

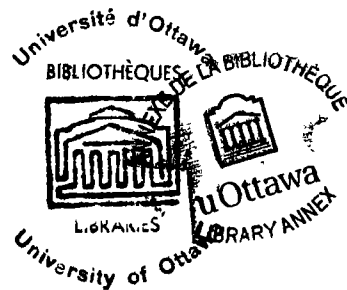
UNIVERSITE D'OTTAWA ÉCOLE DES GRADUÉS

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S BARCHESTER FIFTY YEARS LATER:  
A SEQUEL BY RONALD A. KNOX

by

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Thesis presented to the Faculty of Arts  
of the University of Ottawa as partial  
fulfillment of the requirements for the  
degree of Master of Arts



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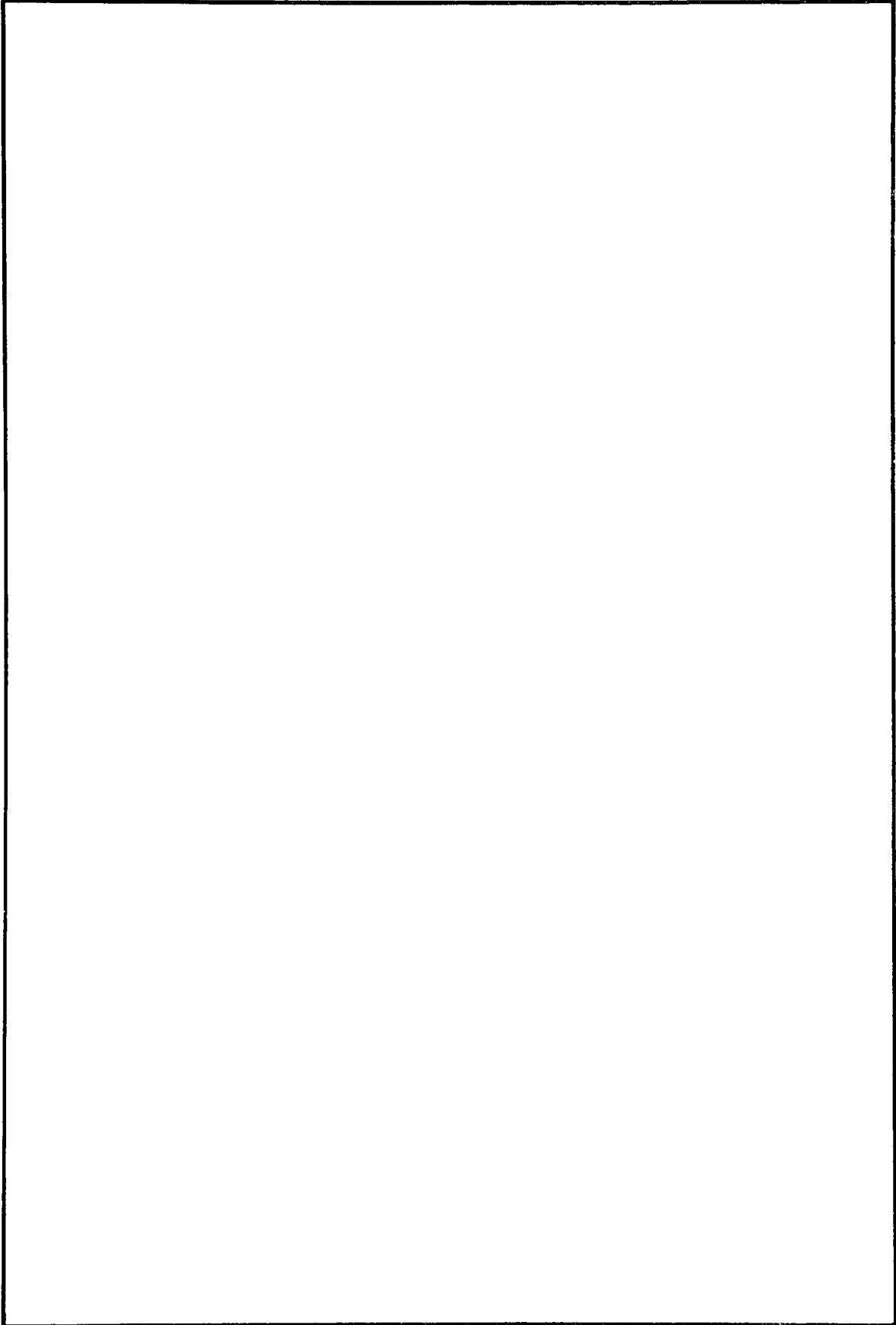
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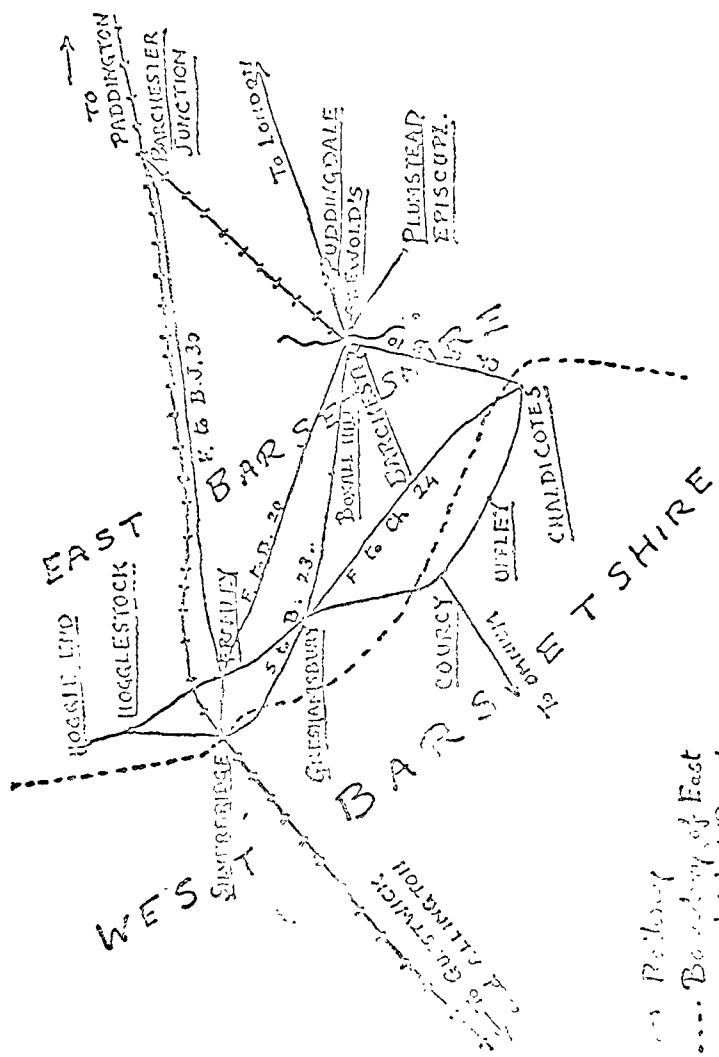
## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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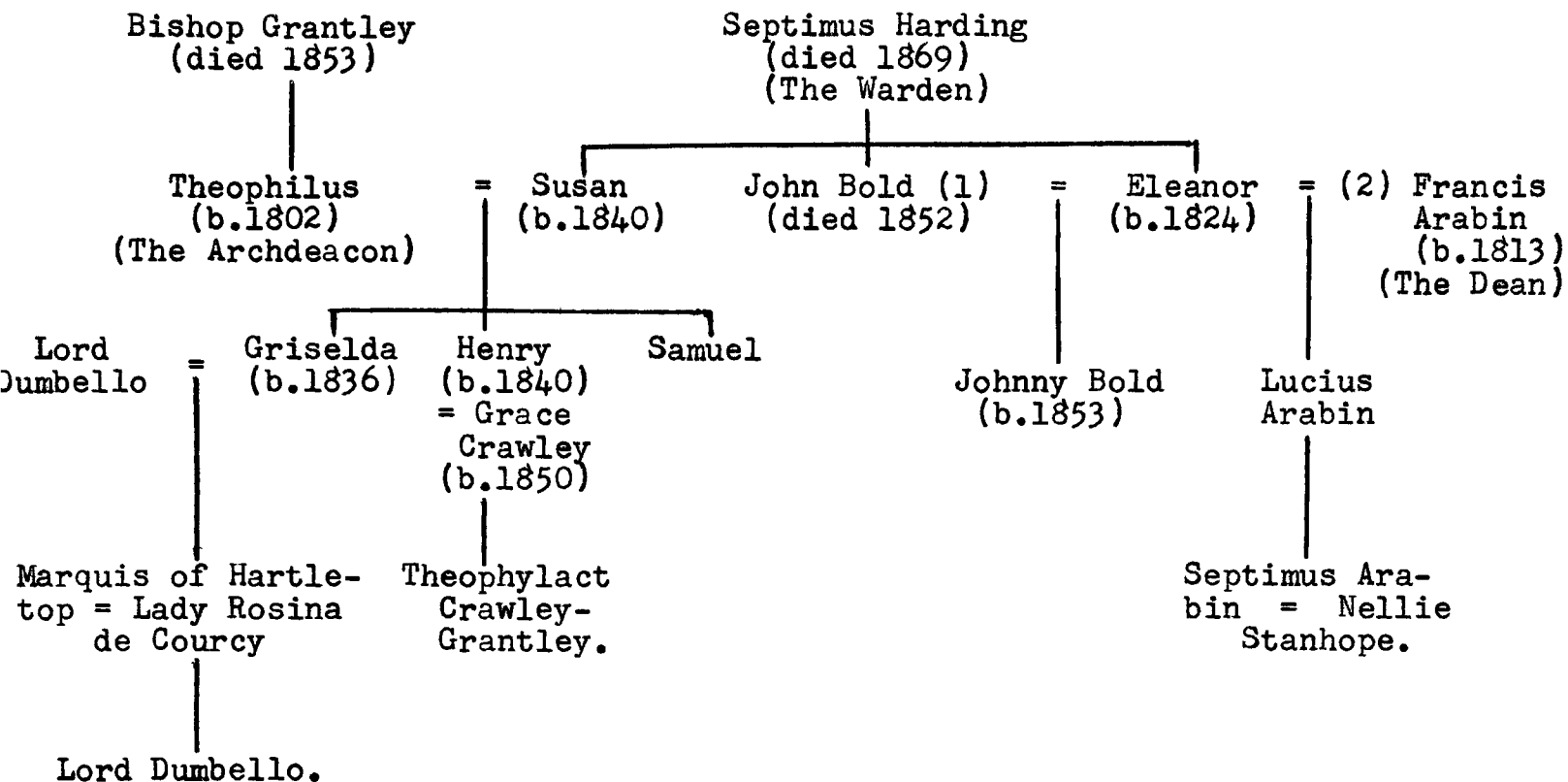
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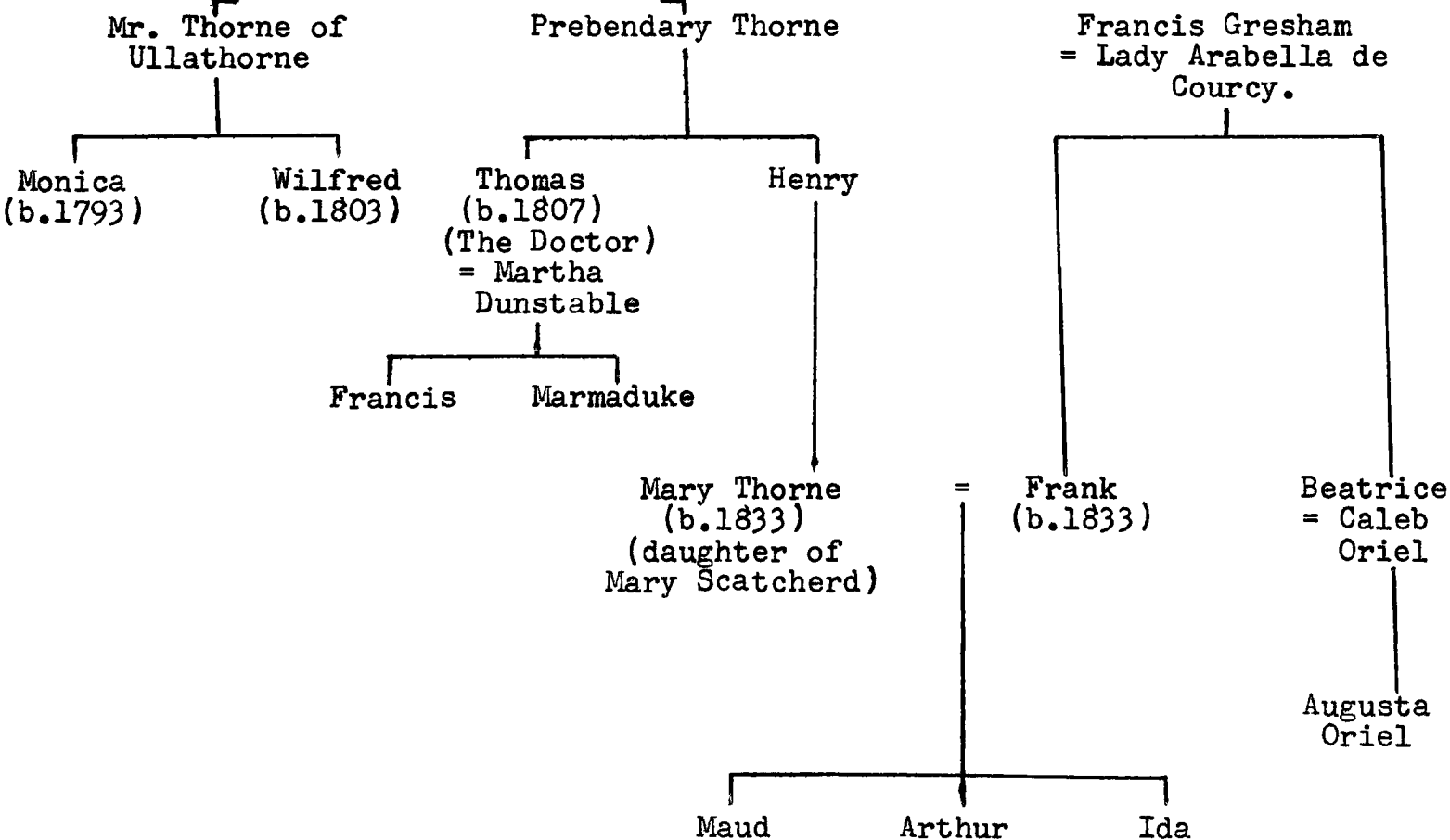


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THE GRANTLEYS, ETC.



THE THORNES AND THE GRESHAMS



## PREFACE

Anthony Trollope was born in Keppel Street, London, in 1815 and went to school at Harrow and Winchester. He grew up to be a good man and an uncomplicated man. From a childhood of distress and privation and a youth of indigence and unhappiness, made more biting by an unrequited yearning for love and recognition, he matured into a valued and trusted official of the Post Office, a good provider for his family, and a staunch friend to many persons similar to himself: honest, talented, middle-class, and prosperous. He believed in the virtues of his class and his country and his century. He believed in these virtues, he practised them, and in the Barsetshire novels he taught them, specifically and didactically, yet entertainingly. He was frugal in his personal expenditures yet did not deny himself the pleasures that seemed reasonable: two hunters in his stable, tobacco, wine, travel, membership at the Garrick Club, daily intercourse with present friends and voluminous correspondence with absent friends. Outwardly he was bluff, genial, loud, even abrasive, but inwardly he was shy, gentle, and ever in need of the love and companionship of his family and his friends.

He was hard-headed in business, demanding, and usually getting, what money he thought his books were worth; and yet he returned an advance payment to a publisher who had lost money on one of the books, and gave generously, and anonymously, to those in needy circumstances. If this sounds like a portrait of an unbearably stuffy and virtuous "typical Victorian", his humour can be mentioned.

Trollope's humour has been mostly avoided in the following pages because of the intangibility and evanescence of such a subject. Like a luminous and iridescent bubble, when a finger (or pen) is put upon it, it is gone. A heavy handed approach has been, perhaps unfairly, attributed to the Germanic people--the "that-was-the-joke-I-will-now-explain-why-it-was-funny" approach. Specific treatment of Trollope's humour has been eschewed to avoid this sort of pedantry. But to mention some of the humorous scenes might not be amiss: in The Warden there is Mr. Harding's quiet rejoinder when Archdeacon Grantly, after haranging the humble Bedesmen at great length, demands to know whether or not he spoke to them plainly; in Barchester Towers there is the excruciating scene, at Mrs. Proudie's reception, between the foppish Bertie Stanhope (dressed all in light blue) and the sober and bewildered Bishop Proudie; in addition, at this same reception, there is the vivid picture of Mrs. Proudie's fury at her ruined dress; in Doctor Thorne there is the spluttering

indignation of Dr. Fillgrave when he is ousted from Boxall Hill by Dr. Thorne; and so on. Mention will be made of Trollope's satire, that it was of the gently mocking variety. Both Trollope and Knox satirized their Barcastrians but satire has a large element of sympathy as well as criticism. It is fortunate that Knox had a warm sympathy for Barcastrians and that that sympathy resulted in his pilgrimage to Barchester. But to go back to Trollope, his humour is, of course, an ingredient of this satire--Horatian echoes in Victorian England.

Anthony Trollope was a good man and he was an uncomplicated man; and so were his Barcastrians good men and (with the exception of Josiah Crawley) uncomplicated men. They lived out their middle-class lives with what fortitude they could muster against adversity and with what happiness they could garner from good fortune. Trollope followed their adventures with rapt wonder in the many years that he lived with his Barcastrians. And so did Ronald Knox.

Ronald Knox was born in Kibworth, Leicestershire, in 1888 and went to school at Eton and Oxford. He grew up to be, like Anthony Trollope, a good man and an uncomplicated man. Unlike Trollope, who was a dullard at school, Knox was brilliant and had translated some of Virgil at the age of six. Unlike Trollope, who was cut off from a normal relationship by his father's morbidity and mania for self-

destruction, Knox lived pleasantly under the strict but kindly attention of his father, Bishop Knox. Trollope's mother, Frances, had scant time for her family in her never-ending efforts to augment, and finally fully supply, the family income. Knox grew up in the warmth of maternal affection and in family companionship. He was cosseted in youth, a scholar and a wit who was obviously destined to be an ornament in whatever field he chose. Where Trollope drudged his way, through perseverance and hard work, to a middle position in the civil service, Knox effortlessly rose to a top scholar at Oxford, to deacon and then priest of the Church of England, to Chaplain of Trinity, to a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, to Chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford, to Monsignor and, in contrast to Trollope's middle position in the service of the Government, to a high position in the service of the Church. Where Trollope was caught up in the hurly burly of getting letters delivered in good time and arranging reciprocal international postal Agreements, Knox was ruminating, writing, and translating in the stately homes of the English aristocracy--Laura Lady Lovatt, Lady Acton, and Mrs. Asquith. Where Trollope rose at five in the morning to grind (the word is used advertently) out his daily stint of words and then go off to work or to hunt, Knox rose early for prayer, said his mass at eight, and spent the day with his papers. Like Trollope,

Knox believed in the virtues of his class, his country, and his century; and these beliefs are substantially the same as Trollope's. Like Trollope in the Barsetshire chronicles, Knox in Barchester Pilgrimage teaches these virtues specifically and didactically, yet entertainingly and with a wry regret that the youth of the present day are not as the youth of his day, louder perhaps, less respectful certainly. But then when Mr. Bunce had said, when talking about the degeneracy of the present age (this would be about 1920), that "folks began to go frivolous like", Knox had commented that perhaps "Mr. Bunce had begun to go forty like". And when Knox had Septimus Arabin speak regretfully about the obsolescence of the public schoolboy type on the last page of Barchester Pilgrimage, and with sorrow that the world where they fitted was passing, Knox was forty-seven: he, like Mr. Bunce, was now "forty like". The parallel in the two Barsets is evident: Trollope's Archdeacon Grantly had had the same forebodings as Knox's Septimus Arabin.

While Trollope was outwardly different from Knox, one loud the other quiet, both were shy and sensitive. Where Trollope was forthright and persistent in his dealings with publishers in the production of his books, so was Knox in his dealings with the Church hierarchy in the production of his Bible and Book of Common Prayer. Both were anonymously charitable. In dealing with the humour of Trollope, only a

few examples were given in order to avoid the pedantry of an explication of this ephemeral subject: but even this precision was pedantic. The humour of both Trollope and Knox runs like a quiet stream throughout the Barsetshire corpus. In Knox's Barsetshire are found Horatian echoes in Georgian England.

Ronald Knox was a good man and an uncomplicated man; and so were his Barcastrians good men and (with the exception of Crawley-Grantley), uncomplicated men. And it should be noted in passing that Knox's most complex character, Crawley-Grantley, is a descendant of Trollope's most complex character, Josiah Crawley.

## CHAPTER I

## INTRODUCTION

This study, Anthony Trollope's Barchester Fifty Years Later: A Sequel by Ronald A. Knox, was suggested by the following events in the literary history of England in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

In 1855 Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) wrote The Warden and, in the imaginary cathedral town of Barchester of the county Barsetshire, introduced his readers to the clergy and gentry of a rural, southern county. The social, political, moral, and theological views of mid-Victorian gentlemen are the background for the interesting characters of a praecentor of the cathedral, the Reverend Septimus Harding, his daughter Eleanor, and his son-in-law, Archdeacon Grantly. In 1857 there followed Barchester Towers in which a reader again meets these three plus half-a-dozen other interesting characters: the fortunes of some prosper and the fortunes of others fail. In 1858 there followed Doctor Thorne, in 1861 Framley Parsonage, in 1864 The Small House at Allington, and in 1867 The Last Chronicle of Barset. While these stories are not direct sequels one to another, all concern the society of the county of Barset and of its capital Barchester.

Certain persons re-appear from novel to novel and a reader sees them growing older and altered in nature by altered circumstances. By the time of The Last Chronicle of Barset, for instance, Eleanor Harding has married, been widowed, and married again. Further, in this last novel are references to all the main characters of the previous novels; and at this point Trollope wrote no more of them and the reader is forced to leave them.

But Ronald Knox (1888-1957) could not leave them.

Trollope had said:

But to me Barset has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps.<sup>1</sup>

This was true for Knox also. He thought that "Barchester was a welcome escape from real life; like a fly in amber, it preserved forever a moment of history". He went on to say:

And then--I suppose I must have looked once too often--that image of a cathedral town began to flicker before my eyes; what had been a motionless piece of sculpture turned, all at once, into a news reel. At first, you thought that it might be merely an illusion that Archdeacon Grantley's shoulders were a little bowed; that Dr. Thorne's hair was grizzled; that Lady Lufton was really beginning to lean on her stick. . . . Then the truth dawned (or the fiction, if you will); the world was moving and Barchester had to move with it.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Anthony Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books Ltd., 1967), p. 862.

<sup>2</sup>Ronald A. Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage (London: Sheed and Ward, 1936), p. 2.

And Knox moved Barchester with the world. In his Barchester Pilgrimage (1936) he takes up Trollope's characters where Trollope left them in 1867. Knox starts with Johnnie Bold, the son of Eleanor Harding of The Warden: this would be about the year 1877, and, after various adventures, Knox marries Johnnie safely off. Generation follows generation and in 1934 a reader finishes in Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage where he started in Trollope's The Warden--he finishes in Hiram's Hospital with Septimus Harding's great-grandson Septimus Arabin, who resigns the Wardenship of the Hospital for much the same reasons his ancestor did seventy years before.

It is the thesis of this work that Knox did a convincing, artistic, and worthwhile reproduction, in a sequel novel, of Trollope's world--Barsetshire.

There were precedents of course for writing a "sequel-novel". While it is outside the scope of this work to trace the history of the sequel novel, a few examples will be illuminating in establishing Knox's entry into this field with Barchester Pilgrimage, particularly in establishing the tone of Knox's sequel to the Barsetshire chronicles. To go back about two hundred years should suffice. And in pursuing this summary, similarities (or otherwise) to Knox will be noted.

In 1740 Samuel Richardson published his didactic,

epistolary novel on the problem of how a young girl can keep her virtue, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. The righteous tone of this novel annoyed Henry Fielding and caused him in 1741 to write a burlesque, An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews, proving that Pamela's type of virtue was a sham. Whatever else Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage is, it is not burlesque, nor travesty, nor parody, with all those terms' connotations of incongruity between matter and form, of caricature, and so on. In 1759 Samuel Johnson wrote his didactic romance The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia with its "choice of life" and "vanity of human wishes" theme. This was continued by Mrs. Cornelia Knight in Dinarbus (1790), although she did not leave Johnson's characters as he conceived them but changed the current of the piece and gave it a happy ending. Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage does not follow this formula of pursuing the same characters. Knox starts, it is true, with one of Trollope's characters, Johnnie Bold; but when a reader last saw Trollope's Johnnie he was trundling a hoop and in Knox we see Johnnie adult and married; in addition, there are in Barchester Pilgrimage characters unborn in The Last Chronicle of Barset. There is, also, in 1894, the fragment of Robert Louis Stevenson, St. Ives, which, because of Stevenson's death, had progressed only up to Chapter 31. This was completed by Quiller-Couch in 1898 and, of course, the later chapters preserve the

characters and style of the earlier chapters: in effect, Quiller-Couch followed the tone of the model, as did Knox in Barchester Pilgrimage. Briefly then, this is a summary of some of the precedents of sequel writings from Fielding in 1740 to Quiller-Couch in 1898--just thirty-eight years before Barchester Pilgrimage. And these were written for a variety of motives: parody of the model, changing the tone of the model, or continuing the tone of the model. It is this last approach that Knox followed. Knox loved the model and he had to see what Trollope would have written had Trollope observed Barchester until 1936. It is perhaps analogous to a student of Leonardo da Vinci completing, in style of the master, a picture blocked out and but half-completed. And Knox, writing in the style of Trollope, discovered, in Barchester Pilgrimage, that Trollope would have found Barchester and its inhabitants had changed a little in externals but not so very much in essentials. It will be shown that Knox's empathy for Trollope's England, and for Trollope's views of a changing England, is made evident throughout Barchester Pilgrimage. And empathy, a sense of the zeitgeist, is perhaps a trait that could be expected in an author who had translated the Vulgate Bible into English from a distance of about sixteen hundred years, and written an heroic-couplet, eighteenth-century satire after the manner of Dryden, Absolute and Abitofhell, and Reunion All Round after the manner of Swift,

from a distance of about two hundred years. It can be shown that Knox's empathy did not falter in Barchester Pilgrimage and that he did an artistic job of writing a sequel to Trollope's Barsetshire chronicles.

To show that Knox wrote a true imitation of Trollope's novels, it is necessary now to show what sort of novels these Barsetshire chronicles are. It is outside the scope of this work to evaluate them either as to their relative worth in relation to other nineteenth century novels or as to their place in the whole history of the novel. Nevertheless, some questions will have to be raised: was Trollope a realist or a romantic? Were these Barsetshire novels social satire? Were they merely love stories? Were they drawing room comedy, or psychological novels? Booth<sup>1</sup> has entitled a chapter of his study of Trollope "The Chaos of Criticism", and Helling<sup>2</sup> has written A Century of Trollope Criticism: there is, besides, a vast and amorphous body of critical material ranging from the precise objective judgments of F. R. Leavis to the rambling subjective views of G. K. Chesterton. Nevertheless, a synopsis must be given to identify as to type Trollope's novels and hence Knox's sequel.

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<sup>1</sup>Bradford A. Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art (London: Edward Hulton, 1958).

<sup>2</sup>Raphael Helling, A Century of Trollope Criticism (Helsingfors: Societas Scientiarum Fennica, 1956).

Some of the critical judgements are severe. While the following quotation does not refer to the Barsetshire novels, it is sufficiently broad to be quoted as Henry James's general opinion of Trollope. It was written in 1866, a year before The Last Chronicle of Barset:

The Belton Estate is a stupid book; and in a much deeper sense than that of being simply dull, for a dull book is always a book that might have been lively. A dull book is a failure. Mr. Trollope's story is stupid and a success. It is essentially, organically, consistently stupid; stupid in direct proportion to its strength. It is without a single idea. It is utterly incompetent to the primary functions of a book, of whatever nature, namely--to suggest thought. . . . Mr. Trollope is a good observer; but he is literally nothing else. . . . He has seen and heard every act and every speech that appears in his pages. That minds like his should exist, and exist in plenty, is neither to be wondered at nor to be deplored; but that such a mind as his should devote itself to writing novels, and that these novels should be successful, appears to us an extraordinary fact.<sup>1</sup>

In a later essay (1884), The Art of Fiction, James adds these strictures when he is discussing the novel as being a form of history and that, as such, it should speak with assurance and with the tone of the historian:

I was lately struck, in reading over the many pages of Anthony Trollope, with his want of discretion in this particular. In a digression, a parenthesis or an aside, he concedes to the reader that he and this trusting friend are only "making believe." He admits that the events he narrates have not really happened, and that he can give his narrative any turn the reader may

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<sup>1</sup>Henry James, The Belton Estate, in Henry James, Selected Literary Criticism, ed. by Morris Shapira (London: Heinemann, 1963), p. 14.

like best. Such a betrayal of a sacred office seems to me, I confess, a terrible crime; it is what I mean by the attitude of apology, and it shocks me every whit as much in Trollope as it would have shocked me in Gibbon or Macauley.<sup>1</sup>

Yet, and referring to the "chaos of criticism" of Trollope, James had written a thirty-five page essay the year before-- just after Trollope's death. The quotation (below) gives the first few sentences in the essay:

When, a few months ago, Anthony Trollope laid down his pen for the last time, it was a sign of the complete extinction of that group of admirable writers who, in England, during the preceding half century, had done so much to elevate the art of the novelist. The author of The Warden, of Bar-chester Towers, of Framley Parsonage, does not, to our mind, stand on the very same level as Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot; for his talent was of a quality less fine than theirs. But he belonged to the same family--he had as much to tell us about English life; he was strong, genial and abundant.<sup>2</sup>

And in the last paragraph of this essay James says:

Trollope did not write for posterity; he wrote for the day, the moment; but these are just the writers whom posterity is apt to put into its pocket. So much of the life of his time is reflected in his novels that we must believe a part of the record will be saved; and the best parts of them are so sound and true and genial, that readers with an eye to that sort of entertainment will always be sure, in a certain proportion, to turn to them. Trollope will remain one of the most trustworthy, though not one of the most eloquent, of the writers who have helped the heart of man to know itself. The heart of man does not always desire this knowledge; it prefers sometimes to look at history in another way--to look at the manifestations without troubling about

<sup>1</sup>Henry James, The Art of Fiction in Partial Portraits (London: Macmillan and Co., Limited, 1919), p. 379.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 97.

the motives. There are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature: the taste for emotions of surprise and the taste for emotions of recognition. It is the latter that Trollope gratifies, and he gratifies it the more that the medium of his own mind, through which we see what he shows us, gives a confident direction to our sympathy. His natural rightness and purity are so real that the good things he projects must be real. A race is fortunate when it has a good deal of the sort of imagination--of imaginative feeling--that had fallen to the share of Anthony Trollope; and in this possession our English race is not poor.<sup>1</sup>

One can conclude that James mellowed as the years advanced: but one can conclude also that the later judgement (1883) is the more mature.

The literary traits of Trollope will be dealt with in detail later, and of course, there is much critical dissent about these traits: some critics abhor the intrusive-author approach and others say it is justified; some think the apostrophes inartistic and others say they are intrinsic to the style; most think Trollope's writing genial and optimistic while others find him tending to pessimism and deeper than most readers thought. Neither an analysis nor even a synopsis of this type of critical commentary is necessary to the present study. What is necessary, as was said above, is to establish what sort of novels Trollope wrote so that Knox's sequel can be evaluated. What was Trollope's specific aptitude as a novelist? Hugh Walpole has said: "The

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 133.

Barsetshire epic is a clerical epic."<sup>1</sup>: but he must have been using the term "epic" in a non-technical way and in the sense of "large" or "long". Whatever the Barchester chronicles are they are not an epic. To take a definition to which few can object, an epic is ". . . pertaining to that species of poetical composition, represented typically by the Illiad and Odyssey, which celebrates in the form of a continuous narrative the achievements of one or more heroic personages of history or tradition".<sup>2</sup> A moment's reflection will convince a reader that Trollope did not write an epic. Who would be the epic hero? Where are the achievements important to the history of the race? No, it was artistically right for Trollope to stay out of the field of the epic and to limit himself to something else. He says: "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".<sup>3</sup>

A summary, then, of the main characteristics of Trollope's Barsetshire novels should identify them as to type: and to give the concensus of the main critics will trace the

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<sup>1</sup>Hugh Walpole, Anthony Trollope (London: Macmillan and Co. Limited, 1929), p. 69.

<sup>2</sup>James A. H. Murray, ed., A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909).

<sup>3</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 861.

history of the question. It must be remembered that some of the critics did not like the characteristics that will be listed, but they agree that they are Trollope's.

It is the concensus that there is a note of satire running through the novels but that Trollope had little gift for it, and, after trying it in The Warden, he did not attempt it again. In this view Knox, Booth, Tinker, Saintsbury, Quiller-Couch, Walpole, and Sadleir agree.<sup>1</sup> Or at least they agree that if Trollope was satirical it was in the Horatian and not the Juvenalian sense. There is general agreement that the digressive, allegorical passages on "The Jupiter", Mr. Pessimist Anticant, and Mr. Popular Sentiment, as satire on "The Times", Thomas Carlyle, and Charles Dickens, are unfortunate, to say the least. Booth says:

Every reader knows that he is most charming when his fancy plays airily over oddities and eccentricities of personality. The satiric is not his normal manner of expression. But when the character is a Mrs. Proudie or a Mr. Slope, a jocular, bantering, satiric tone is both appropriate and inevitable. Actually, Trollope was skeptical about the efficacy of satire except for humorous purposes. . . . Trollope's meliorism led him to reject general satire, but his perceptive knowledge of men taught him our common failings. He did not share Hawthorne's and Melville's vision of evil; he thought man often mischievous and foolish rather than depraved. This good humoured view of life resulted

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<sup>1</sup>In the examples that follow, only the critics that explicitly agree are listed. This is not to say that critics not listed, disagree: it is only to say that they do not comment on a particular characteristic.

satirically in Horatian laughter at absurdities of conduct.<sup>1</sup>

Trollope himself thought that satire written solely with the object of censuring faults in a world presumed by the satirist to be decadent, really served no useful purpose:

I do not believe that such writings have ever done good, or have left other impress than that of the cynic disposition, and power, of the writer. I doubt whether Juvenal ever aided at all in the suppression of vice;--but Horace, who was not a satyrist by profession, and who is playful and even good natured in his very satyres, did probably teach men to be less absurd in their manner of writing, of speaking, and of eating than they would have been without him. Byron as a satirist was wholly powerless on vice, simply leaving the impression that he, a man gifted with strong powers of description, had to avenge himself upon a world that had injured him. And satyre runs ever into exaggeration, leaving the conviction that not justice but revenge, is desired. The exaggeration probably may come from no such feeling, but from the natural tendency of the writer to seek ever for strong and still stronger modes of expression; till at last all truth is lost in the charm of heaping epithet on epithet and figure on figure;--as the eater loses the flavour of his meat through the multiplied uses of sauces and pepper.<sup>2</sup>

Walpole said that Trollope's satire sprang from a humorous scorn of his own oddities and failures and that ". . . of that deeper and more modern irony that implies that life has done the individual a desperate and impertinent injury, an irony that has its source in an affronted egotism, he knew

<sup>1</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 41.

<sup>2</sup>Bradford A. Booth, ed., The Letters of Anthony Trollope (London: Oxford University Press, 1951), p. 266.

nothing at all".<sup>1</sup> Saintsbury thinks that presenting Archdeacon Grantly's three sons ". . . in order to satirize the three then famous bishops of London, Exeter, and Oxford was as inartistic in one kind of taste as in another".<sup>2</sup> Tinker thinks that these passages were ". . . an ugly smear on the perfection of a story".<sup>3</sup> Quiller-Couch agrees that Trollope was ill-advised ". . . when he introduced caricature, for which he had small gift, into his stories",<sup>4</sup> and suggests that the most effective way of improving The Warden would have been with a pair of scissors. Knox says that The Warden ". . . was conceived as a satire by an author whom nature had not designed for a satirist"<sup>5</sup> and Sadleir, talking of the same book, says that ". . . its exaggerated sentiment and its clumsy caricature, is very elementary Trollope".<sup>6</sup> It was elementary Trollope and it did not appear again. In succeeding novels Trollope is content only to poke gentle fun at nearly everyone--Horatian satire in fact.

<sup>1</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 199.

<sup>2</sup>George Saintsbury, Trollope Revisited, in The English Association. Essays and Studies, VI (1920), p. 52.

<sup>3</sup>Chauncey Brewster Tinker, Trollope, in The Yale Review, XXXVI (1947), p. 427.

<sup>4</sup>Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Charles Dickens and Other Victorians (London: Cambridge University Press, 1927), p. 207.

<sup>5</sup>Ronald Knox, Introduction to the Barsetshire Novels, in The Warden (London: Oxford University Press, 1952), p. ix.

<sup>6</sup>Michael Sadleir, Trollope: A Commentary (London: Oxford University Press, 1961), p. 374.

It is the concensus that the matter of the Barsetshire novels was the plain, everyday affairs of ordinary people and that these were handled with realism.<sup>1</sup> Knox says, in talking about Trollope's realistic handling of his characters:

So well trained are they by now, these Barsetshire folk, that each reacts effortlessly to the situation at a mere crack of the whip. Doubtless the question will always be debated, whether Mrs. Proudie was artistically killable. But, once her death-warrant was out, who else could have described the repercussions of it with such courageous realism?<sup>2</sup>

Walpole says that Trollope, in portraying his characters, is constantly reassuring us about our common humanity and that this ". . . is responsible for so much of his extraordinarily effective reality".<sup>3</sup> Sadleir says: "It is one aspect of his amazing truth to life that he could contrive at the same time to be a novelist for the jeune fille and a most knowledgeable realist".<sup>4</sup> Tinker says much the same thing but points out that Trollope was always ". . . careful first to waken the reader's sympathy for the man or woman involved."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup>It is better to avoid a detailed dissertation on "realism" which, with all its ramifications, could in itself form a large work. The term is here used in its simplest sense as being somewhere between "ideal" and "romantic" on the one hand and "naturalistic" on the other.

<sup>2</sup>Knox, Introduction to the Barsetshire Novels, p. xvii.

<sup>3</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 188.

<sup>4</sup>Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 371.

<sup>5</sup>Tinker, Trollope, p. 429.

Stang expands upon this point and talks about catharsis (he is talking of Josiah Crawley): "But the frightening thing about these characters is that we see how easily we can become like them."<sup>1</sup> Chesterton is quite explicit: "Within his narrow limits, Trollope was a more strict and masterly realist than Thackeray."<sup>2</sup> To go on to the matter of the novels, the plain everyday affairs of ordinary people, Henry James says that Trollope's ". . . great, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of the usual".<sup>3</sup> Walpole agrees with this and talks about Trollope's ". . . constant preoccupation with average humanity. He is the supreme English novelist in this".<sup>4</sup> Booth says: "One is impressed most of all, I think, with his balance, his normality, his freedom from cant, and his pervasive common sense".<sup>5</sup> And this common sense kept Trollope on the lower slopes of Parnassus. Brown says that Trollope ". . . lacked any touch of the metaphysical. He was not even interested in ideas as such, but only in ideas as they could be, as it were, synthesised from human action. He was more aware of the world

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<sup>1</sup>Richard Stang, The Theory of the Novel in England, 1850-1870 (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1959), p. 34.

<sup>2</sup>G. K. Chesterton, The Victorian Age in Literature (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1913), p. 133.

<sup>3</sup>James, Partial Portraits, p. 101.

<sup>4</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 186.

<sup>5</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 232.

than of the universe".<sup>1</sup> Batho and Dobrée add:

He seems to have accepted with complete complacency the world of ideas in which the majority of his fellow Victorians lived so prosperously. He was one of the very few writers of the period who did not rebel against the philosophy which it lived. He . . . gave a fairly comprehensive and wholly comprehensible picture of the society in which he moved, and he created the county of Bassetshire, which is entirely livable.<sup>2</sup>

It is the concensus that Trollope's plots were weak or non-existent. Davies says:

The Warden was typical of all novels that were to follow in its disregard for plot. It would, indeed, have been incompatible with his choice of the middle range of characters to have involved them in sensational and complicated situations: ordinary people commonly lead ordinary lives. But apart from this, the elaboration of remarkable incident was quite irrelevant to his main purpose --the depiction of moral character. . . . men<sub>3</sub> and women--not issues--came alive under his hand.<sup>3</sup>

Booth says:

In the mid-nineteenth century Trollope was one of those who hastened the decay of plot. The Warden had been no more than the examination of a situation, a case of conscience--exactly the kind of plot circumstance that was to engage the critical and creative attention of Henry James. Doctor Thorne, a fully plotted, dramatic (not to say melodramatic) novel, is uncharacteristic. For all its interest, Doctor Thorne is a regressive book for Trollope. But it is significant that the

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<sup>1</sup>Beatrice Curtis Brown, Anthony Trollope (London: Arthur Barker Ltd., 1950), p. 34.

<sup>2</sup>Edith C. Batho and Bonamy Dobrée, The Victorians and After (London: Cresset Press, 1950), p. 83.

<sup>3</sup>Hugh Sykes Davies, Trollope in British Book News (London: Longmans Green, 1960), p. 15.

uncharacteristic element, the full blown plot, is not original with Anthony at all but with his brother Tom, who supplied the story.<sup>1</sup>

But in respect to this inability to construct a good plot, Trollope anticipates the critics: rueful acknowledgement, but said with a touch of pride, can be found in Barchester Towers where Trollope says that the reader might at any point turn to the last chapter and ascertain the fate of the characters and ". . . the story shall have lost none of its interest."<sup>2</sup>

What has emerged so far is that the novels are gently satirical, that they are about the everyday affairs of ordinary people, that they are realistic, and that they have a minimum of plot.

If there is a minimum of plot, upon what did Trollope concentrate? It is the concensus that the Barsetshire chronicles are novels of character-description. Sadleir says that Trollope's ". . . primary aim was to create character"<sup>3</sup> and that a Trollope novel is the very essence of fiction, which, ". . . represents a distillation of that element in storytelling on which all other elements depend, without which no blend--however skilful--of fact, incident, idea and

<sup>1</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 45.

<sup>2</sup>Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1949), p. 143.

<sup>3</sup>Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 15.

description can be recognized for fiction at all--the element of characterization."<sup>1</sup> Speaking indirectly of Trollope, Leavis says: "Thackeray is a greater Trollope;" and goes on rather disapprovingly, "that is, he has (apart from some social history) nothing to offer the reader whose demand goes beyond the 'creation of characters' and so on".<sup>2</sup> Walpole speaks of the ". . . one virtue which runs like a silver thread through all the texture of his work . . . love of his fellow human beings."<sup>3</sup> Commenting on the same trait Tinker thinks ". . . his novels are a radiant reflection of it".<sup>4</sup> Booth says: "Trollope is at his best when he allows his imagination to dwell on character apart from the requirements of plot".<sup>5</sup> Brown goes further: "Few other English novelists had so complete an understanding of so many kinds of lives or, if they did, were so well able to use their knowledge for the proper development of their stories".<sup>6</sup>

These critics all have their favourite character:

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 366.

<sup>2</sup>F. R. Leavis, The Great Tradition (London: Chatto and Windus, 1960), p. 21.

<sup>3</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 197.

<sup>4</sup>Tinker, Trollope, p. 434.

<sup>5</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 190.

<sup>6</sup>Brown, Anthony Trollope, p. 51.

some favour Lily Dale and others are entranced by Mary Thorne: Septimus Harding is a universal favourite and there are varying degrees of dislike for Mrs. Proudie. The gallery of major characters to be discussed is well-nigh endless: the entrancing Signora Vesey Neroni, the aggressive Arch-deacon Grantly, the oily Mr. Slope, the pathetic Mr. Quiverfull, the tragic Mr. Crawley, the gallant Major Grantly. The above lists only a few of the main characters: in The Last Chronicle of Barset alone, there are just over five-hundred characters--ninety-four with speaking parts.

What has emerged, then, is that the Barsetshire chronicles are gently satirical, realistic accounts of everyday affairs of ordinary people, and have a minimum of plot and a maximum of characterization. The last point to be considered in this summary of the main characteristics of the novels, is that of Trollope's style.

Booth says:

Simplicity and ease . . . are the keys to Trollope's style. Unfortunately, none of the early novels survives in manuscript, but beginning with Framley Parsonage (1860) virtually all are extant and have been traced. They are the most remarkable manuscripts I have ever seen. On page after page there are no corrections--no erasures, no emendations, no interlinear interpolations. Then there will be a page with several additions--heightening an incident, sharpening a phrase, forming a characterization. Then there will be further pages of the cleanest copy any novelist ever sent a printer. I do not know quite what to make of Trollope's statement that he revised his work. The manuscripts do not bear this out, and I think there is no possibility that what survive

are revisions of earlier texts. There can be little doubt that Trollope wrote more rapidly and revised less frequently than any comparable English novelist.<sup>1</sup>

W. G. and J. T. Gerould go further: "The most devoted Trollopian will agree that Trollope wrote carelessly and that the correction of his proof was more careless still".<sup>2</sup> Walpole is more stern:

Much too of his monotony and repetition came from his serial necessities and his publication in monthly parts. Thackeray and Dickens, who were more exuberant artists than Trollope, found the publication of their novels in monthly parts a terrible trial, but the real trouble about Trollope was that he never found it a trial at all.

He went gaily and steadily forward, padding his very exiguous plot with still more exiguous comedy. . . .

The easy rhythm of his dialogue tempts him to cover page after page with conversation so casual that it finally has no meaning at all.<sup>3</sup>

The Stebbins's perceive this too: for when Trollope commented (upon completing Doctor Thorne one day and starting The Bertrams the next) that three months of idleness between each work would not have improved the quality, the Stebbins's reply, "Not three months of idleness, but three months of painstaking revision, would have improved them. But

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<sup>1</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 222.

<sup>2</sup>Winifred Gregory Gerould and James Thayer Gerould, A Guide to Trollope (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1948), p. v.

<sup>3</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 195.

Trollope would not rewrite".<sup>1</sup> Tinker is kinder and says Trollope ". . . is not given to microscopic detail, reconsideration, or altered approach".<sup>2</sup> When Trollope wrote Doctor Thorne he was travelling in Egypt, away from his books; and Knox has noticed<sup>3</sup> that Plumstead becomes Plumpstead and Archdeacon Grantly becomes Archdeacon Grantley. There are other examples: in Framley Parsonage Mr. Gazebee becomes Mr. Gagebee; in The Last Chronicle of Barset, Dr. Fillgrave becomes Dr. Filgrave. Miss Dunstable is only thirty years of age in Doctor Thorne but in Framley Parsonage, only five years later, she is spoken of as being well over forty. There is little doubt that Trollope wrote swiftly, even carelessly, and without much revision. But this is to look only at the dark side of the picture; and Booth, after naming a few qualities that Trollope does not possess, goes on to praise him:

It would be folly to argue that Trollope is a great stylist. He did not have the poetic imagination of Emily Bronte, the slashing wit of Thackeray, the incandescent humor of Dickens, or the deliberate intellectualism of George Eliot--all of which are expressed in terms of style. What is left to Trollope? a great deal: a fluency that . . . rarely becomes tedious; a

<sup>1</sup>Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, The Trollopes: The Chronicle of a Writing Family (New York: Columbia University Press, 1945), p. 159.

<sup>2</sup>Tinker, Trollope, p. 425.

<sup>3</sup>Knox, Introduction to the Barsetshire Novels, p. xii.

level of practical competence which if it never rises to high passion infrequently sinks to irredeemable bathos; an easy grace that carries one along on a full tide of flowing narrative. . . . But in reading Trollope one rarely thinks of style. This is not, however, because . . . Trollope has no style. It is rather because without verbal pyrotechnics he has talent enough to keep his story moving easily and his reader comfortably engrossed. It is a minor accomplishment of style, no doubt, the achievement of a journeyman novelist, but unlike some examples of more spectacular writing it has worn well<sup>1</sup> through many generations of careful readers.

Walpole talks about "The easy rhythm of his dialogue."<sup>2</sup>

Quiller-Couch agrees and draws a more vivid picture of Trollope and how ". . . in this easy, humdrum, but pertinacious style, he arrived, much as he often arrived at the death of a fox. He was a great fox hunter; lumbering in the saddle, heavy, short-sighted, always unaware of what might happen on t'other side of the next fence."<sup>3</sup> Cockshut thinks along the same lines as Quiller-Couch, admits the so-called flaws, and goes on to protest,

But much of what he loses in detail by his unexciting style, he gains back when his books are considered as a whole. His paradoxes and subtleties take hundreds of pages to work themselves out, and they stand out all the more sharply, through the persistence of the droning

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<sup>1</sup>Booth, Anthony Trollope, Aspects of His Life and Art, p. 228.

<sup>2</sup>Walpole, Anthony Trollope, p. 195.

<sup>3</sup>Quiller-Couch, Charles Dickens and Other Victorians, p. 209.

conversational voice and the absence of the paradox of epigram.<sup>1</sup>

Geoffrey Tillotson thinks much the same as Quiller-Couch and says that Trollope's style has no pretensions: "It reveals its honesty in its preference for mono-syllables. It likes plain words. It abhors the high-sounding. . . . But it is not the style of a man who abhors grace".<sup>2</sup>

To what then, does this consensus add up? The evidence has been rather painfully accumulated, and presented in somewhat the manner of Macaulay, in the paragraphs above. But what has been accumulated is evident to any reader of the Barchester chronicles, and that is, that Trollope wrote relaxed, conversational stories about usual people, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of characterization. This he did in a casual, but realistic manner and without revision: obviously, then, there are not complicated ideas to impart. If these novels are satirical they are so in a fun-poking, gentle way. The approach is humorous throughout within the decorum of the period. The matter of the Barchester novels is the social life of the upper-middle-class. These novels keep a reader in the houses of this class and a scenic nature description, except the briefest, is never seen:

<sup>1</sup>A. O. J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope. A Critical Study (London: Collins, 1955), p. 149.

<sup>2</sup>A. Geoffrey Tillotson and Kathleen Tillotson, Mid-Victorian Studies (London: Athlone Press, 1965), p. 56.

moreover, except for two minor passages, children are never mentioned, and it is adult relationships that form the "plot". These upper-middle-class characters, the clergymen and the landed gentry, live in an agrarian county and its cathedral-city capital.

It must be concluded, then, that these Barsetshire chronicles are in the tradition of the novel of manners. These extended, fictional, prose narratives contain all the notes. The Barsetshire chronicles present the social mores of a specific group which is explicitly defined and described with great accuracy and in detail. The customs, manners, conventions, and habits of a social class at a specific time and place are examined with irony and realism and these mores exert a powerful influence over the characters. Plot is dominated by the purpose of revealing character. As it is impossible to find a novel that fits into only one niche, the Barsetshire chronicles can also be termed novels of character, novels of incident, or regional novels. Since attempts to define a novel under only one heading usually come to logical grief, these other headings are mentioned and, of course, they partly describe the Barsetshire chronicles. But these chronicles are principally in the tradition of the novel of manners.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Walter Flint Thrall, Addison Hibbard, C. Hugh Holman, A Handbook to Literature (New York: Odyssey Press, 1960), p. 324.

And so is Knox's sequel novel, Barchester Pilgrimage, in the tradition of the novel of manners. The notes of this type of novel have been traced above and applied to Trollope's Barsetshire novels: in the same way they can be applied to Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage.

Just as it was necessary in determining what Trollope wrote to eliminate what he did not write, that is, he did not write an epic, so it is necessary in determining what Knox wrote to eliminate what he did not write, that is, he did not write a satire. This is not to say that there is no satire in Knox: there is in Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage the type of satire that is found in Trollope's Barsetshire chronicles. It is only to say that what satire there is, is not directed against Trollope but is in the style of Trollope.

To return to the thesis: Knox did a convincing, artistic, worthwhile reproduction, in a sequel novel, of Trollope's world--Barsetshire.

It will be shown that there are flaws in Barchester Pilgrimage: Trollope had insisted that a certain length was necessary to a novel, but Knox does not obey this dictum; Roman Catholicism was very remote in Trollope's Barsetshire, but in Knox's Barsetshire it is almost irritatingly in the foreground; Trollope had introduced a gallery of vigorous and well-rounded female characters, but Knox just does not (or cannot) deal in any depth with female characters.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that with Knox we are still, unmistakably, in the same Barsetshire that was pictured by Trollope.

The first step toward supporting this thesis will be to describe Trollope's world--Barsetshire: this will be done in the second chapter. In the third chapter Trollope's characters will be examined--the inhabitants of Barsetshire. In the fourth chapter will be examined the literary traits of Trollope. This chapter is the nexus between Trollope and Knox: with a grasp of the sort of things and places and the sort of people Trollope wrote about, rural, clerical, Anglican England, and having examined Trollope's literary traits, the focus is shifted to the literary traits of Knox. And if Knox is writing in the style of Trollope, as he explicitly says he is, it should be possible to see a similarity between Knox and his model. This then is the subject matter of the fifth chapter. It will be noted that the chapter titles used in Trollope, that is, the country, the characters, and the literary traits, are now being used in reverse order in dealing with Knox. Thus, the fifth chapter will deal with Knox's literary traits; the sixth chapter will deal with Knox's characters: and in the seventh chapter this work will end in Knox's Barsetshire of the 1930's having started in Trollope's Barsetshire of the 1850's. In the Conclusion, a comparison of the two Barsets is made together

with an explication of the validity of the thesis.

And so, in the next chapter will be examined the social and physical background of Trollope's characters: their estates, their houses, their church, their way of life: in fact, Anthony Trollope's Barsetshire.

## CHAPTER II

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S BARSETSHIRE, 1850's-1860's

In this chapter will be examined, firstly, the England that was the background of Anthony Trollope's Barsetshire chronicles; in its totality it was not really a very pleasant place; or at least, there was a great deal that was unjust and sordid--particularly in the cities. But to Trollope this England was the best of all possible worlds.

Secondly, it will be shown that Trollope purposely limited himself to the benign face of rural, southern England and ignored the wretchedness of the cities and the industrial north. He limited himself to Barsetshire and the well-to-do and ignored less-fortunate counties and the poor. On whatever national evils existed, Trollope is mute. The causes for this will be shown.

Thirdly, the effect of these self-imposed limitations on the Barsetshire chronicles, will be shown. It will be shown also that this self-limitation is not a weakness but a strength.

Fourthly, the techniques by which Trollope keeps a reader, through five novels, in the smiling county of Barsetshire, will be enumerated.

To deal, firstly, with the England that was the background for Trollope's Barsetshire chronicles, it should be noted that all of Trollope's characters lived in the middle of the Victorian period. Some scholars limit the Victorian Period to the years between the Queen's accession in 1837 and her death in 1901. It is better, perhaps, to expand this slightly and relate literary events to a more appropriate phenomenon than a royal lifetime--to social and political events, in fact; and so the Victorian Period really began with the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 and closed with the end of the Boer War in 1902. It is convenient to divide these seven decades into "Early" and "Late" of almost equal length. Thus the Early Victorian period extends from the Reform Bill of 1832, which coincides with the death of Scott and the commencement of Tennyson's In Memoriam A. H. H., to 1868, the year which saw the publication of Browning's The Ring and the Book. The Barsetshire novels were all written within the compass of the Early Victorian period: The Warden in 1855, Barchester Towers in 1857, Doctor Thorne in 1858, Framley Parsonage in 1861, The Small House at Allington in 1864, and The Last Chronicle of Barset in 1867. It is reasonable to assume that Trollope's characters were living

in these years or in the immediate past--the early Victorian Period. (However, Ronald Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage moves these characters on many decades beyond the Late Victorian Period.)

The first fourteen years of the Early Victorian Period were filled with unrest and misery but this changed to prosperity in the next twenty-two years when England espoused free trade and industrialism, and became the workshop of the world. But a reader will find few workshops in Trollope's world.

The world to be surveyed is the world of an English country gentleman of the 1850's and the 1860's. The characters include a duke or two and several workmen; but these are shadowy figures at the top and the bottom of the social scale and are not the principal concern of Trollope. He writes of the middle class that he knows best: the fox-hunting squires (he hunted with them); earls who administered their estates; bishops, deans, archdeacons, praecentors, rectors, and curates who administered the church of gentlemen--the Anglican Church; their sweethearts who loved them or rejected them, their wives who comforted them or plagued them. Lower characters are met, men and women above the workman level, but they are regarded with distaste, and none of them is allowed to be worthy of our admiration. They lived out their seamy lives in another England only adumbrated by Trollope.

But an understanding of this England, torn between hope and doubt, idealism and pragmatism, is necessary to understand Trollope's selectiveness in his choice of material for the Barsetshire novels.

And this selectivity is the thought to pursue for a moment. It will presently be shown that Trollope limited himself severely, limited himself to aristocratic, county society. There are no evil characters in the Barsetshire chronicles. Trollope's England is the best of all possible worlds and if he knew anything of the human misery in the industrial north--as indeed he must have--he ignored it. Whatever political and social changes were at work, few are seen in Barset. Ignored, for instance, are two most important changes, Free Trade and the repeal of the Corn Laws. But what was Trollope's best-of-all-possible-worlds really like?

Free Trade, the repeal of the Corn Laws (1846), and reform, not only re-arranged the old Whig and Tory parties into Liberal and Conservative, but changed England drastically in the next thirty years. Other epochal events had only faint echoes in the cathedral close: the officers and men of The Light Brigade gallantly charged to their death at Balaclava; Daniel O'Connell was pleading for starving Irish farmers; there were riots in Jamaica about the freeing of the slaves; there were clashes between the English and the French

in Canada and Lord Durham's Report; the lower-middle class could now vote but not the working classes; "Rotten Boroughs" still sent their squires to Parliament; forty-seven years of Tory government ended; a depression and unemployment led to rioting in the 1840's, for this was the "Hungry Forties". Just previously had been enacted The Poor Law Amendment Act by which the system of workhouses that obtained in London was applied to the country at large and staffed by full-time, salaried, civil servants (their ignorance, inefficiency, and heartlessness infuriated Dickens). The Malthusian doctrine blamed the poor for reproducing faster than subsistence was available. The Chartists were pushing for social reform. Newman, having concluded that his via media was a paper theory, was agonizing over the Church of Rome on the one hand and agnosticism on the other. Keble, Pusey, and Froude argued the case in Tracts for the Times; but nearly all Trollope's characters are the highest of High Anglican and had none of the doubts of a Newman. Neither did any of Trollope's characters have any concern about the origin of life as described in Genesis; the debate between Religion and Science, as argued by Erasmus Darwin, Lamarck, Cuvier, Lyell, and Charles Darwin, passed by Barchester; so did Carlyle's nostalgic backward look at the Middle Ages in Past and Present, and his ominous forward look from Nietzsche's Superman and Helots to Fuhrerprinzip. John Stuart Mill

disagreed with Carlyle and enshrined his own views in On Liberty; and Mill was a Utilitarian follower of Jeremy Bentham. What an England had been produced by Utilitarianism and Laissez-faire! The steam engine, the power loom, and the spinning jenny had taken industry away from the crofters and moved it to the city; and the crofters followed--to the factories, to the coal-mines--followed in their thousands until Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham were a vast foetid slum. Elizabeth Barrett's The Cry of the Children (1843) was not sentimental slop but based on verifiable facts concerning children of five years of age who dragged heavy tubs of coal sixteen hours a day through mine shafts. Benjamin Disraeli in 1845 wrote of the ideals of the Chartists and the fate of poor children in Sybil, or the Two Nations. Just two years previously "Punch" had published Thomas Hood's Song of the Shirt. None of this is seen in Barsetshire. Why did Trollope ignore this harsh England and limit himself in his subject matter to the idyllic Barchester?

To deal, secondly, with Trollope's self-limitation as regards the subject matter of his novels, it can be said that he limited himself to idyllic Barchester because it was artistically right to do so. Trollope does not show the breadth of vision or the depth of understanding to write of the whole of this complex, teeming Victorian era which,

after seven hundred years since the Magna Carta of doggedly groping upward for social justice, seemed to be further away from it than ever. Trollope limited himself in matter to usual people and ordinary events and he limited himself in form to the unassuming novel of manners. What were the reasons for these limits?

Trollope limited himself, as any artist must do, to what he knew best. In his case it was rural England and those southern counties he had ridden across on horseback for many years in the service of the Post Office. This is not to say that the artist, through the discernment and empathy that is his indispensable faculty, cannot write of things that he knows only slightly; and this is the case with the clergymen that are Trollope's main characters. It can be seen from the Autobiography that Trollope's knowledge of the clergy was slight in his early years when he was a day boy at Harrow and Winchester. From here he went to the Post Office, in London for five years and in Ireland for six. In the whole of his Autobiography and in his Letters, he reveals no intimate acquaintance with the clergy. Yet as an artist he can write of them. But even so he limits himself:

Before I take leave of the diocese of Barchester for ever . . . I desire to be allowed to say one word of apology for myself, in answer to those who have accused me--always without bitterness and generally with tenderness--of having forgotten, in writing of clergymen, the first and foremost characteristic of the ordinary English clergyman's life. I have described many clergymen, they say,

but have spoken of them all as though their professional duties, their high calling, their daily workings for the good of those around them, were matters of no moment either to me or, in my opinion, to themselves. I would plead, in answer to this, 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 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,<sup>1</sup> if I have done so, I have so far transgressed.<sup>1</sup>

Trollope had said that he could not venture to be transcendental. This brings up the question of his scope and, here again, due to his own proper limitation, it must be said that he was not universal as was, for instance, Hardy in The Return of the Native. This could be argued. What could be more universal than Septimus Harding struggling with his conscience and saving his soul or of Mark Roberts shamefully forsaking his divine office? What, it could be argued, are more universal than a lover betrayed, such as Lily Dale, the blind uncomplaining loyalty of Mrs. Crawley, or the pitiable bravery of Letitia Quiverful? It can be answered that these are universal ideas, of course, but, in Trollope's Barset, their solution does not challenge the whole of the morality of an age, or raise doubts about an established

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 862.

hierarchy, or generate a yearning for a new order. When a reader has finished Trollope he knows a lot more about Barset but little more about himself. He is sorry for Mr. Harding's fall but it is hardly catastrophic. He rejoices for the Quiverfuls but their elevation is not brilliant. The scope is modest throughout the novels. Had Trollope tried to write an epic, for instance, as Walpole has suggested, he would have to show the inner religious doubts of (say) Bishop Proudie, his mounting revulsion against the she-Bishop. The character of the Bishop would have to be strengthened and developed through the five chronicles and culminate in The Last Chronicle of Barset by his publicly whipping Mrs. Proudie, thundering from his pulpit against the watered-down Christianity of the Established Church, against the system of sinecure, against the oppression of the poor by the factory owners, and against the complacent laissez-faire attitude of the government. This outburst would have to be condemned with indignation by "The Jupiter" and hailed by the rest of England. The Bishop would have to be stoned to death in the street for his apostacy, and in the revulsion of feeling that followed, the government would have to fall, the masses would have to flock back to the Mother Church, Carlyle's dream be realized, and a new era dawn. The writer of this study has handled this hypothetical situation badly: but so would Trollope have handled it badly.

And he knew it. Trollope is restricted by his interests as an artist to the limitation that he must deal only with simple, even child-like, ideas. Perhaps The Last Chronicle of Barset illustrates this best. Had Eleanor Arabin not been travelling in Italy with the Dean, the novel could not have been written. Trollope says:

I was never quite satisfied with the development of the plot, which consisted in the loss of a cheque, or a charge made against a clergyman for stealing it, and of the absolute uncertainty of the clergyman, himself, as to the manner in which the cheque found its way into his hands. I cannot quite make myself believe that even such a man as Mr. Crawley could have forgotten how he got it; nor would the generous friend who was so anxious to supply his wants have supplied them by tendering the cheque through a third person. Such a fault I acknowledge, acknowledging, at the same time, that I have never been capable of constructing with complete success the intricacies of a plot that required to be unravelled.

Thus Trollope admits a limitation his talent imposes upon him. But although he might not know plot, he does know characterization and he goes on in a naively proud way:

But while confessing so much, I claim to have portrayed the mind of the unfortunate man with great accuracy and greater delicacy. The pride, the humility, the manliness, the weakness, the conscious rectitude and bitter prejudices, were, I feel, true to nature and well described. The surroundings too were good. Mrs. Proudie at the palace is a real woman; and the poor old Dean dying at the deanery is also real. The Archdeacon, in his rectory, is very real. There is the true savour of English country life through the book.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Anthony Trollope, An Autobiography (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883), p. 248.

It can be seen then that there is a definite limitation that Trollope set upon himself. He writes of the humdrum lives of the Basset squirearchy. He stayed with that which he knew best. In dealing with the many clergymen in Basset he dealt with them out of their pulpits as he would deal with a doctor out of the operating room or a barrister out of the courtroom. He admits his limitation as to plotting. But he claims, and perhaps this can be agreed upon, that he could portray human nature and that his inhabitants of Barchester are vivid people living in a believable world, a world that becomes as concrete for a reader as any whose streets he has trodden. Nathaniel Hawthorne (in a letter to Joseph M. Field, a Boston publisher, dated February 11, 1860), sums up Trollope best:

. . . solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn some great lump out 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 being made a show of. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Yes, Trollope limited himself. For the causes shown above he turned his back on dirty, disagreeable, hungry, lean, tyrannical, festering England. Life in the factories and the mines was like Thomas Hobbes's "state of nature"; it was "poor, nasty, brutish, short". With these causes in

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<sup>1</sup>Donald Smalley, ed., Anthony Trollope, the Critical Heritage (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969), p. 110.

mind and with the limitation they impose also in mind, what is the effect in the Barsetshire chronicles?

Thirdly, the effect in the Barsetshire chronicles is that the squalid face of England was never seen; it will be well to examine life in Trollope's "best of all possible worlds". Trollope's Barsetshire is a mellow lush country, and now vivid to so many that it is not really fictitious and may be taken as an amalgam of those English counties travelled by Trollope on horse when he rode for the Post Office through Somerset, Dorset, and Wiltshire. As opposed to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, the scene is rural English--rolling, wooded, with fenced meadows and small rivers meandering through valleys in which are sheltered such contented villages as Courcey, Chaldicotes, Stogpengum. On the crown of a hill, at the head of a driveway lined with oaks, in a colourful mosaic of formal gardens, stand the houses. The Duke of Omnium reigns in feudal splendour in his family seat with its gallery of ancestors who stretch back to before the first of the Tudors; with its Great Hall where forty could dine; with its twenty bedrooms and its multitude of maids, housekeepers, scullery girls, cooks, butlers, footmen, bootboys, grooms, stableboys, gardeners. Some of the inhabitants live more humbly than the Duke but they are still "gentle-folk". Mrs. Dale, for instance, reigns more humbly in a pretty house on Squire Dale's estate, in a house with

three bedrooms and none but her daughters Lily and Bell to keep it up. Summer sunshine and winter rain feed the brown fertile fields and the green copses: and pink-jacketed huntsmen "view halloo" the streaking fox as they gallop in the wake of baying hounds. But "progress" is starting its blight. A Radical is among the candidates in the East Barsetshire parliamentary elections; the influence of the aristocratic Gresham-headed Tories is weakening; the main railway line to Paddington runs five miles north of Barchester; and the Old Coach Road, which runs through Barchester and forms its main street, is well-nigh deserted and its hostelries are empty:

And how changed has been the bustle of that once noisy inn to the present death-like silence of its green court-yards! There, a lame ostler crawls about with his hands thrust into the capacious pockets of his jacket, feeding on memory. That weary pair of omnibus jades, and three sorry posters, are all that now grace those stables where horses used to be stalled in close contiguity by the dozen; where twenty grains apiece, abstracted from every feed of oats consumed during the day, would have afforded a daily quart to the lucky pilferer.<sup>1</sup>

It has been pointed out above that Trollope ignored the squalid England. And so, only to this mild extent did industrial England encroach on Trollope's. And the problems to be faced by Trollope's protagonists are not the grim life or death struggles of an *Oliver Twist* or of a *Sissy Jupe*.

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<sup>1</sup>Anthony Trollope, Doctor Thorne (Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1959), p. 160.

The struggles in Barchester are on a higher level economically and socially, but they are real nevertheless. Who shall influence the Bishop, Mrs. Proudie or Mr. Slope? Who shall marry Lily Dale, John Eames or Adolphus Crosbie? Who shall be Warden of Hiram's Hospital, Mr. Harding or Mr. Quiverful? The struggles are real because men have nagging doubts about the rightness of their motives, because men strive for the earthy pleasure of this world while hoping for the spiritual happiness in the next, because the sacred and the profane often war in men's hearts, because shy men shrink from conflict and bold men seek it, because some men seek only for peace of mind while other men will sell peace of mind for money and an aristocratic marriage. But these struggles take place in the benign England of smiling faces, filled purses, well-fed bodies, and minds serene in the knowledge that land, a sufficient income, primogeniture, and the high Anglican Church, are the answer to all of life's perplexities. Trollope thus presents us with this England of the southern counties, this England that was the best of all possible worlds. He turns his back on the grim faces and empty stomachs of England's poor. He ignores the (it seemed then) life-and-death struggle between religion and science which perplexed so many honest seekers. He ignores the unpleasant and chooses the pleasant.

So far then have been adumbrated Trollope's

Barsetshire and his inhabitants of this pleasant county. A reader of the chronicles will live in this county for twelve years, from The Warden written in 1855 until The Last Chronicle of Barset written in 1867. This world will become as vivid to a reader as any he knows on earth. New acquaintances will be introduced by old friends and, in turn, will become old friends. This is the pleasant Barsetshire of Trollope.

To come to the fourth point, dealing with the techniques of the sequel series, it can be seen how Trollope makes his Barset so vivid.

The first technique is that a reader always is in familiar country--the neat hedgerows and dry-brick walls, the meticulously cultivated fields and the studiedly wild game-covers, the clustered villages and the open estates. And over it all rule the lords spiritual and temporal, the Bishop in his Palace, the Squire in his Manor. Only in The Last Chronicle of Barset shall we occasionally leave this pleasant agrarian society to spend some time in London.

The second technique is that the characters are a company of "gentlemen", and a reader seldom leaves this company. It is never explicitly stated what is a "gentleman", and, of course, it isn't necessary. If one is a gentleman one knows and if one isn't, one's opinion on the subject is just not worth considering--even supposing a non-gentleman,

a bounder, had the temerity to offer an opinion. This is worth examining in some detail for in the laws, mores, and folkways of gentlemen lies the motivation of nearly all of Trollope's main characters.

A gentleman, of course, had good blood, breeding; without this the question as to whether one was a gentleman or not simply didn't arise; good blood--and time. In Doctor Thorne, this gentle country physician is being questioned by his niece, Mary Thorne, as to her antecedents and whether she is worthy to marry Frank Gresham, the heir of the Squire and of the Gresham estates. Dr. Thorne answers that she is worthy; for though he is poor and practicing a non-gentlemanly profession, medicine, he is related to the Thornes of Ullathorne and they trace their lineage back a great deal further than the Greshams of Greshambury. But this society of blood, although it has its ideals, can be practical too. When Frank Gresham tells his father, the Squire, that he knows the secret of Mary's birth (she is the bastard daughter of Dr. Thorne's murdered brother) but still intends to marry her, the Squire replies: "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." Frank remonstrates, "But what was Mr. Moffat's birth?" (Moffat is to marry Frank's sister Augusta: he is the son of a tailor, but rich.) Squire

Gresham replies that we must take the world as we find it. But were Mary an heiress, "the world would forgive her birth on account of her wealth".<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Moffat does not act as a gentleman should: he breaks off his engagement with Augusta and is publicly horse-whipped in Pall Mall by Frank. This, then, was a rule of the class and it applies to non-gentlemen and gentlemen alike, for when Adolphus Crosbie, a gentleman by birth, breaks off his engagement with Lily Dale, John Eames thrashes him in Paddington station. It is a precarious way through the tricky mores of an English, rural, Victorian gentleman.

One could be a gentleman without money but in matrimony particularly the possession of it was important, indeed, it was of paramount importance. In the Barsetshire chronicles only one girl marries a poor man. Bell Dale, in The Small House at Allington, marries Dr. Crofts, eventually, after he has delayed proposing marriage for years because of his small income. The list of discussions on the pecuniary aspects of the germinating and fructified marriages in the Barchester novels is formidable: at least a paragraph is devoted to the financial position of each of the main characters. But a reader learns the ways of these middle-class Victorians, and seldom strays from their company.

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Doctor Thorne, p. 400.

The third technique is that characters are well-rounded and individualized and a reader comes to recognize them as old friends as they re-appear in successive volumes. Trollope's modest boast was that he had lived with them long, intimately, and fondly: and so does the reader. It would be well to meet one such character.

The Reverend Septimus Harding is first met in The Warden where he is the main male character. It is impossible not to love this gentle praecentor. He is a small man, about sixty, and his hair is just beginning to grey: his eye is mild, clear, and bright and he wears his glasses on a tape: he has been many years a widower and now his main considerations are his daughter Eleanor who is unmarried, his daughter Susan who has married Archdeacon Grantly, his violin-cello, his expensive collection of ancient church music, and the twelve old men of Hiram's Hospital where he is Warden. He acts out his drama as the protagonist in The Warden and the reader leaves him as he resigns the Wardenship over a point of conscience. The reader meets him again in Barchester Towers and, although he is not a main character, the question as to whether or not he will return to the Wardenship runs through the entire story. The reader then nearly loses sight of Mr. Harding in Doctor Thorne for the story moves outside Barchester to the estates of Squire Gresham and Lord de Courcey: but there at the wedding of Mary Thorne are Mr.

Harding's two daughters, Eleanor Arabin and Susan Grantly. In Framley Parsonage Mr. Harding does not appear but a lot of his friends and relatives do: Bishop Proudie, for instance, and Mr. Harding's granddaughter Griselda Grantly (much more the demure young lady than the coltish girl of Doctor Thorne). And all the time Mr. Harding is growing visibly older and weaker. He appears only briefly in The Small House at Allington when Mr. Adolphus Crosbie is travelling from Allington to Courcey Castle. Stopping for a half-hour or so at Barchester and having time on his hands, Crosbie drops in to the cathedral where an old clergyman is chanting the litany of that day's saint. Attracted by the voice, Crosbie idly inquires of the verger who it is. It is, of course, Mr. Harding: he is in his mid-seventies now. They meet and chat for a while and into the conversation come Harding's daughters, Eleanor Arabin (now married again) and Susan Grantly. The incident occupies only three pages of this novel's five hundred, but Crosbie and Harding know someone in common, Lady Dumbello, the Marchioness of Hartletop, who will be a guest at Courcey Castle where Crosbie is to spend a week; she is Harding's granddaughter, Griselda Grantly, and from the leggy girl of Doctor Thorne and the demure young lady of Framley Parsonage, she has now reached mature womanhood--and a title. In The Last Chronicle of Barset a reader must bid adieu to this gentleman. Doubting himself was his weakness and he was

prone to be led by others; but he had lived his life according to the dictates of his conscience and in simple piety and love. Eleanor and Susan are at his deathbed, as well as his youngest granddaughter, Posy. And at the graveside is one of the old beadsmen who lived in Hiram's Hospital in The Warden, John Bunce. Thus, five novels later, Septimus Harding is indeed an old friend.

And so it is with other of the gentlefolk of Barsetshire. Dr. Fillgrave, who is met first in Barchester Towers only incidentally, plays out his own selfish and pompous role in Doctor Thorne, lies quiescent throughout Framley Parsonage and The Small House at Allington and re-appears in The Last Chronicle of Barset to minister to Septimus Harding in his last moments. Archdeacon Grantly, Mrs. Susan Grantly (née Harding) are met in The Warden, and seen again in Barchester Towers and in The Last Chronicle of Barset; but in this last there appears for the first time Major Grantly, a son of the archdeacon who has been known so long. As in life, friends leave. The aggressive John Bold woos and wins Eleanor Harding in The Warden but dies between this novel and Barchester Towers leaving Eleanor free to marry Mr. Arabin, a scholar from Cambridge who, after his marriage, settles in Barchester and becomes Dean of the Cathedral. The redoubtable she-Bishop, Mrs. Proudie, makes her entrance in Barchester Towers, stays visible but on the fringes throughout Doctor

Thorne, Framley Parsonage, The Small House at Allington, rises again to horrifying prominence in The Last Chronicle of Barset, and dies. As in life, there are people who arrive on the scene, act out their drama, and disappear. Such are the delightful Stanhope family and, in particular, the fascinating flirt La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni (née Stanhope), in Barchester Towers, and the drunken Sir Roger Scatchard in Doctor Thorne. Then, too, as the chronicles go on friends are altered in nature by altered circumstances. Such a one is Mr. Quiverful; when first met in Barchester Towers he is a meek, painstaking, drudging man; indeed, self-abnegation is his outstanding characteristic. And well he might be meek with fourteen children and only one hundred and twenty pounds a year as Vicar of Puddingdale. He hopes to become Warden of Hiram's Hospital, at five hundred pounds a year, through the good offices of the redoubtable Mrs. Proudie; but in the internecine war between Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope this offer is retracted. When Quiverful returns from his interview with Mr. Slope where he has been apprised of this news, he is a trembling, downcast, broken man. He gets the living later, of course, and is not seen again until The Last Chronicle of Barset. And how changed! A Clerical Commission has been appointed by the Bishop to inquire into an alleged misdemeanour of Dr. Crawley, in the matter of his unaccountably receiving a cheque for twenty-five pounds. Mr. Quiverful is

one of the Commission and there is the question of paying for a gig to get from Barchester to Silverbridge where the meeting is to be convened. "I don't mind it for once," said Mr. Quiverful to Mr. Thumble, "but if many such meetings are necessary, I for one, can't afford it and I won't do it. A man with my family can't afford to be money out of pocket in that way".<sup>1</sup> Many others change in such a fashion: John Eames from a hobbledehoy to a suave man-about-London; Archdeacon Grantly from a rigorous, bullying churchman to a mellow grandfather. But these examples will suffice.

Part of this third technique of the well-rounded, individualized, familiar characters is the fact that the plot is not allowed to interfere. It has been shown above that the one enduring figure is Septimus Harding whom a reader meets in the first novel and who dies in the last. And the plots of both are essentially simple. Trollope, artist that he is, ends as he began. In the first novel there is the theme that surely seems one of the simplest and most unimportant--shall an old man remain warden of an insignificant institution for twelve old paupers or shall he not? In the intervening novels we meet country lords and city landladies: we are made privy to the secrets of the great in the world of politics, the world of religion, and the world of the press. We meet some five hundred characters whose affairs, dealt

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 566.

with at length or dealt with briefly, are portrayed vividly and poignantly. In the last novel there is a similarly simple plot: did an obscure parson at an obscure parish steal twenty-five pounds or did he not? And this Last Chronicle of Barset gathers up all the previous stories--the Proudie story, the Grantly story, the Allington story, the Crawley, the de Courcey, the de Guest, the Thorne, and the Dunstable. And above all, the Harding story. This gentle praecentor is an unchanging figure. Mild he may be, and considerate, and shrinking from discord: but he will not compromise where his principles are concerned. His arena is not a large one but he fights his battle well. And he dies.

Trollope's three techniques of a sequel series have been examined: firstly, he stays in the same familiar country; secondly, he stays in the same strata of society--Anglican, rural, ladies and gentlemen; and thirdly, he introduces many Barcastrians who are met time and again as the chronicles go on, and are seen changing and mellowing, growing up and marrying, aging and dying. These techniques of Trollope keep a reader in the living world of Barset.

It has been seen then, that to Trollope, the Trollope of the Barsetshire chronicles that is, England was the best of all possible worlds and this world was exemplified well by the rural, landed, Anglican aristocracy of the southern counties, in particular, Barsetshire. It has been seen that

Trollope ignored the seamy side of English life, the industrial north, for instance, and it has been concluded that this limitation was justified and artistically essential. The causes of this limitation have been examined: the effect is the Barsetshire that is familiar to many. The three techniques of the sequel-series were then examined and it was shown how these made Barchester familiar to so many. Some of the characters of Barchester have been drawn. It will now be in order, in the next chapter, to examine these characters in greater detail.

## CHAPTER III

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S CHARACTERS

The inhabitants of Barsetshire have many a similarity, in their attitude towards marriage, towards the Anglican Church, and towards England. Firstly, these attitudes will be examined. Secondly, several characters will be discussed in detail. It will be seen that most are admirable and some are not: and those that are admirable follow the code of a gentleman or gentlewoman toward marriage, toward the Anglican Church, and toward England.

Trollope in his delineation of character limits himself to gentlemen and gentlewomen, the class he knows best and likes best:

He is the chronicler, the observer and the interpreter of the well-to-do, comfortable England of London and the English shires. The industrial north, whence came the wealth that gave the period prosperity, is beyond his range of vision, and deliberately so. Newman, Darwin, Arnold and Ruskin--with all that these names imply of spiritual struggle, of scientific discovery, of the philosophies of education, of beauty, and of economic ideals--might never have lived in the world he made so peculiarly his own. Consequently any estimate of Trollope's mid-Victorianism must accept the limits he set upon himself; any

tribute to his unrivalled skill as a social interpreter assumes that it is skill within those limits.<sup>1</sup>

As has been shown, contemporary events, political, scientific, or historical, just do not interest him--at least in the Barchester chronicles. To him the interpretation of the fundamental impulses such as love, enmity, charity, honour, courage, ambition, humility, this was the prime duty of the novelist. The advent of the telegraph and anaesthetics, the various emancipation acts, latitudinarianism and laissez-faire, the Indian Mutiny, the conflict between theology and science, these were subordinate to his prime concern, man's relationship with man within the subject matter of a novel of manners. He would rather feel love than possess a definition of it and the love he felt and portrayed so well, was for the benevolent squirearchy who rule the smiling face of the southern counties of England. Who are these people? Who are "The County"? The list includes everyone you meet at Miss Thorne's Ullathorne Sports in Barchester Towers. For Trollope's primary aim was to create character. It is only necessary to examine the plots to see that this must be so: they are of the simplest, a detractor would say puerile. Trollope said that the plot ". . . to my own feeling, is the most insignificant part of a tale. . . . A novel should give a picture of common life enlivened by humour and sweetened by

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<sup>1</sup>Sadleir, Trollope: A Commentary, p. 15.

pathos. . . . the canvas should be crowded with real portraits".<sup>1</sup> What "real portraits" did Trollope give a reader? Before going on to Trollope's attitude toward marriage, it would be well to meet a typically Trollopian heroine. The type of womanhood that Trollope admired the most was English:

Mrs. Butler Cornbury was a very pretty woman. She possessed that peculiar prettiness which is so often seen in England, and which is rarely seen anywhere else. She was bright, well-featured, with speaking lustrous eyes, with perfect complexion, and full bust, with head of glorious shape and figure like a Juno;--and yet with all her beauty she had ever about her an air of homeliness which made the sweetness of her womanhood almost more attractive than the loveliness of her personal charms. I have seen in Italy and in America women perhaps as beautiful as any that I have seen in England, but in neither country does it seem that such beauty is intended for domestic use. In Italy the beauty is soft, and of the flesh. In America it is hard, and of the mind. Here it is of the heart, I think, and as such is the happiest of the three.<sup>2</sup>

And the Barchester heroines are all taken from the upper middle-class. It is the concensus that Trollope had great insight into his female characters and it is evident that he loved some of them: Mary Thorne, Grace Crawley, even Lily Dale whom he later called a French prig. (It is a diverting thought that the big roaring Trollope, whose physique one would associate with roast beef, beer, and fox hunting and

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup>Anthony Trollope, Rachel Ray (London: Oxford University Press, 1924), p. 83.

whose business hours were filled with the intricacies of franking, could sit down at five in the morning and analyse the motives and thoughts of young women, girls even. But he did: his books are there for all to see.) There will be more on these female characters presently.

To deal now with Trollopian and Barcastrian attitudes towards marriage, the relationships between the engaged couple may be examined. Trollope shows it as high-minded and honourable in all the main male characters who go a-courting in the Bassetshire chronicles: John Bold, Mr. Arabin, John Eames, Major Grantly, Dr. Mark Roberts, Frank Gresham. And those who marry or propose marriage from unworthy motives are invariable punished: Mr. Slope, Bertie Stanhope, Mr. Moffat, Louis Scatchard, Nathaniel Sowerby, Adolphus Crosbie, Plantagenet Palliser. Trollope spares them nothing: bankruptcy and disgrace, a drunkard's death, a public thrashing. But those with honourable intentions generally gain happiness. Through the whole of the six chronicles of Basset, these views are held up to us:

A man, you say, delicate reader, a true man can love but one woman,--but one at a time. So you say, and are so convinced, but no conviction was ever more false. . . . A man, though he may love many, should be devoted only to one. The man's feeling to the woman whom he is to marry should be this;--that not from love only, but from chivalry, from manhood, and from duty, he will be prepared always, and at all hazards, to defend her from every mis-adventure, to struggle ever that she may be happy, to see that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no

ravening wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be swept clean for her,--as clean as may be,--and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock. There is much of this which . . . a man owes to the woman who has once promised to be his wife and has not forfeited her right.<sup>1</sup>

"And has not forfeited her right." How much these words tell us of the uncompromising code that governed a woman's honour. And so a reader will find no divorce in *Barset*: and although engagements are frequent, instances of broken engagements are rare and the person that breaks the engagement does not escape punishment. There are two instances: the first is, as has been said, when Mr. Moffat breaks his engagement with Augusta Gresham and is publicly thrashed in Pall Mall by her brother Frank. The enormity of Moffat's crime can only be realized when we consider that he was the son of a tailor and Augusta was the daughter of the Squire of Greshambury and a niece to the Earl de Courcy. To make it worse, Mr. Moffat had hoped to marry Miss Dunstable, a soap heiress. The second example has also been mentioned, and is when Adolphus Crosbie breaks his engagement with Lily Dale: his crime is unforgivable. He has jilted a poor untitled but well-born girl for the rich Lady Alexandrina--a de Courcy. He is appropriately punished, firstly, when John Eames thrashes him at Paddington station (thrashing must be public it seems) and secondly, when his marriage turns out to

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<sup>1</sup>Anthony Trollope, *The Claverings* (London: Oxford University Press, 1924), p. 297.

be a melancholy affair. Trollope believes that marriage is the only proper state for a woman but takes a pragmatic view of the mating process:

. . . I am inclined to believe that most men and women take their lots as they find them, marrying as the birds do by force of nature, and going on with their mates with a general, though not perhaps an undisturbed satisfaction, feeling inwardly assured that Providence, if it have not done the very best for them, has done for them as well as they could, do for themselves with all the thought in the world.<sup>1</sup>

But there is, too, the faint note of regret at the passing of the courtship period:

I will not say that the happiness of marriage is like the Dead Sea fruit--an apple which, when eaten, turns to bitter ashes in the mouth. Such pretended sarcasm would be very false. Nevertheless, is it not the fact that the sweetest morsel of love's feast has been eaten, that the freshest, fairest blush of the flower has been snatched and has passed away, when the ceremony at the altar has been performed, and legal possession has been given? There is an aroma of love, an undefinable delicacy of flavour, which escapes and is gone before the church portal is left, vanishing with the maiden name, and incompatible with the solid comfort appertaining to the rank of wife. To love one's own spouse, and to be loved by her, is the ordinary lot<sup>2</sup> of man, and is a duty exacted under penalties.

It should be noted also that the only widow of the Barsetshire chronicles is ready for another marriage as the only sensible course of action. Trollope says:

There was once a people in some land--and they may still be there for what I know--who thought

<sup>1</sup>Anthony Trollope, Can You Forgive Her? Vol. I (London: Oxford University Press, 1963), p. 134.

<sup>2</sup>Anthony Trollope, Framley Parsonage (London: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1961), p. 466.

it sacrilegious to stay the course of a raging fire. If a house were being burned, burn it must, even though there were facilities for saving it. For who would dare to interfere with the course of the god? Our idea of sorrow is much the same. We think it wicked, or at any rate heartless, to put it out. If a man's wife be dead, he should go about lugubrious, with a long face, for at least two years, or perhaps with full length for eighteen months, decreasing gradually during the other six. If he be a man who can quench his sorrow--put out his fire as it were--in less time than that, let him at any rate not show his power!<sup>1</sup>

Trollope gives the thoughts of Eleanor thinking about her dead husband, John Bold:

Could she even have admitted that he had a fault, his early death would have blotted out the memory of it. She wept as for the loss of the most perfect treasure with which mortal woman had ever been endowed; for weeks after he was gone the idea of future happiness in this world was hateful to her; consolation, as it is called, was insupportable, and tears and sleep were her only relief.<sup>2</sup>

Some months after her husband's death, however, Eleanor Bold's baby is born:

And thus the widow's deep grief was softened, and a sweet balm was poured into the wound which she had thought nothing but death could heal. How much kinder is God to us than we are willing to be ourselves! At the loss of every dear face, at the last going of every well-beloved one, we all doom ourselves to an eternity of sorrow, and look to waste ourselves away in an ever-running fountain of tears. How seldom does such grief endure! . . . "Let me ever remember my living friends, but forget them as soon as dead," was the prayer of a wise man who understood the mercy of God. Few perhaps would have the courage to

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 104.

<sup>2</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 15.

express such a wish, and yet to do so would only be to ask for that release from sorrow, which a kind Creator almost always extends to us.<sup>1</sup>

Of the ideal marriages perhaps the best example is that of Eleanor Bold and Mr. Arabin. Eleanor impresses us with her rectitude, femininity, and sober modesty. She is a mature woman at twenty-three and Mr. Arabin has waited forty-one years for one such as Eleanor. Of the few unhappy marriages perhaps the best example is that of Bishop and Mrs. Proudie. Here the root-cause is that the natural order has been perverted and a she-bishop rules. The ordinary and comfortable marriages are too numerous to mention but one good example would be that of Archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly: she rules with kindness and love in matters of the household, he rather arbitrarily and didactically in other matters. He may pass ex-cathedra edicts about cutting off disobedient children, in this case his son, Major Grantly, in The Last Chronicle of Barset, but she assures him he doesn't mean it and he is uncomfortably aware that she is right.

Although the female types in the Barsetshire chronicles are of many varieties, it is possible to trace certain types in the delineation of whose character Trollope exerts great care. His favourite type of woman embodies two qualities. One is a feminine gentleness, a tender-heartedness and a yearning for affection: the other is pride, which

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 16.

often manifests itself in an unyielding hardness. The Barsetshire women in whom these qualities are seen in the purest alloy, and are therefore the most Trollopian figures, are Lily Dale and Mary Thorne.

Lily Dale in The Small House at Allington and The Last Chronicle of Barset captured the hearts of Trollope's Victorian readers. During her engagement to Adolphus Crosbie it would be difficult to find in all English literature a more entrancingly happy girl; she is the epitome of the "feminine softness" that Trollope so frequently talks about. When Crosbie jilts her she takes it hard but with dignity. Her mother and her sister Bell know she is broken-hearted and the rest of the county suspects she must be. But she goes on as before. John Eames renews his suit from time to time but she rejects him. Having offered herself once and been turned down, she will not now offer herself to a man again. She has decided to remain an old maid and indeed has so signed herself in her diary: "Lily Dale--old maid". However, to speak parenthetically for a moment, in these later years one cannot escape the feeling that her demureness is somewhat affected and her reticence not justified. Interestingly enough, this is Trollope's opinion too.

In the love with which she has been greeted I have hardly joined with much enthusiasm, feeling that she is somewhat of a French prig. She became first engaged to a snob, who jilted her; and then, . . . could not extricate herself sufficiently from the collapse of her first great

misfortune to be able to make up her mind to be the wife of one whom, though she loved him, she did not altogether reverence.<sup>1</sup>

But to return to the point, Lily Dale exemplifies the softness and hardness to which we have referred; and in this case the latter quality prevents her marriage.

Mary Thorne is in many respects more attractive even than Lily. Sadleir thinks so:

And Doctor Thorne has this distinction also-- that it contains the loveliest of all his [Trollope's] lovely heroines. Mary Thorne must take precedence even of Lily Dale. She is Trollope's most complete creation of the normal English girl as she was then, as . . . she has ever since remained.<sup>2</sup>

Mary Thorne is the niece of the village doctor who takes care of her; nobody knowing exactly who her parents were. Her uncle's medical practice often takes him to the house of the Gresham's, an impoverished family of high social rank, and closely allied to the nobility. The heir, Frank Gresham, must marry money (Miss Dunstable) but loves Mary. Frank's matchmaking mother, of course, expels Mary from Greshamsbury to leave a clear field for Miss Dunstable. Mary, true to Trollopian tradition, refuses Frank over and over again; but at length the persistent lover wins her over. Her pride abates--but not much. The lovers know of the opposition from Frank's family but Mary says in a composed manner

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 161.

<sup>2</sup>Sadleir, Trollope: A Commentary, p. 376.

"Yes, . . . I will be firm. Nothing that they say shall shake me. But, Frank, it [their marriage] cannot be soon".<sup>1</sup>

By a supreme effort toward "a willing suspension of disbelief" we see Mary eventually become the heiress of a drunken, dying, ex-stonemason, wealthy baronet whose first heir, a dissolute son, obligingly drank himself to death to make the fortune available to Mary. The requirements for marriage have been satisfied: she returns the love of an honourable man and there is sufficient money.

Similarly, there are Eleanor Harding, Lucy Roberts, and Grace Crawley: they are all from the same mould. They meet, respectively, Dr. Arabin, Lord Lufton, and Major Grantly, and, after a suitable number of refusals, marry them. Trollope does not believe in "fate" bringing together two predestined lovers or, if he tacitly admits it, it is with wry surprise that a girl would find her predestined lover, he from whom in all the world she is to be mated, should live in the same town. Trollope, the realist, believes that only in marriage do a man and a woman reach their full stature and when they faithfully perform their duties they will gradually be moulded into a congenial couple. Nowhere in Trollope will we find an epithalamium. But a picture of real beauty exists in most of his marriages. This is never explicitly stated, but is achieved by adding line upon line,

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Doctor Thorne, p. 372.

incident upon incident, sometimes, as in the case of the Grantlys, over several novels and many years.

Trollope's views on the desirability of marriage are also seen in the frequency with which the married women of the county are indefatigable matchmakers. In Barchester Towers Susan Grantly plots a marriage between Eleanor Bold and Mr. Arabin (for love), Miss Stanhope between her brother Freddy and Eleanor Bold (for money). In Doctor Thorne Lady Arabella plots a marriage between her son, Frank, and Miss Dunstable (for money), and her daughter Augusta and Mr. Moffat (for money). In Framley Parsonage Lady Lufton and Susan Grantly plot to marry Griselda Grantly to young Lord Lufton (for social advantage--both are wealthy). Susan Grantly has a second string to her bow in that Lord Dumbello also is enamoured of Griselda. She considers him (for his title). There is also Mary (Thorne) Gresham proposing to Miss Dunstable on behalf of her Uncle Dr. Thorne (for money). In The Small House at Allington, Mrs. Dale, Squire Dale, Lord de Guest, and Lady Julia de Guest plot to marry Lily Dale to John Eames. Mrs. Roper plots to marry her daughter, Amelia, to John also (for money). In The Last Chronicle of Barset, Susan Grantly, having successfully married Eleanor to Mr. Arabin, now plots to marry her son Major Grantly to Miss Dunstable: but Mrs. Crawley has her eye on the Major for her daughter Grace. It would not do to

hammer these points longer and it is perhaps by now evident that a good marriage is important. From the approving air with which these plottings are related it is evident also that they have Trollope's sanction. These, then, are Trollope's views on marriage.

To turn now to the second point, Trollopian and Barcastrian attitudes toward the Anglican Church, this is a little more difficult to infer; but it can be shown that most Barcastrians inclined to the high church. To show this it is necessary to review briefly the two main factions, the "high" and the "low", within the Anglican Church in the mid-nineteenth century.

At the time of the Reformation and the subsequent fragmentation of Christianity, it soon became evident that the rift between the, say, Puritans (the Dissenters) and the Anglican Church (the Established Church) was greater than that between the Anglican Church and the Church of Rome. This divisiveness continued over the centuries and even divided sects, as can be seen in the Barsetshire chronicles with respect to the Anglican Church, into those sects which leaned towards Geneva (Calvinism, a theocracy) and those with Romish leanings--each suspecting the other, certainly of schism and perhaps of heresy. Trollope was above all a moderate (Latitudinian) and therefore did not come down heavily for one side or the other. But this internecine

warfare he gently mocks through the chronicles. He even mocks the "moderates" because they are moderate for the wrong reasons: they are moderate not from charity but from self-interest:

. . . many wise divines saw that a change was taking place in men's minds, and that more liberal ideas would henceforth be suitable to the priests as well as to the laity. Clergymen began to be heard of who had ceased to anathematise papists on the one hand, or vilify dissenters on the other. It appeared clear that high church principles, as they are called, were no longer to be surest claims to promotion with at any rate one section of statesmen, and Dr. Proudie was one among those who early in life adapted himself to the views held by the whigs on most theological and religious subjects. He bore with the idolatry of Rome, tolerated even the infidelity of Socinianism, and was hand and glove with the<sup>1</sup> Presbyterian Synods of Scotland and Ulster.

But the new bishop has gone too far in his Whig and low church leanings. He has brought as his chaplain from London to Barchester, the Reverend Obadiah Slope. (Slope's name had originally been Slop but he had added an 'e' for euphony; this unpleasant-sounding name is a typically Trollopian way of expressing disapproval.<sup>2</sup> This is also the case with other punning surnames; they all have a pejorative connotation: Haphazard, Fillgrave, Rerechild, Lookaloft, and will be dealt with more fully in the next chapter.) Slope

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 25. In his novel Tristram Shandy, Lawrence Stern has a Dr. Slop, a bigoted and unskilful physician, who brought Tristram into the world. Obadiah, in the same novel, is a truculent servant of Walter Shandy.

had been to Cambridge, yes, but as a sizar. Moreover, most Barchester clergymen were Oxford. Slope was not, then, a gentleman by high church standards, that is, his birth was undistinguished; he was not a Tory; and he abhorred elaborate ritual. He taught his religion--unpalatable, uncharitable, harsh--with a grim ferocity; but he believed in the religion he had been taught and was convinced that by promoting his own interests he was promoting the interests of the Church.

If Dr. Proudie can be described as middle of the road or of the Latitudinarian way of thinking, and if Mr. Slope can be described as low church, then Dr. Theosophus Grantly can be described as high church. He is Tory, well born, wealthy, jealous of the prerogatives of the church hierarchy, conscious of the excellence of the good things of this world, and ambitious. He too, teaches his religion with the grim ferocity of one who has never doubted himself or the establishment; and he is sure that God is of the high church group. He, like Slope, believes that in promoting his own interests he is promoting the interests of the Church.

Slope therefore traces his theological lineage to the Evangelical Movement of the 1820's with its urging of Sunday observance and opposition to institutional authority: he is of the Clapham sect: Sharp, Venn, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury. Grantly traces his theological heritage to the Oxford Movement of the 1830's with its urging of Church ritual, the

sacraments, and institutional authority. He is of the Tractarian movement: Keble, Pusey, Newman.

Trollope regards them with compassion and derision, the Roman Catholics, the Anglo-Catholics high, middle and low, the Lutherans, the Methodists, the Calvinists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Socians, the Wesleyans, the Erastianians. Trollope regards them with the equanimity of an uncomplicated and good-living man of untroubled conscience. It is not quite safe to infer from his Winchester and Harrow days that he is of the high church but it may tentatively be assumed--certainly it is the brand of Anglicanism he would have heard. Nowhere in his Autobiography does he mention religion but in a letter to a Post Office official, Mr. T. Todd Walton, of the 23 November, 1854, when discussing a future posting he says:

. . . Yes, I should prefer to be employed in England, but we cant get all we want--and failing that I should prefer the South to the North of Ireland, preferring on the whole papistical to presbyterian tendencies.<sup>1</sup>

Clues can be picked up here and there. When writing of the spiritual difficulties of Mr. Arabin who is trying to decide whether or not he should espouse the Lady of Rome, Trollope says:

And now came the moment of his great danger. After many mental struggles, and an agony of doubt which may be well surmised, the great

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<sup>1</sup>Booth, ed., The Letters of Anthony Trollope, p. 23.

prophet of the Tractarians [author's emphasis] confessed himself a Roman Catholic. Mr. Newman left the Church of England and with him carried many a waverer.<sup>1</sup>

But it is to Trollope the man--not the author--that one must turn eventually to decide if he was of high church or low church leanings. He was at his desk at five-thirty each morning writing--he admits it--for money. He was a hard-working and valued official of the Post Office. That he obtained satisfaction from his writings and his work cannot be doubted. And he was very aware of the scale of payment for his novels (£68,939:17:5 in his lifetime), and very aware of promotion in his work. Indefatigable worker though he was he tried to hunt at least twice a week. He liked good houses and good clothes; good wine, good food, interesting travel, and interesting conversation were necessities. This is not a description of a low churchman.

It will not, I trust, be supposed by any reader that I have intended in this so-called autobiography to give a record of my inner life. . . . If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a £5 note over a card table; of what matter is that to any reader?<sup>2</sup>

This very reticence marks him as one of the gentlemen he portrayed--and high church.

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 188.

<sup>2</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 328.

To turn now to the third point, Trollopian and Barcastrian attitudes towards England, this reticence just mentioned makes the inference of feelings towards the England of the day difficult to determine. It has been mentioned that Trollope purposely limited himself to the England of the wealthy and agrarian shires. But whatever Trollope thought, what most of the inhabitants of Barsetshire thought is summed up by Lady Lufton, who

. . . 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 man 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 stubble-field 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. If, indeed, Lord Derby could have come in!<sup>1</sup>

That Trollope did not fully share this view is seen from the frequent authorial intrusions when, in a typically Victorian manner, he moralizes upon the inequities of church privileges for instance. He allows "The Jupiter" (the "London

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Framley Parsonage, p. 14.

Times") to thunder denunciations. But neither Trollope nor his imaginary newspaper disapprove of Church privilege; they merely want it to be made more equitable. But this England is certainly the best of all possible worlds--with perhaps a flaw here and there; even England isn't quite perfect.

The above, then, summarizes the views of Trollope's characters; and with these Barcastrian views on England, on the Church of England, and on marriage delineated, it is possible to go on to the second main point of this chapter and examine some of Trollope's characters in relation to these views.

It must be noted, and it is to be expected, that there is little illicit love in the Barsetshire chronicles and where it does appear it is shown in an unattractive light. For Trollope considers himself primarily as a moralist although he admits the task is difficult because an author must please his readers. How he fell into trouble in dealing with illicit love in Can You Forgive Her? is recounted. A dignitary of the Church upbraided Trollope for recounting such affairs and said that it had been one of his principal pleasures to have his daughter read Trollope's novels to him. What was he to do now that adultery had entered the pages? Trollope, a moralist as has been said, replied asking the dignitary ". . . whether from his pulpit . . . he did not denounce adultery to his audience; and if

so, why should it not be open to me to preach the same doctrine to mine?"<sup>1</sup> Although sin is loathsome there is, unfortunately, a border-land. It is here that Trollope gets into trouble.

To illustrate some characters involved in these border-land affairs we have firstly the rather flaccid "affair" between Lady Dumbello and Plantaganet Palliser. If ever two people had ice-water in their veins it is these two. Palliser has spent his youth and much of his manhood in dry-as-dust statistics and trifling political campaigns. Lady Dumbello is beautiful; but despite her beauty is not attractive. She is glacially cold, has a fixed half-smile, and often does not speak more than a dozen words all evening. Palliser mentions to Lady Dumbello that they might meet in London (the conversation is at the country estate of the de Courcy's). Lady Dumbello snubs him--she asks for her carriage--and that is the end of the "affair". Secondly, we have another unattractive woman who contemplates illicit love and this is Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. She is a frenetic woman with a martyr's attitude toward her husband who is a non-gentleman: vulgar, uneducated, drunken, but rich. She attempts to arouse the sympathies of the young artist Conway Dalrymple who, although he is inclined to shun her and resist her advances, finds that in spite of himself he must

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 165.

respond to her repeated attentions. This is the borderland of sin that has been mentioned. It is seen thirdly, and more blatantly, in Mrs. Lupex in The Small House at Allington. The Lupex couple is a vulgar one--he a toper who ekes out a living as a painter of stage sets; she a whiner who has provoked her husband to say that he almost wishes she would commit the ultimate sin of a married woman and run away with another man. She doesn't run away but she amuses herself for a long while with Joseph Cradwell, a young clerk in the Income Tax Office, who lives at the same boarding house. He enjoys the affair; he considers himself a bit of a dog and very much the sophisticated young clerk-about-town, although one gets the distinct impression that young Joseph would bolt if Mrs. Lupex were to open a bedroom door.

These three women, Lady Dumbello, Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, and Mrs. Lupex, are not admirable characters. Those that conform to the Barcastrian standard are: Mrs. Grantly, Mrs. Quiverful, Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Grace Crawley, Lily Dale.

Mrs. Grantly is the daughter of Mr. Harding, the praecentor of the cathedral, and the wife of the archdeacon. She is charitable, loving and firm with her children, firm with her husband when she knows she can influence him and tactful when she knows she cannot. The Grantlys are rich, but she has an aristocratic oblivion of the fact. In an

unspectacular way she is a very good mother, wife, friend. But she is not spiritless. The unwifely Mrs. Proudie has Susan Grantly's implacable opposition. Neither is Letitia Quiverful spiritless. Although not as well born as Susan Grantly, and although the wife of a poor clergyman, she too is charitable, loving and firm with her children, firm with her husband when she can influence him, and tactful when she cannot. When the well-being of her husband and fourteen children is at stake she shows her spirit. In her, every ambition has been sublimated into that of seeing her brood well-fed and well-clothed. With this at stake she cares for the frowns of none--except those of the possible benefactor. If this benefactor must be Mrs. Proudie--let it be so. She has not the income to afford the hauteur of Susan Grantly.

Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Grace Crawley, and Lily Dale are the epitome of what young, single girls should be in Trollope's England, Trollope's Anglican Church, and Trollope's ideals of courtship and marriage. They are high-spirited and witty, yet serious. They long for marriage yet the conditions are inflexible. They are educated, but only in fields suitable for women.

It is easy to detect Trollope's approval of these women--married and unmarried. And the approval runs throughout the Basset chronicles in the court-ships; Eleanor Harding in The Warden and Barchester Towers, Mary Thorne in

Doctor Thorne, Lucy Roberts in Framley Parsonage, Lily Dale in The Small House at Allington, and Lily Dale and Grace Crawley in The Last Chronicle of Barset.

For women who do not conform to these norms Trollope has quite a different tone. In addition to Lady Dumbello, Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, and Mrs. Lupex we have Lady Scatchard, Madeline Stanhope, and Mrs. Proudie as cases in point. Their stories are related with justice, charity even, but there is an air of disapproval.

Lady Scatchard, despite her title, is still the wife of a stone mason. Trollope's portrait of her is a caricature of a woman who rose, in material things anyway, above her class. She is kindly, humble, and the love she bore for the headstrong, drunken, and poor workman Roger Scatchard, is as strong as ever forty years later for the headstrong, drunken, and rich baronet, Sir Roger. But her's is an unhappy lot. She has the love of Mary Thorne and Frank Gresham--to whom she was a wet-nurse--cosy gossip with her housekeeper, and nothing else. She is alien to Trollope's "best of all possible worlds". Despite wealth and a title she could not rise above her proper class. This is not a favourable portrait.

Madeline Stanhope is the daughter of latitudinarian Dr. Vesey Stanhope, a prebendary of the Close. Her calling card reads "La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni--Nata Stanhope"

and carries a coronet to which she has not legitimate claim. Her family had gone to Italy because of her father's sore throat, and remained twelve years. La Signora had become famous for adventures in which her character was barely saved. Although a cripple who never walked again after the break-up of her marriage, she has no intention of giving up the world, and from her couch spins webs into which many clergymen of Barchester flutter: she is perhaps capable of passion, but not love. Her intrigues stem from a drive to master, and from a need for mischief. Her only redeeming feature (except her charm, which cannot be denied) is the magnanimous gesture of pushing Eleanor Bold into the arms of Mr. Arabin: but this only after she has ascertained that Eleanor will not accept her brother Bertie as a husband: and, at that, the push had the added advantage of thwarting Mr. Slope who also courts Eleanor. The far niente of her background makes her alien to Trollope's "best of all possible worlds". No, her's is not a favourable portrait. And then there is Mrs. Proudie.

Mrs. Proudie was of the latitudinarian or even of the low church party but that was not the reason for Trollope's disapproval of her. It was the fact that she had stepped out of a woman's proper place, as a wife, as a churchwoman, and as an Englishwoman. She was not, in fact, a Mrs. Butler Cornbury. As a wife she nagged and bullied her husband

shamefully. As a churchwoman she had too much, far too much, assumed the duties of her husband, the Bishop: she had, indeed, even bestowed the living of Hiram's Hospital upon Letitia Quiverful. It was perhaps fair enough that she should enter the lists with Mr. Slope who was her husband's Chaplain, and low church anyway. But it was not proper that she should dare to cross swords with Archdeacon Grantly. Her repeated loud and forcible pronouncements upon Sunday Observance on the one hand and upon the Whig tendencies of the Duke of Omnium on the other, were unladylike. Sunday Observance might be lax but it was not the place of a woman to embarrass senior churchmen with the fact. The Duke of Omnium might be Whig but this is outside the purview of a woman--and, after all, he is a Duke. And when she is at her most malignant, Trollope kills her and gives a peculiarly horrifying little account of it. Mr. Thumble finds the corpse of Mrs. Proudie:

The body was still resting on its legs, leaning against the end of the side of the bed, while one of the arms was close clasped around the bed post. The mouth was rigidly closed, but the eyes were open as though staring at him. Nevertheless there could be no doubt from the first glance that the woman was dead. He went up close to it, but did not dare to touch it.<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Proudie, like Lady Scatchard and Madeline Stanhope, is alien to Trollope's "best of all possible worlds". Her's is not a favourable portrait.

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 708.

The approved attitudes of Barcastrians toward marriage, towards the Anglican Church, and toward England, have been examined. Those characters who conform to these approved attitudes have a more-or-less happy time in the Barsetshire chronicles: Mrs. Stanhope, Mrs. Quiverful, Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Grace Crawley, Lily Dale. To those who do not conform to these approved attitudes there is only sorrow: Lady Dumbello is only half alive; Mrs. Dobbs Broughton is left a poverty-stricken widow of a coarse drunkard that she did not love in life; Mrs. Lupex is left in her sordid boarding house; Lady Scatchard is treated more kindly by Trollope because her sin was not her own; Madeline de Vesey Stanhope disappears back to her idle, sterile life--presumably in Italy. But of them all, Mrs. Proudie's sins are all of commission, and all are such as would outrage a lady or a gentleman of Trollope's "best of all possible worlds"; and her end is the most ghastly.

Marriage is sacred and the laws that govern it are the ecclesiastical laws of the Anglican Church and the social laws of the squirearchy of a southern county society: the Anglican Church is undoubtedly the best and the high church is preferable: the best of all possible worlds must surely be England: those who follow the English, Anglican, county code will be happy and those who break it will not be happy. An examination of Anthony Trollope's characters show all

the above tenets. In the following chapter will be shown the literary traits which are the means of teaching these tenets.

## CHAPTER IV

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S LITERARY TRAITS

In this chapter the literary traits, or literary characteristics, of Anthony Trollope will be listed and commented upon. In the next chapter the literary traits of Ronald Knox will be listed and commented upon. Here is the nexus between the Barcastrians of Trollope and the Barcastrians of Knox. What is identifiable in the style, method, choice-of-subject, personal prediliction, and so on, of Trollope, that can be identified in Knox? There are thirteen such literary traits.

The first trait of Trollope, and, of course, it is common to other novelists of the century such as Thackeray and Dickens, is that his novels are leisurely and long. We need only think of Vanity Fair, Hard Times and Doctor Thorne. (To dispose of an objection, it is true The Warden is short but it is not typical.) Yes, they were long: and they were leisurely. Trollope was firm in the belief that his reader should know more about the characters than any one of them knew about themselves. Thus, in The Small House at Allington, Chapter I describes "The Squire of Allington" and the Great House. Chapter II describes "The Two Pearls of

Allington", Lily and Bell Dale, their mother--and the Small House. In Chapter III is given further information on "The Widow Dale of Allington": that she is forty, that she is sister-in-law to the squire, that she is living in his "grace and favour" house, that she and the squire are a bit distant --they don't really understand each other. By Chapter IV nothing much has happened except that some people have been met who are certain to prove interesting. But in this Chapter, "Mrs. Roper's Boarding House", John Eames is introduced and it is clear that many adventures are ahead for John, Lily Dale, and the others. By Chapter V the story is in full swing. But in Doctor Thorne patience is indeed required or a reader would not get through the first two chapters. Chapter I, "The Greshams of Greshambury", starts:

Before the reader is introduced to the modest country medical practitioner who is to be the chief personage of the following tale, it will be well that he should be made acquainted with some particulars as to the locality in which, and the neighbours among whom, our doctor followed his profession.

Introduced are: the Greshams of Greshambury; Francis Newbold Gresham, John Newbold Gresham, Frank Gresham who married Lady Arabella de Courcey, and their son Frank who is to marry Mary Thorne. There are also Frank's sisters: Selina who coughed, Helena who was hectic, Sophy whose spine was weak, and Matilda whose appetite was gone. There are also the de Courcey family: the earl, the countess, the ladies Augusta and

Beatrice Gresham, the Honourable Charles and the Honourable John, the Ladies Ajelia and Rosina. There are: farmer Oaklerath, the Bakers, the Balesons, the Jacksons, the Reverend Caleb Oriel and his sister Patience, Mr. Yates Umbleby, and finally, Dr. Thorne and his niece Mary. This goes on for eighteen pages. But the Victorians liked their novels long; Trollope comments on the formula for length:

In writing a novel the author soon becomes aware that a burden of many pages is before him. Circumstances require that he should cover a certain, and generally not a very confined, space. Short novels are not popular with readers generally. Critics often complain of the ordinary length of novels, of the three volumes, to which they are subjected; but few novels which have attained great success in England have been told in fewer pages. The novel writer who sticks to novel-writing as a profession will certainly find that this burden of length is incumbent on him.<sup>1</sup>

An interesting exception to these rather (it must be admitted) tedious openings in Doctor Thorne and The Small House at Allington, is The Last Chronicle of Barset. Here Trollope starts in medias res in Chapter I, "How Did He Get It?"

'I can never bring myself to believe it, John,'  
said Mary Walker . . .  
'You'll have to bring yourself to believe it,'  
said John, without taking his eyes from his book.  
'A clergyman--and such a clergyman too!'  
'I don't see that that has anything to do with it . . .'  
'Their conduct is likely to be better than that  
of other men, I think'  
'I deny it utterly . . .'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 213.

<sup>2</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 1.

All this occurs on the first half-page and can compare to Chapter I of Doctor Thorne, "The Greshams of Greshambury" which, as has been said, goes on for eighteen pages. It is interesting to speculate that in the later novel Trollope had overcome the fault of the tedious opening of the earlier; but, in the main, the openings, as well as the whole novel, were leisurely and deliberate.

A second trait of Trollope in these leisurely-and-long novels is the authorial intrusions. These, of course, delay the action and add to the length. Trollope is always there wagging a finger at the foolish goings-on of his Barcastrians or turning to a reader and expostulating, sometimes even fulminating, over his Vanity Fair. He moralizes when John Eames is taking the London train:

He got into the train at Guestwick, taking a first class ticket, because the earl's groom in livery was in attendance on him. Had he been alone he would have gone in a cheaper carriage. Very weak of him, was it not? little also, and mean? My friend, can you say that you would not have done the same at his age? Are you quite sure that you would not do the same now that you are double his age? Be that as it may, Johnny Eames did that foolish thing, and gave the groom in livery half-a-crown into the bargain.<sup>1</sup>

Later, John Eames has been settled in London for the better part of a year and is now secretary to Sir Raffle Buffle at the Income Tax Office. The following long quote is

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Small House at Allington, p. 319.

given in full to show the extent of an authorial intrusion:

In truth his hobbledehoyhood was dropping off from him, as its old skin drops from a snake. Much of the feeling and something of the knowledge of manhood was coming on him, and he was beginning to recognize to himself that the future manner of his life must be to him a matter of very serious concern. No such thought had come near him when he first established himself in London. It seems to me that in this respect the fathers and mothers of the present generation understand but little of the inward nature of the young men for whom they are so anxious. They give them credit for so much that it is impossible they should have, and then deny them credit for so much that they possess! They expect from them when boys the discretion of men,--that discretion which comes from thinking; but will not give them credit for any of that power of thought which alone can ultimately produce good conduct. Young men are generally thoughtful,--more thoughtful than their seniors; but the fruit of their thought is not as yet there. And then so little is done for the amusement of lads who are turned loose into London at nineteen or twenty. Can it be that any mother really expects her son to sit alone evening after evening in a dingy room drinking bad tea, and reading good books? And yet it seems that mothers do so expect,--the very mothers who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth! O ye mothers who from year to year see your sons launched forth upon the perils of the world, and who are so careful with your good advice, with under flannel shirting, with books of devotion and tooth-powder, does it never occur to you that provision should be made for amusement, for dancing, for parties, for the excitement and comfort of women's society? That excitement your sons will have, and if it be not provided by you of one kind, will certainly be provided by themselves of another kind. If I were a mother sending lads out into the world, the matter most in my mind would be this,--to what houses full of nicest girls could I get them admission, so that they might do their flirting in good company.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, *The Small House at Allington*, p. 485.

That the novels are long and leisurely with authorial intrusions naturally leads to a third trait--long descriptions. There are two kinds: descriptions of places and descriptions of persons. Perhaps the best example of a place-description is the following:

And now I will speak of the Great House at Allington. After all, it was not very great; nor was it surrounded by much of that exquisite nobility of park appurtenance which graces the habitations of most of our old landed proprietors. But the house itself was very graceful. It had been built in the days of the early Stuarts, . . .<sup>1</sup>

and so on for about a further seven hundred words. The description of the church which immediately follows occupies about five hundred and fifty words. The description of the village which immediately follows this occupies just over four hundred words.

Having dealt with descriptions of places, descriptions of persons can be considered; and an interesting point emerges. Trollope lets his characters reveal their personalities through their conversations, actions, and thoughts. Although Trollope, as mentioned previously, will devote pages to describing a person's lineage and relatives, he devotes much less space to describing physical appearance than to describing places. Thus, while a description of the Great House at Allington took seven hundred words, the Squire

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 5.

of Allington is described in fifty; and when Lily Dale is introduced she is not described at all. As the story goes on, she emerges: petite, graceful, proud, pretty. Perhaps the lady that shows herself best is Mrs. Proudie. By the deft use of his similes, Trollope leaves us in no doubt about this militant lady. They are nearly all battle similes in the mock epic tradition. Soon after arriving in Barsetshire the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie hold a reception at the Palace. The guests are assembled and the Signora Madeline de Vesey Neroni is reclining on a sofa (she is lame) which has to be moved. Her brother Bertie and the rector, unwittingly push the sofa too hard and the castor catches in Mrs. Proudie's lace train, when, ". . . gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves--a long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved."

So, when a granite battery is raised, excellent to the eyes of warfaring men, is its strength and symmetry admired. It is the work of years. Its neat embrasures, its finished parapets, its cased stories, show all the skill of modern science. But, anon, a small spark is applied to the treacherous fuse--a cloud of dust arises to the heavens--and then nothing is to be seen but dirt and dust and ugly fragments.<sup>1</sup>

When Mrs. Proudie greets Dr. Tempest who is inimical to her, she is ". . . arrayed in a full panoply of female

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 95.

armour."<sup>1</sup> The clash occurs, Mrs. Proudie is routed, and Dr. Tempest is

. . . rather proud of his success in their late battle, but he felt that, having been so completely victorious, it would be foolish in him to risk his laurels in the chance of another encounter. He would say not a word of what had happened to the Bishop, and he thought it probable that neither would Mrs. Proudie speak of it--at any rate till after he was gone. Generals who are beaten out of the field are not quick to talk of their own repulses. He, indeed, had not beaten Mrs. Proudie out of the field. He had, in fact, himself run away. But he had left his foe silenced; and with such a foe,<sup>2</sup> and in such a contest, that was everything.

This much we are given of Mrs. Proudie by Trollope: but it is in her conversations, actions, and thoughts that she confirms her nature.

The fourth trait of Trollope is that, long though the novels be, a reader is always sure where he is going and sure also that everything will be all right. Trollope will always take the reader into his confidence and let him know how things are going to turn out. Thus not only is there an omniscient author, (of which more presently) there is an omniscient reader. And so, no matter how troubled the situation, no matter how upsetting the agonies of Lily Dale, there is a thread of serenity running through the agitation. The reader gets the excitement without the pain for

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 480.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 486.

". . . the end of a novel, like the end of a children's dinner-party, must be made up of sweetmeats and sugar plums."<sup>1</sup>

A fifth trait is the omniscient author. Trollope states explicitly that he favours this approach; he says, ". . . for the author is always omniscient",<sup>2</sup> each of the Barsetshire novels shows this approach, and this point need not be pursued further.

A sixth trait is that plot is subordinate to character and the plots are invariably simple. Perhaps The Warden is the simplest. Dr. Harding is troubled that he should be receiving £800.0.0 a year as Warden of Hiram's Hospital. "The Jupiter" has suggested that this was not the founder's intention. Archdeacon Grantly says that if the property has increased in value and income over the years, of course the money belongs to the Church and the cleric who administers the property. John Bold says no. The town is divided and Dr. Harding resigns on a point of conscience. In the sequel, Barchester Towers, the plot is still simple although here, as in the succeeding chronicles, there are sub-plots. The main action centres about Bishop and Mrs. Proudie. Who will rule, Mrs. Proudie, the Bishop, or Mr. Slope? Then there are the Slope/Neroni, the Slope/Eleanor, the

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 553.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 78.

Eleanor/Arabin, and the Grantly/Proudie sub-plots: but all are uncomplicated. Perhaps the best thing to do is to get Trollope's views of the importance of the plot. In An Auto-biography he discusses the relative merits of several novels including a few of his own:

The plot of "Doctor Thorne" is good, and I am therefore led to suppose that a good plot--which to my feeling is the most insignificant part of a tale--is that which will most raise it or most condemn it in the public judgement.<sup>1</sup>

To see that Trollope does consider the plots unimportant it is only necessary to remember their simplicity. In Doctor Thorne there are two problems to be solved. The Gresham estate is ruinously mortgaged and the heir (Frank) must marry money but is in love with the penniless Mary Thorne. Mary's problem is her illegitimate birth as the daughter of Dr. Thorne's brother who was murdered by the drunken stonemason whose sister he seduced. Five hundred pages later the drunken stonemason has become a millionaire baronet, died, left his money to his niece Mary, who marries Frank, who now has the money the Gresham estate needs and the woman he loves. And this was the most complicated of his plots; the rest were much simpler. What could be more simple, for instance, than the plot in The Last Chronicle of Barset? Did a country parson, Reverend Josiah Crawley, steal a

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, An Autobiography, p. 114.

cheque for twenty pounds or did he not? Trollope confessed that the plot was not plausible:

I cannot quite make myself believe that even such a man as Mr. Crawley could have forgotten how he got it; nor would the generous friend who was anxious to supply his wants have supplied them by tendering the cheque of a third person. Such a fault I acknowledge--acknowledging, at the same time, that I have never been capable of constructing with complete success the intricacies of a plot that required to be unravelled.<sup>1</sup>

A seventh trait emerges from the above. Trollope's main interest is in Barcastrians. Only after this is his interest in their habitation: their villages, their churches, their houses, their gardens. The Barcastrians describe themselves, their milieu is described to us since it cannot speak for itself: and it is described at length. Of the shire itself only the briefest description is given: there are no descriptions of nature. Further, fox-hunting was a sport that all these natives followed; it was a favourite sport of Trollope's and would have lent itself to such vivid and stirring pictures; but there are none. No, description for itself did not interest Trollope but only inasmuch as it gave background and therefore deeper insight into his protagonists. On the other hand, the characters are painted for us, one way or another, with love, fidelity, and zest. Having admitted that the plot of The Last Chronicle of

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 248.

Barset was weak and Mr. Crawley's absentmindedness implausible, Trollope goes on:

But while confessing so much, I claim to have portrayed the mind of the unfortunate man with great accuracy and greater delicacy. The pride, the humility, the manliness, the weakness, the conscientious rectitude and bitter prejudices were, I feel, true to nature and well described. The surroundings, too, were good. Mrs. Proudie, at the Palace, is a real woman; and the poor old dean dying at the deanery is also real. The archdeacon, in his victory, is very real. There is a true savour of English country life all through the book.<sup>1</sup>

This leads to an eighth trait: that for revealing the emotions of members of this society, Trollope makes frequent use of a device popular with his brother authors of the nineteenth century. He uses epistolary chapters:

There is a mode of novel writing which used to be much in vogue, but which has now gone out of fashion. It is, nevertheless, one which is very expressive when in good hands, and which enables the author to tell his story, or some portion of his story, with more natural trust than any other, I mean that of familiar letters. I trust I shall be excused if I attempt it as regards this one chapter; though, it may be, that I shall break down and fall into commonplace narrative, even before the one chapter be completed. The correspondents are the Lady Amelia de Courcy and Miss Gresham. I, of course, give precedence to the higher rank, but the first epistle originated with the latter-named young lady.<sup>2</sup> Let me hope that they will explain themselves.

From the self-conscious opening we feel that Trollope is uneasy about this technique and in later chronicles he

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 248.

<sup>2</sup>Doctor Thorne, p. 383.

apologizes when he uses it. In one he promises the reader that this is positively the last letter he will have to read.

A ninth trait is the diction of the various characters. The diction of the gentry is shown in the letters in Doctor Thorne in a chapter titled "De Courcey Precept and de Courcey Practice"; the precepts are enunciated in the elegant style and diction common to members of that class. The precepts and diction of the lower classes are shown best in other novels. To do this Trollope uses dialect but only a touch of it, only enough to give a hint, a slight feeling that a rural bricklayer is talking, or the tenant of a Bayswater boarding-house. Mrs. Lupex, of course, comes to mind, but perhaps a better example is Amelia's mother, Mrs. Roper. John Eames has just told her he is leaving:

'It hasn't been your fault,' continued the poor woman, from whom, as her tears became uncontrollable, her true feelings forced themselves and the real outpouring of her feminine nature.

'Nor it hasn't been my fault. But I knew what it would come to when I saw how she was going on; and I told her so. I knew you wouldn't put up with the likes of her.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Roper, I've always had a great regard for her, and for you too.'

'But you weren't going to marry her. I've told her so all along, and I've begged her not to do it,--almost on my knees I have; but she wouldn't be said by me. She never would. She's always been that wilful that I'd sooner have her away from me than with me. Though she's a good young woman in the house,--she is, indeed, Mr. Eames;--and there isn't a pair of hands in it that works so hard; but it was no use my talking.'

'I don't think any harm has been done.'

'Yes, there has; great harm. It has made the place not respectable. It's the Lupexes is the

worst. There's Miss Spruce, who has been with me for nine years,--ever since I've had the house,--and she's been telling me this morning that she means to go into the country. It's all the same thing. I understand it. I can see it. The house isn't respectable, as it should be; and your mamma, if she were to know all, would have a right to be angry with me. I did mean to be respectable, Mr. Eames: I did indeed.<sup>1</sup>

But it is with his rural bricklayer, Giles Hoggett (addressing Mr. Crawley), that Trollope is more at home: "There ain't nowt a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged. Its dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it."<sup>2</sup> The dialect is authentic; the sentiment has dignity and fortitude.

A tenth trait of Trollope is his use of stylized names, some of them cruel, some of them atrocious puns. All belong to minor characters. Thus a doctor, not very well liked because he thinks meanly of Dr. Thorne, is called Dr. Fillgrave. An unfortunate cleric with no money and fourteen children is Mr. Quiverful. Surname of another fruitful marriage is Rerechild. The name of one pompous beaurocrat is Sir Raffle Buffle; that of a bloodless lawyer is Finny; that of a farmer, Subsoil; that of a slap-dash lawyer, Sir Abraham Haphazard. This is also considered below under satire.

An eleventh trait of Trollope is the satire. The first thing to note is that Trollope is not a satirist in the

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Small House at Allington, p. 489.

<sup>2</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 652.

Swiftian tradition of savagery or indeed of any of the eighteenth century satirists in their greater or lesser desire for reform. Like most of his colleagues in the nineteenth century he had moved away from the neo-classic to the romantic. Perhaps he is best compared to Charles Lamb, or, to go back to classical antiquity, to Horace. He satirizes few of the local or national issues of the day. Just as Thackeray in Vanity Fair ignored the Battle of Waterloo and concentrated on the camp followers, so does Trollope ignore the Corn Laws, the Reform Bills, Puseyism, the labour unrest, to remain in the serene world of Basset. He satirizes the weakness of the administration of the Church of England, the pretensions of some of the clergy, and the foibles and frailties of county society. One such foible or affectation was a mannerism of dragging French expressions into a conversation with an elegant flourish. *Carte du pays, parvenu, far niente, bon vivant, trousseau, bandeaux, noblesse, mauvais haute, élite, en bishop, cortège, fortiter in re, sauviter in modo, omnium gatherium, nolo episcopari, ci-devant* are found in the first one hundred pages of Barchester Towers. This average is pretty well maintained for the rest of the novel, but not so much in the rest of the Bassetshire chronicles. That this is purposeful can be safely inferred, for in the Autobiography are found only three such expressions in the entire book. Trollope then was satirizing

this affectation in his clerics, their wives, families, and friends. Another mode of satire is in the sometimes outlandish names of minor characters referred to above: Finny, Fillgrave, Haphazard, Rerechild, Reddypalm (for an avaricious landlord), and so on.

A twelfth trait of Trollope is the absence of children in the chronicles. Only one child in the five chronicles has a speaking part of any length, and it is well for the well-being of a reader that Trollope didn't persist. Adolphus Crosbie is at the home of the Gazbees and is talking to the child just after receiving his black eye:

'Shall 'oo die, Uncle Dolphus, 'cause 'oo've got a bad eye?' asked de Courcy Gazebee, the eldest hope of the family, looking up into his face. 'No, my hero,' said Crosbie, taking the boy up into his arms, 'not because I've got a black eye. There isn't very much harm in that, and you'll have a great many before you leave school. But because the people will go on talking about it.' 'But Aunt Dina on't like 'oo, if 'oo've got an ugly bad eye.'<sup>1</sup>

A thirteenth trait of Trollope is his realism. Witness the conversation when Conway Dalrymple tells Mrs. Dobbs Broughton that her husband has "gone off":

'The coward!'  
'No; he was not a coward--not in that way.'  
The use of the past tense, unintentional as it had been, told the story to the woman at once. 'He is dead,' she said. Then he took both her hands in his and looked into her face without speaking a word. And she gazed at him with fixed eyes, and rigid mouth, while the quick

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Small House at Allington, p. 334.

coming breath just moved the curl of her nostrils. It occurred to him at the moment that he had never before . . . observed that she was so totally deficient in all the elements of real beauty. She was the first to speak again. 'Conway', she said, 'tell it me all. Why did you not speak to me?' 'There is nothing further to tell,' said he. Then she dropped his hands and walked away from him to the window--and stood there looking out upon the stuccoed turret of a huge house that stood opposite. As she did so she was employing herself in counting the windows. Her mind was paralyzed by the blow, and she knew not how to make any exertion with it for any purpose. Everything was changed with her--and was changed in such a way that she could make no guess as to her future mode of life. She was suddenly a widow, a pauper, and utterly desolate--while the only person in the whole world that she really liked was standing close to her. But in the midst of it all she counted the windows of the house opposite.<sup>1</sup>

These then, are literary traits that can be seen in Trollope's *Barsetshire chronicles*: in the next chapter will be a point by point comparison with Knox's literary traits in Barchester Pilgrimage.

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 687.

## CHAPTER V

## RONALD KNOX'S LITERARY TRAITS

In the previous chapter the literary traits of Anthony Trollope were listed and commented upon: in this chapter the literary traits of Ronald Knox will be similarly treated. It was said that these two chapters were the nexus between the Barcastrians of Trollope and the Barcastrians of Knox. But besides listing the literary traits of Knox and commenting upon them, a comparison will be drawn between Trollope (whom Knox refers to as "my Author") and Knox.

It is necessary first to speculate whether similarities may be expected and it can be stated that marked similarities should be found. This was explicitly said by Knox in Explanatory Dedication to Maurice Baring, written in Barchester on the Feast of St. Ewold in 1935, the year of the first edition of Barchester Pilgrimage: there was concern that, after all these years, many readers would not have heard of Barchester. The fact that Knox cleverly sums up the main doings of some of Trollope's most interesting characters is not relevant to the point being made here

except as it leads up to Knox's statement. What is relevant is that Knox ruefully agrees with Baring:

However, I dare say you are right in thinking that some kind of explanation is needed. To publish a book written entirely in the style of someone else [emphasis author's], when your reader is not expecting it, is to put yourself in the position of one who meets callers at the front door when he is dressed up in an eiderdown<sup>1</sup> and an old cavalry helmet to amuse the children.

Similarities should, then, be expected.

The first trait of Trollope was that his novels were leisurely and long in the manner of the nineteenth century; all his novels, except The Warden, ran between five and eight hundred pages, The Last Chronicle of Barset being the longest. This is not the case with Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage which numbers about three hundred pages. But there was no need to be long since most of Knox's work had been done for him by Trollope. It was Trollope who described the folk-ways and mores of Barcastrians: who introduced the Greshams of Greshambury, the Thornes of Ullethorne and of Chaldicotes, the de Courceys of Courcey castle--and many others. And so, when in the first chapter of Barchester Pilgrimage a reader meets Johnny Bold he is firmly rooted in the past. He knows Bold's step-father Dean Arabin, who was brought from Lazarus College to Barchester

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. VI.

by Bold's uncle Archdeacon Grantley.<sup>1</sup> The Archdeacon's wife, Johnny's aunt, is elder sister to his mother, Eleanor Harding, who married his father, John Bold, in The Warden and rather against the wishes of his grandfather, Septimus Harding, a precentor at the cathedral. A reader knows that Johnny Bold was born in 1822 and so was but a baby when Mary Thorne married Frank Gresham and was still trundling a hoop when his cousin Griselda Grantley became Lady Dumbello. No, Barchester Pilgrimage is not long: nor was there need for it to be. But it was leisurely in the style of the mid-nineteenth century and has the easy conversational mood that was Trollope's. But Knox does just not need the eighteen pages to introduce his characters that Trollope did in Doctor Thorne. Besides, many of Trollope's characters are still alive in Knox's first chapter: Johnny Bold's mother, Eleanor Arabin is: and Johnny is bewitched by the same Signora Neroni who bewitched his step-father twenty years before.

A second trait of Trollope was the authorial intrusions. There is an apt comparison here between Trollope's

<sup>1</sup>Here Knox plays a trick on the reader. He had commented in the "Introduction to the Barsetshire Novels" (1952) that Trollope, when he was writing Doctor Thorne, was traveling outside England and could not remember that there was no "e" in Grantly (the Archdeacon). Yet in Barchester Pilgrimage (1935) Knox spells it Grantley throughout. It is exasperating; but Knox had said he was writing entirely in the style of someone else and perhaps that included forgetfulness.

John Eames when he is wooing Lily Dale and Knox's Johnny Bold when he is wooing Augusta Oriel. Both are in their "hobble-dehoy" years and the term is used by both Trollope and Knox. Picture the two awkward youths. Trollope's John Eames has been disappointed in his love for Lily. His pride has been hurt: his self-esteem is low. Trollope wags an admonitory finger as John gets into the train at Guestwick,

. . . taking a first class ticket, because the earl's groom in livery was in attendance upon him. Had he been alone he would have gone in a cheaper carriage. Very weak of him, was it not? . . . Are you quite sure that you would not do the same now that you are double his age? Be that as it may, Johnny Eames did that foolish thing, and gave the groom in livery half-a-crown into the bargain.<sup>1</sup>

Similarly, Knox's Johnny Bold has offered his heart to Augusta Oriel. Bold has acquired at Oxford some advanced views that the existence of a Deity is not demonstrable by scientific proof. Augusta timidly asks him if he is an atheist. Johnny proceeds to point out the difference between an atheist, which he affirms he is not, and an agnostic, which he regrets he is. Knox steps in wagging an admonitory finger:

Alas, Dr. Bold, why did no friendly voice in thy bosom warn thee that this is not the way young ladies are to be wooed? A very little unbending on thy part; a mere accent of wistful regret, as if thou wouldst fain share those beliefs with thy Augusta couldst thou but be brought to see the light, and she is thine for the asking! For what woman ever resisted the temptation to

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Small House at Allington, p. 319.

set about reforming the man she loved? And Augusta Oriel did love Dr. Bold; only waited for one word of regret over a lost faith to throw herself into his arms. Alas, alas, Dr. Bold, that long and patient labours in thy surgery have never taught thee the very rudiments of a woman's heart.<sup>1</sup>

The third trait of Trollope, it will be remembered, was that as a corollary to theories on what length should a novel be (at least three volumes), there were long descriptions. The description of the Great House at Allington was seven hundred and fifty words; the description of the church, five hundred; the description of the village, four hundred. Nothing like this appears in Barchester Pilgrimage. And again the point is that these descriptions were unnecessary. In Chapter I, "The Loves of Johnny Bold", all the action that does not occur in France (and neither of our authors would deign to describe a chateau), took place in the Barchester that is known so well from Trollope. In Chapter II, "The Graces of Marmaduke Thorne", all the action takes place at Chaldicotes and in the cathedral close. In Chapter III, "Is She Not Fast?", Major Gresham of Greshambury (the grandson of the first Squire Gresham of Doctor Thorne) acts out his little drama at Courcey Castle. Similarly, in the remaining chapters, a reader is never taken far from the cathedral.

It will be remembered that although Trollope wrote long descriptions of places, his descriptions of persons

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 37.

were short. For instance, Squire Dale is described in under fifty words and Lily Dale is not described at all. As the story progresses Lily's appearance and character emerge, mostly by her words and actions. So it is with the characters of Knox: Johnny Bold in his inability to keep his heretical views to himself and in his desire to convince others of the invalidity of the doctrine of special creation, in his insensitive wooing of Augusta Oriel, and in his passionate and ill-timed wooing of the Signora Neroni, shows himself as a clever, charming, dogmatic and naive young man--and very like his father in The Warden:<sup>1</sup> Marmaduke Thorne in his unworldliness when faced with Bishop Samuel Grantley's strange deference to the name of Thorne, in his inability to hide his unsuitability for the clerical life, in his frivolous quizzing of all people, and in his quickness of wit, shows himself as a clever, charming, easy-going and worldly young man--and very like his mother in Doctor Thorne.<sup>2</sup>

A fourth trait of Trollope was that a reader was always sure where he was going and that, whatever the difficulties at a particular stage of a story, the reader was explicitly assured that everything was going to turn out alright because "the end of a novel, like the end of a

<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, Chapter I.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., Chapter II.

children's dinner-party, must be made up of sweetmeat and sugarplums."<sup>1</sup> Much the same technique can be found in "The Loves of Johnny Bold". Johnny has proposed to Augusta Oriel, has been very firmly and finally rejected, and is creeping away in very low spirits indeed. Is the reader becoming worried about the outcome? Knox immediately assures him that there is no need to worry:

It is the fashion with some of our novelists to send off their characters into a decline, when they meet with any considerable disappointment. Edwin, just refused by Angelina, or Angelina just jilted by Edwin, goes to bed and hangs for weeks between life and death, till the compassionate tears of the reader have run dry. Johnny Bold did not go into a decline; he succumbed to an attack of fever, which already had its hold on him; nor did he lie between life and death, for his constitution was a very strong one and the attack, fortunately, not very severe.<sup>2</sup>

The fifth trait of Trollope was that he favoured, in his approach to the writing of novels, the omniscient author. It is only necessary here to state that in all the stories in Barchester Pilgrimage, Knox uses the same approach.

The sixth trait of Trollope was that plot was invariably subordinated to character and that the plots were of the simplest kind. An examination of the plots of Barchester Pilgrimage will show that Knox adhered to this principle. In "The Loves of Johnny Bold", Johnny (whose mother, Eleanor,

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, Barchester Towers, p. 553.

<sup>2</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 38.

first appeared in Trollope's The Warden) has come from Lazarus College with advanced and perhaps heretical theological views. Because of these, Augusta Oriel will not marry him and so he goes to France in a huff, is made a fool of by Signora Neroni as the Signora had made fools of the men of his father's generation, and returns to England chastened. In "The Graces of Marmaduke Thorne", Marmaduke (whose mother, Martha Dunstable, first appeared in Trollope's Doctor Thorne) can get no money from the estates which were inherited by his elder brother Francis. He contemplates the clerical profession but is dissuaded by Archbishop Grantley. At his brother's house at Chaldicotes, he meets an American heiress, Miss Van Skulptit. He marries her and his problem is over. In "Is She Not Fast?", Major Gresham (whose father, Frank, is first met in Trollope's Doctor Thorne) is being pursued in the matrimonial hunt by Miss Lookaloft, whose father used to be one of the major's father's tenants. The aristocratic family do all they can to break up this unsuitable alliance. But Miss Lookaloft is invaluable to the major in the election battle he is fighting; he proposes marriage and she accepts; but he loses the election and the ambitious Miss Lookaloft breaks the engagement. It will be seen in the following chapter that the development of personality will flesh out these bare plots. But certainly plot is subordinated to character.

This leads into the seventh trait, and that is, that Trollope's interest in Barcastrians was shown by describing what they say, what they do, and what other people say about them. But, while all their personality characteristics are emerging, events are moving forward quickly--at least for a Victorian novel. It might have seemed from Chapter IV that, because of the long descriptions of villages, churches, and houses (the seven hundred words devoted to the Great House at Allington, for instance), Trollope's interest lay here. But it did not: these things are described at length because they cannot reveal themselves, and characters can. So it is with Knox. It has been shown in dealing with the sixth trait common to both Trollope and Knox that plot plays a minor part and character a major part. It has been pointed out in dealing with Trollope's first trait that he had firmly established the folk-ways and mores of Barcastrians and introduced us in detail to the many major characters. It was commented that therefore Knox had no need to repeat this since all his characters are descendants of Trollope's. So it is with description of places. It has all been done by Trollope and since Knox seldom strays far from Barchester, there is no need to do it again. This point also emerges in the third trait, that in a long novel we find long descriptions, and is mentioned here again to re-inforce the point that description for its own sake, for Knox as well as Trollope,

was not of prime importance but was used only as a background for character.

This leads to the eighth trait, and that is, that as one of his devices for portraying character, Trollope makes use of epistolary chapters. This trait is absent in Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage and an explanation must be sought. One explanation lies in the time-scale of the Barsetshire chronicles as opposed to the time-scale of Barchester Pilgrimage. In the former, the scope of the action from Mr. Harding's problems at Hiram's Hospital in The Warden (1855), the first of the chronicles, to Mr. Harding's death in The Last Chronicle of Barset (1867), the last of the chronicles, is twenty years. When a reader first meets Mr. Harding's daughter, Eleanor, in The Warden, she is twenty-four years old. Some years before, at the age of fifty, her father had been made praecentor at the cathedral and when a reader meets him he is Warden of Hiram's Hospital and sixty years of age. Eleanor Harding marries, is widowed, bears the son of her deceased husband. She moves in and out of succeeding novels, marrying again--to Dean Arabin, and appears for the last time in The Last Chronicle of Barset. Here her daughter Posy is playing with her father and one gathers from the conversation that Posy is about ten years of age. Eleanor then would be about forty-four, making the time-span twenty years. When six long novels cover the span of only twenty years there is a place

for the leisurely unfolding of character through epistolary chapters. But the time-span of Barchester Pilgrimage (one novel, not six) is about seventy years and there is no room for such a space-consuming device. Another explanation, of course, is seen in Chapter IV where Trollope's apologetic and self-conscious remarks about this device of epistolary chapters, is recorded. It is not likely that Knox would use the device that Trollope used in such an obviously self-deprecating fashion.

The ninth trait of Trollope was that his diction when speaking for the members of various classes, was good. In Trollope's The Last Chronicle of Barset, Major Grantly writes to Grace Crawley:

I told you when I parted from you that I should write to you, and I think it best to do so at once, . . . Spoken words are soon forgotten . . . and are not as plain as they might be. Dear Grace, I suppose I ought not to say so, but I fancied when I parted from you at Allington, that I had succeeded in making myself dear to you. I believe you to be so true in spirit, that you were unable to conceal from me the fact that you loved me. I shall believe that this is so till I am deliberately and solemnly assured by yourself that it is not so--and I conjure you to think what is due both to yourself and to myself, before you allow yourself to think of making<sup>1</sup> such an assurance unless it be strictly true.

In Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage, Johnny Bold speaks to Augusta Oriel:

Miss Oriel, circumstances have of late thrown  
us so much together that I should be a vain man

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 372.

if I thought that our frequent interviews argued, in you, any preference for my society. I am well aware that our association hitherto has been of a professional character; and it may well be that you have no desire to make it closer or more personal. My own feelings, however, are very different; it has been impossible for me to watch you without conceiving for you a sentiment of admiration which has, in them, grown into something warmer than mere admiration. In short, Miss Oriel, I have come to wonder whether you might not be prevailed upon to enter into a life-long partnership with me which would be, at the same time, a life-long companionship in good works. That such a declaration will surprise you, I have little doubt, for I know you to be as modest as you are accomplished and as retiring as you are beautiful. That it will be immediately acceptable to you, is more than I dare to hope; but I would entreat you to give the matter earnest consideration, before you refuse the homage of one whose sincerest wish is to be, all his life, your very humble admirer. Miss Oriel, may I do myself the honour of asking your excellent father for your hand in marriage?<sup>1</sup>

Certainly the elegant tone of the upper classes is maintained by Knox and perhaps he out-Trollopes Trollope. Then, again, in Trollope there is the speech of a rural brickmaker as he stands in his work-stained clothes talking to Mr. Crawley: "There ain't nought a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged. Its dogged as does it. It's not thinking about it".<sup>2</sup> In Knox we have two young female tourists on a walking tour. Their plucked eyebrows, artificial tan, heavy lipstick, painted fingernails, and summer shorts presents an unpleasant

<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 652.

picture as they stand gaping at the massive pillars and the groined roof of the cathedral, soaring into the gloom overhead. One of them expresses their wonderment: "Christ, wot a peepshow".<sup>1</sup>

The tenth trait of Trollope was the use of stylized names, some of them cruel jibes, some atrocious puns. Knox embraces this with glee. Trollope's Dr. Fillgrave dies early in Barchester Pilgrimage but we are consoled by the presence of Drs. Killgerm and Motherwell. In the clerical world we have Mr. Cutaway Stole who had leanings towards Rome, Bishop Deadletter who believed in the status quo, the perpetually indignant Archdeacon Whatnext, Dr. Catacomb who was an antiquarian, Dean Plumblin who rebuilt the nave of the cathedral, Dr. Shoehorn who built a too-small church. In politics we have Sir Methuselah Stopgap the retiring conservative candidate who was always opposed by the Whig Dr. Rantaway. In the Licensed Victualler Association we have Mr. Bigloaf and Mr. Reddypalm; we have the staid law firm of Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile; the schoolmaster Dr. Whackam who believes in corporal punishment, and so on. Knox even takes a backward look at Carlyle (Dr. Pessimist Anticant) and Dickens (Mr. Popular Sentiment).

An eleventh trait of Trollope was that although all the chronicles are satirical it is not satire in the

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 272.

Swiftian tradition but in the Horatian tradition. Several examples were given and it can be seen that Knox follows Trollope's lead. Trollope ignores industrial England where factory smoke blighted the countryside: Knox ignores the spread of this. Trollope ignores the depression of the eighteen forties: Knox ignores the depression of the nineteen thirties. Trollope ignores the Crimea: Knox ignores the Boer War--even the Great War of 1914-1918. Like Trollope, Knox satirizes the pretentious foibles and frailties of country society. Trollope had poked gentle fun at the domineering and opinionated Archdeacon Grantly: so does Knox. Grantley has just been told that his nephew Johnny Bold is suspected of heresy: he speaks to his wife:

I can hardly suppose that your sister will take up arms in defence of atheism, and tell us that we are all monkeys, . . . She is certainly weak, but thank God she has always been a churchwoman. By all means talk to her, if you will; and let her know that Johnny cannot be received at Plumstead until he recants. I will not have my pheasants shot by an unbeliever, and you must tell her so plainly.<sup>1</sup>

On education Knox says:

I suppose there was hardly a place in the county less altered, at this time, by the passing of time than Greshambury. True, the inhabitants no longer called it Gremsbury, but pronounced it as it was spelt, for with the coming of education they had learned how to write and forgotten how to talk.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 94.

On public monuments Knox comments:

That the South African war stirred Barchester to its depths was more than I ever could discover. True, there is a monument on the London Road which commemorates it, in the form of a soldier with a sun-helmet who appears to be represented in the act of hailing a cab.<sup>1</sup>

At the five hundredth anniversary of Hiram's Hospital a speech by the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Lord Muddlehead, is reported:

Boys, he was understood to say, were not much different from when he was a boy. People said they were different, but he didn't think they were. Certainly Barchester boys weren't much different from when he was a Barchester boy, under old Whackem. Of course, there had been a lot of changes; you must have changes; changes were a good thing. It didn't matter how many changes you had in a school as long as the traditions of the school remained what they always had been. He believed that the tradition of Barchester remained what it always had been--the tradition of English gentlemen; and you couldn't find a finer tradition than that, all the world over. The great thing about a place like Barchester was that boys learned to pull together. He believed that if the members of the Government would only pull together like Barchester boys did, there would be much less of this unemployment and Bolshevism about. They were there to celebrate the quincenary of Hiram's Hospital. It wasn't given to every school to celebrate its quincenary like that. And he believed that, if the name of Barchester stood high in the world's estimation, as he believed it did, that was because Barchester had traditions behind it; fine old English traditions going back to the days of Henry the Eighth--eh? what was that?--Henry the Sixth. So he was very happy to give them the toast, In piam memoriam Joannis Hiram; and since John Hiram wasn't there to answer for himself, he, Lord Muddlehead, was going to ask the Headmaster,

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 95.

Mr. Arabin, to answer that toast; because he didn't believe you could find a better living example of the Barchester spirit than you would find in the headmaster, all the world over.<sup>1</sup>

Another foible that Trollope satirized was the excessive and over-elegant use of foreign expressions. In Knox there can be found, to name a few: *haeresi proximum*, *plentuntur Achivi*, *nolo episcopari*, *fortissimo*, *inamorata*, *fête champ-être*, *dégagé*, *congé*, *ennui*. Comments on satire, of course, would not be complete without referring back to the tenth trait, that is, stylized names such as Bishop Deadletter, Mr. Cutaway Stole, and so on.

A twelfth trait of Trollope was the absence of children in his novels. It will be remembered that only two children had a speaking part: one was young de Courcey Gazebee in The Small House at Allington who spoke about a hundred words and the other was Posy Arabin in The Last Chronicle of Barset who spoke even fewer words. It is sufficient to say that in Knox there is not even one child with a speaking part.

A thirteenth trait of Trollope was his realism which, it will be remembered, appeared in the last novel, The Last Chronicle of Barset. In the example given in Chapter IV, Mrs. Dobbs Broughton was informed of the death of her husband. In Knox a parallel example is seen when Lord Dumbello

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 247.

informs his mother, the Marchioness of Hartletop, that he is going to marry Daphne Lufton:

Dear Mum, This is to tell you the great news that I have just got engaged; and of course it's nothing at all to do with what we were talking about last October. Her name is Daphne Lufton, and she's one of those Framley people. She's definitely marvellous, mum; I don't suppose you'd remember her, but I did bring her round to the flat once, that night the police wanted to come in, do you remember? I've known her a little for some time now, but I must say I never realized till quite lately how definitely marvellous she is. There's simply nothing for you to do but to rally round and sling bouquets. I am bringing her over one day next week, as soon as she comes back from a joy-ride on the Continent. We are thinking of June. Best love from your loving DENIS.

P.S. I forgot to say she is R.C. but quite broad-minded.<sup>1</sup>

In conclusion, it can be seen that in only three literary traits does Knox fail to follow Trollope. Knox does not use epistolary chapters: he has not the space. For the same reason, his novel, although leisurely, is not long. Again for the same reason, there are no long descriptions: there was no need--Trollope had done them all. In ten traits Knox faithfully follows his master: his novel is leisurely; he uses authorial intrusions; a reader always knows where he is going; the author is omniscient; plot is subordinate to character; people, not places, interest Knox; his diction, whether portraying high class or low, is sound; he uses stylized names; he is satirical in the Horatian tradition;

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 197.

children do not appear in his pages; in the sense that Trollope is a realist, so is Knox. Knox said that he had set out to produce ". . . a book written entirely in the style of someone else.": perhaps it can be agreed that he succeeded. And now, how Knox uses these traits to portray character, will be the subject of the following chapter.

## CHAPTER VI

## RONALD KNOX'S CHARACTERS

In Chapter III were examined the characters of Trollope in relation to their attitudes towards marriage, toward the Anglican Church, and towards England. Some typical Trollopian heroines were portrayed and the point was made that Trollope limited himself to the type he loved and knew best. He was ". . . the observer and the interpreter of the well-to-do, comfortable England of London and the English shires."<sup>1</sup>

Ronald Knox keeps the reader in the same company. As the years go on and historical events make their impress upon Barsetshire the cast of characters will become more diversified, a catholic priest here and a dissenting minister there; but in the seventy years encompassed in Barchester Pilgrimage a reader is in the company of the children, the grandchildren, and the great grandchildren of the characters of the Barsetshire chronicles.

It has been shown that contemporary events did not interest Trollope in his Barsetshire novels, that he

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<sup>1</sup>Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 15.

deliberately closed his eyes to the England of the industrial north and to the sort of events in Elizabeth Barrett's The Cry of the Children. The debate between science and theology he ignored--to concentrate on the microcosm of rural, Anglican Barchester. This was his main concern.

So it is with Knox. The South-African war is dealt with only as a prelude to the political and amorous adventures of Major Gresham. The introduction of the ruinous inheritance tax, which was eventually to do away completely with the conservative and stabilizing class of the shires, is mentioned only as a prelude to the fortune-seeking of Marmaduke Thorne. The Great War of 1914-1918 is dealt with only because it interrupted the provocative sermons of Mr. Theophylact Crawley-Grantley, and only because the factory at Hoggstock which had been devoted to the manufacture of sanitary earthenware now made munitions and therefore attracted a horde of new workers who overflowed into Barchester, who had no roots in the place, and no respect for its traditions. It is clear that the great contemporary events interested Knox as little as they did Trollope. He, like Trollope, concentrated on the microcosm of Barchester; and Barchester had been actively in his thoughts for many years.

It can be deduced that the genesis of Barchester Pilgrimage goes back to before Knox's fifteenth year. Trollope had said: ". . . to me Barchester has been a real

county, . . . and the voices of the people are known to my ears."<sup>1</sup> So it was with Knox. In this chapter dealing with his Barcastrians it is interesting to see how long he had lived with them before he wrote of them. There is extant a letter written by Knox to his father, Bishop Knox, on October 21st, 1903, when Knox was a schoolboy at Eton. In previous correspondence between them and between Knox and his mother, there had apparently been discussion of the advantages that would accrue if the father were raised to a Bishopric. The financial regulations of the Church of England were complex and it is interesting to see the examples Knox uses to clear his mind:

. . . I can't help taking an interest in bishoprics generally. . . . only your explanation only muddled me deeper. Do you mean to say that . . . if, when Bishop Grantly died, Mr. Crawley of Hoggstock had been offered the bishopric of Barchester, would he have had to refuse 'cos he was too poor?<sup>2</sup>

In an earlier example of how much Barchester was in the mind of Knox there is a letter dated October 14th, 1903, to Mrs. Knox. Again, he is talking about his father's elevation:

. . . Hamilton is always very keen to know how far the fatal opulence of bishops really extends. (1) When do we move? (2) Where shall we then be living? (3) Shall we keep the same servants and all the same household so to speak?

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 862.

<sup>2</sup>Evelyn Waugh, The Life of Ronald Knox (Glasgow: William Collins Sons & Co. Ltd., 1962), p. 51.

I hope you don't think me snobbish and Mrs. Proudieish for asking these questions.<sup>1</sup>

The habit of using Barseshire for illustrating facts of every-day life continued into Knox's later years. In 1936 he wrote:

It will be found easiest, I think, to remember a crowd of 50 to 60 strangers if you get the name pinned down first as a fixed point in your memory, and tack a face on to it afterwards. If you know that you are going to meet a man called Jones who was brought up by the Christian Brothers at Silverbridge and is recommended to your care by the priest at Barchester, . . .<sup>2</sup>

These illustrations, then, show how much Barseshire was in Knox's mind and are necessary background to a judgement of whether or not Knox was likely to be able to do an artistic and convincing reproduction of Trollope's world. The literary traits dealt with in the previous chapter are more or less mechanical and not so very difficult for Knox to duplicate. But if Knox has empathy for Barcastrians and a sense of zeitgeist, as was claimed for him in the first chapter of this study, he must have lived long and intimately with Barcastrians; the quotes above show that he did. And to establish that he did is particularly important in this chapter on the characters of Knox and in the following chapter on the Barseshire of Knox.

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 51.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 191.

Therefore, before going on to examine Knox's characters in this chapter and Knox's Barsetshire in the next, it will be illuminating to read the judgement of Knox's biographer, Evelyn Waugh. (He is writing of the years 1926-1939 when Knox was living at the Old Palace at Oxford as Chaplain to the Roman Catholic undergraduates.)

His most ambitious work of the period was Barchester Pilgrimage, published in 1935. Until black-out and bombardment brought Trollope back into fashion, his cult was small and esoteric. In Ronald's letter of dedication to Maurice Baring he wrote: 'I owe you a deep debt of ingratitude for pointing out to me, when this book was nearly three parts written, that practically nobody would read it because practically nobody had ever heard of Barchester.' He himself had been saturated in the books since his schooldays and had already published an ingenious construction of the topography of Barsetshire. In Barchester Pilgrimage he narrates in imitation of Trollope's style the fortunes of the children and grandchildren of Trollope's characters up to the date of writing. He insinuates, not quite in the manner of the master, a brief passage of instruction on the Catholic regulations for mixed marriages. Otherwise it is a dry, gentle satire on the social, political, and religious changes of the twentieth century. It is a highly elegant accomplishment, but as the sole product in his forty-eighth year of a man of spectacular early promise, it gave some plausibility to the ever-ready criticism that the Church of Rome had not fostered his genius. Nothing Ronald wrote was ever ill done, but for twenty years, from 1918 to 1938, in the period when most writers are at their finest and most fecund, his literary work was subdued in tone and modest in scope, as<sup>1</sup> though he were giving it minor importance.

Perhaps it can be safely assumed, from the evidence in Knox's letters and memoranda, and from his biographer's opinion,

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 209.

that Knox knew Barset well. Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence is the map of Barset that he constructed: how many close readings of the novels the construction of this map required, can only be conjectured. But with this kind of background there is a strong possibility that Knox would do a convincing job in following the fortunes of later generations of Barcastrians and in the creation of new characters.

Like Trollope, the primary aim of Knox was to create character and it is only necessary to examine the plots, as was done with Trollope in Chapter IV, to see that this is so; they are simple to the point of non-existence--as has been shown in the previous chapter. To delineate the characters that Knox created, their attitudes towards marriage will be dealt with first.

The attitude towards marriage changes sadly in the years following Lily Dale's rejection of John Eames and Grace Crawley's final acceptance of Major Grantly. To follow these attitudes chronologically, the romances of several couples may be examined. There is, first of all, the proposal of Johnny Bold to Augusta Oriel. It has all the stateliness and circumlocutions of a generation earlier (and indeed is reminiscent of his step-father proposing marriage to his mother some thirty-five years before):

Miss Oriel, circumstances have of late thrown us so much together that I should be a vain man if I thought that our frequent interviews argued, in you, any preference for my society. I am well

aware that our association hitherto has been of a professional character; and it may well be that you have no desire to make it closer or more personal. My own feelings, however, are very different; it has been impossible for me to watch you going about your merciful errands in this town without conceiving for you a sentiment of admiration which has, in time, grown into something warmer than mere admiration. . . . Miss Oriel, may I do myself the honour of asking your excellent father for your hand in marriage?<sup>1</sup>

Poor Johnny Bold, however, holds religious views quite incompatible to those of Augusta Oriel:

Dr. Bold, . . . I must be plain with you. You have done me a very great honour; and, did nothing stand in the way, I believe I could love you as truly as a woman ever loved a husband. But marriage, to my thinking, is a joining of two souls, not for a few brief years, but for all eternity. I could not give my hand to one who, looking forward to nothing better than extinction at death, would have no thought of our meeting again in a better life beyond. Pray leave me, Dr. Bold, and do not tempt my constancy further. I shall ever defend the honesty with which you hold your principles, though, as you see, they are abominable to me. I can reciprocate no affection, believe me, except what is ratified by the dictates of religion.<sup>2</sup>

Here are sentiments that Septimus Harding and John Bunce senior would approve and here is a heroine in the traditions of Mary Thorne, Lily Dale, and Grace Crawley. These sentiments of Johnny Bold and Augusta Oriel were expressed somewhere in the eighteen seventies.

To move on a few years to the affaires of Marmaduke Thorne in the late eighteen eighties, a great change is

<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 38.

evident as Marmaduke and his elder brother Francis both recognize that in Miss Van Sculpit lies the answer to their amatory and financial wants. There is no long courtship scene here with sonorous declarations; quite the opposite. There is a group of guests at Chaldicotes, the weather has been too bad for shooting and all except Francis have gone off on a cycling afternoon. The party returns about four in the afternoon but Marmaduke Thorne and Miss Van Sculpit are lagging behind as Miss Van Sculpit had some damage to her machine and Marmaduke had stayed to repair it. Francis walked to meet them:

As it proved, he had not far to go; he met the two at the end of the oak avenue, Marmaduke gallantly wheeling both machines, while the lady picked up her skirts to ease her feet for climbing the slope.

"Guess you've got to get accustomed to me," she said as Francis approached, with the directness of her race. "I'm going to be your sister-in-law."<sup>1</sup>

It will be remembered that in Trollope's Barchester, not only were the marriage vows sacred, but the promise of marriage was also considered sacred. Adolphus Crosbie was punished for breaking his engagement with Lily Dale by a black eye administered by John Eames; and Mr. Moffat was punished for breaking his engagement to Augusta Gresham by being publicly whipped in Pall Mall by Augusta's brother Frank. Are broken engagements to be continued in Barchester

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 134.

as the decades roll on? Unfortunately yes; but with a startling difference. A case in point is that of Arthur Gresham, the son of the Frank Gresham of Doctor Thorne.

Arthur Gresham is running for Parliament as the member for East Barchester and the time reached now in Barchester Pilgrimage is the first decade of the twentieth century: Queen Victoria is dead and King Edward VII is on the throne. Arthur has proposed marriage to Miss Lookaloft and has been accepted. This proposal of marriage may have been prompted more by Miss Lookaloft's adroit handling of a pleasant and secluded moment than by Arthur's inclinations: but there it is. They are betrothed and if Arthur has some misgivings about the suitability of the impending alliance, he stifles them. But Arthur loses the election to Mr. Bigloaf and it seems that "Miss Lookaloft had been of a mind to marry the Member of Parliament for East Barsetshire, and that, since Mr. Bigloaf was happily married, there was now a vacancy in her affections."<sup>1</sup> At any rate, the lady breaks the engagement.

Another example of a broken engagement is that of Lord Dumbello and Daphne Lufton. Both are grandchildren of the Dumbellos and the Luftons who were prominent in Framley Parsonage, "Goof" Dumbello (for so he is called by his friends) is tipsy at a party and upsets a cocktail over

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 134.

Daphne. This can be regarded as an introduction for time has rolled on to the year 1925. "Goof" and Daphne talk of the Sitwells, Mary Pickford, and the talking film. Lord Dumbello proposed marriage after only a few months of a casual twentieth-century courtship. But since he was driving his car at fifty miles per hour as he did it, it can be presumed that this proposal did not have the oratorical polish of Johnny Bold of some forty years earlier. After a moment or two of reflection, Daphne Lufton admitted that there didn't seem to be anything wrong with the idea of marrying "Goof" but that "the kids would have to be brought up RC". Lord Dumbello replied that she could "turn the little bounders into Mohomedans if it afforded her any pleasure".<sup>1</sup> But all does not run smoothly. Some weeks after the proposal Lord Dumbello interrupts Daphne when she is nursing her sick poodle, Scroggs. Sharp words are exchanged when Lord Dumbello suggests that Daphne thinks him less important than a dog.

Less important than a dog? You bet I do. Let me tell you this, if you were a dog I'd chain you up at the front door to scare tramps away. And if anybody comes along and tells you that you and I are engaged, you have my authority to inform him that he's making the biggest mistake of his life, and he'd better think again.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 196.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 219.

This is not the talk a reader would expect from Mary Thorne or Lily Dale or Grace Crawley in Trollope's Barchester. The only Trollopian heroine of Knox's is Augusta Oriel. After her, by Trollope's standards, deportment and speech decline lamentably; the attitude toward marriage of Knox's Barcastrians is much more casual than the attitude of Trollope's Barcastrians. To this extent have the attitudes of Barcastrians changed toward the sacrament of marriage from the eighteen sixties to the nineteen thirties.

The second point to be considered is the attitudes of these new generations of Barcastrians to the Anglican Church. It can be seen in "The Loves of Johnny Bold" that the debate between theology and science touched Barchester in the eighteen nineties. Even in that preserve of orthodoxy, Lazarus, "new men began to make their mark, and a new spirit got abroad, so that Archdeacon Grantley shook his head more than once, and asked what things were coming to."<sup>1</sup> Some blamed Heredity and some blamed Environment. But at any rate, Johnny Bold has left Oxford "convinced, with Mr. Darwin, that Man was never the subject of a special creation, having developed out of some hitherto unknown species of monkey in the most natural way in the world; that Archbishop Ussher was very badly out in his calculations about the date of Genesis; that 'these German fellows' had shown good reason

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 11.

for doubting the accuracy of the Gospels; and finally . . . that the Apostolic Succession was a highly disputable affair."<sup>1</sup> But Barchester in general remained true to its old loyalties.

And here Knox brings in a new note--that of Roman Catholicism. Knox goes back to before the Hanoverian Georges and tells us that Barsetshire was a great place for popish recusants. He says that at the end of the eighteenth century a French emigre priest tended the spiritual wants of a parish of some six hundred Barchester Catholics. This priest was followed by Father Catacomb who laboured chiefly among the poor, and there is a sympathetic two-page description of him and his church, St. Philomena.

Change is in the air. In the eighties the Member of Parliament for Northhampton refused to be sworn into the House of Commons by any religious ceremony and claimed the right to affirm. Augusta Oriel was suspected of auricular confession. At St. Peter's there were two candles above the communion table and the linen mysteriously changed colour with the seasons. Marmaduke Thorne, in the nineties, asks his brother Francis for the living at Chaldicotes:

So that, as you can't put your hand into your pocket for me, we must ask Mother Church to do it instead. Well, it is lucky you have the presentation to Chaldicotes. Don't, I beg of you, put that on the St. Leger. I suppose I must make

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 18.

the best of the clerical state. Fortunately nowadays it is not necessary to have any beliefs in order to be a clergyman. All you need is moral tastes, which I am glad to say I already possess, and a manner of reading the lessons which should not be difficult to acquire. Only, I will not wear those collars that go the wrong way round. I shall make a point of that to the bishop.<sup>1</sup>

The Bishop, however, does not think that Marmaduke is cut out for the ministry and Marmaduke takes a step unthinkable in Barchester thirty years earlier. He consults a Catholic priest, Father Shoehorn, successor to Father Catacomb, with a view to conversion and taking holy orders in the Church of Rome. When Marmaduke finds it will take about eight years, he declines the honour. Mr. Theophylact Crawley-Grantley, great-nephew of Eleanor Harding of The Warden, preached his first sermon in Barchester Cathedral on the Fall of Jericho. A note of skepticism, unheard of in Archdeacon Grantly's day, has invaded the pulpit:

He began by explaining that he had, personally, investigated the site of Jericho a year or two back, and had found no trace of any city which could be contemporary with the date of Joshua, nor of any walls which could possibly be supposed to have fallen down suddenly, after the manner alleged by Scripture. This was, he said, only a single instance out of a number of instances equally cogent, which shewed that the supposedly historical books of the Bible were not historical at all, and were written so long after the events they described that no kind of reliance could be placed in their statements. Moses, if he ever existed, must have existed at a date when nobody ever put pen to paper. Then the preacher turned aside to various incidents in the Old Testament story which were, he said, revolting to all our

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 64.

modern sense of morality. His conclusion was, that the Old Testament was a work which could not be safely left in the hands of young persons, and that the indiscriminate reading of it during divine service was an insult to the dignity of a sacred edifice. The most he could be induced to say in its favour was, that several passages in the Authorised Version contained pieces of excellent English prose-writing. With which rather meagre concession, he descended from the pulpit, having occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour without making any allusion to Christianity.<sup>1</sup>

Thus things stand in 1914. Moreover, the Anglican clergy are wearing "Roman" collars and Farmer Grumblecrop has refused to pay the tithe.

Decade follows decade; Knox assures us the Catholic population is growing and this subject takes up more and more of Barchester Pilgrimage. Anglican ministers drink their beer and smoke their cigarettes and play golf. And in the Cathedral, such are the sissals, testers, and reredoses that a viewer would swear that the Reformation never happened. The reform of the divorce laws is welcomed and Nonconformist ministers are invited to read the lesson. This is not to say that all Anglican Barchester was in revolt. Even now, in 1925, there is the Woman's Temperance League, a direct descendant of Mrs. Proudie's Sabbath Day Observance Society (How Mrs. Proudie would have reviled the Sunday cinema which is now common!) The chapter, "There's No Holding Them", deals in detail with the position of the Catholic Church regarding mixed marriages and the Catholic education of the

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 145.

children, in this case the proposed marriage between Lord Dumbello and Daphne Lufton. The fact that Lady Hartletop, a daughter of an Earl and wife of a Marquis, would discuss the matter with Father Smith, shows how far from the precepts of Anglicanism the parents had been led by their children. Furthermore, Dumbello's great aunt (Eleanor Harding of The Warden) encourages the marriage: "If you have love for her, marry her, and don't let priest or parson stand in your way."<sup>1</sup> As Mr. Bunce said, since the War there's no holding them Papists.

The growing tolerance towards divorce has been mentioned but in the last chapter of Barchester Pilgrimage, "Septimus Arabin's Wardenship", we find the first character in Barchester who marries a divorced woman. Barchester Pilgrimage has now taken us to the year 1934. Septimus Arabin is the grandson of Dean Arabin who had been brought into the Barchester diocese to combat the low-church tendencies of Mr. Slope. About 1930 Mr. Arabin had contemplated taking holy orders and had carefully read the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion. He had been warned that it was unusual these days to find a clergyman who could completely accept everything in that formula and that it would only be necessary at his ordination to signify his assent to the general sense of the Thirty-Nine Articles. But Mr. Arabin replied that it was

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 217.

exactly this general sense that gave him pause. The whole tenor of the Articles was alien to his thought: they were mainly occupied with the theology of grace which he found it impossible to believe; he doubted if he could believe at all in original sin, or, if he did, only in the sense that would be Pelagian. However, although a layman, as Headmaster he donned his academic gown and preached in the school chapel: he even allowed the boys to play racquets on Sunday.

To this extent have the attitudes of Barcastrians changed towards the Anglican Church from the eighteen sixties to the nineteen thirties.

To turn now to the third point, Barcastrian attitudes toward England, it will be remembered from Chapter III that Trollope was reticent about these views towards England. We have the views of Lady Lufton, the grandmother of Daphne Lufton of Barchester Pilgrimage. Lady Lufton liked people who loved their Church, their country, and their Queen. They should be obedient to their master, temporal as well as spiritual. Lady Lufton, during the Crimean war hoped that the Russians would be beaten--but not by the French. Trollope's views on England are all tongue-in-cheek and he clearly disapproved of some aspects of English government. But, to him, the England that he portrayed--that of the rural, southern--was the best of all possible worlds.

Knox has the same tongue-in-cheek attitude but there

is discernable a note of regret that Lady Lufton's type is on the wane and must eventually disappear. A case in point is the inheritance tax which was introduced in 1891. The Government,

. . . did then and there impose a most discouraging tax, to be payed whenever a great property should pass from father to son, or from squire to heir; which tax has operated most effectively in Barchester, so that the great properties have for the most part passed into the hands of people that do not know who their heirs are, and, if they knew, would not travel a mile to see them hanged.<sup>1</sup>

The attitude of Barcastrians had changed little towards England's military campaigns overseas since Lady Lufton hoped the Turks would be beaten in the Crimean War. The South African war was fought with some men from Barchester but these were mostly the scapegrace young men who had got themselves into trouble and whatever the importance of this war to England, Barcastrians had a poor opinion of the military profession in which the precepts of Mars were uncomfortably in consonance with those of Venus. If "the best of all possible worlds" owed something of its existence to the military it is not apparent in the Great War some twenty years later. There is this tongue-in-cheek attitude toward the haberdashers, who sell patriotic badges "which familiarize the rising generation with the features of our leading generals, even such of them as had already been sent home

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 58.

for mismanaging our affairs."<sup>1</sup> The Empire is alluded to briefly during debates on Free Trade and Tariff Reform. There are the New Zealanders chilling mutton for England, Australians making wine and labeling it "Burgandy" for England, and Canadians toiling to grow wheat for England "from the rocky prairies of Canada".<sup>2</sup>

The above, then, summarizes the attitudes of Knox's characters and with these Barcastrian views on England, on the Church of England, and on marriage delineated, it is possible to examine some of Knox's characters in relation to these attitudes and in relation to the attitudes held by Trollope's characters.

In Chapter III the characters of several female Barcastrians were examined in quite some detail: Mrs. Grantly, Mrs. Quiverfull, Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, and Lily Dale. These characters were well-rounded, and delineated in almost exhausting detail; and this could be so because the last five mentioned were heroines of entire novels. It is, of course, not possible for Knox to give his heroines the same description because of the smaller scope of the three hundred pages of Barchester Pilgrimage. But an interesting point emerges here, and that is that in these

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 97.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 119.

three hundred pages female characters are hardly dealt with at all. Taking the chapters of Barchester Pilgrimage chronologically, illustrates this fact.

Firstly, there is "The Loves of Johnny Bold"; the heroine here is Augusta Oriel and she does not enter the scene until the twentieth page and until the history of Barchester has been covered from before the Hanoverian Georges up to the present debate between Heredity and Environment. Augusta is the most Trollopian-like heroine of Knox, and a description of her and Johnny Bold's courtship of her is given due length--the next eight pages. Her rejection of Johnny Bold's proposal of marriage takes a reader inevitably back to the rejection of John Eames by Lily Dale. There is the same feminine rectitude, womanly mode of expression, and implacability when asked to act out of accord with the precepts that an Anglican gentlewoman must live by. It will be seen that after this typically Trollopian heroine, Knox's females are dealt with in a more and more cursory manner.

Secondly, there is "The Graces of Marmaduke Thorne"; the heroine here is Miss Van Sculpit, and she does not enter the scene until the twenty-fourth page and until after the laws of primogeniture and the inheritance tax have been thoroughly discussed. Even when she has appeared on the scene, the next seventeen pages are taken up with Marmaduke's problem and Miss Van Sculpit only speaks directly once (and

on the last page) when she says to Francis Thorne: "Guess you've got to get used to me. I'm going to be your sister-in-law". But she is reminiscent of Trollope's Martha Dunstable. Miss Dunstable was not of the squirearchy and her money was made in oil. Miss Van Sculpit is the granddaughter of a labourer and her money was made in railroads. But both shared a conventional Barcastrian view on marriage, and neither had any discernible views on the Anglican Church or on England.

Thirdly, there is "Is She Not Fast?"; the heroine here is Miss Diana Lookaloft, and she does not enter the scene until the fourteenth page and until after the South African war and the ensuing political situation has been discussed. Even after having been introduced she is not quoted directly in the next sixteen pages which are principally taken up with the contending factions for the seat for East Barsetshire. Diana helps Major Gresham in the campaign but her views on England cannot be inferred from her remarks that the political opponent is a "putrid old bounder" and that his faulty electioneering tactics are "a priceless floater". There is no evidence of her views on the Anglican Church but her views on marriage may be inferred when, after Major Gresham has lost the election, she breaks their engagement.

Fourthly, there is "Mr. Theophylact Crawley-Grantley"; the "heroine" here is Mrs. Friedenzeit who is not introduced

until the twenty-fourth page where, with a very brief build-up and a briefer proposal of marriage by Crawley-Grantley, Mrs. Friedenzeit accepts, saying, "Theophylact!" The concluding ten pages are taken up with the Great War. Again, little can be learned of the views of this lady.

Fifthly, there is "There's No Holding Them"; the heroine here is Daphne Lufton and, like the others, she enters the scene late, page twenty-one, and only after the millenary year of St. Ewold's death has been described in detail. Her views on marriage are casual: when Dumbello proposes she says that she cannot see anything much wrong with the proposition but that "the kids will have to be brought up R.C." Here is first bruted a mixed marriage in Barchester. Daphne's views on the Anglican Church and on England are not given; her views on her own church are a little hazy. The remainder of the chapter is taken up with the theological position of the Roman Catholic Church regarding mixed marriages.

Lastly, there is "Septimus Arabin's Wardenship"; this can be dealt with briefly for there is no heroine at all: but the changing views on marriage and the tenets of the Anglican Church can be inferred from the fact that Arabin, grandson of Dean Arabin of Barchester Towers and Headmaster of the Hiram's Hospital of The Warden, marries his secretary--who is divorced. (Arabin is married "off-stage",

as it were; a reader never meets his secretary.)

What, then, can be deduced from this paucity of the female point of view in Knox, a point of view that was so prevalent in Trollope. Firstly, that this female point of view did not interest Knox. Secondly, that as far as he showed the female views, it was to illustrate that, over the years, the women of Barchester had moved a long way from Trollope's ideal. There is no Lily Dale in Knox (with the exception of Augusta Oriel) no Mary Thorne, no Eleanor Harding, no Grace Crawley.

It is to the male characters of Barchester Pilgrimage that we must turn to see if the standards of Barchester are changing and, to take them chronologically again, it can be shown that standards are not really changing much in the solid Christian virtues. In Johnny Bold can be seen all the traits of his father John Bold; there is the same independent thinking, the same earnest desire to convert others to his view, and the same sincerity towards the married state. In Marmaduke Thorne can be seen the same dislike for hypocrisy that distinguished his mother, Martha Dunstable, and in his brother Francis can be seen the same love of the land shown by his father, Dr. Thorne. In Major Gresham, too, can be seen love of land inherited through his father from his grandfather, who was on the Barchester stage in the sixties. Crawley-Grantley shows the same sublime confidence in the

rights of the Anglican Church that his paternal grandfather, Archdeacon Grantly, showed: and he has the same stubborn perversity in taking the unpopular view that made life difficult for his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Crawley. Lord Dumbello possesses the same vacuous idiocy of his great-grandfather of seventy years earlier with the exception that in Daphne Lufton he courts a more spirited woman than his ancestor's Griselda Grantly. But in Septimus Arabin the full circle is completed when he is compared to his grandfather, Dean Arabin of Barchester Towers. Although Septimus Arabin cannot accept the Thirty-Nine Articles, his distinguished ancestors had religious questionings as well. His devotion to duty is as strong as the Dean's, and it is evident that here is a man of whom the inhabitants of Trollope's Barchester would approve.

In Chapter III the approved attitudes of Trollope's Barcastrians towards marriage, towards the Anglican Church, and towards England were examined. It was seen that those who conformed to the norms had a more-or-less happy time. The opinion can be ventured then that Trollope made moral judgements. This is not so with Knox. He presents a believable picture of the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of Trollope's characters. The reader, from his vantage point of the year 1935 (the date of publication of Barchester Pilgrimage), can see that things have indeed

changed in Barchester and that the changes are in corroboration with his own experience. The change in attitudes of Trollope's Barcastrians to Knox's Barcastrians regarding England are given small space for it is the microcosm of the small cathedral town that interested both writers. The change in attitudes towards the Anglican Church and towards marriage are given the most space, and this is what a reader would expect. And the changes are believable: the marriage bond has loosened, the children are more independent of their parents, the Church of England is more liberal in its views. But above all the events, looms the medieval tower of the cathedral which has seen many changes over the (perhaps) six centuries since its bells first invited the faithful to worship. The good-natured, ironical account of Knox tempts a reader to muse that the changes in the seventy years are perhaps not so great.

This being said, and repeating that Knox presents a believable picture of the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Trollope's characters, there are two flaws in Barchester Pilgrimage.

The first flaw is one of commission and concerns the obtrusiveness of Roman Catholicism. In Trollope, "papists" were regarded with abhorance, they were seldom referred to, and any reference to them was in the pejorative sense: as was seen in his letters, Trollope might have preferred Roman

Catholic to Presbyterian tendencies, but his Barcastrians did not; Mrs. Proudie did not, nor Mr. Slope, nor Archdeacon Grantly. There were changes in Barchester, yes; and Knox shows them. But Barchester is essentially Anglican and it is a flaw to impose so much Roman Catholicism. In "The Loves of Johnny Bold" a reader is taken back in Barsetshire to before the Hanoverian Georges and given a history of Popish recusants--about six pages of it. The subject is introduced on the fifth page of the first chapter, with a summary up to Trollope's time, the assurance that the Roman Catholic parish numbered only five or six hundred souls, and a gentle re-monstrance that Trollope never mentioned them:

Nevertheless, although I blame my author for a historical omission, I have no doubt that he was justified artistically; for in a place like Barchester any religious minority, must needs be out of the picture.<sup>1</sup>

If it was justified artistically for Trollope to ignore Roman Catholics in Barchester, Knox should have ignored them as well. Despite the increase in the number of Roman Catholics in the intervening years, too much emphasis is given in Barchester Pilgrimage to this slight shift in the religious affiliations of the population. In "The Graces of Marmaduke Thorne" there is Marmaduke approaching a Roman Catholic priest and, incidental to the plot, a reader is given a short lecture upon the training of convert priests. In

<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

"There's No Holding Them"--the title of the chapter comes from Mr. Bunce's expression, "There's no holding them Papists"--a reader is introduced to the papist problem on the third page, taken through the procession in honour of the millenary year of St. Ewold, and ends with the Dumbello-Lufton engagement and with detailed information on the Roman views on mixed marriages.

The second flaw is one of omission. Where Trollope introduced a reader to a variety of fascinating English girls, whose company was eagerly sought, Knox introduces a variety of insipid bores. (The point that women do not dominate events in Barchester Pilgrimage, has been made.) Augusta Oriel might have been interesting; Miss Van Sculpit could have been another Miss Dunstable; Daphne Lufton is spirited and could have been another Signora Neroni; but none is developed by Knox.<sup>1</sup>

But, despite these flaws, the characters of Knox are, quite obviously, the lineal descendents of the characters of Trollope: Johnny Bold is as impetuous as his father, John; "Goof" Dumbello is as brainless as his father; Crawley-Grantley shows the martyr complex of one grandfather and the

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<sup>1</sup>This point is large enough for a separate study and to pursue it in detail is not necessary here. But Trollope had a large circle of women friends and his letters to Kate Field show how tender and complex these friendships were; until he met Lady Acton, Knox had few contacts with women and no close friendships--and he didn't meet her until two years after Barchester Pilgrimage.

pugnacity of the other; Septimus Arabin shows the same tender conscience as his great grandfather, Septimus Harding. And Knox always keeps a reader where Trollope started--in Barsetshire. To compare Knox's Barsetshire to Trollope's is the matter of the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VII

RONALD KNOX'S BARSETSHIRE, 1860's-1930's,  
AND CONCLUSION

It was seen in Chapter II, firstly, that to Trollope England was the best of all possible worlds and that this world was best exemplified by the rural, landed, Anglican aristocracy of the southern counties, in particular, Barsetshire. It was seen, secondly, that Trollope ignored the seamy side of English life, the industrial north for instance, and it was concluded that this limitation was justified and was, indeed, artistically essential. The cause of this limitation was the necessity to focus upon the microcosm of the rural, landed, Anglican aristocracy of Barsetshire: thirdly, the effect of this limitation was the creation of an imaginary world that became a real world to countless readers. Fourthly, the three techniques that Trollope used to keep a reader in this world, were examined.

In this chapter, then, will be shown, firstly, how the Barchester of Knox compares with the Barchester of Trollope. Secondly, it will be shown that, like Trollope, Knox

ignores the seamy side of English life and concentrates on the idyllic southern counties--and for the same reasons. Thirdly, it will be shown what techniques Knox used to keep his reader in both his and Trollope's Barchester and it will be concluded that these techniques are similar.

There can be little doubt that, to Knox, Barchester was as real a world as it was to Trollope when he said:

. . . to me Barchester has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavement<sup>1</sup> of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps.

Knox, some seventy years later, said:

Barchester was a welcome escape from real life; like a fly in amber, it preserved forever a moment of history. It was to me what the Grecian Urn was to Keats:

Ah, happy, happy boughs, that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu.  
And then--I suppose I must have looked once too often--that image of the cathedral town began to flicker before my eyes; what had been a motionless piece of sculpture turned, all at once, into a newsreel. At first, you thought it might be merely an illusion that Archdeacon Grantley's shoulders were a little bowed; that Dr. Thorne's hair was grizzled; that Lady Lufton was really beginning to lean upon her stick. . . . Then the truth dawned (or the fiction, if you will); the world was moving, and Barchester had to move with it.<sup>2</sup>

How much Barchester moved with the world and how much it remained the Barchester of Trollope will be shown.

<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 862.

<sup>2</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 2.

The first point to be dealt with is the question as to whether Knox, like Trollope, found Barchester the best of all possible worlds. The Barchester of Trollope was that of the middle Victorian Period, the world of an English country gentleman in the 1850's and the 1860's--between The Warden (1855) and The Last Chronicle of Barset (1867). Free Trade, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Reform Bills, Chartism, Malthusian doctrines, the Crimean War, the South African War, all these scarcely rippled the placid surface of life in Trollope's Barchester. So it is with Knox's Barchester. Some of the most epochal events in the world's history were in train during the seventy years encompassed in Barchester Pilgrimage--the years of the late Victorian (1870-1901), Edwardian (1901-1910), and Georgian (1910-1936) periods. Perhaps the Jubilee years about 1887, when the old Queen had been fifty years on the throne, represents the most serene and secure time of the Victorian era and they are years which the Barcastrians both of Trollope and of Knox, share: The Last Chronicle of Barset and the first chapter of Barchester Pilgrimage share this period. But the world was changing and new pressures were forming. The emergence of Bismark's Germany in the 1880's progressively threatened England militarily, and in trade and industry: the second Reform Bill (1867) which extended the vote to sections of the working class and brought about trade-unionism, made labour a

political force: the theories of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in the Communist Manifesto (1847) were expanded in Marx's Capital from the 1860's to the 1890's: the aesthetic movement challenged Victorian earnestness: universal elementary education, the admission of women to the universities, and woman suffrage (1918-1928) changed the patterns of family relations: the Boer war saw the last of English imperialism and left the country slightly ashamed of having won: the Great War, which killed virtually a whole generation of young men, shattered ideals and left the impression that the basis of civilization had been destroyed: Eliot wrote The Waste Land: the frenetic 1920's led to depression and unemployment in the 1930's, the Red decade: this decade saw the rise of Nazism and Facism, and, in 1935, the year that the Barchester pilgrimage ends, the maniacal face of Hitler shouts from the newscreens of the world.

And just as Trollope had allowed the large historical issues only a faint echo in Barchester, so Knox follows in the footsteps of the master. If Trollope had seen fit to limit himself, so must Knox: if Trollope had stressed character over plot in the Barsetshire chronicles, so does Knox in Barchester Pilgrimage. And through it all there is much the same Barchester in the 1930's that a reader first saw in the 1850's: there is the same benign England of smiling faces, filled purses, well-fed bodies, and minds quiet in the serene

knowledge that land, primogeniture, and the Anglican Church were still the answer to most of life's perplexities.

In Chapter II were listed three techniques used by Trollope to keep a reader in the real world of Barchester and it will be in order now to see if Knox uses these same techniques.

The first technique was that a reader is always in familiar country: the neat hedgerows and dry-brick walls, the meticulously cultivated fields and the studiedly wild game-covers, the clustered villages and the open estates. And over it all rule the lords spiritual and temporal, the bishop in his palace and the squire in his manor. Knox keeps us in this familiar country. In "The Loves of Johnny Bold", Knox is closest to Trollope for Johnny was born in Trollope's Barchester and marries in Knox's. Johnny returns from Oxford to his mother, Eleanor Arabin (Bold), and to take a medical practice with Dr. Fillgrave. His uncle, Archdeacon Grantley, looks with disfavor upon Johnny's heretical ideas that he has brought home from university and, in Knox's hands, the Archdeacon is the same over-bearing churchman. "I can hardly suppose that your sister will take up arms in defense of atheism" he tells his wife Susan, ". . . let her know that Johnny cannot be received at Plumstead until he recants. I will not have my pheasants shot by an unbeliever, and you

must tell her so plainly".<sup>1</sup> In "The Graces of Marmaduke Thorne", a reader stays in familiar country. Marmaduke takes his problem to Bishop Grantley (son of the Archdeacon and grandson of the Bishop Grantly of The Warden) and sits on the same sofa that Mrs. Proudie bought, "a horrid chintz affair, most unprelatical and almost irreligious". In "Is She Not Fast?", when Arthur Gresham drove from Greshambury to Courcy Castle to meet and possibly wed Miss Lookaloft, Knox reminds the reader that fifty years before, Arthur's father, Frank Gresham, had made a similar trip by the same road. As the father found Courcy Castle dull, so did the son. And under the same yew tree that his father proposed marriage to his mother, Arthur proposed marriage to Miss Lookaloft. In "Mr. Theophylact Crawley-Grantley", the inflamatory sermon is made from the same pulpit by Crawley-Grantley as that used by Mr. Slope--and for the same reasons. The same "meagre prebendery" comments on them. In "There's No Holding Them", when Lord ("Goof") Dumbello visits the Reverend Easyman to obtain spiritual advice he is seeing him in a house owned years before by Dr. Vesey Stanhope and he finds himself seated in the very room where the signora made a fool of Mr. Slope. Finally, in "Septimus Arabin's Wardenship", a reader finds himself in the 1930's with Knox where he first knew Barchester in the 1850's with Trollope: he finds himself in

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 22.

Hiram's Hospital.

The second technique was that, besides being in the same geographical area, the reader was always moving in the same social circle, the landed and clerical gentry of the county. In the whole of the *Barsetshire* chronicles, with few exceptions, a reader never leaves this society. And so it is with *Knox*. There is not one of *Knox's* major characters that is not a descendent of a marriage between two of *Trollope's* characters: a study of the plate on page iv shows this.

As was just stated above, there are a few exceptions, and it is well to examine them: in doing so it will be evident that the whole theme of *Trollope* and of *Knox* is Anglican and upper-middle class. There are few "low" characters. In *Barchester Towers* there is, of course, Mr. Slope. He was the son of a physician and it must be remembered that, in the first decades of the nineteenth century, medicine was not a profession for gentlemen. Moreover, Slope had been a sizar at university; worse, that university had been Cambridge and not Oxford. But since the novel is mainly about high church versus low church, Slope is essential. In *Doctor Thorne* there are the Scatchards and Martha Dunstable. The Scatchards have not very much to do with the main theme of the story but give the feeling of being out of place and only there because, somehow, *Trollope*, having decided that his

heroine Mary Thorne must be in ignorance of the circumstances of her birth and also must be poor and proud, she must also be left a large fortune so that she can marry Frank Gresham. Sir Roger Scatchard provides this money and if a reader has the impression that his presence was unnecessary, it must be remembered that plot was not a strong point of Trollope's. Miss Dunstable is another matter: she is altogether delightful and if she was not born into the society in which she now moves, her father has made sufficient money in "Oil of Lebanon" that she now moves in this society with aplomb. In Framley Parsonage there are no "low" characters. In The Small House at Allington there is a London landlady Mrs. Roper, and a boarder of her's, Mrs. Lupex. They are both coarse and it is significant that they are acquaintances of John Eames, not in Barchester, but in London: in Barchester there is the incomparable Lily Dale. In The Last Chronicle of Barset there is only one "low" character: a reader learns of the home-spun philosophy of a bricklayer, Giles Hoggett, ". . . there ain't nowt a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged. . . . Its dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it."<sup>1</sup> With the exception of Miss Dunstable, there is not one major character in Trollope born outside the socially élite, that is worthy of our admiration.

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<sup>1</sup>Trollope, The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 652.

Trollope has then, five "low" characters out of hundreds. Knox has none: he keeps a reader in the same society as did Trollope.

The third technique of Trollope was that his characters were well delineated and individualized: a reader came to recognize them as old friends as they re-appeared in successive volumes. In The Warden a reader first meets the Reverend Septimus Harding who, in the background or in the foreground, appears in all the following novels until he dies in The Last Chronicle of Barset. So it is with Knox as the story of Barchester moves from the 1870's to the 1930's. There is not the amount of character exposition in Knox that there is in Trollope--such is the nature of Knox's medium: he is covering seventy years, not twelve, in one book, not six. As Knox said about Barchester Pilgrimage, "These are only vignettes of Barchester in movement. I have not attempted to give a history of the place; to trace tendencies, or estimate forces".<sup>1</sup> But if Knox does not have the scope to develop character, he does show a reader that there is a similarity, and this is plausible, between father and son, and grandson, and great grandson.

There is, for instance, the resemblance of Johnny Bold both to his father and to his mother. His father, it will be remembered, had an inability to temper his strong

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 2.

sense of righteousness, which, together with his proselytizing fervour, caused him to woo Eleanor Harding at the same time as he was trying to oust her father, Septimus Harding, from the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital (The Warden).

Eleanor, of course, refused him. So it is with Johnny Bold. So strong are his beliefs that Genesis is an apocryphal version of creation, or at the best a poetic version, that he must state these beliefs as a preamble to the proposal of marriage he makes to Augusta Oriel. Augusta, of course, refused him. And it is through Johnny Bold that the Signora Madeline Neroni is met again and it can be seen that she has not lost her skills for she dissects Johnny's emotions with the same adroitness that she displayed with his step-father a generation earlier.

Marmaduke Thorne does not take after his father, Dr. Thomas Thorne, but rather takes after his mother, the "Oil of Lebanon" heiress. Miss Martha Dunstable had a habit of twitting people in a half-serious, half-mocking manner so that one was never quite sure how she meant a remark. On one occasion, for instance, Mrs. Proudie had been talking for some minutes about Sunday Observance--and the lack of it. The Roman Catholic Church, it was known, was less strict in this matter than was really decent. Miss Dunstable, going off at a sudden tangent, asked if Mrs. Proudie had been to Rome. Mrs. Proudie, lifting her eyes and her hands at the

thought of going to such an iniquitous place, began to say she didn't think it would be good for her . . . (she had been thinking of her soul). Miss Dunstable said there was no danger from malaria now, no danger whatsoever since the new medicine, changed the subject, walked away, and left Mrs. Proudie spluttering. As a child Marmaduke had been subject to the same quizzing, for, when playing on the floor one day with his Noah's Ark he asked if Noah and his sons were clergymen. (There was at that time disagreement in the Anglican Church over certain ceremonial which Mrs. Thorne thought trivial). "No, darling"; she replied, "they would have wanted four arks if they had been."<sup>1</sup> Marmaduke is the same; he is discussing his future career with his brother Francis, ". . . I had not quite made up my mind between the Church and Journalism. Either career attracts me: one means that you tell the truth and nobody believes you, the other that you tell lies and everybody believes you. . . ."

Francis points out that journalism requires money,

"Well, let us say that journalists need money anyhow. And money, if I interpret you alright, is not forthcoming?"

"The Thorne acres--"

"Land", said Francis, "is not what it was."

"It never has been. That complaint I take to be as old as Noah; who indeed had some justification for making it."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 58.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 63.

Marmaduke's father had solved his financial problem by marrying the "Oil of Lebanon" heiress, Miss Dunstable.

Marmaduke solves his financial problem by marrying a railroad heiress, Miss Van Sculpit.

Mr. Theophylact Crawley-Grantley is the next case in point. It will be remembered that one grandfather was the Reverend Joshua Crawley of Hoggstock in Framley Parsonage and The Last Chronicle of Barset. Perhaps his main trait was self-pity, principally because of his lack of preferment in the Church and because of the grinding poverty which resulted from this lack. Moreover, he had a morose pride in his humiliating condition in life, hugged it to his breast, and would do nothing to relieve it. The other grandfather was Archdeacon Theophilis Grantly who is first met in The Warden and appears in every one of the Barsetshire chronicles of Trollope and the first chapter of Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage. He is assertive and bullying as his speech to the bedesmen of Hiram's Hospital shows, and utterly convinced of the rightness of the High Anglican viewpoint. Knox sums them up, both Crawley and Grantley.

It was a very haphazard principle of selection which mated, as the last of those old chronicles records, the son of Archdeacon Grantley to the daughter of Joshua Crawley. For, if ever there were two obstinate men in the world, these were they; if ever two men were a constant plague to their nearest and dearest, because they were incapable of seeing any point of view besides their own, or any problem beyond the immediate problem of the moment, Theophilus Crantley and Joshua

Crawley are their proper designations. And if they had qualities in common which Nature could ill afford to reduplicate, so also they had individual failings which Nature was hard put to it to reconcile. Archdeacon Grantley was a lover of privilege, of his caste, of the existing order of things. Mr. Crawley (by temperament, you may be sure, not only in virtue of his experience) was for ever crying out upon his wrongs. Mr. Crawley lived to make a martyr of himself, as surely as the Archdeacon lived to make martyrs of others. And it was into the blood of their grandson, Theophylact Crawley-Grantley,<sup>1</sup> that this effervescing mixture was infused.

Theophylact did brilliantly at school and college as far as his studies were concerned but never made any close friends, preferring the solitary path. From a contrariety of nature inherited from his paternal grandfather he would uphold the unpopular cause and, at the same time, despise those who agreed with him. Although he hated poverty, because of his nature and his large fortune he never achieved an understanding of the poor. He preached peace in such a provocative manner that he fanned the flames of controversy: he defended liberty but castigated the use men made of it. Knox sums him up:

. . . his proud and lonely spirit chose isolation for itself, and found, in that condition, all the gratification of martyrdom. . . . In a word, he was a man full<sup>2</sup> of cold charity and unattractive righteousness.

It might be expected, then, that his first sermon would be

<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 137.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 140.

unusual. It was, in that he chose an Old Testament text in the manner of the last century (much to the gratification of his great-aunt, Eleanor Arabin). Starting with the Fall of Jericho, he stated that he had personally inspected the city a few years ago and could find no trace of walls which had fallen down suddenly. He then gave good reasons for doubting the historicity of Moses, went on to show that some of the stories of the bible were revolting to a moral person, and concluded that the book should not get into the hands of the young. He did say, however, that the Authorized Version had some excellent passages of prose literature and, as Knox says, "With which meagre concession, he descended from the pulpit, having occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour without making any allusion to Christianity."<sup>1</sup> The reaction to this sermon was so pleasurable to Crawley-Grantley that he followed it with another on the Resurrection (the text released to the press before delivery), in which he was even more deliberately provocative:

It was his instinct to make himself unpopular; and the discovery that in doing so he at the same time made himself popular did not act as a corrective. Mr. Crawley-Grantley wanted to be a martyr; and what is the use of being a martyr, if there are no plaudits from the crowd to help you face the flames? Certain, as only Archdeacon Grantley's grandson could be certain, that he was in the right, he delighted, as only Mr. Crawley's grandson could have delighted, in the consciousness that his clerical brethren disagreed with him. And he told himself, meanwhile, that he was

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 145.

bringing about a revival of religion in Barchester; for had not his sermon (duly advertised beforehand) brought to the Cathedral a whole crowd of listeners,--listeners, perhaps, rather than worshippers--who were not seen within those walls above once in a twelve-month? So Mr. Crawley-Grantley rejoiced; and only a summons to Lambeth to answer a charge of heresy was needed to fill his cup of happiness to the brim.<sup>1</sup>

He attains the martyr's crown eventually. After preaching a sermon against compulsory military service--this is the time of the Great War--he joined the army as a chaplain, probably lost a bishopric by it, and died of fever in Port Said.

Then, with Septimus Arabin, the Barsetshire chronicles end: seventy years later, they end where they started --in Hiram's Hospital. Septimus Arabin is the great grandson of Septimus Harding of The Warden: the chronicles that began with the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital, end with the wardenship. Septimus Arabin is therefore the grandson of Eleanor Harding and the Dean Arabin who was brought from Lazarus to combat the machinations of Mr. Slope. Septimus's father has been a pupil at Hiram's Hospital for, with the death of the last bedesman, the Hospital had become a school; by the turn of the century it had become known as one of the great public schools of the country, and, although a layman, Septimus Arabin was Headmaster. From his grandmother Eleanor, he inherited a certain independence of judgement and

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., p. 151.

a disregard for the world's judgement. As his grandfather, while at Lazarus, had had religious doubts and ended up with embracing the Thirty-Nine Articles, so he, while at Lazarus, had had religious doubts also and ended up rejecting the Thirty-Nine Articles. Besides the independence of judgement inherited from his grandmother, he had from his grandfather the trait of thinking out his problems carefully, and then acting. His particular problem in 1934 will be described. It was in 1434 that John Hiram made his bequest and therefore the quincentary was being celebrated. There were eulogies in "The Jupiter" and congratulatory speeches by Lord Muddlehead. A friend visits Septimus Arabin at Hiram's Hospital and congratulates him, "Its a nice place you've got here Arabin". Arabin announces his decision, privately arrived at, with typical restraint. "Yes, I shall miss it. I'm leaving you know . . . I'm giving up schoolmastering . . . I suppose it's simplest to say that I'm giving it up because--well, because I'm not the right man for it." Arabin's friend expostulates that other people must be the judge of that, that the celebrations were a success--even "The Jupiter" praised him, that modesty is all very well but there is no good pretending that he isn't a roaring success,

Well, if you like, let's say that I'm too much of a success. What's the good of succeeding in doing something, when you're not sure that it's worth doing at all? That's the trouble. I'm helping to turn these boys into the sort of boys the governors want them to be, . . . Yes, we succeed in

turning out the right kind of boy. The only question is, Does anybody want him? . . .

Arabin's friend points out that this type has stood the test of time.

Oh yes, and the wool-carders stood the test of time, until they got superannuated, and had to finish up their days in the hospital here. But then, it's all right to have museum pieces at that end of life; the question is whether we want 'em at the other end, perfect specimens of a type that isn't needed any longer? . . . We used to provide a good education for a ruling class, if you like; but the ruling class doesn't rule nowadays. They used to become squires, but squires can't live on their land. They become army officers, but what's the future for officers in an army which is either going to be mechanized or abolished? They used to take orders, but they won't now. There are still jobs in the Civil Service, but we are just writing off India, and Whitehall can't be expanded indefinitely. As I see it, we're all busy turning out capital chaps merely so that they can go round admiring each other's capital chappiness, in motor-garages and chewing-gum plantations.<sup>1</sup>

And so Septimus Arabin resigns the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital on a matter of principle, as his great-grandfather, Septimus Harding, had done seventy years before.

It has been shown that with Knox, as with Trollope, a reader remains in the company of rural, landed Anglican aristocracy and that whatever was unpleasant in England has as little effect in Knox's Barchester as it had in Trollope's. If it was justified for Trollope to so focus, then it must be justified for Knox. But Barchester is not the same in the

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<sup>1</sup>Knox, Barchester Pilgrimage, p. 266.

1930's with Knox as Trollope left it in the 1860's: young female trippers in shorts stare at Mr. Bunce's cathedral; clergymen sip their beer and smoke cigarettes; the strength of Roman Catholicism is waxing and non-Conformist ministers preach from the pulpit of Barchester cathedral: young people drive around the county at thirty miles an hour and go to the talking pictures on Sunday. Barchester seems changed: but when a reader considers that the last character met in Barchester Pilgrimage (1935), Septimus Arabin, shows the same rectitude as the first character met in The Warden (1852), Septimus Harding his great-grandfather; and when a reader considers that Septimus Harding resigned the Wardenship of Hiram's Hospital for much the same reasons as did his great-grandfather, then perhaps Barchester has not changed so much after all--in essentials anyway.

#### CONCLUSION

It is the thesis of this work that Knox did a convincing, artistic, and worthwhile reproduction, in a sequel novel, of Trollope's world--Barsetshire. The evidence is all in. And now that it is all in one is led to the conclusion that, really, all the point by point comparison was only a preliminary although necessary background to what one had

instinctively sensed upon a first reading of Knox's Barchester Pilgrimage. And that is, that there is a prima facie case that the thesis stated above is valid. To read Knox is to read Trollope: the whole tone of the sequel novel is that of the model. Knox's Barsetshire and Knox's characters are undeniably and unmistakably Trollopian.

To what does this comparison add up? It adds up to the fact that, in the essentials of personality, predisposition, and training, there is a similarity between Knox and Trollope sufficiently marked that Knox could live in and extend Trollope's Barsetshire. Knox, like Trollope, had lived in Barsetshire for many years: it was part of him. In 1903, when a schoolboy of fifteen at Eton, Knox was writing to his father, Bishop Knox, seeking an explanation of the hierarchical structure of the Church of England: by way of examples he cited Bishop Grantly and Mr. Crawley of Barchester. In 1936 he is still using the names of Silverbridge and Barchester to illustrate a point. The Dedication of Barchester Pilgrimage was signed:

R. A. Knox,  
Barchester,  
Feast of St. Ewold, 1935.

There is, then, ample evidence that Knox knew his Barcastrians and their shire, and knew them well.

Barsetshire in Trollope's time had always been under attack from new ways and had always proven a bastion of

traditional values: agrarian, Anglican, middle-class, public-school, "Victorian". So it is in Knox's time. Perhaps Barchester now is a little less agrarian and not so pugnaciously Anglican; but it is still middle-class and "Victorian" virtues that are held up for emulation. The "playing fields of Eton" and the "voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks" concept has faded--but not much.

Barsetshire is still a county of farmers, squires, and clergy. The descendents of Dr. Thorne still live at Boxall Hill. Gatherum Castle still looms over the laity as the cathedral tower looms over the clergy. Any England but this is left out of the account; left out are a world war and a world-wide depression, for instance. A reader is still in the mellow, lush county that Trollope rode over in the service of the Post Office. Eleanor Harding, met first as a young girl, is seen last as an aging grandmother. The cast of characters is still limited to the clerical and lay gentlemen and gentlewomen of an agricultural community. There are changes of course: there are more Catholics than in the past; the war brought in many workers from outside Barset; where Mrs. Proudie had to deal with Mr. Slope, Lady Hartletop has to deal with Father Smith; the children drink cocktails, drive in fast motor cars, and attend talking pictures on Sundays. But always a reader knows the Barcastrians who are changing, mellowing, aging, and dying. And the

literary traits of Trollope are seen in the picturing of the modern Barchester: there is the same leisurely pace, there are the same authorial intrusions and apostrophes; a reader is always sure where he is going and that all will end well; there is the same subordination of plot to character description; the diction of the characters is true; the outrageously punning names are present; present also are the humourous satire and the realism of the model.

Flaws have been noticed in Knox's treatment of Trollope's Barchester in the sequel novel. Barchester Pilgrimage might have been the better for more pages: but then Knox said that they were only anecdotes and perhaps satisfaction that Knox did as much as he did is enough to silence criticism on this score. Had Knox's novel been longer perhaps another criticism could not have been leveled--that there were no portraits, in the sequel novel, of the charming English girls that appeared in the model. But perhaps a reader's imagination can supply what is not explicitly stated; certainly Daphne Lufton has all the independence of her mother, Lucy Robarts, (although not the verbal reticence). The flaw that Catholicism is obtrusive is harder to explain unless a reader can be content with Knox's view that the world was moving and Barchester had to move with it.

After this criticism what is left? A great deal. And what is left makes criticism seem carping and picayune.

Many pages have been filled showing, point by point, how Knox imitated his model in the sense that he wrote, not a parody of the model, not changing the tone of the model, but, rather, in the sense of continuing the tone of the model. The key to Knox's success is here.

On the last page of his autobiography Trollope had said:

Now I stretch out my hand,  
and from the further shore I  
bid adieu to all who have  
cared to read any among the  
many words that I have written.

It should be a matter of gratitude that Knox was not content to say adieu and that among the many words that Trollope had written Ronald Knox had read those in the Barsetshire chronicles and had reproduced them so convincingly, so artistically, in a worthwhile reproduction of Trollope's world--Barsetshire--in his sequel novel with its particularly felicitous title, Barchester Pilgrimage.

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