

Now, one cannot imagine a Shakespeare or a Goethe suffering from the—"torment of form"; that Mr. Henry James should so suffer, himself, proves a want of power, to our thinking, in the muscles of his mind. Notwithstanding the criticism, however, the first story in this collection of tales is a literary gem of the first water; it deserves to be examined with a high-power lens—a test that very little modern workmanship can endure. But "The Real Thing," like a fine old intaglio, will only gain by acute examination, and the most captious critic will find it difficult to discover a flaw in the 41 pages in which the story is contained. It deserves to rank with "Daisy Miller" and "The Lesson of the Master" as examples of the finest flower of Mr. Henry James's Art.

It is the story of an elderly couple of good family who have tried all other resources and failed, and who offer themselves to an artist as models for his new series of illustrations to a famous writer's novels. They think that, being "The Real Thing," that is, a real lady and gentleman, of good birth and high family, they will make better types for the artist to draw from for society novels than Miss Churm and the bankrupt Italian orange-monger, who have hitherto been his favourite models. The result, however, of the kindly-natured artist engaging them to sit is disastrous, and the description of the poor man's agonies of mind are both pathetic and humorous.

The personality of the poor, stiff, well-born pair, their noble simplicity and unpretentiousness, and their absolute uselessness as artists' models, are most vividly presented to the reader's imagination, who feels as if he had known the sad couple himself, and can sympathise with full comprehension with the artist's despair at being so powerless to aid them in their destitution.

The whole story is told with the highest art, and the study of it, by a young writer, would be a liberal education in literary form. There is not, we venture to think, a superfluous sentence nor a phrase that could have been spared.

"Sir Dominick Ferrand"—the next tale—is not nearly so impressive, and though the description of the people and places in it are good, the conversations are wearisome; and one has, in reading them, that impulse of mind which makes one wish that they would "get on a little faster." Now, in real life, people often do dally over their situations; but it is not wise to dwell upon this in literature. Art is not a photographic representation of Nature, and no one has made us feel this more than Mr. James himself; yet, if only he would realize it, his conversations are often fatally photographic.

"Nona Vincent" is the history of a play that failed, but afterwards succeeded, by the magnetic influence of the woman who loved the writer, upon the actress who was the woman that he loved.

"The Chaperon" tells how a *divorcée* mother was vigorously defended by her eldest daughter, who abandoned position, money, and relations in order to rescue her mother from the false position in which she had placed herself. The daughter and her lover are well presented, but the reader fails to grasp the personality of the mother.

The last story in the book is nearly as good as the first. "Greville Fane" is the *nom de plume* of a well-known woman writer, Mrs. Stormer, who produces bad

novels in order to support and educate her children, and reaps as the reward for her perseverance and industry, their contempt and commiseration, because their mother is not in society, and her novels are impossible.

Mr. James tells us that Mrs. Stormer was—

"Very brave and healthy and cheerful, very abundant, and innocent, and wicked. She was clever, and vulgar, and snobbish, and never so intensively British as when she was particularly foreign. . . . She made no pretence of Art, but had comfortable tea-drinking hours, in which she freely confessed herself a common pastry-cook, dealing in such tarts and puddings as would bring customers to the shop."

She died weary and wasted with writing pot-boilers "to pay her daughter's wedding expenses, and her son published every scrap of scribbled paper that could be extracted from her table drawers."

Review.

"The Nurse's Diary for 1894." Compiled by Claude London. (Letts & Co. 1/6.)—This is an ordinary and conveniently-sized Diary which is said to contain "much information of use to the professional Nurse in her daily work." This on investigation proves to be an alphabetical list of the chief English Health Resorts, with their distance from London, the railway fare, and the best station to start from—information which is as little helpful to a Nurse as is the list of the Chief London Hospitals, which omits, by the way, King's College, St. Mary's, and the Royal Free, and inserts two Ophthalmic and three Lying-in Hospitals; or the "Interesting Items" that "London devours every year 400,000 oxen, 1,600,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and 9,800,000 gallons of milk," and that "about 400,000,000 pounds of soap are used every year in Great Britain." Altogether, we doubt if Nurses would make much use of a Diary under any conditions, and we are quite sure that the information in the present issue would be but little service to them.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

KNITTED GOODS.

Messrs. Fleming, Reid and Co., of the Worsted Mills, Greenock, have earned a deservedly high reputation for the excellence of their manufactures. Specimens of their woollen underwear which have been submitted to us are worthy of the highest praise, for they are very warm, elastic, and thus close-fitting. They are evidently made of pure selected wools—in white, pink, and natural greys—and the prices are most moderate. For health, comfort, durability, and cheapness, therefore, these manufactures deserve to be, and, as they become better known amongst Nurses, we have no doubt that they will be, very widely bought and recommended. Those of our readers who want garments of this description would do well to obtain a catalogue of these goods by writing to the firm in Greenock, N. B., or to call at one of the "Scotch Wool and Hosiery Stores," which are now to be found in most large towns, and inspect the articles to which we have referred.

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