

THE RIGHT HAND: LEFT-HANDEDNESS. By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Price, 4s. 6d. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This volume belongs to Macmillan's Nature series, and is devoted to a subject of much interest. It is a familiar fact that most persons are right handed, that a small proportion are left-handed, and that a few are both-handed; but the subject, as far as we know, has not previously been treated with the fulness and precision which the present volume displays. Sir Daniel begins by pointing out the significance of the hand as an agent and not a mere recipient; and, although he shows that some of the old distinctions between man and the lower animals must be given up, nevertheless, he says, man still stands apart as the tool maker, the tool-user, the manipulator.

The second chapter deals with the Educated Hand, the third with the Willing Hand, the fourth with Palaeolithic Dexterity, that is, with the evidence of Right-handedness in stone. In the fourth chapter the author treats of the Dishonoured Hand. All his investigations lead up to this conclusion that "all evidence appears to conflict with the idea that the preferential employment of one hand can be accounted for by a mere general compliance with prevailing custom. Everywhere, in all ages, and in the most diverse conditions of civilized and savage life, the predominant usage is the same." Of course there are many exceptions to this rule; "but the further research is carried, it becomes the more apparent that these are exceptional deviations from the normal usage of humanity."

A very interesting chapter is the tenth, on the Source to which the preferential use of the right hand is to be attributed. He says it cannot find its origin merely in custom. Carlyle and others had suggested that the use of the left hand in covering the heart with the shield had made it necessary that the right hand should wield the sword. But Sir Daniel does not regard such an explanation as adequate. The bias in which this predominant law of dexterity originates, he says, must be traceable to some speciality of organic structure; and this thesis is illustrated at considerable length and supported by recognized authorities. This is a very interesting part of the book, but we can only draw attention to it as deserving attention and study, without making any attempt to summarize its contents.

The last chapter is on Hand and Brain. Our readers are probably aware that the hemispheres of the brain are connected with the nerves of the body on sides opposite to themselves. Thus the right hand and the nervous system which acts in it are derived from the left lobe of the brain. Sir Daniel mentions a case of left-handedness in which the right hemisphere of the brain was found to be of abnormal size. He remarks that experiments have not yet proceeded far enough to justify definite conclusions on the subject; but he expects further investigations to confirm the influence derivable from facts of this kind.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD AND OTHER VERSES. By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

In noticing "Views and Reviews," and later on the compilation *Lyra Heroica*, by Mr. Henley, we remarked the vigour of his thought, the power of his pen and the freshness, freedom and manliness which characterized his work. The dainty little volume before us neither abates our enjoyment of Mr. Henley's literary efforts nor calls for adverse criticism from our pen. It is true that a stern conservative taste would cavil at the curious form which sometimes pleases the author's poetic fancy, or the use of quaint and archaic words and phrases. Pedantry and grotesqueness are ineffective and fatuous of themselves—but strong and virile thought, vivid imagination, refined taste and poetic fervour often win their way by a sure though rugged pathway which would abash and discomfit those who plod quite cheerfully along a *via media*. Let it not be supposed that the poet whose work we are considering is innocent of the rhythmic law. We are persuaded that he is its master, but chooses to play in his own way upon an instrument on which he is a skilled performer. The volume contains "The Song of the Sword," "London Voluntaries," and "Rhymes and Rhythms." Of the opening poem our readers may form an estimate from this extract:—

Hard and bleak, keen and cruel,
Short-bilted, long shafted,
I froze into steel:
And the blood of my elder,
His hand on the hafts of me,
Sprang like a wave
In the wind, as the sense
Of his strength grew to ecstasy,
Glowed like a coal
At the throat of the furnace,
As he knew me and named me,
The War Thug, the comrade,
Father of honour,
And giver of kingship,
The fame-smith, the songmaster,
Bringer of women,
On fire at his hands,
For the pride of fulfilment,
Priest (saith the Lord)
Of his marriage with victory.

Ho! then, the trumpet,
Handmaid of heroes,
Calling the peers
To the place of espousal!
Ho! then, the splendour,
And sheen of my ministry,
Clothing the earth
With a livery of lightnings.
Ho! then, the music
Of battles in onset

And ruining armours,
And God's gift returning
In fury to God,
Glittering and keen
As the song of the winter stars,
Ho! then, the sound
Of my voice, the implacable
Angel of Destiny,
I am the sword.

This masterful poem, appropriately dedicated to Rudyard Kipling, "London Voluntaries," is brimful of imaginative beauty,

What miracle is happening in the air,
Charging the very texture of the gray
With something luminous and rare?
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.
The extinguisher that fain would strut for spire
On the formal little church is not yet green
Across the water: but the house-tops nigher,
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look how clean,
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Rock, bag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the water frolics clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.

Of the strong, varied and beautiful stanzas which are to be found in "Rhymes and Rhythms," and the noble song "England, My England," we shall but commend to our readers, convinced that they shall find in them as much delight as they have yielded to us.

THE *Manitoba* for July contains "The Brandon Experimental Farm," which is continued by "Dixie;" Helen Forest Graves writes an interesting story entitled "Summer Boarders." The editor contributes an able paper entitled "Winnipeg's Growth." The July number is a very fair one.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS commences the August *St. Nicholas* with "Midshipman: The Cat." Brander Mathews continues his lively tale "Tom Paulding." W. A. Rogers writes a "children's story" of the American type, entitled "A Quiet Beach." Lieut. R. H. Fletcher continues "Two Girls and a Boy." Captain Charles Wm. Kennedy contributes a highly original production entitled "How Ships talk to Each Other." "The Early Owl," ending with "There's no such thing as the early worm," will be read with delight by sleepy children.

THE *Magazine of Art* for August has for its frontispiece an interesting study entitled "The Old Spinnet." M. Phipps Jackson contributes "Current Art: The New Gallery," which contains numerous illustrations including Adrian Stoke's "Roman Campagna: Early Spring," and G. J. Wats' "Sic Transit." Tristram Ellis supplies an able and well-illustrated paper entitled "Corfu." The number also contains an engraving of Guido Reni's famous picture "The Youthful Christ Embracing St. John"; the critique on Guido Reni is well worth reading.

"THE HISTORIC TEA-PARTY OF EDINGTON, 1774" is the name of the opening paper of the August *Magazine of American History*. "It is the object of this paper," says Dr. Richard Dillard, "to bring into light an exceptionally interesting and patriotic incident in North Carolina, hitherto but casually noticed by one State historian." "Muscutin," from the pen of Hon. Irving B. Richman, is most interesting and readable. Emanuel Spencer writes on "The Successful Novel of 1836." The August number is on the whole a fair issue.

THE *Quiver* for August opens with "My Experiences as a Sunday-School Teacher: I.—My First Day with the Library," by a veteran. "Life-Songs" is a pretty little poem from the pen of M. C. Gillington. "Frank's Folly" is the name of a complete story from the pen of Evelyn Everett Green. "Consider the Lilies," by the very Rev. the Dean of Armagh, appears in this number, being a sermon preached at the re-opening of a village church. "Myrtle's Hero" is the name of an interesting story by the author of "Tune St Elwyn's." The August number contains much that is profitable and interesting reading.

W. S. CAINE, M.P., continues his "India; its Temples, its Palaces, and its People" in the August number of the *Methodist Magazine*. "The Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn" is the title of a contribution from Bishop Warren. The editor commences "The Land of the Pharaohs" in this number. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar writes a sympathetic paper entitled "Lord Shaftesbury: His Work among the London Poor." "His," says the Archdeacon, "was an all-embracing charity." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps continues "Fourteen to One" in this issue. "The Last Year of Zenaide L.," by Marion Isabel Gibson, is a pathetic story of a Parisien *malade*.

"WHAT Ireland wants now is peace and the reign of law," says the Duke of Argyll, in his contribution to the August *North American Review*, entitled "English Elections and Home Rule," a paper that we venture to recommend to some of those Liberals whose soi-disant liberality is not confined by the Atlantic. "The Shudder in Literature," by Jules Claretie, is a most readable paper. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll pronounces an eulogy upon no less a person than "Thomas Paine." "The Pope at Home" is the name of an interesting sketch by Giovanni Amadi. Altogether the August number of this review contains matter of interest and what to some at least is of far more importance, variety.

"ARIEL: IN MEMORY OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, occupies the first place in the

August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is a verse, the second, of real beauty:—

Has Death a wont to stay the soul no less?
And art thou still what Shelley was erwhile,—
A feeling born of music's restlessness—
A child's swift smile
Between its sobs—a wandering mist that rose
At dawn—a cloud that hung
The Egean hills among;
Thy voice, a wind—harp's strain in some enchanted close.

Edward Everett follows with "A New England Boyhood." William Elliot Griffith contributes a paper entitled "Townsend Harris, First American Minister of Japan." "Don Orsino" is continued in this number, as also is Vida D. Scudder's critique on "The Prometheus Unbound." William Cranston Lawton contributes a scholarly article on "The Persians of Aeschylus."

EDWARD DICEY, C.B., commences the July number of the *Nineteenth Century* with a paper entitled "The Choice of England." "But I admit," says the writer, "I am so far a cynic that I have considerable sympathy with the French saying that the only thing in mundane affairs in which one can rely with any certainty is the permanency of *la bêtise humaine*." This at all events was not contradicted by the results of the recent elections. Edward Dellile contributes a paper on "The American Newspaper Press." "The United States," says Mr. Dellile, "are unlike England and France in this respect (besides a good many others), that they cannot be said to have a metropolitan newspaper press." "Trinity College, Dublin" is the subject of an able paper from the versatile pen of Professor Mahaffy. His Grace the Duke of St. Albans contributes a readable paper on "Jamaica Resurgens." Adalet writes an interesting article on "Turkish Marriages Viewed from a Harem." The July number contains more interesting matter than space will permit us to mention.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, relieved from the editorial cares of the "Dictionary of National Biography," is engaged on a "History of Unitarianism."

WHEREAS Goldsmith received just £60 for the copyright of his "Vicar of Wakefield," Messrs. Sotheby have just sold a single copy of the first edition for £96.

THE Chinese novel "A Swallow's Wing" brought its author, Mr. Charles Hannan, prominently before the public. His collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett in "Our Pleasant Sins," a play which is to be produced by the latter, probably in a few weeks, will, it is hoped, prove even more markedly and more lastingly successful.

THE *Literary World* says: Society continues to retaliate on the Carlyles, after their death, for their exclusiveness during their lifetime. Miss Geraldine Dewsbury's correspondence with Jane Welsh Carlyle—edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland—was written for the most part from her home at Greenheys (where De Quincey was born), and where Mrs. Carlyle paid her a holiday visit once a year. The interest of the correspondence centres in the fact that Miss Dewsbury was the friend and confidante of Mrs. Carlyle for a number of years.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has taken to a "Bar Lock," and Mr. R. Louis Stevenson, even in far away Samoa, typewrites his "copy;" but Mr. Thomas Hardy has not yet succumbed to this destroyer of authors' MS. He writes his novels with his own hand in copying ink, so that he is enabled to take a copy. But as the typewriter affords special facilities for taking one or more copies in fac-simile without any extra trouble, Mr. Hardy also will, no doubt, soon be lost to the autograph MS. hunter.

M. GUERNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, Procureur-Général of France, famous for his prominence in connection with the trial of the anarchist Ravachol, and with the case of General Boulanger a few years ago, is the author of the new novel "The Woodman," which has been translated into English by Mrs. John Simpson, and will soon be published by Harper and Brothers. The story has been exceedingly popular in France, having gone to several editions within a few weeks after publication. M. de Beaurepaire's pen name is Jules de Glouvet.

LAST year alone, according to the London *Daily News*, the British and Foreign Blind Association embossed 8,500 books in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and other languages, for the use of blind readers. About 250 seeing volunteers are, we are informed, engaged in writing out the first copies of books in Braille for this Association, and seventy paid blind writers are employed in making copies. Besides these, the Association continues to publish its two magazines for the blind: *Progress*, started by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage in 1881, and *Playtime*, a magazine in uncontracted Braille for children, which made its first appearance last summer.

AH, if the rich were as rich as the poor fancy riches!
—Emerson.

A GENTLEMAN makes no noise; a lady is serene.—Emerson.

HEAVEN never defaults. The wicked are sure of their wages, sooner or later.—Chapin.

SWEET tastes have sour closes; and he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.—Quarles.