ANTHONY TROLLOPE: A STUDY OF SOCIAL SATIRE IN HIS BARSETSHIRE NOVELS

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Chapter I

THE PROBLEM

Anthony Trollope (1815-1882), chronicler of the social life of mid-Victorian England, is known to the general reader, if at all, as a writer who, like Macaulay, accepted his time as he found it-- the country life of its aristocracy, the worldly comforts of its Anglican priesthood, and the social amenities of its great county society. The general reader is too often left with the impression that Trollope acquiesced thoroughly with his Britain, and wrote about it in a pleased, gossipy and sometimes humorous, but never satirical manner.

Critics have for some time acknowledged Trollope's quietly comic style, the good natured amusement of the man who so deftly mirrored the middle class. Occasionally he is given credit for jovial satire. Sir Michael Sadleir, by far and away considered the best authority on Trollope today, gives his subject credit for a "genial mockery, which underlies the demure sobriety of his many novels,"[1] but this is about as far as he ever goes.

That Trollope could write satire if he wished is very clear from the one tremendous and savage novel, The Way We Live Now. Sadleir comments on it thus: "At times one wonders whether ... this book is not the greatest novel Trollope ever wrote. But ... because beauty is more permanent than anger and sweetness more abiding than even righteous cruelty the satire falls into second place."[2]

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1 Michael Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, Constable and Co., London, 1927, p. 149.
2 Michael Sadleir, op. cit., p. 400.

The good and beautiful Trollope did accept, but despite the depiction of sweetness and grace in Victorian living, which leaves the modern reader with an almost nostalgic yearning, there were many evils which could not be ignored by the truthful painter. And truth was a very particular quality of Trollope's work. The French, who are most precise in literary criticism, declared, "il y a d'humour et de la verite dans ses peintures,"[3] and Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the American side of the Atlantic, enchantingly described the Trollopian novels to be as real "as if some giant had hewn a great lump of the earth, and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were made a show of."[4]

Trollope saw many things with his wide-awake eyes which did not add up to beauty and sweetness. Among them was the great stress put on material prosperity to the grave detriment of every other type of national and individual development. Extreme Evangelicalism and extreme reform were as full of absurdities as other extremes to his common sense intelligence.

He easily saw that the world was at threes and fours with itself, but he set himself an impossibly difficult task, in trying to portray it just as he saw it. For whereas he was ready to attack institutions as <u>castes</u>, yet he felt in so doing the unfairness to the individuals who made up the group. This is particularly true in the Barsetshire novels.

> He was distrustful of group-morality and jealous of caste-arrogance; therefore he was ready to attack the Church <u>as a caste</u> for misapplication of funds. But he was even more distrustful of Press-clamour (another and an aggressive form of caste-assertion) and at the same time unwilling to think ill

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3 <u>Larousse de XX^e Siecle</u>, Librairie Larousse, Paris, 1933, Vol. VI, p. 819.

4 Sadleir, <u>op. cit.</u>, Letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne to the Boston publisher, Fields, February 11, 1860, p. 231.

> of individuals; wherefore, he wished to defend Church dignitaries as individuals from the very charge which he himself was ready to bring against them as members of a corporate body. Later on, when writing the Autobiography, he saw the impossibility of the contradictory task that he had set himself, and described with humour the dilemma of the novelist who wishes to be an advocate but cannot help disliking both sides in any quarrel he espouses.[5]

Trollope, then, realized the defects of that English society of which he was a part, and would have liked to reform it. He had tried preaching in his first four novels, and they had fallen still born from the press. His mother, the Frances Trollope who had started the vogue for being superior to Americans with her first book, "The Domestic Life of the Americans," warned him that he would have to decide whether he wanted to write novels, and if he did, it would be wise to give up the preaching. The result was her son Anthony's first success, The Warden.

And what was the difference between it and first novels? Anthony had given up preaching. It is true, he sometimes lapsed into his former pulpit manner, something which he never quite got over, but he always managed to abandon it before the reader went quite to sleep. The important difference was he had become cognizant of the fact that people will take ridicule if they can be made to laugh at their stupidities. In other words, Trollope had learned to use satire. To what extent and with what exact purposes is the problem of this paper to solve. He was essentially a teller of tales, but he believed in tales with a moral.

The Barsetshire novels, dealing mainly with the cathedral society of Barchester, and the country house society of Barset have been chosen

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5 Sadleir, Ibid., p. 156.

for this study, as being most representative of Trollope's work. The series is made up of The Warden, Barchester Towers, Dr. Thorne, Framley Parsonage, The Small House at Allington and The Last Chronicle of Barset.

Before the satire of these stories can be discussed with any degree of certainty a definition of satire is necessary to gain a firm basis for judgment.

What is satire? Holyday in his preface to Juvenal, 1673, wrote that "according to the ancient use and law of Satyre, it should be nearer the Comedy than the Tragedy, not declaiming against Vice, but jeering at it."[6]

Since that time most definitions have agreed with this one, at least in spirit. Satire has been called variously:

> ...the sense of amusement or disgust excited by the ridiculous or unseemly provided humor is a distinctly recognizable element, and that the utterance is invested with literary form; without humor, satire is invective.[7]

> ...a literary composition holding up human or individual vices or folly or abuses or shortcomings of any kind to reprobation by means of ridicule, derision, burlesque, or other methods of intensifying incongruities, usually with an intent to provoke amendment.[8]

> ...a thing, fact or circumstance, that has the effect of making some person or thing ridiculous.[9]

> ...a taking of sides in a war of values; it is a defence reaction of a peculiarly aggressive type.....The mood and the reaction vary; satire may be playful or caustic or bitter or bland or insolently cool.[10]

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6 New English Dictionary, S-Sh by Henry Bradley, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1914, Vol. VIII, p. 120.

7 Richard Garnett, C.B., L.L.D., Satire in the Encyclopedia Britannica, Encyclopedia Brittanica, Inc., N. Y. and Chicago, 1936, 14th ed., Vol. XX, p. 5.

8 Webster's Dictionary, International, G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., 1926.

9 New English Dictionary, Ibid.

10 Louis W. Flaccus, The Spirit and Substance of Art, F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y., 1941, Third Edition, pp. 322-323.

Meredith considered the satirist "a moral agent, often a social scavenger, working on a storage of bile."[11] The ironist is but a bitter satirist.

> The ironist is one thing or another, according to his caprice. Irony is the humor of satire; it may be savage, as in Swift, with a moral object, or sedate as in Gibbon with a malicious.[12]

Ridicule is a strong part of satire, as it is of all humor, with the difference that satire seeks to reform, and therefore has a moral purpose. Again, according to Meredith

> You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love without loving them less; and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes.
>
> If you detect the ridicule, and your kindliness is chilled by it, you are slipping into the grasp of Satire.[13]

There are three chief satiric responses: the personal, the moral, and the philosophical.

Swift excelled in the personal, for much of his satire arose out of personal bitterness and the surety of the world's unfairness in judging his talents. He struck back at the lesser intellects of his time, making their criticisms and essays at learning quite ridiculous. But he had a deeper purpose, which was moral, for he felt the outraged decency of the disillusioned idealist. Often "entrenched behind commonly accepted values, such as fairness, kindness, honesty, clean living, moral satire makes war upon vice--corrupt political practices, hypocrisy, affectation and vanity, cruelties and absurdities in war, education, religion; the chicaneries and corruptions of law."[14]

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11 George Meredith, An Essay on Comedy (and the Uses of the Comic Spirit), Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1918, p. 136.
12 Ibid.
13 Ibid., p. 133.
14 Louis Flaccus, op. cit., pp. 323-324.

Philosophical satire, more subtle and general, is a challenge of life itself, as critical of accepted values as it is of possible abuses.[15]

Trollope is most often a moral satirist. He had too sane an attitude toward life to indulge much in personal satire, and his philosophical satire makes up a part of the moral. Entrenched behind commonly accepted values, he made war upon the cast system of church, aristocracy and press, the hypocrisy of politicians and lawyers and society in general, and the unfairness of law and so-called justice. The problem of marriage, suitable and unsuitable, or of social and ethical dilemma always called forth his best writing[16] -- and his best satire.

His paradoxical position with respect to society as groups, and with respect to individuals making up such groups, has already been mentioned. But even in deriding caste it was necessary to use individuals as examples of what was wrong with the caste. Therefore, Trollope had two distinct ways of presenting his satire, in one instance through caste, in his other through individual personalities.

That satire is very seldom recognized as such in Trollope is not odd, considering the fact that satire is seldom found in the pure form.[17] So in Trollope's work you find it blended with fun as in the case of Bertie Stanhope, with humor in the instance of Mrs. Proudie, Lady Arabella Gresham, and Mr. Slope. The first is a wastrel, talented, useless, charming; the second, a bossy lady bishop. Lady Arabella is determined in her snobbish heart that her son must marry money to "save the Gresham honor." And Mr. Slope, the bishop's chaplain is at war with Mrs. Proudie for the ruling of the diocese. Take away Trollope's mock heroic style,

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15 Ibid., p. 324.
16 Michael Sadleir, op. cit., p. 377.
17 Louis Flaccus, op. cit., p. 322.

his strong sense of the ridiculous and contradictory elements in the same personality, his nonchalant attitude of come-what-may, and you have uncovered a wasted life, a shrewish tyrant, a snob who will go to all lengths to defend her superiority, and a supreme hypocrite, very close in nature to Moliere's Tartuffe.

By inference a great social lesson of four parts is taught. Those who are selfish are parasites upon society, and as such feed not only on the material part of it, but would if possible feed upon the spirit and mind of it, sapping and vitiating the strength of the real supporters and workers within the group. Society in order to continue must recognize people for what they are and guard against them, and if possible correct the faults that cause disintegration. People must therefore learn first, self-responsibility; second, protection and encouragement of the weak; third, democratic attitudes; and fourth, the basis of truth and sincerity in any cause espoused. Left to the Bertie Stanhopes, Mrs. Proudies, Lady Arabellas, and Mr. Slopes, society would become a shambles or turn into a dictatordom.

There is in the Barsetshire Novels a defence of social values, "the paying off of insults against society, which marks the line between the playful caprice of fun, the inconsequential cleverness of wit, and satire."[18] There is here a social satire, which, though it flows beneath the surface and is not the most important element of Trollopian writing, is worthy, at any rate, of measurement.

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18 Ibid., p. 324.

Chapter II

INSTITUTIONAL SATIRE

Anthony Trollope, as he himself said, was unfortunate in being able to see both sides of a quarrel. Such made his satire weaker than it would have been if he could have only blinded himself to one side of the argument. But then that would not have been Trollope, for he was ever against extremes, were they in government or wine.

The only people he never satirized in any way whatever were those who walked the narrow path between the high church and evangelicalism, monarchy and democracy, Whiggery and Toryism, reformation and tradition, those who held to the spirit rather than to the letter of social intercourse. As one of his characters, Mr. Butterwell, a government employee, used to walk through the streets whispering to himself "Tact, tact, tact," so Trollope meanders through his books, chanting to his pen, "Moderation, moderation, moderation." Many of his characters are ridiculous because they are extreme. When their extremity contributes to the unhappiness of others Trollope lashes out at them in his tone of ironical whimsy, high-lighting the irrational elements which go to make up their character, in such a way that they become objects of laughter and so lose their "serpent's sting."

In institutional satire Trollope uses his characters to high-light the ridiculous in caste-assertion of every type. Since the Barsetshire novels are about clergymen, the church as a form of caste assertion is treated with preference, but the attacks, though telling, do not attain to the almost savage quality of tho e used against the press, and

reform as an institution. The aristocracy as a social force is shown to be decadent enough, but, on the other hand, the whig government is shown to be sufficiently assinine to make the reader almost bless the name of moderation.

Church

Church reform is treated extensively and intensively in The Warden, since the plot of the book is based on the attempts of reformer John Bold to set to rights Hiram's Hospital, an almshouse endowed during the middle ages by one John Hiram. The real nut to be cracked is church preference. In the second book of the series, Barchester Towers, an enemy in the form of the evangelical Mr. Slope, the new reform bishop's confidential chaplain, enters the comfortable strong-hold of the high and dry church, intent upon destroying every vestige of its horrible attitude. His aide and abettor until she finds that he is about to usurp her power, is the bishop's wife, Mrs. Proudie, the power behind the throne, only because no one will allow her to sit upon it. The staunch supporter of all conservatives is Archdeacon Grantly. Upon these two men, Mr. Slope and the archdeacon, hangs much of the satire.

Mr. Harding, the warden of the first book, the ex-warden of the second, is a gentle, unofficious, and money-unconscious gentleman. After Mr. Bold's reformations have been inaugurated on one side of him and Mr. Slope has hammered at him from the other side, frowning upon the rank Romanish quality of chanting, he sits down and meditates seriously:

> Surely he could not have been wrong all his life in chanting the litany as he had done! He began, however, to have his doubts. Doubting himself was Mr. Harding's weakness. It is not, however, the usual faults of his order.[1]

It is easily seen that Trollope did not satirize Mr. Harding. Mr. Harding was almost Trollope himself in many of his opinions, for he believes in nothing so much as in moderation. To his daughter, speaking of Mr. Slope's unkind sermon--unkind that is to chanters of litany, and singers in chorus, he said in his usual gentle voice:

> "Believe me, my child, that Christian ministers are never called on by God's word to insult the convictions, or even the prejudices, of their brethren; and that religion is at any rate not less susceptible of urbane and courteous conduct among men than any other study which men may take up. I am sorry to say that I cannot defend Mr. Slope's sermon in the cathedral."[2]

So is Mr. Harding throughout all these Barchester novels, a churchman of "the old school."

Not so Mr. Slope, who

> wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder. It is not unlike beef,--beef, however one would say, of a bad quality.[3]

Such a man is not abashed at saying

> "You must be aware, Mr. Harding, that things are a good deal changed in Barchester. And not only in Barchester, Mr. Harding, but in the world at large. It is not only in Barchester that a new man is carrying out new measures and casting away the useless rubbish of past centuries. The same thing is going on throughout the country. Work is now required from every man who receives wages: and they who have to superintend the doing of work and the paying of wages, are bound to see that this rule is carried out. New men, Mr. Harding, are now needed, and are now forthcoming in the church, as well as in other professions."[4]

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1 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1923, p. 49.
2 Op. cit., p. 60.
3 Ibid., p. 25.
4 Ibid., p. 100.

Mr. Slope is one of the new men.

> He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the mind of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves an impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, --- and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.[5]
>
> Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth.[6]

He thrives upon "the desecration of Sabbath," as he delights to call it, as a policeman thrives upon the general evil habits of the community.

> It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Savior speak in vain, to him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain -- "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" -- "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man's allotted time here below.[7]

Mr. Slope is a man who makes the most of his opportunities. And as an opportunist he adjusts his action to the attitudes of those about him. In reality he preys upon the ignorance and weaknesses of his listeners.

> From the poorer classes he exacts an unconditional obedience to set rules of conduct, and if disobeyed he has recourse, like his great ancestor, to the fulminations of an Ernulfus: "Thou shalt be damned in thy going in and in thy coming out, — in thy

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5 Ibid., p. 24.
6 Ibid., p. 25.
7 Ibid., pp. 27-28.

> eating and thy drinking," etc. etc. With the rich, experience has already taught him that a different line of action is necessary. Men in the upper walks of life do not mind being cursed, and the women, presuming that it be done in delicate phrase, rather like it. With the men, indeed, he is generally at variance; they are hardened sinners, on whom the voice of the priestly charmer too often falls in vain; but the ladies, old and young, firm and frail, devout and dissipated, he is as he conceives, all powerful. He can reprove faults with so much flattery, and utter censure in so caressing a manner that the female heart, if it glow with a spark of low church susceptibility, cannot withstand him.[8]

If there were a spark of sincerity in the heart of the man, or human kindliness or any unselfishness, he would not have been satirized, but he is shown to be a hypocrite through not only his words but his actions.

Arrived at Barchester, he proceeded to fall in love with Signora Neroni, nata Stanhope, but "Mr. Slope had never been an immoral man," so "it must therefore be conceived that he did not admit to himself that he warmly admired the beauty of a married woman without heartfelt stings of conscience; and to pacify that conscience, he had to teach himself that the nature of his admiration was innocent."[9]

This he did in record time and had so far progressed by the time he reaches his pinnacle that he is innocently seeing the Signora alone every day, kissing her hands, and declaring himself irrevocably in love. Mr. Slope, then, is not adverse to an innocent good time.

But he has his moments of forethought when the business of living is deeply considered. In such a mood he ponders upon the widow, Eleanor Bold, who has a tidy fortune, and rather beautiful dark brown tresses. Why not offer to walk the stony road of life with her, making it easier for her delicate and wealthy feet?

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8 Ibid., pp. 27-28.
9 Ibid., p. 122.

> His conscience had not a word to say against his choosing the widow and her fortune. That he looked upon as a godly work rather than otherwise; as a deed which, if carried through, would rebound to his credit as a Christian. On that side lay no future remorse, no conduct which he might probably have to forget, no inward stings. If it should turn out to be really the fact that Mrs. Bold had twelve hundred a year at her disposal, Mr. Slope would rather look upon it as a duty which he owed his religion to make himself the master of the wife and the money;--as a duty, too, in which some amount of self-sacrifice would be necessary. He would have to give up his friendship with the Signora, his resistance to Mr. Harding, his antipathy,--no, he found on mature self-examination, that he could not bring himself to give up his antipathy to Dr. Grantly. He would marry the lady as the enemy of her brother-in-law if such an arrangement suited her. If not, she must look elsewhere for a husband.[10]

But the record of his pure and noble thought and action does not end here. When the Dean dies, Mr. Slope realizes that it is exactly the position for a young and rising evangelical clergyman, who feels it his duty "to cart away the useless rubbish of centuries." Besides,

> he was of the opinion that Eleanor would grace the deanery as perfectly as she would the chaplain's cottage; and he thought, moreover, that Eleanor's fortune would excellently repair any dilipidations, and also curtailments in the dean's stipend which might have been made by the ruthless ecclesiastical commission.[11]

He enlists the help of Tom Towers of the Jupiter, a great newspaper light, who is always seeking to reform the world with the help of just "new" men like Mr. Slope. He is confident of success, is the bishop's chaplain, but then, such is the injustice of things -- comes the débacle.

First he proposes to Mrs. Bold.

> "Do not ask me to leave you, Mrs. Bold," said he with an impassioned look, impassioned and sanctified as well, with that sort of look which is not uncommon with gentlemen of Mr. Slope's school, and which may perhaps be called the tender-pious.[12]

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10 Ibid., p. 122.
11 Ibid., p. 302-303.
12 Ibid., p. 380.

But all his tender-piousness is in vain. Mrs. Bold declines the honor he would bestow upon her. Then Mrs. Proudie rallies her forces, gets the bishop under her thumb once more and sends Mr. Slope travelling. The new ministry is uninterested in the "new" man who will so willingly acquiesce in all things new as the dean of Barchester.

Well, admits Mr. Slope, my chances in Barchester are at an end. So,

> He sat himself down in his chair, counted out what monies he had in hand for present purposes, and what others were coming in to him, bethought himself as to the best sphere for his future exertions, and at once wrote off a letter to a rich sugar-refiner's wife in Baker Street, who, as he well knew, was much given to the entertainment and encouragement of serious young evangelical clergymen. He was again, he said, "upon the world, having found the air of a cathedral town, and the very nature of cathedral services, uncongenial to his spirit!"[13]

Then he went to the Bishop's study, where he again crossed swords with Mrs. Proudie,

> "May God forgive you, madame, for the manner in which you have treated me," said Mr. Slope, looking at her with a very heavenly look; "and remember this, madam, that you yourself may still have a fall;" and he looked at her with a very worldly look. "As to the bishop, I pity him!" And so saying, Mr. Slope left the room. Thus ended the intimacy of the bishop of Barchester with his first confidential chaplain.[14]

And Mr. Slope was really never punished, for it's the way of the world--

> the family of the Slopes never starve. They always fall on their feet like cats, and let them fall where they will, they will live on the fat of the land. Our Mr. Slope did so. On his return to town he found that the sugar-refiner had died, and that his widow was inconsolable;--or, in other words, was in want of consolation. Mr. Slope consoled her, and soon found himself settled with much comfort in the house in Baker Street. He possessed himself, also, before long, of a church in the vicinity of the New Road, and became known to fame as one of the most eloquent preachers and pious clergymen in that part of the metropolis.[15]

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13 Ibid., p. 483.
14 Ibid., p. 486.
15 Ibid., p. 487.

Let those who can beware of this popular eloquent preacher. Has he made the world a better place in which to live? Has he succored any of the sad, the afflicted, the care-worn? Has he served unflinchingly the ideals to which he had pledged himself?

No. If this class of churchmen were content to remain a negative indifferent quality no one would have to beware of them. But men like Mr. Slope must be positive, ambitious seekers after the goods of this world. What exactly is the danger of those men who are only sincere in their hunger after popularity and position? According to the archdeacon:

> "Those are the sort of men who will ruin the Church of England, and make the profession of a clergyman disreputable. It is not the dissenters or the papists that we should fear, but the set of canting, low-bred hypocrites who are wriggling their way in among us; men who have no fixed principle, no standard ideas of religion or doctrine, but who take up some popular cry, as this fellow has done about 'Sabbath travelling.'"[16]

And, that I think sums up Mr. Slope. He reminds me of no one so much as of Moliere's Tartuffe, that hypocritical canting villain who would have sacrificed everything to his ambition. This type once recognized will never again dupe the innocent. He, it is true, can seldom be reformed, but the attitude toward him can be reformed, through satire, to such an extent that he will no longer be a danger to the welfare of society.

Mr. Slope embodies all that is worst of the "new order." Archdeacon Grantly, while he does not embody the worst, shows at least that there are some things which need change. The conservative who believes things are right because they are, because they exist, is well portrayed here.

The words spoken to the warden when the justice of his receiving a large salary was challenged exemplify his irrational attitude,

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16 Ibid., pp. 39-40.

> "Oh, well, all that's nothing to the question; the question is whether this intruding fellow, and a lot of cheating attorneys and pestilent dissenters, are to interfere with an arrangement which everyone knows is essentially just and serviceable to the church. Pray don't let us be splitting hairs, and that amongst ourselves, or there'll never be an end of the cause or the cost."[17]

The archdeacon is every inch a conservative and every inch a churchman. His appearance cowed even the recalcitrant bedesmen, who believed that part of the warden's salary should have been their due, for,

> As the archdeacon stood up to make his speech, erect in the middle of that little square, he looked 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;his heavy eyebrow, large open eyes, and full mouth and chin expressed the solidity of his order; the broad chest, amply covered with fine cloth, told how well to do was its estate; one hand esconced 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 defense; 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.[18]

Added to his numerous other accomplishments the archdeacon is

> ...the author of the pamphlet signed "Sacerdos" on the subject of the Earl of Guildford and St. Cross, in which it is so clearly argued that the manners of the present times do not admit of a literal adhesion to the very words of the founder's will, but that the interests of the church for which the founder was so deeply concerned, are best consulted in enabling its bishops to reward those shining lights, whose services have been most signally serviceable to Christianity. In answer to this, it is asserted that Henry de Blois, founder of St. Cross, was not greatly interested in the welfare of the reformed church, and that the masters of St. Cross, for many years past, cannot be called shining lights in the service of Christianity; it is however, stoutly maintained, and no doubt felt, by all the archdeacon's friends, that his logic is conclusive, and has not, in fact, been answered.[19]

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17 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, Longmans, London, 1914, p. 40.
18 Ibid., p. 51.
19 Ibid., p. 9.

But Trollope begs forgiveness for the archdeacon's reactionary tenderness.

> The tone of our archdeacon's mind must not astonish us; it has been the growth of centuries of church ascendency; and though some fungi now disfigure the tree, though there be much dead wood, for how much good fruit have not we to be thankful? Who, without remorse, can batter down the dead branches of an old oak, now useless, but, ah! still so beautiful, or drag out the fragments of the ancient forest, without feeling that they sheltered the younger plants, to which they are now summoned to give way in a tone so peremptory and so harsh?[20]

Trollope begs forgiveness for the archdeacon because, in spite of his faults, he is a gentleman, and would never think of making any steps forward in his career if it meant climbing on the necks of his associates. But Trollope does resent the fact that rockbound custom has robbed church salaries and livings of much of their equality. Dr. Grantly was not a hypocrite, but he failed to see himself and his church in its true light. He failed to see the need of reform.

> He did not believe in the Gospel with more assurance than he did in the sacred justice of all ecclesiastical revenues. When he put his shoulder to the wheel to defend the income of the present and future precentors of Barchester, he was animated by as strong a sense of a holy cause, as that which gives courage to a missionary in Africa, or enables a sister of mercy to give up the pleasures of the world for the wards of a hospital. He was about to defend the holy of holies from the touch of the profane; to guard the citadel of his church from the most rampant of its enemies; to put on his good armour in the best of fights; and secure, if possible, the comforts of his creed for coming generations of ecclesiastical dignitaries.[21]

The foolishness of much of the reform that had been going on, the mistakes of the Ecclesiastical Commission, had antagonized and blinded him to the real need. In this he was as stupid as the bishop's wife, Mrs. Proudie, who thought Sunday observance would solve everything. If only those pestilent dissenters and humbug reformers would leave

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20 Ibid., p. 45.
21 Ibid., pp. 39-40.

the church alone! Everything would yet come right if there were anything wrong, which he very much doubted.

The satirist shows how ridiculous the attitude of the archdeacon is by contrasting it with the truth. There is Mr. Quiverful, who has fourteen children. To his wife "the outsides and insides of her husband and fourteen children were everything. In her bosom every other ambition had been swallowed up in that maternal ambition of seeing them and him and herself duly clad and properly fed."[22]

It is put down humorously enough, but what is really funny about the situation? Should a minister's wife be driven to think only of the material? Where is the chance of real spiritual enlightenment when young mouths are empty and young bodies need to be clothed? It had come to that point with Mrs. Quiverful. What of the ideals of honor, which prevailed with men like Mr. Harding, who would give up a preference for his conscience's sake? "She recked nothing of the imaginary rights of others. She had no patience with her husband when he declared to her he could not accept the hospital unless he knew that Mr. Harding had refused it."[23] And are rights like these really imaginary?

Mr. Crawley, the perpetual clergyman of Hogglestock, was the one of whom Trollope wrote most feelingly and even fiercely, remembering perhaps his own miserable and poverty-stricken childhood, filled with shabbiness and heartache. The reverend Mr. Crawley, poor as he was, had three children and a wife, born a gentlewoman. And he lived in a rickety house of not more than four rooms which were very wretchedly dilapidated living quarters. One might say that, technically, they were

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22 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, op. cit., pp. 215-216.
23 Ibid., pp. 215-216.

furnished. The living room was best furnished, but even it had seen better days. Now the rug was gone, having worn to shreds, the tables all needed support because of old age, and there was only one comfortable chair left. Mr. Crawley indeed had an ancient secretary, propped up against the wall, but what a secretary! This then was the best room of the Crawley domicile.

> It was not such a room as one would wish to see inhabited by a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England; but they who know what money will do and what it will not, will understand how easily a man with a family, and with a hundred and thirty pounds a year, may be brought to the need of inhabiting such a chamber. When it is remembered that three pounds of meat a day, at ninepence a pound, will cost over forty pounds a year, there need be no difficulty in understanding that it may be so. Bread for such a family must cost at least twenty-five pounds. Clothes for five persons, of whom one must at any rate wear the raiment of a gentleman, can hardly be found for less than ten pounds a head. Then there remains fifteen pounds for tea, sugar, beer, wages, education, amusements, and the like. In such circumstances a gentleman can hardly pay much for the renewal of his furniture.[24]

And how did Mr. Crawley take his poverty? He was supposed to be looked up to as a spiritual pastor, to be respected as the strongest and most devout of his parish. Mr. Crawley who was an unusually stubborn man and did not feel like giving way to his wretchedness, knew however that there was injustice in his position.

> St. Paul could go forth without money in his purse or shoes to his feet or two suits to his back, and his poverty never stood in the way of his preaching, or hindered the veneration of the faithful. St. Paul, indeed, was called upon to bear stripes, was flung into prison, encountered terrible dangers. But Mr. Crawley,--so he told himself,--could have encountered all that without flinching. The stripes and scorn of the unfaithful would have been nothing to him, if only the faithful would have believed in him, poor as he was, as they would have believed in him had he been rich![25]

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24 Anthony Trollope, Last Chronicle of Barset, G. Bell & Sons, London, 1914, p. 35, Vol.I.
25 Ibid., pp. 126-127.

There is nothing more ironically stated than the incident of the butcher, and the bishop's letter;

> There had been one creditor, Fletcher, the butcher of Silverbridge, who had of late been specially hard upon poor Crawley. This man, who had not been without good nature in his dealings, had heard stories of the dean's good-will and such like, and had loudly expressed his opinion that the perpetual curate of Hogglestock would show a higher pride in allowing himself to be indebted to a rich brother clergyman, than in remaining under thrall to a butcher. And thus a rumour had grown up. And then the butcher had written repeated letters to the bishop,--to Bishop Proudie of Barchester, who had at first caused his chaplain to answer them, and had told Mr. Crawley somewhat roundly what was his opinion of a clergyman who ate meat and did not pay for it. But nothing that the bishop could say or do enabled Mr. Crawley to pay the butcher.[26]

Of all useless things most generously given the foremost is advice. Still the bishop didn't offer to see that Mr. Crawley was paid more. No one did. His brother clergymen were willing enough to help by donating roast beef, cream, tea, butter, dresses for his daughters and wife, an occasional check now and then, but who attempted to heal the wound from the inside out, and that thoroughly? Who tried to get an honest salary for him, though those about him would have done anything to relieve his sorrows?

Finally the day came when Mr. Crawley was accused of stealing a check, and he was taken before a commission to be entered for trial if found guilty.

> "Why are the people here?" said Mr. Crawley.
> "I suppose it is the custom when the magistrates are sitting," said his wife.
> "They have come to see the degradation of a clergyman," said he;--"and they will not be disappointed."
> "Nothing can degrade but guilt," said his wife.
> "Yes,--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. They have come to look at me as though I were a hunted beast."[27]

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26 Ibid., pp. 8-9.
27 Ibid., p. 83.

The plight of Mr. Crawley fails to be seen in its truly ironic light unless contrasted, say, with the situation of Dr. Vesey Stanhope, whose living is Crabtree Canonicorum.

> Crabtree Canonicorum is a very nice thing; there are only two hundred parishioners; there are four hundred acres of glebe; and the great and small tithes, which both go to the rector, are worth four hundred pounds a year more. Crabtree Canonicorum is in the gift of the dean and chapter, and is at this time possessed by the Honourable and Reverend Dr. Vesey Stanhope, who also fills the prebendal stall of Goosegorge in Barchester Chapter, and holds the united rectory of Eiderdown and Stogpingue, or Stoke Pinquium, as it should be written. This is the same Dr. Vesey Stanhope, whose hospitable villa on the Lake of Como is so well known to the elite of English travellers, and whose collection of Lombard butterflies is supposed to be unique.[28]

This is also the same Dr. Stanhope who left England for Italy ten years ago with a sore throat which has stood him in such good stead he has never been able to return.

Consider the attitude of the archdeacon towards Grace Crawley, who loved his son.

> "Heaven and earth!" he must say, "here are you, without a penny in your pocket, with hardly decent raiment on your back, with a thief for your father, and you think that you are to come and share in all the wealth that the Grantlys have amassed, that you are to have a husband with broad acres, a big house, and game preserves, and become one of a family whose name had never been touched by a single accusation,—no, not by a suspicion? No;— injustice such as that shall never be done betwixt you and me. You may wring my heart, and you may ruin my son; but the broad acres and the big house, and the game preserves, and the rest of it, shall never be your reward for doing so."[29]

Can anyone doubt that church preferments needed reforming? But,

> Let those who know clergymen, and like them, and have lived with them, only fancy it! Clergymen to be paid, not according to the temporalities of any living which they may have acquired either by merit or favour, but in accordance with the work to be done! O Doddington! and O Stanhope, think of this, if an idea so sacrilegious can find entrance into your warm ecclesiastical bosoms! Ecclesiasti-

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28 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., pp. 137-138.
29 Anthony Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 172.

cal work to be bought and paid for according to its quantity and quality!

How pleasant it was, too, that one bishop should be getting fifteen thousand a year and another with an equal cure of parsons only four! That a certain prelate could get twenty thousand one year and his successor in the same diocese only five the next![30]

The Press

I have found two very divergent views on Trollope's satire of the London Times. Taken in point of time the first, written in 1854, is probably more correct, because it was opinion founded on fact--founded on the fact of the writer's knowing something about what he was talking. A professional reader, in giving his opinion of The Warden stated, "The description of the Times, under the nom de guerre of Mount Olympus I will back against anything of the kind that was ever written for geniality and truth."[31] As for geniality perhaps the English have an ironical conception of what constitutes the meaning of the word.

The second statement, written possibly seventy-five years later, may be perfectly true of the London Times of today, but is it true of the London Times of 1850? Clarence Dimick Stevens of the University of Cincinnati has declared that Trollope's "efforts at satire resulted in such crass work as his attack on the London Times found in The Warden."[32] At least the reader is aware that Mr. Stevens read The Warden, even if he only had to write the introduction to Barchester Towers.

Mount Olympus then is the London Times,

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30 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, Bell & Sons, London, 1914, pp. 173-175.
31 Michael Sadleir, op. cit., p. 157.
32 Clarence Dimick Stevens, Introduction to Barchester Towers, op. cit., p. xiii.

> that high abode of all the powers of type, that favoured seat of the great goddess Pica, that wondrous habitation of gods and devils from whence with ceaseless hum of steam and never-ending flow of Castalian Ink, issue forth fifty thousand nightly edicts for the governance of a subject nation.....To the outward and uninitiated eye, Mount Olympus is a somewhat humble spot--undistinguished, unadorned, — nay, almost mean. 'Is this Mount Olympus?" asks the unbelieving stranger. 'Is it from these small, dark, dingy buildings that those infallible laws proceed which cabinets are called upon to obey; by which bishops are to be guided, lords and commons controlled, --judges instructed in law, generals in strategy, admirals in naval tactics, and orange-women in the management of their barrows?" [33]

Mount Olympus has an official publication, the voice of its ruler, called the Jupiter. On its staff is found that great mind, Tom Towers, who "walks quietly along Pall Mall with his coat buttoned close against the east wind, as though he were a mortal man, and not a god dispensing thunderbolts from Mount Olympus." [34]

Who is this Tom Towers, whose wisdom is greater than that of any man's in England? He is a power to be reckoned with and listened to.

> It is true his name appeared in no large capitals; on no wall was chalked up "Tom Towers for ever"— "Freedom of the Press and Tom Towers:" but what member of Parliament had half his power? It is true that in far-off provinces men did not talk daily of Tom Towers, but they read the Jupiter, and acknowledged that without the Jupiter life was not worth having. .... But to whom was he, Tom Towers, responsible? No one could insult him; no one could inquire into him. He could speak out withering words, and no one could answer him: ministers courted him, though perhaps they knew not his name; bishops feared him; judges doubted their own verdicts unless he confirmed them; and generals in their councils of war, did not consider more deeply what the enemy would do, than what the Jupiter would say. . . It is probably Tom Towers considered himself the most powerful man in Europe; and so he walked on from day to day, studiously striving to look a man, but knowing within his breast that he was a god. [35]

How lucky have been the English!

> Does not the Jupiter, coming forth daily with fifty thousand impressions full of unerring decision on every mortal subject, set all matter sufficiently at rest? Is not Tom Towers here, able to

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33 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., pp. 140-141.
34 Ibid., p. 143.
35 Ibid., pp. 147, 148, 149.

> guide us and willing? .... Britons have but to read, to obey, and be blessed. None but the fools doubt the wisdom of the Jupiter; none but the mad dispute its facts. [36]

Yet can it be possible? Yes, it is, "for not established religion has ever been without its unbelievers." [37]

> There are those who doubt the Jupiter! They live and breathe the upper air, walking here unscathed, though scorned—men, born of British mothers and nursed on English milk, who scruple not to say that Mount Olympus has its price, that Tom Towers can be bought for gold! [38]

Unhappily the Bishop of Barchester was one of the Jupiter's doubters. He did not believe that the Jupiter was right when it called Mr. Harding a robber, an avaricious lazy priest scrambling for gold. He went so far as to believe the exact opposite; that Mr. Harding was a retiring humble-spirited man, who had innocently taken what had innocently been offered to him. The bishop advised Mr. Harding to write to the Jupiter and set the newspaper people right, as to his true character.

But the archdeacon was more worldly wise.

> "Yes," said the archdeacon, ... "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the mouth of a practised terrier. You will leave out some word or letter in your answer, and the ignorance of the cathedral clergy will be harped upon; you will make some small mistake, which will be a falsehood, or some admission, which will be self-condemnation; you will find yourself to have been vulgar, ill-tempered, irreverend, and illiterate, and the chances are ten to one, but that being a clergyman you will have been guilty of blasphemy! A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison, or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer when attacked by the Jupiter. In such matters it is omnipotent. What the Czar is in Russia, or the mob in America, that the Jupiter is in England." [39]

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36 Ibid., pp. 141-142.
37 Ibid., p. 143.
38 Ibid., p. 143.
39 Ibid., p. 72.

The Jupiter always upheld good, upright souls, who had good, upright purposes. Take for instance the case of Mr. Slope who wanted to be dean of Barchester. The Jupiter was tooth and nail for him. Fortunately when Mr. Slope's case came up it was autumn, and

> those caterers for our morning repast, the staff of the Jupiter, had been sorely put to it for the last month to find a sufficiency of proper pabulum. Just then there was no talk of a new American president. No wonderful tragedies had occurred on railway trains in Georgia, or elsewhere. There was a dearth of broken banks, and a dead dean with the necessity for a live one was a godsend. Had Dr. Trefoil died in June, Mr. Towers would probably not have known so much about the piety of Mr. Slope. [40]

And why is Trollope so vehemently against the press? Because without moral restraint it can become the most invidious type of caste-assertion possible. That he actually thought it had already happened to a certain extent is evident when he sets two of his characters, men of Oxford, to discussing the times.

> "Everything has gone by, I believe," said Tom Staple. "The cigar has been smoked out, and we are the ashes."
>
> "Speak for yourself, Staple," said the master.
>
> "I speak for all," said the tutor, stoutly. "It is coming to that, that there will be no life anywhere in the country. No one is any longer fit to rule himself, or those belonging to him. The government is to find us all in everything and the presses to find the government." [41]

He realized what the dictators realized later, that the press is the greatest possible propaganda agency in the world. He seems to say, "You enlist a man's sympathies, and therefore his heart, mind, and action. That is the glory of truth, but the danger of propaganda. As an unlimited power you must be controlled, if by nothing else, then by the common-sense of your readers. Satire is an appeal to common-sense, to the cool judgment of wrongs. Laugh at something and you are no longer in awe of it."

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40 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, ed. cit., p. 422.
41 Ibid., p. 326.

Trollope felt that the "hero-worship" of the press had gone too far, and he said what he could to remove the danger of press dictatorship.

The Aristocracy

The aristocracy is best represented in Trollope's novels by great county families like the Luftons of Framley, the De Courcys of De Courcy Castle, the Greshams of Greshambury, the Grantlys of Plumstead, and Mr. and Miss Thorne of Ullathorne.

They all have one thing in common, pride of blood and rank. And it is this one thing that Trollope hammers away against. The Thornes are more proud of their blood than are any others in the whole of the Barsetshire novels.

Mr. Thorne was a kind old squire, who lived simply off his property. He was a Tory. He followed the hounds. He believed strongly in his queen. He had never done anything remarkable, or for which he could be called famous, but he had been born a Thorne, which in itself is a privilege the world seldom bestows, since the Thornes are a small family. At any rate Mr. Thorne is very proud of his blood.

> In speaking once of a widespread race whose name had received the honours of three coronets, scions from which sat for various constituencies, some one of whose members had been in almost every cabinet formed during the present century, a brilliant race such as there are few in England, Mr. Thorne had called them all "dirt." He had not intended any disrespect to these men. He admired them in many senses, and allowed them their privileges without envy. He had merely meant to express his feeling that the streams which ran through their veins were not yet purified by time to that perfection, had not become so genuine an ichor, as to be worthy of being called blood in the genealogical sense. [42]

With variations more or less, usually more, the rest of the aristocracy has the same idea. The variations are usually caused by lack of

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42 Ibid., p. 190.

money. More than one noble and proud house falls before the advances of filthy lucre and sullies its blood by allying itself with middle class wealth.

It will be more to the point to consider the problem by families. There are first of all the De Courcys, so loud in praise of blood and rank, but still not disdaining to raise wealth to their exalted position,-- that is if there is nothing really odious connected with the wealth.

There is Lady Amelia De Courcy, who advised her cousin, Augusta Gresham, not to marry beneath herself. Augusta had had a proposal from a very fine barrister, Mr. Gazebee of Gumption, Gumption, and Gazebee. His firm, she assured her cousin, handled only the very best accounts, really dealt only with the nobility, and then in spite of being a barrister, he was a gentleman-- she believed. Would she be a traitor to her blood to marry him?

> Poor Augusta prayed very hard for her husband; but she prayed to a bosom that on this subject was as hard as a flint, and she prayed in vain. Augusta Gresham was twenty-two, Lady Amelia De Courcy was thirty-four; was it likely that Lady Amelia would permit Augusta to marry, the issue having thus been left in her hands? Why should Augusta derogate from her position by marrying beneath herself, seeing that Lady Amelia had spent so many more years in the world, without having found it necessary to do so?43

Lady Amelia, with the exception of her mother, was the very grandest of the De Courcys. How could it be hoped that any mercy towards a traitor would be shown by her? So she advised her dear weak little cousin, nay, almost threatened her as to what would happen if such a dreadful pollution of aristocratic blood should take place. She wrote firmly and nobly:

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43 Anthony Trollope, Dr. Thorne, Bell and Sons, London, 1914, p. 502.

> "Mr. Gazebee often comes here in the way of business, and though papa always receives him as a gentleman--that is, he dines at table and all that--he is not on the same footing in the house as the ordinary guests and friends of the family. How would you like to be received at Courcy Castle in the same way?
>
> "You will say, perhaps, that you would still be papa's niece; so you would. But you know how strict in such matters papa is, and you must remember, that the wife always follows the rank of the husband. Papa is accustomed to the strict etiquette of court, the estate-agent in the light of a nephew. Indeed, were you to marry Mr. Gazebee, the house to which he belongs would, I imagine, have to give up the management of this property.
>
> Neither money nor position can atone to me for low birth. [44]

So Augusta, sadly but dutifully, bade Mr. Gazebee of Gumption, Gumption, and Gazebee to look elsewhere for a hand through which flowed less noble blood.

> He tried again and again, begged permission to mention the matter to Mr. Gresham; but Augusta was very firm, and he at last retired in disgust. Augusta went to Courcy Castle, and received from her cousin that consolation and restrengthening which she so much required. [45]

The story, however, does not end here, for in spite of Lady Amelia's firm and stoical precepts, he did at last succeed in marrying--of all things, a De Courcy!

But perhaps it would be best for Trollope to tell this tale which ends happily for two people, even though one cannot help wondering how a DeCourcy could be happy with a mere Gazebee, after having lived in the sunlight of Lady Amelia's shining example.

> Four years afterwards Mr. Mortimer Gazebee went down to Courcy Castle; of course on matters of business. No doubt he dined at the table, and all that. We have the word of Lady Amelia, that the earl, with his usual good-nature, allowed him such privileges. Let us hope that he never overreached them. .... But now it was told through Courcy, that one suitor had kneeled, and not in vain. The suitor, so named, was Mr. Mortimer Gazebee.
>
> Mortimer Gazebee--who had been found to be a treasure in every way; quite a paragon of men--was about to be taken into the De Courcy bosom as a child of that house. On that day fortnight, he was destined to lead to the altar--the Lady Amelia.

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44 Ibid., p. 505.
45 Ibid., p. 510.

> The countess then went on to say, that dear Amelia did not write herself, being so much engaged by her coming duties --the responsibilities of which she doubtless fully realized, as well as the privileges; but she had begged her mother to request that the twins should come and act as bridesmaids on the occasion. Dear Augusta, she knew, was too much occupied in the coming event in Mr. Oriel's family to be able to attend. [46]

And now what of the once unworthy Mortimer?

> He gets his share of the Courcy shooting, and is asked about to Greshamsbury and other Barchester houses, not only "to dine at table and all that," but to take his part in whatever delights country society there has to offer. He lives with the great hope that his noble father-in-law may some day be able to bring him into Parliament. [47]

Does this astonish? Why? The De Courcys were always sacrificing themselves to the world. Take the Honourable George, the second son, as an example of worthy sacrifice, since he certainly did not marry for love, and

> the lady's money had not been very much,--perhaps thirty thousand pounds or so. But then the Honourable George's money had been absolutely none. Now he had an income on which he could live, and therefore his father and mother had forgiven him all his sins, and taken him again to their bosoms. The lady herself was not beautiful, or clever, or of imposing manners--nor was she of high birth. But neither was she ugly, nor unbearably stupid. Her manners were, at any rate, innocent; and as to her birth,--seeing that, from the first, she was not supposed to have had any,--no disappointment was felt. Her father had been a coal-merchant. She was called Mrs. George, and the effort made respecting her by everybody in and about the family was to treat her as though she were a figure of a woman, a large well-dressed resemblance of being, whom it was necessary for certain purposes, that the DeCourcys should carry on their train. [48]

As for the other members of the family, the Lady Margaretta was perhaps the most noble, when you take into account that

> the world called her proud, disdainful, and even insolent; but the world was not aware that in all that she did she was acting in accordance with a principle which had called for much self-abnegation. She had considered it her duty to be a De Courcy and an earl's daughter at all times; and consequently she had sacrificed to her idea

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46 Ibid., pp. 510-511.
47 Ibid., p. 512.
48 Anthony Trollope, The Small House at Allington, Bell and Sons, London, 1914, Vol. I, pp. 190-191.

> of duty all popularity, adulation, and such admiration as would have been awarded to her as a well-dressed, tall, fashionable, and by no means stupid young woman.
>
> Alexandrina was the beauty of the family, and was in truth the youngest. But the fault of her face was this,—that when you left her you could not remember it. [49]

Of Alexandrina it can be said that she did her best to carry on for her family, but she was never able to carry anything very far. She married a Mr. Adolphus Crosbie, having almost tricked him into proposing, when she knew him to be engaged to another girl.

Crosbie is the ironical example of a man who didn't make the mistake of "marrying beneath himself"; rather he made the mistake of "marrying above himself".

Before he broke off with Lily he often thought

> what a friend Lady Alexandrina would be for Lily, if any such friendship were only possible! What an advantage would such an alliance confer upon that dear little girl;—for, after all, though the dear little girl's attractions were very great, he could not but admit to himself that she wanted a something,—a way of holding herself and of speaking, which some people call style. Lily might certainly learn a great deal from Lady Alexandrina; and it was this conviction, no doubt, which made him so sedulous in pleasing that lady on the present occasion. [50]

Before he broke off with Lily he thought a great deal of what he would be missing by marrying her. Of course he was honor bound to marry "that little girl". And he declared sternly to himself that he was a man of honor. "Yes; he would sacrifice himself." [51]

Crosbie was the sort of man who prided himself on frankness and candour, on doing his duty, — and then he went back on his word. Soon after he married his earl's daughter, he was initiated into the innermost secrets of that great family with which he had allied himself. He learned that

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49 Ibid., pp. 193-194.
50 Ibid., p. 204.
51 Ibid., p. 208.

the property was mortgaged to the hilt, that the eldest son married to annoy the second son, whose wife was expecting an heir momentarily, and he knew his own wife had drained him of all the money he possessed.

> This was the family for whose sake Crosbie had jilted Lily Dale! His single and simple ambition had been that of being an earl's son-in-law.
> "They're a bad set, —a bad set," said he in his bitterness.
> "The men are," said Cazebee, very comfortably.
> "H--m," said Crosbie.[52]

If only Crosbie had sacrificed himself to his duty! He finally lost his interest in rank to such an extent that he could joke about the name of De Courcy. Lady Amelia assured him that his jokes were unappreciated, since she thought a great deal of the name that had "never yet been disgraced in the annals of our country."

> "A very great deal," said Mr. Gazebee.
> "So do I of mine," said Crosbie. "That's natural to all of us. One of my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. I think he was one of the assistant cooks in the king's tent."
> "A cook!" said young De Courcy.
> "Yes, my boy, a cook. That was the way most of the old families were made noble. They were cooks, or butlers to the kings—or something worse."
> "But your family isn't noble?"
> "No—I'll tell you how that was. The king wanted this cook to poison half-a-dozen of his officers who wished to have a way of their own; but the cook said, 'No, my Lord King; I am a cook, not an executioner.' So they sent him into the scullery and when they called all the other servants barons and lords, they only called him Cooky. They've changed the name to Crosbie since that, by degrees."
> Mr. Gazebee was awestruck, and the face of Lady Amelia became very dark. Was it not evident that this snake, when taken into their innermost bosoms that they there might warm him, was becoming an adder, and preparing to sting them?[53]

The De Courcys are the finest example of decadence among the aristocracy. They are portrayed as just what they are, parasites who will take anything given them, and who will demand anything in the name of

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52 Ibid., Vol.II, pp. 216-217.
53 Ibid., Vol.II, pp. 58-59.

their blood. They are even parasites on the ideal of ancestry, making the most of it materially. Family honor? What a myth! And Trollope exposes it as the legend it is, or has become, in the hands of hypocritical royal exploiters who are bankrupt in every way except name.

Misalliance has tempted Trollope in several ways, particularly the so-called misalliance of rank. He gives four examples. The fourth example is Mr. Crosbie, who has already been discussed. There is your portrait of a man who feared misalliance, whose fears were realized when he married the "right" person, according to materialistic standards prevailing at the time. Trollope points to the bitter conclusion of futility when things other than the two people involved are considered as most important. The ironical lesson of Adolphus Crosbie, who could not bear to sacrifice himself to love is brought home with devastating force.

The three other examples are Lucy Robarts, who was cautioned and hampered and made unhappy by Lady Lufton; Grace Crawley, who was threatened and made miserable by archdeacon Grantly; and Mary Thorne, who was likewise persecuted by Lady Arabella Gresham. The objections given by all the persecutors were that the girls had not been raised as gentlewomen, that they had no wealth, and that their rank was far beneath that of the men who wished to marry them.

And what did the young men in love with the culprits answer to such arguments? When asked by his father if he thought Miss Crawley would make a fitting sister-in-law for that dear girl, the Marchioness of Hartletop, née Griselda Grantly, he answered promptly:

> "Certainly I do, or for any other dear girl in the world; except that Griselda, who is not clever, would hardly be able to appreciate Miss Crawley, who is clever."[54]

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54 Anthony Trollope, Last Chronicle of Barset, Bell and Sons, London, 1914, Vol. I, p. 30.

And certainly Lord Lufton bandied no words when told by his mother that Lucy was too insignificant to be a Lady Lufton. He answered straight enough:

> "Ah, I understand. You want me to marry some bouncing amazon, some pink and white giantess of fashion who would frighten the little people into their proprieties." [55]

That was exactly what his mother had wanted, but she had never had the strength of mind to admit it to herself, and she was shocked when her son presented family pride to her in that light. She herself would not have called it by so offensive a name--"her son's honour, and the honour of her house! — of those she would have spoken as the things dearest to her in this world." [56] There was something absolutely morally wrong in Lucy's marrying her son.

"Not that I suspect her," said Lady Lufton, before she knew how far matters had gone, "I give her credit for too much proper feeling: I know her education has been good and her principles upright." [57]

Later, after she was aware that her son wanted nothing so much as to marry Lucy, she decided she would explain to the young lady how "very wicked it was on her part to think of forcing herself into such a family as that of the Luftons." [58]

> She would explain to Lucy that no happiness could come of it, that people placed by misfortune above their sphere are always miserable; and, in short, make use of all those excellent moral lessons which are so customary on such occasions. The morality might perhaps be thrown away; but Lady Lufton depended much on her dignified sternness. [59]

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55 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, Bell & Sons, London, 1914, p. 532.
56 Ibid., p. 536.
57 Ibid., p. 159.
58 Ibid., pp. 421-422.
59 Ibid., p. 422.

Mary Thorne, the niece of Dr. Thorne, had no birth at all in the aristocratic sense. She was the illegitimate child of Mary Scatcherd, seduced by Dr. Thorne's brother. Roger Scatcherd had killed Mary's lover and had been sent to prison. During his imprisonment Mary Thorne was born, but Dr. Thorne declared the child had died. Mary Scatcherd married an old suitor and went to America, leaving the child with Thorne, who raised her as his own child although no one knew where she came from. Many years later, Roger Scatcherd, now Sir Roger Scatcherd, returns to Barchester as an extremely wealthy contractor. He is drinking himself to death and after one of his particularly bad bouts with the bottle he tells Dr. Thorne the contents of his will. All his money, if his own son dies before coming of age, is to be given to Mary Scatcherd's first child.

Even after explanation from Dr. Thorne he does not change his will. Most of the excitement throughout the book is caused by the question in Dr. Thorne's and the reader's mind, 'Will Mary become an heiress?"

In the meanwhile, Frank Gresham, the heir to impoverished Greshambury, has fallen in love with Mary, and finally gained her consent to marry him, if and when it can be settled peacefully that Mary will enter the squire's hall as his daughter-in-law. The whole thing is worse than preposterous to Frank's mother, Lady Arabella. All the old arguments of polluting the aristocracy are dragged forth and given a melodramatic airing. Lady Arabella even seeks to ostracize Mary Thorne socially in order to make Frank relinquish his suit. She begs Mary to refuse him, threatens her, and finally returns to Frank to persuade him to give up the little upstart who will completely ruin his life. Finally Frank speaks to his father about it; and the complete tale of Mary's birth comes out:

> "It is a misfortune, Frank; a very great misfortune. It will not do for you and me to ignore birth; too much of the value of one's position depends upon it."

> "But what was Mr. Moffat's birth?" said Frank, almost with scorn; "or what Miss Dunstable's?" he would have added had it not been that his father had not been concerned in that sin of wedding him to the oil of Lebanon.
>
> "True, Frank. But yet, what you would mean to say is not true. We must take the world as we find it. Were you to marry a rich heiress, were her birth even as low as that of poor Mary--" 60

But after all what is blood and this ideal of purity? Mary pondered upon it.

> Being, as she was herself, nameless, she could not but feel a stern, unflinching antagonism, the antagonism of a democrat, to the pretensions of others who were blessed with that of which she had been deprived. .... Was it not within her capacity to do as nobly, to love as truly, to worship her God in heaven with as perfect a faith, and her god on earth with as legal a truth, as though blood had descended to her purely through scores of purely-born progenitors? 61

Frank Gresham was out of patience with the ideal. What is a name worth, if you must sell yourself to achieve and keep its ascendency in society? Finally he burst out to his future brother-in-law, a clergyman,

> "Oriel, if there be an empty, lying humbug in the world, it is the theory of high birth and pure blood which some of us endeavour to maintain. Blood, indeed! If my father had been a baker, I should know by this time where to look for my livelihood. As it is, I am told of nothing but my blood. Will my blood ever get me half a crown?" 62

All of Trollope's young heroes have dangerously anti-aristocratic notions and they all marry at last the young ladies, about whom there has been so much objection. In spite of her lack of height Lucy turned out to be a perfectly good Lady Lufton. Grace Crawley became a favourite with the archdeacon, for, with the proper clothes and surroundings, it became evident that this poverty stricken daughter of a penniless perpetual curate, had enough beauty and knowledge and bearing to associate unashamedly with "that dear girl," the marchioness of Hartletop.

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60 Anthony Trollope, Dr. Thorne, Bell & Sons, London, 1914, pp. 518-519.
61 Ibid., p. 524.
62 Ibid., p. 524.

As for Mary Thorne, when Lady Arabella found that she had been made the heiress of all the Scatcherd wealth, all she could say was

> "Oh, Heavens! Mr. Gresham."
> "Yes, indeed," continued the squire. "So it is; it is very, very—" But Lady Arabella had fainted. She was a woman who generally had her feelings and her emotions much under her own control; but what she now heard was too much for her. When she came to her senses, the first words that excaped her lips were, "Dear Mary!"
> He would have heavens knows what to spend per annum: and that it should come through Mary Thorne! What a blessing that she had allowed Mary to be brought into the Greshambury nursery! Dear Mary! [63]

So one sees that even low birth can be forgiven by the gentry if wrapped up in enough bank notes. And what have happened to all the warnings of ruination and unhappiness which were to occur when democrat mingled with aristocrat? The aristocratic pretensions dispelled by a satiric laugh proved to be nothing but fantasies and conceits, nourished by an over-dose of self-importance.

The Government

Trollope's satire against the government is not very serious in most cases. He pokes it in the ribs a couple of times, as when he satirizes legislation with the "Convent Custody Bill" or makes a few remarks concerning competitive examination, which he was always against, going on the theory that if the post office had chosen him through competitive examination he wouldn't have been chosen, being almost completely ignorant of the rudiments of knowledge asked on competitive examinations. And Trollope was a valuable man in post office reform. He travelled the world over for the post-office, making contracts with foreign governments, and greatly facilitating the speedy delivery of mails.

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63 Ibid., pp. 614-615.

What he thinks of the competitive system can be seen in the one remark that

> in these days a young man cannot get into the Petty Bag Office without knowing at least three modern languages; and he must be well up in trigonometry too, in bible theology, or in one dead language--at his option. [64]

He contents himself with a dig or two at the Tories in the form of Lady Lufton and Mr. Thorne, with a dig or two at the Whigs in the form of the notorious Duke of Omnium. The only point at which he becomes indignant is Sir Roger Scatcherd's election and consequent unseating.

But to begin at the beginning, Sir Abraham Haphazard, the Queen's attorney,"who never had time to talk to his wife, he was so busy speaking," was the author of the Convent Custody Bill.

He had only the public's interest at heart, and the bill was worth all the time spent upon it. When the archdeacon first asked Sir Abraham for his advice concerning the warden of Hiram's Hospital, that worthy gentleman was

> deeply engaged in preparing a bill for the mortification of papists, to be called the "Convent Custody Bill," the purport of which was to enable any Protestant clergyman over fifty years of age to search any nun whom he suspected of being in possession of treasonable papers, or jesuitical symbols: and as there were to be a hundred and thirty-seven clauses in the bill, each clause containing a separate thorn for the side of the papist, and as it was known the bill would be fought inch by inch, by fifty maddened Irishmen, the due construction and adequate dovetailing of it did consume much of Sir Abraham's time. The bill had all its desired effect. Of course it never passed into law; but it so completely divided the ranks of the Irish members, who had bound themselves together to force on the ministry a bill for compelling all men to drink Irish whiskey, and all women to wear Irish poplins, that for the remainder of the session the Great Poplin and Whiskey League was utterly harmless. [65]

However frivolous the purpose of the bill might be, it was discussed in the best style the legislators could muster. When Mr. Harding went

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64 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, op. cit., p. 117.
65 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., p. 74.

to have a word with Sir Abraham he was directed to the House of Commons.

> Yes, Sir Abraham was there, and was that moment on his legs, fighting eagerly for the hundred and seventh clause of the Convent Custody Bill. Mr. Harding's note had been delivered to him; and if Mr. Harding would wait some two or three hours, Sir Abraham could be asked whether there was any answer. ..... This bill of Sir Abraham's had been read a second time and passed into committee. A hundred and six clauses had already been disucssed, and had occupied only four mornings and five evening sittings: nine of the hundred and six clauses were passed, fifty-five were withdrawn by consent, fourteen had been altered so as to mean the reverse of the original proposition, eleven had been postponed for further consideration, and seventeen had been directly negatived. The hundred and seventh ordered the bodily searching of nuns for Jesuitical symbols by aged clergymen, and was considered to be the real mainstay of the whole bill. [66]

Of Lady Lufton, Trollope wrote with his tongue in his cheek, not descending to downright satire, but bordering on it by making Lady Lufton's theories of living appear unworkable and almost fairy-tale like. Of her he said:

> She liked cheerful, quiet, well-to-do people, who loved their Church, their country, and their Queen, and who were not too anxious to make a noise in the world. She desired that all the farmers round her should be able to pay their rents without trouble, that all the old women should have warm flannel petticoats, that the working men should be saved from rheumatism by healthy food and dry houses, that they should all be obedient to their pastors and masters—temporal as well as spiritual. That was her idea of loving her country. She desired also that the copses should be full of pheasants, the stubblefield of partridges, and the gorse covers of foxes; in that way, also, she loved her country. She had ardently longed, during that Crimean war, that the Russians might be beaten—but not by the French, to the exclusion of the English, as had seemed to her to be too much the case; and hardly by the English under the dictatorship of Lord Palmerston. Indeed, she had had but little faith in that war after Lord Aberdeen had been expelled. [67]

Mr. Thorne is the true Tory, whose heart died within him when the reform bill of 1832 was passed, when a free trade was staunchly supported by the government.

> He learnt at length to listen calmly while protection was talked of as a thing dead, although he knew within himself that it

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66 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., pp. 166-167.
67 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, op. cit., pp. 16-17.

> was still quick with a mystic life. He became accustomed to hear, even among country gentlemen, that free trade was after all not so bad, and to hear this without dispute, although conscious within himself that everything good in England had gone with his old paladium. He had within him something of the feeling of Cato, who glorified that he could kill himself because Romans were no longer worthy of their name. Mr. Thorne had no thought of killing himself, being a Christian, and still possessing his 4000 l. a year; but the feeling was not on that account the less comfortable. [68]

Once in a while Trollope condemns by inference, not making his people ridiculous but contemptible. Mark Robarts, the vicar of Framley, had begun to associate with the Whig set of which the Duke of Omnium was the head. Trollope describes how they came to church— late.

> And now the other two carriages were there, and so there was a noise and confusion at the door—very unseemly, as Mark felt it; and the gentlemen spoke in loud voices, and Mrs. Harold Smith declared that she had no prayer-book, and was much too tired to go in at present; she would go home and rest herself, she said. And two other ladies of the party did so also, leaving Miss Dunstable to go alone—for which, however, she did not care one button. And then one of the party, who had a nasty habit of swearing, cursed at something as he walked in close to Mark's elbow, and so they made their way up the church as the absolution was being read, and Mark Robarts felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. If his rising in the world brought him in contact with such things as these, would it not be better for him that he should do without rising? [69]

The Duke of Omnium was a Whig, so powerful that he did not have to consider party or cause. However he had the country at heart. For instance, not liking the way things were going, he declared the ministry must be ousted. He declared it to a party of Whig gentlemen, who had come to his house for a social week-end. The reader knows that his was the only mention made of the ministry by the Duke of Omnium to his constituents, yet—

> some months afterwards, when the much-belaboured head of affairs was in very truth made to retire, when unkind shells were thrown in against him in great numbers, when he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!"

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68 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, op. cit., p. 192.
69 Anthony Trollope, op. cit., p. 56.

> till the words were stereotyped upon his lips, all men in all places talked much about the great Gatherum Castle confederation. The Duke of Omnium, the world said, had taken into his high consideration the state of affairs, and seeing with his eagle's eye that the welfare of his countrymen at large required that some great step should be initiated, he had at once summoned to his mansion many members of the Lower House, and some also of the House of Lords,--mention was here expecially made of the all-venerable and all-wise Lord Boanerges; and men went on to say that there, in deep conclave, he had made known to them his views. It was thus agreed that the head of affairs, whig as he was, must fall. The country required it, and the duke did his duty. This was the beginning, the world said, of the celebrated confederation, by which the ministry was overturned, and--as the Goody Twoshoes added--the country saved. [70]

Election time came round again in Barchester, and two men were put up, the first Mr. Moffat, by the Tory faction, best known through the De Courcys, the second, Sir Roger Scatcherd, was asked to stand for the people themselves.

Of course, election evils no longer existed. Bribery was no longer to be thought of.

> No. Purity was much too rampant for that, and the means of detection too well understood. But purity was to be carried much further than this. There should be no treating; no hiring of two hundred voters to act as messengers at twenty shillings a day in looking up some four hundred other voters; no bands were to be paid for; no carriages furnished; no ribbons supplied. British voters were to vote, if vote they would, for the love and respect they bore to their chosen candidate. [71]

As for Sir Roger, he didn't know much about elections. He had been asked to stand for the city of Barchester and stand he did. He left the technical points to his associates.

And as for Mr. Moffat, no more blessed thing had ever come into vogue than election purity, for

> Mr. Moffat loved his money. He was a man in whose breast the ambition of being great in the world, and joining himself to aristocratic people was continually at war with the great cost which such tastes occasioned.

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70 Ibid., pp. 97-98.
71 Anthony Trollope, Doctor Thorne, op. cit., p. 223.

> He was therefore a great stickler for purity of election; when, in those canvassing days immediately preceding the election, he had seen that all the beerhouses were open, and that half the population was drunk, he had asked Mr. Nearthewinde whether this violation of the treaty was taking place only on the part of his opponent, and whether, in such case, it would not be duly noticed with a view to a possible further petition.
>
> Mr. Nearthewinde assured him triumphantly that half at least of the wallowing swine were his own especial friends; and that somewhat more than half of the publicans of the town were eagerly engaged in fighting his, Mr. Moffat's battle. [72]

Sir Roger left the technicalities to his associates, one of whom, Mr. Romer, was a little too enthusiastic for his candidate. So enthusiastic was he that he paid a back bill for Sir Roger, to the man whose vote would swing the election.

Said Mr. Romer to the tavern keeper, Mr. Reddypalm,

> "It would be an insult to offer you money, even if money was going. I should not mention this, only as money is not going neither on our side nor on the other, no harm can be done."
>
> "Mr. Romer, if you speak of such a thing you'll hurt me. I know the value of an Englishman's franchise too well to wish to sell it. I would not demean myself so low; no, not though five-and-twenty pound a vote was going, as there was in the good old times— and that's not so long ago neither."
>
> "I wouldn't sell my vote for untold gold," said Reddypalm, who was perhaps aware that untold gold would hardly be offered to him for it.
>
> "I am sure you would not," said Mr. Romer.
>
> "But," said Reddypalm, "a man likes to be paid his little bill."
>
> Mr. Romer could not but acknowledge that his was a natural feeling on the part of an ordinary mortal publican.
>
> "If it's only about your bill," said Mr. Romer, "I'll see to have that settled. I'll speak to Closerstil bout that."
>
> "All right!" said Reddypalm, seizing the young barrister's hand and shaking it warmly; "all right!" And late in the afternoon, when a vote or two became a matter of intense interest, Mr. Reddypalm and his son came up to the hustings and boldly tendered theirs for their old friend, Sir Roger. [73]

So it came about that Sir Roger was elected. He was proud enough beneath the surface, but he took it all as a matter of course to the world at large. Never did he let the world see how pleased he was at being

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72 Ibid., p. 224.
73 Ibid., p. 230-231.

called "the greatest living authority on transportation." And it was just as well, because the other faction uncovered the dastardly bribing of Mr. Reddypalm. They, in their zeal for upholding purity of election, stopped at nothing to see that justice was done and that Sir Roger suffered for his villainy.

> Every kind of electioneering sin known to the electioneering world was brought to his charge: he was accused of falseness, dishonesty, and bribery of every sort: he had, it was said in the paper of indictment, bought votes, obtained them by treating, carried them off by violence, conquered them by strong drink, stolen them, forged them, and created them by every possible, fictitious contrivance: there was not description of wickedness appertaining to the task of procuring votes of which Sir Roger had not been guilty, either by himself or by his agents. He was quite horror-struck at the list of his own enormities. But he was somewhat comforted when Mr. Closerstil told him that the meaning of it all was that Mr. Romer, the barrister, had paid a former bill due to Mr. Reddypalm, the publican. [74]

There was nothing that would remedy the situation, except the unseating of Sir Roger. Mr. Nearthewinde, Mr. Moffat's helper, worked hard to bring about the defeat of an ancient and evil practice. Bribing indeed!

Trollope, in closing the election incident, remarks ironically,

> Now and again, at rare intervals, some glimpses into the inner sanctuary does reach the ordinary mortal men without; some slight accidental peep into those mysteries from whence all corruption has been so thoroughly expelled! and then, how delightfully refreshing is the sight, when, perhaps, some exmember, hurled from his paradise like a fallen peri, reveals the secret of that pure heaven, and, in the agony of his despair, tells us all that it cost him to sit for--through those few halcyon years!
>
> But Mr. Nearthewinde is a safe man, and easy to be employed with but little danger. All these stringent bribery laws only enhance the value of such very safe men as Mr. Nearthewinde. To him, stringent laws against bribery are the strongest assurance of valuable employment. Were these laws of a nature to be evaded with ease, any indifferent attorney might manage a candidate's affairs and enable him to take his seat with security. [75]

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74 Ibid., pp. 293-294.
75 Ibid., p. 299.

Trollope remarked on another occasion, "We English gentlemen hate the name of a lie; but how often do we find public men who believe each other's words?" [76]

Hypocrisy of any kind is odious, but how much more odious, and dangerous is it when a national life is founded upon men, who think nothing of employing it as a matter of course. There is less injustice in having an evil so you can look at it. How much more dangerous when it goes under-ground and cloaks itself with the name and trappings of truth and reform.

Reform

Trollope's attitude toward reform is an attitude toward a social institution which needs control, which is dangerous and unlicensed, and careless of the harm it may do, rather than the good.

In the novel The Warden, the theme is well and entirely treated. The tale is of a young man who set out to reform the world. It tells what the momentary results of his reform were, and what were the lasting results. The result would be ludicrous if there were humor in it, but since there is none, the result is strongly satirical, bitterly ironical.

In the middle-ages there lived one John Hiram, a wool carder, who endowed, with his savings, an almshouse for old men of the city of Barchester who had no place to go, no one to take care of them. There were to be twelve of these bedesmen, selected by the church. Since that time, Hiram's property had expanded in value until there was a very good sized revenue from the land. The old Bedesmen, well-clothed, well-fed, and

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76 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, op. cit., p. 308.

well taken care of, still were paid the amount, or rather an approximation of the amount which John Hiram stipulated should come to them, but the warden's salary, which was to proceed from the rents of the lands, had increased. At present the warden of Hiram's Hospital is Mr. Harding, a gentle unassuming man who enjoys taking care of his old bedesmen, looking after their wants both spiritual and physical. When he entered the hospital he raised their weekly stipend by a few cents, out of his own pocket.

Mr. Harding is Archdeacon Grantly's father-in-law, and the father of Eleanor Harding, who loves John Bold.

John is the earnest reformer, who has stumbled across something very wrong in the management of Hiram's Hospital. It is true the old men are better taken care of than they were in their lives before, that they have a friend in the warden who loves and sympathizes with them, that they will never know want again.

> John Bold sometimes thinks of this, when he is talking loudly of the rights of the bedesmen, whom he has taken under his protection; but he quiets the suggestion within his breast with the high-sounding name of justice —"fiat justitia ruat coelum." ... These old men should, by rights, have one hundred pounds a year instead of one shilling and sixpence a day, and the warden should have two hundred or three hundred pounds instead of eight hundred pounds. What is unjust must be wrong; what is wrong should be righted; and if he declined the task who else would do it? [77]

But Bold cannot let well-enough alone, because it is, in his eyes not well-enough that the old bedesmen should be contented and happy. They must realize that they are robbed of their rights. How else can the world progress? The concensus of opinion around Barchester is that

> ...John Bold is a clever man, and would, with practice, be a clever surgeon;... Having enough to live on, he has not been forced to work for bread; he has declined to subject himself to what he calls the

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77 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., pp. 34-35

> drudgery of the profession, by which, I believe, he means the general work of a practising surgeon; and has found other employment. He frequently binds up the bruises and sets the limbs of such of the poorer classes as profess his way of thinking--but this he does for love... ... ... Bold is a strong reformer. His passion is the reform of all abuses; state abuses, church abuses, corporation abuses (he has got himself elected a town councillor of Barchester, and has so worried three consecutive mayors, that it became somewhat difficult to find a fourth), abuses in medical practice and general abuses in the world at large. Bold is thoroughly sincere in his patriotic endeavours to mend mankind, and there is something to be admired in the energy with which he devotes himself to remedying evil and stopping injustice... Bold has all the ardour, and all the self-assurance of a Danton, and hurls his anathemas against time-honoured practices with the violence of a French Jacobin.
>
> No wonder, that Dr. Grantly should regard Bold as a fire-brand, falling, as he has done, almost in the centre of the quiet ancient close of Barchester Cathedral. [78]

It is evident that Mr. Bold is doing his duty. Someone has to do his duty and John Bold will not shirk his. So he goes on with his reform of Hiram's Hospital. He means no personal harm to Mr. Harding, none whatever. It is the ideal he follows. He realizes too late that people are more real than the ideals and that he has made the innocent suffer. The fault is not <u>with</u> any individual, but the individual is made to suffer for it. In the beginning nevertheless Bold is only aware that he is very noble. A very enlightening passage is that concerning his argument with his sister about his duty. Mary Bold asked

> "And why are you to do this, John?"
>
> "You might ask the same question of anybody else," said he: "and according to that, the duty of right these poor men would belong to nobody. If we are to act on that principle, the weak are never to be protected, injustice is never to be opposed, and no one is to struggle for the poor!" And Bold began to comfort himself in the warmth of his own virtue.
>
> "And Eleanor, John?....."
>
> "If she has the kind of spirit for which I give her credit, she will not condemn me for doing what I think to be a duty." And Bold consoled himself with the consolation of a Roman.
>
> "You don't understand it, my dear girl," said he smoothing her hair with his hand.

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78 <u>Ibid.</u>, pp. 12-13.

> "I do understand it John. I understand that this is a chimera --a dream that you have got. I know well that no duty can require you to do this mad--this suicidal thing. I know you love Eleanor Harding with all your heart, and I tell you now that she loves you as well."
>
> "My mind is not in doubt," at last he said, rising; "I could never respect myself again, were I to give way now, because Eleanor Harding is beautiful. I do love her: I would give a hand to hear her tell me what you have said, speaking on her behalf; but I cannot for her sake go back from the task which I have commenced." And the Barchester Brutus went out to fortify his own resolution by meditations on his own virtue. 79

John Bold has his lawyer investigate, he goes to London, he appeals to the Jupiter to uphold him in the right. You know the Jupiter, always happy to reform anything--besides it makes good copy. So Mr. Harding is called a money grabbing priest, reviled and vilified, and given a character completely unrecognizable to those who know Mr. Harding. But to the public at large who knew only the Jupiter and have never seen Mr. Harding it seems wonderful and very fortunate that the Jupiter should have once more stumbled onto the evils that exist rampant in the church of England. They know anyway that reform is needed for

> eager pushing politicians have asserted in the House of Commons, with very telling indignation, that the grasping priests of the Church of England are gorged with the wealth which the charity of former times has left for the solace of the aged, or the education of the young. 80

Mr. Bold had not meant to hurt Mr. Harding, although he was gratified by the interest the Jupiter took in the matter. However, there is one man who can not skim lightly over the surface of the matter, prating of right and wrong, reviling people this way and that. He is "the grasping priest of the church of England," Mr. Harding.

> He had read with pity, amounting almost to horror, the strictures which had appeared from time to time against the Earl of Guildford as master of St. Cross, and the invectives that had been heaped on rich diocesan dignitaries and overgrown sinecure puralists.

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79 Ibid., pp. 59-61.
80 Ibid., p. 8.

.... he had wondered how men could live under such a load of disgrace; how they could face their fellow-creatures while their names were bandied about so injuriously and so publicly--and now this lot was to be his--he, that shy retiring man, who had so comforted himself in the hidden obscurity of his lot, who had so enjoyed the unassuming warmth of his own little corner, he was now to be dragged forth into the glaring day, and gibbeted before ferocious multitudes. He entered his house a crest-fallen, humiliated man. .....

She (Eleanor) found him seated in his accustomed chair, with no book open before him, no pen ready in his hand, no ill-shapen notes of blotted music lying before him as was usual, none of those hospital accounts with which he was so precise and yet so unmethodical; he was doing nothing, thinking of nothing, looking at nothing; he was merely suffering. [81]

And at last he, having suffered long for John Bold's duty, decided that he was wrong and resigned the wardenship. There was no need for this, according to the archdeacon, because the reformer withdrew his suit, having one of a more amorous type in mind. Begged by Eleanor Harding to cease his reform he does so, and finds himself in love with the suppliant. He goes up to London to beg Tom Towers of the Jupiter to cease his harrying of Mr. Harding. "What," cries Tom Towers, "Do you think you can stop because you want to? Why you have dozens on your side," and he throws John Bold two pamphlets.

Here Trollope cannot resist satirizing two reformers of his age, Carlyle, under the incognito, Dr. Pessimist Anticant, and Dickens, under the alias, Mr. Popular Sentiment.

Dr. Pessimist Anticant was a Scotchman, who had passed a great portion of his early days in Germany; he had studied there with much effect, and had learnt to look with German subtility into the root of things, and to examine for himself their intrinsic worth and worthlessness. No man ever resolved more bravely than he to accept as good nothing that was evil; to banish from him as evil nothing that was good.

Returning from Germany he had astonished the reading public by the vigour of his thoughts, put forth in the quaintest language. He cannot write English, said the critics. No matter, said the public; we can read what he does write, and that without yawning. And so

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81 Ibid., pp. 98-99.

> Dr. Pessimist Anticant became popular. Popularity spoilt him for all further real use, as it has done many another. While, with some diffidence, he confined his objurgations to the occasional follies or short-comings of mankind; while he ridiculed the energy of the squire devoted to the slaughter of partridges, or the mistake of some noble patron who turned a poet into a gauger of beer-barrels, it was well; we were glad to be told our faults and to look forward to the coming millennium, when all men, having sufficiently studied the works of Dr. Anticant, would become truthful and energetic. But the doctor mistook the signs of the times and the minds of men, instituted himself censor of things in general, and began the great task of reporbating everything and everybody without further promise of any millennium at all. [82]

Not much insight is needed to see that "Modern Charity" is not only a pamphlet on the Barchester situation, but a satire on Carlyle's "Past and Present." "Modern Charity" was

> written with the view of proving how much in the way of charity was done by our predecessors—how little by the present age; and it ended by a comparison between ancient and modern times, very little to the credit of the latter. [83]

The godly man of former days is discussed by Dr. Anticant with reverence and praise. He speaks of his endowing the almshouse and states "This was much for one old man to get done in that dark fifteenth century."

Then he comes down to describing the godly man of the present—a come-down indeed to Dr. Anticant. John Bold read:

> 'We will now take our godly man of latter days. He shall no longer be a woolcarder, for such are not now men of mark. ... Our modern friend shall be a man educated in all seemly knowledge; he shall, in short, be that blessed being—a clergyman of the Church of England!
>
> And now, in what perfectest manner does he in this lower world get his godlike work done and put out of hand? Heavens! in the strangest of manners. Oh, my brother! in a manner not at all to be believed but by the most minute testimony of eyesight. He does it by the magnitude of his appetite—by the power of his gorge; his only occupation is to swallow the bread prepared with so much anxious care for these impoverished carders of wool—that, and to sing indifferently through his nose once in the week some psalm more or less long—the shorter the better, we should be inclined to say.

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82 Ibid., pp. 151-152.
83 Ibid., p. 154.

> 'Oh, my civilized friends!--great Britons that never will be slaves, men advanced to infinite state of freedom and knowledge of good and evil-- tell me, will you, what becoming monument you will erect to an highly-educated clergyman of the Church of England? [84]

Of Dickens, or rather Mr. Sentiment, Trollope remarked:

> In former times great objects were attained by great work. When evils were to be reformed, reformers set about their heavy task with grave decorum and laborious argument. ... We get on now with a lighter step, and quicker: ridicule is found to be more convincing than argument, imaginary agonies touch more than true sorrows, and monthly novels convince, when learned quartos fail to do so. If the world is to be set right, the work will be done by shilling numbers.
>
> Of all such reformers Mr. Sentiment is the most powerful. It is incredible the number of evil practices he has put down: it is to be feared he will soon lack subjects, and that when he had made the working classes comfortable, and got bitter beer out into proper-sized pint bottles, there will be nothing further for him left to do. Mr. Sentiment is certainly a very powerful man, and perhaps not the less so that his good poor people are so very good; his hard rich people so very hard; and the genuinely honest so very honest. [85]

Mr. Sentiment has taken it upon himself to aid in the reforming of Hiram's Hospital. As an example of exaggeration in popular sentimental writing it is perfect. It is an exaggeration of Dicken's exaggeration, and possibly, because of that, more amusing. Trollope manages to out-Dickens Dickens.

> "The Almshouse" opened with a scene in a clergyman's house. Every luxury to be purchased by wealth was described as being there: all the appearances of household indulgence generally found amongst the most self-indulgent of the rich were crowded into this abode. Here the reader was introduced to the demon of the book, the Mephistopheles of the drama. The demon of the "Almshouse" was the clerical owner of this comfortable abode. He was a man well stricken in years, but still strong to do evil: he was one who looked cruelly out of a hot, passionate, bloodshot eye; who had a huge red nose with a carbuncle, thick lips, and a great double, flabby chin, which swelled out into solid substance, like a turkey cock's comb, when sudden anger inspired him: he had a hot, furrowed, low brow, from which a few grizzled hairs were not yet rubbed off by the friction of his handkerchief: he wore a loose unstarched white handkerchief, black loose ill-made clothes, and hugh loose shoes,

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84 Ibid., pp. 155-156.
85 Ibid., pp. 160-161.

> adapted to many corns and various bunions: his husky voice told tales of much daily port wine, and his language was not so decorous as became a clergyman. Such was the master of Mr. Sentiment's "Almshouse".
>
> ... ... The second chapter of course introduced the reader to the more especial inmates of the hospital. Here were discovered eight old men; and it was given to understood that four vacancies remained unfilled, through the perverse ill-nature of the clerical gentleman with the double chin. The state of these eight paupers were touchingly dreadful: sixpence-farthing a day had been sufficient for their diet when the almshouse was founded: and on sixpence-farthing a-day were they still doomed to starve, though food was four times as dear, and money four times as plentiful. It was shocking to find how the conversation of these eight starved old men in their dormitory shamed that of the clergyman's family in his rich drawing-room. The absoulte words they uttered were not perhaps spoken in the purest English, and it might be difficult to distinguish from their dialect to what part of the country they belonged; the beauty of the sentiment however, amply atoned for the imperfection of the language; and it was really a pity that these eight old men could not be sent through the country as moral missionaries, instead of being immured and starved in that wretched almshouse. [86]

John Bold was a trifle disgusted when he finished with Dr. Anticant and Mr. Sentiment. Was it right to reform by falseness?

And now for the lasting results of the reform. What good did it do? Consider the twelve old bedesmen; they had been spending their hundred pounds annually every night while their hopes were encouraged by Mr. Finney, Bold's lawyer.

> It was first notified to them that the income abandoned by Mr. Harding would not come to them; and these accounts were confirmed by attorney Finney. They were then informed that Mr. Harding's place would be at once filled by another. That the new warden could not be a kinder man they all knew; that he would be a less friendly one most suspected; and then came the bitter information that, from the moment of Mr. Harding's departure, the twopence a day, his own peculiar gift, must of necessity be withdrawn. [87]

What good did reform do Hiram's Hospital? How did it help to equalize justice, and give these old men what was due them?

It is now some years since Mr. Harding bade farewell to his old men and walked out of the warden's cottage never to return.

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86 Ibid., pp. 162-163.
87 Ibid., p. 211.

> ...the warden's house is still tenantless. Old Bell had died, and Billy Cazy; the one-eyed Spriggs has drunk himself to death, and three others of the twelve have been gathered into the churchyard mould. Six have gone, and the six vacancies remain unfilled! Yes, six have died, with no kind friend to solace their last moments, with no wealthy neighbour to administer comforts and ease the stings of death. Mr. Harding, indeed, did not desert them; from him they had such consolation as a dying man may receive from his Christian pastor; but it was the occasional kindness of a stranger which ministered to them, and not the constant presence of a master, a neighbor, and a friend. .... Dissensions rose among them, and contests for pre-eminence; and then they began to understand that soon one among them would be the last,-- some one wretched being would be alone there in that now comfortless hospital,--the miserable relic of what had once been so good and comfortable.
>
> The building of the hospital itself has not been allowed to go to ruins. ... but the whole place has become disordered and ugly. The warden's garden 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. The beauty of the place is gone; its attractions have withered. Alas! a very few years since it was the prettiest spot in Barchester, and now it is a disgrace to the city. [88]

But, reform has yet another mark to answer for. How just even was the idea for which reform strove? Consider the Stanhopes. Dr. Stanhope, who draws a large amount of revenue from several livings, dwells in Italy and has for ten years, while mere curates handle the work of his preferments. Dr. Stanhope never tried to acquit himself in a manner befitting a clergyman, he never pretended to care about his parishioners, and yet he remains and will remain untouched by any accusing finger of reform. How often do the Stanhopes escape and the Hardings get caught by the well-wishing amateur reformer--and all in the name of Justice?

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88 Ibid., pp. 218-219.

Chapter III

INDIVIDUAL SATIRE

Many individuals in Trollope's Barsetshire novels have been discussed in their relationship to the caste in which they belonged. But some are such decided personalities and express themselves in such ways that they are better treated not as belonging to a group at all.

Mrs. Proudie, for instance, could be discussed under the institution of the church, but her type is not particular to the church, but universal wherever wives are domineering and husbands are hen-pecked. She illustrates a type in society, a type to beware of no matter what the caste to which she belongs.

So with others. There is the minx, Madalina Demolines, who seeks a husband. Husband seekers are also universal, just as are Mrs. Dobbs Broughtons, the shallow pleasure seekers.

Then there are those characters touched up with the lightest of Epicurean satire, the traditionalist, Miss Thorne, and the archdeacon, Dr. Grantly. One might say that they are portrayed with almost loving satire. At least there is no harm meant in the gentle smile of mockery Trollope bestows upon them.

Griselda Grantly, the perfect peeress, is in a class by herself—as a perfect peeress at the very top of English society should be. For once Trollope is noncommittal about his character. He presents her as she is, making no aside remarks, with the result that you have Griselda Grantly, the future Marchioness of Hartletop, unmasked before your eyes entirely by her own actions and thoughts.

In dealing with individuals, Trollope's satire is more subtle and at the same time more charming, more amusing, for an individual can seldom

impress itself upon society as can a whole caste such as church, government or press.

Mrs. Proudie

Mrs. Proudie, wife of the Bishop of Barchester, is one of Trollope's best known personalities. She is among the greater portraits of women in English fiction. Although she is not lovable, she cannot be hated. In spite of her officious qualities, she is laughable, because she is always making herself ridiculous.

> Though not averse to the society and manners of the world, she is in her own way a very religious woman; and the form in which this tendency shows itself in her is by a strict observance of Sabbatarian rule. Dissipation and low dresses during the week are, under her control, atoned for by three services, an evening sermon read by herself, and a perfect abstinence from any cheering employment on the Sunday. Unfortunately for those under her roof to whom the dissipation and low dresses are not extended, her servants namely and her husband, the compensating strictness of the Sabbath includes all. Woe betide the recreant housemaid who is found to have been listening to the honey of a sweetheart in the Regent's park, instead of the soul-stirring evening discourse of Mr. Slope. Not only is she sent adrift, but she is so sent with a character which leaves her little hope of a decent place. Woe betide the six-foot hero who escorts Mrs. Proudie to her pew in red plush breeches, if he slips away to the neighbouring beershop, instead of falling into the back seat appropriated to his use. Mrs. Proudie has the eyes of Argus for such offenders. Occasional drunkeness in the week may be overlooked, for six feet on low wages are hardly to be procured if the morals are always kept at a high pitch; but not even for grandeur or economy will Mrs. Proudie forgive a desecration of the Sabbath. [1]

And that is saying a great deal, when one says "not even for grandeur and economy." Grandeur and economy coupled together are but one example of the paradoxical quality in that good lady's character.

When Mrs. Proudie went to London she wished to appear to be grand.

> She had a front drawing-room of very noble dimensions, a second drawing-room rather noble also, though it had lost one of its back corners awkwardly enough, apparently in a jostle with the neighbouring house: and then there was a third--shall we say drawing-room,

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1 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, op. cit., p. 21.

> or closet?--in which Mrs. Proudie delighted to be seen sitting, in order that the world might know that there was a third room; altogether a noble suite, as Mrs. Proudie herself said in confidence to more than one clergyman's wife from Barsetshire. "A noble suite, indeed, Mrs. Proudie!" the clergymen's wives from Barsetshire would usually answer. [2]

But while appearing to be grand she wanted to be economical. A hard problem to solve indeed, but indeed if any mortal creature were capable of solving it, it was Mrs. Proudie. So she hit upon the idea of having what she called "conversaziones".

> Her plan was to set the people by the ears talking, if talk they would, or to induce them to show themselves there inert if no more could be got from them. To accommodate with chairs and sofas as many as the furniture of her noble suite of rooms would allow, especially with the two chairs and padded bench against the wall in the back closet--the small inner drawing-room, as she would call it to the clergymen's wives from Barsetshire--and to let the others stand about upright, or "group themselves," as she described it. Then four times during the two hours' period of her conversazione tea and cake was to be handed round on salvers. It is astonishing how far a very little cake will go in this way, particularly if administered tolerably early after dinner. The men can't eat it, and the women, having no plates and no table, are obliged to abstain. Mrs. Jones knows that she cannot hold a piece of crumbly cake in her hand till it be consumned without doing serious injury to her best dress. When Mrs. Proudie, with her weekly books before her, looked into the financial upshot of her conversazione, her conscience told her that she had done the right thing. [3]

Back in Barchester she didn't care about being grand. After all, who was there worth impressing in Barchester, besides the Grantlys, who couldn't be impressed? But she did care about economizing. With Mr. Crawley, who had been asked to vacate his pulpit, having been accused of stealing twenty pounds, she was very angry because she had to pay the transportation charge for Mr. Thumble who was to take Mr. Crawley's place.

> Were the bishop energetic,--or even the bishop's managing chaplain as energetic as he should be, Mr. Crawley might, as Mrs. Proudie

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2 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, op. cit., p. 206.
3 Ibid., p. 207.

> felt assured, be made in some way to pay for a conveyance for Mr. Thumble. But the energy was lacking, and the price of the gig, if the gig were ordered, would certainly fall ultimately upon the bishop's shoulders. This was very sad. Mrs. Proudie had often grieved over the necessary expenditure of episcopal surveillance, and had been heard to delcare her opinion that a liberal allowance for secret service should be made in every diocese. What better could the Ecclesiastical Commissioners do with all those rich revenues which they had stolen from the bishops? [4]

Apart from Mrs. Proudie's belief in the Sabbath was her belief in herself. She believed so strongly in herself that she allowed the bishop to move neither this way or that without first gaining her bull of consent. But she made the mistake of befriending a Mr. Slope, who became the bishop's confidential chaplain. He believed he was as capable of ruling the diocese as was the lady bishop.

There was nothing to do but declare war, and the poor bishop was pulled this way and that, sometimes without gaining his wife's consent. There was the glorious day when he defied her authority-- on the advice of Mr. Slope, when he actually told her he had business to discuss, privately, without her presence.

> He had begun to hope that he was now about to enter a free land, a land delicious with milk which he himself might quaff, and honey which would not tantalise him by being only honey to the eye. When Mrs. Proudie banged the door, as she left his room, he felt himself everyinch a bishop. To be sure his spirit had been a little cowed by his chaplain's subsequent lecture; but on the whole he was highly pleased with himself, and flattered himself that the worst was over.
>
> He met his wife as a matter of course at dinner, where little or nothing was said that could ruffle the bishop's happiness. His daughters and the servants were present and protected him.
>
> He made one or two trifling remarks on the subject of his projected visit to the archbishop, in order to show to all concerned that he intended to have his own way; and the very servants perceiving the change transferred a little of their reverence from their mistress to their master. All which the master perceived; and so also did the mistress. But Mrs. Proudie bided her time. [5]

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4 Anthony Trollope, Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. I. p. 135.
5 Barchester Towers, pp. 294-295.

And Mrs. Proudie was always right.

> but as the clock on the chimney-piece warned him that the stilly hours of night were drawing on, as he looked at his chamber candlestick and knew that he must use it, his heart sank within him again. He was as a ghost, all whose power of wandering free through these upper regions ceases at cock-crow; or rather he was the opposite of the ghost, for till cock-crow he must again be a serf. And would that be all? Could he trust himself to come down to breakfast a free man in the morning?
>
> He came down the following morning a sad and thoughtful man. He was attenuated in appearance;--one might almost say emaciated. I doubt whether his now grizzled locks had not palpably become more grey than on the preceding evening. At any rate he had aged materially. Years do not make a man old gradually and at an even pace.[6]

But even then the bishop did not give up hope. Mr. Slope was got rid of, as a matter of course. The bishop made the mistake of trying to get rid of the chaplain amicably, explaining to his help mate,

> "I began to find that he was objectionable to you,"--Mrs. Proudie's foot worked on the hearth-rug with great rapidity,--"and that you would be more comfortable if he was out of the palace,"--Mrs. Proudie smiled, as a hyena may probably smile before he begins his laugh,--"and therefore I thought that if he got this place, and so ceased to be my chaplain, you might be pleased with the arrangement."
>
> And then the hyena laughed out. Pleased at such an arrangement! pleased at having her enemy converted into a dean with twelve hundred a year! Medea, when she describes the customs of her native country (I am quoting from Robson's edition), assures her astonished auditor that in her land captives, when taken, are eaten. "You pardon them?" says Medea. "We do indeed," says the mild Grecian. "We eat them!" says she of Colchis, with terrific energy. Mrs. Proudie was the Medea of Barchester; she had no idea of not eating Mr. Slope. Pardon him! merely get rid of him! make a dean of him! It was not so they did with their captives in her country, among people of her sort! Mr. Slope had no such mercy to expect. She would pick him to the very last bone.[7]

Mr. Slope was duly picked to the bone, as much as most Mr. Slopes will allow themselves to be picked of anything -- that is, he left Barchester sans position of any sort as far as Mrs. Proudie knew. And everything went well for her, her husband being docile and obedient, until that terrible day when she had Mr. Crawley summoned to the palace

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6 Ibid., p. 295.
7 Ibid., pp. 317-318.

that she might assure him he was guilty and shame him into resigning his benefice. Mr. Crawley, when he came to the palace, did indeed forsee the probability that a jury would discover him to have been guilty.

> "Of course the jury will do so," said Mrs. Proudie.
>
> "But till that time shall come, my lord, I shall hold my own at Hogglestock as you hold your own here at Barchester. Nor have you more power to turn me out of my pulpit by your mere voice, than I have to turn you out of your throne by mine. If you doubt me, my lord, your lordship's ecclesiastical court is open to you. Try it there."
>
> "You defy us, then?" said Mrs. Proudie.
>
> "My lord, I grant your authority as bishop to be great, but even a bishop can only act as the law allows him."
>
> "God forbid that I should do more," said the bishop.
>
> "Sir, you will find that your wicked threats will fall back upon your own head," said Mrs. Proudie.
>
> "Peace, woman," Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last. The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than in anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hogglestock, at any rate till the trial should come on.
>
> "Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet as though she really intended some personal encounter.
>
> "Madam," said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office. The distaff were more fitting for you. My lord, good morning." [8]

One can see here the irrationality of Mrs. Proudie's character, when she accused Mr. Crawley of threatening the bishop because he had advised him he could only act as the law allowed.

Mrs. Proudie as an unconscious satirist is even better, particularly when she told the bishop, "If things go on like this, my lord, your authority in the diocese will very soon be worth nothing at all." [9]

And she certainly was quite correct in answering the bishop as she did when he told her "My dear, the truth is, you do not understand the matter. ... You do not know how limited is my power."

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8 Anthony Trollope, Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. I, pp. 205-206.

9. Ibid., p. 186.

She answered, "Bishop, I understand it a great deal better than some people." [10]

The day with Mr. Crawley was very bad, but the worst time came when Dr. Temple of Silverbridge refused to discuss parish business with the bishop in front of her and she refused to leave the room at the bishop's repeated requests. It was the beginning of the end. The bishop was so mortified that he no longer had strength to obey her. He had reached the point where he was completely indifferent either to her threats or her cajolements.

> It cannot be said that she was a bad woman, though she had in her time done an indescribable amount of evil. She had endeavoured to do good, failing partyly by ignorance and partly from the effect of an unbridled, ambitious temper. And now, even amidst her keenest sufferings, her ambition was by no means dead. She longed to rule the diocese by means of her husband, but was made to pause and hesitate by the unwonted mood that had fallen upon him. [11]

But she was never able to rise again. One day, after hearing the bishop voice his wish of being dead, since his heart was broken, she went upstairs to her room to pray. The servants found her there. She had died of a heart attack. No one knew that she had had heart trouble--doubting as they did that she had had a heart. And what was the bishop's reaction? It was indeed a fitting one.

> He took his hands down from his head, and clasping them together, said a little prayer. It may be doubted whether he quite knew for what he was praying. The idea of praying for her soul, now that she was dead, would have scandalized him. He certainly was not praying for his own soul. I think he was praying that God might save him from being glad that his wife was dead. [12]
>
> Who had suffered as he had done? But in thus being left without his tyrant he was wretchedly desolate. Might it not be that the tyranny had been good for him? That the Lord had known best what wife was fit for him? Then he thought of a story which he had

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10 Ibid., p. 138.
11 Ibid., Vol. II, p. 294.
12 Ibid., p. 305.

> read,--and had well marked as he was reading,--of some man who had been terribly afflicted by his wife, whose wife had starved him and beaten him and reviled him; and yet this man had been able to thank his God for having thus mortified him in the flesh. Might it not be that the mortification which he himself had doubtless suffered in his flesh had been intended for his welfare, and had been very good for him? But if this were so, it might be that the mortification was now removed because the Lord knew that his servant had been sufficiently mortified. He had not been starved or beaten, but the mortification had been certainly severe. Then there came words--into his mind, not into his mouth--"The Lord sent the thorn, and the Lord has taken it away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." After that he was very angry with himself, and tried to pray that he might be forgiven. [13]

I think the lesson to be gained from Mrs. Proudie's character is that the road to hell is paved with good intentions, to quote an ancient proverb.

> She had meant to be a good Christian; but she had so exercised her Christianity that not a soul in the world loved her, or would endure her presence if it could be avoided! [14]

If ever a bossy woman reads about Mrs. Proudie surely a speedy transformation of character is to be forthcoming.

Madalina Demolines

John Eames loved Lily Dale, but he liked to be with Miss Demolines, whom he had met at Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's dinner party, because she amused him. And that was the whole of his attachment for her.

But her attachment for him! That is another story. It is the story of the unscrupulous husband seeker, the minx who will do practically anything, that is, she will do anything practical and to the point to get her man. Trollope satirizes her lightly but thoroughly.

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13 Ibid., pp. 306-307.

14 Ibid., pp..300-301.

Johnny liked Miss Demolines because she always had a mystery cooked up to entertain him with. Then Trollope adds sota voce,

> and a portion of the mystery was connected with Madalina's mother. Lady Demolines was very rarely seen, and John Eames could not quite understand what was the manner of life of that unfortunate lady. Her daughter usually spoke of her with affectionate regret as being unable to appear on that particular occasion on account of some passing malady. She was suffering from a nervous headache, or was afflicted with bronchitis, or had been touched with rheumatism, so that she was seldom on the scene when Johnny was passing his time at Porchester Terrace. And yet he heard of her dining out, and going to plays and operas; and when he did chance to see her, he found that she was a very sprightly old woman enough. [15]

And then Madalina's talking is so vivacious, so interesting, she's so full of nothing to say, and says it so well. Speaking to Johnny of her very best friend she confided:

> "Oh, Mr. Eames, you don't know the meanness of women; you don't, indeed. Men are so much more noble."
> "Are they, do you think?"
> "Than some women. I see women doing things that really disgust me; I do, indeed;--things that I wouldn't do myself, were it ever so;--striving to catch men in every possible way, and for such purposes! I wouldn't have believed it of Maria Clutterbuck. I wouldn't indeed. However, I will never say a word against her, because she has been my friend. Nothing shall ever induce me." [16]

When Dobbs Broughton, Maria Clutterbuck's husband, killed himself, Madalina was quite aware of the dramatic possibilities of the situation;

> "Man," said Madalina, jumping from her chair, standing at her full height, and stretching out both her arms, "he has destroyed himself!" The revelation was at last made with so much tragic propriety, in so excellent a tone, and with such an absence of all the customary redundances of commonplace relation, that I think that she must have rehearsed the scene,--either with her mother or with the page. Then there was a minute's silence, during which she did not move even an eyelid. She held her outstreched hands without dropping a finger half an inch. Her face was thrust forward, her chin projecting, with tragic horror; but there was no vaccilation even in her chin. She did not wink an eye, or alter to the breadth of a hair the aperture of her lips. Surely she was a great genius if she did it all without previous rehearsal. Then, before he had

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15 Ibid., pp. 21-22.
16 Ibid., Vol. I, p. 442.

thought of words in which to answer her, let her hands fall by her, she closed her eyes, and shook her head, and fell back again into her chair. [17]

At first she could not bring herself to say more of the tragedy, but after sufficient urging she explained everything.

> She was ... well qualified to tell Johnny all the particulars of the tragedy,-- and she did so far overcome her horror as to tell them all. She told her tale somewhat after the manner of Aeneas. .... "I feel that it almost makes an old woman of me," said she, when she had finished.
> "No," said Johnny, remonstrating;--"not that." [18]

John had to make a trip to the continent on family affairs, and so he bid farewell to Madalina. She made a flippant remark and he asked

> "Do you mean that you won't be glad to see me again?"
> "I am not going to flatter you, Mr. Eames. Mamma will be well by that time, I hope, and I do not mind telling you that you are a favourite with her." Johnny thought that this was particularly kind, as he had seen so very little of the old lady. [19]

Johnny, when he returned,was made particularly aware that he was not only a favourite with the mother, but with the daughter as well. Madalina confessed all. She loved him. And with such a confession she fainted. Of course, Johnny caught her.

> and at that moment the drawing-room door was opened, and Lady Demolines entered the chamber. John Eames detected at a glance the skirt of the old white dressing gown which he had seen whisking away on the occasion of his last visit at Porchester Terrace. But on the present occasion Lady Demolines wore over it a short red opera cloak, and the cap on her head was ornamented with coloured ribbons. "What is this," she said, "and why am I thus disturbed?" Madalina lay motionless in Johnny's arms, while the old woman glowered at him from under the coloured ribbons. "Mr. Eames, what is it that I behold?" she said.
> "Your daughter, madam, seems to be a little unwell," said Johnny. Madalina kept her feet firm upon the ground, but did not for a moment lose her purchase against Johnny's waistcoat. Her respirations came very strong, but they came a good deal stronger when he mentioned the fact that she was not so well as she might be.

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17 Ibid., Vol. II, p. 386.
18 Ibid., p. 387.
19 Ibid., pp. 29-30.

"Unwell!" said Lady Demolines. And John was stricken at the moment with a conviction that her ladyship must have passed the early years of her life upon the stage. "You would trifle with me, sir. Beware that you do not trifle with her,— with Madalina!"

... Then Lady Demolines hastened to her daughter, and Madalina between them was gradually laid at her length upon the sofa. ...

Suddenly Madalina opened her eyes,—opened them very wide and gazed around her. Then slowly she raised herself on the sofa, and turned her face first upon her mother and then upon Johnny. "You here, mamma!" she said.

"Dearest one, I am near you. Be not afraid," said her ladyship.

"Afraid! Why should I be afraid? John! My own John! Mamma, he is my own." ...

Lady Demolines slowly raised herself from her knees, helping herself with her hands against the shoulder of the sofa,—for though still very clever, she was old and stiff, -- and then offered both her hands to Johnny. Johnny cautiously took one of them, finding himself unable to decline them both. "My son!" she exclaimed; and before he knew where he was the old woman had succeeded in kissing his nose and his whiskers. .....

"I don't quite understand," he said, almost in a whisper.

"You do not understand!" said Lady Demolines, drawing herself back, and looking, in her short open cloak, like a knight who has donned his cuirass, but has forgotten to put on his leg-gear. And she shook the bright ribbons of her cap, as a knight in wrath shakes the crest of his helmet. .....

"Twas the word that he said--this moment; before he pressed me to his heart."

"I thought you were fainting," said Johnny. .... I know how proud I ought to be, and how happy, and all that kind of thing. But—" Then there came a screech from Madalina, which would have awakened the dead, had there been any dead in that house. The page and the cook, however, took no notice of it, whether they awakened or not. And having screeched, Madalina stood erect upon the floor, and she also glared upon her recreant lover. ....

"Do you mean to tell my mother that you deny that we are engaged?"

"Well; yes; I do. I'm very sorry, you know, if I seem to be uncivil—"

"It's because I've no brother," said the tigress. [20]

In spite of not having a brother Miss Demolines was quite able to take care of herself. She and her mother were going to lock Johnny in for the night, but he called upon a passing policeman, and managed to escape.

Several months later

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20 Ibid., pp. 444-445.

He was delighted by reading among the marriages in the newspapers a notice that Peter Bangles, Esq., of the firm of Burton and Bangles, wine merchants, of Hook Court, had been united to Madaline, daughter of the late Sir Confucius Demolines, at the church of Peter the Martyr. [21]

Need more be said?

Mrs. Bobbs Broughton

Mrs. Bobbs Broughton was a friend of Conway Dalrymple's, and no more, but it pleased her to play at love, so Conway assisted her. The affair never went further than protestations, "how-dare-you-talk-to-me-that-ways" and a few hand clasps, but that was all Mrs. Broughton needed to build an affair.

She was a shallow woman, who pretended to herself that she was very deep; it was for that reason she kept assuring herself that she had only Conway's best interests at heart, so she arranged for him to meet Clara Van Seiver, and paint a picture of her, and in the doing of it, propose, if he could bring himself to it. Here is a description of one sitting, which went much like every other.

> Mrs. Broughton took occasion before the sitting was over to leave the room, so that the artist might have an opportunity of speaking a word in private to his model,—if he had any such word to speak. And Mrs. Broughton, as she did this, felt that she was doing her duty as a wife, a friend, and a Christian. She was doing her duty as a wife, because she was giving the clearest proof in the world,—the clearest at any rate to herself,—that the intimacy between herself and her friend Conway had in it nothing that was improper. And she was doing her duty as a friend, because Clara Van Seiver, with her large expectations, would be an eligible wife. And she was doing her duty as a Christian, because the whole thing was intended to be moral. Miss Demolines had declared that her friend Maria Clutterbuck,—as Miss Demolines delighted to call Mrs. Broughton, in memory of dear old innocent days,—had high principles; and the reader will see that she was justified in her declaration. Acting upon this high principle, she allowed Conway Dalrymple five

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21 Ibid., p. 480.

> minutes to say what he had to say to Clara Van Seiver. Then she allowed herself to indulge in some very savage feelings in reference to her husband,—accusing her husband in her thoughts of great cruelty,—nay, of brutality, because of certain sharp words that he had said as to Conway Dalrymple. [22]

Conway was forced time and again to say things he didn't mean, and listen to things she didn't mean, because the shallow Mrs. Broughton would take pleasure in the little game. Often she caught him off his guard and then

> In another five minutes, despite himself he would be on his knees, making a mock declaration, and she would be pouring forth the vial of her mock wrath, or giving him mock council as to the restraint of his passion. He had gone through it all before, and was tired of it; but for his life he did not know how to help himself.
>
> "Conway," said she, "how dare you address me in such a language?"
>
> "Of course it is very wrong; I know that."
>
> "I'm not speaking of myself, now. I have learned to think so little of myself, as even to be indifferent to the feeling of the injury you are doing me. My life is a blank, and I almost think that nothing can hurt me further. I have not heart left enough to break; no, not enough to be broken. It is not of myself that I am thinking, when I ask you how you address me in such language. Do you know that it is an injury to another?"
>
> "To what other?" asked Conway Dalrymple, whose mind was becoming rather confused, and who not quite sure whether the other one was Mr. Dobbs Broughton, or somebody else.
>
> "To that poor girl who is coming here now, who is devoted to you, and to whom, I do not doubt, you have uttered words which ought to have made it impossible for you to speak to me as you spoke not a moment since."
>
> Things indeed were becoming very grave and difficult. They would have been very grave, indeed, had not some god saved him by sending Miss Van Seiver to his rescue at this moment. He was beginning to think what he would say in answer to the accusation now made, when his eager ear caught the sound of her step upon the stairs; and before the pause in the conversation which the circumstances admitted had given place to the necessity for further speech, Miss Van Seiver had knocked at the door and had entered the room. He was rejoiced, and I think that Mrs. Broughton did not regret the interference. It is always well that these little dangerous scenes should be brought to sudden ends. The last details of such romances, if drawn out to their natural conclusions, are apt to be uncomfortable, if not dull. She did not want him to go down on his knees, knowing that the getting up is always awkward. [23]

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22 Ibid., Vol. I, pp. 425-426.
23 Ibid., Vol. II, pp. 102-103.

At one time her husband said to her rather harshly that if the world were coming to an end women would still want dinner parties. Hurt by his cruelty she retired to her room

> with a romantic tear in each eye, and told herself that, had chance thrown Conway Dalrymple into her way before she had seen Dobbs Broughton, she would have been the happiest woman in the world. She sat for a while looking into vacancy, and thinking that it would be very nice to break her heart. How should she go about it? Should she take to her bed and grow thin? She would begin by eating no dinner for ever so many days together. At lunch her husband was never present, and therefore the broken heart could be displayed at dinner without much positive suffering. [24]

Why Trollope satirizes Mrs. Dobbs Broughton is something of a puzzle. She is certainly more than the shallow pleasure seeker, in that she deceives herself into thinking she is something more. Possibly he considers her as the incurable romantic, someone who cannot but be ridiculous to his commonsense soul. The lesson is to people like her, who seldom hurt anyone but themselves, but make themselves very miserable.

Miss Monica Thorne

Miss Monica Thorne of Ullathorne was Mr. Thorne's sister. She was a little old woman of high color and excellent carriage, very proud of the fact that she was a Thorne. She was, in fact, a pure traditionalist, —anything later than Queen Elizabeth being almost too new to trust.

> She had not yet reconciled herself to the Reform Bill, and still groaned in spirit over the defalcations of the Duke as touching the Catholic Emancipation. If asked whom she thought the Queen should take as her counsellor, she would probably have named Lord Eldon; and when reminded that that venerable man was no longer present in the flesh to assist us, she would have answered with a sigh that none now could help us but the dead.

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24 Ibid., pp. 95-96.

> In religion Miss Thorne was a pure Druidess. She had adopted the Christian religion as a milder form of the worship of her ancestors, and always appealed to her doing so as evidence that she had no prejudices against reform, when it could be shown that reform was salutary. This reform was the most modern of any to which she had as yet acceded, it being presumed that British ladies had given up their paint and taken to some sort of petticoats before the days of St. Augustine. That further feminine step in advance which combines paint and petticoats together, had not found a votary in Miss Thorne.[25]

Indeed nothing but the very ancient found a votary in Miss Thorne; although she occasionally went against her principles so far as to become acquainted with the minds of about two centuries past.

> She spoke of Addison, Swift, and Steele as though they were still living, regarded De Foe as the best-known novelist of his country, and though of Fielding as a young but meritorious novice in the fields of romance. In poetry, she was familiar with names as late as Dryden, and had once been seduced into reading the "Rape of the Lock"; but she regarded Spenser as the purest type of her country's literature in this line. Genealogy was her favourite insanity. Those things which are the pride of most genealogists were to her contemptible. Arms and mottoes set her beside herself. Ralfried of Ullathorne had wanted no motto to assist him in cleaving to the brisket Geoffrey De Burgh; and Ralfried's great grandfather, the gigantic Ullafrid, had required no other arms than those which nature gave him to hurl from the top of his own castle a cousin of the base invading Norman. She was not contented unless she could go beyond the Saxons; and would certainly have christened her children, had she had any children, by the names of the ancient Britons. In some respects she was not unlike Scott's Ulrica, and had she been given to cursing, she would certainly have done so in the names of Hista, Skogula, and Zernebock. Not having submitted to the embraces of any polluting Norman, as poor Ulrica had done, and having existed no barricade, the milk of human kindness was not curdled in her bosom. She never cursed, therefore,—but blessed rather. This, however, she did in a strange uncouth Saxon manner that would have been unintelligible to any peasants but her own.[26]

One wonders how she got along with her own time at all. The attempts she made were rather pathetic.

In discussing teething with Eleanor Bold she advised

> "Take his coral, my dear," said she, "and rub it well with carrot-juice; rub it till the juice dries on it, and then give it him to play with——"

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25 Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, op. cit., pp. 192-193.
26 Ibid., pp. 193-194.

"But he hasn't got a coral," said Eleanor.

"Not got a coral!" said Miss Thorne, with almost angry vehemence. "Not got a coral! How can you expect that he should cut his teeth? Have you got Daffy's Elixir?"

Eleanor explained that she had not. It had not been ordered by Mr. Rerechild, the Barchester doctor whom she employed.

"Poor dear old Dr. Dumpwell, indeed------"

"Why, Miss Thorne, he died when I was a little girl."

"Yes, my dear, he did; and an unfortunate day it was for Barchester. As to those young men that have come up since,"--Mr. Rerechild, by the bye, was quite as old as Miss Thorne herself,--"one doesn't know where they came from or who they are, or whether they know anything about their business or not." 27

And that is the way with all traditionalists. Their eyes are so much on the past that they lose all power of getting on sensibly with their own day and age. Every least change borne in upon them is tantamount to an attempt at murder. They are unable to use their minds to assist logically in the affairs of today, and so are useless to a growing society. That Trollope represents the fact amusingly enough through the media of a funny old lady, makes it none the less true.

Archdeacon Grantly

In the archdeacon you have the paradox of personality as fully developed as in Mrs. Proudie, with a difference. He is a man who pretends to be very stern, and seems so to those who see him out and about, in his comings and goings in the world; but in reality he is very much the other way.

In his dislike for Grace Crawley he was quite decided. He was sure he was right. What, his son marry a pauper! Preposterous. There was absolutely no reason for such unreasonable conduct. What did Henry mean by falling in love with a girl of whom his father so earnestly disapproved?

So he went to Lady Lufton, and told her how wretchedly he, Dr. Grantly, had been used. There was nothing to recommend the girl to him, nothing.

27 Ibid., p. 207.

> Had the archdeacon been preaching about matrimony, he would have recommended young men, in taking wives to themselves, especially to look for young women who feared the Lord. But in taking about his own son's wife, no word as to her eligibility or non-eligibility in this respect escaped his lips. Had he talked on the subject till nightfall no such word would have been spoken. Had any friend of his own, man or woman, in discussing such a matter with him and asking his advice upon it, alluded to the fear of the Lord, the allusion would have been distasteful to him and would have smacked to his palate of hypocrisy.[28]

That was his attitude towards Grace Crawley before he saw her. But after he saw her— Well, in the first place she was beautiful, in the second place, she bore herself like a lady, and in the third place she acknowledged that Henry was wrong in trying to marry her while her father was accused of being a thief. What could he say? While promising not to marry until the cloud passed away, she raised her hand and put it lightly on his arm.

> The archdeacon was still looking down at her, and feeling the slight touch of her fingers, raised his arm a little as though to welcome the pressure. He almost relented. His soft heart, which was never very well under his own control, gave way so far that he was nearly moved to tell her that, on his son's behalf, he acquitted her of the promise. What could any man's son do better than have such a woman for his wife? As he looked down upon her face two tears formed themselves in his eyes, and gradually trickled down his old nose. "My dear," he said, "If this cloud passes away from you, you shall come to us, and be my daughter." ... He longed to tell her that the dirty cheque should go for nothing.
>
> ..."But it will never pass away," said Grace.
>
> "Let us hope that it may. Let us hope that it may."
>
> Then he stopped over her and kissed her, and leaving the room got out into the hall and thence into the garden, and so away.[29]

And so ended the occasion on which he was going to tell that despicable little upstart what he thought of her.

But the archdeacon has his more stern moments when he cannot be deterred from duty, as when for instance he must retire to his study to meditate on how to defeat his enemies. At one time he enemy had been John Bold,

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28 Anthony Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. II, pp. 168-169.

29 Ibid., pp. 180-181.

the merciless reformer, who would rob the warden of his just payment. But with Sir Abraham Haphazard's loyal legalities the archdeacon intended to trounce the industrious reformer rather thoroughly. He had to meditate on just how it must be done.

On that morning

> ...after breakfast the archdeacon, as usual, retired to his study, intimating that he was going to be very busy, ... On entering this sacred room he carefully opened the paper case on which he was wont to compose his favourite sermons, and spread on it a fair sheet of paper, and one partly written; he then placed his inkstand, looked at his pen, and folded his blotting paper; having done so, he got up again from his seat, stood with his back to the fireplace, and yawned comfortably, stretching out vastly his huge arms and opening his burly chest. He then walked across the room and locked the door; and having so prepared himself, he threw himself into his easy chair, took from a secret drawer beneath his table a volume of Rabelais, and began to amuse himself with the witty mischief of Panurge... he was left undisturbed at his studies for an hour or two, when a knock came to the door, and Mr. Chadwich was announced. Rabelais retired into the secret drawer, the easy chair seemed knowingly to betake itself off, and when the archdeacon quickly undid his bolt, he was discovered by the steward working, as usual, for that church of which he was so useful a pillar. [30]

Those who would like to stretch a point might say Trollope delighted to show what hypocrites the priests of the Anglican Church are. They show a holy front to the world and devour Rabelaisian wit in private! However, there is not a great deal that calls for amendment in the archdeacon's character. Throughout the Barsetshire novels your interest, respect and love grows, until you feel that the archdeacon might be one of your own uncles--and wish that he were. Now, satire does not seek to have that effect. Mr. Slope is truly satirized. You wouldn't want him for a tenth cousin, for in spite of all his faults he is not lovable,--not even to those who make a pious habit of not stepping on insects. But then Mr. Slope is a detriment to society, while the archdeacon,

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30 Anthony Trollope, The Warden, op. cit., pp. 82-83.

though faulty, at least tries to be good, and to do good. Even in the instance of the twelve bedesmen, the archdeacon would have been the first to object to their being ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed; but he saw the reform as useless when everyone concerned was getting along happily without it.

Griselda Grantly

Griselda Grantly is satirized as only a type such as Griselda can be satirized. That is, she is shallow enough, and takes herself seriously enough to make a perfect type for satire. The reader first meets the grown-up Griselda when she stays with Lady Lufton over the Christmas holidays. Lady Lufton is interested in a match between the very beautiful Miss Grantly and her son, Lord Lufton. At a certain dinner party the Luftons gave in her honor, she sat all evening saying nothing but monosyllables in a perfectly poised manner. Finally

> Lady Lufton got up and bustled about; and ended by putting two hands on Griselda's shoulders and telling her that the fit of her frock was perfect. For Lady Lufton, though she did dress old herself, as Lucy had said, delighted to see those around her neat and pretty, jaunty and graceful.
>
> "Dear Lady Lufton!" said Griselda, putting up her hand so as to press the end of her ladyship's fingers. It was the first piece of animation she had shown. [31]

However, whether because Lord Lufton never complimented her on her clothes or for some other reason, that no one can fathom, the match did not go along very stirringly. The two mothers discussing it were caught in the following converse:

> "I don't think she will ever allow herself to indulge in an unauthorized passion," said Mrs. Grantly.

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31 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, op. cit., pp. 141-142.

> "I am sure she will not," said Lady Lufton, with ready agreement, fearing perhaps in her heart that Griselda would never indulge in any passion, authorized or unauthorized. [32]

However, let it be understood, there were other sides to Griselda, which come out if you follow her through incident after incident.

> "Mamma," said Griselda, in a moment of unwatched intercourse between the mother and daughter, "is it really true that they are going to make papa a bishop?"
> "They are going to have an Act of Parliament for making two more bishops. That's what they are talking about at least. And if they do------"
> "Papa will be Bishop of Westminster--won't he? And we shall live in London?"
> "But you must not talk about it, my dear."
> "No, I won't. But, mamma, a Bishop of Westminster will be higher than a Bishop of Barchester; won't he? I shall so like to be able to snub those Miss Proudies." It will therefore be seen that there were matters on which even Griselda Grantly could be animated. Like the rest of her family she was devoted to the Church. [33]

In society, too, Griselda became a great favourite, the belle of the season. Lord Dumbello, the Marquis or Hartletop's eldest son, was very interested in Griselda. Her stateliness and dignity proved her to be, perhaps, material for a future Marchioness. Evidently he decided this in the whirls of a waltz for

> In society Griselda's toes were more serviceable to her than her tongue, and she was to be won by a rapid twirl much more probably than by a soft word. The offer of which she would approve would be conveyed by two all but breathless words during a spasmodic pause in a waltz and then as she lifted up her arm to receive the accustomed support at her back, she might just find power enough to say. "You --must--ask--papa." After that she would not care to have the affair mentioned till everything was properly settled." [34]

And so it was. Griselda, before the evening was over, had plighted herself to become Dumbello's own. The archdeacon was pleased. Griselda must have been more clever than he had given her credit for.

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32 Ibid., p. 284.
33 Ibid., p. 285.
34 Ibid., p. 489.

> He kissed his daughter and blessed her, and bade her love her husband and be a good wife; but such injunctions as these, seeing how splendidly she had done her duty in securing to herself a marquis, seemed out of place and almost vulgar. Girls about to marry curates or sucking barristers should be told to do their duty in that station of life to which God might be calling them; but it seemed to be almost an impertinence in a father to give an injunction to a future marchioness. [35]

Griselda's grandfather, Mr. Harding, reassured her that it was quite as easy for a countess to be happy as for a dairymaid, but, continued he

> "With the countess as with the dairymaid, it must depend on the woman herself. Being a countess-that fact alone won't make you happy."
>
> "Lord Dumbello at present is only a viscount," said Griselda. "There is no earl's title in the family."
>
> "Oh! I did not know," said Mr. Harding, relinquishing his granddaughter's hand: and, after that, he troubled her with no further advice. 36

Griselda's mother wished that she might show some enthusiasm, for she never spoke of her wonderful Dumbello, her dear Dumbello, lost neither gravity nor her appetite and never day-dreamed. Her mother tried to make her show signs of interest in her future husband and at last she succeeded. It was while they were discussing the trousseau.

> When this subject was discussed Griselda displayed no lack of a becoming interest. She went to work steadily, slowly, and almost with solemnity, as though the business in hand were one which it would be wicked to treat with impatience. She even struck her mother with awe by the grandeur of her ideas and the depth of her theories. Nor let it be supposed that she rushed away at once to the consideration of the great fabric which was to be the ultimate sign and mark of her status, the quintessence of her briding, the outer veil, as it were, of the tabernacle--namely, her wedding-dress. As a great poet works himself up by degrees to that inspiration which is necessary for the grand turning point of his epic, so did she slowly approach the hallowed ground on which she would sit, with her ministers around her, when about to discuss the nature, the extent, the design, the colouring, the structure, and the ornamentation of that momentous piece of apparel. No; there was much indeed to be done before she came to this; and as the poet, to whom I have already alluded, first invokes his muse, and then brings his smaller events gradually out

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35 Ibid., p. 489.
36 Ibid., p. 496.

> upon his stage, so did Miss Grantly with sacred fervour ask her mother's aid, and then prepare her list of all those articles of underclothing which must be the substratum for the visible maganificence of her trousseau.
>
> Money, I may conscientiously assert, was no object. And, under these circumstances, Griselda Grantly went to work with a solemn industry and a steady perseverance that was beyond all praise. [37]

At last came the beautiful day when the house of Grantly was to ally itself with the house of Hartletop. The ceremony was gone through with a praiseworthy control of hysterics. No one cried and everyone smiled, and at last the daughter of the archdeacon was ready to depart, from the parental roof.

> Mrs. Grantly kissed her and blessed her in the hall as she was about to step forward to her travelling carriage, leaning on her father's arm, and the child put up her face to her mother for a last whisper. "Mamma," she said, "I suppose Jane can put her hand at once on the moire antique when we reach Dover?" Mrs. Grantly smiled and nodded, and again blessed her child. [38]

Griselda being Griselda, Lord Dumbello never regretted his choice.

> All the homage paid to her she received as though it were clearly her due. She was not in the least embarrassed, nor did she show herself to be in the slightest degree ashamed of her own silence. She did not look like a fool, nor was she even taken for a fool; but she contributed nothing to society but her cold, hard beauty, her gait, and her dress. We may say that she contributed enough, for society acknowledged itself to be deeply indebted to her. [39]

In due time

> she was herself, Marchioness of Hartletop, with a little Lord Dumbello of her own. The daughter's visits to the parsonage of her father were of necessity rare, such necessity having come from her own altered sphere of life. A Marchioness of Hartletop has special duties which will hardly permit her to devote herself frequently to the humdrum society of a clerical father and mother. That it would be so, father and mother had understood when they sent the fortunate girl forth to a higher world. But, now and again, since her august marriage, she had laid her coroneted hear upon one of the old rectory pillows for a night or so, and on such occasions all the Plumsteadians had been loud in praise of her condescension. [40]

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37 Ibid., p. 493.
38 Ibid., p. 589.
39 Anthony Trollope, The Small House At Allington, op. cit., Vol. I. p. 202.
40 Anthony Trollope, Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. I. p. 16.

No doubt she condescended beautifully. And although she would never discuss eternal verities, feel manifestations of immortality, or see deep into any one's heart

> how many men can truly assert that they ever enjoy connubial flows of soul, or that connubial feasts of reason are in their nature enjoyable? But a handsome woman at the head of your table, who knows how to dress, and how to sit, and how to get in and out of her carriage--who will not disgrace her lord by her ignorance, or fret him by her coquetry, or disparage him by her talent--how beautiful a thing it is! For my own part I think that Griselda Grantly was born to be the wife of a great English peer. [41]

I agree. She must have been a perfect star twinkling coldly in the heavens. One is aware of the utter uselessness of society "gadding", of the selfish stupidity of a society that would ask no more of a woman than what was asked of Griselda Grantly. That she should so perfectly fit the sphere to which she was called evidences the emptiness and purposelessness of that sphere.

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41 Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage, op. cit., p. 591.

Chapter IV

CONCLUSION

Trollope has his faults, which are sometimes glaring. If there were no other reasons he is too good-humored to succeed as a satirist of Swift's calibre. He is also too explanatory, too understanding, too charitable. Often therefore, when he has a point, he fails to push it forward to its full satiric (not humorous) conclusions, as in the portrayal of Miss Monica Thorne of Ullathorne. I believe it is because of this tendency that his satire is so seldom recognized for what it is. Even when Trollope has succeeded in satirizing something he is not content, but must explain himself. It is this tendency to preach which is his worst sin against the spirit of satire. At the same time his work is often surprisingly free of didacticism of the pulpit variety, and sometimes so subtle that those who read his books see nothing but a superficial delineation of quiet country life, without interest in or acknowledgement of social problems.

But Anthony Trollope is more than a superficial delineator without consciousness of institutional and individual evils needing reformation. He stated concerning the Barsetshire novels:

> I would plead...that my object has been to paint the social and not the professional lives of clergymen; and that I have been led to do so, firstly by a feeling that as no men affect more strongly, by their own character, the society of those around than do country clergymen, so, therefore, their social habits have been worth the labour necessary for painting them; and secondly, by a feeling that though I, as a novelist, may feel myself entitled to write of clergymen out of their pulpits, as I may also write of lawyers and doctors, I have no such liberty to write of them in their pulpits. When I have done so if I have done so, I have so far transgressed. There are those who have told me that I have made all my clergymen bad, and none good. I must venture to hint to such judges that they have taught their eyes to love a colouring higher than nature justifies. We are, most of us, apt to love Raphael's madonnas better than Rembrandt's matrons. But, though we do so, we know that Rembrandt's matrons existed; but we have a strong belief that no such woman as

> Raphael painted ever did exist. In that he painted, as he may be surmised to have done, for pious purposes,-- at least for Church purposes,-- Raphael was justified; but had he painted so for family portraiture he would have been false. Had I written an epic about clergymen, I would have taken St. Paul for my model; but describing, as I have endeavoured to do, such clergymen as I see around me, I could not venture to be transcendental. 1

Even here, in his farewell, he cannot quite control the satiric tone of the reformer.

Trollope's satire has been mainly moral in that he would reform institutional and individual vice by making them ridiculous. He has attacked hypocrisy in the church through Mr. Slope, a conscious hypocrite, and less strongly through the Archdeacon, who is unconsciously hypocritical. He has also attacked the injustice of tradition and custom in the church through high-lighting the condition of Mr. Crawley, perpetual curate of Hogglestock. He has succeeded in making the exaggerated observation of tradition itself ridiculous through Miss Thorne of Ullathorne. He defends love as the only basis for marriage by making the objectors to such marriages ridiculous, and by showing the other side of the coin—what happened when there was no love. The defence is evident in the stories of Grace Crawley, Mary Thorne, Lucy Robarts, and the disapproval in the history of Mr. Crosbie. Press dictatorship is mocked in no uncertain manner by the satirization of the London Times. Sentimentalism and exaggeration, as well as amateur zeal, without long deliberation, is proved as harmful, if not more so, than no reform at all in The Warden. The De Courcys are painted as a satiric picture of decadent aristocracy, and Griselda Grantly is painted from the same view point. They uphold by inference the ideal of democracy. The shallow pleasure seeker and husband seeker are so drawn that they are viewed with distaste, though amusement. Throughout

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1 Anthony Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 482.

his stories Trollope champions the right, and pays off insults against society by making vice ridiculous, unpleasant, and valueless.

As a commentator and observer of the whole of Victorian society (one cannot portray the parts truthfully without realizing their interrelationships with one another and relationship to the whole) Trollope cannot but see faults, and portray serious matters. His common-sense makes him as much the enemy of the "unco' guid" as the "unco'" bad. This has been presented in the characterizations of Mrs. Proudie and John Bold. He is the prophet of normality in social life.

One cannot call him a social satirist and be done, for he is first of all a teller of tales; secondly, a sociological commentator, not unlike Balzac; and thirdly, a social satirist. He saw that sane balance was necessary between opposing forces (reform and conservatism, Wiggery and Toryism, aristocracy and democracy) and that the only way to lasting social good was through moderation. He saw that his time did not realize these things, and finding no other way to bring it to their attention he chose the method of satire, which makes ridiculous and laughable that which it wishes to ammend.

There is in the Barsetshire novels condemnation of the bad and upholding of the good, which, though not the most important element of Trollopian writing, is sufficiently an integral part of it to be analyzed. Upon analysis it is easily recognizable as social satire.

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