

unsought, and one which gave him a real and charming pleasure—and after giving to the world his “*Memories of My Life*,” as delightful and modest an autobiography as literature can boast, Sir Francis Galton passed away in January, 1911; henceforth eugenics must develop as best it can without his judgment, his prestige, his knowledge, his wise enthusiasm, and the beautiful tolerance of a soul in which there was no bitterness at all, even for those who unscrupulously and persistently misrepresented his aims and attributed to eugenics a character of stupidity, immorality, and materialism which they alone were capable of conceiving.

But Galton lived to see great developments in the external appanage of eugenics, some of them due directly to his own munificence, and more have followed since his death. He began by founding a scholarship in National Eugenics at University College, London, and the days seem indeed remote when those whom he asked to serve on a kind of advisory committee used to meet under his direction, or that of the late Professor Weldon, whose premature death was a great loss to eugenics. We had no room really to call our own then. But now there is a great department of eugenics at University College, and the University of London can boast the first, and