FUNERAL FOR GALSWORTHY

1933

Simplicity Marks Services After Which Novelist's Body Is Cremated.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—With the simple austerity that characterized the life of John Galsworthy, funeral services were held for him today in St. Johns, Woking. The body then was cremated, after which a brief burial ritual was conducted in the Chapel by the Rev. D. W. Money, Vicar of St. Johns.

The funeral was private, with only members of the family, servants of the household and a few friends present. The members of the family were the widow, Mr. Galsworthy's son, Frank; his sister, Mrs. Reynolds; his nephews, Gilbert Galsworthy and R. H. Sauter, and Mrs. Sauter.

There were no flowers, in accordance with the family's request that those wishing to pay tribute to the novelist help the Prince of Wales's unemployed fund instead. On each side of the coffin was a large laurel wreath tied with red, green and white ribbons.

John Galsworthy Is Seriously Ill

LONDON (UP) — John Galsworthy, British novelist, is seriously ill at his home in Hampstead, suffering from anemia complicated by a cold.

He was described as "very weak" in a statement which his nephew made to the press Saturday.

# These Authors Depict Nations in Their Books

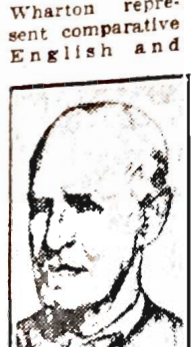
Galsworthy, Edith Wharton Fill In Pictures.

BY FANNY BUTCHER.

"On Forsyte 'Change," by John Galsworthy. [Scribners].
"Certain People," by Edith Wharton. [Appleton.]

Two of the outstanding novelists of their period, John Galsworthy and Edith Wharton, have just published volumes of short stories. In a sense, Mr. Galsworthy and Mrs. Wharton represent comparative English and American novel writing of their day, each of them chronicling typical groups of their respective countries, usually groups which have the charming dust of time upon them.

EDITH WHARTON.



JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Mrs. Wharton has no great pageant like the panorama of the Forsytes, her characters are not to be found decorating any family tree of an enormous American elm (as it were), as some of Mr. Galsworthy's decorate the sturdy Forsyte oak. But more nearly than any other American writer she counterparts Mr. Galsworthy's interest in the typically national.

They are of approximately the same age (Mrs. Wharton is a few years the elder), and they published their first books within one year of each other, Mr. Galsworthy in 1898 at the age of 31 and Mrs. Wharton in 1899 at the age of 37. It is interesting that these two novelists should have published volumes of short stories just now—interesting and illuminating.

"On Forsyte 'Change" is a group of stories, nineteen in number, of various lengths, which fill in some of the gaps in the Forsyte saga. A couple of them sound as if they had been written for that purpose alone. The others, all of them, have the same vividness, the same power, the same intense Englishness that the saga itself had, and that the best of Mr. Galsworthy's work always has.

Some of them have real humor—which is a quality rare in the solid fineness of Mr. Galsworthy's work. They are all rich in the fragrance of the past—all except the last one. "Soames and the Flag," which is rich with the essence of the war's reaction on that monument of English conservatism, Soames Forsyte. They are written with the same beautiful and meticulous care that Mr. Galsworthy gives to his novels—more than he has given to some. In a word, they are as fine work as their author is capable of.

That is not true of "Certain People," however. Mrs. Wharton has proved

great distinction. Two of the novelettes which comprised "Old New York" were as brilliant as any of her work, and her most famous volume is certainly not full novel size—"Ethan Frome" remains one of the masterpieces in parvo of the American literary tradition. There are six long short stories in "Certain People." Two of them, "A Bottle of Perrier" and "Mr. Jones," are frankly horrorish stories, and "After Holbein" has its grisly and horrific moment. But they are not horror stories that are lustily horrors—they are more like skillful exercises in the business of shocking.

There is one medieval tale which is good, but not exciting, and a story about a woman who went to see a man whom she loved when she heard he was dying and saw only, instead, a grim sister. That leaves only "The Refugees" with the typical Wharton touch of a social drama skillfully portrayed. And that is mostly the idea and not the treatment which gives it a flair.

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The two volumes interested me tremendously in comparison, for there has been much twittering back and forth about the short story being an American rather than an English form. Here we have the work of one of the best of our American writers not comparing favorably to the work of a corresponding English writer. Mr. Galsworthy's is by far the truer work of art. The answer is that any literary form is not national at all, but individual.

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1933 — NUMBER 30

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

John Galsworthy

JOHN GALSWORTHY was more than an English novelist. In Continental Europe, and among the German-speaking countries particularly, he was not only the best known English novelist of his generation, he was also a world writer whom they took to their hearts. When he went to Vienna in 1929 the foremost Viennese actor delivered a eulogy, and a thousand men and women listened in rapt attention while he read in English from his works. The recent award of the Nobel prize was an inevitable crowning of a European reputation.

It is said that his popularity and prestige were greater abroad than at home. It is said that the English speak of him as English Henry spoke of Percy of Northumberland, dead on Chevy Chase—

> "Now God be with him," said our King,
> "Since 'twill no better be;
> I trust I have within my realm,
> Five hundred as good as he."

If there is a certain insularity in such an attitude (supposing that it actually exists) an American can only remind his British contemporaries that Whitman had his earliest praisers abroad, and endeavor to account for the deep interest and real affection which the works of John Galsworthy have always aroused in the United States.

It was assuredly not his American characters that won us. They are neither numerous nor particularly successful, and indeed if they had been as distinguished as the English Forsytes, we should have been put off by the strange jargon they spoke, a muddle of American dialects which not even *Punch* has ever equalled. But this is unimportant, for they were unimportant in his scheme.

What won us first in those now almost forgotten years of the 'sixs, the 'sevens, and the 'nines, was that strange and thrilling social conscience, which was more articulate and more persuasive in his novels than in the raucous shoutings of our own muckrakers, or the ironical disintegrations of Bernard Shaw. "The Island Pharisees," "The Man of Property," most of all "Fraternity," where each character had his shadow in the slums, were disturbing and inspiring because they were so fair-minded and so kind. To an American society that had just ranged itself, they spoke of the responsibilities that come with culture achieved, they carried a warning from a stable society to one just stabilizing. All this is far away and long ago, and now we talk more of revolution than of responsibility, yet the influence of that aristocratic liberalism which in this country certainly was often born of a reading of Galsworthy is still potent, if no longer regarded as the answer to our problems. It was a first stage in the transition from the arrogant confidence of the nineteenth century to the radical reconstructions of society under way in the twentieth. Those whose imaginations were first touched by the early novels of Galsworthy were fortunate, for ideas of change came to them in the guise of an inspiring duty, and not as stark necessities driven upon them by war and economic chaos.

These early enthusiasms were momentary, and one doubts whether "Fraternity" could stir us now except by its virtues—not transcendent— as sheer story. But there is another and subtler and more lasting debt which American readers owe to Galsworthy. The monumental work by which Galsworthy will unquestionably be best remembered is "The Forsyte Saga," of which the first volume remains the most impressive. Its admirers claim, and rightly, that as a pageant of capitalistic England in the Victorian age, it is worthy of comparison with Thackeray, and comparable in sincerity and scope, if not in variety, with Balzac. Yet for Americans it has a closer claim upon attention. Our abundant British inheritances of blood and culture have always aroused our interest to the point of fascination in any strong study of racial character and personality among the English. And especially is this true when the English author depicts with power the slow moulding, into distinctive and intensely individual traits, of those qualities, those instincts, those tendencies from which, under different skies and different circumstances, our own characteristic mental behavior has been made. To the American well read in his own literature and history, English types, when felt as such and projected with the realizing imagination of genius, have the fascination of might-have-been, either for better or for worse. When English fiction is written with a sense of racial history, we read in it of a life that is parallel with and contrasting to our own, in a [illegible] seldom found or felt [illegible] the litera-

Saintsbury, the Connoisseur

By BEN RAY REDMAN

I KNEW, of course, that is was bound to happen sooner or later, and the probabilities were that I would live to see and lament the day. For a good many years now, at least several more than a decade, I have been looking at a certain fairly long shelf in my library, wondering just when the inevitable event would be announced. The author of the many books on that shelf had left the Biblical span well behind him—he was never one for minimum allowances for anything, and the final reckoning could not long be postponed. But postponed it was with singular fortitude and persistence, year after year, until one was nearly persuaded that it would never come at all. So it was with a shock, almost of the completely unexpected, that I read on the morning of Sunday, January 29th, that on the previous day, at his home in Bath, England, George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, "literary critic and connoisseur of wines," had died at the age of eighty-seven.

Born at Southampton, on October 23rd, 1845—died at Bath, on January 28th, 1933. That in itself is a far from usual record. But Seneca, among others, has pointed out that years provide no fit measurement for the life of man. *Longa est vita, si plena est.* And the life of George Saintsbury was not merely long, but long in the sense that it was full. Those thirty-odd volumes on the previously mentioned shelf are standing proof of the fulness. A "History of Criticism," in three stout volumes; "a "History of English Prosody," in three volumes almost equally stout; a "History of English Prose Rhythm"; a "History of the French Novel," in two volumes; a "Short History of English Literature" (*short* meaning some eight hundred pages); four volumes of "Collected Essays and Papers"; one volume on the English novel, another on Elizabethan literature, another on nineteenth century literature, another entitled "The Earlier Renaissance," and still another called "The Flourishing of Romance"—these are some of the thirty-odd, and *they* (the thirty and more) represent only a fraction, perhaps a third, perhaps less, of their author's almost sixty years of writing life.

What he attempted, what he did, was prodigious. There are dry and dusty pedants, breathing the stuffy air of the infinitesimal cubby-holes of specialization, who will tell you that he attempted too much. Some of my most unpleasant minutes have been spent in argument with mole-scholars of that sort. But he did not attempt too much, because his attempt and his accomplishment were identical; and he has himself described the pedants who condemn him. Here we have them, pinned on a small cork as they deserve: "the acrid pedant who will allow no one whom he dislikes to write well, and no one at all to write on any subject that he himself has written on, or would like to write on, who dwells on dates and commas, who garbles out and foists in, whose learning may be easily exaggerated but whose taste and judgment cannot be, because they do not exist. . . ." We meet the same pedant, or the plural of the kind, in a letter that the late Walter Raleigh (not then Sir) wrote to D. Nichol Smith almost thirty years ago. Raleigh, taking up his professorship at Oxford, was a [illegible]le worried by the secretive and defensive attitude of his learned colleagues; but his friend Firth reassured him.

> Firth talked to me like a godmother; and said that I mustn't be frightened of them, as most newcomers are. He's quite right—they frighten each other to death, and any moderately impudent man can dupe them all. They regard knowledge as a kind of capital—not revenue. They sit on the bag. It's the credit of knowing they care for, and the discredit of not knowing, they fear.

These people, according to their lights, had a legitimate complaint against Saintsbury (as they had against Gosse, who attempted less), but their lights were not his. He *did* make mistakes in dates; he *did* err in quotation, when he was separated from books that he knew much better than the gentlemen who had to have the same books at their elbow in order to prove any knowledge of them; but I refuse to believe that he ever "faked" as his accusers say. I remember the moment of potential disillusionment through which I passed, years ago, when a certain allusion to Fronto, in a footnote of Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," convinced me that Saintsbury had never read Fronto. But a little reflection led me to the conclusion that undoubtedly he had read *the* most excellent dicta of Marcus Aurelius's tutor, that he had made an abstract of Fronto's writings, and (again separated from the original) had misinterpreted his notes. Such accidents happen, and they are seldom important. Certainly they were not important in the case of a man who took all literature as his province, and made that province his own by right of indisputable conquest.

There is overwhelming evidence to prove that Saintsbury exaggerated not at all, or

This Week

Next Week, or Later

...ities and different circumstances, our own characteristic mental behavior has been made. To the American well read in his own literature and history, English types, when felt as such and projected with the realizing imagination of genius, have the fascination of might-have-been, either for better or for worse. When English fiction is written with a sense of racial history, we read in it of a life that is parallel with and contrasting to our own, in a degree seldom found or felt in the literature of the Continent. Hence the Jolyons, the Rawdons, the Tom Joneses, the Mr. Proudies, and the Pickwicks of English fiction mean more to the American reader, grip his interest with a deeper sense of significant reality, are more familiar, even when most insularly English, than the great types of French, German, Russian, or Scandinavian fiction.

And surely no one in our day has made greater contributions to the racial history of English personality than John Galsworthy. No single racial type and personality in contemporary English fiction is worthy to be advanced beyond Soames Forsyte. He is propertied England incarnate, a symbol of the later nineteenth century in its most English moment, an island philistine, superb in his eccentric but completed evolution from the so-called Anglo-Saxon stock.

The Forsyte Clan

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THERE seems to be no reason why Mr. Galsworthy should not, if he chooses, go on writing about the Forsytes as long as he lives. The family tree at the end of the "Saga" lists some seventy-seven names, and the stories of many of the bearers remain untold. The family includes a wide variety of character types, in four generations. Almost anything which could have happened in England within the past hundred years might furnish material for a chapter in their chronicles. Thousands of readers already know more about the Forsytes than about their own families, and are resolved (as I am) to read all the tales of the clan that Mr. Galsworthy is willing to tell. Thus far each new Forsyte volume, quite apart from the interest it borrows from its predecessors, is alive and vitally interesting in its own right. "On Forsyte 'Change" is different from the others in plan and character, but is fully worthy of a place beside them.

As the author says in his brief apologetic "Foreword," the nineteen tales of the collection "help to fill in and round out" the family history. In time-setting they are scattered over a century, beginning with a reminiscent account of "Superior Dosset," the founder of the line, and ending just before "A Modern Comedy" begins, in 1918. They give us a series of vivid glimpses of the older and middle generations of Forsytes at significant moments in their lives,—of old Jolyon and his brothers and sisters and of their children. This in itself would amply recommend them to readers of the "Saga," who will probably wish to refer now and then to the family tree above mentioned in order to fit each tale into its niche in the legend. But a reader so unlucky as not to have made the acquaintance of the Forsytes need not hesitate to begin with this volume. Mr. Galsworthy, to be sure, thinks the stories would not be understood apart from the "Saga," and this is partly true of three or four of them. But chronologically "On Forsyte 'Change" belongs first; it gives us more of the early history of the family than any of the other volumes, and leaves us with distinct impressions of many characters who play minor parts in the novels.

Entirely apart from their relation to the earlier Forsyte books, however, these tales are well worth knowing. They are not mere chips from a novelist's workshop, or, as Mr. Galsworthy modestly calls them, footnotes to the "Saga." Many of them, such as the one last mentioned ("Timothy's Narrow Squeak"), are capital stories which would be almost equally interesting if they had nothing to do with the Forsytes. "Nicholas-Rex," for example, shows how the hero, long a sultan in his family, at last, through his wife's rebellion, was "in common with other Kings, limited by his Constitution." There are two admirable stories about children, "Revolt at Roger's" and "June's First Lame Duck"; there is a good dog story; there are finely executed character portraits like "Four-in-hand Forsyte" and "The Sorrows of Tweetyman"; there is the delightful "Francie's Fourpenny Foreigner," in which the hard-headed Roger saves his rather wayward daughter from a marriage that he believes would be disastrous. There are two sympathetic studies of Soames, one showing him as a young man deep in love, the other as an elderly one shaken by the war. "A Forsyte Encounters the People" is a masterly little study in one of Mr. Galsworthy's favorite fields, the impact of class on class. Such a sampling as this may give some idea of the variety of interest in the stories; it cannot suggest the fineness of truth with which the artist has painted his scenes and portraits.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Galsworthy's present attitude toward the Victorian Forsytes with his treatment of them in the earlier part of the "Saga." In 1906, when "The Man of Property" appeared, he was reacting pretty sharply against the Victorian spirit, and his attitude toward its typical representatives was rather acidly satiric. The passage of twenty-four years, and his long imaginative association with the older Forsytes, have led him to a more sympathetic understanding of them. His point of view is still critical, but his criticism is more often implied than expressed, and his spirit is one of impartial good humor. He has come to admire the solid virtues not only of Soames, but of the whole generation. The old Forsytes, he says, "had fits over

small matters, but never over large. When stark reality stared them in the face, they met it with the stare of a still starker reality." Mr. Galsworthy has become a sort of ideal and omniscient spectator, tolerant and sympathetic, but detached and amused, of the whole Forsyte spectacle. The presiding genius of this book is Meredith's Comic Spirit,—the spirit which perceives the pretences, the self-deceptions, the unconscious ironies of men's lives, and smiles at them without malice. One cannot help wishing that under the guidance of this spirit the author would retell the story of Irene Heron, who in the "Saga" is never seen objectively, but always through the eyes of men in love with her.

NEW TALES OF THE FORSYTE CLAN

John Galsworthy Adds Some Footnotes to His Family Saga

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE. By John Galsworthy. 285 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

By PERCY HUTCHISON

THE nineteen stories in John Galsworthy's new volume are so many episodes, farcical, grave, satirical, as the case may be, in the lives of that Forsyte clan the history of which has for so long been the major occupation of England's distinguished novelist. No doubt here are persons who have never eard of the Forsytes, but with hese the present writer refuses o converse. He merely informs hem that in "On Forsyte 'Change" hey will find a collection of some f the very best short stories they ave encountered in recent years, aried of mood and perfect in xecution. And that they had est, after reading them, familiarize themselves with the book's ackground, namely, the history of he Forsytes, as contained in "The orsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy." By so doing not only will they find that the present tories suddenly enrich and broaden and grow immensely more humane, but they will become acquainted with a family they have always known and yet never quite known.

If evidence were lacking (as evidence is not) of the reality of the scores of persons that walk in and out of the Forsyte pages, from "The Man of Property" to "Swan Song," the appearance of "On Forsyte 'Change" would convince the most skeptical. For in doing these addenda—or whatever one wishes o call the stories of the book—r. Galsworthy gives ample proof hat, although he had buried the greatest of the clan, namely, Soames, not only could he not part company with the people he had created, but, and more significant, hey refused to part company with im! It makes one realize why the orsyte novels appeared one after nother, six of them, over a period f years. Every individual lived, moved, had his corporeal and spiritual (and sometimes less than piritual) existence as truly as the lesh and blood members of one's mmediate family and group of riends. And, astounding robots of writer's imagination, once set in motion, they took life into their own hands and reduced their originator to the rank of amanuensis. Yet there was a limitation to their activities. John Galsworthy was master of their fate to the extent that it was his to say what of their chronicle should go between any set of covers. One sees now how much he left out—Aunt Juley's courtship, the reduction to vassalage of "Nicholas-Rex" by his ently spoken wife, June's first ame duck, young Jolyon's escapades at Cambridge. In the march of the major narrative these little ide affairs could not find place. Mr. Galsworthy either wrote them and put hem aside, or he did not write them out; hey stayed in his memory; and now, with thers, they come together to fill in the icture.

The first story, "The Buckles of Superior Dosset," is the least impressive. And the eason is clear. In going back to Dorsethire and the founding of the family, Galsorthy, in his chronicle, was interested olely in indicating how deep in the soil present story, if it accomplishes anything, makes more insistent that idea, but it contributes not a great deal more except perhaps, further evidence as to Forsyte honesty and solidity.

The reviewer may not dwell on each separate piece. The second is a delicately ironic fragment (the year is 1860, but the irony is of all dates) in which Young Jo is taken by his father to the British Museum to see the Egyptian mummies. And dad half asleep over his cigar, remembers going back to Dorset to find a railway running where his mother's grave had been and her bones scattered none knew where. And suddenly the youngster makes him see that that is just what had been done to the Egyptians.

"Hester's Little Tour" is next; just such a frightened half-moment of romance as must have come to thousands of the Victorian maidens who were the spinster this is followed by "Timothy's Narrow Squeak," as it came to be called on Forsyte 'Change. Timothy was one of the major persons of the chronicle, and with this story the preset collection acquires the reality missed by its predecessors. Timothy lived with Galsworthy as the others did not. The "narrow squeak" (in 1850) was when Timothy wrote a proposal of marriage to a young woman, but refrained from handing her the letter when he saw her driving alone with a man in a hansom cab. It is impossible to stop over each vignette. But "Revolt at Roger's" is a charming story of children—it has to do with the Francie and Eustace —as sensitive a reading of the child mind and heart as one may wish to find. And "Dog of Timothy's" is such a whimsical account of an ingratiating stray as could come only from such a lover of dogs as John Galsworthy. It is the laughmovingly done in the "Saga." And it is shrinking Aunt Juley who beards her tyrannical brother and insists that the homeless cabine shall remain. Galsworthy, in these sly contributions to the Forsyte history, takes especial delight in giving the subdued middle-century females a fling at rebellion. And the very furtiveness of his sallies in this direction makes the wit more relishable. The all but complete omission of Irene from the collection suggests that Galsworthy feared he might disturb the delicacy of his earlier handiwork if he added thereto. Yet in the handful of pages of "The Peacock Cry," when Soames parts with his dignity to stand outside Irene's window two weeks before their marriage, one is brought to a fuller realization of the possible depth of Victorian passion (and passion for possession) that even the chronicle conveyed. The tragedy of Soames, however much he brought it on himself, is become more poignant, more deserving of sympathy.

Blotted against the lamp-post he stayed unmoving, aching for a sight of her. With his coat he blotted the whiteness of his shirt-front, took off his hat and crushed it to him. Now he was any stray early idler with cheek against lamp-post and no face visible, any returning reveler.

In "Francie's Fourpenny Forsigner," an Italian violinist whom Francie for the moment thinks of marrying, is a passage which throw light on the whole Forsyte history It is not impossible that the author when first he planned his work, jotted it down in rough form as a guide. If so, then the double trilogy to which the full narrative grew is cumulative evidence of a psychological reading never deviated from. Francie, knowing well the disapproval of her father, writes her mother of her intention, adding that "she was going to sleep at her studio till father had got over the fit he would certainly have."

There again she went wrong in her psychology (writes Galsworthy), incapable, like all the young Forsytes, of appreciating exactly the quality which had made the fortunes of all the old Forsytes. In a word, they had fits over small matters, but never over large. When stark reality stared them in the face they met it with a stare of a still starker reality.

The two war pieces, "A Forsyt Encounters the People" an "Soames and the Flag," the latter the most truly masterly of them all are of Galsworthy's best. The passage just quoted, besides its function in the story in which it appears, is also a sort of beam flashed ahead on these two pieces. Perhaps the stark reality of the war could not be met, even by a Forsyte, with a reality more stark; but it was met with a stare that did not waver. Both pieces go deep; and both make the reader appreciative of something in human beings he may not always have recognized. It will be the guess of many that John Galsworthy, now that he has come down so far in the gossip on Forsyte 'Change, will again put his ear to the ground and listen to what they say of Fleur, and Mont, and Jon, and, of course, of Soames in his later days. The record will be eagerly awaited. To the readers of the "Saga" and the "Comedy" they who people the pages have ever been as real as for their creator. It is pleasure

John Galsworthy.