ANTHONY TROLLOPE
The Warden and Barchester Towers

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The publication of, *Trollope, A Commentary*, by Michael Sadlier in 1927, and Revised Edition in 1947, did much to re-establish Trollope's reputation. Sadlier claimed that Trollope was the true historian of the mid-Victorian era of the 50's through the 70's. Of these mid-Victorians, he said;"————————who lived their lives in contented and industrious well-being——who from principle alone and by selfdenial strove to fulfill their own high standard of personal integrity."

Furthermore, Trollope is also the "mouthpiece" of family struggles and agonies as a result of the strict social ladder during that period of England's history. "Is he a gentleman——does he/she own an estate ——is he/she a pure-blood Englishman of the aristocracy——will he/she inherit a title—?" these were questions upper most in the minds of parents who had sons/daughters of marriageable age. Trollope makes his readers feel and live these family agonies.

The revival of Trollope has been variously explained. It need not be emphasized in this article because it was the emphasis in my first article on Trollope. However, the question is more than academically interesting. He has thrust his way through the wall of oblivion, as he used to thrust at a fence he could hardly see. And he comes back, not as a period piece, (though no one has given us so pungent an aroma of the rectory diningroom, the parlour of genteel poverty, the country town,) but as a novelist to be assessed, perhaps at a higher rate than his own time ultimately reckoned. Thus Sadlier and others who followed him, found merit in Trollope as the historian of his age, a novelist who conveyed a more accurate picture of his time than did Dickens, Thackeray and other Victorian writers.

Trollope accepting society as it lay to his hand, with its conventions,

its reticences and its apparently solid layers of class, yet "contrived to present a point of view which was predominantly his own." The point of view was distorted by no desire to preach or to philosophize; experience came to him undeflected by 'ism or 'ology. He has none of the obvious signs of greatness in himself, and, says Miss Curtis Brown in *The Novels of Trollope:*" he wrote at a time when it was, one would imagine, very difficult to detach oneself from the contemporary world." In Anthony Trollope English middle-class life found a close and well-liked portrait artist, not too critical to be indulgent nor too accommodating to have flashes of refreshing satire. The talent of Trollope forms a link between the closer, more perspicuous naturalism of Jane Austin (much admired by Trollope) and the realism of a later and coarser school.

1

English novelists in the nineteenth and in the first third of this century often took country life as the setting for their subject matter. Trollope was no exception. The Barsetshire series gives an entirely naturalistic picture of the rural communities. We are guided on a walking trip through a country which we learn to enjoy. Country scenes, all truly and sharply presented, with their inhabitants, such as the old squire, the earl, mothers, daughters and sons, Bishops, Vicars and Reverends—they are all there. And more, also the town scenes of acrid high life and class struggles; no place or person in the small communities are left untouched. His patch of Victorian England has not wholly vanished from the old hamlets or towns surrounded by the hunting bands.

In his *Autobiography* Trollope expresses himself, overmodest about the permanent value of his works; "I do not think it probable," he wrote, "that my name will remain among those who in the next century will be known as the writers of English prose fiction." He adds in that typical Trollopian style, "but if it does, the permanence of success will probably rest on the characters of Plantagenet Palliser, Lady Glencora, and the Rev. Mr. Crawley."

"Trollope was mistaken on both counts," writes Professor R.H.

Singleton of Oberlin College. "His reputation did live on into the next century, surviving a temporary eclipse to shine ever more strongly as the years rolled along; his most popular novels have always been, not the political novels, good though they be, in which Plantagenet Palliser, Lady Glencora and the Rev. Mr. Crawley figure, but the novels of clerical life, the Barsetshire series, in which Archdeacon Theophilus Grantly, Mrs. Proudie, and the Rev. Septimus Harding hold the stage. Of these, *Barcester Towers*, second in the series, published in 1875, when Trollope was 42 years old, has been by all odds, the most popular."

It might be the most popular novel of the Barsetshire series, but not all literary critics would agree if the popularity is based on literary qualities. Reading Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies' study on Trollope, I received the impression that the lesser known novel, *The Claverings* (1867) deserves our attention more than hitherto given because of its literary qualities. In fact, it is generally agreed that *Dr. Thorne* (1858) and *The Clrverings* are Trollope's most outstanding contributions from a literary perspective. Davies writes;

"In *The Claverings*, however, more than in any other of his books, he showed what he could do when he was neither writing against the clock, nor merely for length—the dreadful phrase is his own—. It is not merely that as a whole the book is better written than most of the others, but that it also shows some of his subtler qualities of style more clearly than the rest."

A Trollopian characteristic is the rather detailed introduction of his characters. This he explained in his own words as; "I would wish to have no guessing and shall therefore proceed to tell about it." (The Bertrams, chapter 13) It is his normal rule deliberately to provide information about new characters, that the reader needs in order to understand the events of the novel. Forinstance, in *Barchester Towers* he devotes a full chapter to introduce the Reverend Mr. Arabin, ending the lengthy introduction with, "Such was Mr. Arabin the new vicar of St. Ewald, who is going to stay with the Grantlys, at Plumstead Episcopi." (page 174).

Again and Again we read after the introduction of a new personality; "Such was——." In other words, Trollope wants the reader not to

forget the clues which he gave about the gentlemen or lady introduced.

Another typical Trollopian style is, a turn of phrase, and characteristic of his ironically intimate report of the inner life; it depends upon the addition of some slight qualification to a previous statement;

> He told himself that he feared God—but he was not sure that he was telling himself the truth even in that.
>
> (the Archdeacon's reflection)
>
> He thought that he could give race courses; but he was sure that he could at any rate say that he would give them up.
>
> (Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite)
>
> Colonel Osborne knew that his visit had been very innocent; but he did not like the feeling that even his innocence had been made the subject of observation.
>
> (He knew he was right.)
>
> It cannot be said of him that he did much thinking for himself,—but he thought that he thought.
>
> (The Prime Minister)
>
> He felt a weary dragging soreness at his heart, and told himself that he must be miserable forever, not so miserable, but he would work, but so wretched that the world could have for him no satisfaction.
>
> (Harry Claverings)

It is this peculiar style we meet thoughout the novels of Trollope. In *The Claverings*, Davies writes, "this characteristic Trollopian turn of phrase is frequently, and especially in the depiction of the wavering hero. 'He told himself he was an ass, but still he went on being an ass.' Thus he got himself into his trouble between the old love and the new, and in the midst of it, when he was being true to neither, Trollope concludes and address to the reader on the failings of his hero; 'He should have been chivalric, manly, full of love, and then he would have been a hero. But men as I see them are not often heroic.'

"Another of Trollope's characteristic devices was the repetition of a short phrase, at brief intervals but with such shifts of context, such exaggeration, that it acquired the ironic power conferred in the same manner

on the phrase 'honourable men' in Anthony's speech in *Julius Caesar*. In *The Claverings* there are two fine examples of its use. One is in the twelfth chapter, describing the visit of the beautiful young widow to the splendid estate she had won by her loveless marriage, and the phrase woven through it is, 'She had the price in her hands'. It gathers weight continually through the chapter, which ends upon the final bitter variation; 'She had the price in her hands, but she felt herself tempted to do as Judas did, to go out and hang herself.' Five chapters laters, the same device is put to more openly comic and hostile usage, when the best mode of wooing this same rich widow is discussed by Captain Claverings and Captain Boodle, after dinner at their club;

> 'Well, now Clavy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hands can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, and throw her out of step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there! Do you understand me?!
>
> 'Yes, I understand you, Doodlers.'
>
> 'I always choose that she should know I'm
>
> there.' And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein.'

After the phrase has been relished a further half-dozen times, Boodle leaves his friend alone to meditate upon it:

> 'He sat the whole evening in the smokingroom, very silent, drinking slowly iced gin-in-water; and the more he drank the more assured he felt that he now understood the way in which he was to attempt the work before him. 'Let her know I'm there,' he said to himself, shaking his head gently, so that no one should observe him; 'Let her know I'm there.' Everything was contained in that precept——. It made him confident that he had learned his lesson.'

And in this way the phrase is made to undermine these two men, to reveal all their coarseness, their monotony of mind, their empty, showy ineptitude.

"An aquaintance with *The Claverings*, then, is worth making not only for its own sake; it is probably the way for a reader to sensitize himself to the subtler aspects of Trollope's style, and above all to his characteristic modes of irony. Without this sensitivity, none of his novels can be read rightly, for even in his dealings with the characters he knew and loved best, indeed especially with them, this irony is never far away. But its quality is so quiet, its onset so unostentatious, that it can easily be missed." (Hugh Davies in his article on Trollope)

2

The Barsetshire novels have become to be regarded as Trollope's most important, if not his main contribution to literature, both by the common reader and by the general run of critics and literary historians. One of its chief excellencies is, that the author thinks for himself, and reminds you of no other literary personality. You know that he has written of life as he has seen it, not as he has guessed at it from the reflections of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Reade. Mr. Trollope is a man very knowledgable of human character and of the world around him, in the wide, noble, sensitive sense. He is perfectly well acquainted with the petty nature and small aspirations of the class that calls themselves by the name. From this knowledge he created his *Chronicles of Barsetshire*. Trollope's gifts were essentially for the modern and the familiar; unlike some of his contemporaries, he did not tend to place his stories in a period about a generation back from the time of writing. He wrote about his time, his England as he observed it. Trollope had a sober appraisal of the psychologically abnormal and the part they play in society. They add greatly to the depth of his rendering of the social scene, for, among other things, they hint at the instability underlying the surface of society.

From the *Chronicles of Barsetshire* I have chosen the first two novels, *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. To receive the full flavor of *Barchester Towers*, it is well to read *The Warden* first. *Barchester Towers* certainly can be read and enjoyed as a distinct work. However, most of the characters in *The Warden* reappear, and occupy important roles in *Barchester Towers*.

His characters grow with him and new characters are added when his tale demands it.

And here we meet another Trollopian characteristic. The principal English novelist of the nineteenth century to use characters who reappear was Trollope. This thoroughgoing use of reappearance, especially in the Barchester novels and in the Palliser novels reminds us of Balsac. However, I do not feel that Trollope was following Balsac deliberately. In his *Autobiography* in which Trollope opened his heart to the world, no mention was made to Balsac. I fully appreciate what Stephen Wall wrote in his essay; *Trollope, Balsac and the Reappearing:*"——Was he imitating Balsac? *The Times* on the death of Trollope (7th December, 1882) written by Mrs. Humphry Ward, noted that, 'In connecting together a number of different novels by means of a common locale and a stock of common characters, Mr. Trollope was following at least one great precedent, the example of Balsac, who owed a good deal of his peculiar effect to this device.' However, such literary influences as Trollope's modesty allowed him to admit to were the obvious English ones. Balsac is not mentioned in the *Autobiography*————."

"Trollope's *Autobiography* makes it clear that his use of reappearance sprang rather from the fantasies of his miserable youth. Unhappy and ostracized at school, hovering uncertainty between gentility and destitution at home separated for long periods from his mother and left with an unbalanced and incompetent father, Trollope tried to make his way as a scruffy and insubordinate clerk with little moral or economic support. Between the ages of fifteen and twentyfive he kept a journal——shamefacedly destroyed in 1870——but more significantly, he consoled himself with fantasies. The significance lies not in the fact that he needed this consolation, but that he instinctively subjected it to a kind of novelistic discipline." (from, Essays in Criticism, January, 1975, pages 129–130.) In the *Autobiography*, Trollope wrote;

> "For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced—nor even anything which from

> outward circumstances would seem to be violently improbable ———I learned in this way to maintain interest in a fictitious story, to dwell on a work created by my own imagination, and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life——
>
> He can never know them well unless he can live them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them and even submit them. And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change ——become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them——so should these creations of his change and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first."
>
> (Autobiography, edited by Page, 1950)

Trollope lived with his characters. For him reappearance was not only almost effortless consequence of living with his characters in an "established intimacy," but that it depended quite as much on all the details of experience as on a broader biographical outline. "I found myself allured back to my old friends," he wrote, " so much of my inner life was passed in their company."

"It would be as absurd to pretend that reappearance was a precondition of Trollope's ability to create believable characters," writes Stephen Wall in *Essays in Criticism*, "as to claim that it was as organic a principle as it was in Balsac's. Nevertheless, his instinctive bias towards it illustrates the essential nature of Trollope's relationship with his creatures."

3

The Warden belongs to the earliest stage of Trollope's career as a novelist. It is the gateway to the *Barsetshire* series. Already three novels had come off the press, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran, The Kelly and the*

O'Kellys, and *La Vendee*. The reviews written in the *Athenaem* and in the Spectator (May, 1847) were not too encouraging. Then followed *The Warden*. It was this novel which marked the beginning of Trollope as a possible successful writer of fiction, even though the reviews were still cautious in their evaluations.

On the 29th of July, 1852, Trollope wrote the first pages of *The Warden*, in other words, the *Barsetshire* novels "got off the ground." It was completed during the autumn of 1853, but not published till 1855.

The cycle of clerical portraits begins in *The Warden* with Reverend Mr. Harding and the Archdeacon Grantly. They are presented as "social landscape" rather than parsonical individualities. They had very real and distinctive characters, some with tender hearts, others with cruel ambitions. However, Trollope's clergy, even from the start, are living human beings who walk the streets and country lanes as natural and recognizable figures of their period. But they have more than mere vitality. "The majority are good men, and goodness in a priest surely consists of something beyond decent citizenship or visitations to the sick or pulpit preaching and oratory," writes Michael Sadlier in his *Commentary on Trollope*.

What does Trollope tell us of the spiritual aspects and principles of his clergy? This question, Hugh Walpole tries to answer in his article; *Anthony Trollope*, in *English Men of Letters Series*. He seems to lean towards the idea that Trollope had "an inability" to perceive that a cathedral or a parish church can have an "outward deportment" of the clergy deliberately indifferent to their interpretation of their calling.

The novelist presents his own answer in the last chapter of *The Last Chronicle of Barset;*"—Had I written an epic about clergymen I would have taken St. Paul for my model, but describing such clergymen as I see around me, I could not venture to be transcendental."

With respect to those who seem to assign "inability" to Trollope for evading a deeper exploration of the spiritual side of his clergy, I beg to differ. His own answer indicates that Trollope was able, but was not willing. As Michael Sadlier remarks so candidly; "Trollope did not wear his heart on his sleeves, and his private convictions were purposely

kept very private indeed."

Trollope's clergymen deserve seperate consideration because they figure so prominently in his successful earlier novels as extensions of his gentry world. His bishops, deans, archdeacons and lesser clergy are either born gentlemen who exemplify the basic Christian precepts in a society that accepts rank and position in the hierarchial order, or, having achieved a little pre-eminence in the theological world as much as, for Trollope, a professional engineer achieves pre-eminence in the engineering world, they are duly promoted. Trollope rarely calls attention to theological matters, and he appears to have had no great or deep interest in the contraverses of religion than he had for those of law or politics. However, his frequent quotations or references from the Bible assures the reader, who is acquainted with the Bible, that he is wellversed in the use of the Old and New Testament, and very able in finding his way through the pages of Scripture. (See my article on Trollope in *Studies in English Literature*, No. 13, pages 23–47)

Throughout *The Warden*, we are moved and charmed by the humble clergyman Reverend Mr. Septimus Harding. He is a gentle, retiring, small man, sixty years of age, unself-seeking and upright. Trollope explains him as; "an open-handed and just minded man." And according to Michal Sadlier, he is Trollope's "conventionalized conception of a humble servant of a Divine Master, a distillation of the qualities which ideally should endow a member of the priesthood." Mr. Harding is The Warden of Hiram's Hospital, which we might call today, a Home for elderly, needy people. He is also the Precentor of the Cathedral, in other words, he is the director of music. Mr. Harding had distinquished himself when his book on Cathedral music was published. He was a skilled player of the celloviolin and the elderly at Hiram's Hospital enjoyed many hours listening to the rendering of Hardings' music.

Shortly after the introduction of Mr. Harding, we meet Archdeacon Grantly, the forceful, worldly cleric, a great business man. The Archdeacon is married to the eldest of the Warden's two daughters. His great consternation and dismay caused by his usually easy-going and docile father-in-law who stubbornly persists in resigning the wardenship of Hiram's

Hospital is vividly presented. The characters of Mr. Harding and the Archdeacon are so opposite that they can be likened unto the two ends of a long pole.

Hiram's Hospital was a charitable foundation maintaining twelf elderly men. The property of the charity, having increased in value, yields enough, after good care and comfort for the elderly residents, to provide 800 pound a year for the warden. This is attacked as an abuse by John Bold, an energetic young surgeon of Barchester, with a passion for reform; the matter is taken up by the 'Jupiter' newspaper and finally an action is brought against the warden and the Bishop's steward, on behalf of the elderly residents, who, it is alleged, are being defrauded of their rights. All this causes the gentle, retiring and conscientious Mr. Harding intense distress, for he is not satisfied that there might not be some ground for the allegation. The situation is complicated by the fact that John Bold is deeply in love with Harding's younger daughter, Eleanor, and she with him.

In spite of the strenuous opposition of Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Harding resigns his wardenship. Meanwhile, Eleanor has pleaded with Bold and persuaded him to withdraw his action. There the matter is left. The old Bishop, Harding's close friend, refuses to fill the wardenship, the hospital falls into decay, and the elderly residents mourn the lose of the friendly spiritual and material care of their former warden. Mr. Bold marries Eleanor. Mr. Harding remains the precentor of the Cathedral and obtains a small living, (small church) in addition to his work as music director. The story is continued in *Barchester Towers*.

I mentioned that *The Warden* opens the gate to the *Barchester series*. Yet the novel is not typical of the series. The idea of it was conceived while Trollope one summer evening was wandering about the neighbourhood of Salisbury Cathedral. Barchester is, nevertheless not Salisbury, but a composite of several cathedral towns, created in Trollope's mind. Barchester is a fictional world of Trollope's novels.

At Salisbury while he "stood for an hour on the little bridge and made out to my own satisfaction the spot on which Hiram's Hospital should stand," his novel *The Warden* was conceived in his mind. However, it

took him three years to complete the novel. He writes; "No work that I ever did took up so much of my thoughts." He wished to express his conviction that while the malversation of charitable trusts was an evil, an evil equally great was the severity of newspaper attacks on the recipients of church incomes.

The Warden thus differs from the later *Barsetshire* novels in being a "novel with a purpose", as Kathleen Tillotson refers to it in *The Introduction.* Trollope shows how the acquiescence in and the exposure of an abuse, be it an alleged abuse or otherwise, affects individuals, often individuals completely ignorant; he uses the situation to discriminate the shades of distinction between the consciences of the warden and of the Bishop, the Archdeacon, the reformer Bold, and the editor Tom Towers.

Very skillfully, Trollope inserts Chapter XV. The very title of this chapter draws our attention; *Tom Towers, Dr. Anticant and Dr. Pessimist.* "He deliberately uses this chapter for references to two writers of the day that were immediately recognizable," writes Tillotson, "Carlyle (Dr. Pessimist Anticant) and Dickens (Mr. Popular Sentiment), his vivacious parodies of a *Latter Day Pamphlet* and a novel in shilling monthly numbers are used to exemplify the very methods of violent one-sided attack that he himself deliberately avoids."

Chapter XV is no excrescence; besides helping to define Trollope's own method, it is designed to set a sharp and truthful edge on Mr. Harding's sufferings. Henry James called *The Warden* "simply the history of an old man's conscience," but it is not simply that; it is also the study of an old man's sensibility to the harshness of modern publicity, a theme that might also be expected to appeal to James himself. Furthermore, we receive a glimpse of the ambitions of the younger generation at the expense of the older generation. This point reappears in *Barchester Towers,* in the case of Reverend Mr. Slope.

In his attack on Dickens, Trollope shows himself to be aware of a system of decorum which specifies what can and what cannot be allowed in characters of different types, and he draws an important distinction between what is expected from a 'good' lower-class character and a 'secondary' one. Allow me to quote a short passage from Chapter XV,;

(Mr. Sentiment) good, poor people are very good; and his hard, rich people so very hard; and the genuinely honest so very honest. Namby-pamby in these days is not thrown away if it be introduced in the proper quarters. Divine peeresses are no longer interesting, though possessed of every virtue; but a pattern peasant or an immaculate manufacturing hero may talk as much twaddle as one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's heroines, and still be listened to ———. If his heroes and heroines walk upon stilts as heroes, I fear, even must, their attendant satellites are as natural as though one met them in the street———.

(World Classics, 1901, page 192)

"Conventionally," writes Skilton, "that is, there is a correct way of 'idealizing' the principal characters, while the secondary ones are the proper objects for 'realistic' treatment." (Anthony Trollope and his Contemporaries,p. 89)

Trollope, as is well known, rejected the conventional 'heroic' hero along with all mystery, suspense and romance, maintaining that 'heroes and heroines' as so called, are not commonly met within our daily life.

4

Barchester Towers is more crowded, but richer, and also harsher than the first novel, *The Warden*. The innate generosity of Trollope's mind reflects and moves through both novels. In appearance, according to those who knew him personally, he was a "burlesque man, but he had a big and tender heart.' This we may observe in his novels. He consistently has something complimentary to say about his characters, even those who certainly do not have very complimentary character traits.

In *The Warden* we listened to the violin of the gentle old hero, the warden of Hiram's Hospital. This background stage gave the note of meditative tenderness and quiet satire. The comedy and irony of the almshouse scenes, and the studies of the senile ingratitude, have lost no freshness, and the canvas is broadened for the scenes of clerical life which are to follow in *Barchester Towers*.

Barchester Towers was completed during 1857, only two years after the publication of *The Warden.* The title of the first chapter; *Who Will Be the New Bishop?* gives the reader an introduction to the great desires of a human heart, and the bitter disappointment which followed due to the fact that the desires were completely ignored. The Archdeacon, Dr. Theophilus Grantly "had long managed the affairs of the diocese," for his ailing, elderly father, the Bishop. It must not be understood however that the son was the inner likeness of the father. The Bishop had been a wise counselor, a true servant of his Lord and Master, the God he had faithfull served in all humility. The son was not made of the same ingredients, and Trollope makes allowances for human frailties.

> "Who will be the New Bishop?———He tried to keep his mind away from the subject, but he could not. The race was so very close, and the stakes were so high. He then looked at the dying man's impassive, placid face. The old Bishop slept during twenty of the twenty-four hours, but during the short periods of his waking moments, he knew both his son and his dear old friend, Mr. Harding———. Nothing could be easier than the old man's passage from this world to the next.———.
>
> But by no means easy were the emotions of him who sat watching. He knew it must be now or never. He was already over fifty, and there was little chance that his friends who were now leaving office would soon return to it. No probable British prime minister but he who was now in, he who was soon to be out, would think of making a bishop of Dr. Grantly. Thus he thought long and sadly, in deep silence, and then gazed at that still living face, and then at last dared to ask himself whether he really longed for his father's death———.
>
> His face was still buried in the clothes when the door of the bed-room opened noiselessly, and Mr. Harding entered. Mr. Harding's attendance at that bedside had been nearly as constant as that of the archdeacon. He was standing close beside the archdeacon before he was perceived, and would have knelt in prayer had he not feared that his doing so might have cause some

sudden start. Dr. Grantly, however, instantly perceived him, and rose from his knees. As he did so, Mr. Harding took both his hands, and pressed them warmly————. As they stood there pressing each other's hands, the tears rolled freely down their cheeks.

"God bless you, my dears," said the bishop with feeble voice as he awoke, "God bless you—may God bless you both, my dear Children;" and so he died.———

"I believe it's all over," said Mr. Harding, still pressing the other's hand. "I think—nay, I hope it is."

"I will ring the bell," said the other——. "You cannot but rejoice that it is over," said Mr. Harding, still consoling his friend. The archdeacon's mind, however, had already travelled from the death chamber to the closet of the prime minister. He had brought himself to pray for his father's life, but now that that life was done, minutes were too precious to be lost. It was *now useless to dally with the fact of the bishop's death—useless* to lose perhaps everything for the pretense of a foolish sentiment.

But how was he to act while his father-in-law stood there holding his hand? how, without appearing unfeeling, was he to forget his father in the bishop—to overlook what he had lost, and think only of what he might possible gain?"

(page 4-5, Barchester Tower)

In the Archdeacon Grantly we encounter the real source of Trollope's strength. This is a quite unsentimental charity, the offspring of an unillusioned knowledge of men as they are and of a firm moral code. The result is a magnificent fairness. The Archdeacon is a most ambitious man and a somewhat worldly one; as his father, the old Bishop, lies dying, he is genuinely stricken with filial grief while yet doing all he can to secure the bishopric for himself. But Trollope does not condemn, for Trollope was always conscious of what may be called the discontinuities of the moral life; he knew, even if he did not know the words, all about rationalization of motive and wish. According to his lights, the Archdeacon is a good Christian; Trollope sees the incongruities of his behavior, but he

respects him. And let the reader of these lines not be too judgemental either. For following the Archdeacon through the pages of the Barsetshire novels, he is found to be a reliable servant of his church, even though the bishopric was not extended to him, but to a man with lesser qualifications.

5

In vain do we search for these touches of meditative tenderness and the idyll of the first novel in *Barchester Towers*. There is very little of the genuine serenity which we treasure in *The Warden*. However, it does contain some generous passages, such as the dialogue between the widow, Eleanor Bold (eldest daughter of Mr. Harding), with the Signora Neroni, a vivid, exotic figure who is introduced in order to startle the complacency of the well-groomed classes. For clarity sake, allow me to say a few lines about the family of which Signora is a member.

The family of Dr. Vesey Stanhope does not demand our major attention, however, the members do fill a convenient part in *Barchester Towers*. Dr. Stanhope had been an absentee benefice-holder, but after several years of cultured idleness in Italy returned to the fold and was once again a member of the Barchester Close. Dr. Stanhope is an elegant and carefully groomed figure. But that is about all one can say about him. He has a smartly dressed wife, a fascinating waster of a son and two daughters. Charlotte, the elder is the manager of the house, efficient and good-looking; Madeline Neroni, the younger, is a pathetic but dangerous beauty, crippled (it is said) by the ill-treatment of an Italian husband, but still an insatiable collector of "masculine scalps." Trollope does not make enduring use of this familly. They disappear after their usefulness.

The physical handicap of the Signora remained a wellguarded secret and mystery during the Stanhope's residence in Barchester. But let me turn to the conversation to which reference was made a paragraph before;

Neroni; This is very kind of you, Mrs. Bold;

very kind, after what has happened.

Mrs. Bold; You wrote in such a strain that I could not but come

to you.

Neroni; I did, I did; I wanted to force you to see me.

Mrs. Bold; Well, signora, I am here.

Neroni;———pray bring your chair nearer Mrs. Bold, so that I may look at you. It is so unnatural to see you keeping so far off from me. (Eleanor did as she was bid) And now Mrs. Bold, I am going to tell you something which you may perhaps think indelicate; but yet I know that I am right in doing so (pauze) I believe you know Mr. Arabin?

Mrs. Bold would have given the world not to blush, but her blood was not at her own command.

Mrs. Bold; Yes———I am acquainted with him. That is, slightly. He is an intimate friend of Dr. Grantly, and Dr. Grantly is my brother-in-law.

Neroni;Well; if you know Mr. Arabin, I am sure you must like him. I know him and like him much.

(Mrs. Bold felt it quite impossible to say anything in reply to this.) How stiff you are to me, Mrs. Bold, and I the while am doing for you all that one woman can do to serve another.

Mrs. Bold; I don't want to be stiff, but your questions are so very singular.

Neroni; Well, then, I will ask you one more singular question. Do you love him, love him with all your heart and soul, with all the love your bosom can feel? For I can tell you that he loves you, adores you, worships you, thinks of you and is thinking of you as he attempts to write his sermon for next Sunday's preaching. What would I not give to be loved in such a way by such a man, that is———if I were an object fit for any man to love.

Mrs. Bold got up from her seat and stood speechless before the woman who was now adressing her in this impassioned way. When the signora thus alluded to herself, the widow's heart was softened, and she put her own hand, as though caressingly, on that of her companion which was resting on the table. The signora grasped it and went on speaking——.

And remember, he is not like other men, with him, yea will stand

> for yea, and nay for nay. Though his heart should break for it, the woman who shall reject him once, will have rejected him once and for all. Remember that. And now Mrs. Bold, I will not keep you—for you are fluttered——. (Eleanor half whispered that she would, and then, without uttering another word, crept out of the room, and down the stairs, opened the front door for herself without hearing or seeing anyone———.)

'It would be difficult,' Trollope concludes, 'to analyse Eleanor's feelings as she walked home. She was nearly stupified by the things that had been said to her. She was sore that her heart should have been so searched and riddled by a comparative stranger.' (pages 469–470)

"Beware of jealousy——cursed jealousy!" wrote Charles Reade, "it is the sultan of all the passions, and the Tartan chief of all the crimes." Beautiful Signora, you whose only pleasure was to make slaves out of men, beware of jealousy!

It is in this way that Trollope presents his characters and stimulates his readers to search for the deeper recesses of the mind and soul.

Writing on characterization, Professor Booth shares the following thought with us; "For a writer who dealt, and always professed to deal, chiefly with the surface of society, Mr. Trollope has been singularly sincere, never seeking to hide from us that there are deeper places of human nature into which he does not venture.—— He paints a part of human life but he paints that part precisely as he sees it, extenuating nothing, but letting us know that he does not profess to see all, and does not try to divine by imaginative power what he cannot see."

(Anthony Trollope, page 82)

The species of womanhood Trollope had made his own is described with gloating masculine approval, by the *Contemporary* reviewer of October, 1866;

> "He has a genuine love of women, and can write of them with innocent delight. The rustle of their dresses, the free lingeringness of their movements, the gentle compulsion, the sweet, soft dignity, the light, the music, the reserved pathos, the whole aroma of their presence is never long absent from the pages of

Mr. Trollope."

In point of fact Trollope has shown himself able to create eccentric spinsters and in *Miss Mackenzie* devoted a whole novel to one. But he is best known and loved for his more "aromatic" Eleanor Bolds, Mary Thornes, Lily Dales and Grace Crawleys. Quiet, gentle, sensitive creatures, all facing their own particular burdens heroically. They express a Victorian ideal.

But not all of Trollope's women are gentle, quiet creatures. A word needs to be said to introduce Mrs. Proudie; Of Mrs. Proudie, Trollope wrote that he knew "all the little shades of her character." She was not only a "tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess, a very vulgar woman, and one who would send headlong to the nethermost pit all who disagreed with her" but was, at the same time "conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save souls around her from its horrors."

Mrs. Proudie was a woman who would bear censure from no human being. She reigned in the Cathedral, but could hardly achieve to reign throughout all the surrounding towns of the diocese as long as there was an Archdeacon Grantly or a Reverend Mr. Crawley. However, it may be said, I think, that she had such confidence in herself to justify her in repudiating counsel from others. Such was Mrs. Proudie of who Trollope testifies;——" she was very real to me." Even though, Mrs. Proudie is called; "conscientious, and by no means a hypocrite," in the words of Oliver Wendell Homes, "The brain woman never interest us like the heart-woman."

6

Barchester Towers has been called a sequel to *The Warden*, however, the Reverend Mr. Harding, and his daughter, the hero and heroine of *The Warden*, are relatively minor characters in *Barchester Towers*. The main story line is announced by the appointment of the new Bishop, Dr. Proudie, the up-and-coming, but very weak clergyman with the low church leanings. It was this appointment which brought Dr. and Mrs. Proudie

to the Barchester diocese and set the stage, (we may add, the battle field) for the novel, *Barcherster Towers.*

In addition to Dr. and Mrs. Proudie, there is the bishop's chaplain, the intriguing and hypocritical Reverend Mr. Obadiah Slope. *Barchester Towers* is mainly occupied with the struggle between Mr. Slope and Mrs. Proudie for the control of the diocese and in particular for the disposal of the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital as between the two candidates, Mr. Harding, the former warden, and Reverend Mr. Quiverful, the incumbent of a small living and the father of fourteen children; a struggle in which the lady comes out triumphant.

Mr. Slopes manoeuvres are dictated partly by his rivalry with Mrs. Proudie, partly by his desire to win the hand of the widowed Mrs. Bold, while at the same time he is smitten with a violent passion for the Signora Vesey-Neroni, a lady in an equivocal matrimonial position.

Mr. Harding's candidature for the wardenship is defeated, in spite of the strenuous advocacy of Archdeacon Grantly and his allies; but the tables are turned by the offer to Mr. Harding of the vacant Deanery of Barchester, which Mr. Slope had desired to obtain for himself.

Mr. Slope defeated by Mrs. Proudie, disappointed in his hope for the Deanery, rejected by Mrs. Bold, publicly exposed by the Signora Neroni is unceremoniously bundled out of his chaplaincy and disappears from the scene.

The love element in *Barchester Towers* is again concerned with Eleanor Harding Bold, the heroine of *The Warden.* Now a window, Eleanor is courted by three men; mildly by Bertie Stanhope, for her fortune; ardently by Mr. Slope, for the same reason; and quietly and unassertive by the Reverend Francis Arabin, professor of poetry at Oxford, but who had been brought into the diocese by the Archdeacon Dr. Grantly, for no other purpose than to fight with the Proudie establishment. The Reverend Francis Arabin marries Eleanor Bold. It is evident that Arabin is a great favorite with his creator. "An eloquent clergyman,' says Trollope, 'a droll, odd, humourous, conscientious man, a thoroughly gentleman.'

The novel has some of Trollope's most delightful humour, especially in chapters 10 and 11, on Mrs. Proudie's reception, where Bertie Stanhope

and the Signora receive a bit of reserved attention. (I will refer to his humour in chapters 10 and 11 more extensively later) Trollope, true to himself always has something of understanding to say about wayward sheep. Even The Reverend Mr. Slope falls under this sensitiveness. Mr. Slope, who sometimes comes close to being a caricature, as Professor Singleton points out, (and certainly has very little to recommend him,) is depicted with tolerance. "To give Mr. Slope his due," writes Trollope, "he had both courage and spirit." And to those who would have doubts about his Archdeacon Grantly, Trollope responds that he would always be proud and delighted to sit at his table.

In this novel as in his other works, Trollope succeeded in presenting characters that were true to life, or very close true to life, as he knew it during the midvictorian era; " characters like themselves—or to which they might liken themselves." From the pages of Trollope one receives the clearest picture of mid-Victorian England, because Trollope was insistently preoccupied with producing just that. It needs to be underscored what the French critic, Emile Montêgut wrote in 1892: "Trollope is not simply a naive realist, but a writer who impossed upon his report of life a pattern of his own with a style of his own."

Already mention was made of the typical Trollopian device of the addition of some slight qualification to a previous statement bridging the addition with the conjunction "but." In this novel too we come across this Trollopian style again and again. Just to give a few examples;

> Dr. Grantly had a kind of idea that such would be the case, but he did not know; and then he wondered at his own ignorance on such a question.
>
> (The Archdeacon)
>
> It was not that he had predetermined to influence their thoughts; but he was so habitually idle that his time for doing so had never come till the opportunity for doing so was gone for ever.
>
> (Dr. Standhope's reflections)
>
> That he could effect all this, he did not doubt; but he did not wish to effect it for nothing.
>
> (Mr. Quiverful)

She longed to say out to them all;"Well, what is it that I have done; out with it, and let me know my crime; for heaven's sake let me hear the worst of it," but she could not.

(Eleanor's reflections)

"The cup has slipped twice before, and it may fall altogether this time, but I'll not believe it—"

(Mrs. Quiverful answering her husband)

etcetera.

7

Trollope's full powers are not seen untill later in the Barsetshire novels. As his career progressed, his grasp of reality became stronger and stronger. The *Barchester* diocese was his imagined world. The reality of Trollope's characters might be called a sociological reality. His theme centered on, "the world and the way of the world." He accepted this world as a challenge to his imagination, and this comes out in the characterization of his early novels which show some sign of, what Walter Allen calls; 'self-indulgence on the part of the creator.' There is, in all but the best of characters somewhat too much play with 'foible and idiosyncracy.' He is enjoying himself, delighting in the creation of characters, humorous, comic, pathetic and sometimes sinister for the sake of creation itself, I fear. This has its asset but also its liability.

Trollope, it has been said by the critics, is a lesser Thackeray. From a literary point of view, this seems to be correct. However the two novelists should not be compared with a sweep of the pen in this way. Trollope is big enough to exist in his own right. As a prose-writer, Thackeray is, no doubt, superior. Yet in his later novels, Trollope, it seems to me, reveals an insight and a depth of penetration into the realities of social life well beyond Thackeray. Forinstance, in *The Last Chronicle* of the Barsetshire novels, there is the struggling Reverend Mr. Crawley. In *The English Novel*, Walter Allen, writes; "———Mr. Crawley, a character of a depth quite beyond Archdeacon Grantley and Mr. Harding. With Mr. Crawley, the ascetic scholar almost fatally doomed to failure in life, we stand on the

thresshold of abnormal psychology. Trollope handles him beautifully: he all but achieves the stature of a tragic hero; in his suspicions of his own sanity and his humble acceptance of it, there is a touch of Lear———." There are grounds for considering Trollope a more satisfying novelist than Thackeray.

Again I turn to *The English Novel.* The question is raised on page 166, by Allen; "What has happened that Thackeray should have toppled from his eminence, whereas contemporaries of inferior talent, like Trollope, should today be read with a enthusiasm which would have been incomprehensible toVictorian critics?" This is indeed an interesting question and it would be most interesting to find the answer. However, to pursue this question in detail would take me astray from the purpose of this article.

"Trollope is a kind of Thackeray in reverse," writes Professor Seymor Betsky. "He absorbs fully Thackeray's attack against the upper and upper middle classes; then he uses that attack as a complex point of dramatic conflict against which the code of his gentry can assert itself in devious ways. Thanks to Thackery, Trollope can assume at once the courage of a fairly radical criticism of the gentry and the nobility, particularly of all their vices as they show so signally in London society; including the Court. London is for Trollope the Scarlet City, the city of dissipation, ostentation snobbery, gambling, drunkenness, idleness and drift."

(Dickens to Hardy, page 161)

In the *Barchester novels* there is a continual movement from the comparative stability of a rural order, a stability that is almost idyllic, into the profoundly disturbing rhythms of the world of London; of a movement as London society impinges with disquieting effects upon the rural south. But in the *Barchester novels* the rural order is capable of absorbing and controlling that disquiet. In this respect, Trollope is not so successful in his *Palliser novels.*

8

Barchester Towers is Trollope's comic masterpiece. In no other

novel of his, do we find such pungent humorous passages as in chapters 10 and 11, in which he shares the events at Mrs. Proudie's reception with his readers. For the occasion, the Dr. Stanhope family had also been invited, including Madeline, the crippled daughter. This beauty had a very pretentious calling card on which her name was given as "La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni—Nata Stanhope." With masterful strokes, Trollope presents the following scene.

It is the night of the party. Before the guests arrive, the bishop is about to sit down on a sofa, when his wife informs him this sofa is reserved for a lady. One of his daughters fills in the information by giving the name of the lady, which he understands as "La Signora Vicinironi." . The bishop has no idea that she is simply Dr. Standhope's daughter, and he is curious about this mysterious personage. Finally, the signora arrives, assisted by an Italian manservant, whom the bishop mistakes for a guest, and by Bertie, the charming, indolent brother of the signora, dressed in his own free style, whom the bishop mistakes for a servant. Everyone crowds around the dazzling signora on the sofa. The bishop and Bertie get wedged behind it.

To free himself from Bertie's disconcerting remarks ("I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself"), bishop Proudie tries to get out from behind the sofa; even though his thoughts were that the figure on the sofa" looked very like an angel"; but he is impeded by a fat rector who is in the way. Bertie helpfully tries to move the sofa, but the rector's weight accelerates it and sends it rolling out into the room. One of the wheels catches Mrs. Proudie's lace train and strips her of some of her finery. She furiously rejects Bertie's apologies and becomes even more outraged when the signora smiles at her. She stalks out of the room to change her gown.

The signora uses her charm on the bishop, begging him to call upon her and give his personal blessing to "the last of the Neros." He agrees to call at her father's house, not knowing who her father is. Later, he discovers to his annoyance the true identity of the signora "Vicinironi" and of the "impertinent—cub who had examined him as to his episcopal bearings."

Bertie manages to make himself thoroughly *persona non grata* among the Oxford-educated clergy by lecturing them on the superiority of German professors and by announcing: "I was a Jew once myself."

So much for Mrs. Proudie's reception; deft, low-keyed comic touches and gentle satire is sprinkled throughout *Barchester Towers*. Trollope's satire is pleasant. He pokes fun at his characters simply for the pleasure of it, not with any view toward reforming them. When he laughs at them it is more in enjoyment than in derision, although Mr. Slope, being the sort of person Trollope could not have abided in real life, is finally disposed of in a series of humiliations.

9

During the last quarter of Trollope's literary career, the Aesthetic Movement was in the flood of its reforming enthusiasm, and, like other movements in that state, was extremely intolerant of its immediate predecessors. "The result," writes Charles Morgan in the Atlantic Monthly, May, 1946," was a violent collapse, after Trollope's death, and a period of contemptuous neglect which even those who do not call themselves Trollopians now recognize as having been unjust."

Avowed Aesthetic Movement enthusiasts assumed that books produced as Trollope produced his could not be works of art. And, as Morgan writes;" within the area of the aesthetic creed the hostile critics of Trollope were justified." But Morgan adds; "Trollope has many limitations, but within them, he is the least spurious of writers; he never outreaches his own genuine interest; he is sentimental but not highfaluten; he rides his own hunters without pretending that he keeps Pegarus in his stables."

(Trollope Today, Ch. Morgan.)

If the novelist has come to see himself as an artist with his main purpose placed on the aesthetic sense, then, it seems to me, Trollope made himself an exception. In fact Trollope might have agreed with the lines which Sir Desmond MacCarthy wrote in *Portraits;*

> "It is tenable that one of the mistakes of late nineteenth-century and early twentieth century criticism has been to regard the novel

> as a 'work of art' in the same sense that a sonata, a picture, or a poem is a work of art. It is extremely doubtful whether the aim of the novel is to make an aesthetic appeal. Passages in it may do so; but it aims also at satisfying our curiosity about life as much as satisfying the aesthetic sense—I am inclined myself to regard it as a bastard form of art, rightly concerned with many human interests which the maker of beautiful things must eschew."

However, Walter Allen in his discussion on *The English Novel* does not agree with Desmond's view about the main purpose and emphasis in a novel. He states;

> "———the opposition Sir Desmond makes between the aesthetic appeal and the satisfaction of our curiosity about life is surely false; it need not exist at all; the two may be fused."

We should be cautious to blame Trollope for not being able to present his lines more artistically, for failing to satisfy our sense of design, of beauty. It wasn't his purpose. He certainly satisfies our curiosity about a great many things, his generosity, his ability to create characters and their behaviour, his subtle observation of English social life, during the mid-Victorian age.

If a novelist is able to "fuse" the aesthetic sense and satisfy the curiosity about life at the same time, we are entitled to say he is greater—other things being equal—than one who does not. However, if we can speak of second greatest novelists, though they may not be able to express themselves in poetic language consistently, then Trollope belongs to this distinguished category.

Critical opinions usually abound. Allow me to quote some critical opinions by well known writers. "Trollope," wrote Sadlier, "was neither prig nor moralizer. He stuck to his tale and let the teaching go, with the result that all his novels are lessons in the art of life, but not one of them a preachment."

And Thomas Hardy, in *Conversation* had this to say; 'I like Trollope. You know, at one time it was thought he was going to be recognized as the greatest of the Victorian novelists. Dickens was said to be too much

of a caricaturist, Thackery too much of a satirist, Trollope was put forward as the happy mean."

In the *Westminster Review*, 1908, George Meredith wrote; "Mr. Trollope has satisfactorily solved a problem in this production. (refering to the Barsetshire novels) He has, without resorting to politics, or setting out as a social reformer, given us a novel that men can enjoy, and a satire so cleverly interwoven with the story, that every incident and development renders it more pointed and telling." (page 43)

In, *Anthony Trollope and His Contemporaries*, David Skilton sums it up as follows; "—an idea which runs through all his fictions: a vision of modern life in which each man is an unwilling dependent on his fellows, and victim of all manner of social forces, inextricably part of society, yet increasingly cut off from his neighbours. So, in the midst of a crowded world, the individual is in the last analysis alone. In his novels, Anthony Trollope recognizes this as a central contradiction in modern existence, and his artistic methods correspond exactly to this important social observation." (page 148)

What Skilton wrote seems to be the answer. Trollope does not run parallel with his English contemporaries. With him, it is essential to remember that the novel was an unselfish conscious form, almost primitive. "He was, more than any other English novelist of his time, completely at ease with his age, critical of it's comparatively small details but in the main accepting it as he accepted the air he breathed."

Critical and Biographical Studies;

(Selected and Recommended by Hugh Sykes Davies, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and Professor Ralph H. Singleton, Oberlin College, Ohio.)

1. *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, by Emile Montêgut, 1855–1858.
   Emile Montêgut, a French critic who specialized interpretation of English Literature. The first of these reviews contains a long study of Trollope's *The Warden*, the second deals fully with *Barchester Towers* and *Dr. Thorne*. They illustrate very clearly the general superiority of the French critical approach to fiction over that of the English reviewers of the same period. It was this superiority in skill and seriousness which enabled Montêgut to perceive in Trollope, not simply a naive realist, but a writer who imposed upon his report of life a pattern of his own, with a style of his own. Both reviews were reprinted in the first volume of his *Ecrivains Modernes de L'Angle terre*, Paris, 1892.
2. *Partial Portraits*, by H. James, 1888.
   The most perceptive of the early estimates of Trollope's qualities.
3. *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, by F. Harrison, 1895. A short essay, but of special interest because it gives a first-hand impression of Trollope himself, and of the surprise felt by the writer that such fine qualities should have happened to lodge in so bluff a man.
4. *Studies of a Biographer, Vol IV*, by L. Stephen, 1902.
   The essay on Trollope is short and pleasantly nostalgic; it treats him as a pleasing record of a peaceful bygone age, and is the first expression of this mode of appreciating him.
5. *A Book of Essays*, by G.S. Street, 1902.
   A short essay on Trollope claims for him a higher place than was usual at the time, and discusses his 'realism' with some penetration.
6. *Early Victorian Novelists*, by Lord David Cecil, 1934.
   A judicious estimate of Trollope is given, containing some valuable comparisons between him and some of his contemporaries, especially Jane Austin, who was his favourite novelist in his youth.
7. *A Century of Trollope Criticism*, by R. Helling, Helsingfors, 1956.

A detailed survey of the ups and downs of Trollope's reputation from his own day to the present, with a good selection of quotations from the original reviews, and a good bibliography of Trollope's criticism.

8. *Anthony Trollope, Aspects of Life and Art*, by Professor B.A. Booth, Idianna University Press, Bloomington, Indiana, 1958.
   This very learned study is specially interesting on the social background of Trollope. An outstanding biographical and critical study. Professor Booth is the leading scholar of Trollope today.
9. *The Letters of Anthony Trollope*, Oxford University Press, London, 1951.
   A thoroughgoing job of collecting and editing the available letters.
10. *Anthony Trollope, A New Judgement*, by Elizabeth Bowen, Oxford University Press, London, 1946.
    Written originally, on demand, for the B.B.C., this is not really a new judgement, but does catch, in brief, the essence of the man.
11. *Anthony Trollope*, by Beatrice Brown, Alan Swallow, Denver, 1950.
    A slim volume devoted to a criticism of the novels and a study of the man. Re-evaluates Trollope in the light of some of his lesser known novels. A sympathetic attempt to define the 'theme' common to the novels, and some illuminating suggestions about the effect of Civil Service experience upon Trollope's approach to life and people.
12. *Anthony Trollope*, by T.H.S. Escott, John Lane, London, 1913.
    The first full-length biography. Many details were filled in by the writer who knew Trollope personally. Escott, former editor of *The Forthnightly Review*, interviewed Trollope, took voluminuous notes, and talked with many who knew him.
13. *A Guide to Trollope*, by W.G. and J.T. Gerould, Princeton University Press, 1948.
    A very valuable reference book. Major works, names and places are all listed.
14. *Anthony Trollope*, by Mary L. Irwin,
    H.A. Wilson Company, London, 1926.
    A useful and complete bibliography up to the date published.

15. *The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction*, by Marie Praz, translated by Agnes Davidson, Oxford Press, 1956.
The chapter on Trollope is a good critical discussion of the novelist as a purveyor of the commonplace.

16. *Trollope, A Commentary*, by Michael Sadlier,
Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1927; Revised Edition, Farrar Straus and Company, New York, 1947.
Sadlier is still one of the most important writers on Trollope, the main source for all subsequent biographers.

17. *Anthony Trollope, An Autobiography*, General editors, Michael Sadlier and Frederick Page, The Oxford Crown Edition, Oxford University, London, 1950, 1961, 1968.
This edition is indispensable for any study of Trollope. It has such helpful facsimile reproductions of Trollope criticism and an excellent index.

18. *The Trollopes, The Chronicle of a Writing Family*, by L.P. and R.P. Stebbins, Columbia Press, New York, 1945. Contains much biographical information about Trollope's mother and his eldest brother Thomas Adolphus. An important book because its full treatment of the family, with material not available elsewhere. However, the critical judgment is spoiled because of a very obvious bias.

19. *Anthony Trollope*, by Hugh Walpole, Macmillan, New York, in *English Men of Letters Series*. 1928.
A good early critical study, which draws upon Sadlier and The Autobiography for its biographical details.

Other Critical and Biographical Studies;

1. *Moral Trollope*, by Ruth A. Roberts,
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2. *Anthony Trollope, A Critical Study*, by A.O. Cockshut, New York University Press, 1968.

3. *Anthony Trollope*, by Alice Freedom
Columbia University Press, 1971.

4. *The Changing World of Anthony Trollope*, by Robert M. Polhemis, The University of California Press, 1968.

5. *Trollope*, by Donald Smalley, (ed.)
Critical Heritage Series, 1969.
6. *Anthony Trollope and His Contemporaries*, by David Skilton, Longman Limited, London, 1972.

Latest Publications on Anthony Trollope:

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P.D. Edwards,
Harvester Press, Sussex, England, 1978.
2. *AView of -Victorian Literature*, (396 pages)
Geoffrey Tillotson,
Oxford University Press, London, 1978.
3. *Trollope's Later Novels*, (360 pages)
Robert Tracy,
University of California Press, Berkeley. 1978.
4. *Trollope Anthony, An Autobiography*, (334 pages)
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3. *Anthony Trollope and His Contemporaries,* David Skilton,
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4. *Introduction to Barchester Towers,*
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5. *Introduction to The Warden,*
   Katleen Tillotson,
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   Frederick Page,
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7. *An Illustrated History of English, Vol. IV,*
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8. *Introduction to An Autobiography, Anthony Trollope,*
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15. *Library Criticism, Idea and Act,*
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