
Lysimachus in profile, cut in high relief on a
fine sardonyx. One of the intaglios shows
two admirably sculptured heads, male and
female, on a carnelian, and the other is a
genuine ancient Egyptian gem of early date,
representing a figure standing before an obe-
lisk on which are hieroglyphics. It was
brought home more than a hundred years ago
by my own maternal grandfather, Eyles Irwin,
one of the early African travellers (whose
works are still extant). The stone appears to
be a green jasper of long oval form, and of
great antiquity.

A small cabinet with shallow trays having
hollowed-out compartments, and these lined
with velvet (such as I recommended for coins),
would be essential for the safe keeping of such
a collection. The receptacles should be
numbered, and on the inside of the cabinet, or
of the lid, if a flat box, the name and history
of each gem should be inscribed, with numbers
corresponding to those indicating the several
receptacles. The acquirement of engraved
and sculptured gems, whether antique or of
modern work, is a costly pursuit. To purchase
even two or three, or but one alone, would be
as much as the ordinary run of my young
readers of moderately independent means
could aspire to purchase; so I do not name

them so much as a fancy for their pursuit as I
do because they must take their rightful place
amongst the various collections of which there
are so many, both private and public. Those
amongst "our girls" who have a taste for
art and objects of antiquarian interest of this
description would do well to visit the splendid
collection in the South Kensington Museum.
There are several very celebrated private ones
in England (besides the Marlborough, before
named at Battlesden Park, Bedfordshire),
amongst which are the Bessborough, the
Devonshire, and the Carlisle collections.

Before leaving the question of cameos, I
may point out the fact that for lovers of this
form of art—shell and lava cameos being
much more inexpensive than carvings and
intaglios in stone—a beautiful little collection
might be acquired by persons not possessing
any great means for disposal on a mere
hobby.

A friend of mine has made the acquirement
of old and beautiful miniatures a hobby of
his, and some of them were lent by him to
one or two of our New Gallery exhibitions.
In the 18th century they used very generally
to be painted for brooches and lockets in gold
frames, jewelled or enamelled all round, and
they contained a plaited lock of the hair of
the person represented. As in the case of
collections of arms, so in reference to minia-
tures, whether brooch or locket examples,
paintings on ivory or enamels on metal, they
should be grouped on a velvet foundation, so
as to compose one collective and important
whole. They should not be scattered about
singly, like so many little spots and speckles,
giving a mean and piebald look to the wall.
No small pictures of any description should
be dotted about, but collected together into
groups, each group occupying a surface
equivalent to a single picture of considerable
size. Their disposition in a lozenge shape
might look well, or the miniatures might be
placed, if of uniform dimensions, in a row
immediately under or over the mantel-piece.
I have also seen a very pretty sort of festoon
made of a number of locket miniatures, hung
on a gold-coloured silk twist cord or gilt wire,
looped up at regular intervals by little gilt
hooks or nails, and suspended over a cabinet of
curios. The painting of miniatures appears
to have been more in favour in the last century
and the early part of the 19th than it has
latterly been, and I think that this may be
very reasonably accounted for by the intro-
duction of photography. Those who cannot
afford to pay for good portraits in oil or pastel
of the various members of their family and
their friends, prefer to obtain their small-sized
likenesses by means of both a more accurate
and life-like method, and one less costly yet
easily multiplied than a miniature painter
could supply. Before the days of sun delinea-
tions—and we hope we may soon say sun
painting—some of the finest examples of
miniature portraits were produced in enamel,
baked on copper or zinc, and the greater
durability of these made them the more
valuable. We owe the perfecting of the
beautiful art of painting with opaque enamel,
to Jean Toutise, a goldsmith of Chateaudun,
A.D. 1630, its revival having taken place in
Italy in about 1503 or 1513. But the name
of its first inventor is lost to fame, and we
only know that the Etruscans, Egyptians,
and others amongst the ancients were success-
ful in the art for centuries apparently for-
gotten.

(To be continued.)



COLLECTIONS, HOBBIES, AND FADS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

THE subject of collections of autographs has come already under a passing notice, but I may add a few words with advantage to inexperienced collectors. Since writing a new work has made its appearance, consisting of a very comprehensive catalogue, giving estimates of the value of letters from celebrated men and women, both living and dead. To give some idea of the expense of indulging in this interesting hobby, I may observe, as an example, that a letter of one celebrity will fetch the sum of 10s.; another, 12s.; and a third, 8s. 6d. Artists whose pictures have even had the honour of being exhibited in the Royal Academy may, some of them, be had for a few pence only, and the purchaser must use her own discrimination in selecting those that are likely to rise in value from a small price, as so many undoubtedly will. One thing is certain, and that is that such a treasury of reminiscences of distinguished persons must always have a good market value, and increasingly so, as year by year living autograph and letter writers are gradually gathered into the army of "the great majority." Of course the prices obtained at any particular sale do not always indicate the ordinary market value of any autograph. One of Oliver Cromwell was recently disposed of for £11 5s., and on the same occasion a letter by Archbishop Laud sold for £43. The market value of one by Tennyson is £2; Lord Byron, £4; Dr. Johnson, £6; Robert Burns, £10 10s.; and Robert Earl of Leicester, £24. And now I must give my readers a warning: supposing that any amongst them may have so distinguished themselves that their signatures are desired. Take care that you inscribe your name at the very top of the sheet or page, so that, should the paper fall into unscrupulous hands, nothing may be written above it. I saw a paragraph in one of our weekly papers, very recently, stating that some swindler had asked Madame Patti for her autograph, which she kindly gave; but most unsuspectingly she wrote it in the middle of a sheet of paper, and the infamous thief wrote an order above it for a sum of £1,000, which turned the kindly act of the great singer into a seriously costly one. I remember being much surprised by an intimation of the danger of giving your signature inscribed in the middle of a sheet of paper, many years ago, when my nieces asked the late Sir John Goss (who gave them private music lessons as a special favour). He said he would give it, but written at the very top of the page, as he did not know into whose hands it might ultimately fall, and be employed for a nefarious purpose against him! We thought it an absurd exhibition of caution, but know better now.

The time is not gone by for the collecting of autographs, a fact which is clearly demonstrated by the great difference between the prices at which they were purchased a year or two ago, and those obtained for them now at auctions—as many guineas being given now, as shillings before.

As I pursue my researches respecting the collections with which persons who indulge in a hobby entertain themselves, I am surprised as much by the strangeness of the fancies which they reveal, as by the number which I have to record. I have spoken of postage stamps as, perhaps, the most extensively popular of any amongst them; but as works of art, pleasing to the eye, their collection has no element of *eccentricity* about it. That of making an album of *post-marks* is less comprehensible in any point of view; for, apart from lack of beauty, there would be

no "market value" attached to them. Yet there are those who find an interest in obtaining and preserving them, although such a pursuit could scarcely merit any higher designation than that of a fad.

Another which must be classified in the same category is the *railway-ticket* craze. How they can be obtained in any considerable numbers I am quite unable to divine, as it is only on very rare occasions that the authorised ticket collector, the guard, or the railway officer at the station door, forgets to ask for them, or is out of the way when the travellers pass out; still, the fad exists all the same, and such whimsical fancies are indulged in, and afford gratification of a selfish, because uncommunicable, kind as regards others.

An album devoted to *trade-marks*, on the contrary, would be not only of interest to many, but very curious, and would often present quaint and artistic devices. An opportunity would also be afforded for a good etcher to supply copies of ancient marks taken from old books, catalogues, and advertisement sheets. The work of thus supplementing modern woodcuts, so easily procurable, would afford a recreation for many an hour of rest on a long winter's evening at home, old original examples being difficult to obtain.

The hobbies of a number of our statesmen have recently been the subject of an article, and amongst them the fad for collecting *teeth*. From the jaws of every animal he has killed in Africa, or elsewhere, one of these public notoriety has preserved a souvenir which, so far, appears to be perfectly natural; each being a record of danger and of daring, and their preservation by no means to be considered a mere fad. But the fancy has no limitation to memorials of personal adventure and prowess; these terror-inspiring fangs form only one department of the museum of relics. The statesman in question has a special fancy for acquiring the teeth of human beasts of prey, and those of notorious criminals occupy a place in his cabinet of horrors. How he contrives to possess himself of these is not explained by our literary informant. It would be difficult for even a "resurrection-man" to obtain them, as the burial-place is within the prison enclosure.

Locks of hair are preserved by some, and such relics have been shown under the glass of cases in our "New Gallery" exhibitions, as, for example, a small lock from the head of Charles I. Family collections are naturally almost universal; and I think my own revered mother must have had a large boxful of contributions presented to her, in the simple unsophisticated days of long ago, as love-tokens from my sister and myself, after every visit to the hairdresser. To obtain those of celebrated persons, it might be a successful plan to visit some of the chief hairdressers' shops, and make inquiries as to the persons of note who might be customers. There are some of these "knights of the comb and scissors" who make it their speciality to dress hair for fancy costumes. Explain to the proprietor what you want, and take the chance offered by a gratuity, of rescuing a few relics from an ignoble fate in the dustbin! Such memorials should be tied with fine sewing-silk, and attached by means of small strips of paper to the pages of your album, the name and date being inscribed underneath.

Collections of *rare engravings and etchings* afford ample compensation to those who can afford time for hunting expeditions and money for their purchase. Some restrict their aspirations to the works of special artists; as, for example, will have been observed by the readers of *Temple Bar* for September, in which the fine collections acquired by Mr.

Bruton (of Gloucester) and Mr. G. Truman, of the works of Cruickshank, were very fully discussed. One valuable note should be made for the benefit of young collectors, *i.e.*, that half the market value is gone when the margin of an engraving is cut off; for, close to the edge of the latter, the names of both artist and engraver are inscribed; unless it be a "proof before letters," but in which case the fact of its being such, should equally be made evident.

Engravings are divided into several classes, apart from the better known distinctions of "line," "mezzotint," etc. The designation "proof" denotes an early impression from a steel or copper plate; and this, when taken on thin buff-coloured paper (prepared from bamboo stalks imported from the East Indies), and before any letters are engraved thereon—is called an "India proof." The first impressions in printing are distinguished as "first proof," those taken after correction as "clean proof," and lastly as "press proof."

To offer my readers a mere catalogue of popular or eccentric collections would serve little good purpose; and thus I endeavour to utilise the space afforded me by offering some extra information, and giving these articles as practical a character as it may be in my power to make them.

That engravings should be rare and costly is not essential to the making of an interesting volume, and one that will fetch a good price, especially if advertised. I only read a short time ago that a collection of sixteen little portraits entitled, "England's Worthies," (some by Hollar) was valued at £30, and a set of old prints, obtained in the first instance for £40 by the late Mr. Colnaghi, was re-sold by him for £800 within the following month. This appears scarcely credible, but I have very good authority for the statement. But a very interesting and saleable collection might be made of mere woodcut portraits, taken from old magazines, advertisement sheets, and newspapers; comprising those of authors, statesmen, scientists, composers, celebrated divines and preachers, explorers, naval and military officers and heroes, artists, musicians, actors, and persons brought into special notice in *causes célèbres*, etc. Of course they should be correctly classified. Some of our invalid girls, who have not much money to expend on making any collection, might derive a great deal of pleasure in the indulgence of such a little hobby at scarcely any expense, for no doubt their friends would gladly contribute to it, as chance might bring any small portrait in their way.

The study of *numismatics* must have a great charm for many, and doubtless collections of coins, well arranged and classified, will be a subject of interest even to some who may previously have known nothing about them but their existence. To such of my readers as are already possessed of a few, sufficient to form a small nucleus for a gradually increasing, and more important collection, I would suggest the idea of forming one. And first I would observe that neither archaeologically, nor artistically regarded, is there any special interest attached to gold coins. Antiquity, and the significance presented by the designs on all coins—marking the era and knowledge and growth of art in every case—establish their true value, of whatever metal, base or otherwise, they may be made. The copper coinage of ancient Rome is fully equal in interest to the silver and gold, and the acquirement of a single coin at a time needs not to be a question of much expense; and in this case also friends will often contribute a few if not collectors themselves. You will have to get a cabinet

with drawers composed of plain boards, with rows of circular hollows to contain coins of different sizes. Three sizes would be sufficient—those of half-crown, shilling, and six-penny pieces. Have a separate tray for all British coins, which must be sub-divided into the "Ancient British," "Early Saxon," "Anglo-Saxon," and those of subsequent times, all in their consecutive order. Another tray should be provided for bank and trade tokens, English, Irish, and Scotch. Indeed, an entire collection (and a less costly one) might be made of tokens only.

The ancient Roman and modern Italian should likewise be kept distinct, one class from the other—the copper coins of the ancient being quite as interesting as those of silver. Some of the copper ones are covered with an exquisite green enamel, the result of extreme antiquity, and these are worth acquisition. A brother of mine had a very superior collection—chiefly of ancient Roman coins—and many of them exhibited this beautiful characteristic. So great was his fancy for such specimens of ancient art, that he kept some—especially the green-enamelled—as a rule in his waistcoat pocket, to show them to admiring friends. A hobby of this kind would necessitate the purchase of a manual to aid you in the study of the coins of all nationalities. You should also be prepared to distinguish between the genuine and the modern counterfeit coinages of the ancient Roman copper coins. The counterfeit pieces may be recognised by their soft, soapy feeling in the hand, markedly dissimilar from that of the sharply-cut genuine coins, though worn by the friction of long circulation. The earliest examples of our own ancient British coinage date from Caesar's second invasion. Of the minted coins of the Heptarchy, the "*sceatta*" was, I believe, the earliest one of Ethelbert I., dating from between the years 561 and 600, prior to his conversion to Christianity. The ancient Irish coins must be called "Hiberno-Danish," the first examples being those of Ivar, or Ivar I., the brother of Anlaf, first Danish prince of Dublin, A.D. 850 to 870. Before the domination of the Danish line of monarchs, gold rings, and those of silver and brass, were employed as the circulating medium, according to Sir William Betham. More than this it would be out of the province of these articles to say on the subject of numismatics.

A fancy for *snuff-boxes* is a somewhat costly one, although the variety is very extensive, and embraces, for the most part, many inexpensive examples. Over and above those in gold and silver, and such as are set with precious stones; there are others in *papier maché* and japan, some being very cleverly painted. There are multitudes in white, opaque, or transparent horn, as well as of engraved bone, those of the Tyrol, bearing inscriptions as well as picture-designs, being very quaint and pretty. In boxwood, and other close-grained woods they are extensively manufactured, some of them being lined with tortoiseshell. One belonging to my brother (formerly used by our grandfather in the last century) is oval in shape and made of ivory. The lid is divided to cover two compartments, and opens from a hinge across the centre. The whole of the box and the lids are bound round by a chased band of gold. Some snuff-boxes were of beautiful enamel, and miniature portraits were painted on the lids. In old times a snuff-box was much in vogue as a gift for special presentation, and remains so to a limited degree even to this day. I have seen illustrations of some that were more like bottles than boxes, from which the powder was extracted by means of a very small spoon with a long handle, the knob at the end forming the stopper. The sides of the watch-shaped, or oval, bottle were richly decorated with hunting designs. It is related of His Majesty George IV. that he once offered his

box to a lady, inviting her to take a pinch. With surprising want of tact and ignorance of the rules of good-breeding, she declined the honour, by which a compliment was implied, saying that she "never took snuff." The Monarch, thus rebuked, turned away, and presented it to another lady, who curtsied, took a pinch, and thanked him; and her graceful acceptance of the personal attention was rewarded by the presentation of the beautiful jewelled box itself, as a token of the King's appreciation of her conduct. Imagine the effect of such a lesson on her half-bred companion!

There are *pipe-collectors*, whose special fancy should not be overlooked. Those who have travelled in the East have had the opportunity for gathering together very handsome specimens; and in the Far West quaint examples may be acquired from semi-barbarous tribes—in fact, they may be found all over the world, and in endless variety. The original invention of the tobacco-pipe is credited to the Aborigines of North America. In the grave mounds of Ohio, Mexico, and Central America, stone pipes and others have been excavated, worked in fanciful forms. In Egypt we find the *chibouk*, made of Siout clay; in India and Persia the *narghilé*, or *hookah*; in Turkey and Algeria the pipes are made of red clay, the bowls having flaring mouths; cherry or jasmine wood supplies the stems, and amber the mouthpieces. The Cossacks of the Ural employ a pipe made of graphite; the Samoyde a walrus-tooth; and a bull's horn supplies the pipe-bowl for the Hottentot. How the Lapp can smoke an iron pipe I do not understand, as the flesh will freeze to iron in the extreme cold near the North Pole; but I suppose he has a wooden stem and mouthpiece. Amongst the Hindus and Tibetans the primitive form (*hookah*) still obtains, i.e., the coconut containing water, and provided with two tubes. You have often heard of the "*Calumet*," or "*Pipe of Peace*," smoked by the North American Indians. The bowls of their pipes are made of red pipe-stone, obtained from a quarry in the territory of Dakota (*Coteau des Prairies*), and the bowls are decorated with carvings. The several nationalities of Europe supply many varieties in this article of luxury. In Germany they are mostly manufactured in porcelain, the long bowl turning upwards parallel with the stem, and the whole pipe depending straight down from the smoker's mouth. These are generally decorated with fancy portraits of women. Many of the German and Austrian pipes are of meerschaum in endless forms and sizes, and some of them are very beautifully sculptured. But these and amber pipes are chiefly manufactured in Paris and in Ruhla. Long thin-stemmed ones, composed of white plastic clay, are made, as we all know, in this country, as well as in Holland and Belgium; and the briar, or *bruyère-root* is obtained from St. Claude (France), of which town it is a speciality. Wild cherry pipe-sticks are extensively manufactured in Germany. It is said that the practice of smoking commenced in England in the sixteenth century, when the rich indulged in silver pipes, and the poor used a straw stuck in a walnut-shell! The craft of tobacco-pipe makers was incorporated in the year 1619, the manufacture of clay-pipes having become an important industry at that time. Before this, in 1573, Harrison (in his *Chronologie*) observes: "In these daies the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herb, called *Tabaco*, by an instrument like a little ladell . . . is greatly taken up, and used in England against Rewmes." I think I have said enough to demonstrate the interest attached to certain examples; and the variety, as well as real beauty, of a collection of this description—at least, as regarded by our brothers, if not by ourselves.

After speaking of pipes, the subject of *walking-sticks* follows very naturally, and they

form a rather popular description of collection. Some, from far-off lands, are quaint and curious, many are beautiful; and others, as the companions of travel, reminiscences of pleasant or perilous adventures, and those, again, which were gifts of friends, or possessing more than intrinsic value as *having belonged* to remarkable persons—all these varieties render such a collection more or less interesting and valuable.

The present President of the United States is a notable collector in this line. And here I must recognise the fact that all so-called walking-"sticks" and "canes" are neither of stick nor cane; for some are of horn, reduced by boiling to such a degree of softness that they can take any form desired; some are of bone, of which the above-named President (Mr. Grover Cleveland) has a specimen made of the backbone of a rare fish. Whalebone is also employed, and I have seen a thick cane made of a gigantic cabbage-stalk, which no one, uninformed of the fact, could have recognised as such. One very remarkable stick consisted of a presentation made to Andrew Jackson, in the year 1821, by a number of fellow citizens, the silver handle bearing the names of the contributors. Not only so, but the Lord's Prayer is engraved on it, together with certain Democratic sayings of Thomas Jefferson, from whose grave at Monticello, within view of the "Blue Mountains," the oak grew from which the stick was taken. The possessor of this collection (Mr. Cleveland) has also a *somewhat curious* specimen made from the horns of various Texan animals, of which a unique description of mosaic work has been made; the handle alone excepted, which is formed of a fine agate. The effect of the whole must be rather curious, as the examples of horn vary in colour, and comprise different shades of brown, grey, yellow, white, and black.

Before dismissing the subject of wood, I cannot refrain from making a note of the three remarkable "wooden libraries," which have been formed in Germany, Australia, and Russia. Cassell stands first, as having originated the idea, and any one visiting the museum of that town will see a library of 500 books, each made of a different wood. The sides show the wood in its earliest stage, and that of perfection; the back is formed of the bark; and inside the flat box, the seed, leaf, flower, and fruit of the tree are preserved. The Russian library was exhibited in Paris, at the Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889; the great forests of that country supplying many varieties. A very fine collection of wooden books was on view at the Colonial Exhibition, formed by Colonel Clamp, from Australian trees, on the same lines as that of Cassell. That great continent produces no less than 1,000 species; and the books representing them are arranged alphabetically, and bear their Latin and English names.

I hear that some people make collections of *visiting cards*, either *gummed into* or held by the corners (in small obliquely cut slits in the leaves) of an album. Apart from any interest which many of these cards may have for the collector, the book would supply a directory to the owner, as the address of the visitor is usually engraved or written in the corner. I can remember the time when they were not "hot-pressed," but had a kind of white enamel of a chalky-like substance on them, which gave them the name of glazed cards, and they were decorated by embossed patterns, a smooth flat space being left in the centre for the name. I have also seen them of a pale pink hue. I believe I have a card amongst my small relics of about fifty years ago and upwards, which was enamelled and embossed with rays, diverging and increasing in width from the middle, where the name was engraved in very small capital letters.

(To be concluded.)

COLLECTIONS, HOBBIES, AND FADS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.



OME of my readers may know nothing of the hobby of "Grangerising," and a few words on this somewhat rare, yet interesting, and (in some cases) lucrative pursuit, ought certainly to be devoted. Although given the name of a clergyman, the Rev. — Granger,

who lived in the last century, the idea originated as far back as the reign of Charles I., and had its birthplace in Little Gidding (Protestant) Nunnery, established by Master Nicholas Ferrar. The poor ladies shut up in this very ascetic convent, employed any time of comparative rest in supplementing the illustrations in their Bibles, cut from every book that supplied any that were suitable. They also embroidered book-covers, which, by the way, form objects of much attraction to many who make rather valuable collections of such specimens of decorative embroidery.

The founder of this convent, Nicholas Ferrar, used to collect engravings on his continental travels, and Charles I. having seen and admired a Bible thus "Grangerised" by him, he requested to have a similar one produced by the nuns—Ferrar's niece at their head—and not only did they make one for him, but they embroidered the cover in splendid work, and placed it in the King's own hands. This interesting historical relic is now to be seen, faded and sad-looking, in the British Museum. It seems unfair that this rather fascinating work, which is a genuine hobby with some, was not called by the name of its originator, and described as "Ferrarising." But Granger seems to have developed the pursuit when he applied the idea to an enormous *History of England* of which he was the author. This hobby has been adopted by some well-known persons. The *Life of Charles Dickens*, illustrated by scraps and engravings cut from newspapers and elsewhere, has been increased in dimensions till it has filled between twenty and thirty volumes by the late John Forster. He also produced fourteen folio volumes from one copy of *Granger's English History*, and seventeen of another; and the number of portraits they contain amounts to upwards of five thousand. A sum of £300 was lately obtained for a Clarendon thus "Grangerised;" but I am not informed whether this book were the "Clarendon and Burnet," so enlarged and embellished by Mr. Sutherland, who collected the enormous number of 19,000 drawings and engravings for it. In fact, no other such pictorial history has ever been produced. All the same, the credit of originality of thought, and of the first examples produced, are due to Ferrar, and his niece, Mary Collet, the talented artificer also in *Cunning Needlework*.

Perhaps the hobby of the "book collector," who is somewhat sneeringly characterised as a "bibliomaniac," should have had an earlier position in my list. Here, at least, I will take the opportunity of saying that the half-brother of the poet and bishop Heber of Calcutta, Mr. Richard Heber of Hodnet, Salop, made the largest library ever acquired by any private individual. His purchases were commenced in this country, and after peace was proclaimed in 1815, he continued his researches on new ground, and collected on a large scale in Belgium, France, and the Netherlands. His

own country-place was filled with books, and he rented houses at Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, and in Paris, as well as at Oxford and in London, for repositories in which to store his beloved tomes. These were computed by some to number 500,000, and at an aggregate value of £200,000, and although his executors could not discover the whereabouts of all his treasures stored away in foreign houses, it took upwards of two years to complete the sales of those in England by Messrs. Evans, Sotheby, and other auctioneers, between the years 1834 and 1836.

Catalogues of several kinds are preserved by some, and these are not only useful as books of reference but they have a marketable value and may fetch a good price. Those of the art-galleries which are illustrated are interesting, apart from any monetary value, and catalogues of great exhibitions should always be preserved, not only as gifts to persons who are collectors, but in view of a possible demand and satisfactory sale. There are also valuable ones of great auctions and sales at country houses, with records of the prices put on objects of art of every description, and I think my list of these may include those of museums and libraries.

There are others who collect series of newspapers and almanacs, and—still more interesting—of peerages, and works foreign as well as English, on heraldry, of which there are very many and the majority illustrated.

Book-plates form a pretty album, but they are a little difficult to procure. You may obtain them from friends and remove them from old second-hand books, or you may find a visit to sundry engravers of heraldic escutcheons (whether on seals, on letter-paper stamps, or on book-plates) to result in the acquisition of many additions to your collection. Amongst the most distinguished of our book-plate designers, William Hogarth should be named. Some illustrations of his work may be seen in the *Ex-Libris Journal*, the third volume of which is now entered upon. Perhaps some of my readers are already acquainted with a new work in two volumes on this subject, giving historical information respecting book-plates not only in England but in France. This publication was preceded by the *Serial*, which was significant of the amount of interest felt in the subject.

The fancy for accumulating specimens of warming-pans is but little popular. In fact, the instance of such a craze as that which I have in view, as I now write, is quite unique, the collector being Nestor Roqueplan, a Frenchman.

That of acquiring eyeglasses of celebrated persons is one developed by Miss E. Terry; but this desire to form a collection has, I imagine, no reference to the objects themselves, but to their association with their owners. Rings are likewise conspicuous in the private cabinets of antiquarians, the special interest connected with them consisting in their historic and antiquarian character, or the countries—barbaric or otherwise—whence they came.

I spoke of commonplace books for every description of clipping from papers and magazines; but there are those who make certain subjects their collection, and amongst them riddles and conundrums, and a new one, just inaugurated for the entertainment of guests, has been given the objectionable name of *Ye Lie-Book*. Another department of the clipping collection fancy has recently been brought to light by its figuring as a legacy to the library of the French Institute by some

faddist of Poitou. It consisted of mistakes in spelling which had appeared both in manuscripts, letters, and print, made by members of the Académie Française. It is a singular fact that the most highly-educated and accomplished—nay, further, the most erudite—are to be found in the ranks of the bad spellers.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." For my own part, I should prefer that any protégée of mine should spell correctly, express herself in thoroughly grammatical English, and write a beautiful artistic hand, than excel in any other departments of a general education or of extra accomplishments. This neglect of spelling has been the ruin of many a clever scholar's career, and should be made a matter of far more serious importance in the early education of both girls and boys.

I have already written much before alluding to the beautiful collections made of china, glass, and pottery. The several subjects are too extensive to be entered upon within the very restricted limits of this series. Ancient and modern, British and foreign—there are never-ending varieties, each deserving some special notice—those of the British empire alone presenting by far the most wonderful and extensive collection of different manufactures.

As a visitor to several great prisons, I have had an opportunity of seeing that a gruesome museum was attached to each—the improvised weapons of warfare employed by desperate ruffians in their attempts to escape or avenge themselves on the warders, as also the "cats" of the old régime, which were knotted (if my memory be not at fault), and those of the far milder discipline of the present time. In the special prison to which I now refer it was ludicrous to see the grim pleasure afforded to the head warder in exhibiting the collection he had made, such as heavy shoes with formidable nails driven through the soles, the points projecting far out of them—how so immovably fixed I could not imagine—and salt-cellars also, used in a handkerchief, so as to give a death-dealing blow when the latter was swung by the four corners; and of course he had some dreadful history to record attached to each of his treasures.

Hunting men are sometimes fond of collecting trophies of their sport in the form of the fox's "brush," and I recently read of some enthusiastic veteran, whose house-door, gates, and every available space was garnished with his victims' tails.

A favourite collection—amongst boys, more especially—consists of birds' eggs and nests, as well as of moths, butterflies, and beetles.

A very interesting and beautiful kind of hobby is that of acquiring orders, medals, badges and clasps; and these should be arranged on sloping shelves, covered with cotton-velvet, and behind glass doors. When possible they should each occupy their own original box—open so as to display the contents—and these should all be kept distinct, one class from another. Descriptive catalogues should be drawn up, and the names of the persons on whom they were severally conferred should be recorded whenever possible.

It is grievous to see how many specimens of these are to be found in every pawnbroker's shop-window; but this fact places the acquirement of many (not of the very highest distinction) within the means of people of no great income. Extreme poverty may form a sufficient excuse for parting with heirlooms, or rewards of merit, whether our own or of members of our family; otherwise it is a little creditable characteristic in any one to make so

light of such distinctions, or of the feelings of relatives who would have appreciated their possession.

"Of making many books there is no end," said the wise monarch, who "spake 3000 proverbs and wrote 1005 songs." And so in reference to the trifling matters of which I now write, as I continue to add, one by one, to the pretty, quaint, or ridiculous collections described in this little series, I feel as if my subject would never come to a conclusion until I had worn out the patience of most of my readers. So I wind up my list in this department to conclude with that of eccentric fads.

"The Domestic Faddist" was the title of an article which has appeared since writing my third part of this series in one of our leading daily papers. And, indeed, there seems no end to the catalogue of half-crazy fancies in which a large proportion of our fellow-men and women indulge. Amongst the vagaries of these eccentric folk I think that the man who not only weighed every atom of food he consumed at home, but perpetrated such an act of gross ill-breeding as to carry his weighing-machine to the houses of his friends, so as to go through such a farce at their tables, was a faddist of the most extreme type and unfit for civilised society. The same writer gave an example of a lady belonging to the same category who "turns night into day," but not for the enjoyment of night entertainments. Her craze takes the form of seeking perfect and noiseless quiet. So she gives up all social intercourse, even with her own relatives who know her only by correspondence, and spends her days in bed and asleep, and during her nights, when all is still, she takes her meals and her walks abroad by moon or starlight. This unnatural and whimsical fancy has been indulged for many years, and it is a sad thing that all the duties devolving on a woman of independent means should be thus almost completely neglected, and that she cannot realise the many moral and religious obligations under which she lies.

Still taking a leaf out of the same writer's note-book, I may name the risky fad of a certain divine who insisted on his children, whether in sunshine, rain, or even storm, should walk barefoot to the top of a hill in front of the parsonage. Whether so far as his young daughters were concerned it were not more "from good luck than good management," that the experiment did not end in a catastrophe, few mothers would dispute. Yet a certain Pfarrer Kneipp is now practising this mode of hygienic treatment on a very extensive scale; and so much has the idea taken with many of the faculty, as well as with his patients, that this strange and risky departure from general usage (amongst the higher and most civilised ranks of Society), bids fair to be soon removed from the category of mere fads. I take for granted that the mother of the above-named barefooted boys and girls entertained the same idea as her husband; as it was she who was responsible for the physical care of her children as the divinely-appointed "guide of the house."

I am well acquainted with the descendants of a venerable lady, an active, healthy woman of good position, who, if to judge from many of her children and grandchildren, must have been lovable, as well as highly respectable, had an extraordinary fad. For many years she kept her coffin in her room, not (as some orders of monks have done) as a painful reminder, but as a receptacle for her caps. The inside had been so beautifully lined, she thought it would be waste of good material to leave it unemployed. But this eccentric fancy did not end here. All sense of the ghastliness of employing such an article for other than its ostensible use, appeared, through habitual familiarity with it, to have no place in her mind; for it seems that on one occasion, when invited to stay at a friend's house, it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from employing the pet repository of her caps as a trunk to carry her visiting apparel. Imagine the shock to more sensitive nerves had her hostess and the rest of the family party seen so gruesome and ill-omened an object carried into the house on a bright and festive occasion! In the ancient Egyptian feasts a mummy-case was drawn through the banquet-hall as a solemn religious rite, to remind the thoughtless that in spite of youth and blooming health, "in the midst of life we are in death." But the solemn apparition was expected, and the salutary admonition inflicted no shock nor sense of ill-omen. Many of my readers may remember the fine picture by the late Edwin Long in which, while the guests were listening to the musicians and looking on while the beautiful slave-girl danced (who at the moment was resting against a pillar), the weird procession of priests, and funeral car passed through the marble hall before them.

It may not be generally known that one of the old-time kings of Spain, Charles VI., had a brother, Don Antonio, who had a mania for making sausages, and that the infection spread to his royal brother, both becoming victims of the same extraordinary mania; so a pavilion was erected in a lonely spot, where he devoted his time to learning the trade, so as to compete with his brother. At last, the monomania was suddenly cured by the visit of an English woman of rank, who was surreptitiously introduced into the grounds surrounding the Pavilion by the British Ambassador, to see the royal pork-butcher at work. The king discovered her and "embraced her," forgetting the greasy attire in which he was equipped, and the consequent soiling of her dress, brought him to his senses, and the relinquishment of this unseemly fad. In the present day we have a royal amateur professor of the Culinary Art, in the person of H.M. Humbert, King of Italy, and at which report says he shows remarkable skill. It seems a queer taste for one born to a throne, although often a development of the kind may be, and very naturally is, bred in a hunter, sportsman, or explorer, a fancy born of necessity, when not even the limited qualifications of a "General," not to say a *Chef de Cuisine* is available. Out on a solitary ranche a rough clearing in the backwoods, or within appreciable reach of that apparent myth, the

Pole, which might be classed with the apocryphal "Mrs. Harris," the cooking and rendering palatable of sorry fare, becomes an entertainment; and all our sportsmen in our home-islands seem to delight in "doing for" themselves when in the *out-of-the-way* spots of even a civilised country.

A very repulsive fad of the last century, which broke out as a sort of epidemic in Paris, was the craze for adopting small sucking-pigs in the place of "lap-dogs." These squealing little brutes were fondly nursed in the arms of their weak-minded mistresses, who took them out to pay visits with them; and on entering a reception room they set them on the floor, when all the little wretches used to run about the room together, and favoured the company with a concert of squeaking and grunting, if old enough to have learnt the latter most pleasing accomplishment.

Of all unnatural pets that in the present day have won their way into the affections of men or women-kind, that of a pet asp, such as the reptile employed by Cleopatra. One was found some time ago by a lady on the pavement of one of our London thoroughfares, encircled with a gold ring, to which was attached a gold chain and another ring. This repulsive creature, it was ascertained, belonged to Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt, who was so grateful for the return of her pet by the brave lady who ventured to touch it, that she sent her an acknowledgment from Paris with her acceptance in the shape of a diamond ring.

Some few years ago a lady who had been in the West Indies, brought back a beetle, to which she had contrived to attach a gold thread. This she secured to her bonnet or dress, so that the insect could walk about over her to the length of its tether at its own sweet will. I shudder at the thought. But the fancy for such an intimate companion appears to be far from singular in this connection, for I read in one of our daily papers only the other day of a young American lady who has trained a beetle to crawl or fly to her at her call, "Buggie, Buggie" (the name is repulsive to English ears)! Moreover, she used to put it to her lips, and it used to caress her in return by moving its antennæ over them. This beetle belongs to the species named by Linnæus as the *Pelidnota punctata*. In December last it chanced to fall on the floor, and it soon afterwards died of the shock. I by no means think that such an imputation would be just in this girl's case, but there is reason to suspect that some strange fads that appear to the world in general, very unnatural and even repulsive—may be attributed to the desire to obtain a little notoriety.

The quaint or frivolous fancies of clever, as well as merely eccentric persons, are too many to be enumerated. Mere catalogues of fads would prove little interesting, and the same may be said of rational hobbies and collections. They all need description in detail, or direction as to the pursuit of the one, or the acquirement and regulation of the latter. Thus, lest I should wear my subjects threadbare, I must bring my series to a timely conclusion.

[THE END.]

