

Everywhere one found his tastes, his preferences; everywhere was revealed the personal and original character of the master. These numerous objects, this furniture itself, among which are found some true artistic master-pieces, have their history; they are souvenirs of travels, or specimens interesting for various reasons; better than that, they are original works made by him or about him. Because, under his inspiration, or, to speak more correctly, under his direction, his wife and his daughter, Mlle. Jeanne Charcot, cultivated, with indefatigable ardor and unmistakable success, the most varied arts. To cite only one example: the decorative paintings of the ceiling in his magnificent consultation room at Paris were entirely executed by Madame Charcot, under the guidance of her husband. He loved art in all its forms, and he knew how to make his apartments a true museum of art, in which the family life is so apparent. But he was neither a collector nor arranger; before everything he wished to enjoy the objects which he accumulated about him. He was an artist, a *dilettante*. Such artistic qualities could not injure the savant, they only perfected him.

In his scientific conversations, in his courses especially, the artist was revealed; he knew how to give to his demonstrations an extraordinary lucidity. In the art of teaching he had no equal, and there his secret was originality. He knew how to give in science an important and legitimate place to the figurative document. Finally, he left two remarkable studies which are well known, "*Les Démoniaques dans l'Art*" and "*Les Difformes et les Malades dans l'Art*," in which art and science each took their part. M. Charcot was certainly, in later times, the greatest personality, whose entire career shows to what point science and art, far from injuring one another, are attached by the closest ties.

All M. Charcot's forethought was directed, latterly, towards his family; to his son Jean in particular, whose scientific future he wished to assure before he died. He is no longer here to act. But the illustrious memory of his father, the recollection of the immense work he has done, will make it the duty of the master's pupils—and they will not fail in it—to undertake the guidance which death prevented him from fulfilling. Jean, besides all the knowledge acquired under the eyes of

such a father, by his love of work, is one of those who understand, if necessary, how to direct themselves. He will profit by the large quantity of material accumulated by the master, and which his modesty prevented him from publishing; by his collection of thoughts and chosen quotations, fruit of his daily readings of medical works and literary men, and of philosophers of all countries, composed with all his paternal love. "Jean," said he to Madame Charcot, "will be happy to turn over these volumes, and they will enable him to understand his father better."

Received in the home of the master for twenty-five years, associated with him in his scientific and administrative struggles, witness of the profound affection which united him to his unhappy widow, whose life was so closely connected with his, and to his worthy children—Jean and Jeanne—who are become our best friends; witness of his happiness in his home, among his pupils, whom he considered as members of his family, we have sometimes trembled at the thought of the misfortune which might happen unexpectedly before its time, in the midst of this affection. This misfortune, alas! has arrived.

When one reads his memoir of the end of 1892, formed with such lofty views, written with such simplicity and elegance on *the faith which cures*, and his recent report on the candidature of Lister at the Academy of Science, so clear, so precise, so equitable, one understands that his career was not finished, that he had preserved the fulness of his intellectual faculties and his genius, that he was still able to endow his country with original works, to inspire and guide new generations. One understands that the man who wrote these pages was not yet done, as the infamous and cowardly letters which troubled him too much, alas! reiterated periodically.

The work of the master is solid, imperishable, not because it rests on a hypothesis more or less exact, on theories, on systems more or less ingenious, but on an exact observation a complete and final picture of the reality. More surely, then, than the bronze which awaits him, his numerous discoveries, which made him a man of genius, will perpetuate his name in the future.

In J. M. Charcot, science loses one of its purest glories, France an ardent and zealous patriot and one of her most noble illustrations.