

The Stoic in John Galsworthy

“...de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.”

Masao Imazawa

Miles Ruding, the hero of “The Man Who Kept his Form,” is anything but a hero. As the author puts it, he, as a Harrovian monitor, “would have cut a greater dash, if he had not been, as it were, so uncreative.” He is simply a steady-going chap, who never does anything startling, but fights as hard at the finish as at the start of a game. Creativeness of mind and action, seen in the light of gentility, is an extravagance, which tends to compromise the poise of character peculiar to those among the English nation who are known as gentlemen. At every critical moment of life, those people see no other path before them than the one appointed by their peculiar conscience. A decision they come to always seems to have been reached promptly and without the least effort, and it soon turns into an action which never fails to satisfy our sense of form. Their decision is not a result of mere reasoning. Nor is their conscience anything which education and discipline of a single generation can furnish. It is a singular quality bred into their blood, through better nourishment of body and mind, during hundreds of years of their family history.

Miles Ruding comes home six thousand miles from Vancouver Island to give divorce to his wife, who, while staying in England, has run away with a young officer. He misses his wife, but thinks he should not drag her again to himself after she has found the life in so primitive circumstances unbearable for her. When he declares in the court, “I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely

life so far away," his words move all the people including the judge, who makes a little bow to the plaintiff as if saying, "Sir, as one gentleman to another." He gets no consolation out of this, for he is not imaginative enough to feel the effect of his own speech upon the people. He goes straight back six thousand miles again to his island to struggle with the wild ranch.

In these days, "form" is almost a sign of idiocy and as ridiculous as a hat out of fashion. But it looks so only when people try to assume it upon themselves. It is originally an inborn trait characteristic of a small portion of the English race. So, when people aspire to look as well-behaved as those, as if it were their sole concern, they cannot but look vain. Ours is the age when people are required to live up to more substantial things, and the borrowed "form" is now foolish enough. There was, however, a time in England, before people became more self-conscious, when gentility was a quality transmitted in their blood to the more favoured number, and "good form" was something they were fated to cling to. When Miles Ruding said in the court that he had no bitter feelings, it was this quality in him that impelled him to say so. He had no choice but to pose himself just like that. Ruding is really one of those found on the British soil, who preserve in themselves gentility as it has once been. It is absolutely impossible to call him vain, since gentility is almost as imperative with him as an instinct. It is worthy of every tribute, for no one can hold anything in contempt simply because it does not pay him.

A little after the divorce suit, he sells his ranch, for which a big sum has been offered because of the coal seams reportedly discovered in the neighbourhood. But, when the report turns out to be unfound-

ed, he cancels the price and takes the agricultural value of the property. This makes him unpopular among those who sold with him. "Caveat emptor!" But there is no such thing in Ruding's philosophy.

His own country at war offers the luckiest chance for him to do his bit in return for what he owes her. He is only glad of the opportunity. It is not in his nature to dip into the cause of war. In the World War, he is badly gassed at the Somme, and invalided home. He lives quietly, without any visible emotion, in the hospital where death prevails in the whole atmosphere. It is "as if his own sensations had to pass him by." So completely is he lost in the winning of the war. He is so stoical and so unimaginative. He is unable to envisage any other possibilities than what he is fated to undergo.

Many years later, he is found in the driver's seat of a cab, earning his living in the chilly autumn air of the London streets. To his friend, who was surprised and said, "Good God! And this is what the country....." he said, "Cut out all that about the country....."

He keeps faith in the country which has bred him and his family. Although indifferent to the affairs beyond himself, he is ever alive to his relationships to the country, the latter always outweighing the former in his mind. He cannot suffer any one to criticize the country, especially when his own material interests are concerned.

The chief characteristics of Ruding and his kind, are moral immovability, and unawareness of any possibilities not prescribed for them by the long tradition of their family.

The moral immovability is derived from the pluck which is found in the people hallmarked with gentility. This quality is in their nature, and there is no detaching it from the rest of their character. If it goes, the whole must go. Those people neither collapse from economi-

cal disadvantages and physical insecurity, nor are they affected by material profits and personal repute. Their staunchness has been bred into them by "a philosophy which for hundreds of years has held fear to be the cardinal offence." Their pluck is not quite the same as that found in the rank and file or in "new" people. They are not conscious, still less proud, of it. They "regard not having it simply as impossible, a sort of disgrace."

There is always no alternative to the action this inner pluck prompts them to take. They are so completely given up to the cause of gentility that it is impossible for them to put themselves in any other point of view than their own. They can hardly imagine any possible turn of affairs which their hereditary viewpoint allows them to foresee. They look neither back nor forward. They are neither compelled to think deep into the fundamental problems of life, nor concerned with attitudes, opinions, and beliefs which are alien to them. In a word, they lack imagination which alone could give them a wider view of life; they are very often insensitive to delicate sentiments and blind to subtle meanings of life.

This trend of theirs is subservient to their moral immovability, and the latter sometimes tends to make them look bigoted. The two characteristics, by no means independent of each other, may be said two aspects of one and the same quality buried deep in their character. This quality is more or less obviously seen in many of the Galsworthian characters.

Roger Brune, "A Nnight" of the modern age, swings a glove in the face of a Frenchman, who has criticized a woman in a public place. He cannot allow even an ill-famed woman, who has nothing to do with him, to be blamed in his presence. A duel follows, and in it he

falls. He is no doubt a cosmopolitan, but, who knows that a fearless pluck, akin to Ruding's, has not popped up in his blood by an unknown lineage of the English gentility?

Hubert Cherrell, son of General Cherrell and himself a British officer on leave, in "Maid in Waiting," cannot stand half-caste Indian mule men ill-treating animals in Bolivia; and, when one of them, who has got flogging for his brutality and been stirring up mutiny, attacks him with a knife, he shoots him to death in order to save his own life. Since the case was brought up in the House, he has been unhappy, for he does not know how to get out of it. Being a man of action conscious of having acted rightly, he can not but chafe at the state of being in Chancery, because "his training and his disposition forbid him giving tongue." Even when his name is brought on a public discussion, he sees no way of hitting back. Born of an old family, whose head two generations ago has been knighted for his diplomatic service, Hubert would never have been a man of thought, if he had not chosen a military career. When he is forced into the state of thought, he cannot do otherwise than feel unhappy and only do a frantic effort to sustain it. Even when he is convinced of his rightfulness, he has to keep quiet about his own standing.

Reticence about himself is a remarkable feature of Cuthbert Cherrell, Hubert's granduncle. The Bishop of Portminster has represented God upon his people for more than forty years, and his long ministry has overlaid his natural reticence. He is sinking fast one night in his eighty-second year, and expected by himself to depart punctually before dawn. No one knows how he feels about death, which, now approaching momentarily, can not detract in the least from the repressed dignity of his face. He says to his nurse:

“You will get a good sleep to-morrow, nurse. I shall be punctual, no robes to put on.”

“The best wearer of robes in the whole episcopacy, the most distinguished in face and figure, maintaining to the end the dandyism which has procured him the nickname ‘cuffs,’ “the Bishop has been a disciple more of gentility than of the orthodoxy. Gentility, in the case of him who was destined to far less turmoil of the world than a commoner, has only meant elegance of dress and deportment. Even his chaplain does not know, but, if the Bishop has had any faith, it was more in the temporal dignity of the Church than in its creed. Again he says to the nurse:

“I shall be glad if you will kindly see that my neck is straight, and my teeth in place. Forgive these details, but I do not wish to offend the sight.....”

Death has only added more dignity to his form, which now lies “white and straight and narrow, ” and incites in its viewers a common aesthetic pleasure at such a calm dignity. He has been a devotee of “good form, ” and faithful to his lifelong principle of not arousing in any man unpleasant feelings. “He graced his last state more than he graced existence.”

Soames Forsyte, the hero of “The Forstye Chronicles, ” is categorically of the same group. Only he is more remarkable in his lack of imagination, and in his adherence to his only principle in life, the amassing of property and keeping of it in security. He has an eye to pictures and other objects of art, but it is merely such as to enable him to know which will bring him more profit. He, like other Forsytes, is dominated by the possessive instinct, and ultimately looks even upon his wife as part of his property, though he may be

astonished to be told so. In him is most typically represented the family trait of possessive instinct. In Soames' generation, indeed, the prosperity of the Fosytes has reached its high water mark, and their possessive instinct is now bent more upon security of property than on amassing more of it. Still, everything around them, is, in their eye, convertible to the monetary value. If there are things which are not so, they are not their concern. Beauty, philosophical truths, love in the real sense of the word, are all somewhat strange to them. The abstract theories do not interest them; the flights of thought are dangerous to them, whose primary objective in life is security of their material possession.

The tragedy of Soames is that of a man who lacks imagination so completely that he can not fathom into the depths of human feelings, especially into his own wife's suffering heart. His wife Irene, who was married to him after five refusals on her part, is a woman of "a foreign look" and "a capital figure." Her face is a little too pale, but there is warmth in her cheeks. Her large eyes are soft and dark. She has sensitive lips, which are "sensuous and sweet," and through which seem "to come warmth and perfume like the warmth and perfume of a flower." Soames, "flat-shouldered, clean-shaven, flat-cheeked, flat-waisted, yet with something round and secret about his whole appearance," was, in his own way, attracted to the unusual beauty of this passive heathen goddess, and, with his peculiar tenacity of purpose, has acquired it for his own. But soon Irene found she had mistaken in getting married to Soames, a solicitor, who was setting himself up as "a man of property" among the Forsytes.

Aunt Ann recognizes in Soames a sure trustee of the family soul. But he is "a cold-blooded young beggar always nosing out bargains" in

the eye of Old Jolyon, who is rather a queer fish among his generation of the family, with his sensitive soul and broad mind overlaid with the Forsytean tenacity. In view of Old Jolyon's future attachment to Irene, there is no wonder that she cannot get on with Soames, Old Jolyon's disgusting enemy. The rumour at the Forsyte 'Change says "she is asking for a separate room."

But Scames, feeling in his wife a strange aversion incomprehensible to him, can not understand what is wrong with him. He can not find out any reason why she should be so unhappy with him. He neither runs into debt nor gambles. He neither swears nor is violent. He never stays out at night. Far from that; he will do everything in his power for her. That he loves her so devotedly and she cannot return even part of that love is beyond his comprehension. That she has tried to love him and could not love him is absurd, since every man and wife can get on somehow unless their respectability is impaired by either party. So he cannot but put the blame entirely upon his wife. It does not occur to him that she is one of those who can only return love to some one whom she really loves. He, already known as a solicitor particularly astute and sound, is not aware that hers is the delicate soul which was born to love and to be loved.

To her appears Philip Bossinney, a young architect and fiancé to June, Old Jolyon's granddaughter. He, like Irene, is an alien in the Forsyte world. Singular-looking and "like an 'alf-tamed leopard," "he's one of these artistic chaps — got an idea of improving English architecture; there's no money in that!" Or, as Aunt Ann says, " ... a good-looking young fellow; but I doubt if he's quite the right lover for dear June."

Since their encounter at an at-home celebrating June's engagement to

Bossinney, there has been some change taking place in Irene, a hidden fervour fuming from the depths of her heart. Like a flower revived by the dew of love just before it wilts away, her heart begins to open its petals again to the enlivening sunlight.

As Aunt Ann suspected, June's engagement comes to a rupture. Thus a family feud starts and extends over three generations. The saga of the Forsyte family evolves around Soames, Irene, Young Jolyon, and their children; and develops into a comedy of the post-war society.

After all, Soames' destiny is that of a man who does not possess enough imagination and sympathy to put himself in the position of someone else, and to know that people do not always feel like himself. What incites pity in us is, that he does not know how fatally he is disliked by the woman whom he so desperately loves. Lack of imagination is here stretched almost to its extreme point. This weakness by now is not a monopoly of gentlefolk, for Soames Forsyte, born of a newly-arrived upper-middle class family, can hardly be called a man of gentle blood. The characteristic has been incorporated into the character of the adjacent classes.

"The Forsyte Chronicles" start with "The Man of Property," the first book of the first trilogy, which was written before 1906 as one complete story, intended for a criticism of possessive instinct in the modern social life. Its aim was to show the evils of that instinct enthraling humanity. The author resumed it in 1917 and began to write its sequel. The lapse of a dozen years between the two dates is obviously noticed in the marked change in the tenor of writing. The harshness in the author's attitude towards his hero gradually gives way to the sympathetic touch in the description of the marvellously single-hearted man. In this new light, the vice in the hero turns into

something which is well-nigh a virtue. His blind obstinacy is now revealed in his unswerving grip and his selfless devotion to his only daughter, born of his second wife. One feels a quality almost heroic in this man, who defends his and his own with a stoic fortitude. Indeed, "stoic" is the word for his undaunted firmness and immovable determination, which are more and more sublimated against the background of ever changing, frivolous psychology of the post-war generation.

In "The Maid in Waiting," Sir Lawrence Mont, contemplating the lease of his London house, recalls Soames Forsyte, his daughter-in-law's father and an expert assessor of property:

"... I miss old Forsyte. I was just considering what I ought to ask for this house if we let it next season. You didn't know old Forsyte — Fleur's father: he was a character."

The title of a long short-story by Galsworthy, "A Stoic," refers to Sylvanus Heythorp, the hero of the story. The stoic in him is very different from the stoic in Soames or that in the ordinary sense of the word. Here the stoical nature is characterized by an audacity which fearlessly resists any external force thwarting his will. Sylvanus Heythorp can not suffer anything to frustrate his wish. He is a man of poor morals. Religion is humbug. He is ready to cheat law if necessary. In defiance of every social institute regulating an individual will, he has had his way through the eighty years of his life. He will not concede to any authority thrashing him into some other course than he would choose.

He holds his own solely by the power of his character, and makes every opponent fellow in his way get out of it. Solely by the strength of his personality, because he has nothing else now to fight his way with. Being over eighty, he is well-nigh a carcassee unable to get up

from his seat without help. Money? No; he had been over head and ears in debt even before an Equador mine bought up on speculation had done for him. He lives on his fees alone as the Chairman of the Island Navigation Company, Liverpool, from which position he can not retire yet.

Old Heythorp, at the age before thirty, had done most things; "been up Vesvius, driven four-in-hand, lost his last penny on the Derby and won it back on the Oaks, known all the dancers and the operatic stars of the day, fought a Yankee at Dieppe, and winged him for saying through his confounded nose that Old England was played out; been a controlling voice already in his shipping firm; drunk five other of the best men in London under the table; broken his steeplechasing; shot a burglar in the legs; been nearly drowned for a bet; killed snipe in Chelsea; been to court for his sins; stared a ghost out of countenance; and travelled with a lady of Spain."

He was already forty when he fell earnestly in love with the daughter of one of his own clerks. It was an affair of only three years before she died, leaving him a natural son. The son "under the rose," brought up by some relations of his dead mother in Ireland, was called to the Dublin bar, married a pretty girl, and died, leaving after him his wife and two children. Five years after the death of the boy's mother, Heythorp married a well-connected woman for reasons dubious even to himself, and was given by her two children, a boy and a girl. He has felt no love for his legitimate wife and practically none for his unnatural children. The son is now in the Admiralty; the daughter Adela lives on the settlement he made well before his financial crash on her mother, now dead. Adela delights in spiritual conversations which never suit his palate, and considers him a hopeless

heathen. The holy woman, with dark hair and a thin, stiff face and figure, is almost like his enemy; for she sits at the other end of the dinner table every evening, and tries to dock the old man's only pleasure of eating and drinking. But, empty of purse and houseless, he has to return every day to her house, which is part of her inheritance.

The old man passing snail-like across the crowded street to his tram-stop is an alarming sight. He seems saying, "Knock me down and be d—d to you — I'm not going to hurry." There is a touch of the sublime in his cool indifference to the physical danger, which saves his life perhaps ten times a day. The tram conductors, who are used to him, catch him under the arms and heave him like a sack of coals. When he gets aboard, somebody always gets up for fear that the old helpless body may sit upon him. There he remains motionless, with his eyes tight closed, like some kind of an idol, till the conductors touch his arm to get him off at his accustomed stop.

About this quaint idol of a man, there is nothing suggestive of life, if his little blue eyes are closed. Only through those alert, jovial eyes can be caught the flowing of vigorous life inside that almost helpless carcase. He feels, like Old Jolyon in "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," "the utter injustice of having an old and helpless body, when your desire for enjoyment is as great as ever." He is delighted with the pretty young face of his maid rather than with the devoted attendance of his valet. A pretty face always pleases him, while, at the same time, he is gratified by unrestrained valour of a young life. Therefore, he feels otherwise towards his two grandchildren than towards his son and daughter. He finds in pretty, lively Phillis and her brother Jock, a young scamp and perhaps a likeness of himself in his young days, an invigorating source of pleasure which is not to be

found anywhere else now. Besides, they are the reminder of his dear son and his mother, both snatched away from him. He provides for them out of his fees, but their mother, a fair woman with a literary bent but no sense of economy, can not make both ends meet. Old Heythorp, wishing something more for his beloved ones and feeling cheerless at his own financial position, is visited by his old friend, Joe Pillin, a poor funkey chap, who wants to sell his four ships and retire, on account of his poor health. The old man's eye twinkles. Here is a chance to put something between the youngsters and destitution. He knocks down the proposed price of seven thousands to six, and, in defiance to justice, demands ten per cent. of it as commission. In order to camouflage the unlawful transaction, he suggests Pillin to settle the money on the third parties he names. Utterly scared at Heythorp's hardiness, Pillin retreats. But after a few days' remuneration the cat jumps.

Times are very bad and freights are so depressed; the shareholders of the Island Navigation Company have got low dividends for the past twelve months. So, the policy, adopted after a heated debate at the Board meeting, of buying four vessels for the Company, may get into real difficulties at the general meeting, unless the Chairman is careful. It really does, but he gets it through only by the power of his character. He has intimidated them by calling discredit an insult upon him, and brought them around by reminding them of his nineteen years' services to the Company. That evening he feels elated at his success in putting something between the two youngsters and destitution as he wished. A good day's work — something of a triumph, for he has held on and won. But a slip to his most careful underhand deal is Bob Pillin, son of the retiring shipowner. He is over

head and ears in love with Phillis, from whom he happens to hear about the settlement the old man made upon her family. The young man at one of his enamoured moments is careless enough to reveal to a solicitor, named Ventnor, the Larne family, the old Heythorp's relatives, and the settlement of six hundreds upon them, which seems to Ventnor impossible from that old penniless beggar. The solicitor, however, smells a rat.

Ventnor is one of Old Heythorp's creditors, who have been put off by him for eight years past, and also a holder of a few shares of the Island Navigation Company. Sounding Mrs. Larne darkly and Joe Pillin in a casual manner about the settlement, Ventnor grapples an encouraging outline of a misty but damned fraud. Being a man with a sharp eye upon his own profit, he, instigated not so much by the sense of justice as by the desire to relieve his own money, threatens the old man with a letter demanding a special meeting of the shareholders ... to "consider circumstances in connection with the purchase of Mr. Joseph Pillin's fleet." He notifies that at that meeting the old man's conduct will be called in question.

Heythorp knows at once that, if that fellow knows everything, he cannot upset the settlement and the youngsters are all right. Only his position is at stake. If the Company throws him over, which, seeing his age and feebleness, they will be ready to do, his name will go and, together with it, will his income, independence, perhaps more. "No, I'm not going to be beaten by that fellow." Flatly rejected, Ventnor visits Old Heythorp, pretending, before taking further steps, to ask for the old man's personal explanation of the circumstances.

Ventnor accuses Heythorp of his breach of trust, taking it, however,

not a case for prosecution. Heythorp brazens it out, calling the whole thing a cock-and-bull story. Ventnor is obliged to turn to the substantial part of his job, which is to restore his own money from the old blackguard. " ... You'll very soon find out where you are ... "

The imperial on the old man's lower lip bristles, the crimson of his cheeks spreads to the roots of his white hair, and his swollen hands grasping the arms of his chair tremble. A little saliva escapes one corner of his lips. "So — so — you — you bully me!"

Now the interview passes from the phase of negotiation into a clash of the two violent forces, of which one, knowing that everything is on its side, steadily drives the other into a corner, while the latter, finding itself at bay and fuming with anger, can not find out any word with which to hit back.

After once frustrated in his attempt to reach the bell, which was pushed away by Ventnor, the old man with a sudden effort succeeds in doing so again. He tells the servant, "Show this hound out!" He has ruined all that stands for him and his eighty years of life. He is going to send in his resignation to-morrow — not waiting to be kicked off. But he regrets nothing he has done in those eighty years, least of all this breach of trust, which after all has relieved his grandchildren from their privation. That night, hugging to himself the last night of his independent soul, and perhaps dispersing the last fume at the impudent solicitor, he drinks — a bottle of champagne and more glasses of port and brandy. His daughter has been trying to dock his port. The doctor has been saying that, with so full a habit, he may go off in a coma any night. That is why he does not give up drinking. He defies them, defies everything, even the laws of nature, against which, no doubt, he stands no chance.

At half past twelve, when his maid comes in, she finds her master asleep, and that he will never again wake from his sleep. Thus Old Heythorp, "the last of the Stoic'uns," as Jock called him, passes away. He, as his servant put it, has always been "keeping the flag flyin'," and, as one of his clerks predicted, "has gone down fightin'."

The stoic element in Sylvanus Heythorp may be said an audacity which defies every sort of restraint upon his soul, and refuses to be conquered by any external force curbing his will. He happens to be provided with no sort of moral principles regulating himself. So he is never harassed by any sort of inward struggles, which allows him to turn his face always outside and launch his whole weight upon the outside enemies. Thus he is a hopeless sinner to his holy daughter, and a fraudulent old rogue to Ventnor. Still, his freedom from all moral prejudices and his firm determination not to yield to any hostile power, are almost admirable. Fortitude of character is here finely exaggerated, but the author seems to feel enough sympathy with this singular character; for Jolyon Forsyte, modelled after the author's father in "The Forsyte Saga," is here introduced as an old friend of Heythorp's, and, in "A Portrait" of the author's father or Jolyon Forsyte, Old Sylvanus is presented as the greatest friend of the portrayed character. Jolyon in "A Stoic" is "an absurdly moderate fellow," while Sil in "A Portrait" is "a very big man with a profound hatred of humbug and a streak of 'the desperate character' in him." But they hold each other in the highest esteem. It must be remembered that Old Jolyon is always Galsworthy's superior shadow, and that the author has in his character much in common with this fascinatingly well-balanced character of his.

It may seem hardly possible to discern in Soames anything of

Galsworthy reflected there. It is, however, still more impossible to feel any of the author's personal compassion on Bossinney, Soame's antagonist. It is generally believed that Young Jolyon, Old Jolyon's son and a painter in water colour, is well-nigh a shadow of the author. He was a amiable boy and a promising young fellow, but has been ostracized from the family since his unfortunate love affair in his early manhood. After fourteen years' estrangement, he is restored in the family by his father, who can not stand the injustice of the implicit family Code; and, after Old Jolyon's death, he is united with Irene. This young Jolyon, as he says himself, stands just in the middle of the two extremes, which are represented by Soames and Bossinney or symbolized by Property and Passion. This is easily understood from the following words, which he says to Bossinney, trying to put the artist on his guard against the Forsytism of the world:

"As a Forsyte myself, I have no business to talk. But I am a kind of thorough mongrel; now, there's no mistaking you. You're as different from me as I am from my Uncle James, who is the perfect specimen of a Forsyte. His sense of property is extreme, while you have practically none. Without me in between, you would seem like a different species. We are, of course, all of us the slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a "Forsyte" is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property — it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation — is his hallmark."

The author, as well as Young Jolyon, knows that he has got in himself enough of a Forsyte, which knows a good thing and a safe thing;

and that the Forsyte tribe, with their nerve and grip, constitutes the backbone of the society. With the progress of the "Chronicles," the author becomes more and more generous towards Soames, whom he attacked at first, and finally he makes almost a hero of him with his single-hearted paternal devotion to his daughter. As the author grows more humanly mature with age, the wind which blows in the world of the "Chronicles" veers from cold severity to warm sympathy.

The fact shows that the author after all sets more store by the Forsytean tenacity than by the Bossinneyan frenzy. And it is indeed this stoic fortitude in the author that serves for that rare balance of sanity and imagination in him, who is by no means a mere Forsyte. The stoic in his case should be taken as coolness of temper and fortitude of character, which are neither easily overwhelmed nor conquered by any oppressive power. This quality is no doubt akin to the pluck found in Miles Ruding, which looks upon cowardice as an indelible disgrace.

But, with such pluck alone, deprived of keen sensibility and free imagination, how dreary his world is! This is why the author can not go the whole way with Miles Ruding. He writes:

"... A part of me went with him all the way, but a part of me stared at him in curiosity, surprise, admiration, and a sort of contempt, as at a creature too single-hearted and uncomplicated."

A marvellous thing is that combination of pagan freedom and stoic fortitude in Galsworthy. Paganism alone is not a wonder, and stoic calmness set apart is not so surprising. We are only impressed by the two principles working in harmony in a single person. When counterbalanced by each other, they are a naive and unprejudiced mind kept sensitive to artless beauty and unsophisticated sentiments,

but neither effeminated nor excited into frenzy by too much self-indulgence; and a staunch character not to be tampered with and yet relieved from becoming bigoted.

The unaffected pagan feelings oozing out through a stoic character are exquisitely fine; the stoic firmness is fascinating when it is tempered by deep human feelings. The two elements are allowed co-existence in Galsworthy. They are so well balanced that we find in him a marvellous writer who is at once British and cosmopolitan.

(It is requested that the present article may be read with the preceding one by the same writer, which appeared in No. 5 of the Jinbun-Shakai.)