

quite well," he would say, "that they want to ward off the stroke; but they will not succeed." The idea of the kind of death that would terminate his life never left his mind, but did not in the least affect his cheerfulness. He continued to come assiduously to the meetings of the Academy of Sciences alone and on foot, taking only the precaution to carry in his pocket his full address, that in case of anything happening to him, he might be taken home. By degrees he declined to dine with his friends, and then went seldom to see them, quietly assigning as his excuse the fear of troubling them with the sight of his death. He passed away at last on the 7th of January 1786 at the age of seventy-one years.

The kindly *éloge* of Condorcet enables us to form some idea of the character and peculiarities of the man. From his childhood onwards he was eminently religious. His nature was thoroughly frank and honest, simple and unambitious. Scrupulously exact in his own dealings with fact, he hated everything savouring in the least of insincerity and subterfuge. His transparent sincerity gained him friends everywhere; yet he was readily irritated, and had a certain brusqueness of manner, which perhaps detracted from the charm of his character and led to his being sometimes much misunderstood. One of his acquaintances once thanked him for having given a vote in his favour. "You owe me nothing for that," was Guettard's abrupt reply. "If I had not believed that it was right to give it to you, you should not have had it; for I don't like you." Condorcet tells how, when they met at the Academy on the occasion