

lars apiece, but even that sum will not draw them from the albums of their fortunate possessors. An unused "Twopence Post Office" was sold at auction about fifteen years ago for £1,450 and now belongs to King George V, who has declared that stamp collecting is one of the great pleasures of his life, while a pair (One Penny and Twopence) has recently brought the record price of £3,500 for the two.

The postage-stamp forger was, as might have been expected, early at work upon existing issues, and it was not long before he was catering to collectors, for it was in 1863 that Pemberton's *Forged Stamps and How to Detect Them* was published for the protection of philatelists. The latter further define these spurious labels as "forgeries," when a stamp has been reproduced in its entirety or there has been some change in detail which does not affect the identity of the stamp; as "fakes" when a genuine stamp is so altered as apparently to convert it into another stamp, and as "bogus"—a stamp which has never had any genuine existence at all. Spain has been the greatest financial sufferer from stamp forgeries. Until recently new issues followed in rapid succession, sometimes two in one year, necessitated by the counterfeits which appeared almost as soon as each new series was placed on sale.

Collectors also have cause to fear "re-prints," which occasionally have been made by governments for sale to dealers and collectors, and indeed the authorities have sometimes gone so far as to manufacture new dies. The prints from these may rightly be called legalised forgeries. Our own government was once an offender in this respect, for when it was gathering postal records for the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the plates and dies for the five- and ten-cent stamps of 1847 could not be found. Therefore new ones were made, and it takes the closest knowledge of certain minute variations in the design to distinguish these later impressions from the original issue.

Mr. Melville devotes considerable space to descriptions of the great collections of the world, of which that of M.

la Rénatière in Paris is incontestably the greatest, and upon which the owner has already spent at least a million and a half of dollars. It has had from time to time wonderful additions in bulk, including the major portion of the Philbrick collection from England, which contained a complete list of all known stamps up to 1880. The collections of the Earl of Crawford are regarded as possessing the greatest historic and scientific value and offering the best opportunities for study. The great collections in this country are few, but that of Mr. George H. Worthington is one of the three largest in the world. He has recently announced that he is going to leave it to the city of Cleveland, and the Ohio metropolis will ultimately be the philatelic Mecca, for this municipal treasure will excel in beauty and extent both the Tapling collection now in the British Museum, and that of the Postal Museum in Berlin, which are to-day the finest public collections in the world.

Gerald Canning.

## VI

### DR. LA SIBOUTIE'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN"\*

Poumiès de la Siboutie, who was born in 1789 and died in 1863, practised for nearly fifty years as a family physician in Paris, and, like so many intelligent Frenchmen, kept a record of what he saw and heard. He lived under six sovereigns, two revolutions and a republic. His *Recollections of a Parisian* are made up from his memoirs edited by his daughters and are translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. As political history the record has small value. But as a picture of stirring times the doctor's notes are of decided interest. Along with many insignificant details, there are anecdotes worth preserving, and what the diarist saw and heard he tells well.

Dr. de la Siboutie was born in Périgord in 1789 and began his medical studies in Paris in 1810. He began practice in 1815, when Paris was in the hands of the Allies. Much of his life was spent

\**Recollections of a Parisian*. By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

in a house in the Rue Visconti in which had lived Racine and Adrienne Lecouvreur. The present record was largely written during a three months' rest enforced by an accident. Dr. Siboutie's contemporaries attest to his intelligence, kindness and high professional standing.

The first part of the book is devoted to a sketch of Périgord at the outbreak of the Revolution. The poverty of the people makes one understand their bitterness. Houses were dark because window glass was too expensive for use by any but the rich. The food of the common people consisted of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes and roots; meat was seldom seen. Butter was so little used that a sister of Dr. Siboutie's grandfather, who died in 1832, told him that she had never tasted any. Potatoes were almost unknown in Périgord until Dr. Siboutie's father grew a crop and showed the neighbouring farmers their value. Clothing was coarse unbleached linen in summer and a heavy cloth in winter. Sabots were worn in cold weather; in summer people went barefoot. Even in rich houses the kitchen was the chief living room. All the food was prepared before an enormous wood fire, dogs being used to keep the spits turning. Communication was difficult owing to the roughness of the roads and the absence of vehicles. So late as 1812 Périgueux, the chief city of his province, boasted only one stage cart, which carried the mails between Limoges and Bordeaux. Letters might remain a month in the post office if no opportunity offered for forwarding them. The destruction of furniture, books and papers during the years following the Revolution was incredible. The peasants burned or destroyed whatever they could not use or understand. In 1803 Dr. Siboutie saw big heaps of books taken from the châteaux left exposed to the weather. Valuable books were sold by weight.

When Dr. Siboutie reached Paris in 1810 it was a scene of desolation. Even Notre Dame bore a placard: "National Property—For Sale." The streets were narrow and muddy, some of them unpaved, and there were few sewers. People were in rags. The Republican cal-

endar was the only one permitted. The aristocratic particle "de" had been dropped from family names, and saints disappeared from street signs as well as from the churches. Faubourg St. Antoine had become Faubourg Antoine; Rue Ste. Barbe, Rue Barbe. Even the names of the months had been changed. When a certain M. de St. Janvier applied for a passport:

"What is your name?"

"De——"

"There are no more De."

"Saint——"

"There are no more Saints."

"Janvier."

"Janvier exists no longer." And the passport was made out to "Citoyen Nivôse, ci-devant de St. Janvier."

Notwithstanding the general confusion, young Siboutie managed to obtain a medical education and became hospital house physician in 1812. He writes in praise of many of his instructors. Alibert was head of the Hôpital St. Louis. He was an enthusiast over the terrible skin diseases he studied and would cry out in a tone of fanatical enjoyment: "Gentlemen, we will now turn our attention to the whole group of skin diseases, each more engrossing than the last ——." "Magnificent!" he once exclaimed before a poor devil with advanced elephantiasis. At Alibert's house Siboutie met Garat, a famous singer, noted as the most unpunctual of men. When Cherubini went to Garat's funeral he arrived at two o'clock, the ceremony having been announced for noon. "I know Garat so well," he said. He was in time.

How radically hospital practice has changed for the better in the last hundred years is shown. In the Hôtel Dieu, the largest of the Paris hospitals, it was not unusual to put two patients in the same bed. Before de Siboutie's time beds were supposed to accommodate three or four patients. In his hospital practice he saw many distinguished men. Among these was Marescot, a famous officer of engineers under Napoleon. Marescot received the last sacraments on his death bed, though he did not understand much about such things. On

the same day a blister was applied. When one of his friends asked him how he felt, he answered: "Fairly well, except for that Extreme Unction they have stuck between my shoulder blades."

Several anecdotes are given of the financial straits of the aristocrats after their downfall. The old Vicomte de L——, whose doctor had ordered him to take the air in a carriage, went to every funeral he saw announced and took the long drive to one or another of the Paris cemeteries. On one of these occasions his distinguished appearance led to his being invited to pronounce the funeral oration. As he had no idea of even the name or sex of the departed, it was embarrassing; but a few adroit questions enabled him to save the day. Under Louis-Philippe Dr. Siboutie met the poet Jasmin, who for three weeks in 1842 was fêted by all Paris. Jasmin, however, yearned for his native Agen in the south of France. "Paris," he said, "is a hotbed of self-seeking noise-makers. I have been several times inclined to yawn, but could not find the time to do so." Another literary celebrity mentioned is Beaumarchais, the dramatist, whose dog's collar was engraved: "Beaumarchais belongs to me."

The good Doctor was an ardent Republican and as a member of the Garde Nationale often took up his musket. But his sympathies were with all honest men whatever their party, and his memoirs are singularly free from bitterness.

*Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*

## VII

### JAMES HUNEKER'S "FRANZ LISZT"\*

It seems to have become the recognised custom to select the centenary of the birth of every famous personage as the appropriate occasion to appraise his contribution to human endeavour and assign him his final niche in the Hall of Fame. Logically, the centenary of his death is a better time; for that insures the lapse of a sufficient interval to justify the attempt. Unless the particular man died young, the hundredth anniversary of his birth may be still too near

\*Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to admit of a proper prospective. In the case of Franz Liszt, for example, though born in 1811, he was a commanding figure in the musical world up to the very day of his death, which occurred as recently as 1886; and in fact, the influence of his personality may be said to have continued down to the present, kept fresh and strong by many followers and pupils—such as Joseffy, Rosenthal, Friedheim, D'Albert—who are familiar figures in our concert halls. This accounts in part, at least, for the still wide divergence in views as to his ultimate position in the musical hierarchy.

Mr. Huneker, whose volume is an appropriate and welcome contribution to the Liszt centennial celebration, evidently recognises that the time is not yet ripe for a final judgment on Liszt. In his last chapter, entitled "Instead of a Preface," he explains that he abandoned his original design of a complete biography in favour of a study of certain aspects of the art and character of his subject. In this way he escapes the necessity of expressing finality in his opinions and at once anticipates and disarms criticism of the somewhat formless and desultory nature of the book. That his study of the picturesque personality that dominated the musical world of his day would be interesting reading was to have been expected; but besides that, the book is in parts brilliant and illumined with genuine critical flashes which render it an invaluable addition to the already large mass of Lisztiana.

The first chapter is appropriately headed "Liszt: The Real and Legendary"; for the true and the apocryphal are so closely interwoven in Liszt's case as to make the separation a difficult if not impossible task. Of Liszt the pianist, Mr. Huneker writes only from hearsay; but he brings cogent testimony to prove the overwhelming power and magnetism of his performance; and the verdict of his contemporaries that he was the greatest of all pianists will probably never be disturbed. His pedagogical qualities are also beyond question to-day, as is demonstrated by the splendid performances of his pupils who are still with us. It is Liszt the composer, about whom controversy still rears its pugnacious head.