

Sheppard's sketch of the school-house "by Great Kenhawa's side" are characteristic of West Virginia. It was not essential that they should be characteristic, but if fidelity in such things can be added to the ideal truth and beauty, it is something to be glad of. Another of the lesser satisfactions of the book, for which the reader is to be grateful to Mr. Anthony, is the occurrence of the pictures at just the point in the text which they are meant to illustrate, and not several pages before or beyond.

We do not know how far it may be feasible to assign each poem to a particular artist, as in these early numbers the Coplas de Manrique has been given to Mr. Rheinhart, The Children of the Lord's Supper to Mr. Abbey, and The Spanish Student to Mr. Fredericks; but we hope it may be done at least in the case of the shorter poems throughout the edition. The work of Mr. Fredericks especially is of charmingly good effect. He has shown more than any other of our designers an aptness for that sort of dramatic expression which makes much of costume and of *mise en scène*; he is in a good sense theatrical, and he is here at his best. In looking at his illustrations, one feels that if this delightful play could be perfectly put upon the stage, the people in it would dress, and would sit, stand, move, and look, as they do here. What an admirable scene, for instance, is that first one, where Lara sits smoking in his dressing-gown, and chatting with Don Carlos; how delicious is Preciosa where Victorian has climbed to her on the balcony; how superb where she finds Lara in her chamber; what life and humor there is in her dance before the applauding cardinal and archbishop; how picturesquely gay and Spanish the encounter of Victorian with Hypolito and Don Carlos in the Prado! It is quite like seeing The Spanish Student played; and we mean this for the highest praise, since a drama demands theatrical, not realistic, illustration. The realism of these charming pictures is in the men's dress, minutely yet vividly studied from that of the close of the last century, when the strange taste of the Parisian *incroyables* had penetrated everywhere; the women's dress suggests rather than reproduces the period; but all is of a fitness, a harmony, in which Mr. Colman's serenading scene, with its cavalieresque costume, strikes a jarring note, rich and fine as it is in its own way.

Of a very different excellence are Mr. Abbey's pictures for The Children of the

Lord's Supper, with their tender Northern blonde types of childhood. The little girl pacing churchward, beside the dark stone-wall, is as blue-eyed and yellow-haired as if she were a sketch in color instead of black and white. She is wholly Scandinavian and peasant; and so are the children kneeling in church before the bishop. The group of angels in another illustration are not so good: they are respectively self-satisfied and thoughtfully sentimental in expression; but then it is perhaps difficult to do angels for want of studies from life. Mr. Abbey, however, has radiantly succeeded in his full-page picture for The Skeleton in Armor: that is full of the ideal truth and loveliness which he has missed in his company of complacent seraphs;

—"the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half-afraid,"

is a dream of tender, girlish beauty.

Among the other more notable illustrations in these numbers are Mr. Moran's rich night-scene for The Light of Stars; Mr. Brown's group of autumn trees and stretch of autumn meadow for Autumn; Mr. Abbey's fancy for The Two Locks of Hair; Mr. Schell's vignette for The Rainy Day, — a bit of vine-clambered wall from which the gusts beat the dying leaves, and from whose flooded eaves coldly spills the wind-tossed rain; and Mr. Waud's vista in the Dismal Swamp, with the gaunt-limbed, moss-grown trees about the stagnant water.

As may have been inferred, the plan of all these illustrations is in distinct opposition to the theory that the illustration of modern literature should be in the spirit of mediæval illumination; that is, that it should pictorially annotate the text with whatever wayward fancy it suggests to the artist. This theory, if a whole work could be delivered to one designer for the occupation of his life, might be realized, and might be more or less satisfactory; but it is quite incompatible with contemporary conditions. Illustration must still, and probably always will, — with very rare exceptions, — be done upon the plan of reproducing in line what is said or hinted in words, and the designer will succeed or fail as he infuses more or less of his own life into what must be first literally faithful. It is the question, in another form, of translation or paraphrase, of trying to give the spirit in the body, or the spirit without the body. The latter is a task so delicate that it will probably remain the unattainable ideal of critics who can do neither. In fact, after all the talk,

and all the print, in praise of illuminative illustration, it would be difficult to allege any quite successful or striking instance of its application. There are occasional pleasing touches of it in the vignettes of this Longfellow, as of other beautiful illustrated works, where the text seems to break into quaint conceit of bird or blossom, or running vine, framing a face or a glimmer of landscape; and here it probably fulfills its only possible office, leaving a vast field for more positive interpretation, into which we may be sure the mediæval illuminators would have entered if they had known how. But if illuminative art is scantily present here, the spirit of the most suggestive decorative art abounds in the exquisite titles designed by Mr. Ipsen. In the three numbers before us there are some ten of these, in which it is hard to say which is most suggestive and charming,—the varied use of conventional forms, or the refined caprice with which a bit of realism in bird or flower is here and there introduced. The second title to *The Spanish Student* and the first to *Poems of Slavery* are rich instances of the first; those of *Voices of the Night* and *Earlier Poems*, of the second. But in whatever spirit these designs are, they sparkle with a fresh and joyous life; they dance to the delighted eye; they are full of variety and beauty and sympathy, and once seen they immediately relate themselves to the poetry which they announce.

All but two of the pictures here are executed in pure line, and we learn that throughout the edition none others will be done in the manner reprobated on another page of this magazine by Mr. Linton as alien to the function and genius of wood-engraving. What this bad and false school is the present critic gladly leaves Mr. Linton to explain, and contents himself with stating the fact of its exclusion from the illustrated Longfellow. Mr. Anthony, whom we have already mentioned as the artistic editor, is no less than Mr. Linton the enemy of the corrupt school and the friend of pure line, and with him has rested a decision which must have a large influence on American wood-engraving. It would not be easy to explain how much the edition owes in all respects to his zeal, his taste, and his vigilance. It has been his affair not merely to suggest and place the illustrations, but often to prescribe the treatment of the subject, and to furnish the designer the historical material to work from, in accurately studied armor, costume, and locality. It is

to him that the first numbers owe their perfection in this respect, and it is to his labors, otherwise tacit, that the work must owe the harmony in which its vast variety of detail unites.

—A book whose subject has long and deeply fascinated the writer has always a quality of its own, which seldom fails to prove an engaging one. The charmed interest with which objects have been regarded by him becomes in his book¹ an atmosphere about them whose effect is poetic, like that of the physical atmosphere upon the objects of the landscape. This quality should be possessed in a high degree by Mr. Conway's elaborate and unique work. Twenty years ago he was already writing and speaking upon his present subject; and it has clung to him, rather than he to it, ever since. A stranger to superstitious terror, he has nevertheless been haunted by the monstrous shapes which the terrors of imaginative superstition have created. The spell, partly intellectual curiosity, partly an interest of a graver sort, which conjured them up wrought almost too effectually; and he found that the only means to lay them must be an elucidation of their mystery. When he should cause the light to shine through them, discovering the secret of their existence, then, and not sooner, he would be quit of his ghostly company. The task thus proposed to him, or rather imposed upon him, was by no means a light one. It is easy to laugh at the grotesque and absurd, easy to inveigh against the revolting and horrible, in the dark imaginings of mankind; but to explain is hard, for it is to find the reason of unreason, the being and substance of unreality, the law of folly, and logic of lunacy. The difficulty which thus arises from the quality of the matter is enhanced by its quantity and variety. The human mind has been astonishingly fruitful of monstrous and menacing shapes, each with its own peculiarity of ugliness. Now a century since it might have been thought enough to show that these apparent objects are unreal, and belief in their existence is a superstition; but the scientific spirit of our day, in its search of natural origins, does not content itself so easily. Superstitions are a very interesting study, and the interest in them begins at the point where, as recognized superstitions, they quite cease to claim belief. When it is out of doubt that the seeming

¹ *Demonology and Devil-Lore*. By MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, M. A. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879

objects before which credulity has covered are of its own creation; when it is also seen that this process has been universal, and therefore due to a mental necessity, and, moreover, that it has been at least an attendant upon the spiritual development of humanity, we become aware that those apparitions, remote, strange, uncalled for, as they now appear, belong to the history of the human mind; and one may well inquire what is the law of their apparent existence. Science says of them that they are the forms in which the human race has spontaneously and unconsciously pictured its afflictions, its temptations, and sins; as, on the other hand, its aspirations have been painted in the shapes of heroes and gods. At once, however, the further inquiry arises, Why that unconscious picturing? The answer is that it was the necessary form of primitive thinking. There is a language of the mind as well as one of the tongue; and even more than verbal speech that mental language changes from stage to stage of intellectual development. This it is which makes the difficulty of reading the most ancient books with understanding. When the words have been translated, it is found that the thoughts must be translated also. Primitive mind, when it began to conceive of supersensual fact, produced a figure of some sort, a pictorial representation, which was taken for a real existence. Its thoughts appeared to it as external personal beings. In these forms of imagination, not known to be merely such, the ideal life of man first disengaged itself, and became pronounced. "Personification," it is called; but of what? Of outward objects only, so many have said. In truth, it was always the thought and sentiment, the motion and emotion, of the human spirit, teeming with a life peculiar to itself, which were personified. In such personification, or picture-thinking, the spiritual history of our race began, and for the reason that the mind could utter its deeper import to itself in no other way. The process continues long, and its results are with us as traditions at the present time. As an immediately productive process, however, it is now discontinued; and its traditional deposit has to all men largely, to many wholly, become recognizable as imaginary.

In this lies an intellectual revolution and a moral crisis. Mr. Conway is conscious of the change, and is among those who most participate in it. But instead of turning with light scorn away from that past, whose imaginations have become incredible to him,

he is drawn toward it by a new and irresistible interest. *Because* he cannot believe with it, he must find in its belief the human motive, the touch of nature that makes all men kin. His is not a shallow nature, which could complacently feel itself sliced off, as it were, from the past life of mankind, even though separated by superiority. Rather, he shares the best spirit of this age, the roots of whose conscious being run deep, and which therefore would feel itself wounded by a mere "solution of continuity" in history. Besides, he is aware that the modern world, hastening forward under changed mental conditions to new and unknown destinies, will be the better prepared for its future the more intelligently and effectually it is able to interrogate its past. Thus honorably impelled, he has selected the very darkest chapter in what we have called the picture-thinking of the earlier world, with a purpose to find the human principles in what may seem the most inhuman imaginations, and to recover for the understanding that which, happily, can never be restored as belief. A hard task, it has been said; but the reader will see that it is worthy of the powers he has brought to it, of the industry he has lavished upon it, and of the absorbing interest which begot his labor.

In such an enterprise it must be the first work to search out and assemble the particular facts; and it will be the voice of all readers that in this respect the writer has rather surpassed than fallen below the measure of a reasonable expectation. From the four quarters of the world; from places high and low, sacred and profane; from times so primitive that history, properly so called, does not extend to them; and from times so recent that history has hardly as yet come up with them, he has drawn together, in enormous aggregate, the monstrous forms, with which the fearful sense of dependence, imperfection, or guilt, in union with the sense of all-enveloping, infinite mystery, has seemingly peopled earth and air,—places real and places as imaginary as the beings supposed to inhabit them. He has indeed quite uncommon qualifications for this labor. A diligent explorer of libraries, a rapid and tireless reader of books, he also finds books in living men, and a library wherever human beings, learned or unlearned, are to be met with. Nature has endowed him with a singular faculty of putting himself in communication with others, and with others of all degrees. Scholars and peasants, archæologists and old wifes, — he is at home with

them all, and with all can give and take. He has the art of squeezing information for himself out of those who, one would say, have none for themselves. The fool, it has been said, will learn nothing from the philosopher, but the philosopher may chance to learn much from the fool; and Mr. Conway, with his eager and alert intelligence, his wide observation and his power to open communication with men of all sorts, has often got instruction from those who themselves could neither teach nor learn. And he has been restrained in his researches by no sentiment, whether of contempt or awe. The silliest modern superstition is fish for his net, and he takes it out with no grin, but with serious inquisitiveness and satisfaction upon his countenance. Into every traditional holy of holies, on the other hand, he thrusts the same inevitable face of inquiry, neither more reverent nor more irreverent than an interrogation point. The result of all is that he has got together a wonderful menagerie, not to be seen without astonishment by such as are in a measure new to this department of natural history. And even those more familiar with it will scarcely escape a surprise when, in the midst of the strange collection, they come upon representatives of species which might be supposed to have become extinct many ages since, or, at the utmost, to lurk now only in the wild and waste places of the earth, but which this inevitable trapper has caught running in the most cultivated lands of civilization. Who could imagine the hunger-demon extant here in America? But within the decade it has been captured in Chicago and in Rhode Island. True, the creature is in somewhat reduced circumstances; it has not here the luxuriant development which it attains in cannibal imaginations; but the identity of species is quite clear.

The quality, however, of a writer is more shown in his use of material than in its accumulation. It is true, indeed, that in a work like the one before us the collection of examples sufficient in number and variety to represent fairly the whole productive activity of the human mind in that direction must be a labor of high relative importance. Just in proportion to its success, however, it calls for another labor, still more arduous. The seemingly heterogeneous mass of imaginations would be little more than a bewildering curiosity, were it not simplified by some orderly arrangement. Nor would it by any means suffice for Mr. Conway's purposes to arrange his facts in such an out-

ward order as should render them conveniently presentable. He desires that they should be not only presentable, but intelligible. His aim is to classify them according to their interior, producing principles, so that in every group we may see at once the tie of relationship which makes its unity, and the root in human nature from which the whole has grown. Thus, the classification will be itself an elucidation, the facts explaining themselves as they come before the eye; and he will be spared the necessity of a continuous explanation in detail, which would be tedious to himself, and might probably become so to the reader. The design was excellently conceived, and has been ably carried out. Of course, room remains for doubt with regard to some particulars amid such a multitude. The tracing of genealogies, if pushed much beyond the nearest relationships, is commonly a puzzling business, and if continued far enough ends at last in sheer obscurity. The genealogy of demons and devils is certainly not to be determined with less difficulty than that of human beings. There are independent productions of the same conception, where the relationship is natural without being historical. On the other hand, imaginations which have the same historical lineage migrate in different directions, and acquire diversities of feature that disguise their relationship almost or quite beyond recognition. In such a case, a student who has a fine aptitude for his work will obtain real identifications from hints so slight as to seem quite insufficient to one less skilled in such labor, or endowed with a scent less keen; while at the same time no caution will secure him against apparent identifications, which, however, are apparent only. Mr. Conway gives us the impression of an intelligence rather daring and penetrating than circumspect and discreet, and we are sometimes distanced by his swift flights; but it cannot be doubted that his boldness is both intelligent and conscientious, nor that he has, on the whole, really executed his design.

First of all, he distinguishes broadly between demons and devils. The demon seeks only the satisfaction of its natural appetites, but is so constituted that it must satisfy them at the expense of the human race. It is monstrous and afflictive, but not, in the strict sense, malevolent. In the devil, on the contrary, pure malignity appears. It loves evil with disinterested affection, and does evil not only with delight, but with a

kind of religious devotion. The former has its occasion in the physical, the latter in the moral, experience of mankind. The more revolting conception belongs, therefore, to the higher stage of development. This may surprise, but it is quite in the natural order. Evolution, so far from being simple, linear advance, is a highly complex movement. Roman Christianity in the eighth century was a much higher form of religion than the old Norse faith; but, as Mr. Kemble has remarked, the Scandinavian Loki was an almost admirable figure compared with the hideous and disgusting devil of the Christianized Anglo-Saxons. The Roman Church first began to make a business of murdering heresy, not in the "dark ages," but at the most advanced stage of mediæval civilization. The witchcraft craze, in which it may be seen that, though there were no witches, whole nations and ages were nevertheless but too truly bewitched, was in like manner a late product. With the higher and better comes the lower and worse; and there would be forever an equal development upward and downward, were it not in the nature of the better to extinguish at last its odious concomitant. Mr. Conway's distinction, therefore, between demonic and diabolical representations, with their relative position, is sound and necessary, while it signifies his recognition of a complexity in the process of historical growth of which evolutionists have been too little apt to take notice; and whether or not his terms have commonly been used in the sense he assigns them, they may be so with propriety and with advantage.

Placing the dragons as an intermediate class between the two principal ones, he begins with the most elementary, and arranges it in groups, each of which has a motive peculiar to itself. For example, hunger, heat, cold, tempest, and flood have severally begotten in human imagination a family of preternatural figures. The groups are well made out, the generating motive clearly traced, the examples abundant, striking, and often surprising. When, however, diabolical representatives are reached in the second volume, the treatment becomes still more difficult, and it may at times be seen that the writer works with less ease. Here the begetting motive is no longer outward; only in the soul itself are the hunger and heat, the tempest and sickness, that awaken its fears and give them apparent forms. For the most part, however, he is master of his material; that he is always so we should

hesitate to assert. Perhaps the proper statement would be that he now and then seems a trifle *too much* its master, and subjects it to a certain compulsion. His procedure is utterly frank and guileless; the facts are in no slightest degree "doctored," but interpretations occur that seem not to come easily from the facts, but suggest an effect of mood. We have particularly in mind his new and peculiar construction of the Abrahamic legend and the chapter upon The Holy Ghost. The latter is, moreover, disfigured by a quotation of some length from Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, who has been at pains to tell in writing of a fine thing said by him one day. He was asked, "What is the Holy Ghost?" and he answered that it is a pigeon, and that Christianity is pigeon worship; adding that pigeons are held sacred in St. Petersburg, and following this observation with a trivial anecdote. Now, it is conceivable that to a serious, full-minded man like Mr. Conway, this delicately might suggest the question, really an interesting one, how the dove became the accepted symbol of the spirit or breath of God. So the barking of a dog might chance to suggest an important question concerning the origin of language; in which case it would not be necessary to fill one page of a consequent chapter upon language with bow-wows. But if our author may for once be "left" to borrow an impertinence from another, he has none of his own; if his interpretations are at times doubtful, he leaves, even in that case, a pregnant question with the reader; and, as Bacon said, though we forget his words, he that can ask a right question is already half-way advanced on the road to knowledge. Meantime, in the intellectual and moral courage which breathes, like fresh morning air, through the book; in the vast extent of the field traversed at every point with the step of a strong man; in the broad light cast upon many dark regions; in the exhibition of definite results elicited from scattered and obscure indications; in the not infrequent examples of searching and productive criticism; and in the influences of a quickening spirit, whose every touch provokes thought or begets inquiry, — in these and kindred features, and more than all, in the *ensemble* of the book, the whole thought and design out of which it sprang and with which, through all details and speculations, successes and short-comings it is still luminous, it has qualities to reward richly the attention it is likely to attract.

But its general character would not be indicated, even in the very slight way here proposed, without noticing the depth and intensity of that practical interest by which it is pervaded. In the first volume, where demons and dragons are treated of, the purely scientific interest is clearly dominant, though there are keen glances at existing conditions which show that the writer is far from being unmindful of them; but in the second volume, whose sub-title is *The Devil*, there is a marked change of tone. Mr. Conway bears in his heart a heavy charge against the establishments of the present day, whether within Christendom or without it. He sees in the present time two great evils. The first is a profitless expenditure of spiritual force. There are quite real hells here on earth, calling loudly for a mighty labor of purification. There are demons and devils, neither supernatural nor personal, but real influences nevertheless, and not haunting disreputable places only. There is a work of reconstruction and regeneration to be done, and already too long delayed; seeds of death to be destroyed, seeds of life to be sown, and time pressing. The moral force, that should uproot and plant, is not altogether wanting, but, as he thinks, is too largely wasted upon spectres. The eye wanders: instead of interrogating fact, it dwells upon dreams; what is before it, full of promise, of menace, of blessed and boding possibilities, it does not see, or but half sees, for it is looking elsewhere. Men bring sacrifices to dead gods, and are deaf to the living, eternal spirit. Worship walks in its sleep, and is the more idle the more busy. Many teach, few instruct:—

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

As has been remarked, Mr. Conway says little to such effect, and that little is spoken with quiet gravity; but a sense of it, not only deep but impassioned, is ever present with him; and, however widely one may differ from his judgment, it is impossible to be angry with a man whose opinion has to such a degree the dignity of moral conviction. But the higher forces of the human soul are not only wasted; in his judgment, they are also very insufficiently developed, for the reason that the methods of moral culture are adapted to psychological condi-

tions which are not those of our time. He is profoundly persuaded that noble, effectual duty can no longer be got out of each man's hope and fear for himself,—hope of reward or fear of punishment hereafter. With large classes, those motives are dead,—dead utterly; with others they survive, but without moral virility; intrepid and intelligent duty they no longer beget. "It is very difficult," says Mr. Conway, "to know how far simple human nature, acting its best, is capable of heroic endurance for truth and of pure passion for the right. . . . But if noble lives cannot be so lived, we may be sure that the career of the human race will be downhill henceforth. For any unbiased mind can judge whether the tendency of thought and power lies toward or away from the old hopes and fears on which the *régime* of the past was founded." Seeing clearly, then, that in every age the spiritual or ideal forces are the saving ones, he believes that the great agencies through which that priceless power once operated serve now, very largely, to divert it from real to unreal objects; and, meantime, it seems clear to him that the power itself, no longer nourished by its ancient diet, and sparsely fed with another, wants the vigor of health, and without a change of system is likely to want it more. Even the question whether, under the new intellectual conditions, this earth of ours can afford it the needed sustenance,—even this question he cannot answer with undoubting confidence. Such is the burden that lies upon his breast; and out of his book, even where it relates immediately to very remote matters, there issue, in another dialect, the summons of that spirit which of old might cry, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

—Mr. James's new book¹ is a remarkable outpouring of profound philosophical thought and statement, in that peculiar vein which characterizes all the work of this deep and earnest writer. Those who have read the author's former works,—his *Christianity the Logic of Creation*, his *Substance and Shadow*, and his *Secret of Swedenborg*,—and have succeeded in getting a definite idea of their purpose, will find this last book of his to be in several respects his most mature and satisfactory as well as his most explicit and lively work. The form of it being in a series of letters to a friend helps to make it what some persons call an ex-

¹ *Society the Redeemed Form of Man, and the Earnest of God's Omnipotence in Human Nature.*

Affirmed in Letters to a Friend. By HENRY JAMES
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