he emphatically is to vaccination, enforced or voluntary, to interest on money, to all inheritance and testamentary disposition of property. He scorns as utterly uncritical the modern scientific determinations of centres of psychical function in the cortex of the brain—not merely the work of Flourens, but also the later attempts of Broca, Munk, and others; and in this he is not so far from the general opinion of students of the subject, who have at the most yielded but a hesitant and provisional assent to any one attempt to characterize the distinctive functions of the different regions of the brain. On the other hand, he warmly espouses the old phrenological theory of Gall and the bumps of the travelling lecturers of the forties. These paradoxes are defended by him with all the conviction of his reason, and more. He believes in all that he believes down to the very soles of his boots; and his arguments are mostly so surprisingly strong that some one of his works, say his "Studies, Scientific and Social," ought to be made the basis of a course of lectures on logic. Happy would be the university which should find itself equipped with a professor of logic really capable of dealing with his text.

As to Darwin's encomium, it does not stand alone. John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Sir Norman Lockyer, Huxley, John Fiske, Chauncey Wright—in short, almost everybody whose judgment concerning the logic of science had any particular value—have ranked Wallace among the past masters in scientific argumentation; yet his narrow training has rendered him an easy mark for whatsoever evil spirit there may be, personal or not, that beguiles men into sophistries, confusions, and rash assumptions, and it perhaps goes far to explain his unwillingness to serve as an instructor of the public on original lines in such a vast curriculum of subjects. He tells us (11., 29) that he has "a positive distaste for all forms of anatomical and physiological experiment," and that he never even saw a dissection; nevertheless, biologists attach great weight to his conclusions about the distribution of animals, the classification of the races of mankind, etc. He has to have translations made for him from the German—and Malay, which he speaks fluently, will hardly be reckoned as an equivalent; but many a naturalist of good sense would doubly rejoice if he could exchange all his knowledge of German for half of Wallace's acumen in balancing scientific evidences. Wallace is an Oxford D.C.L., as well as an LL.D.; in this exceptional case the degree of D.C.L. really affected something, namely, it showed exceptional marriage of his paradoxes, even a university which is above all else orthodos, which would shiver at the bare idea of being parodos, or so much as paracrit to paradoxy, perceived that to "honor" Wallace in show would be to honor herself in deed. Bearing all these things in mind, we will not wonder that he never show ed a dull instinct in his line, and couldn't if he tried, his very tables and diagrams being as entertaining as they are valuable in instructive, our reviewer, we will answer for him, was not a little curious to read this autobiography and to discover what school of child and man had produced this coglomerate personality.

In 1853, George IV. being King of England, Louis XVIII. of France, on the eighth day of the year, Alfred Russel Wallace was born two miles from the north bank of the Severn, at Usk, on the river Usk. He was named after a Mr. Richard Russell, and we learn that the reason why he always spells his middle name with one I is that, after the christening, the parish clerk, who was no great speller, so wrote it in the register! No more inexplicable case of "parody chic"—and it has lasted for eighty-three years—is told of in the spiritualistic chapter, although Home and Stanton Moses figure there. He came of virtuous Church-of-England middle-class stock, not at all sordid or vulgar. His father, having practiced his profession of attorney, and, by his ignorance of law and business, gradually sank into extreme poverty. When Alfred was about six, the family moved to Hertford, and, after a year or two of teaching by his father, he went to the public grammar school, where he learned nothing but the nomenclature of geography, chiefly of English towns, and above all the Latin grammar; and this is the only schooling (in the narrow sense) that he ever had. The vestiges of some knowledge of Latin still appeared in his sentences, especially in constructions that are bat in a language in which the order of succession of the words is the only clue,* as well as in the frequency of "I and brother William," "I and my wife," "I and Mr. Mit­ten" (vol. i., pp. 246, 247, 251, 237, 239; ii., 49, 61, 238), though in the accusative it is "my brother and me" (1., 256). More than once in this book he deplores an incapacity for language which he attributes to himself. But, as to this, it is necessary to distinguish between a natural incapacity and early want of facility due to early self-commotions not having been such as to exercise one's faculty. We take leave to doubt any lack in him of the faculty itself, for the few facts at our disposal rather point the other way. Thus, his description of his school life shows that he was anything but industrious; yet he gained enough Latin to pick out the sense of the Æneid, and no doubt to parse the sentences. Later he found it "very easy" to learn Malay; and although that language is, as he says, of the simplest construc tion, especially the dialect of Sumatra, with which he presumably began, yet it may be doubted whether any grown man whose capacity for language was decidedly defective would have been so particularly struck with the facility of the task of learning it. So, during his sojourn in great cities, where his church services; he enlarges upon the beauty of this ancient tongue, which is quite noticeable for its various modifications of its words, and he praises the elo­quence of the preacher in a way that im­plies that he followed the speech, word for word, though it was only a Sunday recre­ation for him. But the evidence we most rely upon is his own remarkably lucid, easy, and harmonious style of writing; re­markable, we mean, in comparison with his letters. So he never received any instruction in rhetoric. With little opportunity to compare his own

* For example: "Before leaving Singapore I wrote a long letter to my old fellow-traveller and com­panion, Henry Walter Bates, then collecting on the upper Amazon, almost wholly devoted to ento­mology and especially giving impressions of the comparative richness of the two countries. This letter, after the manner of some of his other descriptions, was written in a series of sentences; but it illustrates the Latinity (1., 349).
performances with those of other unprac­ticed writers, he would at first naturally judge of his own talent by the effort it cost him to express his ideas, although this was in accordance with the natural laws of every form of habit. His self-estimation was further influenced, no doubt, by the grade-numbers that two itinerant phrenologists had assigned to his bumps of language.

At the age of fourteen his school days were over. A few months he joined his eldest brother, who was a surveyor. Alfred took very kindly to this business. The alternation of outdoor and indoor work was greatly to his advantage, and In, tones. Finally, the mathematician clothes his thought in mental diagrams, together with his pictures and visual images, and largely in pictured bits; while the musician thinks about, and in, tones. Finally, the mathe­matician clothes his thought in mental di­agrams, which exhibit regularities and analogies of abstract forms almost quite remarkably. Tbe ship took him to the Malay Archipelago for eight years, studying the living fauna and flora. He had not the slightest idea that he was going to the one country where a collecting naturalist could gather a fortune in specimens. Before he returned, he committed the folly of sending home a paper giving the theory of natural selection, and sank it deeper than ever a platonic millionaire, that he could afford to shock every right-minded man with such a theory, whose enormity was aggravated by its being pretty evidently true? Perhaps he thought it his duty to mankind, though he had not the common sense to suppress his own book, and sink it deeper than ever a plutocrat of any sort. When he learned that Darwin had long had in hand a great work to the same pur­pose, he had not the common sense to suppress his own book, and sink it deeper than ever a plutocrat of any sort. His conception of Natural Selection (at least, as he now understands it) is so great in every generation that the vast majority of the young are destroyed without reproducing; so that a new species could be established in a century, if changes in the environment were rapid enough to call for such swift transformation. Of course, such variations seem to be of a variety peculiar to himself, rests wholly upon a definition of justice as re­quiring that every child shall have, in every respect, an opportunity precisely equal to every other's. He seems to think it an axiom that such justice ought to be carried out. It is a kind of justice singu­larly at variance with the dealings of na­ture with individuals. It could only be remote from viva-voce criticism and dis­cussion that such a proposition could in his mind be metamorphosed from being a thing impossible to believe to being a thing impossible to doubt.

Returning to England, he found he had not the audacity to obtain what some others would, yet in six months he laid up £100. This being increased by a legacy of £50, he was enabled to join his friend, Henry Walter Bates, in a voyage to Pará. Some years earlier, he had become deeply interested in botany; and more recently Bates had drawn him into a pas­sion for beetles and butterflies. Before sailing, he had in mind the need of securing the services of Mr. Samuel Stevens as his London agent. He remained on the Amazon, Rio Negro, and Uaupes through four years, dispatching collections to Mr. Stevens just sufficient to pay his expenses.

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To sum up, this is certainly a very en­tertaining book, highly instructive in sev­eral distinct ways. The volumes are very attractively clothed, and there is an index of near fifty pages.