

archaic portrait of the poet's mother, and two quaint drawings, one representing "Tennyson sprawled upon the deck of the Bordeaux steamer, in his top-hat and long Inverness cape or coaching-coat, with books strewn at his feet, and talking to the delighted audience of fair girls in magnificent coal-scuttle bonnets." The other depicts Arthur Hallam similarly posed, reading Scott aloud.

*Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language*, under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. To which is now added A Supplement of Twenty-five Thousand Words and Phrases. W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., editor-in-chief. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co., 1900.

Wide currency has been given to the fact that Dr. Murray has said that perhaps Webster's International Dictionary is the best of one-volume English dictionaries. Surely, no living man's opinion upon such a question can carry so much weight as Dr. Murray's, especially to one who has read the whole lecture in which he said this, and has noted the spirit of giving each work its full due which pervades that most interesting delivery. Considering how long it is since the quarto Worcester was last revised, that the Standard (which, at any rate, contains some peculiar information that will always give it an historical interest) was probably only known to Dr. Murray as published in two volumes, that Stormonth is a comparatively small book, and that all the other one-volume English dictionaries are abridgments, the "perhaps" of Dr. Murray's utterance is the only thing about it that could surprise anybody. The International now appears with a supplement of twenty-five thousand words, an addition of one-seventh part to the bulk of the former vocabulary. These are words which have come into importance during the last ten years. Their multitude measures our progress during that period. A full half of them belong to the physical sciences, and of these nine out of ten to biology, including medicine. There must be five or six thousand botanical terms, alone, in the supplement. About a tenth or twelfth of the additions are words of local use. Probably not five per cent. of them are good literary words. There are near a thousand colloquial and slang expressions. Spanish and French words, terms of art, terms of theology, philosophy, and bibliography make up the chief of the remainder.

We have taken the trouble to test the work by making a number of lists of twenty-five words (each list containing words in a different branch) that have acquired importance during the last ten years. We have then looked these out, both in the body of the work and in the supplement. This examination did not extend to literary English (because we presume that a person who wants information about such words would go to a much larger dictionary), but was chiefly confined to scientific terms. The result was to show us that the biology, and especially the general evolutionary biology, and the botany, had been extraordinarily well done, both in the main body of the work and in the supplement, and most of the other branches were found very well done in the main work, and, for the most part, fairly well kept up in the supplement. Certainly, the more philosophical sciences, mathematics, logic, metaphysics, and psy-

chology, are the least satisfactory. Both the old editor-in-chief and the new one, the Hon. W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., were philosophers mainly occupied with obsolescent systems of thought.

Of course, such a work will inevitably be open to just criticism in thousands of places. Many faults might have been set right at moderate expense, by small alterations in the plates. Why, for example, should a list of chemical elements be put before the reader, which not only omits all the new elements, the interest of most of which is uncommonly great—and some of these are not even given in the supplement—but also includes sundry pretended elements that never had very strong claims to the title, and are now known not to be such? Such names ought to be in the vocabulary, but not in a list of elements.

It is popularly supposed, we believe, that the great effort of a dictionary-maker is to get together as many words as possible. That probably was true at an early stage of the art, but to-day his great struggle—especially if it be a one-volume dictionary that he is making—is to keep his work within its prescribed bounds. A dictionary, however, is a work which must continue to be sufficient for many years; and, for that reason, the head of each department should be a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the coming developments in that department. If space is to be made, it should be done by striking out matters of detail; but there should be a disposition to welcome all words which signify new ideas that are seriously pressing for recognition in each branch. To that end, the editor-in-chief should be a man of the most modern and progressive spirit, always impressing the specialists with this view of what is wanted. It would be easy to show that this has not, in all cases, been done in the present instance, and that several departments of the dictionary have suffered in consequence of its not having been done. Nevertheless, the whole is a magnificent work of the greatest every-day utility.

*The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay.* By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. 1900. 12mo, pp. 410.

Not once but many times the troubadour, Bertran de Born, who knew him well, calls Cœur-de-Lion *Oc et No*, "Yea-and-Nay." Here was a title for Mr. Hewlett's book and his clue to the labyrinth of cross-purposes, of doing and undoing, that was Richard. In the wrong Richard did to the woman that loved him lay the forecast of his more notorious tragedy. When he renounced Jehane of the Fair Girdle, he said nay to his heart; when he snatched her back from the altar, he said nay to his head. He was bold enough to marry her despite policy, craven enough to cast her off again for policy. When the zeal of the cross burned within him, he was logical enough to marry Berengère of Navarre, and with her dowry buy him a way to the Holy Land; illogical enough, once married, to refuse to be husband to her. In the holy war he won the love of none, the obedience of few, the admiration of all. A nature that flings away what it desires, and grasps again for what it has cast aside—there is something monstrous in this Yea-and-Nay. And it is no small part of Mr. Hewlett's achievement that he has gained for such a hero, with the reader's moral condemnation, his sympathy. A "snatching

lion, sudden, arrogant, shockingly swift; a gross deed done in a flash which was its wonderful beauty"—that is Richard in action, and, perhaps, here lies his fascination. In any case, Mr. Hewlett has taken Cœur-de-Lion out of the passing show of romance, and fixed him as a man suffering and causing suffering. Hitherto he might be taken for granted, like Arthur or Robin Hood; henceforth he must be reckoned with like Tristan or Tito Melema.

If Richard trusted neither heart nor head, Jehane, Mr. Hewlett's happiest creation, might have been counted among those

"That were trewe in loyng at hir lyves."

From the sulleyed, beautiful girl of the dark tower who sent Richard back to his duty and his princess, to the mother of his son who sacrificed her body that her lord might live, she is steadfast in loving through yea and through nay. One cannot doubt that she has joined that band of "love's martyrs" which follow Chaucer's Queen Alceste.

It will have already appeared that this book shows much of the "high seriousness" of the great "dramatic" novels, to use Mr. Paul More's suggestive classification. This has not prevented certain qualities of the "epic" novel as well. Behind and about the main characters lies a whole troubled world. The Abbot Milo, through whom Mr. Hewlett chooses to see Richard, is a presentation such as fiction had not yet seen of the ecclesiastical culture of the twelfth century. In him is all its elaborately graceful pedantry, its shrewd worldly wisdom, its capabilities of enthusiasm, with practical disregard of the deeper moral issues. The medieval combination of refinement in taste with sheer brutality in morals is seen in Richard's rivals and fellow-crusaders. The mere citation of memorable descriptive passages, like the death of Henry II. and the poetical debate or tenzon at Autafort, would unduly prolong our notice, but this much should be said, that the sound of arms in this book has the epic ring, and is in nowise to be confounded with the mere clatter of present-day romance.

Of the manner of the book much good is to be said, but with certain reservations. It was perilous to crowd a novel of character into a romance, and the book suffers from this very duplication of interest. More than this crowding, one feels at times that Mr. Hewlett is over-mastered by his material. The tragic destiny of Anjou looms large before him, and he writes visibly under its obsession, as a tragedian swept out of his art into real sobbings. The reader would have welcomed more frequent resting-places like the smiling sea-picture which prelude Richard's landing in Palestine. More of this Mr. Hewlett might have conceded without compromising the unity of his book.

Of the striking prose of this novel, highly wrought and distinguished as it is, a word should be said. There are many euphuisms. To the more common euphuism of prettiness Mr. Hewlett has never condescended. But there is a euphuism of power to which the greater spirits are prone. To it Mr. Hewlett has often yielded. As in a great painting of Delacroix, the whole landscape—sketches, trees, rocks, mountainsides—writhes and swings with the wrestling figures of Jacob and the angel till the mind reels with the sense of action, so in Mr. Hewlett's narrative the minimal

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