

of the delivery of the customary *éloges* of deceased members, Guettard, who looked on all these things as unvarnished statements, would say to the perpetual Secretary, "You are going to tell a lot of lies. When it comes to my turn I want only the truth told about me." Condorcet, in sketching the defects as well as the excellences of his friend's character, remarks that in fulfilling his wishes in the strictest sense, he is rendering to Guettard the homage that he himself would most have desired. So little did he try to seem better than he was, that his defects might be most prominent to those who merely casually met him, while his sterling qualities were known only to his friends. "Those who knew Guettard merely by some brusque answer or other indication of bad temper," his biographer remarks, "would be surprised to learn that this man, so severe in appearance, so hard to please, forced by the circumstances of his position to live alone, had actually adopted the large family of a woman who had been his servant, brought up the children and watched over the smallest details of their education; that he could never see any one in distress without not only coming to his help, but even weeping with him. He bore the same sensibility towards animals also, and expressly forbade that any living creature should be killed for him or at his house. He was a man who, losing control of his words when in bad humour, had quarrelled more than once with each of his friends, yet had always ended by loving them and being loved more than ever by them; who had hurt most of his associates in his disputes with them, but yet had preserved the friend-