

tions when it was not an analysis made by himself of these works. Knowing German and especially English, which he spoke, he always kept himself well posted in science, and derived pleasure in giving to each one the justice which was due to him; all his works are witnesses of it.

His library also furnished its contingent. It is impossible for us to state approximately the number of theses of doctors, the number of memoirs and theses of professorship to which he contributed his assistance. Was he always recompensed for it as he merited, or with justice? No! But that never deterred him, and his generosity to science never diminished. It had moreover another result, that of creating among the internes a veritable emulation by his scientific liberality. It was in this manner that he created the school of the Salpetrière.

His former internes became his friends, formed part of his family. He helped them in their work, supported them in their struggles; he shared their cares and disappointments, and was deeply touched if one of them became the victim of the injustice of fortune. . . . and of men. Ingratitude wounded him to the quick.

We have tried very imperfectly, to make a rapid sketch of the scientific life of M. Charcot. Time and space are lacking to define and appreciate, at its just value the many phases of his vast genius, but there is one feature that even in this short notice we cannot leave untouched. It is that this great Savant, who justly may be considered as one of those bright but rare lights placed here and there on the route of humanity to guide it in its march towards progress, had at the same time an elevated mind, and was an artist in the highest and most entire acceptance of the word.

He knew the museums of Europe as few knew them, even among those who make a profession of art, and many a time during the familiar chats at his receptions, we have seen him astonish well-known artists by the extent of his special knowledge. He would have made an excellent expert in painting. It was play to him to guess at first glance the signature of any picture, and more than once at his patients, the consultation done, the inquisitive artist, which was never completely suppressed in him, would reveal itself, and, with a word would define—diagnosticate so to speak—the

different pictures that fortune placed in his way. He loved art as he loved science. And he introduced in its study the same logical and clear methods. He did not admire what he did not understand. In his eyes superficial and brilliant artistic qualities had no value if they did not rest upon a deep and serious knowledge of art and its technicalities. He considered the sketch as the fundamental basis of painting and the work as a first condition or masterpiece. He did not disdain color. He had for Delacroix a profound admiration, and guarded as a treasure, in the drawer of his bureau, an original album of this master, filled with water colors and sketches taken in Morocco.

His musical education was not less, following always the same tendencies of his mind; the new school did not attract him. He retained his preference for Glück, Beethoven and Weber.

In literature he had three favorite authors and he never tired of re-reading their work, from which he freely quoted passages in his courses, these, were Shakespeare, Dante and Rabelais.

But it is not without interest to add that, in regard to painting and sketching, he did not content himself solely with admiring; he himself practised, and not without success. The sketches, which he exhibited in his courses, which illustrate his books, have been much admired. On each of his numerous voyages he made many notes and sketches.

At his own home he loved to employ his leisure hours in works of art. He twice copied the celebrated enamels of Léonard Limousin, representing the twelve apostles, one on *faience*, nearly in the figures of the original; a second time, not so large, in enamel on copper, and these enamels formed part of a beautiful *renaissance* furniture in dark wood. He reproduced the *danse des fous* of Albert Dürer on large plates of *faience*, which decorated one of the *façades* of his residence at Paris. He painted a complete porcelain service, the subjects being from original sketches taken in his travels.

Those who visited his two residences, that of the Boulevard St. Germain and Neuilly, can form some idea of the elevated mind which knew how to create such surroundings. One could almost say that he had founded in his home, a veritable school of decorative art. There was nothing ordinary in the sumptuous furniture, in this collection at once so harmonious and so varied.