

TROLLOPE'S BARSETSHIRE NOVELS:
MONEY AS AN ARTISTIC DEVICE FOR
REVEALING CHARACTER AND THEME

CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES

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Trollope's Barsetshire Novels: Money as an
Artistic Device for Revealing Character and Theme

BY



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Anthony Frolone 1912-1982



Anthony Trollope 1815-1882

ABSTRACT

The Barsetshire novels, written at a time of great social change, bring into juxtaposition men and women radically different in culture and tradition: offering a contrast in thought and behaviour between London and the Southern counties of rural England.

The worship of material progress and the commercial spirit pervaded Anthony Trollope's England. A keen observer of his fellows, Trollope saw how great was their desire for wealth and prestige and in each of his Barset novels he used money as a major or minor theme. He wrote in and of the world of the 1850's and 1860's, describing, fictionally, life as he knew it. He sees how strong is the corruptive influence of money in England's "Golden Age of Capitalism" and uses it as an artistic device to reveal character and theme in the novels of the Barsetshire series.

Each novel is complete in itself but forms part of a composite whole. In all these novels Trollope uses money to unify theme, form, and structure and also as a touchstone for character.

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PREFATORY NOTE

In 1878 Trollope began negotiations with his publishers, Chapman and Hall, for a unified edition of his Barsetshire novels. These include The Warden, Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne, Framley Parsonage, and The Last Chronicle of Barset. Not included in the list is The Small House at Allington though he held it in high esteem. It "did not seem to him to be strictly a sequel to the earlier novels".¹ Michael Sadleir records that Trollope was "unwilling to reckon even The Small House of Allington among their number," and "when at last he yielded to pressure from friends and publishers it was against his better judgement".²

Without prejudice against a novel that Trollope praised as part of his "better work",³ The Small House at Allington is not given separate consideration here. Such references to money as are apparent in it are continued in The Last Chronicle of Barset, making possible the consideration of both in one chapter.

Other scholars have also explored the series without including The Small House at Allington, or have even included it (as did Juliet McMaster) with the political novels.⁴

The novels, therefore, are those Trollope first selected for inclusion in his "unified" Barsetshire novels: The Warden, Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne, Framley Parsonage and The Last Chronicle of Barset.

INTRODUCTION

Anthony Trollope, perhaps more than any other novelist of his time, was completely at one with his age. He accepted it, though not uncritically, and he created in fiction a parallel to it. His "capacity for direct vision, in dialogue, and in the objective setting down of movement and scene", ¹ gives historic value to his work. To enjoy Trollope it is not necessary to know intimately the Victorian age, but some knowledge of it gives a finer appreciation of his skill in translating into fiction life in his day. ² Knowledge of the times provides, also, an explanation, in part, why in the Barsetshire series money is featured so largely and consistently.

Kathleen Tillotson in her book Novels of the Eighteenth-Forties notes how each decade of the nineteenth-century presents a different and separate world, ³ and none is more distinct from the others than the fifth decade of the century. The "hungry forties" had passed, and the 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition found England, as G. M. Young says, a nation confronted with "a sudden access of power, prosperity, and knowledge"; ⁴ and Macaulay said of it, that "1851 would long be remembered...as a singularly happy year of peace, plenty, good feeling, innocent pleasure and national glory". ⁵

In his Barsetshire novels Trollope reflects this happy mood. But he recognized that the industrialization of England, the transition from a pastoral economy to a new aggressive and expanding mercantile system and a flourishing export trade presented problems almost beyond solution. The new dominance of money was changing ethical standards and influencing character. In the 'fifties, and the 'sixties, the nation reached the peak of its prosperity and productivity, but it was not satisfied. As wealth increased the mill-owner and the entrepreneur were the nouveau riche striving to prove by extravagant expenditure of money that they had achieved success and respectability.

The worship of material progress and the commercial spirit pervaded the land, and major thinkers were acutely conscious of the loss of old values. A keen observer of his fellows, Trollope saw how great was their desire for wealth and prestige, and in each of his Barset novels he used money as a major or a minor theme. The timing of the novels is important, for he wrote in and of the world of the 'fifties and 'sixties of the century, describing, fictionally, life as he knew it in those two decades.

Each novel of the series is complete in itself, but taken together they form a composite whole. They are six in number and are: The Warden (1855), Barchester Towers (1857), Doctor Thorne (1858), Framley Parsonage (1861) but begun in 1859, The Small House at Allington (1864), which is not treated separately but is combined with the The Last

Chronicle of Barset (1867) as explained in the Prefatory Note. The frequent reference to money in these novels, and the importance given to it, gives to them unity of theme, unity of artistic form and unity of situation and structure.

Another and, perhaps, a more meaningful unity is Trollope's use of money as a touchstone of character. Mr. Harding in The Warden and the Rev. Josiah in the The Last Chronicle of Barset, for example, resign positions that provide their livelihood in order that they may not compromise their consciences.

The mid-Victorian world had in it much that was potentially dangerous. The rise of the nouveau riche gave power to the merchant and mill-owner. Money overrides many hoary prejudices and ancient privileges. All this is in the Barset novels, but Trollope does not harass his readers; his familiarity with writers of the past prompts U. C. Knoepfelmacher to say: "only Trollope is able to appropriate for his own purposes the kind of comedy practised by Smollett and Fielding".⁷ For, like Dickens and Meredith, Trollope knew that laughter may be more powerful than censure, and that, perhaps, is his greatest contribution to English literature.

Undoubtedly, one of the attractions of Trollope's novels is that his comedy is the comedy of the everyday, natural and spontaneous. His humour is genial, and his satire kindly. George Meredith in his "Essay on Comedy" (1877), complained that his Victorian contemporaries were losing the aid of a "powerful auxiliar", by "neglecting the cultivation of the

comic idea".

In mid-Victorian England humour was needed! Centuries-old certainties were in dispute. The physical world and man's place in it were no longer the absolutes of religious faith, but were now subjects of scientific discovery and research. But how one should behave under these disturbing conditions Trollope leaves no doubt. From The Warden onward, by example and precept, his novels give assured and confident conviction that honesty and truth are the only basis for good conduct, and that he tells it all humorously, uncensoriously, makes it possible for the Victorians to laugh at themselves. His richest humour is found in the pomposity and kindred follies of his characters. We experience it with Mrs. Proudie's outrageous behaviour at Mr. Smith's lecture; we see it at Mrs. Proudie's Reception, when the ineffable Bertie Stanhope's inanities disconcert the bishop. These embarrassing occasions add more than humour to their respective novels; they satirize the Evangelical Movement's often impractical and sometimes ludicrous attitude to its foreign missions, and Bertie's adherence to a variety of religious faiths is a satire on the confusion of religious beliefs apparent in the middle years of the nineteenth century.

The years Trollope spent on horseback covering large distances as a postal surveyor in the Southern counties of England gave him a close view of town and country. The surveyorship gave knowledge and authenticity to his novels. Sir

William Hardman called him "a mid-Victorian Pepys",⁹ a comment that would have amused and gratified Trollope. More precise and apt is Asa Briggs's description of Trollope's observation of the men and women he met in his several occupations:

Against a social background which he understood instinctively, he posed the problems and the dilemmas of his individual characters. Distrustful, even cynical, about society, he was curious and optimistically sympathetic about individual people,...he reflected his age: indeed,¹⁰ there is no more shrewd judge of Victorian people.

The realization of his characters is so intensely human and normal that the plot seems to take care of itself. Donald Smalley has offered his understanding of Trollope's formula for the construction of his novels: "If [he] could not tell where his characters were leading him, the reason was not their vagueness in his thinking but the fact that they had already taken on for him something like a life of their own".¹¹ Trollope's stories are not philosophical abstractions but concrete fictional portrayals of real people and places, having their genesis in the men and women he encountered in the lonely and painful years of his youth and adolescence. Remembering his own early need for kindness, he treats his characters with solicitude and understanding, and empathizes with those who, by mischance, or even deservedly, suffer helplessly.

Robin Gilmour in his Introduction to the Penguin edition of The Warden speaks of Trollope's "feeling for, and invariably sympathetic portrayal of the lonely individual, like Mr. Harding [in the chapter "A Long Day in London"] as he waits to meet the formidable Sir Abraham Haphazard and announce his decision to resign the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital. "Nearly all Trollope's unhappy characters", Gilmour continues, "are portrayed with a wonderfully precise sympathy even--or especially--the exiles and misfits, those who for whatever reason have stepped outside the accepted boundaries of their caste or social group".¹² Nevertheless, Trollope's meliorism is always there to find some justification for those who err. Even Mr. Sowerby in Framley Parsonage, who has wasted his inheritance, and is one of Trollope's "rogues", is not wholly condemned for, says Trollope, he is capable of regret for past misdeeds.

Trollope's vision is wide. It takes in humour and tragedy, the rich and the poor, absorbing details of people and places, touching all with imagination. He sees that money is equated with respectability and success and that few resist the enticement. Though tolerant in his attitude to those for whom some mitigating excuse may be found, he is very conscious of evil and how grievously it can distort and destroy those unfortunate enough to be its victims. The moneylenders at Hook Court, who defraud the innocent, and the Duke of Omnium, who relentlessly and ruthlessly threatens the entrenched

rights of the landed gentry, are those in the Barset Novels Trollope calls "rogues". Their chief crime is their indifference to the suffering they cause. For them there is no kindness. The evil they do is deliberate, callous and unremitting.

C. P. Snow sees Trollope's ability to enter into the minds of his characters as a translation "of his percipience into art".¹³ With extraordinary clarity and artistic skill and competence Trollope portrays the tortured mind of Josiah Crawley; and in his description of Crawley's morbidity and propensity for self-destruction Trollope shows how close to reality his fiction may come. Less dramatically stated, but with the same emphasis, he tells of Dobbs Broughton in The Last Chronicle of Barset who puts a pistol to his head, and of Adolphus Crosbie in The Small House at Allington who is tempted to do the same.

For years Barsetshire was viewed nostalgically as an idyllic county where imagined values are in keeping with a placid parochial life, or, as T. Bareham describes it, a "self-contained world of broad acres, genial and affluent, ruffled only by the storms of drawing-room fracas and ecclesiastical prejudice".¹⁴ But a more considered opinion shows that life in Barsetshire is not so congenial or so pleasant. Trollope's easy flowing style contributes to the impression of peace and placidity. But the real world is always in his sight. The ambition for wealth and power among the middle

classes continued through the middle years of the century, while the political and financial strength of the aristocracy decayed. Miss Thorne's Fête Champêtre reveals the difficulties that arise in accommodating the new democracy. In Doctor Thorne the estate called Greshamsbury narrowly escapes possession by Sir Louis Scatcherd, the son of the former stonemason; and, paradoxically, it is restored to its owners (the Greshams) by money from the Scatcherd estate. The story of the lame ostler at Courcy is another instance of the decline of the nobility.

A paradox in the life of mid-Victorian England has Trollope's particular attention. The period is noted for its great religious movements; the Church is in a ferment of acrimonious debate concerning religious forms and practices. The established Church is under indictment for grossly underpaying its curates, and Trollope's zeal in protesting against the injustice is almost that of an evangelist. The Ecclesiastical Commission, however, is in season for most of the mid-Victorian years making adjustments to stipends according to its own wisdom.

Like Jane Austen, Trollope knew the value of small things. He enumerates the weighty silver and crockery on the breakfast table at Plumstead Episcopi and he describes with equal care the tattered books on Mr. Crawley's rickety bookshelves at Hoggstock. These descriptions in themselves contrast, not only the respective financial positions of an

archdeacon and a curate, but the inequality in stipends, and the aggregation of reaction to the difference in financial status that leads to the determination of the characters of these two men. Nevertheless, for Trollope to give his Barsetshire novels a clerical setting is venturesome and bold in a society as religiously inclined as mid-Victorian England; but the Church has grown rich and prosperous, and its members are not unmindful of the need for reform.

Trollope's clergymen are not perfect, and when they fail, their failures are very human. It is this that makes the Barsetshire novels so readable. We relate to its characters. Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope have counterparts in the real world. There are always masterful women and insincere clergymen; and it is not incongruous that the butt of his satire is the Church, that should be free from mercenary ambitions and squabbles about money. But, Harry Walker in The Last Chronicle of Barset reminds us, "clergymen are only men after all" (Bk. 1, p. 1).

Coral Lansbury describes the plots of Trollope's novels as "one or more transactions concerning money and marriage",¹⁵ and Trollope's first readers were as emotionally involved with his characters, when love did not run smoothly, as are the viewers of a modern soap opera when the heroine waits for a happy ending to her story. But Trollope, unlike the authors of modern television serials, winds around his Barsetshire love stories all manner of moral and philosophical questions.

His "brown" girls, Mary Thorne, Lucy Robarts and Grace Crawley, marry happily and for love, but with them he elaborates the theme of marrying for money, made humorous in Barchester Towers, but treated seriously in Doctor Thorne, Framley Parsonage, and The Last Chronicle of Barset; for money is forging mésalliances and breaking bonds of an hereditary caste system that gave social security to a nation that accepted it.

The De Courcy sisters are prepared to marry for money regardless of birth, and they descend in rank. Mary Thorne, illegitimate and therefore of no rank at all, lives with the Gresham girls and learns to dress and talk and act as a lady. From Dr. Thorne she learns the inner qualities of a gentlewoman, which doesn't change her birth. But when she inherits a fortune and marries into the Gresham family her illegitimacy is forgotten and she is raised in rank. The question of gentility has a large and important place in the Barset novels. Almost all of Doctor Thorne is given to the debate.

The Barsetshire novels give a panoramic view of mid-Victorian England; as P. D. Edwards points out, "reminders of contemporary history...are scattered throughout the Barsetshire series"¹⁶ giving them particular historical value. Nevertheless, as Bradford A. Booth notes: "The Victorian novelist wrote for a disparate heterogeneous group and aimed primarily at amusement...for he was not taught to regard his

profession as one of the arts".¹⁷ This is true only so far as an author sees his books as merchandise to be sold. Trollope catered for this, but he had a strong moral commitment to his readers, evident in his Autobiography and in his novels. He valued money. It gave him the things denied to him in his youth, but always his characters are in his mind. In the crowded scenes of his wide survey of men and women in his day, money is made an index to character and a basic theme; money has a compelling attraction; Trollope's admired Horace sums up the truth:

As riches grow, care follows, and a thirst
for more and more.

Odes Book III, XVI, line 17.

This might well be a caption for the Basset Chronicles; or better still from Horace; we find the advice:

Get place and wealth, if possible with grace....

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Epistles, Bk. 1. i line 53

Chapter 1

THE WARDEN

The Warden is the first of Trollope's novels to catch the spirit of his age, the age of mid-nineteenth-century England when, as never before, the nation was aware of its unprecedented wealth and power. Begun in 1852, one year after the Crystal Palace Exhibition--a time that Asa Briggs calls "the climax of early Victorian England, the turning point of the century"¹--the novel centres its interest in those pivotal years. The Exhibition demonstrated to the world England's leadership in manufacturing, trade and finance; and in such an environment it is not surprising that Trollope in his novels of the 'fifties and 'sixties gives such prominence to the use and the abuse of money.

The novel is based on current Church scandals, much publicized in the press, of "idle Church dignitaries" charged with the "malversation of charitable funds".² But from this The Warden turns to a fictional account of the controversy, to Mr. Harding, similarly charged with the misappropriation of the funds of Hiram's Hospital, an ancient charitable Trust.

Set against circumstances and conditions that declare in word and action that desire for wealth is a virtue, Mr. Harding

refutes that contention.³ It takes strength and courage⁴ to defy and act against the mood and tenor of the age, and he stands, one man against the powers that oppress him. Henry James defines The Warden⁵ as "simply the history of an old man's conscience", and Ruth apRoberts says of it that the "potency of the work is simply not in its story. It is rather within [the] situation that Trollope has taken, and the way he exploits it". "With dialogue and drama, along with clear and easy commentary (or intrusion) Trollope can communicate the most tenuous nuances in a psychological state, or, the most extreme subtleties in a social situation".⁶ That is the Warden's story: the perplexities and complexities of a man of singleness of purpose who must find a way to satisfy a conscience that will not reconcile itself to conflicting claims of desire, nor yield to the pressure of those who desire only his comfort and his ease. The novel, therefore, that might have ended as a satire, became, instead, one of Trollope's most famous characterizations: the apparently inept and passive Mr. Harding, who when put to the test, is neither inept nor passive but defies and confounds all who oppose him, and through it all, remains Trollope's "good", "sweet" and loveable Warden.

Trollope Richard Church calls The Warden plot "almost naive", but says that Trollope "fills it out with all the wisdom and experience gathered during his early struggles against poverty, and his close association with officialdom".⁷ And by

touching on that indefinable quality we call conscience--most active when opposed to something by definition not absolute--the novel traces the indecision and the conflict in choosing between what is legally right but morally wrong. It demonstrates at this early stage in Trollope's writing his ability to go beneath the surface to those hidden impulses that motivate the actions of his characters. Nevertheless, other issues cannot be ignored, for it is upon Church scandals that the novel is based; and the nature of its characters is revealed by seeing them in action in a similar fictive scandal. It is against the Barchester scandal and the vituperative articles in the Jupiter that Mr. Harding must decide to keep or lose his pleasant home and his stipend of eight hundred pounds a year. The fictional world and the real world run parallel and no disjunction is apparent. In this manner Trollope fulfills his intention to "expose" two evils, or "describe them both in one and the same tale".⁸

An almost forgotten Church controversy has little concern for readers today, but money is a perennial and common interest, and how Trollope deals with the current controversy reveals his effort to capture history in the making. George Kitson Clark's view of history supports this reading of Trollope: "The central theme of history", he argues, "is not what happened, but what people felt about it when it was happening".⁹ Undoubtedly the large sums of money involved in the case against the "Church dignitaries" in the real world,

rather than any religious or moral principle, excited the greatest interest.

The extravagant expenditure of wealth in the middle years of the nineteenth-century, when display rather than good sense dictated fashion, is seen also in the twenties of this century as described by F. Scott Fitzgerald in The Great Gatsby; for the power of money when it exceeds the demands of ordinary living may make self-satisfaction and pleasure an absorbing objective. This parallel between reality and fiction, between the past and the present, leads to the incontrovertible fact that luxury in excess, or money not properly earned or deserved, has all the potential for trouble; and The Warden begins with a description (historical and otherwise) of how money caused all the hardship at Hiram's Hospital.

In 1434 "one John Hiram" left money and land for the building of an almshouse, and its warden was "to receive a certain sum annually out of the rents" of the "said" land. But "from that day to this, the charity had gone on, and the estate prospered", and "it was presumed by those who knew nothing about it to have increased to an almost fabulous extent"(pp. 2-4). These same people are those most likely to find scandal anywhere they look for it, and it was "whispered" that though Mr. Harding received eight hundred pounds a year from the estate that Hiram's bedesmen "were treated like paupers, but such was the Warden's character in Barchester, so universal was his popularity, that the very fact of his

appointment [by old Bishop Grantly] would have quieted louder whispers than those which had been heard" (pp. 5-6). Nevertheless "whispers", like the proverbial snowball, can gain in momentum and volume, and the Warden of Hiram's Hospital "is becoming uneasy at the rumour which is known to prevail in Barchester" (p. 12).

For many, Barsetshire is an idyllic county of calm and beauty, and that is how Trollope saw it when from "the little bridge" at Salisbury Cathedral he "made out" to his "own satisfaction where Hiram's Hospital should stand".¹⁰ But beneath the loveliness is the same propensity for evil as may be found in any almshouse in the real world, where men and women are abused because they have no money to protect themselves.

In The Victorian Church Owen Chadwick explains the delay in instituting reform in the administration of the Church's charitable funds, and for delay in action against dignitaries of the Church to whom guilt was imputed. "Before 1853 no effective instrument could divert an obsolete charity to new uses, and it slowly dawned upon Englishmen that large numbers of charities were not being used for the purpose which the testators had intended".¹¹ It does not necessarily follow that those involved in the scandals were unjust or uncharitable men. They followed an established practice, and that, in a sense, was in their favour. But, if the practice was contrary to the purpose of the funds they administered, their action was inexcusable. They were men of wealth, and

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wealth can make men blind to poverty. The Dives of this world still pass unheedingly the poor men at their gates. Dives was not cruel, only selfish, and the parable reflects powerfully what Disraeli describes as "the two nations" in nineteenth-century England. Preoccupation by the one half with the good things that trade and commerce have provided does not mean that their neglect of the deprived half was deliberate or cruel. The comfortable wealthy did not see the poor in all the ugliness of their poverty, and they, like Dives, passed by. This indictment applied to a church that paid its higher orders thousands of pounds in a year, and gave a curate considerably less than a hundred pounds a year. Yet, again, it was not by wilful neglect that curates and their families suffered, but by the customary dependence on the vagaries of patronage of livings, or by clergymen paying curates seventy or eighty pounds a year out of their own considerable stipends. (In Barchester Towers Dr. Stanhope, an absentee clergyman with several livings, was one of the chief offenders. The system of tithing in poor parishes is unequal to the needs of the Rev. Quiverful of Barchester Towers and the Rev. Josiah Crawley in The Last Chronicle of Barset.) That these inequalities were allowed to continue reveals the lack of sensitivity in the ecclesiastical powers and the need for a further call for reform. As a semi-political church, with strong links to Westminster, it grew wealthy and politically important, and forgot its other directive and concern:

the care of and sympathy for the needy.

The Warden generally is agreed to be the start of Trollope's oeuvre, and it was a bold step to take church scandals as the subject of his novel when he admits in his Autobiography that "no one...could have less reason than myself to presume himself to be able to write about clergy-¹³men"; but he turned it into a work of beauty and grace, "a perfect novel" Max Beerbohm called it,¹⁴ and he displays his skill in transcribing social and political events into fiction. For what Trollope did possess was an abundant knowledge of men and women that enabled him, as Harlan Hatcher says, to "instantly humanize his tale".¹⁵ He saw his clergymen not according to their calling, but as ordinary men, with virtues and faults of laymen, who merit, therefore, no claim for special consideration.

Through three great establishments and systems Trollope presents important aspects of mid-Victorian life, the Church, the law and the press, and gives insights into their materialism, their mercenary politics and objectives. Against these forces his clergymen act and react to the moral claims they impose. For many of his characters, money is the catalyst he uses to test their weaknesses and their strengths; and it is as if these institutions themselves are on trial in respect to the money they control.

He does not condone the actions of the Church dignitaries in misappropriating charitable funds; but he defends them, for

by the press they have been unfairly treated. But Tom Towers of the Jupiter knew that a church scandal about the misuse of money occupied public attention, and that his "ferocious leading articles"¹⁶ were read with avid interest and excitement, whether or not his accusations could be verified. He is that ink-stained Jove who sat on Mount Olympus and had no pity. He could wound and lacerate a man until he could bear no more. "No one could answer him: ministers courted him...bishops feared him: judges doubted their own verdicts unless he confirmed them"(p. 177). As the Archdeacon says: "What the Czar is in Russia, or the mob in America, that the Jupiter is in England" (p. 87). Tom Towers incited Bold to forsake surgery and become a reformer, and Tom Towers caused Mr. Harding to resign his wardenship. Such is the power of the Jupiter, that "sententious proclaimer of the purity of the press" (p. 190).

It is he, Tom Towers, not Bold, who is the real villain who disrupts the ordered life at Barchester Hospital. A newspaper caters for what its readers want, or tolerate. For Towers knows he can manipulate public opinion. "The public is defrauded," he says, "whenever private considerations are allowed to have weight" (p. 190)." Has wealth and prosperity blunted the public conscience? What the Jupiter prints the public does not question. Years later in his Autobiography Trollope writes how easily truth may be distorted: "If dishonesty can live in a gorgeous palace with pictures on all

the walls, and gems on all its cupboards,...and deal in millions, then dishonesty is not disgraceful, and a man dishonest after such a fashion is not a low scoundrel. Instigated, I say, by such reflections as these, I sat down...to write The Way We Live Now".¹⁷

Sherman Hawkins compares The Warden to Paradise Lost.¹⁸ Seen through the "ponderous gateway" is the London Road with its busy traffic and dust, and the hospital with its "Little river", its well-mown lawn, its trim and cared for "gravel walk", is very like paradise. John Bold passes through those portals on his way to tell Mr. Harding that he will be ousted from this Eden. He finds Harding at the end of the garden playing his violincello to his bedesmen (p. 29).

From the beginning the Archdeacon knows that Bold "will work great trouble in Barchester" (p. 13), and, in creating this young man whose "passion" is to "reform all abuses", it is as if Trollope were personalizing the Ecclesiastical Commission (instituted by Acts 1834, 1840-1 and 1868) that had been invested, inter alia, "with power to correct anomalous distribution of ecclesiastical revenues and sinecures".¹⁹

The complaint against John Bold is his single-mindedness, his concentration on abstract principles and theories, of judgment without proper inquiry. Trollope calls him "a clever man", but to be clever does not necessarily mean to be wise, and Bold lacks wisdom. His understanding of reform is legalistic, and when legalism stands alone it can be among the

worst kinds of ignorance; for it has no place for the emotions and the individual priorities of those concerned. His hastiness is stressed by Trollope in his satirical attack on Carlyle as Dr. Pessimist Anticant, and on Dickens as Mr. Popular Sentiment, who, he considers, rushed into print before proper research into the control of charitable funds had been made. (These ungenerous names given to fellow writers, and the comments that accompany them, may fit into the satirical aspect of the novel, but they have provoked some adverse criticism. Henry James in referring to the chapter in which they occur calls it "a mistake almost inconceivable".)²⁰

Bold is not a bad man, but he lacks moral conviction. By a young girl's weeping he is dissuaded from continuing his lawsuit. By heeding Eleanor Harding's plea that he save her father from further distress, he betrays his stated principles and suffers the scorn of both the Archdeacon and Tom Towers of the Jupiter. In spite of his good intentions, he does an incredible amount of harm. Mr. Harding is made desolate, Bunce is miserable and the bedesmen lose their kindly warden. The Hospital is "a wretched wilderness", the "drive and paths are covered with weeds, the flower beds are bare, and the unshorn lawn is now a mass of long damp grass and unwholesome moss." And what was once "the prettiest spot in Barchester [is] now...a disgrace to the city" (p. 261).

Even for Bold, Trollope's meliorism makes allowance. He believes he acted conscientiously. A sinecure is not legally

acceptable, and his reforming zeal is not without a measure of justifiable commendation. But "it would be well if one so young had a little more diffidence himself, and more trust in the honest purposes of others--if he could be brought to believe that old customs need not necessarily be evil, and that changes may possibly be dangerous" (p. 15). Indeed, he has a liking for the young man, calling him "clever", "brave" and "good looking", all good reasons why Eleanor Harding is in love with him. "There is something to be admired", he says, "in the energy with which he devotes himself to remedying evil and stopping injustice" (p. 15). Having inherited "a moderate fortune" (p. 13) he had no need to subject himself to the "drudgery of his profession" (p. 15), and to Trollope, who never saw work as drudgery, the word is a criticism of a man who neglects to practise a profession as beneficial as that of a surgeon. It implies that it might have been better for Bold, and for Hiram's Hospital, had he not inherited his fortune. Possibly Trollope had this in mind when he said that he "would with practice, be a good surgeon" (p. 14). He is thoroughly sincere in his desire "to mend mankind" (p. 15), and, as James R. Kincaid says, "He has, in fact, had the proper instincts all along. But he has been taught to 'quiet them in his breast' by the great organ the Jupiter".²¹

When complaints circulate that the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital is a "sinecure" and that Mr Harding's stipend is too great for the work he does and that he deprives the bedesmen

of their share of money in accord with Hiram's will, he responds to their discontent, "by adding two pence a day to each man's pittance, making a sum of sixty-two pounds eleven shillings and sixpence out of his own pocket" (p. 6).²²

Trollope calls it "munificence on the part of Mr. Harding" (p. 6). This is an ironic statement, for the Warden is a victim of clerical injustice as much as the bedesmen believed themselves to be victims of the Church's indifference to their rights. As precentor of Barchester Cathedral, Mr. Harding "has greatly improved the choir of Barchester...which now rivals that of any Cathedral in England" (p. 8), a contribution to the beauty of the Sunday services worthy of a sum far higher than the paltry eighty pounds a year paid to so accomplished a musician.

Against this flagrant unfairness, Mr. Harding does not protest, and the bedesmen are "quite satisfied" (p. 6) with the addition to their allowance until Lawyer Finney tells them they are entitled to a hundred pounds a year from John Hiram's estate. Finney, that cajoling conniving lawyer, has no assurance that his promise has substance; but, to further his case, he preys upon the credulity of unsuspecting men. By trusting Finney the bedesmen lose even the two pence a day given to them by Mr. Harding. At the Hospital peace and contentment change to contention and strife as the bedesmen squabble amongst themselves how best they may have what they claim is their own. How rapacious is the force that drives

men to desire money! The thought of owning a hundred pounds-- to them a fortune--spoils their relationship with each other, and with their warden. Greed changes their placidity to cantankerous quarrelsome aggression in demanding money for which they have no need. Gregory Moody's words come close to Milton's "Lycidas":²³ "Sink them all for parsons, says I

they have robbed all and everything" (p. 46). And, at the end of the novel, when Mr. Harding says farewell to the dying bedesman, Bell, "with his last audible words he was demanding his moneyed rights...[as] the proper heir of John Hiram's bounty" (p. 257).

Discontent at the Hospital brings the Archdeacon to the institution and Trollope gives a full picture of that great churchman; we see him "in that little square":

like an ecclesiastical statue placed there, as a fitting impersonation of the church militant here on earth; his shovel hat, large, new, and well-pronounced, a churchman's hat in every inch, declared the profession as plainly as does the Quaker's broad brim; ...the broad chest, amply covered with fine cloth, told how well to do was its estate; one hand ensconced within his pocket, evinced the practical hold which our mother church keeps on her temporal possessions; and the other, loose for action, was ready to fight if need be in her defence; and, below these, the decorous breeches, and neat black

gaiters showing so admirably that well-turned leg,
betokened the decency, the outward beauty and grace of
our church establishment (pp. 60-1).

His every word, as he speaks, separates him from his listeners, as if the barrier between wealth and destitution must be acknowledged. These old men were submissive to their masters, but never, as a class, were they servile. They had their pride, and they had no need to be reminded that they were poor, or made to feel that they were wards of the Church. "I'll tell you what John Hiram meant", he tells them, "he meant [that you are] poor old worn-out labourers...who must starve and perish miserably if not protected by the hand of charity" (p. 62).²⁴ This suggests, perhaps, a fear that if men of the working class have money and rise above their station, the economy of the nation may be at risk. If so, it is a reversion to conditions prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, when labouring men in the village church on Sundays were expected to sing, as if by Providence ordained, Cecil Frances Alexander's well-known hymn "All things bright and beautiful":

The rich man in his castle

The poor man at his gate

He made them high and lowly

And ordered their estate.²⁵

(A stanza now eliminated from most Church hymnals).

Social changes came too quickly. Adjustment to the new

democratic processes is not easy for an Archdeacon who symbolizes the ultraconservative element in the church. As the friendly narrator comments: "The tone of our archdeacon's mind must not astonish us; it has been the growth of centuries of church ascendancy" (p. 55). He is a "moral man" who believed in "the precepts which he teaches", though it cannot be said "that he would give his coat to the man who took his cloak" (p. 20). A practical man of the world does not condone a theft by giving the thief a gift equal in value to the theft itself. Such action is against the law, and Dr. Grantly believed in the law. It is true that possession of a large income is the desire [of his] heart and he "did not believe in the Gospel with more assurance that he did in the sacred justice of all ecclesiastical revenues" (p. 52). To "his fingers ends he understands..." "how many shillings there are in a pound [and] how many shillings there are in a clerical pound";²⁶ and "to guard the citadel of his church from the most rampant of his enemies...required no ordinary vigour. It demanded a buoyant courage, and a heart happy in its toil, and the archdeacon's heart was happy, and his courage was buoyant" (pp. 52-3). Of course a man with such certainties inclines to bigotry, but he is not fanatical; and what Trollope says of the parish parson can apply to the Archdeacon: as long as men will belong to his church, he is quite willing that the obligations of that church shall sit²⁷ lightly upon them.

That he is worldly and enjoys the good things of the world there is no doubt. In a letter to Mary Holms in 1873 Trollope told her that "A man who is not properly fed cannot be fit either for God's work or for man's work".²⁸ By that criterion the Archdeacon is prepared for whatever work is to be done. The breakfast table at Plumstead Episcopi, in quantity and quality, could equal a meal served to Mr. Pickwick and his companions at Dingley Dell. The "solid" silverware, and "the china cups", "worth a pound a piece", were all "heavy" and "plain", the "apparent object" being "to spend money without obtaining brilliancy or splendour" (p. 96). As Bill Overton has it: "The heavy luxuries of Plumstead Episcopi are signalled in its name".²⁹

Dr. Grantly, who had never been poor, saw only one side of the current Church controversy: the men charged with the misuse of charitable funds, not the plight of those who had been deprived of the benefit of the trusts as the testators intended. He has already been in touch with the great Queen's Counsel, Sir Abraham Haphazard, about the legality of the Warden's claim to "eight hundred pounds a year"; and he "would consign to darkness and perdition" anyone who questioned the propriety of the Church's administration of its charitable trusts (p. 20). "He is a personal friend of the dignitaries of the Rochester Chapter, and has written letters, in the public press on the subject of the turbulent Dr. Whiston, which his admirers think must well nigh set the question at

rest" (pp. 10-11).

It is known, also, that Dr. Grantly is "the author of the pamphlet 'Sacerdos' on the subject of the Earl of Guildford and St. Cross" (p. 11), a twelfth century charity founded for the care of the poor and needy, from which the Earl of Guildford, as Master, gained an average of two to three hundred pounds a year, and, from two compound livings, another two to five hundred a year. "Habit blindness", says Bill Overton, "probably figures strongest in the sum of the Earl's guilt", and what shows best is his lack of imagination "...his inability to see that his resignation could solve nothing",³⁰ a view similar to that expressed by the Archdeacon when he tried unsuccessfully to convince his father-in-law that resignation from the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital would make matters worse for himself, and for the Hospital.

Parallels between the actual and the fictive accounts of the church scandals are frequently apparent in the novel. Mr. Harding and the church dignitaries in their respective worlds are made by the press the centre of a rancorous disputation and controversy; and the money in question is not the thousands associated with large foundations, but the eight hundred pounds a year paid to Mr. Harding as Warden of Barchester Hospital. The weight of censure was disproportionately burdensome for Mr. Harding. That there had been a measure of patronage in the appointment (the Archdeacon was the son-in-law of the Warden, and the son of the bishop who

had the power of bestowal) did not disturb him. The Archdeacon's attitude towards Mr. Harding is paternalistic, aggressive and domineering; and he sees in his father-in-law's willingness to yield to the reformers a threat to the stability and authority of the Church. His arguments are reasonable, though unpalatable to the Warden. He did not realize, for all his wisdom, that reason had no part in it. What Mr. Harding could not endure was "that he should be accused by others, and not acquitted by himself...he knew that his own self-confidence would not be restored because Mr. Bold had been in error as to some legal form" (p. 115). Innuendo and assumption can be devastating to a man not accustomed to that form of attack. "If it can be proved", he cries, "that I have a just and honest right to this...; if this salary or stipend be really my due, I am not less anxious than another to retain it...I am too old to miss without some pain the comforts to which I have been used; and I am, as others are, anxious to prove to the world that I have been right" (p. 111).

The similarity between the Warden and the Rev. Josiah Crawley in The Last Chronicle of Barset is unmistakable. As Mr. Crawley broods over the cost to him and to his family, were he to resign his curacy at Hogglesstock, so Mr. Harding agonizes as he thinks how much he must lose if he resigns from the wardenship of Barchester Hospital. In desperate need for comfort and advice he goes to his old friend the bishop of Barchester. They loved each other dearly, and "had grown old

together" (p. 35). But all the bishop could tell him was "to do what your heart tells you is right". "He could not fight for the cause as his son had done" (p. 38). But with that oneness of mind that comes from much knowing and loving "Mr Harding felt he had received that for which he came" (p. 38). It was the voice of his own conscience speaking. But what had appeared as straightforward and simple, the Archdeacon made complex and confusing: "You owe it to those who preceded you to assert the legality of their position" (pp. 115).

Sadly troubled and perplexed, he considers how great will be the cost to those he loves should he resign his Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital. He must deprive his daughter of the luxuries to which she is accustomed, and his old friend Bunce will be heart-broken. "All manner of past delights came before his mind, which at the time he had enjoyed without considering them: his easy days, his absence of all kind of hard work, his pleasant shady home, those twelve old neighbours whose welfare till now had been the source of so much pleasant care" (p. 123). It presents a close-up view of a mind drawing near to a difficult and painful decision. He does not embrace his contemplated sacrifice with any glow of rectitude, but gives way to self-pity. "It was so hard that the pleasant waters of his little stream should be disturbed and muddied by rough hands; that his quiet paths should be made a battlefield; that the unobtrusive corner of the world which had been allotted to him, as though by Providence,

should be invaded and desecrated, and all within it made miserable and unsound" (p. 65). But the Jupiter has gibbeted him as an "unjust griping priest...a consumer of the bread of the poor"(p. 110). He who willingly would "have abandoned the half of his income for all time to come, could he by so doing have quietly dispelled the clouds that were gathering over him" (p. 65).

In money matters Mr. Harding is never quite at ease, and "the knack of putting guineas together had never belonged to him" (p. 65). When the publication of Mr. Harding's Church Music cost more than he could afford, Dr. Grantly "to a certain extent, assumed the arrangements of his [father-in-law's] pecuniary affairs"(pp. 8-9).

For all his loveable qualities, his meekness and gentleness, Mr. Harding is not perfect. He is "afraid of differing from his son-in-law" (p. 65). He is timid, and "painfully fearful of having to come to an open quarrel with any person on any subject" (p. 65); but when timidity turns to courageous resolution by the force of an unrelenting conscience, it provides a surprising twist to the novel. It is this emergence of strength out of weakness that gives this surprising turn its unique potency and its appeal. The courage is all the more remarkable in the context of Dr. Grantly's accusation: If you "relinquish the preferment...you would inflict a desperate blow on your brother clergymen, you would encourage every cantankerous dissenter in England to make a similar charge

against some source of clerical revenue...you are convinced of your own honesty, and yet would yield to them through cowardice" (p. 113). The man of action is speaking, the man who represents "the Church militant here on earth", who challenges opponents to fight and who accuses Mr. Harding of "cowardice" because he yields to the enemy. Mr. Harding takes the passive way and questions whether he is to allow himself, and the Church, to be dragged through the mire because innocently he accepted his eight hundred pounds a year. Far better to withdraw and not prolong the uncertainty and disgrace.

Two forces are in imbalance. On the one hand, we find the Church, the law and the press--all powerful agents, and on the other side a humble, timid man striving to do what he believes is right. The world, with its obsession with money, is set against the old values of rectitude and probity; and what might appear to be weakness in the a non-aggressive spirit of compromise, or in the turning of the other cheek of Mr. Harding, may, in the end, be the stronger power.

Trollope created his Barsetshire, but London in the Barsetshire novels is never far from his mind. To tell the great Queen's counsel, Sir Abraham Haphazard, of his decision to resign his wardenship, Mr. Harding goes to London. For a day he wanders along its unfamiliar streets, and faces "the physical and moral ugliness of the city". Hungry and seeking food, he is ushered by "a slipshod girl...into a long back room...[that] smelt of fish and sawdust....He had one comfort,

however, he was quite alone; there was no one there to look on his dismay" (p. 208). Later, he finds himself in a "cigar divan"³¹ where he falls asleep and in a dream combines scenes of London with those of Barchester, further evidence of the disturbing effect of London on a mind accustomed to the quiet and peaceful way of Barsetshire.

The difference between London and Barchester is sharply defined by the sense of alienation the Warden feels during his long weary hours spent in the large city. The haphazard way in which things were done in London is suggested, perhaps, in the name Trollope gave the eminent Queen's Counsel, Sir Abraham Haphazard. Sir Abraham is so busy rising "by his own industry so high", with so little help "that he is as bright as a diamond and as cutting (pp. 213-4). It is 10 o'clock at night before he can spare the time to see Mr. Harding, and he is "astonished" that this timid man before him will "throw up altogether" eight hundred pounds a year to which legally he is entitled" (p. 217).

Sir Abraham, who glittered along in the world, and who "sparkled" as "from hot steel, but no heat" (p. 214) is Trollope's warning to us that money can take from a man his humanity so that he will become "a machine with a mind" (p. 213). This machine serves as a complete contrast to the feeling, sensitive Mr. Harding. The one counts success by gaining all the world can offer, and the other finds success in willingness to renounce those gifts. Sir Haphazard is all

glitter and no feeling, and is no different from Tom Towers of the Jupiter, who with no mercy would destroy a man. For them the quiet self-effacing Mr. Harding is a man to be despised. Grandeur and pride and opulence are what their world demands, and those who do resist its claims ruthlessly are pushed aside.

The hour is late when the Warden leaves Sir Abraham's chambers, but he has determined his course, "It was a calm bright beautiful night...by the light of the moon". He stood for a moment to collect his thoughts. He knew that Sir Abraham thought him a fool "to resign so lucrative a position", and "he knew that others would think so too". When he reached the hotel, "with palpitating heart he almost wished to escape...but as he heard the slow creaking shoes of the old waiter approaching...he stood his ground manfully" (p. 220). The Archdeacon awaited him in that hostelry and he feared this, but no recriminations of his irate son-in-law made him falter, and, lighting his candle, he quietly went to bed. Had he not great cause for pride? For the first time in his life he had withstood his son-in-law, and defied the sophistry of the legal profession. A great moral drama is enacted here, all the more powerful because Mr. Harding bears no malice towards those who take from him the joys of Hiram's Hospital. He does not repine that he must be transported from his pleasant home to lodgings over a "chemist's shop" (p. 259). If he has concern that his greatly reduced income will not be

sufficient for his daily needs, it is not apparent, as, "with elastic step", and "a pleasant face", he crossed "over the bridge" with Eleanor, and entered his new abode (p. 259).

With great simplicity all is told. In a novel where money is a vexing contentious theme, one man proves that a contented mind is the only real measure of success. To achieve it the cost for him was high, but it did not change the sweetness of his character. Is it surprising, then, that so many have loved this meek and gentle man?

This is the climactic point of the novel. Frequently quoted is the comment that Mr. Harding "wins by losing". What he loses is his pleasant home, his sense of mission in the care of his bedesmen, and companionship, particularly with old Bunce. Financially he has barely enough money for his ordinary needs, and the Jupiter has "besmirched" his good name. Only a man with the strongest moral strength can come through this ordeal with his equable and loving nature unchanged. It is a solemn picture of the price of pacificism in a world where to fight for one's rights and privileges is the accepted norm for ordinary living; and what Trollope has been doing, subtly and unobtrusively, is taking a good but weak and timid man, ineffectual in a world outside the institutional life of Hiram's Hospital, and finding in him a latent strength that confounds the Archdeacon and astonishes Sir Abraham Haphazard. In this manner Trollope prepares Mr. Harding for his role in the Barsetshire novels: to be his

alter ego, presenting and defining moral precepts when example is more effective than authorial comment.

A modern concept of meekness is that it denotes feebleness. Mr. Harding is meek, and his story confirms it. To continue on a course that others consider irrational, even cowardly, takes a special kind of courage. When the Archdeacon badgers his father-in-law not to send his letter of resignation to the bishop, Mr. Harding "knew his own weakness, he knew how prone he was to be led; but he was not weak enough to give way now" (p. 224). Meekness may mean contentment with one's lot whatever that might be. He is given "the smallest possible parish...part of the Cathedral Close with a clear income of seventy-five pounds a year" (p. 262), and he is still "precenter of Barchester" where, as Ruth apRoberts says, he "glorifies God in the excellent sweetness of his music, and the corresponding excellent sweetness of his life".³² He is the only character to appear in all the Barsetshire novels and in all he is their moral centre.

Sherman Hawkins asserts that The Warden is not only "perhaps the most perfectly integrated of the Barsetshire novels", but "among the English novels of its day it approaches most nearly the condition of music".³³ The dulcet tones of Mr. Harding's violincello are heard through the Barset series until, with Trollope in The Last Chronicle of Barset, we take that last walk through Barchester, and stand "in the cathedral nave". We then hear the pealing organ, but

we listen instead to echoes of the old precenter playing his violincello. Turning aside, we see "beneath the modest black stone the name of Septimus Harding (Bk. 1, p. 512). This is the story of the Warden, for the end is in the beginning, the one consistent unchanging fact in a changing world--goodness that does not know it bears that name. In Barchester Towers the mood changes but not the theme. It focuses also on character for, as the Spectator in its 1857 review announces: "Mr. Trollope's new fiction of Barchester Towers is a species of continuation of The Warden".

Chapter 2

BARCHESTER TOWERS

Barchester Towers is the most lighthearted of Trollope's novels. It counters with humour and high spirits the confusion and disjunctions of what the narrator calls "the world at large" (p. 19). Thematically and artistically the novel depends on the juxtaposition of the real and the false. Money is the arbiter for judgement on the new values that the Proudies and Mr. Slope bring to Barchester and for the old values of established families of Barsetshire like the Thornes of Ullathorne.

The Rev. Obadiah Slope's desire is for money and power. While appearing as a pious parson, he "puts all Barchester...in a tumult" (p. 49). Mrs Proudie's ambition is to hold "the purse strings" of the diocese, while masquerading as the bishop of Barchester; and she sets in motion the elementary contest waged between men and women. The battles that ensue give the novel its warlike character and provide its richest comedy.

In 1857 the Spectator saw Barchester Towers as "a continuation of The Warden"¹ and, as in that earlier novel, reform is in the air. "It is not only in Barchester that a new man

is carrying out new measures and casting away the useless rubbish of past centuries" (p. 102), and Mrs. Proudie's usurpation of her husband's role as bishop of the diocese emphasizes for Trollope an unwelcome trend: the new militancy of women.

The clerical nature of this second novel of the series is supported by one of its characters who says of "the mankind of Barchester [that it] consisted mainly of parsons" (p. 79). But the values long cherished by the clergy of Barsetshire are not what they were when old Bishop Grantly "with mild authority" ruled the diocese (p. 1). Old ideas and old ways are changing, and the church itself is in disarray, as G. M. Young says:

At no time since the seventeenth century had English society been so much pre-occupied with problems of doctrine and Church order: at no time had the establishment been so keenly assailed, or so angrily divided within itself. A misjudged appointment of a bishopric or deanery might influence a by-election, or provoke a Cabinet crisis.²

But not all rural counties are, as yet, disturbed by Church controversies; and the novel describes what happens to a High Church diocese, content to continue in its old lethargic way when it is invaded by a Low Church bishop. In The Warden Trollope created such a cathedral city, unchanged for

centuries, his Barchester; but the ferment over Mr. Harding's resignation as warden of Hiram's Hospital cannot be compared to the furore that Mr. Slope, the advocate of change, created when he preached his sermon in the cathedral and divided Barchester into factions.

None of these things, however, disturbed the world at large or affected the optimism in the 'fifties. Never had the nation been so rich, and never had so many shared in its wealth. Victorian England in the 'fifties reached the peak of its economic prosperity; and of the same decade, as G.M. Young says, "It was the good fortune of England...to confront a sudden access of power, prosperity, and knowledge".³

In 1857 the Saturday Review described the characters in Barchester Towers as those who "live, and liked to live in a...party-going, comfort-seeking world",⁴ and it is commonly accepted that political, financial and social battles frequently are fought at social events. Trollope's strategy is to use that gregarious instinct to stage in Barsetshire two great gatherings and to bring together all the notables, and those not so notable, in town and county. These important events allow Trollope to stage humorously, often satirically, confrontations between the individual guests, and between the respective hostesses, and bring into sharp contrast the genial and hospitable old Barset and the grudging, parsimonious spirit of London, as presented by Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope. Yet at neither party is there complete harmony and

goodwill. It is mainly a matter of money, of breaking down old class structure, and the coming of new values. To Mrs. Proudie's Reception came "everyone calling himself a gentleman, or herself a lady" (p. 77); and at Miss Thorne's Fete Champetre" all the world was there, or at least so much of the world as had been included in Miss Thorne's invitation" (p. 331). To bring together in a cathedral close, and within the walls of ultra-conservative Ullathorne, so incompatible a company as Mrs. Proudie, Mr. Slope, and the exotic family of the Stanhopes has all the possibility for comedy and contention.

Robert W. Daniel sees the novel as written in "an ancient poetic tradition, the tradition of the mock heroic....The struggle between the Low and High Churchmen is a Trojan War, and, by Trollope's ingenious plotting, is rendered harmless and hence comic". "Although the city's towers barely suggest the topless towers of Ilium, the narrator speaks explicitly about the pseudo-epic nature of the struggle"⁵. But, unlike the ancient Homeric wars, the battles in Barchester Towers are far from heroic, and the heroine is not a Helen of Troy, the cause of the Trojan war. But the Archdeacon did see in Mr. Slope a Paris who captured the rich widow Bold's affections and carried her to the enemy camp. At Ullathorne where all should be pleasant and congenial Mr. Slope made his bid to win the hand of the widow and have her money; but with her little hand she administered such a slap on his face it "sounded

among the trees like a miniature thunder clap" (p. 389). At the palace, Bertie Stanhope, a guest at Mrs. Proudie's Reception, pushed his sister's sofa. Its castor tore Mrs. Proudie's lace train, and the comic mishap is described in mock heroic style with the words: as a "granite battery is raised...its strength and symmetry is admired...a small spark is applied" and gathers go, stitches crack, pleats fly open, flounces fall, and "nothing is seen but a long ruin of rent lace disfigured on the carpet" (pp. 87-8). But the anger of the "offended lady" was not equal to the rage that shook her as Bertie, in trying to "liberate the torn lace", said he "would fly to the loom of the fairies to repair the damage". And the Signora laughed. "It is beyond the power of prose", says the narrator, "to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes" (p. 88) as instantly, silently, but eloquently, she declared a state of war between herself and her two insolent guests. They ruined her dress--costly to repair or replace--, stole from her the honours of her party, and ridiculed her before her guests.

The Signora was dressed in pearls, lace, and white velvet and "it was impossible that either man or woman should do other than look at her" (p. 83). Signora Neroni, who had arrived penniless at her father's door "with hardly clothes to cover her" (p. 67), came dressed with the magnificence of her alleged Italian nobility, as if she possessed the right and the wealth to wear "a golden coronet", and to be feted and

made the centre of male attention. The bishop "thought she looked very like an angel". What the "bishopess" thought of her, says the narrator, was "beyond Christian charity".

Mrs. Proudie in planning her Reception "declared that she would condescend to nothing so vulgar as eating and drinking"; but Mr. Slope "talked...her out" of economy! "Bishops should be given to hospitality, and hospitality meant eating and drinking" (p.79). Nevertheless, everything was to be "on the largest scale". Her rooms "were really very magnificent...at least would be so by candlelight". She "made the most of it" by hanging "a huge gas lamp with a dozen burners...from each of the ceilings" (p. 80), and they did hide the dowdy appearance and the cheapness of her furnishings. Maybe the sofa on which the Signora sat was the "horrid chintz affair" that offended the Archdeacon and Mr. Harding on their first visit to the new bishop, for it was one such "as never yet stood in the study of any decent high church clergyman of the Church of England" (p. 30). Like the Signora Mrs. Proudie gave the appearance of opulence that was a sham. Five thousand pounds a year was a large sum of money in Victorian England, and Mrs. Proudie's purpose, if not her need, was to spend as little as possible. The Signora's claim to be a member of the "Italian nobility" was equally false. Paulo Neroni was "a man of no birth and no property" (p. 67); but his wife spent with lavish extravagance what her sister Charlotte allowed of her father's stipend.

"The lady of Ullathorne was not...martial in her habits, but hardly less costly. She might have boasted that her nine-and-twenty silken skirts...[were] each fit to stand alone,...and[f]or all this rich attire Miss Thorne was not indebted to the generosity of her brother...She had a very comfortable independence of her own, ... [which] she divided among juvenile relatives...and the poor, giving much the larger share to the latter" (p. 199). With the same liberality her preparations for her Fête were on a prodigious scale. "Every egg in the parish had been whipped into custards, baked into pies, or boiled into lobster salad", and as for the day itself, "all ...on the lawn were getting along swimmingly, that is, if champagne without restriction can enable the quality to swim" (p. 383).

Trollope mocks Mrs. Proudie's pomposity and laughs at Miss Thorne's eccentricity. Each in her way, is vain: Miss Thorne in her rich apparel, and Mrs. Proudie in her conviction that she is better fitted to rule the diocese than Dr. Proudie. Wylie Sypher, quoting Meredith, says, "the specific remedy for vanity is laughter", and that we "master this egotism by a watchful sanity that is morality in gay disguise". ⁶ Barchester Towers follows this design. Its mirth, often, is a finely disguised moral imperative. Traditions that have taken centuries to evolve are not "useless" because they are old. The church music Mr. Harding loves and Mr. Slope wants to "cast away" adds beauty to the cathedral services, and Miss Thorne's old-world courtesy is a heritage too precious to be disclaimed.

John Hampden, writing of Barchester Towers, expresses the same idea: "his [Trollope's] insight is not only shrewd, but humorous and sympathetic, so "whatever he sees of life he sees it steadily and sees it whole, with good and evil intermingled".⁷ And James R. Kincaid recognizes the dual nature of the novel and describes it as establishing "its comedy in direct hostility to the major progressive movements of the period: democracy and capitalism".⁸ Democracy is to be feared, and, at Ullathorne, the stronghold of feudalism, it raised its sinister head. Miss Thorne knew "who were to dispose themselves within the ha-ha, and who without." "It is in such definitions", says the narrator, "that the whole difficulty of society consists" (p. 334). But money has broken down those old social barriers, and Miss Thorne in placing her guests found the arrangement not so simple. To the chagrin of Mrs. Greenacre, who remained among the plebeians, Mrs. Lookaloft and her daughters successfully gate-crashed Miss Thorne's drawingroom to be among "the patricians". Mrs. Lookaloft had "a pianoforte in her drawing-room", and converted "her Barleystub farm to Rosebank", and she "won't squeeze her fine clothes on a bench and talk familiarly about cream and ducklings to good Mrs. Greenacre...and it might fairly be expected that from this time forward the tradesmen of Barchester would...address her husband as T. Lookaloft Esquire" (pp. 334-344).

In this new progressive age the Thornes are anachronisms, and Ullathorne Court is a citadel of wealth and power keeping

out the unwelcome present. It is difficult of access, as Trollope facetiously says: "If you enter Ullathorne at all, you must do so, fair reader, on foot, or at least in a bath chair" (p. 200). But the Thornes have barricaded their minds as well as their property against new ideas. Mr. Thorne's favourite authors are "Montaigne and Burton" and Miss Thorne "spoke of Addison, Swift and Steele as though they were still living" (pp. 191 & 196). In a sense it is a refusal to accept, perhaps unconsciously, that the lower classes should share their prestige and power.

In describing Miss Thorne, Trollope exaggerates to make emphatic the futility of clinging to the past, of refusing to recognize the inevitability of change, and the strength of those forces against entrenched privilege and prestige that the church and the nobility had long enjoyed. "In the middle classes", says Walter E. Houghton, "the passion for wealth was closely connected with another, for respectability. Indeed, their economic struggle was focused less on the comforts and luxuries which had hitherto lain beyond their reach than on the respect which money could now command"⁹. But no real difference in financial standing affects the social position of Mrs. Proudie and Miss Thorne. Why, then, does parsimony and prodigality separate the two hostesses, and make distinct their preparations for their respective social events? After all, Mrs. Proudie is the niece of a Scottish earl and is higher in her social rank than Miss Thorne. And why is Miss

Thorne so gracious and friendly, and Mrs. Proudie so grudging and inhospitable a hostess?

The Proudies are Londoners, and in London appearance counts more than genuine worth. Dr. Proudie "by no means intended to bury himself...in a comfortable mansion in a provincial city...London should still be his fixed residence and it was in London that he resolved to exercise that hospitality so peculiarly recommended to all bishops by St. Paul". Where else but in London "could he look to that archiepiscopal splendour and the glories of Lambeth?" (p. 18). To give a show of wealth and splendour in London is expensive and a heavy demand on the palace economy. Old Dr. Grantly "had been a man of few personal expenses", and "his carriages and horses...did very well for Barchester" but in London they would be "ridiculous", Mrs. Proudie therefore "determined that her husband's equipage would not shame her, and things on which Mrs Proudie resolved were generally accomplished". Dr Grantly and his son "spent their money like gentlemen", but the Proudies in Barchester gave only "a show of wealth". Consequently, among "the tradesmen" of Barchester it was known that Dr. Proudie "was not unacquainted with those prudent devices by which the utmost show of wealth is produced from limited means" (p. 19).

The contrasted settings of the bishop's palace and Ullathorne reflect the degree of dissimilarity between two distinct modes of life and thinking: the expansive hospitality of traditional English country life, and the narrow self-gratification of London as seen in The Last Chronicle of

Barset when the Dobbs Broughtons entertain (Chapter 24). From London the Proudies brought the same spirit; but their coming only hastened Barsetshire's assimilation into what Trollope calls "the world at large" (p. 19). The new telegraph the Archdeacon used to send a message to Westminster, and the railway, which to Mrs. Proudie's consternation also ran on Sundays, have broken down the barriers between town and country.

In this way Trollope brings into focus questions of his time, the clash between the mainly conservative country gentry and the rising middle classes. The implication is clear. U. C. Knoepflamacher puts it succinctly: Trollope "draws the reader into a fictive reality that simultaneously imitates and counters the disjunctions of the actual world".¹¹ The Church faces the same "disjunction", a restlessness among its clergy to seek preferment for what it will provide in money and power. But it was not for money that Dr. Grantly wanted to be bishop of Barchester, he craved power, "to play first fiddle...and to sit in full lawn sleeves among the peers of the realm; and he did desire...to be called 'My Lord' by his reverend brethren" (p. 9). Dr. Proudie was as ambitious as the Archdeacon, "but it was not to be taken as proved that Dr. Proudie was a man of great mental powers" (p. 17), and that may be why at the palace his wife held the "purse strings". And, as may happen in such cases, in matters "domestic" or "things spiritual" he depended on forms and ceremonies to bolster his faltering manhood, and his right to the title of

bishop. At his installation:

Every thing was properly done, and...nothing fit or becoming to a young bishop was omitted on the occasion. Dr. Proudie was not the man to allow anything to be omitted that might be becoming to his dignity. He understood well the value of forms, and knew that the due observance of rank could not be maintained unless the exterior trappings belonging to it were held in proper esteem (p. 16).

This description tells of a Church so spiritually impoverished that it, too, depends on its rich liturgical splendour, its ornate ceremonies, its wealth, its bishops in the House of Lords, to justify its existence.¹² It has gone along its languid way, is now shaken, and must seek a new method and a new rhetoric for a burgeoning materialistic society. This is one of the less obvious underlying satiric purposes of the novel, the deleterious affect of the worldly spirit that has come to dominate a quiet rural city, and to change the nature and the character of those who accept its egotism, its acquisitive mercenary objectives and purposes. It began with the signing of the 1832 Reform Bill. The whigs are the party of reform and they encouraged the rise to eminence of the rich middle classes. After 1832, as Geoffrey Best puts it:

One after another, the keys of the storehouse of the English heritage were handed over to the reformers,

public administration and finance...parochial clergy,
parliament, charities...bishops, deans and chapters in
turn yield, and...even Oxford and Cambridge
surrendered.¹³

Mr Slope, an advocate of reform, believed in the need for "carting away the useless rubbish of past centuries. What cruel words these had been; and how often are they now used with all the heartless cruelty of a Slope!" (p. 106). Yet he "was not in all things a bad man....He believed in the religion which he taught, harsh, unpalatable, uncharitable as that religion was (p. 123), and with the fervour of an evangelist he condemned the ritual and splendour of the ornate service of the cathedral. But as a poorly paid bishop's chaplain he lacked power to dislodge the well-entrenched complacent clergy of the diocese and the rich Archdeacon Grantly. To be "in effect" the bishop of Barchester gave him that power. But that was not enough. He needed money, and the widow Bold could provide it. Indeed, he saw the courtship with Mrs. Bold "as a duty which he owed to his religion to make himself the master of the wife and the money" (p. 124). Already, he was emotionally committed to the "Italianized charmer", the Signora Neroni. "He had been dazzled by the sort of loveliness which he had never before seen", and never had he been "caught" in so "voluptuous" a manner.

His is a mind that, in its convolutions, can justify a dubious action. He was ready to marry Eleanor Bold for her

money, but "with that subtle, selfish, ambiguous sophistry to which the minds of all men are so subject, he had taught himself to think that in doing much for the promotion of his own interests he was doing much also for the promotion of religion" (p.123). It is a vulgar and contriving spirit that savours of the marketplace and strikes at the ethics of the faith he professes.

His scheming has in it a Machiavellian cunning. If he were to marry Mrs. Bold, "would it not be well for him to have a father-in-law comfortably provided with the good things of the world? Would it not, moreover be much more easy for him to gain the daughter, if he did all in his power to forward the father's views" and not oppose Mr. Harding's return to Hiram's Hospital? There is, however, an addendum to his questioning. "A rich wife was a great desideratum". But "not even for twelve hundred a year would he, as brother-in-law to the Archdeacon, submit to that arrogant man" (p. 122).

Cleverly Trollope shows that the most ardent advocate of emotional repression cannot always suppress his own sexual impulses. Mr. Slope "knew that [in his passion for the Signora Neroni] he was acting against...those laws of conduct by which he hoped to achieve much higher success. But...he could not help himself" (pp. 245-6). Further, the Archdeacon's accusation that Mr. Slope was not a gentleman, and his sneer in referring to him as "that fellow raked up from the gutters of Marylebone", is as good as a whole chapter

on the social distinctions between the "haves" and the "have nots" of Victorian England. The sneer may be more than a figure of speech. Marylebone is one of the poorer districts of London, and Mr. Slope had been a sizar at Cambridge, (i.e.¹⁴ a poor scholar) unable to pay the regular fees, and one is made to feel that he had clawed his way up to his present position. In Rachel Ray an almost identical situation to that of Mr. Slope is presented: Mr. Prong had "the instincts of his calling;--but was defunct in one vital qualification for a clergyman of the Church of England;--he was not a gentleman". But unlike Mr. Slope, "he did not covet money...he valued it", and was not insensible to the advantage of Mrs. Prime's two hundred a year were he to marry her (pp. 37-49, 62-74).

When the bishop's conniving chaplain tells Mr. Harding that "new men are carrying out new measures" (p. 106), that "people in advance of the age...now had new ideas, and it was quite time that Barchester would go in advance" (p. 50), how else could the sensitive Mr. Harding react than to feel that his service as precentor was no longer necessary? A new utilitarian age required that money and time not be wasted on that which brings no profit. The cathedral choral service was wasteful and detrimental to the listener. "The words of our morning service, how beautiful, how apposite, how intelligible...but how much of the meaning of the words was lost when they were produced with all the meretricious charm of melody!" (p. 46). Moreover, "work" this sanctimonious dictatorial preacher proclaimed, "is now required from every man who

receives wages!" And Mr. Harding asked himself, had he "been living all his life receiving wages; and doing no work!" (p. 106).

Foiled in his attempt to win Eleanor Bold as his wife, the bishop's chaplain pursues another remunerative prospect. A dean of the cathedral must be found and Mr. Slope was the first to apply for the position. "Whether [the income] be two thousand, or fifteen or twelve hundred, it would...be a great thing for him, if he could get it. The gratification to his ambition would be greater even than that of his covetousness. How glorious to out-top the archdeacon in his own cathedral city...[to] have the cathedral pulpit and all the cathedral services altogether at his own disposal" (p. 300). He would take from Barchester its special pride and importance, for, as told in The Warden, Mr. Harding had so "greatly improved the choir of Barchester" [that it] "now rivals that of any cathedral in England" (p. 8). As Dean the evangelical Mr. Slope would greatly reduce the amount of music used in the cathedral services. Only a religion that is "harsh and uncharitable" could without compunction cause so much distress, and only a religion that serves as a cover to further personal interests and prospects could be so alien to the spirit of old Barset. "The old bishop and his chaplains", and the clergy of the diocese "had spent their money and done good; the poor had not been ground down; the clergy in society had neither been overbearing nor austere; and the whole repute of the city was

due to its ecclesiastical importance" (p. 50).

The Archdeacon "was willing that the Church should be merciful and affectionate, prone to indulgence, and unwilling to chastise. He himself enjoyed the good things of this world, and liked it to be known that he did so. He cordially despised any brother rector who thought harm of dinner parties, or dreaded the dangers of a moderate claret jug...[for] claret jugs were common in the diocese" (pp. 27-8).

Behind the alternating patterns of clerical and social life in a provincial cathedral city lies the world of change exemplified in Archdeacon Grantly's conservatism and Mr. Slope's radicalism. Their contrasting ideas on how a church service should be conducted are not in themselves momentous matters for disagreement; but as Robert M. Polhemus puts it: "Trollope felt that the behaviour of clergymen and the workings of Church institutions would inevitably reveal the tone and substance of English society".¹⁵ The secularization of religion is a key part of Trollope's Barsetshire, and Dr. Grantly is a good example of it. He "interfered very little with the worldly doings of those who were in any way subject to him", even though he never "he omitted to notice misconduct among his clergy, immorality in his parish, or omission in his family" (p. 27). When there were occasions for rebuke, courtesy, dignity and decorum were not forgotten. The change that came with Mr. Slope is expressed by the Archdeacon as he and his fellow clergymen meet at the deanery to decide how

they can keep this "stranger" from preaching in the cathedral. "It is not because his opinion on church matters may be different from ours--with that one would not quarrel. It is because he has purposely insulted us" (p. 52). In other words, Mr. Slope in his disregard for good manners, has cheapened the Church as an institution, lowered its standard as an upholder of the peace and the good order of the realm. It is said of Mr. Slope that he cared nothing "for the Queen's supremacy" (p. 27). Men such as he were changing Britain; for them money is king, a ruthless despot sweeping aside all that stands in his way.

Dr. Grantly is worldly, but his worldliness makes him a good steward of the revenues of the diocese. Mr. Slope covets that stewardship and "intends to draw around him an obedient herd of his poor and hungry brethren" (p. 26). Dr. Grantly holds tenaciously to his position and Mr. Slope is pitting himself against not only the Archdeacon but an entrenched conservative hierarchy. He is "neither a fool or a coward", but it is only with the greatest effrontery and imprudence that he can hope to alter the social life of Barchester. For his followers Mr. Slope offers no pleasant picture of comfort and happiness. His "very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema, lurking in the corner of his eye" (p. 25). When Trollope allows the archdeacon to call Mr. Slope that "low church parvenu", he is referring indirectly to the Evangelical Movement that was

attracting large numbers especially of the lower classes. The insistence that life is serious and idleness sinful is part of its teaching, leading to earnestness and a sense of the importance of work. This, in turn, brings its reward in increasing wages or wealth, and, almost inevitably, a change in the nature of those who accept so beguiling a promise. A paradox is presented here. The indulgence of the things of the world that the influx of money makes possible, and the repression of the desires that money can provide are bound to cause conflict and no via media is found. The new rich middle classes are not at ease in their sudden affluence, and they conceal it in a moral code that makes natural and healthy pleasures suspect. "A man cannot always restrain his own doings and keep them within the limits which he had himself planned for them", says Trollope in The Way We Live Now. "They will often fall short of the magnitude to which his ambition has aspired" (p. 323). That is the history of Mr. Slope's short stay in Barchester. It is the study of a man who came to Barchester under the guise of piety to propagate his own religious prejudices and gratify his own acquisitive spirit. Had he not come to Barsetshire the disruptive influence his presence represents would have come some other way. Barset cannot keep itself aloof from the clash and clangour of the world where men like him are bent on nefarious purposes and designs.

Change must come to Barchester, but not at the pace that Mr. Slope advocates. He promises to alter the "humdrum ways"

of the city and he succeeds in forming a party "chiefly of ladies", yet by three ladies he is defeated. Mrs. Bold slaps him in the face and destroys his plan to marry her; the Signora, whose function in the novel is to reveal hidden motives, mocks and humiliates him for paying court to two women at the same time; and Mrs. Proudie strips him of his clerical powers. Between them they dismiss him and send him back to London. There, as the narrator sagely remarks: "the family of the Slopes never starve". He married the widow of a rich sugar refiner and "became known to fame as one of the most eloquent preachers and pious clergymen...in the metropolis" (p. 494). All the things denied to him in Barchester came to him with ease in London; a rich wife, money, and power.

The spoils of battle do not always go to the brave. An ironic twist in the novel comes when Mr. Arabin is called to Barsetshire by Dr. Grantly "to aid the forces against Mr. Slope". From his new parish of St. Ewold "the new champion" views his battleground. He has it "within full range" and proclaims, "are we not here to fight....Is not ours a church militant?" (p. 184). And with all his bravado, his militancy never goes further than that. By doing nothing he gains in Barchester all the things Mr. Slope wanted. By Mr Harding, he was given the deanship of the cathedral, and, because of his hesitancy and incompetence in conducting his love affair with Eleanor Bold, the Signora takes a hand and wins for him the

rich widow as his wife. Mr. Slope is a doughty fighter but he has to go elsewhere to win his battles. He lost the war because as a strategist he failed to take proper account of the strength of women, as Miss Thorne in another context, puts it: "now-a-days the gentlemen were all women, and the ladies all men" (p. 335). Men were the dominant sex and women with their supposed frailty were expected to be helpless and dependent. To reverse the order and to do it so delightfully and humorously is evidence, as Bradford Booth says, of Trollope's "new-found talent for comedy".¹⁶ However, in spite of the physical and moral restrictions placed on women, men did not always have it their own way. "It was essentially a man's world", says Raymond Chapman, "although there was no lack of henpecked husbands as many of the comic writers testified".¹⁷

Mrs. Proudie, the "Bishopess" of Barchester, is indifferent to the harm she does to her husband in her effort to gain dominance and power. It must have been exceedingly irksome for her to tolerate Dr. Grantly, who is inferior to her in rank, but superior in riches. The narrator tells us that Grantly could buy "every individual possession of the whole family of the Proudies and have restored them as a gift without much feeling the loss" (p. 33). But it is seldom that Trollope does not find some good in even the most unlikely character, and Mrs. Proudie did have a heart, though she succeeded well in hiding it.

From the palace, where "the grandeur of economy" did not

leave anyone hungry, Trollope takes us to the parsonage at Puddingdale where Mrs. Quiverful on her husband's meagre stipend fought a losing battle to feed her fourteen children. Just as difficult was it to clothe them, and "to think of all the money [Miss Thorne] spent on lace used to break the heart of poor Mrs. Quiverful with her seven daughters" (p. 198). When she learned that the vacillating Mr. Slope had stated that the wardenship of Hiram Hospital would not go to Mr. Quiverful, and that her husband meekly made no protest, she decided to act on her own. The sun was hot and the way long. On a farmer's cart, in her work-a-day clothes, she left for the palace. To be admitted required bribing the footman with her last half-crown. How many loaves could those pennies buy, or how much meat for the stews, seemingly the staple diet for curates, could half a crown provide? Mrs. Proudie listened and responded, and Mr. Quiverful became the new warden of Hiram's Hospital.

Feeling told is Mr Quiverful's desperate need and the humiliation that poverty imposes. "Why...should the Barchester clergy have looked coldly on Mr. Quiverful?....Had they not all, by some hook or crook, done better for themselves than he had done?...Dr. Grantly had five children, and nearly as many thousands a year on which to feed them" (p. 219). "This was painful enough; but...he thought of his wife, whose last new silk dress was six years in wear...and he could hardly take to church with him on Sundays...all his

young flock for there were not decent shoes and stockings for them all to wear" (p. 218).

On a higher scale Dr. Proudie was not unlike Mr. Quiverful. Both, intellectually and morally, submitted to authority. Dr. Proudie was known as "a tolerating divine" (p. 17), adapting himself to views held by the Whigs on most theological and religious subjects. Such a man had neither the convictions nor the moral vigour to stand against a strong and dominant woman like Mrs. Proudie. He is a "yes" man, allowing Mrs. Proudie to hold the palace "purse strings", and with those strings she is choking the manhood out of him. Once, encouraged by Mr. Slope, he rebelled, and for a time it "was a subject of great sorrow to the military lady". But "as Achilles warmed at the sight of his armour...so did Mrs. Proudie look forward to fresh laurels, as her eye fell on her husband's pillow" (p. 239). And he came down the next morning a "sad and thoughtful man". One may say "emaciated" in appearance, and what passed between Dr. and Mrs. Proudie on that night "no poet", says the narrator, "should dare to paint" (p. 299).

Even Dr. Grantly, so masterful in the affairs of the diocese, does not always have his own way at Plumstead Episcopi. Mrs. Grantly "doubtless...values power and has not unsuccessfully striven to acquire it" (p. 53). In The Warden Trollope tells us that the Archdeacon was one to "guard the church from the most rampant of its enemies" and that he was

happy in its toil, he was happy in the thought that no adversaries were "rampant" in Barsetshire while he was there to defend it. There is pride in this, but pride did not inspire it. Love for the Church gave motive and incentive. And what makes him so engaging is that he seems quite unaware that others, not he, put the enemy to rout. His aggressive manner and his desire for rank and power hide the sincerity of his devotion to the Church as all his life with pride he regarded it, and Trollope, all through the series, gives glimpses of a man whose instincts are finer than his worldliness implies.

It was not desire for money that made him worldly, "his father...had left him great wealth" (p.9) and as one of the richest men in Barset he had special status in the Church and in the city. If he does not represent the spiritual aspect of his religion, he does believe in the physical "comforts of his creed". Yet, in spite of his worldliness, his pride and his great riches, he can respond to spiritual necessity. The tableau of his vigil as he awaits his father's death, and the imminent coming into power of the Whigs, is a balance in time, in emotion, and in spiritual and temporal reality. In his one attempt at play-writing Trollope failed but he managed nevertheless to write novels with great dramatic effect. It is as if the curtain rises to reveal a dimly lit room, for it is "already evening". A man is seen sitting by the bedside of one lying motionless and silent as is the man who watches and waits. Slowly the watchful man rises and

sinking to his knees, bows his head as if in prayer. We learn it is a penitential prayer in response to knowing that he has put ambition before love for his father. Geoffrey Harvey calls scenes like this "a covert...collaboration¹⁸ between setting and character".

Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope with their desire for power are no more ambitious at heart than the Archdeacon, or other clergy of the diocese. The busy arguments outside the dying dean's bedchamber are about his possible successor and pecuniary benefits that may accrue to him, and who among them did not envy the power and the money of that office? What gives humour to scenes like this in the novel, where desire for money and power supersede most other considerations, is Trollope's understanding of human nature: that in all men and women there is the potential for posturing to be other than they are. Parsons are not supposed to be worldly-minded, and women are not expected to behave as men.

Only Bertie Stanhope has the ability to be himself, to be free from conventional restraints and exercise the capacity for unalloyed enjoyment. His behaviour is reprehensible, but his manners are charming and no gloom hangs over any scene when he is present. He is the one character in the novel entirely without dissimulation. He is a free spirit untrammelled by conventions or possessions, and he is as eccentric as Miss Thorne, for neither submitted to contemporary fashion or practice. "He did not dislike money, but

he hated the very thought of earning it" (p. 404). Though buffeted about by those who traded on his good nature, he encounters nothing to disturb his insouciant attitude to life. "He was above, or rather below, all prejudices....He had about him a natural good manner, which seemed to qualify him for the best circles, and yet he was never out of place in the lowest" (p. 74).

"It was the customary thing for men situated as Bertie was to marry for money, and there was no reason why he should not do what others around him did" (pp. 405-6). "Eleanor [Bold] was to be swallowed up, and her child and her house and land in order that he might live on her instead of his father". "Could not some happy decent thing bring him through this matter?". "He had to make known to his companion the scheme that had been prepared to rob her of her wealth...and to induce Miss Bold to protest in her future communication with Charlotte that an offer had been duly made" (p. 409). Considering the pressures from his family, and his own precarious financial condition, there is something heroic in Bertie's refusal to be untruthful in his proposal to Eleanor. He may not be a useful ornament to society, but he is an ornament; he is Trollope's answer to Dickens's Micawber, who always is in need of money, but who manages to live happily and cheerily in the belief that something will turn up.

Equally indifferent to money is Mr. Harding, but he is

not free from its cares. Mr. Slope played cat-and-mouse with him and on and off promises to restore to him the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital. Once again, for Mr. Harding, money is a matter of debate. The Warden's stipend is reduced from eight hundred pounds a year to four hundred and fifty pounds a year, but that has little concern for Mr. Harding. All he wants is to return to his pleasant home and to his bedesmen. As in The Warden, Mr. Harding suffers when his forthright and blunt son-in-law calls him "lily-livered" (p. 95) because he will not fight. He and Bertie do not see the world as an arena where courage is to be tested:

"I doubt there is any true courage...in squabbling for money", said Mr. Harding.

"If honest men did not squabble for money, in this wicked world of ours", replied the Archdeacon, "the dishonest men would get it all....If we were to carry your argument home, we might give away every shilling of revenue which the Church has..." (p. 119).

To Mr. Slope, Mr. Harding retards progress. The lack of self-confidence and indifference to wealth he could not comprehend. But this unpretentious man had something that the world needs, the ability to live in harmony with one's fellows. With Mr. Harding it is more than precept. He had that nice appreciation of the feelings of others, which dismisses bitterness and hurtful recriminations. Once again,

he is the touchstone for the honesty, kindness and the charity that underlies Trollope's Barset novels.

Barchester Towers is the best known and loved of Trollope's works. As John Hampden says: "few single novels contain more brilliant scenes of social comedy", and fewer still "have added more immortals to the great assembly of English fictional characters, with Mrs. Proudie taking precedence which she would regard as her right", and it was surely a "stroke of genius to introduce the Signora Vesey Neroni and the ineffable Bertie into the society of the cathedral close".¹⁹

From Barchester city and its cathedral Trollope passes in succeeding novels to other county families and other characters. In Doctor Thorne the inevitability of change is more disturbingly evident, and money is an issue more pressing than in the two preceding Barsetshire novels.

Reluctantly we part with the Stanhopes who go back to Como, and with Mr. Slope, who like a "cat" in the metropolis has "fallen on his feet". Most regretfully we lose the happy spirit that animates Barchester Towers, for Barsetshire will never be the same again.

Chapter 3

DOCTOR THORNE

Compared to Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne is a staid novel, a social document of rural life in an ordinary English countryside in the middle years of the century. But conditions are not ordinary as its people grapple with problems that disrupt its peace. Barriers concerning birth, rank and custom are breaking down, a stonemason is elevated to knighthood, and a Duke's large fortune excuses his bad manners. Dr. Thorne expresses cross-currents of thought and differences in behaviour at a time of industrial and social transition. The story reads like a Cinderella fairy tale, with its clock in the palace striking twelve o'clock, the fateful hour, and the return to normality. That essentially is what the novel is about, an appeal pertinent and timely for a reassessment of old values and preservation of old values that made "Englishmen...what they are" (p. 11).

In Doctor Thorne Trollope turns from the Church and the city to describe rural Barsetshire, that "purely agricultural county" with its "green pastures, its shady lanes, its paths and stiles", and its "constant county hunt". Never does Barsetshire appear more idyllic than it does in the opening pages of this novel. Yet it is not so serene as these pas-

toral scenes imply, for over them hangs a threat so large that Trollope calls it a "leviathan" (p. 1): a menace from the north, where merchants and manufacturers are changing England from a mainly agricultural society into a nation of industry and commerce.

The serenity of Barsetshire is disturbed not alone by industry, but by democratic tendencies which are undermining the traditional supremacy of the gentry and the aristocracy. The danger to the propertied class is real. John Bright, that eloquent parliamentarian, addressing a Manchester audience in 1840, proclaimed that "until now, this country has been ruled by the class of great proprietors of the soil. Everyone must have foreseen that, as trade and manufactures extended, the balance of power would, at some time or other be thrown into another scale. Well, that time has come..."¹

This rousing speech raised no fear that the landed class was in immediate danger of falling to the new and vocal democratic threat, and G. M. Young gives a brief account of the aristocracy's response to prognostications of their declining power. When in 1832 the House of Lords gave way to the Whig Commons to make possible the passing of the Reform Bill "the aristocracy as a class...after the first shock of dismay...rallied to the land, and the upward tilt of prices gave them the confidence they needed. Rents did not fall, they even began to rise between '53 and '57...by more than a tenth, [making] a balance of land and industry...the basis of mid-

Victorian prosperity".² Indeed, as G.M. Trevelyan comments:
 "The country houses and farmsteads of England were never more
 wealthy, populous, and happy than during the mid-Victorian
 age.³...the age of Trollope's novels".

Prosperity is a precarious state. In a time of transition and, according to Walter E. Houghton, that "is the basic
 and almost universal conception of the period",⁴ the aristocracy cannot afford to be complacent. New men, as Raymond Chapman says, "had grown rich in trade and manufacture" who see "the acquisition of land as something socially desirable", while "many...used their technical skill to improve
 their property".⁵ They are the Scatcherds, who challenge the role of the aristocracy or of the gentry (whom Trollope regarded as the custodians of the principles and qualities that give stability to the nation). The newcomers, whose money is their credential for gentility, bring to Barsetshire the spirit of the marketplace. But some things in England's long history have not changed, that "close attachment to...the old feudal and now so called landed interests" (p. 12) and at the outset Trollope declared his own belief:

...the old symbols remained, and may such symbols long remain among us; they are still lovely and fit to be loved. They tell us of the true and manly feelings of other times; and to him who can read aright, they explain more fully, more truly than any written history can do, how Englishmen have become what they are (p.11).

Land and industry must reach a resolution for peace and safety to come to Barset. "The old [landed] families", says Professor Booth, "have contributed something precious to English life. Even though their lustre may be dimmed, the landed aristocracy shine forth the ancient and durable virtues of the race".⁶ And the new breed of men, the vigorous men of industry and trade, are building a new age, and there must be room for both.

Integrity is a dominant theme in the novel and money is the touchstone by which its characters are tested. Frank Gresham must choose between his love for Mary Thorne or his love for Greshamsbury. His friend Harry Baker puts the dilemma to him: "You do care for Greshamsbury if you are the fellow I take you to be; care for it very much; and you care too for your father being Gresham of Greshamsbury" (p. 529). To marry Mary is to dispossess the family, not only of the property, but of all the years of tradition and custom that have gone into the making of one of England's oldest and most honourable landed families. But he has pledged himself to Mary. His aunt's abortive attempt to have him marry Miss Dunstable ends in the realization that he had been naive and foolish.

Mary's problem and perplexity were of a different kind, touching on pride and preserving her good name. She "had an almost instinctive knowledge that his fate required [Frank] to marry money" (p. 275). When finally and irrevocably she

pledged herself to him she knew that it would be said that she is "over bold" in imagining herself a fit bride for the heir of Greshamsbury. She saw it as a moral issue and answered: "Let them...talk. Honour, honesty and truth...and fealty from man to man, are worth more than maidenly delicacy...at any rate than the talk of it" (p. 435).

Words like these, or others equivalent in meaning, appear frequently in the narrative, as do others in opposition. As in old morality play, here, too, good and evil enact their drama. The scene where Dr. Thorne brandishes the "two thigh bones" before Lady Arabella has the elements of Comedy: "I think that it is my duty", said Lady Arabella, "to put a stop, a peremptory stop to anything like a love affair between my son and your niece...and it is your duty also". "My duty!"....said he, rising from his chair..."What would my dear friend Mr. Gresham say, if some neighbour's wife should come and so speak to him? I will tell you what he would say: he would quietly beg her to go back to her own home and meddle only with her own matters'". This was dreadful to Lady Arabella. Even Dr. Thorne had never dared thus to lower her to the level of common humanity..."(pp. 317-8). Yet this confrontation between Dr. Thorne and Lady Arabella is a serious and emphatic assertion that no moral distinction exists between her high rank and a village physician. It is his "vehemence that provoked her...his evident determination to break down the prestige of her rank" (p. 321),

Doctor Thorne is history transcribed into fiction, or as A.L. Rowse in his contribution to the 1982 Trollope Century Essays tells it: "Trollope created a world, a parallel in fiction to the historian's mid-Victorian age"⁷ and in this fictive world of Barsetshire, two families representing the old and the new are in conflict, but are interdependent, bound by the tie of money. The Greshams of Greshamsbury hold an ancient estate, and an honourable name; and Sir Roger Scatcherd has built his house, Boxall Hill, on land once part of Greshamsbury. Sir Roger, the one-time "drunken stonemason of Barchester", is now the builder of "railways", "canal bridges", "docks and quays", and is engaged in other government contracts. He is very rich and the Greshams are very poor (p. 112).

That this inventive and energetic age threatens the old regime Trollope is well aware, though not unmindful of its benefits. Robert M. Polhemus sees it as "a two-faced Janus,⁸ a benefactor and a devouring tyrant at the same time". The Greshams feel the tensions and the pressures of living in these two worlds, the pleasant and familiar world of the past, and the abrasive and competitive world of the present. If in this dichotomy of needs and purposes the code of the gentleman yields to a less rigid formula, the Greshams must be willing to pay the price. To save Greshamsbury a much-loved son "must marry money" (p. 175).

The decline of the house of Greshams began with a mésal-

liance. Frances Newbolt Gresham married the Lady Arabella De Courcy, sister to the "great Whig earl who lived at Courcy Castle" (p. 3). The fine old English fortune of "fourteen thousand a year" (p. 13), that came with the estate, should keep the young Squire free from financial care. But the Lady Arabella chose to live as she was accustomed to live, and as her sister-in-law the Countess lived. Having married a "commoner" she refused to allow herself to be the "wife of a mere country squire" (p. 5). Her husband should be, at least, a member of parliament. But "the good men, true and blue of East Barsetshire" felt that a man who spent so much time "at Courcy Castle could not be regarded as a consistent Tory" (p. 3). Three successive bitter and expensive contests for a seat in the Commons failed, and great sums of money were lost. The money gone, and no prospect of further election, the Lady Arabella "lost her temper", and at Greshamsbury "things went on by no means...prosperously" (p. 6). Dr. Proudie of Barchester Towers thought to buy peace by acquiescing to his wife's demands: and Squire Gresham found he paid too heavily for his inability to be master in his house. Mrs. Proudie is a domineering wife, and Lady Arabella is even worse--a nagging wife. "Had Lady Arabella worried her lord less [by her extravagant furnishing at Portland Square], he might perhaps have considered with more coolness the folly of encountering so prodigious an increase to the expense of his establishment; had he not spent so much money in a pursuit

which his wife did not enjoy [the keeping of hounds], she might perhaps have been more sparing in her rebukes as to his indifference to her London pleasures" (p. 14). "Nothing", says the narrator, "was going well" with Squire Gresham, and the "Lady Arabella would allow nothing near or around him to be well". "Everything with him turned to vexation" (p. 9). Bickering about money can ruin a marriage. Each, against the will of the other, wanted to satisfy his and her separate extravagant demands while the resources of the estate dwindled.

David Skilton speaks of "the remarkable accuracy of the picture of middle class society" as portrayed by Trollope, and he refers to F.M.L. Thompson's English Landed Society in the Nineteenth Century. Any reader of Trollope, he says, "who opens this excellent study is struck by what Henry James called the surprise of recognition...the country estates, the location of the seats, the wealthy magnates, the less opulent squires...the problems of entail and inheritance...all these things are in Trollope with an accuracy that is startling". We are able, therefore, to believe that Trollope's portrayal of the Greshams is an exact picture of such a family, and when he describes its decline he has real situations in mind on which to base his story. And when he describes the House of the Greshams, he is defining, fictionally, an historic fact, the decline of the landed gentry. They represent a family of that class who find it difficult to keep up with

the nouveau riche. Mark Girouard in his Life in the English Country House finds that money is not the only competitive force:

The elaborate code of behaviour devised by the Victorian upper classes was partly a defensive sieve or an initiatory rite, designed to keep out the wrong sort of people ...here were plenty of traps for the uninitiated.¹⁰

For generations the Greshams had their defence against intruders. "Four savages" with "four clubs" stood sentinel at Greshamsbury's "massive gate", and the family motto, "Gardex Gresham" announces "to the people at large...that they should beware the Greshams" (p. 11). But now, "no savage could any longer in any way protect them; they must protect themselves like common folk" (p. 11). The picturesque symbolism reflects the fear expressed in the two introductory chapters of the novel, that the gentry will succumb to the lure of money and put material advantage above rectitude and uprightness. Can the values that have sustained them, and given them, as a class, their honourable and unique place in history, accommodate the new commercial spirit? For Trollope history has the answer: "England a commercial country! Yes; as Venice¹¹ was" (p. 12). Venice "throned on her hundred isles" was by her trade enriched, but her merchandizing did not despoil her beauty. "Buying and selling is good and necessary; it is very necessary...but it cannot be the noblest work of man" (p. 12).

For the Greshams, so happy a compromise came too late. At the coming of age of the heir to Greshamsbury, an old tenant farmer seeing the frugal fare provided laments: "Things be altered at Greshamsbury...altered sadly" (p. 15). For these worsening conditions the Countess De Courcy is most to blame. By encouraging her sister-in-law's discontent, she brought the Gresham marriage to breaking point. The Lady Arabella "weeps" when she tells the Countess that she had "all the suffering... of a poor man's wife", and she complained that the Squire "has no confidence in me; he never tells me anything" (p. 46). The Countess was the first to insist that Frank must "marry money" (p. 109), thereby causing all manner of trouble. Mary Thorne is forbidden to enter Greshamsbury; the Squire is estranged from his friend and confidant, Dr. Thorne; the family is divided; and Frank is banished for a year. In this frenzied effort to save the estate morality has no part. At all costs the Greshams of Greshamsbury must continue to enjoy their privileges and their prestige, as the Greshams have done even before the De Courcys came to Barsetshire.

The theme of the dominance of woman, made humorous in Barchester Towers, takes in Doctor Thorne a sinister tone. Mrs. Proudie, for all her faults, is sincere in her belief that she serves her husband well; but the Lady Arabella's concern is for what benefits herself. Money and rank occupy her thinking, money and rank prompt her actions, as may be

said also of the Countess De Courcy.

Trollope holds to the Victorian concept that a man is the head of the household, and he is just as convinced that a wife is to submit to the control of her husband, with this rider that when self-will and not love is the motivating force in a marriage, the union is not a true marriage however legally tight the contract. Compatibility of aim and an understanding of the lasting value of self-forgetting love, these are what he calls in Can You Forgive Her? the "bread and cheese"(p. 295) of marriage, the metaphor he uses to suggest the wholesome substance necessary for daily living.

The "bread and cheese" of marriage is not for the ambitious Lady Arabella and the Lady Isabella De Courcy. Their desire is for the rich banquets of the proud and the prominent. They resist the Victorian wife's financial dependence on her husband that hinders self-expression, and they exercise it within the only sphere open to them: home and husband. If these two ladies had had a wider sphere of interest, they might have caused less trouble. Lady Arabella's frustration with her domestic role may have political implications. While at court she "had been made to believe that much of the policy of England's rulers depended on the political intrigues of England's women" (p. 4). If she saw herself furthering her husband's career in that direction, his failure at the polls frustrated her political ambition. Much in the novel suggests, as in Barchester Towers, that Trollope is

resisting the evergrowing social and political power of women. In Greshamsbury the Lady Arabella Gresham and the Countess De Courcy are the chief trouble-makers, and he resents any effort women may make to usurp the masculine role. In April 1879 Trollope wrote to his friend Adrian H. Joline, declaring emphatically that "The necessity of the supremacy of man is as certain to me as the eternity of the soul".¹² To give to women the control of money he believes is disastrous. For her comfort and authority the Lady Arabella will pay any price.

The wife of a successful mill-owner enjoying the magnificence of her newly built grand house is no more conscious of grandeur and respectability than is the wife of Squire Gresham in her ancient home. Raymond Chapman tells of the importance of the house in Victorian England, and he describes features that distinguish them:

...the nobility spent their time between the country manors which were a feature of rural England, and the fine eighteenth-century London houses. Those who were as rich but of less ancient lineage built for themselves vast edifices of a mixture of styles and with a maximum¹³ of exterior ornamentation.

In contrast to the ancient homes of the nobility that have mellowed with age, the Victorian home Chapman describes has "increasing fussiness and elaboration" with styles of furniture "notable for their excessive ornamentation...[which]

seemed to become elaborate as a demonstration less of wealth than of security". "There could be no threat of violence, from domestic passion or ravaging mob, in those parlours crammed full with heavy...pieces of furniture and ornaments".¹⁴ This pretentious and ornate display of wealth has moral implications, and A.O.J. Cockshut recognizes Trollope's fear that the nation's wealth may be the nation's danger:

All through the Autobiography and in the personal obiter dicta in the novels, he [Trollope] praises the acquisitive instinct and asserts that civilization can only be based on men's natural desire to make money. It is true that there is often something uneasy about these assertions when they are made with the vehemence of a man answering an imaginary opponent, but usually the opponent is not allowed to put his case. He does not fully face the contradiction between his theory about the acquisitive instinct and his vision of the evils of wealth.¹⁵

The conflict between these contradictory attitudes is seen at the end of the novel when Mary unexpectedly inherits her Scatcherd uncle's fortune, and Dr. Thorne tells her, "Yes Mary; it is all your own now. To do as you like best with it all....May God, in His mercy, enable you to bear the burden, and lighten for you the temptation!" (p. 552). Not alone in his uncertainty, Trollope senses a more general fear. Professor Cockshut in his essay "Victorian Thought" says of

the early Victorians that "it is preeminently true that they pondered on the things that worried them, in some cases on the things that terrified them".¹⁶ This may be a reason why marrying for money was so important in Victorian England. It is another form of security, and it gives added emphasis to Dr. Thorne's dilemma when Scatcherd offers a fortune and a title for Mary in exchange for marriage with his son Louis.

Mary's prospects for marriage are slight, and her uncle, having little to leave her at his death, is anxious for the future. Dreadful as is the thought of marrying her to Louis Scatcherd, at least such a marriage would protect her against poverty. Or, is his reaction purely selfish? The thought of losing her to another man is intolerable. But what right had he on his own accord to "reject wealth as valueless", and rob her of her inheritance (p. 307), or keep her from being the mistress of Boxall Hill?

In Doctor Thorne, as in other novels, it is wise to give heed to the manner in which Trollope describes a place or a building. Details that appear inconsequential may tell of some quality in the possessor of the property, or reveal something of significance in the history that has bearing on the owner. In his descriptions of Greshamsbury and Courcy Castle much may be learned of Trollope's contrasting views of the gentry and the aristocracy.

Greshamsbury is in the purest style of "Tudor architecture". Its gardens are "trim" and have "a multitude of stone-

built terraces" (p. 10). They tell of the Tudors, when life was secure and the gentry were the glory of England. Courcy Castle "was a huge brick pile, built in the days of William III, which, though they were grand days for the construction of the Constitution, were not very grand for architecture" (p. 181). Built in the days of the "Glorious Revolution", Courcy Castle is "dull" (p. 180). No fervour for any cause excites the De Courcys. They have no interest except self-interest. They, among the Whigs, in opposition to the Greshams, had passed the Reform bill, and "improperly and unpatriotically" "Francis Newbold Gresham had chosen a wife from among them" (p. 3).

Places and objects are important to Trollope to give reality to his scenes. If the house represents social status, the home has greater significance, for the home is the centre of Victorian life; and what could be more pleasant and companionable than Mary serving her uncle his innumerable cups of tea? But Dr. Thorne's home represents more than domestic felicity. For a time, Greshamsbury, the Parsonage and the Doctor's cottage are like fortresses between which only Dr. Thorne and Patience Oriel are allowed to act as emissaries. The Lady Arabella might keep Mary out of Greshamsbury, but her dominion ends there. The sanctity of the home, keeping safe from encroachment those within, Mary affirms by quoting William Cowper's poem: "I am monarch of all I survey" (p. 277). The Greshams may "guard their Greshamsbury treasures as best

they could within their own territories: but let them be aware they did not attack her on hers" (p. 277). In his home the Englishman reserves the right to be an individual, and believes it to be a fundamental privilege. For the newly rich, an elaborate and imposing structure represented success, and any attempt to regulate where and how he chose to build was an infringement on his freedom. If the new style of architecture offended the nobility it increased tension as class barriers were eroded.

Bill Overton says of Trollope that "among Victorian novelists he is the strongest champion of individuality".¹⁷ Dr. Thorne, Trollope's unusual hero, proves the truth of that comment. Independent to the point of perversity, the doctor submits to no code as a physician or as a man that hinders his freedom. He defers to no man of wealth or rank. "He did not absolutely tell the Earl De Courcy in words, that the privilege of dining at Courcy Castle was to him no greater than the privilege of dining at Courcy Parsonage; but there was that in his manner that told it" (p. 33). To the accusation by his fellow physicians that by making his "rate of pay seven and sixpence a visit" (p. 29) he was "unprofessional" and "democratic" (p. 30) he was equally indifferent. The notion that "a physician in receiving his fee should hardly be aware that the last friendly grasp of the hand had been made more precious by the touch of gold", he countered by lugging "out half-a-crown from his breeches pocket [and by

giving] it in change for a ten shilling piece" (p. 30). This is a perverse kind of pride to prove that he is beyond pride..."Let it not be thought that our doctor was a perfect character. He had within him an inner, stubborn, self-admiring pride, which made him believe himself to be better and higher than those around him..." (p. 26).

In a sense, pride is the sum total of his riches, a kind of opulence of the mind. "Second cousin" to the Thornes of Ullathorne (p. 18), and therefore able to claim for himself "good blood", he was proud also in "repudiating the very family of which he was proud", and with an "inner stubborn self-admiring pride" in being poor, he, at the same time, is proud of his "high family". "No man", he believes, "had greater pride in his genealogical tree" (p. 26). Yet, this man, whose pride in his pure unbroken ancestry is almost an obsession, took into his heart and home the illegitimate child of Roger Scatcherd's sister and his brother, Henry Thorne. He called her Mary Thorne, and when his fellow physicians said "this Thorne" is "always thinking of money" (p. 30), they were wrong. He is always thinking of Mary and Mary's happiness. She is the "angel" in his house, and "inestimable treasure, too precious to be rendered up to any man" (p. 344). But for her happiness he is willing to be the marriage broker between her and the heir to Greshamsbury, and lose her presence in his home. This is the love story of the novel, a love more compelling than the romance of Mary and

Frank, for it puts another's desire before Thorne's own. Mary did the same for Frank's sake. She did it sadly; her uncle did it gladly in self-forgetting love.

In "The Angel in the House", Coventry Patmore's poem, a softer and more intimate view of the Victorian home is seen, and as Walter Houghton puts it, "a shelter from the anxieties of modern life, a place of peace...and a shelter for those moral and spiritual values which the commercial spirit and the critical spirit were threatening to destroy...".¹⁸ When Mary came to live with Dr. Thorne "not a room in his house had been comfortably furnished", and he managed in "a makeshift sort of way"(p. 35). Now warmth and light and happiness changed his house into a home. When Mary left that haven to marry Frank, no assurance was given that romantic love would be wholly satisfied. He is "to her like some god come from heaven to make her blessed" and "as bright as an angel" but his inherited passion for dogs remains as strong as his passion for her; he attends to his dogs "quite as vehemently as though he had said nothing [to Mary] as to going into some profession which must necessarily separate him from horses and dogs" (p. 435). Only the immense size of the Scatcherd fortune keeps the second generation of the present Greshams from going the way of the father, and the effect of being saved from the consequences of reckless spending is only a reprieve, not a new beginning. To the inhabitants of Barsetshire riding to hounds is the most

conspicuous form of affluence; but all the money of the Scatcherds does not give them a place among those who by tradition indulge in fox-hunting, though, as Raymond Chapman says, "the huge disparate middle class...were trying to ape the gentility of the upper class".¹⁹ With Sir Roger Scatcherd, Dr. Thorne had little in common, except that both were Mary's uncles. But Scatcherd "trusted" Dr. Thorne as he "trusted no other man"; and severely was that confidence tested, when, after Sir Roger's death, he fulfilled his promise to care for Sir Roger's son, Louis Phillippe Scatcherd. Since Louis Phillippe is undisciplined, and, like his father, a drunkard, Dr. Thorne's task becomes intolerable. Louis Scatcherd demonstrates how ruinous it is for a boy or a young man to have unlimited money to spend when his family, with new wealth, has no traditional or newly-acquired knowledge to teach the proper use and worth of money. Sir Roger had excellent qualities, but he, too, suffered from having acquired in too short a period an excessive sum of money. He had a fine house, but for him it was an empty shell. No neighbour comes to his door, and no former workman companion dare approach it: "If I go among gentlemen can I talk to them? If they have anything to say about a railway, they will ask me a question: if they speak to me beyond that, I must be dumb. If I go among my workmen, can they talk to me? No; I am their master....They bob their head, and shake in their shoes when they see me" (p. 127).

It cannot be denied that the Scatcherd story comes close

to sensationalism, though Trollope denies that his novels are of that kind. On the contrary, as Henry James has said, his great²⁰ virtue is his "complete appreciation of the usual".

Yet to have the Scatcherds, father and son, dying of delirium tremens does seem out of place in Barsetshire. Possibly, Trollope's first readers would not see it as strange.

Excessive drinking was one of the great social problems in the nineteenth century, and alcoholism was not then known to be an illness. Trollope speaks of Scatcherd's drinking as "one of his old bad habits" (p. 112) that might suggest to his contemporaries that the infusion of Scatchard "blood" with the Gresham "blood" could be to the latter's detriment. A modern view however is expressed by Robert Polhemus, that "Barsetshire needs Scatcherd, both his fortune and some raw²¹ vitality".

In 1858 the Leader criticised Trollope for "traducing²² the noble and energetic pioneers of our age of steam".

True, Trollope does not spare Scatcherd from the horror and the shame of his "evil habit" (p. 112). On the other hand, a great deal of pity for this unhappy man may be read into the narrative.

The pinnacle of Scatcherd's ambition is his election to the House of Commons. His "success was hailed as a great thing for the cause, and the class to which he belonged" (p. 269). Because of the charge of bribery in his election campaign, he lost his seat and the "blow hit him terribly

hard" (p. 270). How compelling are Trollope's words for this unhappy disappointed man. "For him there was no sympathy, no tenderness of love, no retreat, save into himself, from the loud brass of the outer world" (p. 270). Fickle is public gratitude for those who do great service to the nation. "When the government wanted the immediate performance of some extraordinary piece of work, Roger Scatcherd had been the man to do it". And it was a proud man who, with his work-scarred hands, "went up...to court...and came down to his new grand house at Boxall Hill, Sir Roger Scatcherd, Bart." (p. 112). Rising from poverty, he had accomplished so much, and he had enjoyed the respect that money can buy; as Herbert Spencer wrote at the time: "the idea of wealth and respectability are two sides of the same thing"²³. Yet all it amounted to, in the end, is expressed in Scatcherd's words. "I'll tell you what, Thorne, when a man has made three hundred thousand pounds there's nothing for him but to die" (p. 128). Scatcherd's glory was fleeting. He died a disappointed broken man. Money gave him no happiness. His wife longed for the days when they were poor. Money did not win the love of his son; but by over-indulgence he ruined him. Louis Scatcherd is repulsive, and yet Trollope says of him that he had some of the sense one would expect to find in a man of position and wealth. Trollope's meliorism is never so evident than when he allows Louis to echo his father's cry of loneliness: "I do wish to do what's right--I do, indeed; only, you see, I'm so lonely. As

to those fellows up in London, I don't think that one of them cares a straw about me" (p. 442).

P.D. Edwards admits that Sir Roger is "subtly and sympathetically drawn". But I do not agree with him that "there are signs that Trollope "secretly exults in his weakness", or that "It's hard to see any other explanation for the protracted and painful account of his son's disgraceful behaviour when he dines at Greshamsbury", and, again, that "it strains credibility, since Sir Louis has, after all, been educated as a gentleman".²⁴ In his Autobiography Trollope makes it clear that a boy may be at school and not be educated.²⁵ Louis copied his father's drinking habits, and, as his father is uncouth, so is he.

The Scatcherd story has much unrelieved pain. Sir Roger's and his son's bouts of drinking are tantamount to suicide. These occasions are realistically depicted, but they are made less appalling by snatches of humour, as when Dr. Fillgrave with offended dignity and "wishful eyes" rejects the proffered five pound note for his wasted visit to Boxall Hill.

In sharp contrast to Sir Roger is the Duke of Omnium, the highest man of rank and one of the richest in Barsetshire, yet a man who did nothing of value for the county. Trollope gives a view of Gatherum Castle, that reflects the nature of the Duke. It is a "vast edifice" (p. 232) of "white stone" (p. 231) suggestive of the Biblical

sepulchre, clean and white outside but corrupt within. Lady Lufton in Framley Parsonage called him "the impersonation of Lucifer on earth" (p. 14). The trophies in the hall of the "House of Omnium" were monuments of the glory and the wealth that "long years of great achievement could bring together" (p. 232). But the Duke "could not live happily in his hall...." The architect had destroyed the Duke's house as regards most of the ordinary purposes of residence (p. 232), making it a great monumental show of ostentation and a gathering-place for cronies who shared his acquisitive inclinations.

The Duke held a great feast, not that he might be hospitable, but "in order that his popularity might not wane" (p. 231). The Duke thus follows a not uncommon way to buy popularity. Round his board "he collected all the notables of the county", and the quantity of "food and wine", the claret, the salmon and the sauce that were like "melted ambrosia" were opulence in excess. The "vast repository of plate he vouchsafed willingly to his neighbours; but it was beyond his good nature to talk to them" (pp. 235-8). He left before the meal was over, and so far had politeness degenerated that his guests "ate like hogs" (p. 238).

The feast points to a parallel in manners. Mary Thorne has two rivals for her hand, Frank Gresham and Louis Scatcherd, and both are guests at a meal, Frank at Gatherum Castle, and Louis at the dinner table at Greshamsbury.

Louis's manners are so abominable his fellow guests leave the table before the meal is over. Frank leaves the Duke's feast while his fellow guests are "gormandizing". Louis is removed forcibly when his rudeness and drunkenness become intolerable. Frank leaves voluntarily when disgusted with the bad manners of his fellow guests. With advantages in examples of good manners denied to Louis, the Duke's guests behaved no better than the misguided son of Roger Scatcherd. Louis, a part of the second generation of the nouveau riche, heralds no bright future, any more than "the notables" (the Duke included) of the present generation give hope that social behaviour will improve. Good manners are essential for pleasant harmonious communal living. Yet the nation has never been so rich, nor have its people enjoyed so much comfort and leisure. Travel is comfortable and quick compared to the rigors of the stage coach; luxuries from the Orient are common-place; all this ease and affluence make a less hardy, and a less congenial people.

Trollope is never absolute in his predictions, and Miss Martha Dunstable is his justification for his belief that money need not influence character or manners. Completely natural, and without pretence, she admits frankly that her fortune comes from the sale of "the oil of Lebanon", and when comment is made about "her hard dark curls" she parries the remark, saying "They'll always pass muster...when they are done up with bank notes" (p. 191). In conversation she is

forthright and is quick to recognize deceit and, like the Signora Neroni in Barchester Towers, serves Trollope's purpose in distinguishing the true from the false in Barsetshire society.

Perversely, things are apt to go awry, and the Lady Isabella De Courcy's scheme to have Frank marry Miss Dunstable is baulked by that lady's perception of what is afoot. "Sell yourself for money!", she exclaimed...."For shame--for shame, Mr. Gresham". "Why, if I were a man I would not sell one jot of liberty for mountains of gold" (p. 246). Dr. Thorne and Mary discuss Roger Scatcherd's wealth, and it could be Miss Dunstable's money they had in mind. "After all", said he, "money is a fine thing". "Very fine", Mary replied, "when it is well come by" (p. 140). To win her fortune Martha is courted, and she treats these adventurers with mocking derision. George De Courcy writes a letter avowing great love so obviously false her reply has in it a rasp and a sting the Hon. George is not sensitive enough to feel. Mr. Moffat's claim is that she and he have risen from the lower class, and that the highest aristocracy in England have been induced to invite them into their circles (pp. 228-9). She understands the insult and dismisses him forthwith.

An important aspect of life in the changing world of the nineteenth century is the breaking down of class barriers in respect to marriage. Mr. Moffat, a tailor's son, aspired to increase his "very large fortune", by marrying Augusta

Gresham for "six thousand pounds" (p. 54). But seeing Miss Dunstable's fortune to be much larger than Augusta's money he jilts Augusta. Later, when again Augusta has the prospect of marriage, this time with the lawyer Gazebee, she writes to her cousin, the Lady Amelia De Courcy, for advice. Amelia discourages the match, and a few years later marries the lawyer herself.

Marrying for money provokes Trollope's strongest disapproval and sharpest satire. It is an easy way for a man to live a life of ease and to pay his debts. He gains respectability in the eyes of the world, and can do all the things fashionable men do, but he is less a man. Trollope is no less severe in his condemnation of girls who marry for money. In Framley Parsonage he expresses his opinion in a surprisingly frank manner: "That girls should not marry for money we are all agreed. A Lady who can sell herself for a title or an estate...treats herself as a farmer treats his sheep and oxen". He compares her to "the poor wretch of her own sex who earns her bread in the lowest stage of degradation" (p. 229). In Doctor Thorne the tone is lighter, but no less earnest. In 1858 the National Review went to the heart of the novel and gave a summary of what the novel was about. It recognized that Trollope's objective was to ridicule the "pride of an old English family whose pedigree dates back to the age of chivalry unstained by a mésalliance for thirty generations...[and to have] nothing but bitter contempt for

those, who while pluming themselves on purity of blood and illustrious lineage consider that money can wipe out any taint".²⁶ Robert Tracy presents a view of the novel that links the whole novel to its first two chapters where Trollope makes his plea for the continuing of values that make "Englishmen...become what they are". "Like Disraeli", Tracy affirms, Trollope's "territorial constitution" in practice is closely bound up with traditional influences as guarantors of England's honour, her liberty and her wealth.²⁷

These same qualities, differently expressed, belong to Mary Thorne. She represents the principles and values that have made English women what they are. Mary's birth makes her an unusual representative of traditional values. She suffers in mid-Victorian society the worst stigma for a girl to bear: her illegitimacy; she is a waif rescued by her uncle "from the degradation of the workhouse; from the scorn of honest-born charity children; from the lowest of this world's low conditions" (p. 96). (Those who say Trollope gives no thought to the poor should read this.) Her uncle shelters her from the shame of her lowly birth, keeping the knowledge from her. But his silence is self-defeating, giving rise to fear of something too painful to tell. She questions him, and argues logically, leading him on as she tries to pry from him facts of her birth, entreating him about her prospects for marriage. He evades her questioning, and they engage in a half-playful dialogue:

Suppose, now, I could give you up to a rich man who would be able to insure you against all wants? 'Insure me against all wants! Oh, that would be a man. That would be selling me,...and the price you would receive would be freedom from future apprehensions as regards me. It would be a cowardly sale for you to make; and then, as to me--me the victim. (p. 140).

She brushes aside the dishonesty, the hypocrisy and cant of that intolerant age as she asks herself: "What makes a gentlewoman?" and answers: "Absolute, intrinsic, acknowledged individual merit must give it [gentility] to its possessor, let him be whom, and what, and whence he might" (p. 85). That Trollope gives this task to Mary, the one with no claim for gentility, is one of the surprises he hides in the narrative. But it is in keeping with one of the basic principles found in his novels and in his Autobiography: his claim that character, not money, position or rank, gives men and women the right to be called gentlemen or ladies. Elizabeth Bowen, writing of Mary Thorne, says:

Her effect on the Victorian reader may have been not unconnected with shock tactics: she was far from being the heroine then in fashion, limp with sweetness, pulpy with femininity. She is, in fact, a heroine in the greatest English tradition, from Shakespeare on--high-spirited, witty, resourceful, graceful and debonair....

Our most revealing, and constant, view of Mary is in her companionship with her doctor uncle: an equalitarianism of tender confidence. In the scenes between them, Trollope is so much at his best that Doctor Thorne could²⁸ twice over be called a love story.

Mary knows that were she to marry Frank she might harm him, and she will stand aside, not from social pressure, but for love of him. But she holds to her conviction that she has the right to love, and that right cannot be taken from her. The Lady Arabella's worship of money is so engrained in her, that Mary knows the futility of expecting her to understand love as the only true basis for marriage; and she has the courage to defy her when she comes to curb what she believes is an unwarranted exercise of proprietary right of self-will in one with no claim to money or rank. These two resolute women confront each other: "Lady Arabella...I will not be threatened...I will not listen to your calculations as to how much or how little Frank and I have to give each other....All that doctrine of money was horrible to her" (pp. 502-3). Was her love "to be weighed in pounds sterling per annum?" (p. 504) Frank's mother could not comprehend this, and she leaves knowing she was in the presence of a spirit superior to her own. Not all the arrogance of rank could stand against convictions so firmly fixed. In The Warden Mr. Harding is the first of Trollope's characters to prove how strong is the power of a will that refuses to be deflected from its purpose.

But when strength and purpose is lacking, a volte-face is easy. The Ladies Isobella and Arabella had treated Mary shamefully when she was poor, but they welcomed her with ecstatic delight now that she was rich. Completely insensitive to the fact that the money to save Greshamsbury came from a man they ignored, and whose presence at Boxall Hill they deplored, the De Courcy family now finds no honour too great to bestow on Mary. Could the De Courcy ladies be bridesmaids? asked the Lady Arabella, forgetting that Mary was socially unacceptable to be a bridesmaid for Augusta.

But The Duke, "who never went anywhere" (p. 565), came to Mary's wedding. The whole De Courcy family turned up, "count and countess, lords and ladies, Honourable Georges and Honourable Johns. What honour, indeed, could be too great to show to a bride who had fourteen thousand a year in her own right, or to a cousin who had done his duty by securing such a bride to himself!" (p. 561). There is humour and mockery in the telling of the "grand doings" of Mary's wedding, as if all the hypocrisy mounts up and comes together and explodes in a great display of insincerity and sham. "The world said the Squire "would forgive Mary's birth on account of her wealth" (p. 468) and is it only in fiction that such things happen?

offer With Trollope problems are solved by people, and among the several characters he has created are those who offer hope for the future. Frank at his coming-of-age festivities has the appearance of a callow youth, irresponsible and

scarcely aware of his family's precarious financial condition. But when he is prepared to farm a portion of Greshamsbury land in order to marry and support Mary, he has in one short year reached maturity. And if contrition can lead to a more capable and resolute Squire, Frank is responsible for that prospect, as with shame and anguish of mind the Squire asks of himself: "And was the heir of Greshamsbury come to this?...Whereas, he, the squire, had succeeded...to an unembarrassed income of fourteen thousand pounds a year!" (p. 469). The son is now paying for his father's folly. Bitterly he regrets he had not stood against the De Courcy influence and had not been manly enough to assert his authority. Ineptitude, lack of political convictions, and reckless spending have brought the proud house of the Greshams to this unhappy condition. Scatcherd's money saved Greshamsbury, for Mary directed it to that end. Sir Roger Scatcherd, whose hard work and enterprise should have awarded him a lifetime of honour and the gratitude of a nation and not just a title and a fortune, sinks into alcoholism and squalor, caught in a web of his own making. Nevertheless, Trollope has an admiration for this unhappy man. His money was honestly earned. The venom in the novel is directed towards the De Courcys. They offend in the worst possible manner, for their "precepts" and their "practice" are by no means the same.

In Trollope's day the popularity of Doctor Thorne rested largely on the fairy-tale ending; but it has come to be

prized for much more than that. Its vitality lies not on the surface but in its underlying theme that money can, but need not, change lives; that when men fail, kindness and mercy find something to praise, so life may go on. Trollope's inestimable gift is his ability to take a solemn subject and turn his novel into a work of happiness and light, and Doctor Thorne follows the pattern first laid down in the The Warden. In Framley Parsonage the scene changes, but the principles and objectives are the same as in that preceding novel. Other people and other places widen the Barsetshire map; and what these novels--The Warden, Doctor Thorne, and Framley Parsonage--have in common is recognition of Trollope's ability to find in his men and women their weaknesses and their strengths under stress, to see what priorities make them what they are, and to know how far money may be the final arbiter of character.

Chapter 4

FRAMLEY PARSONAGE

In Doctor Thorne and Framley Parsonage Trollope records, fictionally, a historic process apparent in non-fictional analysis of the age, and what these novels depict, imaginatively, is England in the late 'fifties of the century. They show Barsetshire, the once self-contained and self-sufficient rural county, with widening political and economic borders. From London, politicians of cabinet rank come to Gatherum Castle to plan their strategy and in London, the door is opened to the shabby quarters of the Tozer brothers whose name spells fear to country gentlemen; and in other dingy chambers, Mr. Fothergill, the Duke of Omnium's financial agent, conducts his ducal business, and he no less is to be feared. But at Lufton Court Lady Lufton holds to the old ways and to old values. Not all in Barsetshire changes.

In Greshamsbury, Squire Gresham, and at Chaldicotes, Squire Sowerby saw land as the only sure basis of power; but money now is the source of strength, and mill-owners and merchants, not the earlier land-owners, are the dominant class. In Doctor Thorne Sir Roger Scatcherd, once a labourer, and Mr. Moffat, a tailor's son, are the nouveau riche. Sir Roger has built a house on Greshamsbury land, and Mr. Moffat

wants to marry into the gentry.¹ In the end, the ancestral acres are restored to Greshamsbury, but in Framley Parsonage the parental heritage of Chaldicotes is lost to its squire. Greshamsbury is saved by the heiress to the three hundred thousand pounds of Sir Roger Scatcherd, and Chaldicotes becomes the possession of Mrs. Thorne, the former Miss Dunstable, heiress to the "Oil of Lebanon" fortune. It is the same story. The landed powers on which the greatness of Barsetshire depends are at a time of crisis. The economic and social instability of its country gentlemen are a threat to its peace and well-being, and Trollope was aware of the decline of the gentry, even as he was assured of their value.

Two men, Lord Lufton of Lufton Court and Mr. Nathaniel Sowerby, Squire of Chaldicotes, are heavily in debt, and their respective inherited estates are at risk. A third man, Mark Robarts, a young clergyman, is also in debt and may lose all he owns. Since these are not bad men, Trollope's meliorism is at work. They must be saved from final disaster. Nevertheless, they are foolish and inept, and they show that all is not well with the class they represent.

The Duke of Omnium is one of the "new men" (p. 23). He has an immense estate and he values land as a tangible evidence of power. "Indeed,...so covetous was he of Barsetshire property that he would lead a young neighbour to ruin, in order that he might get his land" (p. 14). Already Chaldicotes is mortgaged to him, for Mr. Sowerby "had wasted

is, says the narrator, "a spendthrift and gambler", and in his "extravagance" is "scarcely honest" (p. 254).

Electioneering is always a gamble, but in Victorian England bribery raised the stakes to ruinous levels for winner or loser. Sir Roger Scatcherd in Doctor Thorne won and lost his parliamentary seat by bribery; and George Vavasour in Can You Forgive Her? says he is ready to "risk everything", and "toss" it up "between the gallows and the House" (Book 1, p. 488). Scenes like these are frequent in Trollope's novels; and, even before his experience at Beverley, he shows how necessary reform is in the electioneering process.

Gambling is not confined to politics. Mark Robarts risked the goodwill of his patroness, Lady Lufton, on the prospect that friendship with Nathaniel Sowerby might lead to clerical preferment; and in paying for Mark's education, preparatory to his becoming the vicar of Framley, Lady Lufton took a considerable risk that her assessment of his character warranted so large an expense. "She was very desirous that her son should make an associate of this young clergyman" and "unconsciously wishful that he might in some measure be subject to her influence" (p. 3). That she had some reservations about her son's strength of character is evident and, to a degree, justified.

Gambling was not Lord Lufton's weakness, but Sowerby "had already entangled [him] in some pecuniary embarrassment"

(p. 24); and if there were in the whole county one other house that his mother disliked and feared more than Chaldicotes as a place of danger for her son and her protégé, it was Gatherum Castle, the home of that "great Whig autocrat" (p. 14), the Duke of Omnium; for, with his wealth, and his wish to be the dominant power in Barsetshire, his influence hangs over the county as a constant menace.

The Duke is seldom seen, and, as A.O.J. Cockshut observes, "he is more of a symbol than a character--a symbol of all the powers of the world".² He is the "great Llama", "shut up in a holy of holies, inscrutable, invisible, inexorable--not to be seen by men's eyes or heard by their ears, hardly to be mentioned by ordinary men..." (p. 400). To Lady Lufton he is the reverse of holy, he is "the impersonation of Lucifer upon earth" (p. 14). When he does mingle with his guests "nothing could exceed his urbanity" (p. 78), for he is as two-faced as Mr. Fothergill who "enacted two altogether different persons...a jolly, rollicking popular man", and on the Duke's business he is "unscrupulous" and "hard" (p. 294). The Duke transacts no business in person. He issues commands and is obeyed, and he "had notified to Fothergill his wish that some arrangement should be made about the Chaldicotes' mortgage" (p. 291). And when Mr. Fothergill came to tell Sowerby that he is to be "dispossessed" of his property, there was no smile on his face" (p. 295). The Duke represents money and politics at its highest level. Around

him politicians make their "plots", but he is above "such sublunar matters" (p. 84). About him are gathered the forces that are changing Barsetshire, and Trollope exaggerates in describing him to emphasize one of the salient points of the novel, the succumbing of the gentry to his monolithic power, the sinister power of the men behind the scenes who with unlimited funds manipulate the affairs of the nation. In The Way We Live Now Melmotte is another such unscrupulous manipulator of men.

Lady Lufton, aware of the Duke's designs, looked anxiously to the "fair acres of Framley Court" (p. 14), and feared Lord Lufton's association with what she called the Chaldicotes set (p. 13), that had led him and her young vicar away from her influence. For among the "true blue" politicians and politics with which his family had aligned itself, Ludovic was a "backslider" (p. 13), who "jeers and sneers at the old country doings" (p. 13), and with some bravado said "how good it is to have land in the market sometimes, so that the millionaires may know what to do with their money" (p. 138). It is the talk of a brash young man who has not learned, as yet, the value of money, and who makes noises asserting his independence and his modern ideas. "The more we can get out of old-fashioned grooves the better, I am pleased. I should be a radical tomorrow--a regular man of the people" (p. 176). But he does not stray far from his mother's values, as he ends it all with the revealing com-

ment: "Only I should break my mother's heart" (p. 176). To liquidate his gambling debts he would sell a portion of his estate; but Lady Lufton sells bonds she could ill spare, that the Lufton property might be safe from the Duke's "greedy maw" (p. 292).

In his Autobiography Trollope says that Mark Robarts is a young clergyman who "is led into temptation by his youth, and by the unclerical accidents of the life around him".³ He admits in the novel that Mark "had within him many aptitudes for good, but not the strengthened courage of a man to act up to them. The stuff of which his manhood was to be found had been slow of growth...consequently when temptation was offered to him he had fallen" (p. 457). This observation which applies aptly to Mark, might refer, in some respects, to Nathaniel Sowerby. He, too, at some period of his life, was led into temptation. But at fifty he is no longer young, and has grown callous in deceiving his friends. He has good qualities, but these do not keep him from sinking so low as to rob a young clergyman, though the law does not find his action criminal. Defaulting on bills, so that the signer is responsible and forced to redeem them at exorbitant interest, is legal though grossly immoral and unjust.

Sowerby knew he was sending his friend to that "gloomy, dingy back-sitting room...in South Audley Street...a horrid torture-chamber...[for] the breaking down of the spirits of such poor country gentlemen as chanced to be involved". It

was there that Mr. Fothergill transacted the Duke's business and Sowerby "had been there very often" (p. 293). Mark knew that "Sowerby was a dangerous man" (p. 24), and that young Lord Lufton had been in debt to him; but he repeated to himself a great many arguments why he should be so satisfied in accepting the Duke's invitation. Nonetheless, he could not argue away the stirring of his conscience that his presence at Gatherum Castle would offend and hurt Lady Lufton. In his letter to his wife, the postscript tells it plainly: "Make it as smooth at Framley Court as possible" (p. 43).

The living at Framley is in the gift of the Lufton family, but its vicar is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Barchester, Dr. Proudie. This did not, however, keep Lady Lufton from claiming the right to control the parish and the actions of its vicar, as did Lady Catherine De Bourgh at Hunsford where Mr. Collins in Pride and Prejudice similarly enjoyed the bounty of his patroness.

All the benefits that Mark enjoyed at Framley came to him, not by his own efforts, but from Lady Lufton: his education, his wife, and his parish, but for these he was "not as grateful as he should have been" (p. 35). Trollope acknowledged that "conceit" was not, perhaps, Mark's great danger; but Mark "did think that all these good things had been the result of his own particular merits...and that he was different from other parsons, more fitted...for intimacy with great persons, more urbane, more polished, more richly

endowed" (p. 35). Much in her young vicar justified Lady Lufton in her choice, though he had something of the youthful rebellious spirit of her son. "Had he remained a curate to the age of six and twenty", and been "subject in all his movements to the eye of a superior" he might not "have put his name" to Sowerby's bills, or "seen...the iniquities of Gatherum Castle" (p. 457). But had he come later to Framley, he would not have known the chastening that was to make him a better man and a better clergyman.

Mark's encounter with his beguiling "friend", and his signing of that first fatal bill, is a study of a young man of a middle-class family of limited means, who finds himself possessed of a rich parish at too early an age to have much knowledge of the world. His inflated sense of his own importance made him resent Lady Lufton's assumption of authority. True, he owed to her all the good things he enjoyed, but gratitude when it makes demands is irksome, and Lady Lufton looked for gratitude from her protégé. A dictatorial manner towards those who served them was part of the old order, and Mark's reaction to Lady Lufton's autocratic manner is symptomatic of the changes in rural society. Going to Gatherum Castle is part of that resentment, and a continuation of his mood of childish petulance is evident in the business of appointing a teacher for Framley school:

"I'll tell you what, Fanny, [Lady Lufton] must have her way about Sarah Thompson".

"But if it's wrong Mark?"

"Sarah Thompson is very respectable; the only question is whether she can teach".

Fanny is not happy with his answer. "Why should he, the vicar, consent to receive an incompetent teacher when he was able to procure one who was competent?" (p. 7).

In Mark's present state of mind, Sowerby's attention was flattering. That this suave, sophisticated man of the world acted as his friend was a boost to his self-confidence; and if there were dangers in associating with such a man, danger could be enticing. In any event, "it behoved him as a man and a priest to break through that Framley thralldom" (p. 36). But for Mark Sowerby became the devil to his Faust, and if the devil is a mythical figure, what he represents is very real. And could Mark not "relish the intimacy" (p. 24) with this clever man and good companion. And how tempting were the words:

"If you persist in refusing [the Duke's] invitation [to visit Gatherum Castle], will it not be because you are afraid of making Lady Lufton angry? I do not know what there can be in that woman that she is able to hold both you and Lufton in leading strings...it would do for you to live exactly according to her ideas...but if you have higher ideas...you will be very wrong to omit the present opportunity of going to the Duke's"(pp. 37-8).

When Mark demurred, the wily tempter replied: "I would be the last man in the world to ridicule your scruples about duty, if this hesitation on your part arose from any such scruples" (p. 37). In any case, "What is the good of a man keeping a curate if it is not to save him from...drudgery" (p. 38), and "the bishop of the diocese is to be one of the party" (p. 38).

As Mark's experience of the "fashionable and rich" world grows, he is less attracted to what it has to offer. The banality of the conversation of the guests at Gatherum Castle, (pierced now and then by Miss Dunstable's sharp wit which Mrs. Proudie fails to comprehend) is, in itself, enough to make him wish he were back at the Parsonage, or Framley Court, where the company is congenial and the talk agreeable. The fiasco of Mr. Harold's lecture; Mrs. Proudie's rude interruption of it;⁴ and the careless disregard of his concern to be on time at the church where he is to preach, all these add to his feeling that, if this were the way to rise in the world, "it were better for him...to do without rising" (p. 75). They point also to an awareness that he was in an environment in which he was not at ease, to a nervous reaction that comes from being out of place. They prepared the way for his being too cowardly to have said "No" when coerced by Sowerby to sign his bill (p. 456).

"It is not every young man, let his profession be what it may, who can receive overtures of friendship from dukes without some elation. Mark, too, had risen in the world...by

knowing great people" (p. 33); but what they had to offer was not to be compared to what the Duke could do for his new young friend. He has about him "the sort of men who are successful nowadays" (p. 195), and his "vast hall" is adorned with "trophies" symbolic of his other conquests. But the force of Mark's seduction came when he felt "an indescribable attraction to his new friend" who gave value for his money (p. 95).

There was nothing wrong in a young clergyman wanting to rise in his profession, nor was it unusual for a young clergyman like Mark to welcome overtures of friendship from a member for Barchester, Whig or Tory. The Church's link with the state encouraged the clergy to be in good standing with politicians. Mark's temptation came, therefore, not in wanting preferment, but in the way he was willing to accept it. He knew "at the time how gross was his error" in signing Sowerby's bill and "he remembered the evening...when the bill had been brought out, and he had allowed himself to be persuaded to put his name upon it--not because he was willing in this way to assist his friend, but because he was unable to refuse" (p. 456). And, as so often happens, yielding to one temptation led to another; for as the novel progresses, Trollope makes it clear that Mark, having once fallen into Sowerby's net, the entanglement grew stronger and tighter. He signed a second Sowerby note, he took possession of Sowerby's horse at great cost to himself, and from Sowerby and his

associates he accepted a prebendal stall at Barchester Cathedral. The devil gave the young Faust his desire, and Mr. Sowerby gave Mark his preferment, a gift so tainted with simony that the Jupiter lashed out at Mark without pity. Fortunately, the scandal did not reach great proportions. Preparations for the coming general election, "and the circumstances of that fight were so exciting that Mr. Robarts and his article were forgotten" (p. 512), but Mark "could not be easy in his mind so long as he held [the stall]" (p. 508), and with it the six hundred pounds a year that accompanied it.

To Lady Lufton is left the task of putting prebendal stalls in their right perspective:

"Prebendal stalls are for older men than he--for men who have earned them, and who at the end of their lives want some ease. I wish with all my heart that he had not taken it".

"Six hundred a year has its charms all the same" said Lufton, getting up and strolling out of the room" (p. 465).

Mark's indebtedness remained, and that six hundred a year could help to meet it. But the stall had brought public disgrace, disgrace to Fanny and to Framley, and, in anger, he called Sowerby "a sharper" who had "cozened" him out of his money. To this Sowerby replied as if his own similar plight might make Mark's complaint less valid: "I am at this moment

a ruined man....Everything is going from me--my place in the world, the estate of my family...my seat in Parliament"; but he was not so heartless as not to regret that he had brought "misery" to Mark (p. 359). His sorry tale did not lessen Mark's anger, nor abate Mark's self-accusation that he had "been very foolish" (p. 363); and how could he tell his wife that he owed Sowerby "twelve or thirteen hundred pounds" (more than a year's stipend)? When he told her he knew the possible consequences of such a debt, she answered: "How could anything like this make a difference between you and me?" (p. 477).

It was a sad day for Mark when the bailiffs came to his Parsonage, "a terrible morning to him...He had been so proud of his position--had assumed to himself so prominent a standing--had contrived, by some trick...to carry his head so high above the heads of neighbouring parsons....What would the Arabins and the Grantlys say? How would the bishop sneer at him, and Mrs. Proudie and her daughters tell of him in all their quarters?" (p. 477). This is his expectation of how his fellow clergy will respond to the news of his humiliation. There is no pity, no concern that a promising young clergyman and his family are suffering. It serves as a veiled charge against the Church that has become so occupied with respectability and success that it has forgotten to be kind.

In spite of all the evil that Sowerby has done, Trollope,

with his constant generosity to an offender, says he has for him "some tender feeling, knowing that there was still a touch of gentle bearing round his heart" (p. 482). It was Sowerby's misfortune that he became embroiled in the Duke's affairs, and Trollope makes every possible excuse for him. "There are men, even of high birth, who seem as though they were born to be rogues; but Mr. Sowerby was, to my thinking, born to be a gentleman". That he had not been a gentleman "let us all acknowledge". "His very blackguard action, to obtain a friend's acceptance to a bill in an unguarded hour of social intercourse....and other similar doings have stamped his character too plainly". But with all that, he still can say, "under better guidance" he might "have produced better things" (p. 515-6). It is no wonder that Beatrice Curtis Brown speaks so highly of Framley Parsonage, and says that in it Trollope reveals "his comprehension of villainy as human personality in retreat".⁵

Lady Lufton has the same spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation. In a lovely scene she comes to Fanny to apologise for speaking harshly to her about Mark's presence at Gatherum Castle, and when Lord Lufton tells her that he sent Mark to Sowerby, that "it has been more my fault than his", she graciously treats Mark's "look of shame" by "joining [his] name with the name of her son" (p. 496). Money is not the issue here. Forgiveness by Fanny and Lady Lufton has restored Mark to his rightful place. His ordeal has led to

revelation to self, humility, harsh and purgative, and ultimately to healing. Sowerby had wanted to begin again. "If only he could get another chance" (p. 255); but it is too late for that. He has betrayed his aristocratic lineage and its values, and some things that are wasted, or lost, can never be regained, as the narrator wisely (if ironically) adds: "Money is a serious thing; and when gone cannot be had back by the shuffle in the game, or a fortunate blow with the battledore, as may political power, or reputation, or fashion". Sowerby's "one hundred thousand pounds [are] gone", gone on the shake of a dice, the turn of a card, on the hustings at the election (p. 515).

Culpable also is the government of the day, that thinks only of the day, and robs future generations of their birth-right. "A ruthless Chancellor of the Exchequer...requires money from the lands" (p. 23), and deforestation of the English countryside is a way to have it. Destroying all that loveliness was one of the most regrettable happenings in the nineteenth century. The loss of this beauty, and the enjoyment that these ancient forests gave those who lived within their shadow can never be regained, and, as Trollope tells it, the sense of his own regret, even anger, is very real:

There is an old forest...called the Chase of ChaldicotesIn former times it was a great forest, stretching half across the country...consisting of aged hollow oaks, centuries old, and widespreading withered

beeches....People still come from afar to see the oaks of Chaldicotes, and to hear their feet rustle among the thick autumn leaves. But they will soon come no longer. The giants of past ages are to give way to wheat and turnips" (p. 21-2).

Poets through the years have extolled rural England, and the fictional story of the Chase of Chaldicotes signifies how great is the danger to England's landed gentry that they, for money, will barter their ancient heritage.

Chaldicotes is Crown property, but part of it belonged to Sowerby, "who through all his pecuniary distress has managed to save it from the axe and the auction mart" (p. 22), and for the last time he visits it. "His companions did not give him credit for thinking as a poet",⁶ or that "his mind would be almost poetical" as he wandered among the forest trees," listening "to the birds singing", and picking "here and there a wild flower", seeing the beautiful colours against the banks of a watercourse, and, "thinking of these things, [he] wished that he had never been born" (pp. 404-5).

By Lady Lufton's reckoning Sowerby's failure was due to his never marrying. Every man, she held "was bound to marry as soon as he could maintain a wife; and men in general were inclined to neglect this duty for their own selfish gratification (p. 14). Possibly, this view of marriage conforms to the Victorian idea of a moral productive society--each man married and the father of a family. This is an attitude to marriage

with which Trollope probably would agree, with this rider; matrimonial tidiness is not so simple. But in the matter of primogeniture there does seem to be something almost primitive in a society where possessions, and, in particular, the family estate, are to be passed on to one of the same blood line, in order that the family name, in some ghostly sense, may continue to be identified with the property it represents. On the other hand, it does conserve the boundaries of the rigid class system, and for Lady Lufton the breaking down of those boundaries was a matter of grave concern. If Ludovic Lufton does not marry, the House of Lufton will go the way of the House of Sowerby and for his apparent reluctance to marry she blames the "baneful" influence of Sowerby, and the Duke who also has not married (p. 14). When she calls them "sinners" for that failing, the word may have a facetious implication, but it does have a suggestion that not to marry is a moral and a social neglect. It is part of Trollope's indictment against Sowerby. To be the member of one's family that has "ruined that family to have swallowed up in one's own maw all that should have graced one's children and one's grandchildren! It seems to me that the misfortunes of this world can hardly go beyond that!" (p. 292). Marriage with Miss Dunstable might save Sowerby, and he had assured himself "he would use her well, and not rob her of her money--beyond what was absolutely necessary" (p. 255). Instead, she saved Chaldicotes, and offered it to him for life "without any rent" (p. 406). But

he "could not endure his altered position in the county", and "he vanished away, as such men do vanish" (p. 516).

Miss Dunstable had greater wealth than the Duke of Omnium, and, for that reason she had no economic need to marry. She managed her money wisely and generously, but found she had many fairweather friends. She spent her time with the "Chaldicotes set" and knew that she was gradually becoming irreverent, scornful and prone to ridicule...and hating it, she hardly knew how to break from it" (p. 190). Robert M. Polhemus describes her predicament: "In an oddly moving way Trollope shows the sparkling but callow upper-class world gradually forcing her to hide her natural warmth and generosity and throw up a protective wall of sarcastic irony around herself in order not to be hurt".⁷ More than that. She must "face up to the fact that her wealth prevents her from ever experiencing the kind of romantic love that was supposed to be the dream of Victorian maidens".⁸ Certainly, the possessor of a fortune had his or her problems, and for Miss Dunstable, "fending off insincere suitors"⁹ was one of them. In the end, she married the staid and sedate Dr. Thorne, who appeared to take his marriage most nonchalantly, as the narrator wryly comments: "'And so I am going to marry the richest woman in England' said Dr. Thorne, to himself, as he sat down that day to eat his mutton chop" (p. 429). In The Warden, Dr. Thorne is described as a "second cousin" to the Thornes of Ullathorne, and, when he marries Miss

Dunstable he is the new Squire of Chaldicotes, the house reverts to its ancient and honoured place among those of the gentry. "There [Dr. and Mrs. Thorne] live respected by their neighbours, and on terms of alliance both with the Duke of Omnium and with Lady Lufton" (p. 522).

Another influence for reconciliation comes from Lufton Court, where Lady Lufton's intervention often relieves the tension. Hasty in temper, she is quick to seek forgiveness for an unkind word, for she is a woman who would cause no sorrow to those she loved without deep sorrow to herself. She has old-fashioned values and is autocratic, but not inflexible in her demands. "She liked cheerful, quiet, well-to-do people...who were not too anxious to make a noise in the world" (p. 15). In Framley she is a Lady Bountiful, distributing her largesse as in the days when money was not the means of charity and when personal concern added much to the tangible benefits bestowed. For her, money is a responsibility and a trust, and she stands in direct opposition to the Duke who uses money as a means to bend others to his will and purpose. That each recognized in the other the undeclared enmity between them, was evident at Miss Dunstable's "At Home", where, inadvertantly, they meet. With "an ineffable amount of scorn" she administered a silent snub. "She curtsied low and slowly", and haughtily arranged her draperies; but the curtsy, though "eloquent", did not say half as much as "the gradual fall of her eye, and the gradual pressure of her lips". "She

spoke no word...but nevertheless she was held by all the world to have had the best of the encounter" (p. 315). Men like the Duke are invincible, are indifferent to a snub, and he responded with "a slight smile of derision", as if to say the days of her dominion are over. To the onlookers it was a great matter for gossip, and Tom Towers of the Jupiter was there to publish it abroad. These reactions were passing. What counted was the meeting of the two forces competing for the overlordship of Barsetshire. The new power of money is set against the old Barset values that Lady Lufton guards at Lufton Court, and against the fashionable world of London of which the Duke is the leader. Behind the Duke are those who, gaining his recognition, expect to rise in the world. Men like Harold Smith, who, "not possessed of any large fortune, had made politics his profession". He was "conceited, long-winded and pompous", but "eminently useful" (p. 16), just the kind of man the Duke could use. His wife was a "clever bright woman". She did not love her husband, but "had married him on the speculation that he would become politically important" (p. 16).

The political background to Framley Parsonage is given early in the novel to lend full significance to the duke's ability to influence parliamentarians and indirectly to change Barsetshire, and to gather around him those amenable to his persuasion--all part of a system of patronage dangerous to the state and dangerous to Barsetshire. To enter parliament a man

needed money, or someone behind him who would pay the extraordinarily high price of electioneering, as Miss Dunstable did for Sowerby. The candidate having the largest amount of money, therefore, had an advantage over his rival who must take his chance with a smaller sum. This invariably leads to corruption and the possible corruption of the candidate. His obligation to his patron makes it almost imperative that he mould his political opinions as his patron requires. Miss Dunstable laid no bond on Sowerby but the Duke used the system to his advantage. To be an "appanage of any peer, but more especially of a peer who was known to be the most immoral Lord", Barsetshire seemed not to mind, as the narrator remarks:

It is wonderful how much disgrace of that kind a borough or county can endure without flinching; and wonderful, also, seeing how supreme is the value attached to the Constitution by the realm at large, how very little the principles of that Constitution are valued by the people in detail (p. 514).

Surely, no stronger words can be used to show how money can corrupt. In the ebb and flow of party politics the Whigs introduced the "bishop's bill" to increase the number of bishops by two. When it received so little popular support they feared for "their little project". But the Tories took it up immediately they came to power, and the narrator

comments again on the lack of principle in current politics: "bishops appointed by ourselves may be very good things, whereas those appointed by our adversaries will be anything but good" (p. 249); and "during the week Dr. Grantly might be seen entering the official chambers of the First Lord of the Treasury". For Mrs. Grantly, it was "a very nervous time", and a sad blow to her pride when the bill was abandoned. For the Archdeacon, the disappointment in its effect was beneficial. Some said it was "sour grapes", but he asked: "Why should he trouble himself about a bishopric"? Was he not well as he was...and might it not be possible...at Westminster...that he might be regarded merely as a tool with which other men could work?....He would take his wife back to Barsetshire, and there live contented with the good things which Providence had given him" (p. 270). For the sincerity of this decision, Trollope gives him the benefit of the doubt. Dr. Grantly's acceptance of the fact that he will not be a bishop is an interesting study of a man who does not associate money with ambition, a frame of mind rare in Trollope's day. He "did wish to be Bishop of Westminster, and was anxious to compass that preferment by any means that might appear to him to be fair" (p. 269). Mark had wanted preferment by means that were not fair. Both were disappointed in their respective dreams, and both were wiser and morally stronger after they accepted that what they had was better than what they had wanted. As for Mrs. Grantly, the

Archdeacon "knew that it was past his power to teach her at the moment to drop her ambition" (pp. 270-1).

Mrs. Grantly "had never been more than half-worldly", for the circumstances of her life had induced her to serve God and Mammon", and the reconciling of these two deities, which she had carried on so successfully, resulted in the rearing of a daughter so beautiful she was like a Grecian statue, but as inanimate and as cold. The "one main object" of Mrs. Grantly's life was the "formation" of Griselda's character" and "her establishment in the world" (p. 431). She "had been heard to say, that she was in no hurry to see her daughter established in the world;--ordinary young ladies are merely married, but those of real importance are established" (p. 120). When Lord Dumbello paid special attention to Griselda "the self-glorification might have been fatal", but when he proposed marriage, "the great truth burst upon them in all its splendour" (pp. 430-1). This was the bride that Lady Lufton chose for her son, a chatelaine worthy of Framley Court, (and a worthy successor to herself), who knew how to dress, how to sit, and how to get in and out of her carriage" (p. 475). Fortunately, Ludovic Lufton had the good sense to prefer the "insignificant" Lucy Robarts to the matrimonial "prize" his mother had in store for him. He did think, momentarily, of making her his wife; but the marriage would have been disastrous for Lady Lufton. Griselda had one interest, and one objective, and to that end she concentrated

all her attention: her desire to be at all times beautifully and fashionably dressed.

When Griselda's aunt, Mrs. Arabin, questioned the wisdom of Griselda's engagement to Lord Dumbello, whether her heart is involved, her mother replies: "But it is so hard to keep the heart fresh among all the grandeurs of high rank; and it is harder for a girl to do so who has not been born to it, than for one who has enjoyed it as her birthright" (p. 435). Before her wedding, what Griselda's heart did engage in, was "the magnificence of her trousseau" (p. 434): a blaze of splendour in which money was no object and on which she "went to work with a solemn industry and a steady perseverance that was beyond all praise" (p. 434). Vanity such as this, is self-engrossing and self-absorbing, and those who give themselves to it cannot enter into a sensitive relationship with another. Only those who respond in admiration to perfection in dress and feature, have relevance in the rich and costly world of fashion. It is a heartless world, and Griselda's relationship with her grandfather, Mr. Harding, shows how callous and indifferent to another's hurt that world can be. In this novel Mr. Harding is described as "an old clergyman, plain and simple in his manners, and not occupying a very prominent position, seeing he was only a precentor". He "made no attempt to hold his head high in Barchester circles" (p. 435), and when he lovingly congratulated Griselda on her "great promotion", she avoided contact with him and touched

his forehead lightly with lips "reserved for nobler foreheads than that of an old cathedral hack" (p. 436).

Mrs. Grantly, whose "accumulated clerical wealth...had not utterly crushed her" (p. 520), acknowledged that her daughter lacked "something...she had desired" (p. 519), and wondered if she could still "boast" about her daughter's education. Her great triumph, after all, was only a pyrrhic victory. But if any feeling of remorse lingered, it was dispelled by "the perfect success of her daughter's married life" (p. 520). And Lord Dumbello "was by no means dissatisfied with his bargain. He had married a wife...whom every man admired". "All the world...had been stricken by the stately beauty of the young viscountess" (p. 520). There's a sadness here, that wealth and ambition have taken from a young girl the natural qualities inherent in her, and made her a show-piece for the gratification of those who value her not for herself but for the likeness she has to the cold inanimate beauty of a Grecian statue.

To see Griselda as an object of scorn for her self-absorption and her concentration on her wardrobe, and for acting almost mindlessly the duties required of a future Marchioness of Hartletop, can in the context of her time, be seen as a consequence of the industrial age. Men who had made a fortune seemed to consign their women to a kind of English purdah where they were not expected to have the ability to understand the world in which their husbands spent six days a

week in office, mart and factory. They, therefore, had nothing to do but gossip and parade the recent fashions. Raymond Chapman describes the lot of such women:

It is essentially a man's world, although there was no lack of henpecked husbands as many of the comic writers testified, In the matter of official rights, women were an under-privileged class fighting for status. In spite of the eighteenth-century tradition of learned women who could converse with men on equal terms...women were not expected to know more than the routine of domestic
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management.

In his portrayal of the superficial Griselda and the genuine worth of Lucy Robarts, Trollope shows an acute insight into their contrasting characters. Griselda without her beauty would be unnoticed, for behind that beauty she had nothing to offer. Lucy was one of Trollope's small "brown girls", not remarkable for beauty, but she had natural grace, sympathy and good sense. She was not cowed by Lady Lufton's effort to make her feel that she was not worthy to be Lord Lufton's wife, and she "decidedly" had the best of the argument when Lady Lufton made that clear to her. But when Mrs. Crawley was likely to die from what was then the usually fatal disease of typhoid fever, Lucy risking her own life went to Hoggelstock and cared for her until she recovered, and Lady Lufton admitted that Lucy was not "insignificant", but a girl

of courage and determination. Moreover, Lucy accomplished what no one else could do.¹¹ She overcame Crawley's stubborn resistance to accepting help from any source, and she touched depths in him rarely seen. When he waited to hand her into her carriage before she left Hoggstock he told her, in the stilted speech he sometimes used:

You have brought sunshine into this house, even in a time of sickness, when there was no sunshine...To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought light, and comfort, and good words,- making my spirit glad within me as it had not been gladdened before (p. 507).

Josiah Crawley, who with his wife "had gone forth determined to fight bravely together; to disregard the world and the world's ways, looking to God and to each other for their comfort", would in such manner live "poorly" and "decently" "working out their work, not with their hands but with their hearts" (p. 156). "It had been a weary life and a fearful struggle", which put his "philosophy to so stern a proof" and many things he had despised no longer were "trifling" (p. 157). It meant the waste of intellectual and moral power, of frustration and despair, for disillusionment can be bitter; and it created a nagging self-depreciating envy of those whose needs for daily living are amply supplied.

With the Crawleys, a sharp contrast is given. Daily he

complained of the hardships he suffered, but "she never yielded to despair, nor found the struggle "beyond her power of endurance" (p. 157). Mrs Robarts and Lucy discuss this distinction:

"How very different those two are", said Mrs. Robarts...

"But we must remember what he has to bear. It is not every one that can endure such a life as his without false pride and false shame".

"But she has neither", said Lucy (p. 241).

Crawley's story brings into contrast the inequality between the parishes of Framley and Hoggstock. Mark has a comfortable parsonage, a stipend of nine hundred pounds a year. Crawley has a miserable stipend of one hundred and thirty pounds a year and a shabby parsonage with shabbier furniture. His parish is comprised of two villages with work for two men, but Crawley labours alone. Framley is one parish and has a curate. Mark has time to spend at Gatherum Castle, while Crawley, at Lady Lufton's request, has time to walk all the way to Framley to counsel her wayward protégé. Such inequality is a blemish on the Church's name, and, Trollope, recognising it as such, writes: "In other trades, professions and lines of life, men are paid according to their work. Let it be in the Church. Such will, sooner or later be the edict of a utilitarian, reforming, matter-of-fact House of Parliament" (p. 155). His approach to the

Church is pragmatic and practical, and Professor Booth sees no "evidence to show that he was other than a staunch member of the established Church of England, who took his spiritual duties and responsibilities with proper but not unseemly seriousness".¹² At the same time Trollope condemns it for allowing curates to have incomes so small they can hardly live. To him it is a moral issue as much as a financial inequality.

Hugh L. Hennedy refers to the "moralistic intent" in Framley Parsonage, but "fortunately" he says "Trollope's¹³ artistry usually saves the novel from crude moralism". Ruth apRoberts's view of the "moral" Trollope applies particularly to Framley Parsonage and James R. Kincaid outlines her "bold attempt to define the heart of Trollope's method and concern". Her argument, he maintains, is that "while Trollope is essentially moral, he consistently regards a set of moral systems as a sign of intellectual naiveté. In place of such systems he insists on a flexible morality, based on a relativity that can find its only test and certainty in¹⁴ empiricism", and Framley Parsonage gives occasions to prove this principle. For Lord Lufton, Mark, and even Sowerby, some excuse is given for their wrong-doing. Circumstances, as much as moral weakness, prompt their actions making the weight of conscience and the burden of censure lighter to bear.

In his Autobiography Trollope calls the plot of Framley Parsonage a "hodge podge",¹⁵ but this, says Bradford Booth,

"is not strictly true...the story lines" are complementary. "They merge naturally and easily. The camera eye is wide-angled and takes in almost the whole of Barsetshire, but there is an effective unity".¹⁶

It has been a principle purpose of the argument in this chapter that one of the subjects developed in the novel is money; all the characters directly or indirectly are touched by it. Significant among them are Lucy Robarts and Griselda Grantly with their respective love stories. Lucy is "the beggar's daughter" who is to marry Ludovic Lufton, "King Cophetua" (p. 378) of the tale, and go penniless to her wedding; and Griselda, the daughter of the rich Dr. Grantly, will have a fine dowry to take to her marriage with Lord Dumbello. And when Lord Lufton, as Mark's prospective brother-in-law, lends Mark money to send the bailiffs from Framley parsonage, love and money restore peace and harmony to Framley. Money determines the future for Sowerby, Lord Lufton and Mark. If Ludovic Lufton had not had a mother willing to sell bonds, or, if he had not had lands to sell to free him from Sowerby's entanglement, he might have gone the same way as Sowerby. And, again, if he had not rescued Mark from the money-lenders, Framley might have had to find a new vicar. The list goes on. Noticeable in the novel is Trollope's sympathy with his characters; he is there beside them to save them from final disaster. Even for Sowerby he has this charity or, as Hugh Walpole puts it:

"Trollope has a true, almost Balzacian genius" and feeling for men like Sowerby, and that "his final decline and ruin a proper and never cruel climax".¹⁷

Among Trollope's critics are those who see in Framley Parsonage the beginning of the pessimism they find in his later novels. Robert Polhemus finds it "tinged with melancholy and disillusionment", written in "a mood of resignation to a very imperfect world".¹⁸ Trollope wrote in a time of change and uncertainty in many aspects of mid-Victorian life; but I do not agree that at this stage in his writing he gives any sign of pessimism. Indeed, the reverse might be claimed. Framley Parsonage has forgiveness, gracious giving and the sharing of pain, and, as James R. Kincaid says, it ends in "a hilarious riot of weddings".¹⁹ Nevertheless, there is a darker side to the novel and, at times, Trollope's moral judgment seems harsh. But in a world where money is highly esteemed, pitfalls for the unwary are many. Others knowingly squander and misuse their wealth, and for these there is condemnation and rebuke. But Framley Parsonage is a novel of compassion, of tempering censure with concern, of moving toward a more ambivalent attitude, to find in any given circumstances that no one is wholly depraved and no one is wholly good.

Chapter 5

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET

By almost unanimous consent The Last Chronicle of Barset* is judged to be the best of Trollope's novels. It is not as widely known as Barchester Towers, but, with the possible exception of The Way We Live Now (1873), in scope and complexity it exceeds anything else Trollope wrote. In 1867 the Examiner called the Barsetshire chronicles "the best set of sequels in our literature"; and in this, the last of the series, Trollope bids his characters a lingering farewell, and leaves with many poignant memories, the "dear county" that "occupied in his affections a place and a scheme of values which no real-life setting could have filled".²

Yet in The Chronicle new characters are introduced and, according to the readings of some critics, they are "irrelevant to the tight-knit Barsetshire story with Josiah Crawley as its central figure"; these critics see Johnny Eames's inclusion as "a patch unskilfully laid on of incongruous colour and different material".³ When Trollope wrote this novel he was at the height of his popularity and at the peak of his maturity as a writer; it would be strange if, while developing his masterful portrait of the Rev. Josiah

*Hereafter the title of the novel will be The Chronicle.

Crawley, he strained the reader's attention with irrelevant sub-plots and incongruous subjects.

Nevertheless, the complaint about the London scenes is, from certain points of view, valid and has much to justify it. It is at first difficult to find cohesion and a unifying purpose between the Crawley story and the Jael story, or to know why Johnny Eames's long and tedious dalliance with Madalina Desmolines is given such prominence. These things distract attention from Josiah Crawley and from Trollope's skilful and sympathetic handling of the deaths of Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Harding. This chapter will endeavour to show, nonetheless, that there is a link between the apparently disparate elements in The Chronicle and that money features prominently in unifying them.⁴

Geoffrey Harvey calls the London scenes "a change in tone from the tragic to the satirical",⁵ giving a rich variation on the conflict between London and county, and a panoramic view of life in the "sixties that only The Way We Live Now (1873) can approach." For London, as in others of the Barset series, is more an idea than a place, a Vanity Fair, set against Barsetshire with its different set of values, a city dangerous for Johnny Eames. So far has London affected those values that Barsetshire itself is now dangerous for Crawley.

The Chronicle reiterates what Trollope has been saying in other Barset novels, that money, or the lack of it, in-

fluences and exposes character. Everyone in the novel is in some degree affected by it. Even Mr. Harding, so indifferent to its importance, lies lonely and feeble in Barchester, longing for his beloved Eleanor's return, for she is wealthy and is on a tour on the Continent with her son. Money spent on travel is "fashionable and acceptable", but when as much as six hundred pounds is given for a portrait by Conway Dalrymple, of a "countess" posing as "a fairy with wings", or "as a goddess with a helmet" (Bk. 1, pp. 243-4) that is bizarre, a waste of time, talent and money. They are, as Geoffrey Harvey sees them, "perversions of art and history... [a] simple pandering to the commercial man's desire to attain a kind of heroic immortality".⁶ "But the rich English world" wanted pictures by a young artist who "had pushed himself into the height of fashion during the last year or so", and Conway Dalrymple was "picking up his gilt sugarplums with considerable rapidity" (Bk. 1, p. 244). Theatre and portraiture therefore give the impression of artificiality and sham to the London scenes. Raymond Chapman's description of the travesty of art at the time is consistent with this view of it:

The middle of the nineteenth century was a prosperous time for the artist with a popular appeal. The comfortable middle class--and those who aspired to join it--had generally more money than taste. The domestic display of original paintings...was valued as a part of

interior decoration. The deeper perception of a work of art as an entity in its own right...was seldom considered.⁷

To bring art down to this level reflects a revolt against the morality of an earlier age and a trend towards measuring it solely by mercenary calculations, the propensity to value a man by what he owns more than by what he is, by his rank and position rather than how he functions. Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, in inviting guests to her dinner party, acted on those assumptions. Johnny Eames, invited by his friend Conway Dalrymple to one of her parties, noticed that money and position had guided her choice of guests, and a strange gathering of men and women sat down to dine at her table, prompting a remark to his friend: "There is a sort of persons going now,--and one meets them out here and there every day of one's life,--who are downright Brummagem, [a contemptuous name for Birmingham, as a city of counterfeit coins] to the ear and to the touch and to the sight, and we recognize them as such at the very first moment" (Bk. 1, p. 258).

The Dobbs Broughton dinner party brings together all the Bayswater characters. Initially Johnny is critical of his fellow guests; but he is fascinated by the sophisticated Madalina Desmolines; though it "was known to everyone in the office" that he is "in love with the same lady [Lily Dale]...He had this passion", and says the narrator, "I am inclined to think that he was a little proud of his own

constancy: (Bk. 1, p. 147). Yet when he left Lily before setting out to find Mrs. Arabin, and she spoke kindly to him giving him the hope that one day he might win her, he goes immediately to Madalina to be entertained by "the mystery" with which she attracts him. "It's as good as a play" (Bk. 1, p. 270) he says, and he believes Madalina rehearses some scenes before time "with her mother or with the page" (Bk. 2, p. 361).

In Bayswater life is a game, or a stage on which to posture, and Johnny Eames has become part of the play. In Allington and Guestwick he is honest and dependable, but in London he accepts shoddy values. He has gone up in the world, and "there had grown up in the office a way of calling him Johnny behind his back, which had probably come down from the early days of his scrapes and his poverty" (Bk. 1, p. 145-6). He is private secretary to Sir Raffle Buffle. He has money. His patron, the Earl De Guest, generously remembered him in his will, and people...in very handsome houses...were glad to ask him out to dinner" (Bk. 1, p. 243). In thrashing his rival Crosbie, "Mr. John Eames had about him much of the heroic" (Bk. 1, p. 147). He is now a young eligible bachelor with a fine income, and time to be idle. "A fellow must have something to do", he tells his friend Conway, and flirting with Madalina Desmolines is "as good as anything else" (Bk. 2, pp. 28). But so foolish has he been in his behaviour with her that only a policeman on his beat

saves him from the matrimonial designs of Madalina and her mother. This contrariness that put in jeopardy his hope for winning Lily is one of the many examples in The Chronicle of what Mrs. Grantly in Framley Parsonage called the "cross-grainedness of men" (p. 216). Indeed, perversity is a dominant theme in the novel, for in all the degrees of unreasonableness common to man, love and money provoke the greatest resistance to common sense.

In London at Hook Court, the ruthless manipulation of money bankrupted Crosbie and made Dobbs Broughton put a pistol to his head. Both men knew that they had acted against what they knew to be a wiser course. By choosing Alexandrina De Courcy instead of Lily Dale, by wanting prestige and money rather than love, Crosbie came to his present impoverished state; and Dobbs Broughton, not as ruthless as his partners, found that money-lending was a precarious and dangerous game. Trollope seems fascinated by man's perversity and delights in deflating his claim to rationality. But behind the facade of play-acting and love-making that draws distinction between the genuine and the artificial, lies the reality of personal tragedy and comedy. Josiah Crawley's many trials make him a man to be pitied, but his behaviour after he "crushed" the bishop is so joyfully erratic, so lacking in decorum, he might be acting a part in a Jonson or Sheridan play, or even a role in some of the great tragedies of ancient Greece or Rome. As a versatile actor on

an imaginary stage, he is a tragic hero, or a comedian in a modern farce.⁸

At Plumstead "the last of the '20 port" is opened and old Mr. Harding remembers the days when clergymen were gentlemen; when they danced and played cards (Bk. 1, pp. 224-5), and, although Mr. Harding's conscience compels him to regret the idleness of those days, nevertheless, he and the Archdeacon look back with a sense of loss to the old days of quiet serenity. Compared to that earlier time, how tawdry is Dobbs Broughton's vulgar boast of the price of the '42 Bordeaux.

The cross-references between these two aspects of the novel, with their changing scenes and shifting values, indicate "the fundamental design" of the novel "as parallel and antithesis as well as similarity and contrast"⁹ between two worlds that increasingly are drawn together. Mrs. Thorne's inheritance allows her to have an ostentatious house in London, and to own the Chaldicotes estate in Barsetshire; and Johnny Eames's legacy gives him importance in the Income Office, and in Guestwick and Allington. A novel so constructed works through opposition and balance, making relevant in this context the London scenes set against Barsetshire and its traditional ways. Viewed in this manner moral issues are sharpened. In Silverbridge a thief does much harm to Crawley: "The whole county was astir" in the matter of Crawley's "alleged guilt" (Bk. 1, p. 4), while in London the three

sinister partners at Hook Court, Dobbs Broughton, Mrs. van Siever and Musselboro, work havoc by their exorbitant rate of interest and their unrelenting demands for payment; yet in London no outcry is raised against this ruthless chicanery.

That these men flourish is due to the irrational behaviour of men like Nathaniel Sowerby in Framley Parsonage who gambled away his inheritance and by Mark Robarts who knew when he signed Sowerby's bills that he was acting against his own better judgement.

In the "big room at the George and Vulture" Josiah Crawley, though innocent, stands before the magistrates, but no judicial enquiry is made into the malpractices of those money-lenders at Hook Court, the inference being that for the Londoner it is the financier, not the parson, whose influence is strongly felt. At Guestwick, Lady Julia De Guest believes Johnny Eames to be all that a gentleman should be, but in the Income Tax Office he counters Sir Raffle Buffle's incompetency and blustering tyranny by his own small acts of bribery and deceit. Johnny "has got lots of money", say his fellow clerks, and "when a chap has got money he may do what he likes" (Bk. 1, p. 145). Compared to Broughton's financial embarrassment, Crawley's indebtedness, proportionally, is no less desperate. Both faced imprisonment for fraud and theft, and though Crawley's wife thought her husband in his despondency might take his life, (as did Dobbs Broughton), that intention for Crawley was never more than a dreadful fear.

With these alternating moral issues and judgments, with successes and failures that criss-cross and run parallel, the novel, with its deft juxtaposition of plots, harmonizes any apparent disharmony in its structure. Crawley monopolizes critical attention almost entirely. The emphasis, however, is not on Hogglegstock, Plumstead or London, but on social conditions as Trollope saw them in the 'sixties. "The modern world with its shifting ethical standards and corrupting pursuit of money", says Geoffrey Harvey, "had shrunk spiritually",⁹ and had substituted for what it had lost a philosophy that satisfied only what was tangible and passing. Life for the London characters had become empty and vacuous as a stage play, or, as G. M. Young has it: "English society was poised on a double paradox which its critics within and without called hypocrisy. Its practical ideals were at odds with its religious professions, and its religious beliefs were at issue with its intelligence".¹⁰

In Barsetshire Josiah Crawley struggled to hold to his integrity as a priest, and to his honour as a man. Accused and condemned by public opinion he was driven to near madness. His story comes close to the great tragedies of literature, yet in the Aristotelian sense it fails to fulfil that promise, as Byron jocosely says:

All tragedies are finish'd by death.

All comedies are ended by marriage.¹¹

Not all tragedies, in fact, end in death, nor do comedies end always in marriage; yet the near-madness of Crawley as he broods over his afflictions gives him the stature of a tragic hero, a modern Lear. Like that tormented king, the madness is not natural but self-imposed, a turn to the contrariness that make his actions unpredictable and unreasonable. For Crawley, it is poverty, an umbrella term for many ills. Crawley's affliction is his inability to pay his tradesmen; and to understand why he reacts so passionately to his present state, is to know that a cumulative aggravation has wearied his mind and spirit. Inspired with the high calling of his profession, he went with his wife to Cornwall, to a parish poorer even than Hoggstock. But children died because he had no money to give them proper care, and debts increased. Idealism turned to disillusionment. A man cannot appear to be noble when creditors clamour at his door, for, as it is said of Mr. Walker, the attorney at Silverbridge, "A man rarely carries himself meanly, whom the world holds high in esteem" (Bk. 1, p. 4). The charge that Crawley stole a cheque for twenty pounds was for him the final devastating blow, for by it he believed he lost the respect of his peers in the Church, and of the laymen in the street. It left him "terribly confused, contradictory unintelligible--speaking almost as a madman might speak" (Bk. 1, p. 13). But of his innocence no uncertainty mingled with the incoherence of his thinking; the "prima facie" reason for the accusation against

him was his abject poverty; for "by all who knew him" he was very "poor, (Bk. 1, p. 5) and "had gradually got himself into a mess of debt" (Bk. 1, pp. 7-8).

Here the lines between London and the counties cannot be drawn too sharply. The difference essentially is one of scale. While at Hook Court men are robbed of all they possess, and such robbery is commonplace. The theft by a clergyman in Barsetshire is unprecedented and scandalous. So inconceivable, indeed, that the "ladies of Silverbridge had come to the opinion that Mr. Crawley

was affected with a partial lunacy, which ought to be forgiven in one to whom the world had been so cruel; and when young Mr. Walker endeavoured to explain to them that a man must be sane altogether, or mad altogether, and that Mr. Crawley must, if sane, be locked up as a thief, and if mad, locked up as a madman, they sighed, and were convinced that until the world should have been improved by a new infusion of romance, and a stronger feeling of poetic justice, Mr. Walker was right.

(Bk. 1, p. 137).

After all, as this same John Walker had told his sisters, "You girls seem to forget that clergymen are only men..." (Bk. 1, p. 1).

Crawley has intrigued and fascinated Trollope's readers, and it is easy to see him as a dramatic hero in a modern

tragedy, rather than as a husband, a father, and a priest. All these functions are affected by his struggle against poverty, not only in its material deprivations, but in the mental and spiritual strain poverty imposes. The pressures of want and the discomfort of that wretched hovel at Hoggstock have been insistent, and Crawley's eccentric behaviour must be seen as the response of a proud man who has been humiliated by the paucity of his possessions and by the nonrecognition of a mind fit for higher expression than Hoggstock affords. Carefully, step by step, Trollope shows that Crawley, through all his trials, held on to one thing that could not be taken from him, his intellect, his power to recall and to recite long passages from his favourite poets and writers. Now his "reason, once so fine and clear...could not be trusted to guide him right" (Bk. 1, p. 197). This is the ultimate ravaging power of poverty. "There are different kinds of sickness", he tells his wife, but the "sickness of the mind" is the worst of all (Bk. 1, p. 197). Surprisingly, in the ebb and flow of his emotional state, he rises to a challenge "snorting like a race horse" at an expected triumph in a coming struggle, and he finds humour in quoting Scripture to Mr. Thumble, calling him "one of the angels of the Church". "The poor man thought that you were laughing at him", said Mrs. Crawley. "Had I told him he was simply a messenger, he would have taken it worse;--poor fool", was the amused reply (Bk. 1, p. 135). Yet Crawley did not have it all his own way.

With cool irony the narrator comments: "Mr. Thumble called to mind the fact, that Mr. Crawley was a very poor man indeed;-- so poor that he owed money all round the country to butchers and bakers, and the other fact, that he, Mr. Thumble himself, did not owe any money to any one, his wife luckily having a little income of her own" (Bk. 1, p. 128). Mr. Thumble keeping these thoughts to himself did not hinder Crawley from enjoying his mood of derision, and, elated by it, called his daughter to "commence the Seven Against Thebes", a play about repelling an invader. And before he is to confront Dr. Tempest he reads the "awful tragedy of Oedipus", almost with rapture. So contradictory is his thinking and the changefulness of his moods, that he could turn from despondency to find glory in his afflictions, and to measure himself against Simon Stylites, against St. Paul, "who was called upon to bear stripes and who was flung into prison.... But Mr. Crawley--so he told himself--could have encountered all that without flinching". Or, again, as Samson Agonistes, "Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves", and Polyphemus, great blind giants. "Great power reduced to impotency, great glory to misery" (Bk. 2, p. 232). "The mind of the strong blind creature must be sensible of the injury that has been done to him! The impotency, combined with his strength, or rather the impotency with the memory of former strength and former aspirations, is so essentially tragic" (Bk. 2, p. 232-3). Crawley, identifying with these great "giants" of the past, finds strength to

write a letter to his bishop that will bring destitution and ruin to himself and his family. But before he prepared to copy his letter, "he sat down with his youngest daughter... [and] made her read to him, a passage out of a Greek poem" (Bk. 2, p. 232). Great fortitude was needed to write that letter, and all the doggedness "which Hoggett had taught him"; yet his posture as a tragic hero is flawed by his pride. While Crawley finds courage in emulating great literary figures of the past, at the same time he is experiencing a slow deterioration in character. Voluntary martyrdom, even if imaginary, is unhealthy. Just before the reading of Greek poetry, he indulged in a mood of self-depreciation. He recounts the several ways he is intellectually superior to his brethren, "Nevertheless though all this wealth of acquirement that was his" he wallows in a fit of morbidity and self-pity. "It would be better for himself, better for those who belonged to him, better for the world at large, that he should be put an end to. A sentence of penal servitude for life without any trial would of all things be the most desirable" (Bk. 2, p. 232-3). The whole scene is overshadowed by his sense of injustice. It is the cause of his fluctuating moods, and in a real sense money, or the lack of it, is changing him, challenging his religious faith.

It may appear to be strange, even perplexing, that a devout and pious clergyman of the Church of England should find in pagan poets the strength and inspiration Crawley

needed at this time. But as Richard Jenkyns records in his The Victorians and Ancient Greece a close alliance existed between Christianity and Classical writings in the mid-nineteenth century.¹² Both set a pattern for excellence. In his moods of hopelessness and depression Crawley believed he had failed. His learning and fine scholarship are confined to teaching in a parish school, and to instructing his two daughters in Greek and Hebrew. Within these limits he is faithful. But as the world counts success it is little he has accomplished, although he had always struggled for the highest. He repeats to his daughters Hippolochos's advice to his son Glaukos: "Always to be best; always to be in advance of others" (Iliad VI:208), (Bk. 1, p. 427).

The spirit of competitiveness in its original concept as Crawley meant it to be is praiseworthy, but as part of the teaching of the young and the philosophy of the commercial world, it could degenerate into vicious rivalry to succeed and to trample down weaker men. Nevertheless, it served as a driving force and it contributed to make Britain in the nineteenth century the world's richest nation. John Henry Newman saw it as a dangerous, forceful and immoral trend:

I do not know anything more dreadful than a state of mind which is, perhaps, the characteristic of this country...I know of no other word to express my meaning --that low ambition which sets every one on the lookout to gain power, to succeed and to rise in life, to

amass money, to gain power, to depress his rivals, to
 triumph over his hitherto superiors....¹³

This expresses the same Carlylean gloom that Trollope satirized in The Warden, and in spite of the optimism that in general characterizes the Barset novels echoes of that same denunciatory tone are heard in the London chapters of the series. Trollope draws no distinction by locale in the nature of his men and women except that environment may but does not always, influence character. Crawley is "almost a saint", but he drives to near distraction his long-suffering wife, and he can be as aggressive as the London characters, and never is he in such command of his senses as when he takes a certain delight in warfare against authority. In his revolutionary attitude, there is merit and danger, danger in the pride that refuses to see that he may be wrong.¹⁴

It is not wholly incongruous that Crawley sees himself as Samson, for he, too, pulled about him the pillars of the establishment when he destroyed the facade of Mrs. Proudie's apparent strength. He is a towering figure, and in him Trollope created a character who proves that rank and money are not the ultimate test of power. Like the great saints upon whom Crawley calls, he, and they, are defenceless except for the will to resist unjust masters and means. Even more pertinent to Crawley is his identification with St. Paul, who had gone "forth without money in his purse or shoes to his feet...and his poverty never stood in the way of his

preaching, or hindered the veneration of the faithful" (Bk. 1, p. 118). If the brickmakers of Hoggles End,--a "lawless, drunken, terribly rough lot of humanity"-- could be considered Crawley's "faithful", they, at least, "held him in high respect; for they knew that he lived hardly as they lived, that he worked hard, as they worked" (Bk. 1, p. 5). And since first he came to Hogglesstock he had been very busy among them and "by no means without success" (Bk. 1, p. 120). In visits to them he "felt himself to be more a St. Paul" than "with any other of his neighbours around him" (Bk. 1, p. 120), for "he had ever done his very utmost for the parish...and always his best for the poorest" (Bk. 1, p. 117). It is a sad commentary on the time that only the poor and semi-literate of his parish valued him as a priest.

Among Trollope's clergymen, Crawley is the most spiritually-minded, but even that aspect of his life is affected by poverty, as he tells his parishioners: "Poverty makes the spirit poor, and the hands weak, and the heart sore--and too often makes the conscience dull" (Bk. 2, p. 307). It comes, perhaps, as a confession and a plea, that poverty be seen as the reason for his madness; and it raises the question as to how far poverty affects morality. If Crawley, with his fine instincts for honesty, can claim that poverty makes "the conscience dull", then poverty leaves no one immune from its power.

The poverty of the parish of Hogglesstock, and Crawley's

shabby appearance made him, Mrs. Proudie thought, someone she could master and control. Had, say, Mr. Robarts been similarly accused of theft she would rant and denounce the depravity of the Barset clergy, but she would hesitate to subject him to the same insult and interrogation as Crawley suffered when they met face to face in the bishop's palace. The appearance of poverty, therefore, as much as poverty itself, influences popular judgment.

It is perverse that in identifying with St. Paul, the one man above all others he seeks to emulate and whose fortitude is above question, Crawley, at the same time, resorts to such an "over-indulgence of his grief" that it had "become a luxury to him" (Bk. 1, p. 117). To pander to it had become an enticement, and what he seems to have overlooked is that St. Paul did not seek torture or hardship. When it came he endured it. It did not make him a morose, disappointed or an unhappy man. Crawley welcomed misery. At the hotel in London, "They did their best to make him comfortable, and, I think", says the narrator, "almost disappointed him in not heaping further misfortunes on his head" (Bk. 1, p. 324). He thinks "a leaf of hemlock" (Bk. 1, p. 117) would be a way out of his troubles. For a fleeting moment he thinks he might murder his wife and children, for "only that was wanting to make him of all the most unfortunate" (Bk. 1, p. 423). When his wife told him that "nothing can degrade but guilt", he answered, "misfortune can degrade, and poverty. A man is

degraded when the cares of the world press so heavily upon him that he cannot rouse himself" (Bk. 1, p. 78). But criticism coming from any quarter did arouse him to spirited action and to uncontested argument, as Mr. Robarts found when Crawley perversely refuted his own logical reasoning.

Christmas dinner at the parsonage came as a gift from Framley, and nothing was said "of the meat", but when his wife asked Crawley to eat a "mince pie" he replied: "The bare food is bitter enough...but that would choke me" (Bk. 1, p. 199). His refusal to accept charity made life more difficult for his family. He knew it, as he told Mr. Toogood: "Whether it be better to eat--the bread of charity--or not to eat bread at all, I, for myself, have no doubt...but when the want strikes one's wife and children...then there is a doubt" (Bk. 1: 329). His daughter, Grace, accepted gifts as expressions of love and rewarded the giver by a loving response. The Misses Prettyman felt enriched when they sent her newly clad to Allington, and when Lady Lufton offered a home to the family should her father be found guilty, she knew that compassion, not charity, prompted the gesture. But Mr. Robarts felt that Crawley's response to his kindly intended ambassadorial visit was made embarrassing by Crawley's "affected humility", and that "there was something radically wrong within him, which had...produced these never-dying grievances". Other "clergymen in the country with incomes...as small...as [his]...did not wear their old rusty cloaks with

all that ostentatious bitterness of poverty which seemed to belong to that garment when displayed on Mr. Crawley's shoulders" (Bk. 1, p. 211-2).

Crawley was a graduate of Oxford, and Mrs. Crawley had been "softly nurtured". They are the gentle poor, compared to the brickmakers at Hoggles End, the "normal poor" (Bk. 1, p. 91). But when the comparison is between the gentle poor and the gentle rich, and the poor man thinks he is more worthy of something the rich man has, the resentment is normal and very ordinary. Crawley, by reminding himself that he is a scholar and that the dean is not, finds some satisfaction. But when Dean Arabin can have a well-stocked library, while Crawley's books are tattered and torn, their covers missing and leaves lost, the rankling envy is not surprising. More galling for Crawley is the thought that there had been a time when Arabin had been glad to borrow "such treasures as I had" (Bk. 1, p. 332). As a mendicant, he came to the Dean for money. Insistent tradesmen's demands could be staved off no longer. The money was given gladly, but with inexcusable insensitivity Arabin took Crawley into his library and "there were lying on the floor hundreds of volumes, all glittering with gold, and reeking with new leather from the binders", and Crawley, in his anger, told the dean he "would not have his money" (Bk. 1, p. 331-2).

His changing moods seem to take on a kind of cyclothymia, which made it all the more difficult to know how to

help him. For Crawley, the morality involved in the theft of twenty pounds seems less important than the stigma attached to his name. Yet to erase it is to remember how the cheque came into his possession; but thinking of it leads to still greater confusion. The search gives his mind no ease. To face imprisonment for a crime he did not commit is a disgrace too fearful to contemplate. But his memory, not his mind, is at fault; and never was he so alert, and his "power of ascendancy" so marked, as when in that momentous interview with Mrs. Proudie, the bishop "was so fascinated by the power that was exercised over him by the other man's strength that he hardly now noticed his wife" (Bk. 1, p. 191).

In no instance is his contrariness so marked as when he is determined to walk to the palace when summoned there by the bishop; and it is not enough that he has already offended Mrs. Proudie beyond the limit of her toleration, but he must arrive "hot and mudstained" and with "dirty boots", as if to make it an indictment against the episcopal powers for not paying him enough to buy a horse.

Mr. Robarts meeting him on the way, is disturbed by his "own ideas of what would be becoming for a clergyman" who is to come before his bishop, and he is concerned especially about Crawley's dirty shoes. But he had no thanks, for his interest: "I have long ceased, Mr. Robarts", he is sharply answered, "to care much what any man or woman may say about my shoes...[and] he stalked on, clutching and crushing in his

hand the bishop, and the bishop's wife, and the whole diocese" (Bk. 1, p. 182). Then follows a fierce polemic against the perpetrators of all the unjust crimes against him:

Dirty shoes, indeed! Whose was the fault that there were in the church so many feet soiled by unmerited poverty, and so many hands soiled by undeserved wealth? If the bishop did not like his shoes, let the bishop dare to tell him so! So he walked on through the thick of the mud, by no means picking his way (Bk. 1, p. 182).

Little about Crawley in appearance or disposition is attractive. The farmers "talked about their clergyman among themselves as though he were a madman" (Bk. 1, p. 5), and madness for them was a term almost of derision; and it did not help Crawley's case that "he was not a man to make himself popular in any position" (Bk. 1, p. 5). But he never allowed poverty to make him servile, as it did Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful. Yet poverty changed him. His wife recalled those short, sweet days of his early love (Bk. 1, p. 117), and when he was joyful and hopeful of better things to come. Now bitterness and disappointment made him a burden to himself, and to his wife and others a problem. His unhappy state proved a deterrent to the Archdeacon's acceptance of Grace as a bride for Henry, who had the "imprudence" to have "to maintain a whole family steeped in poverty...of debts and the character of the father..." (Bk. 1, p. 27).

For days, moody and morose, Crawley sat silent and unapproachable. But Trollope does not see him only in that role. In a moment Crawley can change the shabbiness and decay of that "wretched hovel" into something lovely and rare, centred in a man able to forget for a time the privations he suffers to share with his family the riches of their intellectual heritage. Trollope gives a lovely picture of Crawley caught up in the excitement of the words he is reciting, of his wife coming to his side and, with her arms around him exclaiming: "My love! My Love!" (Bk. 2, p. 232).

Critics, in describing the Lear-like qualities in Crawley--his incipient madness, his pride and stubbornness that his wife had to bear--seem to overlook how much love endures without calling it a burden, and how much love can endure without calling it a duty. Somewhere behind that unappealing man the world judged harshly was the Josiah Crawley that his family knew and loved. Common suffering can draw people together. Money cannot buy love and compassion, but lack of money may find it.

Poverty cannot hide true gentility. Crawley found the shabbiness of his house, and the much-mended and patched clothes shameful, and was apt to parade them to make visitors to Hoggstock share the reproach, as if they, society and especially the Church, were to blame that he could not offer from his "bare cupboard" the hospitality the occasion demanded; for in the social milieu of Victorian England

there seemed to be something wrong with a gentleman who had fallen into so low an estate. But Mr. Robarts learned there was in Crawley a sign of gentility that no hardship could erase, that enabled the grooms at the George and Vulture, and all others "high or low, rich or poor" to recognize Crawley to be a gentleman (Bk. 1, p. 208).¹⁵ Trollope could not say it plainer. Money does not give gentility. One may wonder if the Archdeacon had some lingering doubts about this, for only when Crawley was clad in the clothes befitting a gentleman and become the vicar of St. Ewold's, did Dr. Grantly make his gesture of friendship, saying, "We stand...on the only perfect level on which such men can meet each other. We are both gentlemen" (Bk. 2, p. 447). But the Archdeacon, who never was known to be sensitive to subtle questions of imprecise meaning, allowed his warm heart to compensate for any deficiencies in other directions, and so delighted was he with Crawley's daughter and Henry's young bride, that he "bestowed a little pony carriage on his new daughter-in-law (Bk. 2, p. 448).

Good fortune came to Crawley; but some doubt is felt whether it will fulfil everyone's expectations. "I think", comments Trollope, that Crawley will be "contented" (Bk. 2, p. 448). It is good to know that the family will now have ease and comfort, but it is with some sense of loss for us to know that Crawley's fighting spirit will no longer be aroused, or to find him gleefully triumphant over authority.

And when he and the Archdeacon know each other and are bound by family ties, one wonders what the relationship between them will be. Crawley is not docile, as was Mr. Harding, and many an exasperated "Good Heavens!" will issue from Plumstead Episcopi as Dr. Grantly recalls to his wife encounters with the new vicar of St. Ewold's. It cannot be thought that money will change the basic nature of Josiah Crawley, or that he will not on occasions be "confused, contradictory" and "unintelligible" (Bk. 1, p. 13).

In 1867 the London Review asserted that "The character of Mr. Crawley is certainly one of the most powerful of Mr. Trollope's conceptions. There is a rugged grandeur and a¹⁶ harsh nobility about the man." In 1968 Robert M. Polhemus says of Crawley that he was "one of the most genuine tragic¹⁷ figures in nineteenth-century English fiction. Nietzsche in defining the nature of tragic experience said, "There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how¹⁸ an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated". An element of tragedy, after all, is not necessarily an unhappy ending or even death, but the wasted potential of an exceptional man. Crawley stands out as a striking figure who symbolizes that recurring human waste.

In Lily Dale, Trollope created a feminine counterpart to that human condition, though Bradford Booth does not find any relationship between these two characters and argues that to reintroduce the Lily Dale-Johnny Eames love story" (treated

in The Small House at Allington) "is both forced and impertinent, distracting one's attention from the harmony of the Crawley plot".¹⁹ But Lily's love story, I shall argue, is consistent with the Crawley theme. The potential for a fulfilled and satisfying life is blighted and wasted when, by the perfidy of Adolphus Crosbie, she was jilted.

Money changed Lily. When Squire Dale answers Crosbie's question in The Small House at Allington: "In the way of giving her a fortune? Nothing at all, I intend to do nothing at all" (Bk. 1, p. 97), Crosbie began to doubt the wisdom of haste in his proposal to Lily.

In London Lily, Johnny and Crosbie meet, reinforcing the parallel between the aggressive and restless world of London and the placid world of Allington, and also for Lily, there is no reconciliation between them, or between Crosbie at Allington when he came as an Apollo to be worshipped, and Crosbie in London, an aged and careworn man. At Mrs. Broughton's dinner party Johnny was "astonished" at how much Crosbie had aged when he "offered Johnny his hand", holding apparently no animosity for the humiliation and the "very black eye" he suffered from his rival, for both loved Lily Dale. And, again, how much Crosbie has "altered" Lily tells Emily Dunstable, who answers, but "You no doubt have suffered too, but not as he has done" (Bk. 2, p. 125).

She did not know "why she [should] so suddenly have come to regard [Crosbie] in an altered light". "She had never

regarded John Eames as being gifted with divinity...[and] any such comparison [with Crosbie] would tend quite the other way", and now "she was altogether out of love with the prospect of matrimony" (Bk. 2, p. 123). Like Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, Lily has been playing a romantic role. The two men who want to marry her are too fallible to be the stage heroes her play demands. But one important fact remains. She had her uncle's gift of three thousand pounds and she could live with her mother, rent free, in the Small House and, unlike Amelia Roper in Mrs. Roper's boarding house in The Small House at Allington whose desperate choice was marriage or prostitution, Lily could afford not to marry.

As the niece of the Squire her influence in Allington is considerable, but the village is saved from the sterility she represents, by the marriage of Bernard Dale to Emily Dunstable. The bride "will have twenty thousand pounds the day she marries" (Bk. 2, p. 8), and the Great House can be restored to its former glory. It is a happy ending for Allington, since Mrs. Thorne's money brings new life and vitality to the lovely but moribund house of the Dales; while the Small House sinks into its own moribund state, and Mrs. Dale's hatred of Crosbie will be a canker that festers there. Geoffrey Harvey calls the Small House a "frosted garden" that "makes an image of Johnny's dead relation with Lily Dale", and the "strength and tact with which Lily rejects her opportunity to avoid the blight of spinsterhood means that

Allington comes to stand in the novel as the emblem of the country's power of almost too self-conscious moral scrutiny".²⁰ At Allington Johnny makes his last impassioned plea to win Lily's love, and he returns to London with the knowledge that he has been vain, foolish and unsteady (Bk. 2, p. 406-7).

It is a strange twist to Lily's story that when first she met Crosbie in The Small House at Allington he was a man of substance, his "senior clerkship" gave him seven hundred pounds a year," and "A man at the West End who did not know who was Adolphus Crosbie knew nothing" (Bk. 1, p. 17). He is now bankrupt and discredited among his former friends. Johnny in those early years, in The Small House at Allington, is a "Hobbledehoy...because circumstances have not afforded him much social intercourse"(Bk. 1, p.43). In The Chronicle Crosbie's and Johnny's positions are reversed. Johnny now has money and social status and his money gives him entrance into a society where he learns to flirt with a dangerous woman.

For a Victorian girl to be jilted was more than a blow to her pride; Mrs. Dale goes so far as to say Crosbie "murdered" Lily, and, indeed, he destroyed her young life of fulfilment and its bright promises. The irony is not lost that had he remained faithful to her she would not have come penniless as a bride as he had expected. But for Lady De Courcy, who lured him away from "that young lady at Allington" it was "a part of the game which was as natural to

her as fielding is to a cricketer" (Small House at Allington) (Bk. 1, p. 246). He knew too late that he had fallen into a trap that De Courcys set for him, and that Alexandrina was ready to marry a man she did not love simply because he was, for her, the last chance to marry. Instead, Crosbie's income was not sufficient to provide the luxuries she demanded, and it must have seemed to her that she had been deliberately deceived.

Whenever the De Courcys have appeared their attitude has been callous indifference to the wellbeing and happiness of others, and each of the children demonstrates the various ways the family trait is expressed. Yet it is all within the law. The son-in-law Gazebee's demands upon Crosbie were legitimate. The De Courcys judged others by how much money they possessed and if they could take it by some legal process, they saw no harm in having it. Crosbie was by no means rich but they took from him every penny he possessed. It may be a just retribution for breaking Lily's heart, for choosing the false love over the real; and for this no excuse is offered. The better part of him responded to the loveliness and innocence of Lily Dale, but her influence was not exerted long enough to be firmly fixed in his mind. The De Courcys did not erase it, but they ridiculed it, and he was not strong enough to resist the worldly enticements that marriage with Alexandrina offered. On a different social scale, Alexandrina and Madalina are not much apart. Johnny Eames escaped, but not Crosbie.

Lily, torn in her emotions between Crosbie and John Eames, may be expressing Trollope's own opinion of a dilemma facing young girls in his day: "In judging of men one's mind", says Lily, "vascillates so quickly between scorn which is due to a false man and the worship that is due to a true man" (Bk. 1, p. 300). But the notion that a man must have all the qualities to make him worthy of worship is also false. The expectation is unreal, such perfection does not exist. "My old friend John", says Trollope, "was certainly no hero,--was very unheroic in many of the phases of his life; but then, if all the girls are to wait for heroes, I fear that the difficulties in the way of matrimonial arrangements, great as they are at present, will be seriously enhanced" (Bk. 2, p. 371). Johnny was not "ecstatic", nor "heroic", not "a man to break his heart for love...but he was an affectionate, kindly, and honest young man, and I think"; Trollope continues, "most girls might have done worse than take him" (Bk. 2, p. 371). Success in marriage depends largely on the things that Lily says she would be prepared to do for him: to tend him "if sick", to supply him "in want", and more than that "she did love him dearly" (Bk. 2, p. 382). Thus, by not meeting her imagined expectations she refuses him, confirming one of the themes in The Chronicle that false values are wasteful.

Johnny can now support a wife in comfort, and for Lily he would have been a faithful and attentive husband.

Instead, his life is purposeless and flippant, and he affirms that if he cannot have Lily he will never marry. The tragedy in the Lily Dale-John Eames love story does not all rest with Lily.

Martha Dunstable had a similar choice to make, to remain a spinster or marry the unromantic Dr. Thorne. He offered trust and affection, and she did not regret her prosaic marriage. She is "the richest woman in England", but her great wealth has not affected her good nature and her common sense. Her house in London is "very great, and very magnificent...and very uncomfortable" (Bk. 2, p. 17), but the warm welcome it offers makes it one of the most popular houses in London. Nothing about it is a sham or artificial compared to Dobbs Broughton's "large mansion, if not made of stone, yet looking very stony" (Bk. 1, p. 244).

The expensive gifts that Mrs. Thorne insists Lily must accept disturb Squire Dale, for she "went beyond all others in this open-handed hospitality" (Bk. 2, p. 104), and he was frustrated in trying to pay for the hire of Lily's horse. When Lily "hesitated" in accepting a new habit, Emily Dunstable answered: "Nobody ever thinks of refusing anything from her" (Bk. 2, p. 105). Allington believed that it should have only what it could itself pay for. Does Trollope make the Squire, in his delight that Bernard's bride was richly endowed, remember how vexed he had been in The Small House at Allington when Bell Dale refused to marry Bernard, and that he

had promised eight hundred pounds a year to Bernard if she became his wife and the "sacrifice" Christopher Dale was then prepared to make was no longer required?

Squire Dale had to learn, as did Archdeacon Grantly and Mrs. van Siever, the futility of trying to manipulate young lives. The world of Plumstead Episcopi is far removed from the world of Bayswater, and Dr. Grantly did not know that he and Mrs van Siever had the same problem, children who disobeyed their parents; and that both resorted to blackmail to enforce their parental will. He is a dignified country gentleman, and she is "a ghastly old woman to the sight and not altogether pleasant in her mode of talking" (Bk. 1, p. 251). Yet these two, with such widely different personalities, use money and possessions to coerce their recalcitrant children to obey them. Archdeacon Grantly had "hundreds of acres" to leave to Henry, and those acres were never so important to him than when he used them to threaten Henry with disinheritance should he persist in marrying Grace Crawley. It was not within the scope of his calculations that a daughter of a man likely to be convicted of theft, and who would come as a bride from as wretched a place as Hogglesstock, could bring anything but disgrace to the Grantlys. He loved power and the prominent place he occupied in Barsetshire. He loved the wealth he had added to his own inheritance from his father. Now all pride in these great advantages would be lost if he is to share in the disgrace

and the ignominy of the Crawleys. Mrs. Grantly knows that the Archdeacon's heart will relent, and that he postures as an irate father nursing his wrath. But when Henry, in response to his father's threat, puts his farm implements up for sale, and plans to emigrate, taking Grace with him as his wife, he and his father reach an impasse which neither knows how to break. Mrs. Grantly is angry at both, seeing it as play-acting, knowing that neither wants to hurt the other.

It is said of Grace, as of her sister, that she had been taught many things more than had been taught other girls. She learned to read Hebrew and Greek because there had been nothing else to do in that poverty-stricken home. The circumstances of her life had taught her the discipline of love, and to know if she married Henry she would bring disgrace to him and to his family.

With his usual good intentions Dr. Grantly blunders into a situation a more cautious man might approach with care. On Lady Lufton's advice he goes to Grace intending to say:

Here are you without a penny in your pocket, with hardly a decent raiment on your back, with a thief for your father, and you think that you are to come and share all the wealth that the Grantlys have amassed...to have a husband with broad acres, a big house...and become one of a family whose name has never been touched by a single accusation... (Bk. 2, p. 160).

Instead , he finds himself captivated by the loveliness of character he reads in her face, "that promised infinite beauty". "Why had they not told him that she was such a one as this?", revealing again, that his heart was never under his control, causing Mrs. Grantly to speak of the "cross-grainedness of men". She is not convinced by her husband's description of Grace's charm, of a young girl who "must be wonderful" to have succeeded both with the son and with the father".

Henry is a less interesting man than his father. He lacks the vigour and forthrightness of the Archdeacon. He is too easily influenced by other opinions, too calculating in his desire to make Grace his wife, balancing love with an inheritance or, more pressing in his mind, the possible disgrace that might come to the Grantlys should he bring to them a bride whose father is a felon. Two women, in no way related, bring him to a decision to do the "magnificent thing" (Bk. 1, p. 66). Miss Prettyman encouraged him to pursue his love, and Mrs. Thorne does it bluntly: "Of course you'll marry her...What has a father to do with it?" (Bk. 1, p. 142). He knew that Grace loved him, and his object in going to Allington was to give her "the protection and countenance" of the man who loved her, but he "did not look upon his work as altogether pleasant". It meant "he would be ruined" and "severed from all his own family" and it "was very bitter to him". "He knew that he was doing right;-

perhaps had some idea that he was doing nobly; but this very appreciation of his own good qualities made the task before him the more difficult" (Bk. 1, p. 281). Grace's refusal, her willingness to reject his love and his protection while her father was "disgraced" (Bk. 1, p. 308), made his former reluctance to commit himself of no account, and he acted manfully and courageously in declaring himself engaged to her.

Back in London, Clara Van Siever suffered, as did Grace, a deprived childhood, not of money but of parental and sibling love. "Her life had been passed at school till she was nearly twenty, and since then she had been vainly endeavouring to accommodate herself and her feelings to her mother" (Bk. 2, p. 272). Now like Grace she had a choice to make between love and a fortune. Mrs. Van Siever does not hide a kind heart under her forbidding appearance. She is a cold-hearted creature, not easily deflected from her purpose of compelling Clara to marry that "horrible fellow...Musselboro" (Bk. 1, p. 245).

In a small upper room in the Dobbs Broughtons' house the Jael picture is painted. It is a gruesome subject with its sinister implication of the deceitfulness of women. Conway thinks Clara van Siever is "perfect for Jael", but as he proceeds with the painting he is confused, seeing "the young lady before him both as Jael and as the future Mrs. Conway Dalrymple, knowing...that she was...simply Clara Van Siever"

(Bk. 2, p. 204). Half finished, the canvas is sliced with his painter's knife in the presence of Mrs. Van Siever, who tells him that if he marries Clara neither will have a penny of her money. "It was certainly true that he had regarded Clara Van Siever as an heiress, and had at first been attracted to her because he thought it expedient to marry an heiress. But there had since come something beyond that, and there was perhaps less of regret than most men would have felt as he gave up his golden hopes" (Bk. 2, p. 272). When he took off his apron and speaks "in the plainest possible language", it is though he steps out of the torn painted canvas of art into reality and wins Clara's love (Bk. 2, p. 207).

He thought that his future mother-in-law would never relent, but, instantly, in the face of Mrs. van Siever's scorn and ultimatum, he proposed to Clara. No question of doing "the magnificent thing" entered into it. By Clara's decision to defy her mother and go to Mrs. Broughton in her sudden widowhood, and by Conway offering her "his purse", they should do well together. Henry will one day be a county squire and be very rich. Conway believed he must earn every penny to support himself and Clara in modest comfort. But when Musselboro engaged in "a lawsuit" with Mrs. Van Siever, the marriage of Clara to Conway was not opposed, and, "there will be enough left of Mrs. Van's money to make the house of Mr. and Mrs. Conway Dalrymple very comfortable" (Bk. 2, p. 451).

The partelles and contrasts between the love stories of Grace and Henry, and Clara and Conway, have important functions in The Chronicle. They strengthen the link between London and Barsetshire, for both Clara and Henry are threatened with disinheritance if they resist their parent's demands. More in keeping with its theme is the fact that these young people find love to be stronger than desire for money or possessions.

Tragedy in The Chronicle is not confined to Crawley's misfortunes nor Lily's willingness to write "Old Maid" next to her name, but Mrs. Proudie's untimely death is another prime example of the waste of a gifted though misguided woman. She had married a weak man and she kept him weak "for she loved to rule the diocese" (Bk. 2, p. 275). It was said of her that she "did an indescribable amount of evil", though "she was not a bad woman", and "had endeavoured to do good". She had money and prestige and power, and, like Mrs. Thorne, her influence in Barsetshire could have been helpful and beneficial. Instead she used her strength to intimidate her husband and to tyrannize over those inferior to her in social and clerical positions. But in her last days she was defeated by Dr. Tempest, and by that "insubordinate" perpetual curate at Hogglestock. The real contest between Mrs. Proudie, and Crawley, apart from mutual dislike, was one of legality. She refused to accept that a bishop's judicial powers were limited, and, by her ignorance of the law she made a mockery

of her husband's authority. Crawley knew ecclesiastical law and refused to obey dictates from the palace that even the bishop believed were illegal. She did not seem to care that by ousting Crawley from his pulpit, and by declaring that payment for Mr. Thumbles's services should come from Crawley's stipend, she was condemning the family to starvation unless Framley came to the rescue. The Church in Barsetshire therefore must be saved from such a woman; and Mrs. Proudie must die. In his Autobiography Trollope tells how he "killed" her when in his club he overheard two men speak disparagingly of her.²¹ But artistically death is the logical conclusion to a life that has been so alien to the spirit of Barsetshire. In the last hour of her life she told herself "that not a soul in the world loved her", and that she "had meant to be a good wife", but had failed. Alone with these thoughts her stormy life ended.

With an unexpectedness that might become fanciful in a writer less capable than Trollope, he tells of the experience extreme but not uncommon, of the bishop's reaction to his freedom from his wife's tyranny, that "he had escaped from an old trouble at a terrible cost of which he could not as yet calculate the amount". The tyrant was gone. But without his tyrant he was wretchedly desolate. Habit can make even an affliction companionable. He remembered that "in some ways she had been very good to him. She kept his money for him and had made things go straight when they had been poor...

Without her he would never have been a bishop". Suddenly that support was taken from him and he did not know how to bear himself in his new position (Bk. 2, pp. 285-6).

When it was known that Mrs. Proudie had died Mr. Harding's response was the most kind. He had thought for Dr. Proudie. "The man had lost his life's companion...when such a companion is most needed; and Mr. Harding grieved for him with sincerity". He "had never loved Mrs. Proudie" and "had come as near to disliking [her] as he had ever gone to disliking any person". She had "wounded him...she had ridiculed his cathedral work...she had despised him" and shown "her contempt plainly...But now she was gone...and he thought of her simply as an active pious woman, who had been taken away from her work before her time" (Bk. 2, p. 292). Such forgiveness is almost beyond belief, but Trollope has so built up the character of the Warden that his response to Mrs. Proudie's persecution is not expected. Through not fighting for his rights he is relatively poor. He has no need to fight because he never sees even his enemies as hostile opponents, and what they take from him he relinquishes without resentment.

The simplicity of this gentle man is told with pathos and beauty, of Posy and her grandfather playing "cat's cradle", showing the child-like mind of a man wise in the art of loving. Only the wise can enter into the mind of a child and resist the assumptions of society that happiness depends

on possessions and money. Wanting nothing for himself, he had everything to give him contentment; as the Archdeacon said of him that all "he ever coveted...[was] a new case for his violincello, and somebody to listen to him when he played it" (Bk. 2, p. 421). Through Mr. Harding Trollope gives expression to one of the great paradoxes of the Christian Faith, saying in Barchester Towers, "Ah, thou weak man, most charitable, most Christian, but the weakest of men" (p. 260). The Archdeacon acknowledged that in weakness may be great strength, when he paid his loving tribute to his father-in-law: "His tenderness has surpassed the tenderness of woman; and yet when occasion came for the showing of it, he had all the spirit of a hero" (Bk. 2, p. 421); and in saying it, it unconsciously rebounded to himself, that this quiet, self-effacing humble man was greater than the proud, self-seeking, worldly Archdeacon of Barchester. He has come far since first we met him in The Warden in all his arrogant self-importance, and, since baulked in his ambition for a bishopric he learned the value of his own rectory at Plumstead Espiscopi" and could say with Mr. Harding, "Had not the world and all in it been good to him,...had not his life fallen to him in very pleasant places" (Bk. 2, p. 73).

The unworldliness of Mr. Harding did not keep him from acting decisively and practically. It is he who wrote the letter to his daughter, Eleanor, that resulted in the disclosure of the origin of the stolen cheque, and he prompted the

welfare of Mr. Crawley by suggesting he be given the benefice of St. Ewold, worth three hundred and fifty pounds per annum (Bk. 2, p. 434). This care of, and thoughtfulness for, a man he had never met, was the last of his kindly loving acts. And his dying was like the close of a calm summer day, a long twilight of deepening shadows, and then the end; and they laid²² him within the cloisters of the cathedral he loved so well.

Mr. Harding's death brings to a close what was begun in The Warden. There it was the relinquishing of a place and a fine income; in The Chronicle Mr. Harding bestows on another an enviable parish and an income that allow Crawley to resume his place as a gentleman among his peers. It is a fitting end for a man who in all the Barset novels in which he appears is their moral centre.

The novel conforms to the circumstances of its time and in his fiction Trollope tells what men and women thought of those conditions, and how they reacted to them. He sees present and future danger in a society obsessed with desire for power and money. As for the novel itself, nothing that Trollope wrote offers a greater challenge to readers or a more splendid example of Trollope's mastery of his art.

CONCLUSION

In 1867, to the consternation of his readers, Trollope brought to a close his Chronicles of Barset, and resisted all appeals to continue the series. But in 1882, the year of his death, he wrote one more Barsetshire novel: The Two Heroines of Plumplington. He gave no reason, at least none now known, why he reversed his decision to make The Last Chronicles of Barset end the Barsetshire series. But his tremendous capacity for work was failing; his popularity was declining and, maybe, he looked wistfully to that "dear county" where he had¹ been so happy.

The Two Heroines of Plumplington lacks the vigour of its predecessors, but its theme is the same: here are parents who put money before love and the happiness of their children. It reveals Trollope's unchanging attitude to money: that its dominance influences character, and obviously, sometimes insidiously, undermines the moral structure of the nation.

"The roaring slapdash prosperity" says G. M. Young, "had worked itself out to its appointed end. In spite of a buoyant revenue and a record export trade, there was² a chill in the air". The nouveau riche and those of the nobility who ventured to share in the new capitalistic society, had a

surfeit of riches, and many had little incentive for action except to outdo each other in property, artifacts and dress. This in particular relates to the frequent London scenes. From London came the parvenu, Mr. Slope, and the leader of the fashionable world, the Duke of Omnium, and they bring discord and new values to Barset. But in Barsetshire Mr. Harding was there to show the better way; and the Archdeacon learns that to be a bishop is not all that is to be desired and is content with the comforts of Plumstead Episcopi. The perpetual curate of Hoggstock is now the new Vicar of St. Ewolds, and he has money to replace his thumb-worn and tattered books with others fresh from the printer, all shining with their gold-lettering. The new Barset values money and the old values give them both a place.

In the fourteen years the Barsetshire series was written (1853-1867) Trollope's characters grow older, and he traces from novel to novel how they develop and respond to the demands of the fictive world of Barset that resembles so closely the real world of his day. Because in those mid-Victorian years money was paramount, and because Trollope's primary concern was always been his characters, he used money as a measure and a guage to test their weakness and their strengths. The situations he creates may be found in any time and place. His genius lies in his ability to make the circumstances of the past age relevant in any time.

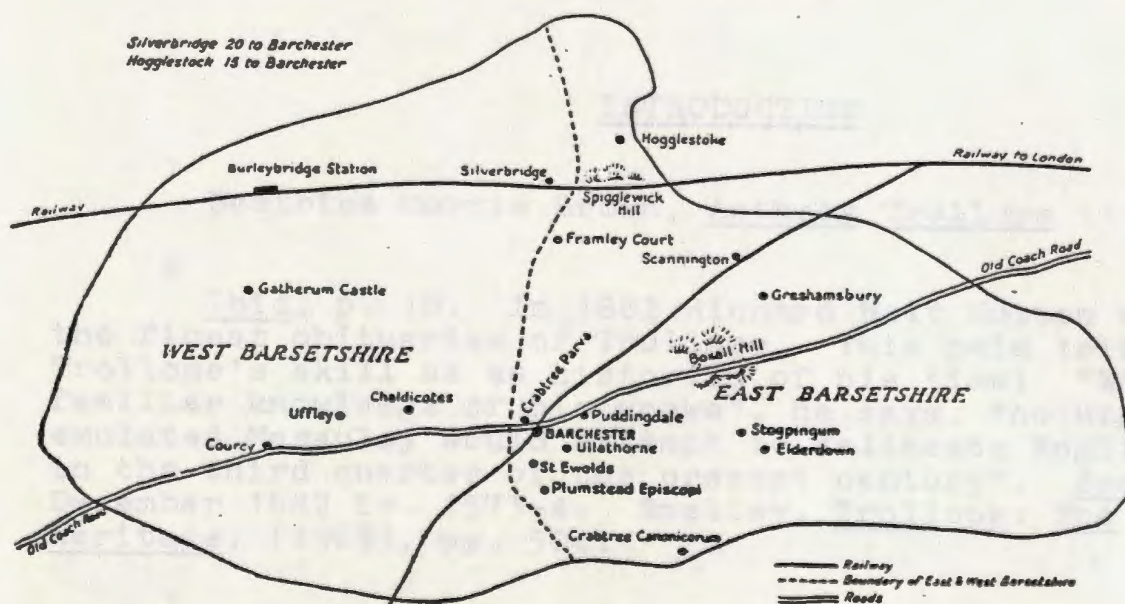
His vision of society shows human ties eroded by money,

ambition and power, a view of life common in our day. But Trollope's world has room for kindness and humour, as necessary in our time as when his Barset novels were written. Or as Arthur Pollard has it: "Barsetshire may provide the local habitation and name; the fundamental achievement has more universal significance".³





TROLLOPE'S BARSETSHIRE
From the sketch map drawn by the novelist himself.



TROLLOPE'S BARSETSHIRE
REDRAWN FROM THE SKETCH-MAP MADE BY THE NOVELIST HIMSELF

NOTES

PREFATORY NOTES

- 1 Bradford A. Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of his Life and Work, (1958), pp. 51-2.
- 2 Michael Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, (1927), p. 415n.
- 3 An Autobiography, p. 150.
- 4 Juliet McMaster, Trollope's Palliser Novels: Theme and Pattern, (1979), pp. 3-19.

INTRODUCTION

- 1 Beatrice Curtis Brown, Anthony Trollope (1960), p. 62.
- 2 Ibid, p. 10. In 1882 Richard Holt Hutton wrote one of the finest obituaries of Trollope. This paid tribute to Trollope's skill as an historian of his time: "Without a familiar knowledge of his works", he says, "no historian who emulated Macaulay would attempt to delineate English society in the third quarter of the present century". Spectator, December 1882 lv. 1573-4. Smalley, Trollope: The Critical Heritage, (1969), pp. 504.
- 3 Kathleen Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteenth-Forties (1954), p. 1.
- 4 G. M. Young, Portrait of an Age: Victorian England, Annotated edition by George Kitson Clark with Biographical Memoir by Sir George Clark, (1977), p. 108.

5 Quoted by Asa Briggs in Victorian People: Some Reassessment of People, Institutions, Ideas and Events. 1851-1867 (1954), p. 57.

6 Robert M. Polhemus notes this aspect of Trollope's writing: "he was the first Victorian novelist of stature who consistently set his stories in the 'present'...he nearly always made the time of his fiction correspond to the real time when he was writing". The Changing World of Anthony Trollope (1968), p. 3.

7 U. C. Knoepfelmacher, Laughter and Despair, Readings in Ten Novels of the Victorian Era (1971), p. xiii.

8 George Meredith, "An Essay on Comedy", Comedy, ed. Wylie Sypher (1956), p. 32.

9 S. M. Ellis, ed. The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman (1923), p. 159.

10 Asa Briggs, p. 102.

11 Donald Smalley, pp. 7-8. See also An Autobiography pp. 199-200.

12 Robin Gilmour, Introduction to the Penguin edition of The Warden, (1984), p. xii.

13 C. P. Snow, Trollope: His Life and Art (1975), p. 160.

14 Introduction to Anthony Trollope, ed. Tony Bareham (1980), p. 10.

15 Coral Lansbury, The Reasonable Man: Trollope's Legal Fiction (1981), p. 111.

16 P.D. Edwards, Anthony Trollope His Art and Scope, (1977), p. 10

17 Bradford A. Booth, p. 23.

18

This is the first half of the quotation. The second half reads - "If not, by any means get wealth and place". The line quoted by me is so ap-pro-pos of Trollope's own philosophy, and expressed in various ways in his novels, that I have taken the liberty to give what might appear to be the misquotation of a given text.

I The Warden

1

Asa Briggs, p. 24.

2

An Autobiography p. 81. For a full explanatory description of the scandals to which Trollope in his Autobiography refers. see Robin Gilmour's Introduction to the Penguin edition of The Warden, (1984), pp. xiii-xxviii. Also Bill Overton, The Unofficial Trollope (1982), pp. 27-34.

3

For a condensed and concise account of the Warden's determination to act in a manner contrary to the views and opinions of others, see Henry James. "Anthony Trollope" Partial Portraits. Reprinted in Smalley: p. 534.

4

Trollope's description of the Victorian way of life has so impressed historians of that period that James Bryce says, "that the twentieth century would have to read Trollope to learn the flavour of the years after 1850". Quoted in George Watson's The English Ideology (1973), p. 6-7.

5

Henry James, p. 534.

6

Ruth apRoberts, Trollope: Artist and Moralist (1971), pp. 36, 42.

7

Richard Church, Introduction to The Warden, World's Classics, p. x.

8

An Autobiography, p. 81.

9

George Kitson Clark in his Introduction to the 1977 edition of G.M. Young's, Portrait of an Age, p. 10.

10

An Autobiography, p. 83.

11

Owen Chadwick, An Ecclesiastical History of England: The Victorian Church (1966), p. 573. Chadwick gives additional information concerning the scandals. "Far the most famous of this kind to reach the courts were the St. Cross case at Winchester (1845-53) and the Whiston case at Rochester. At Winchester, the Earl of Guildford held the livings of St. Mary's, Southampton, and Alresford and was master of St. Cross Hospital. At St. Cross he had had no duties except to sign leases and was suspected of drawing a residue of fabulous wealth, which was in truth about fifteen thousand pounds a year. A series of chancery suits persuaded or compelled him to resign the two livings (1850). At Rochester the headmaster of the cathedral school, Whiston sued the dean and chapter for not using the increased fund of the endowment to the benefit of the school". See also Bill Overton, pp. 28-9.

12

St. Luke, Chapter 16.

13

An Autobiography, p. 80.

14

Quoted by Richard Church in the Introduction to The Warden, p. xii.

15

Harlan Hatcher, Introduction to Barchester Towers and The Warden (1950), p. xiii.

16

An Autobiography, p. 82.

17

Ibid pp. 304-5.

18

Sherman Hawkins, "Mr. Harding's Church Music". Journal of English Literary History 29 (1962) 202-23. See also Hugh L. Hennedy, Unity in Basset (1971), pp. 202-223.

19

"Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction", Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol 7 (1957), p. 884.

20

Smalley, p. 535.

- 21 James R. Kincaid, The Novels of Anthony Trollope (1977), p. 100.
- 22 R.L. Sharp questions Trollope's mathematics: Mr. Harding gave to his bedesmen each 2 pence extra (12x2) = 2 shillings and fourpence. "Trollope's Mathematics in The Warden" Nineteenth Century Fiction 17 (1962-3), pp. 288-9.
- 23 In his Autobiography Trollope recalls that "I had my strong enthusiasms and remember throwing out of the window... a volumn of Johnson's Lives of the Poets because he spoke sneeringly of 'Lycidas'", p. 46.
- 24 This uncharitable description of the Archdeacon is offset by Trollope's apology at the end of the novel that he has represented him "in these pages as being worse than he is", that he has dealt "with his foibles and not with his virtues", p. 248.
- 25 Cecil Francis Alexander's famous hymn, "All things Bright and Beautiful" Stanza 3.
- 26 Clergymen of the Church of England, p. 44.
- 27 Ibid, p. 62.
- 28 Letters, (1984-edition, ed. n. John Hall), Bk. 2, p. 576.
- 29 Bill Overton, p. 35.
- 30 Ibid, p. 28.
- 31 Theodora Fitzgibbon in A Taste of London Traditional Food gives an account of a cigar divan and probably one Trollope had in mind when he wrote The Warden. Simpsons-in-the-Strand was opened in 1828 as a home of chess, later known as the Great Cigar Divan; smokers and chess players sat on divans or sofas to play. In 1848 John Simpson became also a caterer and the building was rebuilt. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1975), p. 49.

- 32 Ruth apRoberts, p. 37.
- 36 Sherman Hawkins, pp. 202-223.
- 37 Smalley, p. 42.

II BARCHESTER TOWERS

- 1 Smalley, p. 42.
- 2 G. M. Young, p. 123.
- 3 p. 108. David Thomson referring to the period in which Barchester Towers was written (April 1855-November 1856) calls it "The buoyant mood...which seemed to have been born in 1851, and lasted for the next twenty years. It has permeated much of the literature, history, and philosophy of these years". England in the Nineteenth Century (1950), p. 103.
- 4 Smalley, p. 47.
- 5 Robert W. Daniel, "Afterword", Barchester Towers, Signet Edition (1963), pp. 527-9.
- 6 Wylie Sypher, ed. Comedy: George Meredith, "An Essay on Comedy" and Henry Bergson, "Laughter" (1956), p. xv.
- 7 Novels and Stories by Anthony Trollope with an Introduction by John Hampden (1946), p. xi.
- 8 James R. Kincaid, The Novels of Anthony Trollope (1977), p. 103.
- 9 Walter E. Houghton quotes Thackeray in The Newcomes: (Chap. 8). "If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbour, elbow him and take it....By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you....You may be sure of success. If you

neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?", p. 192.

10

Miss Thorne's Fête Champêtre revives the ancient tournament games and is Trollope's amused reference to the enormous medieval tournament of the Earl of Eglinton at Eglinton Castle in 1839, a much publicized event. See R.B. Martin, Enter Rumour: Four Early Victorian Scandals, 1st American Edition (1962), p. 83 ff; W.L. Burn, The Age of Equipoise (1964), p. 62; and described by Disraeli in Endymion.

11

U.C. Knoepflamacher, p. 25.

12

Cecil Woodham-Smith called "the period from 1848 through the 'fifties as a time of national religious ferment, of religious feeling...of an intensity that manifested itself in an interest in doctrine and ecclesiastical matters". Queen Victoria from her Birth to the Death of the Prince Consort (1974), p. 415.

13

G.F.A. Best, Mid-Victorian Britain 1851-1873 (1961-2), p. 136.

14

Arthur Pollard refers to Samuel Butler's The Way of All Flesh and his jibe about the sizars of St. John's as "unprepossessing in features, gait and manners, unkempt and ill-dressed beyond what can be easily described", Anthony Trollope (1978), p. 51.

15

Robert M. Polhemus, p. 35.

16

Bradford A. Booth, p. 39.

17

Raymond Chapman, The Victorian Debate: English Literature Society 1832-1901 (1968), p. 10.

18

Geoffrey Harvey, The Art of Anthony Trollope (1980), p. 46.

19

Novels and Stories by Anthony Trollope, p. xii.

III Doctor Thorne

1 Asa Briggs, p. 218.

2 G.M. Young, p. 93.

3 G.M. Trevelyan, History of England (1954), p. 646.

4 Walter E. Houghton, p. 1.

5 Raymond Chapman, pp. 21-22.

6 Bradford A. Booth, p. 47. At the beginning of this work (p. 4) Professor Booth notes that the squirarchy is the most stable socio-political element in Victorian England, and "without doubt [Trollope] does represent adequately and faithfully a large segment of Victorian society--that powerful upper middle class into which he was born".

7 A.L. Rowse, "Trollope's Autobiography", Trollope's Centenary Essays, ed. John Halperin (1982), p. 141. Bill Overton says of the novel that Trollope is "drawing on a firm and deliberate reading of recent history...it came out in 1858 and its action occurs between 1854, when Frank Gresham comes of age, and 1857 when he married, p. 123.

8 Robert M. Polhemus, p. 8.

9 Robert Skilton, Anthony Trollope and His Contemporaries (1972), pp. 144 & 144n.; F.M.L. Thompson, English Landed Society in the Nineteenth Century (1963). Skilton adds: This work "is drawn entirely from perfectly factual evidence such as estate records and account books".

10 Mark Girouard, Life in the English Country House (1978), p. 268.

11 Lord Byron, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV, Stanza 1.

- 12 Letters, Bk. 2, P. 821.
- 13 Raymond Chapman, p. 4.
- 14 Ibid, p. 5-6.
- 15 A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, (1955), p. 47.
- 16 A.O.J. Cockshut, "Victorian Thought", The Victorian History of Literature in the English Language (1970), p. 13.
- 17 Bill Overton, p. 99.
- 18 Coventry Patmore, "The Angel in the House", The Poems of Coventry Patmore, ed. Frederick Page, (1949), p. 343.
- 19 Raymond Chapman, p. 43.
- 20 Smalley, p. 527.
- 21 Robert M. Polhemus, p. 54. The Examiner in its review of Doctor Thorne describes Scatcherd's drinking as "more of an exaggeration", and his "gin-drinking clerk and extravagant abortion". 29 May, 1858, p. 340. Smalley: p. 68.
- 22 Smalley, p. 69.
- 23 Herbert Spencer, "The Morals of Trade", Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative (1858-63) 2 vols. (1868). Book 2, p. 141. See Walter E. Houghton p. 184.
- 24 P.D. Edwards, p. 36.
- 25 An Autobiography, p. 15.
- 26 Smalley, p. 88.

27

Robert Tracy, Trollope's Later Novels (1978), pp. 90-1, and Benjamin Disraeli, "The Spirit of Whiggism" in Whiggs and Whiggism, ed. William Hutton (1836), p. 90n.

28

Elizabeth Bowen, "Suspense Without Mystery", in Trollope: The Barchester Novels, ed. T. Bareham (1983), p. 172.

IV Framley Parsonage

1

Mark Girouard in his Life in the English County House notes that "he who had made money by any means, and was ambitious for himself and his family...automatically invested in country estate", (1972), p. 2.

2

A.O.J. Cockshutt, Anthony Trollope, A Critical Study (1955), p. 156.

3

An Autobiography, p. 123.

4

P.D. Edward's (p. 38) comment on Mrs. Proudie's interruption of Mr. Harold Smith's lecture is that "her terrific interruption is so maddeningly in character that our first impulse is to cheer from the sheer joy of recognition", p. 38.

5

Beatrice Curtis Brown, Anthony Trollope (1969), p. 54.

6

T.H.S. Escott finds a connection between poetry and Trollope's novels. "The greatest, probably, of modern English poets who have ever filled the office of laureate made his first successful appeal to the public with compositions that were in the metre much what Trollope's Cornhill stories were in prose...and the public...therefore, found what exactly suited its mood in Framley Parsonage and The Small House of Allington....Anthony Trollope: His Public Services, Private Friends and Literary Originals, (1913), p. 186. See also James R. Kincaid, who says that in Framley Parsonage Trollope "created a perfect English idyll, of the sort Tennyson tried for so very often and with less success". The Novels of Anthony Trollope, (1977), pp. 121 and 121.

7 Robert M. Polhemus, (1961), p. 71.

8 Ibid, p. 71.

9 Bradford A. Booth, p. 50.

10 Raymond Chapman, p. 10.

11 In the 'fifties the Crimean War occupied much attention in England. (Early in Framley Parsonage Lady Lufton speaks of it p. 15). When Florence Nightingale returned from the Crimea the public was shocked by her description of the fever and the unsanitary conditions of the field hospitals that she had tried to alleviate. It is possible that Lucy, acting as a nurse at Hoggstock Parsonage, may have been suggested by Florence Nightingale's own courageous acts in risking infection and death.

12 Bradford A. Booth, p. 25.

13 Hugh L. Hennedy, p. 88.

14 James R. Kincaid, p. 11. Ruth apRoberts pp. 34-5.

15 An Autobiography, p. 123.

16 Bradford A. Booth, p. 50. The Westminster Review agrees with Trollope in calling Framley Parsonage "a series of anecdotes rather than a well-knit novel". Smalley, p. 133.

17 Hugh Walpole, Anthony Trollope, English Men of Letters Series (1928), p. 58.

18 Robert M. Polhemus, p. 65.

19 James R. Kincaid, p. 125.

V The Last Chronicle of Barset

1

Smalley, p. 297. Blackwood's Magazine considered that in this book Trollope struck "a higher note than he has yet attempted". Smalley, p. 303. Frank O'Connor regards The Chronicle as "a masterpiece as great as The Red and The Black or Anna Karenina, although "it is disgracefully and inconsequentially padded". The Mirror in the Roadway: A Study of the Modern Novel (1957), p. 167.

2

An anonymous writer in the 1867 London Review expressed what has continued to be the opinion of many of Trollope's readers: "We cannot but feel grieved to have to say farewell to so many pleasant scenes that have endeared us. Several of Mr. Trollope's Barsetshire characters have been from time to time so vividly brought before us that we have thoroughly accepted the reality of their existence, their shadowy forms have seemed to take equal substance with those of our living neighbours, and their fictitious joys and sorrows have entered more deeply into our speculations than those of the persons who really live and move and have their being around us...".

3

Smalley, p. 302.

4

Jerome Thale finds unity in The Chronicle based on honesty, a theme compatible with the money theme as developed in this chapter. He suggests that it is not plot that structures the novel: "If we examine the situations in The Last Chronicle of Barset, we discover that they are...variations of the basic motif of honesty." The relevant point here is that Thale does see the novel as a cohesive whole. "The Problem of Structure in Trollope". Nineteenth Century Fiction (1960-61), pp. 148-149). To this Hugh L. Hennedy adds: "If one has reservations about the particular theme which Thale sees as central, the suggestion seems plausible, since examination of the earlier novels in the series has shown that they all contain this kind of unity", p. 109.

5

Geoffrey Harvey, p. 64.

6

Ibid, p. 70.

7

Raymond Chapman, p. 228.

8

There is much to suggest that The Chronicle is a tragicomedy as Sylvan Barnet et al explain in Types of Drama, Plays and Essays. "Tragicomedy shows us comic characters for whom we feel deep sympathy", a view applicable particularly to Josiah Crawley. (1977). p. 15.

9

Geoffrey Harvey, p. 56.

10

G.M. Young, p. 34.

11

Lord Byron. Don Juan, Canto III, Stanza 9. William West deals at length with the criticism that Trollope failed to make The Last Chronicle a tragedy in the Aristotelian sense, and insists that Henry James is largely responsible for seeking to shape Trollope according to his own concept of the novel: "James's theory of the novel took as its explicit norm, the drama; but it should be not only noted but emphasized that too many followers of James have allowed dramatic and tragic expectations to overlap, almost as if drama and tragedy were synonymous terms. Bradford Booth, for instance, who feels called upon to apply James's aesthetic views to Trollope's novels, assuming that James must necessarily be the starting point of any discussion of the novel, ends by condemning The Last Chronicle of Barset not because it is not dramatic enough but because it is not tragic enough". "The Last Chronicle of Barset: Trollope's Comic Technique", The Classic British Novel (1972), p. 103.

12

Richard Jenkyns, The Victorians and Ancient Greece (1980), p. 72. See also Robert Tracy, "Lana Medicata Fuco". Trollope's Century Essays, ed. John Halperin, (1982), p. 14. In The Seven Against Thebes the same idea is expressed: "He wishes not to be seen but to be the best" (Line 592).

13

John Henry Newman, Parochial and Plain Sermons, 8, No. 11, (1868), p. 159.

14

Gerald Warner Brace says of Crawley that he "has all the makings of a martyr on whom great sympathy might be spent: in outline he is a saint--but in fact he is vain and cantankerous. The whole complex 'truth' of his character is beyond the range of any of Trollope's peers with the one exception of George Eliot, and the fact that commentators have described him as a Victorian Lear rightly suggest the quality of this truth. "The World of Anthony Trollope", from The Texas Quarterly (Autumn 1961), pp. 180-9.

15

In Phineas Redux Trollope gives a description of the requirements of a gentleman: "A man cannot become faithful to his friends, unsuspicious before the world, gentle with women, loving with children, considerate to his inferiors, kindly with servants, tender-hearted with all,--and at the same time be frank, of open speech, with springing eager energies,--simply because he desires it. These things, which are the attributes of manliness, must come of training on a nature not ignoble". Phineas Redux, Bk. 2, p. 303.

16

Smalley, p. 299.

17

Robert M. Polhemus, p. 136.

18

Quoted by Robert M. Polhemus, p. 136.

19

Bradford A. Booth, p. 58.

20

Geoffrey Harvey, p. 65.

21

An Autobiography, p. 237.

22

A.O.J. Cockshut makes an interesting observation concerning Trollope's death scenes: "Trollope's death scenes are unusual in Victorian fiction because they introduce death as something to be faced and experienced. Often...they do this in such a calm, undramatic way that one is apt to forget how unusual this is", p. 85.

CONCLUSION

1

See Introduction to The Two Heroines of Plumplington, by John Hampden (1953), pp. 7-13.

2

G. M. Young, Portrait of an Age (1977), p. 120.

3

Arthur Pollard, Anthony Trollope (1978), p. 48.

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