

**Element of Obsessive Neurotic Hallucination
In Three of Henry James's Short Stories**

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I

At the time of giving final touches to the New York Edition of his works Henry James described some of his stories to his publishers as “a group of tales of the quasi-supernatural or gruesome order”.¹ Actually these quasi-supernatural stories are stories of obsessive neurosis of haunted imagination, of a guile-laden conscience stalking stealthily behind the conscious part of the protagonists personality. May be these stories have at times the hallucinatory design of a ghost story, but they are, as Henry James believed, like a good ghost story, but they are, as Henry James believed, like a good ghost story “connected at a hundred points with the common objects of life”.² These stories of neurotic obsession are not the ghost stories in the conventional sense, because one does not find these ghosts walking in the tortuous corridors. Observes Leon Edel:

"The elaborate stage props of the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and the *Castle of Otranto* are absent from these tales: no creaking doors, no blood-stained-boards, no sheeted figures- only haunted people, and these haunted by phantoms usually of their own creation it is for this reason that the age of electric light and of and of physical research, or the broad universal terrors of the atomic age, make no difference to his such tales”.³

It is true that sometimes Henry James gives us an illusion of providing the ghosts in the gusty corridor and the blown-out candle, but they are at best the objectification of the haunted

imagination and disorganized impulses of the central characters. Of paramount interest to the readers are the characters in the story who see the apparitions. In fact, Henry James used the psychological term “unconscious obsession” for such figures. These figures are in the stories described primarily as victims of unconscious obsession and are disturbed by a fear that provokes and inspires “heart-shaking anxiety and cumulative terror”.

These tales of “unconscious obsession”, like some of his ghostly tales, can be read at three different levels. At the surface level which is their raison d’etre they can be read as mystery or supernatural thrillers perfect in the artistic depiction of hauntedness and spine-chilling fear. The second level is that of the psychological significance. In the process of the unfolding of the plot they present as if it were a series of psychological case histories of disturbed and frightened people. The protagonists who are generally the victims of an unconscious obsession may appear to be living their lives in an open and matter-of-fact world, yet they serve to arouse and heighten our sense of terror. The third level is that of the autobiographical complexity and offers us the record of Henry James’s own haunted state. In the words of Leon Edel:

“They are after all, these strange people, these strange people, the governess and her unhappy charges, the two cheerful old maids living with the ghost of their unhappy ancestor, the sensitive young pacifist defying his military family, creatures of Henry James’s own mind, testifying to the deep-seated anxieties of his own life. Comfortable and secure people, adjusted and alive among the living, usually are not haunted by the dead. From Henry James’s conscious pictures of the supernaturally obsessed we can attempt to probe below the surface and arrive at a glimpse, at least, of the author’s own unconscious obsession”⁴.

II

One of the most remarkable stories that gives us an idea of Henry James's personal obsession is 'Nona Vincent', a story written shortly after his play The American had proved a flop on the London stage. It was during this phase that he happened to watch the performance of an American actress Elizabeth Robins in Ibsen's play Hedda Gabler and was virtually entranced by her figure and her histrionic art. No wonder, he poured out his heart to Henrietta Reubell, an old Parisian friend and confessed having seen the play "with the most interesting English speaking actress that I have seen for many a day- Elizabeth Robins, an American of course"⁵.

Henry James was virtually possessed by her and went to see and invite her along with his Producer Edward Compton. His letter written to John L. Gardner of Boston on June 7, 1891 is revealing: "A young American actress, who never made a mark, I believe...has lately revealed herself, strikingly, here as Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, and has quite leaped into fame. She is slightly uncanny, but distinguished an individual, and she is to do heroine, a short part but a very pretty one". The entry made by Alice James, Henry's sister, in her Journal on June 16 of the same year is no less significant: "Apropos of actress he says Miss Robins is the most intelligent creature, next to Coquelin, with whom he ever talked about her art."⁷

As a psychological story of obsession "Nona Vincent' has been given a touch of the mystery and eeriness of the supernatural. It is the story of a dramatic artist Allan Wayworth who has happened to meet a lady of creative sensibility, a lady who has the vision but not the voice. She has been interested in the things of the soul and has seen beauty 'plucked flower like in the garden of art'.

Allan Wayworth had returned to England, at two-and-twenty, after a miscellaneous continental education; his father, the correspondent, for years, in several foreign countries successively

of a conspicuous London unprotected girls, to subsist on a very small income in a German town. Form in his sense was not demanded by English newspapers, and he couldn't give it to them in their sense. The demand for it was not greater any where, and Wayworth spent weeks in polishing little compositions for magazines that didn't pay for style. The only person who paid for it is really Mrs. Alsager. She has an infallible instinct for the perfect. Allan has his limitation and his perversities, but the finest parts of him are the most alive, and he is restless and sincere. It is however this impression he produces on Mrs. Alsager that is most remarkable. She thinks him not only remarkably good looking but altogether original: "There were some usual bad things he would never do too many prohibitive puddles for him in the short cut success"⁸

Like Henry James himself Allan believes that he has got an intimation of the idea. He has been made (as he feels) the subject of a special revelation. An angel has taken him as it were by the hand and guides him to the shabby door which opens, it appears, into an interior both splendid and austere:

"The scenic idea was magnificent when once you you had embraced in the dramatic form had a purity which made some others look in gloriously rough. It had the high dignity of the exact sciences, it was mathematical and architectural. It was full of the refreshment of calculation and construction, the incorruptibility of line and law. It was bare, but it was erect. It was poor, but it was noble; it reminded him of some sovereign famed for justice who should have lived in a palace despoiled. There was a fearful amount of concession in it, but what you kept had a rare intensity. You were perpetually throwing over the cargo to save the ship, but what a motion you gave her when you made her ride the waves a motion as rhythmic as the dance of goodness".^(NY)

Allan is writing a play with Nona Vincent as the central character and she appears to be all alive to Mrs. Alsager. The problem for both of them is to find out an artist who will bring this fictional

character to life on the stage. So the question before them is: “Who in the world will do it? Who in the world can?”

Nona Vincent is the heroine of the play, and Mrs. Alsager has taken a tremendous fancy to her. “I can’t tell you how I like that woman,” she exclaims in a pensive rapture of credulity which could only be a balm to the artistic spirit. Allan tells his patroness that Nona Vincent is in fact modeled upon her: “She has your face, your air, your voice, your motion; she has many elements of your being.”

“Then she’ll damn your play.” Mrs. Alsager replied. They joked a little over this, though it was not in the tone of pleasantry that Wayworth’s hostess soon remarked: “You’ve got your remedy, however: have done by the right woman.”^(NY)

The tragedy, however, lies in the fact that Allan’s play doesn’t receive any acceptance by the publishers. He has knocked at the door of every theatre in London, and, at a ruinous expense, has multiplied type-copies of Nona Vincent to replace the neat transcripts that had descended into the managerial abyss. His play is not even declined. No such flattering intimation is given him that it has even been read: “What the managers would do for Mrs. Alsager concerned him little today; the thing that was relevant was that they would do nothing for him. That charming woman felt humbled to the earth, so little response had she had from the powers on which she counted”.^(NY)

Meanwhile Allan receives the telegram from Mrs. Alsager that Violet Grey, the celebrated actress, would play the heroine. Allan has met her once but has never prefigured her Nona Vincent and is thoroughly sceptical about her role. No wonder he grudging tells Mrs. Alsager, ‘she is not a bit like it, but I dare say I can make her do’.^(NY) After the performance Allan feels dissatisfied and has a feeling that the play would have been better if the performance had been better: “She does what she can, and she has talent, and she looked lovely. But she doesn’t see Nona Vincent. She doesn’t see the woman you meant. She’s out of it she gives you a different person”^(NY)

“Nona Vincent, in face and form, the living heroine of his play, rose before him in his little silent room, sat down with him at his dingy fireside. She was not Violet-Grey, she was not Mrs. Alsager, she was not any woman he had seen up on earth, nor was it any masquerade of friendship or of penitence. Yet she was more familiar to him than the women he had known best, and she was ineffably beautiful and consoling. She filled the poor room with her presence, the effect of which was as soothing as some odour of incense. She was as quiet as an affectionate sister, and there was no surprise in her being there.

Nothing more real had ever befallen him, and nothing, somehow, more reassuring. He felt her hand rest upon his own, and all his senses seemed to open to her message. She struck him, in the strangest way, both as his creation and as his inspirer, and she gave him the happiest consciousness of success. If she was so charming in the red firelight, in her vague, clear colored garments, it was because he had made her so, and yet if the weight seemed lifted from his spirit it was because she drew it away. When she bent her deep eyes upon him they seemed to speak of safety and freedom and to make a green garden of the future. From time to time she smiled and said: “I live-live”.^(NY)

The intensity and reality of vision may well be felt by the reader by understanding the degree of Allan’s absorption in his hallucination. He has been so absorbed in his dream of the reality of his own fictional Nona Vincent that the appearance of the landlady in his room doesn’t disturb him at all. In a most unperturbed natural manner he wants to know whether any lady has been in the house to see him:

As the inquiry: “Has any lady been here?”

“No sir no lady at all.”

“The woman seemed slightly scandalised.

“Not Miss Vincent?”

“Miss Vincent, sir?”

“The young lady of my play, don’t you know?”

“Oh, sir, you mean Miss Violet Grey.”

“No I don’t at all. I think I mean Mrs. Alsager.”

“There has been no Mrs. Alsager, sir.”

“No anybody at all like her?”

The woman looked at him as if she wondered what had suddenly taken him. Then she asked in an injured tone, “Why shouldn’t I have told you’d had caller, sir?”

“I thought you might have thought I was asleep.” ^(NY)

The visionary character of the short story becomes more distinct when Allan’s vision is paralleled by an equally miraculous hallucination which comes to Violet Grey, the actress playing Nona Vincent’s role. When congratulated upon for her wonderful success for the performance she reports how the inspiration has come from Nona Vincent herself. She reports that she, too, had a visit from Nona Vincent, a meeting that lasted for about two hours. She confesses how she had a revelation of the essence of Nona Vincent’s personality by having talked to her by having talked to her:

She smiled at him. “Every night? There can scarcely be a miracle every day.”

“What do you mean by a miracle?” ‘I’ve had a revelation.”

Wayward started. “At What hour?”

“The right hour this afternoon. Just in time so to save me and to save you.”

“At five o’clock? Do you mean you had a visit?” “She came to me she stayed two hours.”

“Two hours? Nona Vincent?”

“Mrs. Alsager. “Violet Grey smiled more deeply. “It’s the same thing.”

“And how did Mrs. Alsager save you?”

“By letting me look at her. By letting me hear her speak. By letting me know her.”

“And what did she say to you?”

“Kind things-encouraging, intelligent things. “Ah, the dear woman.” Wayward cried. ^(NY)

To the category of the story of psychological obsession, the story which is a blend of the quasi-supernatural and the fable, belongs the story entitled 'The private Life, the theme is that of a psychological fantasy concerned with the memory of buying of Robert Browning's ashes in the poet's Corner of Westminster Abby on December 12, 1889.

And did his duty "while the author of The Ring and the Books and Men and Women" sat at a table all alone, silent and unseen ,and wrote admirably ,deep, and brave and intricate things. They had nothing to do, so dissimilar twins with each other, the diner could exist but the cessation of the writer, whose emergence, on his side depended on his and our ignoring the diner.

It was, as a matter of fact ,an old fantasy which James had now attached to the elderly poet. In Benvolio a little allegory he had written during the 1870's,he described a young poet divided between the world of hi art ,arranging his very domicile into compartments in one of which he wrote and wore priestly raiment ,while in the other garbed himself in bright colors and received his friends .One important difference ,however existed in Browning fantasy. In Benvolio he had said "It was as if the souls of two different men had been thrown together in the same mould".¹²

On August 3 James noted that the story was "of course a rank fantasy, but as such may it not be made amusing and pretty ?It must be very brief very light very vivid. Lord Mellifont is the public performer ,the man whose whole personality goes forth so in presentation and aspect and phraseology and accomplishment and frontage there is absolutely "He broke off here and added "But I see it begin it. Don't talk about it only, and around it." ¹³

"The private Life "is essentially a conceit like 'The Real Thing '.The persons who try to fathom the mystery of Claire Vawdrey (Browning)and Lord Mellifont (Leighton) are neither haunted nor obsessed ,they are merely curious .It is a cheerful fable which ,however ,in its quasi-supernatural moments ,achieves all eeriness of the ghost story .

The first suggestion of the quasi-supernatural and eerie atmosphere is given through the narrator 's description of Lady Mellifont's mourning .she has an air of deep pining ,an air of long and heavy secret weighing heavy on her heart:

"I had originally been afraid of her ,thinking her ,with her stiff silence and the extreme bleakness of almost everything that made up her person, somewhat hard , even a little surname. Her paleness seemed slightly grey,and her glossy black hair metallic ,even as the brooches seemed and bands and combs with which it was inveterately adorned. She was in perpetual mourning and wore numberless ornaments of jet and onyx, a thousand clicking chains and bugles and beads. I heard Mrs. Adney call her the Queen of Night, and the term was descriptive if you took the night for cloudy. She had a secret ,if you didn't find it out as you know her better you at least felt sure that was gentle unaffected and limited ,as well as rather submissively sad. She was like a woman with a painless malady". (ph.TH.)

The quasi-supernatural incident in the story assumes ghostly proportion when the writer describes when the writer describes the miraculous experience of the narrator having seen the spirit of the alter ego or the ghost of the Vawdrey the artist sitting on the chair. the narrator has just seen Vawdrey talking with Mrs. Adney down below and as he goes upstairs into his room he feels mystified with the man's presence : "His back was half turned to me and he bent over the table in the attitude of writing but , I took in at every pore his identity ." I beg your pardon- I thought you were downstairs ". I said: and as the person before gave me no sign of hearing I added: "if you are busy I won't disturb you ".i backed out I closed the door –I had been in place, I suppose ,less than a minute . I had a sense of mystification which however depended infinitely the next instant"(P.TI .) Later in his conversation with Lady Mellifont the narrator's sense of mystification depends when he is told that Vawdrey was with her for full two hours at the time he had seen him sitting in his room

I drew her out to the terrace and before we had gone there steps, said to her: "who was with you here last night?"

"Last night "she was as wide of the mark as I had been.

"At ten o'clock – just after your company broke up .you came out here with a gentleman. You talked about the stars".

She stared a moment and gave her laugh "Are you jealous of your Vawdrey?"

Then it was he."

"Certainly it was he "

"And how long did you stay"?

She laughed again "You have it badly. He stayed about a quarter of an hour perhaps rather more .We talked some distance. He talked about his play. There you have it all. That is the only witchcraft I have used." (H.P.TH)

The narrator, mystified by the double presence comes to the conclusion that Vawdrey in fact is not one but the writers combined into one. One may have the corporal nature of being but the other is a spirit.

"One goes out but the other stays at home. One's the genius the others bourgeois and its only bourgeois whom we personally know. He talks, he circulates, he's awfully popular, he flirts with you"

"Whereas it's the genius you are privileged to be first with "Mrs.Andeny broke in" I 'm much obliged for distinction "

I laid my hand into her arm" see himself yourself. Try it test it ,go to his room."

Go to his room? It would not be proper. "S cried in the manner of her best comedy." (P. Th)

Gradually, Lady Mellifont too, comes to have this experience of the miracle of the double presence of the playwright Clare Vawdrey. She too now confesses that she is convinced with narrator's theory of the alternate identity of Vawdrey's existence and recounts how she came to be convinced with this theory:

"I'm fascinated by that vision of his what –do-you call it ? "□

"His alternate identity?"

"His other self .That's easier to say." "You accept it then , you adopt it ?"

"Adopted it ?" "I rejoice in it .It become tremendously vivid to me last evening ." "While he read to you there?"

"Yes I listened to him ,watched him . It simplified everything , explained everything."

I rose to my triumph. "That's indeed the blessing of it." Is this scene very final?" Magnificence and he reads beautifully.

"Almost as well as the other one writes." I laughed .This made her stop a moment, laying hand on my arm.

"You utter my very impression. I felt he was reading me of the work another". "In a manner that was such as service to the other." I concurred.

"Such a totally different person," said Blanche . We talked and talked of this difference as we went on, and of what a wealth it constituted of a resource for life ,such a duplication of a character ." (P.Th.)

After his sister's death Henry James once recorded in his Notebooks the idea of his possibility of a servant "reading the letters and diaries" of an artist after his death. This, according to him, amounted to a sacrilege and destruction, the destruction of letters, papers, records etc. connected with the private and the personal history of some great and noted names." This note which yielded the story of Sir Dominick, is closely related to an earlier entry. This entry is dated October 23 in James notebooks and testifies to his renewed interest mesmerism .In this entry he refers to George De Marucie 'sTribbly theme "the hypnotization of the weak character of a strong " figure but never went behind his nation .He had far back been interested ,like so many nineteenth century writers , in animal magnetism ,mesmerism ,or the

concomitant ideas which arose from the belief that thoughts were transferred from the hypnotist to his subject .In the story of "Sir Dommicnock Ferrand" thought transference or clairvoyance is attached by James in a curious fashion to family documents and letters .in both instances letters are mentioned .For James the only to keep documents safe from snooping servants or " publishing scoundrels"¹⁴ is to lock them up or ,as he preferred to destroy them." The Aspen Papers" "The real Right Thing" "The Reverberator" "The Abasement of" the Northmores "J,hon Delavory" all deal with different phases posthumous reputation or publication ,the theme of intrusion public curiosity upon the private life. James settled the questions of his own papers shortly after the turn of century y building a "huge bonfire" One night and committing on it the greater part of forty years of correspondence and notes.

There is an evidence of an immediate incident from which the Domonick Ferrand fantasy seems to have derived its subject matter.Mrs.B. W. protector window of the poet Barry Cornwall, a brilliant conversationalist who had known all the great men of her time, had recently died at an advanced age. James, who was devoted to her and had often spoken of her as "a window on the past" had often enjoyed the benefit of her long reach of memory ,her fund of anecdote and gossip ,through which moved the personality of Leigh Hunt Hazlitt, Thackeray ,Dickens ,Lamb and many James's contemporaries."¹⁵

In a letter dated November 16, 1891, James alludes to the "the strange and sad or a blessed and beneficent holocaust of Mrs. Procter's papers, burned by George Smith to save them from the vulgar uses that threaten them. "Leon Edel rightly observes that the ghost" in "Dominick Ferrand" is a bundle of letters. The female protagonist reacts to these family papers, accidentally this covered by young Peter Baron and has a sensation as if they were alive and appealing to her for help. Once Peter has found them in an old desk, such a desk Maupassant describes in "La Chevelure"

under similar ghostly circumstances, the heroine is drawn to them as if they were a magnet. Their presence in the house, mesmeric influence on her . "They put me into a state they haunt me, comma" she says .Only their destruction can make possible happy solution.

This story was published into different installments in July and August issues of Cosmopolitan first under the title of "Jersey Villas", and was then retitled upon inclusion in the Real Thing and Other" tells 1893.

The sense of mystery of the story dawns in the very beginning when the writer shows peter Barron for buying a writing desk .His instinct of tells him that were there is a hiding place there is always a hidden spring, and he presses and fumbles in an eager search for sensitive spot. In the course of this ransacking of the inner recesses and drawers of the table he happens to lay his hand on a bundle of papers.

The seals, mechanically figured bear the impress neither of arms nor of initials: the paper looks old as it has turned faintly sallow: the packets may have been their for ages.Barron counts them and finds that they are nine in all ,of different sizes . It turns them over and over, feels them curiously and snuffs and in their vague, musty smell, some smothered human accent. The little bundles are neither named nor numbered, there is to a word of writing of any of covers: but they plainly contain all letters, sorted and according to dates or to authorship: "they told some ,dead story they were the ashes of fires burns out .

It is in the description thrilling sensation of mystery felt by Barron the ghostly dimensions of the story are revealed .He has a feeling that is in presence of a profound secret and is overpowered by a deep sense of responsibility:

"He had made a find, but it somehow added to his responsibility :he was in the prisms of something interesting but (in a manner he could not have defined) this circumstance suddenly constituted a

danger .it was the reception of the danger ,for instance , which caused to remain in a abeyance any impulses he might have felt to brick one of the seals. He looked at them all narrowly ,but he was careful not lose in them ,and he wondered uncomfortably whether the contents of the secrets compartments would be hold in inequity to be the property of the people in kings' road .he had given money for the davenport ,but had he given for these buried papers ?He paid by a growing consciousness that the nameless chill had stolen into the air the penalty ,which he had many a time pied before, of being made of sensitive staff . it was as if an occasion had inside insidiously a risen for a sacrifice , sacrifice for the sake of a fine superstition ,something like honor or kindness of justice , something indeed perhaps even final still a difficult deciphering of duty , an impossible ,tantalizing wisdom. Standing there before his ambiguous treasure and losing himself for the moment in the sense of a dawning complication, he was startled by a light, quick step at the door of the sitting room .instinctively, before answering, he listened an instant, he was in the attitude of a miser surprised while counting his hoard. (DF)

This sense of mystery is as it were telepathically transmitted to another character in the story. Mrs.Ryves happens to enter his room and the very cite of Perer's look and the presence of the writhing desk makes her vibrate with the knowledge of the some deep secrets. Some secrets sympathy brought something to light. After instants he notes that she has divided his feelings, and this given him a lively desire, a grateful happy desire, to appear to have nothing to conceal:

"All right "? How can a fellow be anything else who has just had such a find?" she paused at this, Still looking earnest and asking and asking: "what have you found?" "some ancient family paper ,in a secret compartment o my writing table."

And he took up the packet he had left out , holding before her eyes .

"A lot of other things like that".

"What are they"? murmured Mrs.Ryves ." I have not the least idea. They're sealed".

You haven't broken the seals?" she had come further back." I have not had time: it only happens ten minutes ago ". " I knew it " said Mrs.Ryves more gaily now . "what did you know ?"

That you were in some predicaments"

"You are extraordinary. I never heard of anything so miraculous: down to flight of stairs. (DF)

Barron's sense of dilemma is communicated to Mrs.Ryves .should he or should he not return the bundle to the shopkeeper from whom he has bought the writing desk. Mr.Ryves suggests the writing papers are valuable they should neither be returned nor opened but completely destroyed:

"Are the papers of the value?" Mrs.Ryves inquired

"I have not the least idea. But I can ascertain by breaking a seal."

"Don't" Said Mrs.Ryves with much expression.

She looked grave again.

He gave her the packet, and she looked at it and held it for an instant to her nose.

"It has a queer, charming old fragrance "he said

Charming" it is horrid "she handed him back the packet, saying again more emphatically "Don't".

"Don't break a seal"

Don't give back the papers."

Is it honest to keep them ?"□

"Certainly. They are yours as much as the people's of the shop ".

"I can't make out why it matters to you , one way of the other ,nor why you should think it worth talking about" The young man reason ."neither can I. it is just a whim ".

"certainly it will give you un pleasure I will say nothing at the shop.

"That's charming of you , and I 'm very grateful . I see now that this was why the sprit moved me to come up to save them , Mrs.

Ryves went on .she added ,moving away that now she had saved them she must really go.

"To save them for what if I may not to break the seals"? Barron's asked. "I do not know for a generous sacrifice."

"Why should it be generous? What is at stake? Peter demeaned leaning against the door post as she stood on the landing.

"I don't know what but I feel as if something or other were in peril .Burn them up . She exclaimed with shining eyes." (DF)

Peter Barron is willing to write a story on the bases of this bundle of letters but his editor is skeptical. Peter tells him he has been to the British Museum and he has compared everything carefully .He repudiates the possibility of forgery .No sign of genuineness is wanting: there are details down to the very post marks, that no forger could have invented .As for the editor he first feel these letters to be flashy, crafty and second- rate .It was a secret, moreover ,that Sir Dominick's private life had its weak stops. The editr knows that Sir Dominick was one of the few men in his time who took Europe or took America by surprise and made them hump a bit.

On the other hand Peter Barron feels that if these relics should be made public the scandal, the horror, the chatter would be immense

Immense would be also the contribution to truth the rectification of history. He feels exactly if he held in his hand the key to public attention: "They all have this in common", said Peter Barron "That they constituted evidence of uneasiness ,and some instances of painful alarm on the writer's parts , in relation to exposure ,the exposure in the one case, as I gather of the fact that he had availed himself of official opportunities to promote enterprises (Public works and that sort of thing) in which he had a pecuniary stake .the dread of the light in the other connection is evidently different , and these letters are the earliest in date. They are dressed to a woman, from whom he had evidently received money."(FD)

Peter, in fact , confesses to Mrs.Ryves that these letters have been haunting him and it is this sensation of horror that is the essence of this story .

"They haunted me: that was why, early one morning suddenly, I could not keep my hands off them. I had told you I wouldn't touch them. I had deferred to your whim, your superstition (what is it?) but at last they got the better of me. I had lain awake all night threshing about, itching with curiosity. It made me ill : my own nerves (as I may say) were irritated , my capacity to work was one .It had come over me in the small hours in the shape of an obsession , a fixed idea , that there was nothing in the ridicules relics and that my exaggerated scruples were making a fool of me .It was ten to one day were rubbish , they were vain , they were empty: that they had been even a practical joke on the part of some weak minded gentleman of leisure , the farmer possessor of the confounded davenport .The longer hovered about them with such precautions the longer I was taken in , and the sooner I exposed their insignificance the sooner I should get back to my usual occupations. This conviction made my hand so uncontrollable that morning before breakfast I broke one of the seals. It took me but a few minutes to perceive that the contents were not rubbish: the little bundles contained old letters, very curious old letters."(DF)
Mrs.Ryves can read other people s' thought and this is how she impulses herself as an influence. Peter Barron feels disturbed with this kind of

Punctual interferences . . "Why did not she set up at once as a professional clairvoyant and eke out her little income more successfully ? in purely privies life such a gift was disconcerting :her divinations ,her evasions distribute at any rate his own tranquility " (DF)

Meanwhile Peter's publisher has gone in making the bit more tempting. He has agreed not only to pay 300 for the publication of the letters but has also assured to publish the writer's stories .Peter feels that there would in the :sensation " , at a later stage ,

the making of a book in large type the book of the hour : and the profits of this scandals volume or , of one papers the name , this reconstructions , before an impartial posterity, of a great historical humbug that any lively publisher would give for it , figures vividly in his calculations . But better is once again Tom with scruple and loathes to reveal the dead man's secrets: "It did not matter that the individual was dead "it did not matter that he was dishonest. Peter felt him sufficiently a live to suffer: he perceived the rectification of history to conscientiously desired by Mr. Locket to be somehow for himself not an imperative task". (DF)

He gradually feels like resolving than even if he should be starving he cannot make money out of Sir. Dominick's disgraces .he is almost surprise at the violence of the horror with which as he shuffles mournfully about, the idea of any such profit inspires him: "what was Dominick to him after all? He wished he had never come across him (DF)

The story gradually moves towards convincingly natural ('denouements') when the plot unfolds how Mrs.Ryves is so emotionally involved in this business of the publication of Sir Dominick 's letters. Mrs.Ryves has been the daughter of Sir .Dominick's girlfriend how whom he did not marry. Mrs.Ryves confesses it to Peter Barron "You must know that I'm who I'm: You must know specially what I'm not .there is a name for it, hideous, cruel name . It's not my fault .Others have known I have had to speak of it, it has made a great difference in my life . Surely you must have guessed. "She went on, with the thinnest quaver of irony, letting him now, like her hand, which felt as cold as her hard duty."Don't you see I've no belongings , no relations , no friends nothing at all ,in all the world , of my own ? I was only a poor girl "(DF) the story thus ends with Peter's confession .He is mystified , touched distressed piecing dimly together what she meant , but feeling in a great surge of pity , that it is only something more to love her for .

III □

An analysis of the stories of his group of obsessive neurosis reveals how deeply James was concerned with the exposition of uncharted psychological experiences .for James all experiences were grist to his mill, because he believed that reality has myriad forms and humanity is immense. He tells us in The Art of Fiction and this may will be true of all his stories:

"What kind of experience is intended and where does it begin and ends? experience is never limited and never complete: it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider –web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness and catching every airborne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind and when the mind is imaginative – much more when it happens to be of man of genes it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulses of air into revelations " .¹⁶

As a story writer revealing the act or the incident or the attitude ,Henry James 's primary concern has been the psychological revelation of the characters concerned . These characters may have their own individual life Owen Wing Rave and may at the same kind function as figures in a moral allegory .In his essay entitled" Guy De Maupassant" , Henry James possesses the questions and explains :

"If psychology be hidden in life, according to M. de Maupassant, it should be in a book the question immediately comes up. 'From home it is hidden "From , some people , no doubt , but very much less from others : and all depends upon the motives , reasons , relations , explanations are a part of the very service of the drama , with the foot lights beating full upon them"¹⁷

Briefly, the three dimensions elaborated in the question mentioned above are the gist of James's creative principles specially from the point of view of measuring the psychology of the characters of his stories.

Footnotes:

1. The New York Edition of Novels and Tales, 24 Vols. New York, 1917, see the Preface.
2. Ibid.
3. See the Preface in The Ghostly Tales of Henry James, ed. Leon Edel, 1948.
4. Ibid.
5. The Letters of Henry James, Percy Lubbock, ed. Scribner, 1920. P. 129.
6. Ibid, p. 230.
7. Alice James: her brothers, Her Journal, Anna Robeson Burr, ed. Dodd, Meed & Co. 1934, P.134.
8. 'Nona Vincent'. Hereafter all the quotations of the stories are taken from the New York Edition of Novels and Tales, 24 Vols, will be included in the paper.
9. The Notebooks of Henry James, p. 342.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. Vide Leon Edel, op. Cit., p. 35
13. Ibid.
14. The Notebooks of Henry James, p. 247.
15. Rebecca West, Henry James, London, 1926, p. 114.
16. 'The Art of Fiction'
17. Ibid.

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