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“The Life and Art of Anthony Trollope With Special
Emphasis on His Short Stories”

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Few men I think ever
lived a fuller life (AB XV)

1 Biography

1.1 Introduction

Reading Trollope I could not help noticing how inseparable the life of the man and his work are. I do not believe that there is a single major event or occupation in his life that we cannot trace in his fiction. Whatever he did, whether he was working for the Post Office, travelling, hunting, canvassing, editing, or just dining with friends, it all went into his books. We regularly find him expressing his views on everyday matters such as ladies' dresses and hairstyles, people's teeth or the new fashion of 'dining à la Russe', in addition to the political problems of his time. These detailed descriptions and their accuracy have often caused Trollope to be put into the category of a writer of social history, even a 'photographer' of events rather than a serious novelist. What has mostly been overlooked in this unjust labelling are the very philosophical and profound reflections about politics, life or human destiny we also find in his writing, as well as the topicality his writing still has 150 years later. Today most critics agree that his closeness to life, his seeming simplicity is a form of art rather than a lack of it¹.

It is the aim of this paper to show how many of the major events in Trollope's life, as well as his passions and ideas, are reflected in his short stories, a part of his writing which has been relegated to second place by literary critics.

Within the last fourteen years there has been another Trollope 'revival', which brought forth three extremely informative, detailed, interesting and well written biographies of Anthony Trollope and one of his mother, Fanny Trollope.

The first one I read, *Anthony Trollope* by Victoria Glendinning, I found so intriguing that it has become my main source of reference, together with *Anthony Trollope, A Victorian in His World* (1990), by Richard Mullen, *Trollope, A Biography* (1991) by John Hall and, of course, Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography*. For readers and writers Trollope had never completely lost his attraction. Over the years, but especially from the seventies onwards, there has been a constant output of books about different aspects of Trollope's life and art. Eminent critics and writers like Michael Sadleir, Hugh Walpole, Bradford Allen Booth or C.P. Snow have written full biographies, two

¹ See 'Trollope's Art'

collections of Trollope's letters have been published², plus numerous articles about his fiction. However, there has never before been such a cumulative run on Trollope as in the 1990s. Apart from the three above-mentioned extensive biographies and books about his fiction there are books about his involvement with magazines, his attitudes towards politics, his work at the Post Office and even a synopsis of internet discussions of Trollope's fiction. In 1996 Richard Mullen published *The Penguin Companion to Trollope*, which was followed by *The Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope* in 1999, edited by Richard C. Terry. All these books contain innumerable details about Trollope's life, some of them including descriptions or even interpretations of his novels and, in the new works, also his short stories. All of them have been researched with and great effort and care, providing a rich source of discussion for someone interested in Trollope.

With this extensive amount of relatively new background material I considered it appropriate to devote a bigger part of this paper than originally intended to the life of Anthony Trollope and his family. All the information in this chapter may be found in Trollope's biographies by Glendinning, Hall and Mullen, or in Trollope's *Autobiography*. Any extra sources will be pointed out.

The British writer Noel Coward once said that 'fortunately Trollope is inexhaustible'. Many of Trollope's biographers have noted that the 'man's life, as well as his fiction, are somehow involving and addictive, and I must admit that I share their fate. Once you 'get into' Trollope it is not so easy to get out again. I hope that this paper may pass on some of the enthusiasm this 'inexhaustible' writer aroused in me.

The short stories referred to in this paper can all be found in *Anthony Trollope: The Complete Shorter Fiction* (New York: Carroll and Graf, 1992.) edited by Julian Thompson and *The Complete Short Stories in Five Volumes*, edited by Betty Jane Slemph Breyer (Texas: Texas Christian UP, 1881). I have used Julian Thompson's book as my primary source. As nearly all of Trollope's short stories are by now available as e-texts on archive.org and Project Gutenberg, I have only included page numbers for the three stories which are not yet on the internet. Archive.org provides a flip-book link with scanned copies of the original books, as well as a link to Project Gutenberg. The page numbers given refer to the Julian Thompson edition. A complete list of internet sources for both the short stories and the novels can be found in the bibliography at the end of this paper.

² Cf. Booth 1951, Hall 1983

1.2 Childhood

Anthony Trollope was born on April 24th 1815 in Keppel Street, London. He was the fourth out of six living children of Thomas Anthony Trollope and Frances Trollope, née Milton. When his parents were married his father was 35 and his mother 29. The father, Thomas Anthony Trollope, was a scholar who had been educated at Winchester and Oxford and had become a barrister of the Middle Temple. He was a Fellow at Oxford, which provided him with an income of £200 a year as long as he remained unmarried. Thomas Anthony suffered from a somewhat nervous temper and in his letters to his fiancée he already complained about long and fierce attacks of headache, an ailment which was to cause him endless trouble in later life. The Trollopes were an old landed gentry family. The baronetcy was held by Sir John Casewick of the Lincolnshire line, Thomas Anthony's first cousin.

The Trollopes traced their line back to the 1300' s, and had lived at Casewick since the sixteenth century. Several had been Lords Lieutenant of the country. Many had distinguished themselves - sometimes by falling out with their superiors - in the army and navy. There were bishops, archdeacons and vicars among the Trollopes, and most married the daughters of men of rank. (Glen 6)

Trollope's view of his own background can be seen as being reflected in his short story 'Alice Dugdale', with the character of Major Rossiter being proud of knowing that he comes from the Rossiters who have been in Herefordshire for over four hundred years and stating that 'A remembrance of old merit will always be an incitement to new'. Furthermore, blood, birth and the question of how far these should be taken into consideration when choosing a potential partner remained one of the core themes of Trollope throughout his fiction³.

Trollope's grandfather, Rev. Thomas Anthony, Rev. of Rushden, had married Penelope Meetkerke, the local squire's daughter. Adolphus Meetkerke, her brother and the succeeding squire, was married but childless and it was thus understood that Thomas Anthony would inherit his title and his estate, including the mansion called 'Julians'. These were comfortable prospects and as Richard Mullen in his biography *Anthony Trollope* puts it, 'A rising barrister of good family who was also the heir to a large estate and already possessed of a comfortable income was 'not a bad catch' (Mullen 7). Now who was the girl for whom Thomas Anthony presented such a good catch?

³ See Trollope's Art: 'Gentlemen'

Frances Milton, commonly called Fanny, was the daughter of the Rev. John Milton, a country clergy man with a parish in Heckfield, Hampshire. The Milton family were not of such noble origin as the Trollopes but John Milton, although his father had been 'in trade' (he was a saddler) qualified as a gentleman through his education and ordination. He married into an old gentry family called Gresely⁴ and gave his son and his daughters a good education. Fanny was an excellent linguist and well read; she loved reading Dante and later Byron (who was her contemporary) and composed love sonnets in Italian in her letters to Thomas Anthony. She was also lively and outspoken, also about money, as we learn from their love letters, where financial matters were discussed in detail⁵.

Trollope's mother's above-mentioned traits are to be found in some of his female characters, demonstrating his approval of women knowing their own mind, especially in financial matters. In 'The Château of Prince Polignac' an English widow is wooed by a Frenchman: whereas Mr. Lacordaire 'had been anxious to wrap up the solid cake of this business in a casing of sugar of romance', 'Mrs. Thompson would not have the sugar':

"In such matters it is so much the best to be explicit at once," said Mrs. Thompson. "Oh, yes; certainly! Nothing can be more wise than madame." "And the happiness of a household depends so much on money." "Madame!" "Let me say a word or two, Monsieur Lacordaire. I have enough for myself and my children; and, should I everf marry again, I should not, I hope, be felt as a burden by my husband; but it would, of course, be my duty to know what were his circumstances before I accepted him. Of yourself, personally, I have seen nothing that I do not like." "Oh, madame!" "But as yet I know nothing of your circumstances." M. Lacordaire, perhaps, did feel that Mrs. Thompson's prudence was of a strong, masculine description; but he hardly liked her the less on this account.

Fanny's brother Henry was Thomas Anthony's neighbour. When his sisters came up to London to keep house for him in 1808, Thomas and Fanny got acquainted and they were married on 23 May, 1809. They moved to 16 Keppel Street (Anthony referred to the old days in Keppel street in his novel *Orley Farm*) and within the next nine years they had seven children, six of whom lived. The house was getting full and the family had to be increasingly careful about money as Thomas Anthony had lost his fellowship of £200 when he got married. Yet the couple entertained guests and, in accordance with their liberal ideas, received writers and actors, but also exiled politicians from the continent (the French Revolution was not so long ago since). Among them was General Guglielmo Pepé , an Italian patriot and general, who

⁴ Trollope used the name for one of his short stories: 'Mary Gresley' in *An Editor's Tales*

⁵ Cf. Glen 9

apparently fed the Trollope children exotic fruit⁶ and who must have impressed young Anthony deeply, as all his life he remained partial to the Italian cause. In 'The Last Austrian Who Left Venice' Trollope took up the cudgels for the fighting Venetians and named one of his protagonists after General Pepé⁷.

In 1815, the year Anthony was born, the family moved to Harrow farm a little farm sixteen miles from London down in Middlesex. Thomas Anthony did not have the faintest idea about farming, but he wanted his boys to attend Harrow school, a well known preparatory school for Winchester, which every year took a couple of sons of Harrow residents for free. Harrow is still a reputable school and today the list of famous Old Harrovians on the school's homepage includes such eminent names as Peel, Palmerston, Churchill, Pandit Nehru and King Hussein of Jordan, Byron, Sheridan and of course –Trollope.

Rather than adapting the existing farmhouse for their needs the Trollopes started building a large house called Julian's - no doubt in expectation of their coming heritage – and in his autobiography Trollope lamented:

That farm was the grave of all my father's hopes, ambition, and prosperity, the cause of my mother's sufferings, and of those of her children, and perhaps the director of her destiny and of ours.(AB I)

In my opinion, Trollope may have been thinking of his father when in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' he referred to the hero of the story, Maurice Archer, as a young man

...as to whose future career in life many of his older friends shook their heads and expressed much fear. It was not that his conduct was dangerously bad, or that he spent his money too fast, but that he was abominably conceited, so said his older friends... he had altogether declined any of the professions which had been suggested to him....He intended, he said, to farm a portion of his own land. ('Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' p.658)

He was definitely thinking of his father when in the *Autobiography* he noted how 'odd' he thought the fact that 'a highly educated and a very clever man' should think that he would be able to make money out of farming' without any special education or apprenticeship' (AB I). The family's financial situation was going downhill as due to his illness and his irritable temper Thomas Anthony was also not very successful at the bar.

In 1817 something unexpected happened. Adolphus Meetkerke's wife died and soon Meetkerke, aged 61, married again. His wife bore him five children, of whom only

⁶ Cf. Glen 11

⁷ See Trollope's Art: 'War'

the first, Adolphus, lived. Now the situation had gravely changed for the Trollopes.

There was a new heir to the squireship.

Although an able lawyer, Thomas Anthony's violent temper and shouting at his clients made him not a very successful one. Over the years his depressions and headaches got worse. He was prescribed Calomel, a popular drug in Victorian times, given against all sorts of ailments. It contained toxic mercury and thus damaged your immune system and led to anaemia⁸.

In his *Autobiography* Anthony said about his father:

I sometimes look back, meditating for hours together, on his adverse fate. He was a man, finely educated; of great parts, with immense capacity for work, physically strong very much beyond the average of men, addicted to no vices, carried off by no pleasures, affectionate by nature, most anxious for the welfare of his children, born to fair fortunes, - who, when he started in the world, may be said to have had everything at his feet. But everything went wrong with him. The touch of his hand seemed to create failure: He embarked in one hopeless enterprise after another, spending on each all the money he could at the time command. But the worst curse to him of all was a temper so irritable that even those whom he loved the best could not endure it. We were all estranged from him, and yet I believe that he would have given his heart's blood for any of us. His life as I knew it was one long tragedy. (AB II)

In his son's fiction we find many older unhappy men, who suffer from their morose temper or depressions. One of the most striking examples is Mr. Crawley, the central character in *The Last Chronicle of Barchester*, and one of Trollope's best-known characters. Minor examples are legion in his fiction.

While still struggling to make a living as a farmer, Thomas Anthony spent many years of his life writing an *Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica*. It contained a history of the Church and explanations of all religious terms. It was an ambitious work, which he never finished. Yet the first volume published in 1834 shows his great learning as well as 'skill in writing' (Mullen 53). Particularly in Trollope's later fiction we often find older men with an unstable or morose temperament. A similar fate and character to his is pictured in George Eliot's novel *Middlemarch* - Mr. Casaubon, for which Thomas Anthony may have been one of the models, as Anthony and George were friends. Casaubon is an educated clergyman who devotes his life to writing his one great scholarly work which, somehow, never comes into existence.

Thomas Anthony was obsessed with learning. It was his great ambition to give his boys a good education:

⁸ Cf. Glen14

No father was ever more anxious for the education of his children, though I think none ever knew less how to go about the work. (AB I)

From a very early age he used to examine his boys on Greek grammar and did not refrain from physical violence if the result was not to his satisfaction. Anthony remembers that from a very early age he had to stand next to his father while the latter was shaving at six in the morning. He had to repeat his grammar lessons to him at the same time holding his head close to him, so that the father could pull his hair without interrupting his shaving. In his wrath and frustration about Anthony's refusal to study, Thomas Anthony once even struck his son down with 'the great folio Bible' (AB I). Maybe this attitude accounted for the Trollope boys' lacklustre performance at school.

Because of their financial situation, the family let 'Julian's' and moved to the smaller farmhouse after some improvements had been made to it. They called it Julian Hill. It was a 'good Gregorian country house set in a nice garden' (Glen14). To Anthony this was heaven and he later used the house as a setting in his novel *Orley Farm*.

1.3 Schooldays

When in 1823 Anthony started school at Harrow, the older boys were already at Winchester. His brother Arthur was soon too ill to go to school, having been infected with tuberculosis, and he died one year later aged 12. Now Anthony was on his own. His two elder brothers formed a pair and the two little sisters another. Anthony was left without a companion - a fate that seemed to cling to him until his manhood. In his *Autobiography* he admitted to what he called a 'craving for the love of others' (AB IX), something one can well understand when looking at his school years.

He was an outsider at Harrow school, hardly looked after by his family, scruffy, unhappy, friendless and constantly being flogged. After three years he was sent to a private school at Sunbury. He notes that during the following two years, although also being in disgrace, he 'lived more nearly on terms of equality with other boys' (AB I) than at another time during his schooldays. When Anthony was twelve years old, he entered Winchester. It had always been his father's ambition to send all his boys to this reputable school but unfortunately none of them proved a very great success there:

But that suffering man was never destined to have an ambition gratified. We all lost the prize which he struggled with infinite labour to put within our reach. (AB I)

The poor school career of the Trollope boys may be reflected in that of young Herbert Onslow in the 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich':

His father, with means sufficiently moderate, and with a family more than sufficiently large, had sent him to a public school at which he had been very idle, and ,then to one of the universities, at which he had run into debt, and had therefore left without a degree.

In 1827 Fanny Trollope went to America. With the rest of the family fortune she was trying to avert financial ruin by setting up a bazaar in Cincinnati, selling 'pin-cushions, pepper-boxes and pocket-knives' (AB I) - an ambitious but doomed enterprise. An additional aim may have been to set up Henry in America. She took Henry, Cecilia, Emily, and Auguste Hervieu, a French painter who had been with the Trollopes for a while, a servant and her maid. Anthony was left behind.

Hervieu had made his appearance in the family during their time in Harrow as a drawing tutor for the children, and stayed with the Trollopes as a friend 'for over a decade' (Glen 25). He accompanied Fanny to America and designed the bazaar, a fact that gave rise to some rather nasty puns on her name in the American press. But it was Hervieu's money which kept the family going after the bazaar had dismally failed and which finally brought them back to England. Anthony visited the building, which had by then come to be known as 'Trollope's folly' when he stayed in Cincinnati in 1862. He called it 'a sorry building' (AB I), although claiming that 'in those days it was an imposing edifice' .

Soon after his wife had left, Thomas Anthony gave up his law practice, let the farm and rented another - rather run down - farm at Harrow Weald. Anthony hated that farm, finding it seedy and depressing. Later he also remembered spending his summer holidays at his father's 'dingy, almost suicidal' chambers at Lincoln's Inn with nothing to read but a 'bi-columned edition' of Shakespeare. In 1828, Thomas Anthony took his son Tom and followed his wife to America . Thirteen year old Anthony was again left behind, this time without even his school bills having been paid for⁹. He had no pocket money and no money to pay for any extra food as only bread, milk and butter were given to the boys from the school buttery. He had no money to pay for clothes or boots and the local shopkeepers did not extend their credit to him. He was poorly dressed, scruffy, and he did not have any friends. In his *Autobiography* he remembers:

...and I became a Pariah. ...I suffered horribly! I could make no stand against it. I had no friend to whom I could pour out my sorrows. I was big, and awkward, and

⁹ Cf. Glen 28

ugly, and, I have no doubt, sulked about in a most unattractive manner. Of course I was ill dressed and dirty. But, ah! how well I remember all the agonies of my young heart; how I considered whether I should always be alone; whether I could not find my way up to the top of that college tower, and from thence put an end to everything? (AB I)

These sentiments are echoed in 'The Lady of Launay', written nearly at the end of his life: Trollope, writing about an orphan girl, stated that 'unattractive children are despised, especially when...they are nobodies'.

Before Tom was taken to America he had been one of the tutors at Winchester. In a letter to Tom, Mrs. Trollope wrote how much it consoled her to know that Tom was looking after his brother and that 'little Anthony' would not have to suffer as Tom had had to. But Tom had his own way of looking after Anthony:

Over a period of forty years, since I began my manhood at a desk in the Post Office, I and my brother, Thomas Adolphus, have been fast friends....But in those school-days he was, of all my foes, the worst...as a part of his daily exercise, he thrashed me with a big stick. (AB I)

Anthony spent three wretched years at Winchester. When his father returned from America in 1831, they moved into Harrow Weald and Anthony had to spend the rest of his schooldays as a day-boarder at Harrows. It was a three mile walk from the farmhouse to the school and the boy did it four times a day. It was a miserable time:

Perhaps the eighteen months which I passed in this condition, walking to and fro on those miserably dirty lanes, was the worst period of my life. I was now over fifteen, and had come to an age at which I could appreciate at its full the misery of expulsion from all social intercourse I had not only no friends, but was despised by all my companions. (AB I)

Again he was an outsider. He was a 'charity boy' and he was made to feel it:

I was a sizar at a fashionable school, a condition never premeditated. What had a wretched farmer's boy, reeking from a dunghill, to sit next to the sons of peers, - or much worse still, next to the sons of big tradesmen; who had made their ten thousand a year? The indignities I endured are not to be described. As I look back it seems to me that all hands were turned against me, - those of masters as well as boys. I was allowed to join in no plays. Nor did I learn anything- for I was taught nothing. (AB I)

In those days the lectures consisted solely of Latin and Greek grammar and learning by heart:

When I left Harrow I was all but nineteen and I had at first gone there at seven. During the whole of those twelve years no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages. I do not remember any lessons either in writing or arithmetic. French or German I

certainly was not taught. (AB I)

Nevertheless he was not as ignorant as he claimed to have been. The Trollopes were a literary household and as all members of his family he was extremely well read and Trollope, even as a boy, could name all bishops of the Anglican church¹⁰ - a piece of knowledge which came in handy in the Barsetshire novels, the cycle of novels which were to become the foundation of his fame.

During these long walks to and from school four times a day he developed a habit which he claimed that he 'often regarded with dismay', but which was to prove absolutely essential in later years:

As a boy, even as a child, I was thrown much upon myself. ...other boys would not play with me. I was therefore alone, and had to form my plays within myself. ...Thus it came to pass that I was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind. ... For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced, nor even anything which, from outward circumstances, would seem to be violently improbable. I myself was of course my own hero. Such is a necessity of castle-building. But I never became a king, or a duke, -much less when my height and personal appearance were fixed could I be an Antinous, or six feet high. I never was a learned man, nor even a philosopher, but I was a very clever person, and beautiful young women used to be fond of me. And I strove to be kind of heart, and open of hand, and noble in thought, despising mean things; and altogether I was a very much better fellow than I have ever succeeded in being since. (AB III)

These 'castles in the air' which were so 'firmly built' in his mind were to become the base of his career as an author:

There can, I imagine hardly be a more dangerous mental practice; but I have often doubted whether, had it not been my practice, I should ever have written a novel. I learned in this way to maintain an interest in a fictitious story, to dwell on a work created by my own imagination, and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life. In after years I have done the same, with this difference, that I have discarded the hero of my early dreams, and have been able to lay my own identity aside. (AB III)

In the story 'The Panjandrum' Trollope allows us a deep insight into the way his creative mind worked¹¹. He describes how a young writer gets completely involved with his story:

The way in which my work went without a pause was delightful. When the pen was not in my hand I was longing for it. While I was walking, eating, or reading, I was still thinking of my story. I dreamt of it.

¹⁰ Cf. PC 79

¹¹ Also see Trollope's Art: 'Editor's and Writers'

When his mother came back from America in 1831, the bazaar having utterly failed, one can easily imagine that she would not have been too happy about the state of things. To improve the family's financial situation, she sat down to write a book about America. *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* appeared in March 1832 and was an instant success in Britain:

Travellers' tales about North America were already an established genre, but it is impossible to overestimate the furore that her book caused. Impression after impression was sold. (Glen 45)

Within a year four editions of her book had appeared and people started speaking like the Americans in the book: 'the quaint Americanisms which Fanny had mimicked so well in the *Domestic Manners* became all the rage among the English élite' (Neville-Sington 171).

The book also sold in America: E.T. Coke, an Englishman living in New York, wrote

...the commotion it created among the good citizens is truly inconceivable. ...At every table d'hôte, at every steam-boat, in every stage-coach, and in all societies, the first question was, "Have you read Mrs Trollope?" (E.T. Coke *A Subaltern's Furlong: Descriptive of Scenes in Various Parts of the United States ...during the Summer and Autumn of 1832*, London 1833, pp.167-8, qtd. in Neville-Sington 173)

Fanny Trollope did not give a very favourable picture of the Americans. She could not come to terms with what she felt to be the absence of social hierarchies and a 'coarse familiarity'. Servants were paid for their services but they did not feel inferior. Her son Anthony still had to fight the same mental reservations when travelling in America and the West Indies some thirty years later. Fanny thought the Americans hypocrites, proclaiming freedom and keeping slaves at the same time¹². For her that sacred American phrase 'all men are created equal' was just 'mischievous sophistry' (*Domestic Manners of the Americans* VII). She felt that deep-seated prejudices barred racial equality, and economic equality was simply nonsense¹³.

She also despised the very widespread custom of tobacco chewing and spitting. As she summed it up in her conclusion: I do not like them. I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions¹⁴.

The Americans were not overjoyed about Mrs. Trollope's views. Glendinning notes that 'she took offence, and she gave offence' (Glen 45). Although terribly offended, the Americans bought the book and took what she said to heart:

¹² Cf. Mullen 381

¹³ Cf. Neville-Sington 166

¹⁴ Qtd. in Mullen 64

For several decades it was quite common for Americans to cry 'Trollope! Trollope!' when they observed some ill-mannered behaviour in public. (Mullen 64)

Mark Twain many years later claimed that her criticism was by no means exaggerated and that she merely stated what was there:

She knew her subject well, and she set it forth fairly and squarely, without any weak ifs and ands and buts...she did not guild us; and neither did she whitewash us...It was for this sort of photography that poor and candid Mrs Trollope was so handsomely cursed and reviled by this nation. Yet she was merely telling the truth, and this indignant nation knew it. (Mark Twain *Life on the Mississippi*, 1883, qtd. in Neville-Sington 176)

How big the impact of her book was may be seen in the fact that twenty-five years later, when Anthony took his wife Rose to America, a customs officer tried to prevent her from entering the country, believing her to be the authoress of this offensive piece of writing. Anthony apparently had some problems to convince the man that his wife had only been a child at the time¹⁵. Years later, Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1853), called on Mrs. Trollope in Florence 'to pay her respects to the first novelist to use fiction in the war against slavery' (Mullen 340). Anthony detested Stowe and thought her book 'falsely sensational' (Mullen 340). Mark Twain many years later wrote about Mrs. Trollope that she 'deserved gratitude' for her book, but that it was 'an error to suppose she got it' ¹⁶.

What added an extra bonus to Fanny Trollope's book was her outspokenness. She wrote about corsets and women breastfeeding quite openly. In the first year she made £1000 from her book¹⁷. With this money she could afford to take the family back to Julian Hill within six months and to re-establish their social life.

But although she thus ended his misery, Anthony's feeling towards his mother remained ambiguous all his life. In these four years when he did not see her, his sympathies, unlike his brother's, were with their father. In his fiction Anthony again and again stresses the fact that 'wives should never leave their husbands' (*Phineas Redux*) and in *Orley Farm* he lets young Lucius Manson ask himself about Lady Manson: 'Was not her position in life to be his mother? Had she not had her young days?'.

On the one hand, when already in his thirties he wrote to his mother letters signed 'your own little boy' (Glen 211). Yet the way he wrote about her in his *Autobiography* was not

¹⁵ Cf. Mullen 387

¹⁶ Qtd. in Mullen 64

¹⁷ Cf. Glen 45-7

very loving and still showed a little of the grudge the real little boy may have felt when having been left behind for so many years:

She was an unselfish, affectionate, and most industrious woman, with great capacity for enjoyment and high physical gifts. She was endowed, too, with much creative power, with considerable humour, and genuine feeling for romance. But she was neither clear-sighted nor accurate; and in her attempts to describe morals, manners, and even facts, was unable to avoid the pitfalls of exaggeration. (AB II)

Nevertheless, her career as a writer was something Anthony greatly profited from. Not only did he get his job at the Post Office through her and used her connections with publishers for his own books but in his youth, when she was living at Hadley and he was in London, he often served as a messenger boy between her and her publishers. He wrote letters to her publishers about proof-reading, delivery dates for manuscripts and, of course, about financial advances and payments for her books. Thus 'he learned much about the business side of authorship long before he himself became an author' (Glen 86). In later years he always insisted that writing was a trade in which an apprenticeship was as necessary as in any other. In his short story 'The Misfortunes of Frederick Pickering', he describes the miserable fate and near starvation of a would-be author refusing to undergo this apprenticeship and in *An Editor's Tales*, a collection of short stories published in 1870, there is a reference to this 'apprenticeship' in almost every story.

Still, Trollope loved his mother and stayed in touch with her until her death. We may find Trollope's picture of his mother in one of his most famous and beloved characters: Lady Glencora Palliser, who is not a lady but would have been a perfect gentleman. Small, charming, lively and impulsive, with a round face like his mother's, she is feared by others, but fears no one herself.

Also the marriage of Fanny and Thomas Anthony may have resembled that of the Pallisers - a strong lively woman and a stiff, sensitive man. In *The Prime Minister* Lady Glencora Palliser once tells her husband that 'I should have been the man, my skin is so thick; and that you should have been the woman; yours is so tender' .

In his *Autobiography* Anthony claims that his mother's career 'offers great encouragement' to others 'who have not begun early in life, but are still ambitious to do something before they depart hence' (AB II) – apparently, giving birth to seven children and raising five did not count as a doing 'something'. But in spite of Mrs. Trollope's great success in 1834 she could not avert her husband's financial ruin. He went bankrupt due to a number of IOUs and bills he had signed and which could be sold from

hand to hand with rising interest. At the time money could only be borrowed from friends or professional money lenders. Only Thomas Anthony was not a young man at the time and he was a professional lawyer. But maybe his mother held her share in the disaster because Anthony later noted:

Work sometimes came hard to her, so much being required, - for she was extravagant, and liked to have money to spend. (AB II)

In April 1834, Thomas Anthony Trollope had to 'flit' because of his financial disaster. He left the country and escaped to Belgium. When Anthony returned from taking his father to the boat to Ostend, the bailiffs were already in their house, confiscating everything. In *An Autobiography* Anthony remembers the household goods and books being carried out through the hedges into the neighbours' garden while the bailiffs were taking the furniture out the front.

These childhood experiences influenced both the Trollope brothers. Tom Trollope developed an obsession for amassing books and antiques at a good price and the poet Robert Browning once wrote to a friend about him that 'money was worth all else in the world to him' and that he 'never knew the chaffering spirit so strong in any gentleman and person of culture' (qtd. in Glen 426). Anthony, too, was always concerned about money. He liked spending it, but he also liked to know where it was going. All through his life he kept a scrupulous account of his expenditure and until the end he always saved one third of what he earned.

Money was always a very important topic for Trollope, personally as well as in his fiction and in this he was not alone. Terry notes that 'money is the fulcrum on which most Victorian novels turn and it calls out the best in Trollope' (Terry 233). In Trollope's fiction we hardly ever meet a male character without being told how much he earns for a living, especially so if this character is thinking of getting married. Trollope thought that money, or the wish to earn it, was the mainspring of civilisation. When in foreign countries, Trollope often could not come to terms with other people's attitude towards financial matters. The fact that in the West Indies people were not willing to work for money or that in the United States money did not get him a better service was often a source of frustration for him. Trollope was always interested in the price of things and scrupulously noted how much he spent and what on. He greatly damaged his reputation as an author by stating the sums he had earned with his novels in *An Autobiography*. Unlike later generations Trollope found nothing indecent in people talking about money and he deeply despised the hypocrisy of the idea that a

writer had to write for art's sake. He was very anxious to state that a writer had to earn his bread like everybody else. In his *Autobiography* he stated that: 'it is a mistake to suppose that a man is a better man because he despises money' (AB VI). He never forgot the lesson he had learned in his youth, namely that it costs money to keep up one's social position in the world. True to his belief that the novel-writer was a preacher of sermons, it is one of his core teachings:

Let nobody dream that he can be somebody without having to pay for that honour; unless, indeed, he be a clergyman...luxuries of fashion do make a heavy pull on a modest income. (qtd. in Mullen 553)

Often we hear of fathers of large families in the short stories, and we are always told about their financial background. Most of them are struggling like Mr. Onslow, a 'father, with means sufficiently moderate, and with a family more than sufficiently large' ('The House of Heine Brothers in Munich'). Most of them manage to get by:

She had lived for many years with a married brother, who was a bookseller in Holborn, in a small way of business, and burdened with a large family, but still living in decent comfort. ('The Telegraph Girl')

For thirty years he had worked hard and had brought up a large family without want. He was still working hard, though turned sixty, at the time of which we are speaking. He had even in his old age many children dependent on him, and though he had fairly prospered, he had not become a rich man. ('Alice Dugdale')

The family followed their father to Bruges. While they were still packing up, Henry's health worsened and it became apparent that he, too, was suffering from tuberculosis - an illness very common in Victorian times:

Tuberculosis was the scourge of the nineteenth century, affecting all classes. Between 1838 and 1842 the annual mortality per million of population from pulmonary tuberculosis was 3,782. The mortality rate fell gradually as the century progressed. (Glen, footnote 61)

The Trollopes were not the only family to have financial problems. At the time there was a rather big English community settled in Bruges, Ostend and Brussels, mostly for the same reasons¹⁸.

The number of 'smashes' among the Trollopes' acquaintances alone shows the toughness of the times and the vulnerability of people in the professions. There was absolutely no safety net for the unlanded, other than the charity of friends and relations. The Trollopes accepted handouts when they had to. (Glen 49)

Some had escaped ruin, some sought education for their children at a cheaper rate.

¹⁸ Cf. Glen 61

English divorce laws also provided quite a common reason. As it was virtually impossible to get a divorce in England, some couples just separated and one part set up a new life with a new partner in Belgium.

As this community was quite big, a solid infrastructure had developed there. There were two English churches, English newspapers and even an English doctor. Everything was much cheaper there, but still the Trollopes had to struggle to find the money to pay their rent. Mr. Trollope had suffered two strokes before leaving England and was not fit to support the family. The financial strain on the family must have been severe. As there was no health insurance at the time, doctor's bills and the inability to work could ruin a family. Again, this is clearly reflected in Trollope's writing: in 'The Telegraph Girl', a story about a young girl supporting her sick friend with her income, we get a vivid account of Lucy's sufferings, her shame when she was aware of 'a deterioration' in her appearance. When in 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering' Fred's young wife falls ill and she and the baby nearly starve, Fred has to turn to his family for financial support.

These experiences may account for the very sensitive and understanding treatment of poor characters in Trollope's fiction. His most famous poor character is Mr. Crawley, a clergyman in the Barchester novels, who is suffering from financial difficulties and his hurt pride. Many of the characters in the short stories, especially in 'An Editor's Tales', are on the fringes of poverty, yet struggling to keep up appearances often shown by their 'tattered gloves'. In 'The Turkish Bath' the narrator claims that such gloves are 'the surest sign of a futile attempt at outer respectability' and 'melancholy...beyond expression'

It was up to Mrs. Trollope, now 55, to save the family from starvation and pay the doctor's bills. She again took up her habit of getting up at four o'clock in the morning for her writing. She kept herself awake by drinking green tea, coffee and took laudanum - an opium based drug - to help her sleep. It must have been a hard time for her. Anthony wrote in his *Autobiography*:

The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's bedroom. I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son. (AB II)

This sounds like a reproach rather than praise. Was she maybe not 'with her whole heart' at her dying son's bedside? On the other hand, her physical strength and also her discipline were something Anthony deeply admired and which he himself strove for all his life:

Her power of dividing herself into two parts, and keeping her intellect by itself clear from the world, and fit for the duty it had to do, I never saw equalled. (AB II)

In his 'Autobiography' he proudly describes his own ability to keep up his work under unpleasant circumstances:

I always had a pen in my hand. Whether crossing the seas, or fighting with American officials, or tramping about the streets of Beverley, I could do a little, and generally more than a little.

Tom Trollope in his autobiography comments on his mother's 'innate faculty...to throw sorrow off when it had passed' (T.A.Trollope, *What I remember*, 3vol, 1887-9, p 299)¹⁹. This kind of discipline and dedication coming close to masochism was something Anthony learnt from his mother. Although their relationship was never a happy one, he directly and indirectly profited from her strength of character, her working habits, her connections and her fame as a writer. As Pamela Neville-Sington in her biography of Fanny Trollope puts it:

If it had not been for Fanny's courage and industry, the whole family might have sunk into destitution and poverty without a trace. Her example inspired Anthony to write, and it was only with her help that he was able to launch his literary career. In a word, without Fanny Trollope we would have no Barsetshire or Palliser novels, no *Orley Farm* or *The Way We Live Now*. (Neville-Sington 371)

Fanny Trollope not only saved the family financially but also tried to set up her children by pulling a few strings - according to Glendinning this was something that every good Victorian parent considered as their duty and not at all embarrassing:

She was an uninhibited string-puller, like all dutiful parents of her class. Careers and professions were entered through family influence, or purchase, or patronage. There were no competitive examinations outside the universities, and so no other way in. There was no embarrassment at all in pulling strings, only in having no strings to pull. (Glen 65)

Thus she got Anthony a commission in an Austrian regiment and a place at the Post Office in London, Henry was made a Fellow of the Geological society and got a job as a tutor in Fulham - all because of her new fame and her contacts.

In Belgium Emily started showing the same signs of tuberculosis as Henry, and Tom had just left Oxford. Anthony only stayed in Bruges for about six months. When he left for London Emily was ill, too, and his mother was left behind with three patients to nurse. Anthony never saw his father or Henry again. Henry died in December 1834 and Thomas Anthony followed in October 1835. They were both buried at the cemetery

¹⁹ Qtd. in Hall 59

at Bruges in the Protestant section. Mrs. Trollope took Emily back to England but she, too, died in February 1836. Emily had been the pet of the family and her death was a severe blow to all of them. In his early novel *The Three Clerks* Anthony described a pretty young girl falling ill, but there he used his power as an author to create a different ending - the girl recovers. It was not until his old age that he could actually face these sad memories and let a girl die of consumption in his writing²⁰.

1.4 London

In 1834 Anthony started his career at the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand as a junior clerk. After a first test, which he failed because his handwriting was not very good, he was told to copy out some papers at home and bring them round the following day. When he came back the following day he was just shown to his desk and asked to start work right away. When in the early 1850ies there was a debate about introducing an entry exam for Post Office clerks, Anthony opposed it, knowing that he himself would not have passed it at the time²¹. Anthony was not a very good clerk. He was often reprimanded for being late and not doing his work²², 'always on the eve of being dismissed' (AB III).

I must certainly acknowledge that the first seven years of my official life were neither creditable to myself nor useful to the public service. (AB III)

He was also not very happy in London claiming in his *Autobiography* that there were no friends to visit, no money to do things²³. It cannot have been quite as dull as he remembered it, because from letters we know that he went on boating trips and long walking tours with two friends, but considering his energies and vigour and all the things he managed to pack into a day in later life one can imagine that he was gravely underemployed. Soon after Emily's death Mrs. Trollope had found a house at Hadley not far from London, but she entertained many guests and Anthony was not always welcome there. Yet when her income increased she started helping her son with some of his debts. Anthony found it difficult on his PO salary of £ 90 a year 'to live in London, keep up my character as a gentleman, and be happy' (AB III). He complained that

When I reached London no mode of life was prepared for me - no advice even given to me. I went into lodgings, and then had to dispose of my time. I belonged to no club, and knew very few friends who would receive me into their houses. (AB III)

²⁰ *Marion Fay*

²¹ Cf. Glen 71

²² Cf. Glen 71

²³ AB III

Anthony was constantly in debt and also got into trouble with a money lender. He ended up paying £200 for an original tailor's bill of £12²⁴. Thus in his works money lenders often play a role and form a 'symbiotic relationship' (Terry 378) with young men in London²⁵. In *The Last Chronicle* Trollope even lets one of the worst money lenders commit suicide.

In 1834 Fanny Trollope had published a book on Belgium and Western Germany and her fame had increased. She wrote novels as well as travel books and like Anthony later she produced them at an incredible pace. Originally, Mrs. Trollope had taken up novel writing in order to finance her travels. But she was not only aware of the problems in America but also in her home country. English industrial society had people working and living under appalling conditions. The English, although very much set against slavery, had small children and women working long hours in their mills and mines. Fanny Trollope thought it her duty to show this:

...a common-place of the nineteenth century social thought was that the poor should help themselves. Mrs Trollope...understood that these men and women, and especially the children were simply not in a position to do so...The naturally pragmatic and optimistic Fanny had confidence in the possibility of reform, if only enough pressure could be put on the government to eradicate the evils of child labour and sixteen-hour working days. She aimed not merely to stir up the indignation in her readers, but to spur them to action. (Neville-Sington 275)

In *Jessie Phillips; a Tale of the Present Day* (1842-43) Fanny targets the abolition of the bastardy clause saying that fathers of illegitimate children may be held financially responsible (Neville-Sington 311). She thought its abolition an outrage. Like her young rival Charles Dickens, Fanny targeted the Poor Law. From 1834 onwards poor people were forced to go into a workhouse, otherwise they received no assistance. This was like an imprisonment without any criminal record, just for being poor. The same point was again made in *Michael Armstrong* and *Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*. With all these ideas she was by no means alone. An influential fighter for women's rights, Lord Amberly gave her introductions to various people in the North, who made it possible for her to visit the factories and get a first-hand impression of the appalling conditions there. Charles Dickens and Fanny Trollope seem to have drawn on each others novels and topics in turns. Whereas Mrs. Trollope drew on *Nicolas Nickleby*, Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* bore some similarities to Mrs. Trollope's *The Barnabys in America*. Although Dickens was not always delighted, this rivalry does not seem to have caused

²⁴ Cf. Terry 379, AB III

²⁵ Phines Finn, *Can You Forgive Her?*, *The Three Clerks*

any major animosity though – or, if so, Fanny chose to ignore it. She asked Dickens for his advice when in trouble with an American publisher and wrote to him congratulating him on his success of his American notes in 1842. Pamela Neville-Sington in her book *Fanny Trollope*,

notes that

A clear difference had emerged in the style and approach of these two authors, which they themselves no doubt appreciated. Dickens was pioneering the genre of the expansive 'social novel', in which a whole world is created against a backdrop of social themes; Fanny's method was more pointed and didactic - she was writing novels of protest with the explicit aim of spurring her readers to action. (Neville-Sington 310)

Dickens in a letter to Fanny acknowledged 'The change you worked in many social features of American society' (Dickens to Fanny Trollope)²⁶.

In autumn 1838 Mrs. Trollope moved to London, with Tom and Anthony and Cecilia. It was from this house that in February 1839 Cecilia married John Tilley, Anthony's friend and colleague from the PO. Mrs. Trollope was never really considered part of British 'high' society. Fear of her sharp ear and pen may have been another reason why the 'Apis Trollopiana' - 'The Trollopian Bee' - as she was once called by a critic, was met with distrust. The Europeans had no such misgivings and she was received favourably. In later years she had many friends and acquaintances among high ranking people and was even received at some European courts. After writing a book about Paris in the thirties, she was presented to Louis Philippe and the French royal family at the Tuileries²⁷ and was admitted to some literary salons in Paris. In 1839 she took Anthony along as well- a fact he never mentioned in his *Autobiography*²⁸. When in Vienna in 1836 she celebrated Christmas with Princess Metternich²⁹ and was invited to balls and dinners there. In Paris she was intimate with Châteaubriand and Mme Récamiere, Miss Clark (later Madame Mohl), and the British ambassador Lord Granvillem and his wife³⁰. Tom noted that 'all doors were open to her'³¹, no wonder she preferred the continent to England and spent a lot of time there. She normally took Tom as her travelling companion and in 1837 Tom resigned at the school in Birmingham, where he had been a master in order to accompany her permanently³².

²⁶ 16 Dec 1842 in Dickens, *Letters*, III, p395-6, qtd. in Neville-Sington 308

²⁷ Cf. Hall 62

²⁸ Cf. Mullen 109

²⁹ Cf Mullen 110

³⁰ Cf Mullen 110

³¹ Qtd. in Neville-Sington 248

³² Cf Hall 62

Meanwhile in London there was not much social life for Anthony with his family being abroad. Yet Hall thinks that

...the terrible loneliness in *An Autobiography* is exaggerated. A young man in his twenties need not rely on his mother and brother for companionship, and Trollope plainly did not do so (Hall 60)

He had friends like John Tilley, a colleague at the Post Office, Peregrine Birch, John Merivale (the nephew of Trollope's Harrow school tutor Henry Drury) and Walter Awdry. With the two latter Trollope formed 'The Tramp Society'. They had decided to go walking tours together, but they would never pay for conveyance³³. It seems that Trollope had quite a happy time in the company of these friends. Hall notes:

He must have had these adventures in mind while writing, in the mid-1860ies, one of his 'Travelling Sketches' where he defends young Englishmen in small groups seeking out fun and larks, 'youths who have hardly as yet learned to think, and are still enjoying the irresponsible delights of boyhood at a time of life at which others less fortunate are already immersed in the grievous care of earning their bread'. (*Travelling sketches* [1866], 44-5, qtd. in Hall 61)³⁴

Trollope called these young men 'hobbledehoys' and often defended their behaviour in his fiction. In 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir', a group of young Englishmen is mounting a church tower: The guard claims that they 'went up shouting like deamons' and John, the hero of the story, feels obliged to defend his countrymen: 'They laughed and talked loud, and when we met them, seemed to be racing each other; but nevertheless they were gentlemen'.

Walking, so odious to young Anthony during his long walks to school from Harrow Weald, remained a habit with him. In later years he found that walking in the woods, especially the Black Forrest, stimulated his creativity. As a member of the Gaiter Club he went on walking tours of Scotland (wearing gaiters). Glendinning claims that 'All the Trollope boys were marathon walkers' (Glen 36/37). When on a PO mission in South Wales in 1852 Anthony walked 24 miles from Cardiff to inspect a small post office before breakfast³⁵. In this he was not unusual. Victorians were known to be good walkers. Before the construction of railways walking was often the only means of transport especially for the poorer classes. In Trollope's novels 'an aversion to walking is generally associated with moral depravity' (PC 524) and even ladies easily manage a walk of a mile and a half. Thus, after Christmas dinner, Isabel in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' goes on foot through the parish visiting the poorer parishioners, and so

³³ Cf. Hall 60

³⁴ For hobbledehoys see Trollope's Art: 'Characters'

³⁵ Cf. PC 524

does Patience in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne'. Patience's London lover already displays signs of physical weakness when he comes after her complaining of 'the chase' he had after her. His 'moral depravity' shows itself not much later when he jilts her. Maurice Archer, like his creator, uses his long walk for thinking over his affairs and deciding whether he wants to propose or not.

What he certainly did miss was the 'the company of women of his own class' (Hall 55), and Snow suspects that one of the reasons why Anthony was so unhappy and found his time in London so 'dangerous' (AB III) and sordid was that he may have had to resort to prostitutes for female company.

There was no house in which I could habitually see a lady's face and hear a lady's voice. No allurements to decent respectability came in my way. It seems to me that in such circumstances the temptations of loose life will almost certainly prevail with a young man. Of course if the mind be strong enough, and the general stuff knitted together of sufficiently stern material, the temptations will not prevail. But such minds and such material are, I think, uncommon. The temptation at any rate prevailed with me. (AB III)

So what were these temptations? Snow notes that 'One possibility, and a reasonable one, is that he picked up prostitutes every now and then' (Snow 52) and claims that Trollope's 'more brotherly, candid, and unhysterical' picture of a prostitute in the *Vicar of Bullhampton* written in 1869 may have its source in these experiences³⁶.

In *An Autobiography* Trollope wondered

...how many young men fall utterly to pieces from being turned loose in London after the same fashion. Mine was, I think, of all phases of such life the most dangerous. (AB III)

In 1940, returning from Paris, where he had visited his mother and brother, to his dingy London lodgings (his mother had given up the London house and decided to build a house in Cumberland), Anthony fell dangerously ill. This often happens in his fiction to young people, normally the hero and the heroine, when going through a severe crisis. His mother came to nurse him, although she had planned to go on a trip to Italy. While she was sitting at his bedside she wrote a book about a young man building castles in the air - *Charles Chesterfield; or the Adventures of a Youth of Genius* - in which a young man is longing for 'fame, renown, applause...' (qtd. in Mullen 111). This may sound unfeeling, yet we must remember that she had lost three children already and was maybe bracing herself 'for the loss of a fourth' (Glen 104).

³⁶ Also see 'Decline'

After recovering Anthony - longing for 'applause' - started on a rather hopeless enterprise: an anthology of Western literature starting with the Greeks, but he was not happy:

...in truth, I was wretched,--sometimes almost unto death, and have often cursed the hour in which I was born. There had clung to me a feeling that I had been looked upon always as an evil, an encumbrance, a useless thing,--as a creature of whom those connected with him had to be ashamed. And I feel certain now that in my young days I was so regarded. Even my few friends who had found with me a certain capacity for enjoyment were half afraid of me. I acknowledge the weakness of a great desire to be loved,--of a strong wish to be popular with my associates. No child, no boy, no lad, no young man, had ever been less so. And I had been so poor, and so little able to bear poverty. (AB IV)

Suddenly a letter passed through his hands at the PO, saying that the assistant of one of the Surveyors for Ireland was incompetent and should be dismissed. Anthony, without consulting anyone, instantly applied for the post and got it:

When the report reached the London office I was the first to read it. I was at that time in dire trouble, having debts on my head and quarrels with our Secretary-Colonel, and a full conviction that my life was taking a downwards to the lowest pits. So I went to the Colonel boldly, and volunteered for Ireland if he would send me. He was glad to be so rid of me, and I went. This happened in August 1841, when I was twenty-six years old. (AB III)

This would prove to be the great turning point of his life:

But from the day on which I set my foot in Ireland all these evils went away from me. Since that time who has had a happier life than mine? (AB IV)

Nevertheless, until the end of his life the memory of misery and the knowledge of 'how quickly good things may go and evil things come' (AB IV), remained. In his *Autobiography* he remembered the 'agony of adversity' the 'crushing the despondency of degradation' and 'the misery coming from contempt' and claims that 'there is unhappiness so great that the very fear of it is an alloy to happiness' (ABIV).

Having gone through the lowest pits of life had deeply influenced him and made him a sensitive and also a versatile writer. The picture of Mr. Mackennzie, a gentleman who married beneath himself, takes to drinking and ends up lying on the table of a public house with 'his throat cut from ear to ear' ³⁷ shows that Trollope as a writer had more in him than the portrayal of the high and mighty. Having experienced the misery of being a social outcast made him ever careful about condemning people's behaviour. Even his most disagreeable characters are always shown to have something good in them, or as Glendinning puts it: 'He is advocate both for the prosecution and for the

³⁷ In 'The Spotted Dog'

defence of his characters' (Glen XIX)³⁸.

1.5 A New Life

In his *Autobiography* Anthony stated that nobody thought his going to Ireland a good idea at the time but on the other hand it was 'evident to all who were my friends that my life in London was not a success.' (AB IV)

On 15th September 1841 he arrived in Banagher. His financial and social situation changed immediately. Although his salary was actually lower, the money was worth more in Ireland plus he was able to claim travel expenses for staying out overnight and for every mile he travelled. The Irish were very friendly and hospitable to a young English bachelor and he was made to feel welcome.

For though during three years I had been jolly enough, I had not altogether been happy. The hunting, the whiskey punch, the rattling Irish life, of which I could write a volume of stories ... were continually driving from my mind the still cherished determination to become a writer of novels.

Yet he stayed determined and when he tried to launch a career as a writer he tried to pack 'the rattling of Irish life' into it. Not only his first novels but also his very last novel had an Irish setting and he also wrote two short stories about Ireland: 'The O'Conors of Castle Conor, County Mayo' and 'Father Giles of Ballymoy'. Both stories are comical with an earthy kind of humour and Trollope claimed that they were based on autobiographical incidents³⁹. 'The O'Conors of Castle Conor, County Mayo' shows the warm welcome a young Englishman bachelor gets when he is introduced to the family of a well-known Irish gentleman. The hero, Archibald Green, is the only reoccurring character in all Trollope's short stories.⁴⁰ The portrayal of the big family party, the hunting, the dinner, the dancing, but foremost the absence of rigidity of the characters, the lack of formality and the ease in which intimacy is established show very well where the attraction for a young Englishman lay. Having been written nearly twenty years after Trollope's arrival, the situation is pictured as if Trollope had just walked out of it and the narrator claims that he shall never 'cease to be grateful for the hospitality which I received'.

The second story 'Father Giles of Ballymoy', although also humorous, shows more of the misgivings and the prejudices on both sides. Again we meet Archibald Green as a

³⁸ See Trollope's Art: 'Characters'

³⁹ *An Autobiography*

⁴⁰ 'The O'Conors of Castle Conor, County Mayo', 'Father Giles of Ballymoy' and 'Miss Ophelia Gledd'

retrospective first-person narrator, this time thirty years after the incident. The story is about the fears and anxieties of the young Englishman staying in Ireland on business. Having been put up at a rather crowded hostel for the night, he wakes up in the middle of the night, finding a stranger in his room trying to get into bed with him and he throws the man down the stairs. It later turns out that his victim was the parish priest and Archibald has to spend the night in jail for his own protection. The story was written six years after 'The O'Conors' and the narrator is very different from the one in 'The O'Conors' enjoying and praising Irish hospitality. Tired, wet and dirty, he states that 'for the last ten minutes I had been thinking evil about everything Irish, and especially of Connaught'. This time travelling among the Irish working class with their 'naked legs' and 'battered hats', their 'wild lawlessness' and 'general savagery', he feels ill at ease and thinks that 'Ballymoy was probably one of those places so far removed from civilisation and law, as to be an unsafe residence for an English protestant'. When he is shown up to his room, he is very much afraid of being robbed and worries about the 'machinations' of Catholic priests. 'Was it possible that my trousers were refused me until I had taken mass?' Although Trollope is making fun of the English traveller and his exaggerated anxieties when travelling in a country 'not well known to all Englishmen', the reader feels that it is not only Archibald Green being judgemental when he comments on the 'true Irish impetuosity', the neglected houses and drab looks of Ballymoy even before the famine, and the idleness of its population:

The population of Ballymoy was its second wonder....All hours of the day, and at nearly all hours of the night, able-bodied men were to be seen stranding in the street...Nor, though thus idle, did they seem to suffer any of the distresses of poverty. There were plenty of beggars, no doubt, in Ballymoy, but it never struck me that there was much distress in those days. The earth gave forth its potatoes freely, and neither man nor pig wanted more.

Yet the story shows the priest to be a true gentleman, not given at all to 'machinations' and ends with an assurance that Green and the parish priest remained friends 'for many a long day after that'.

In spite of his partiality for the Irish, not all his Irish characters get off lightly⁴¹.

In Ireland Trollope took up hunting, which provided a good opportunity to socialise.

The narrator of 'The O'Conors of Castle Conon' opens with the words:

I shall never forget my first introduction to country life in Ireland, my first day's hunting there, or the manner in which I passed the evening afterwards.

⁴¹ See Trollope's Art: 'Characters'

But he also gives us an idea of the discomfort which a man who is trying to join a group of hunters whom he does not know, experiences:

No one but an erratic fox-hunter such as I am,—a fox-hunter, I mean, whose lot it has been to wander about from one pack of hounds to another,—can understand the melancholy feeling which a man has when he first intrudes himself, unknown by any one, among an entirely new set of sportsmen. When a stranger falls thus as it were out of the moon into a hunt, it is impossible that men should not stare at him and ask who he is. And it is so disagreeable to be stared at, and to have such questions asked! This feeling does not come upon a man in Leicestershire or Gloucestershire where the numbers are large, and a stranger or two will always be overlooked, but in small hunting fields it is so painful that a man has to pluck up much courage before he encounters it.

Trollope in his autobiography confessed to 'a craving for love'⁴² and although he was generally known as a loud and boisterous man, it seems that he was 'not at ease in groups of strangers' (Mullen 121). On the whole Trollope felt that 'It was altogether a very jolly life that I led in Ireland' (AB IV). Yet there was one thing he had not found yet - a wife.

1.6 Rose

In July 1842 Anthony was sent to Kingston on duty and there he met Rose Heseltine, her father Edward Heseltine and her sister Isabel. Mr. Heseltine was manager of a bank in Rotherham near Sheffield, Yorkshire. Kingston (now Dun Laoghaire) was a small, not very fashionable summer resort. The Heseltines stayed there for a month and when his post-office work was finished Anthony took his annual leave and returned to Kingston for another fortnight. By the end of that period he and Rose were engaged to be married⁴³.

In his fiction Anthony again and again stressed the fact that it does not take long for two people to fall in love and to become engaged. He believed in love at first sight - in instinctive choices. In his short story 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica', he notes that lovers 'whistle and call to each other, guided by instinct rather than reason'⁴⁴. In his novel *Orley Farm* he recommended to young men to 'dance with a girl three times' and if they liked her to 'take a leap in the dark'.

Shortly after his engagement he went on a walking tour with his friend from schooldays, John Merivale, in Drumsna, Ireland, and came across a ruin of a house. While walking

⁴² AB IX

⁴³ Cf. Glen.127-8

⁴⁴ See Trollope's: Art 'Love and Marriage'

through the broken walls he claimed that he conceived the idea for his first novel *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. An entrance in his diary on the 13th of September said: 'began my first novel' (Glen138). It was not a success and neither were his following *The Kellys and the O' Kellys* (published in 1848), *La Vendée* (1850) and *The Noble Jilt*, a play not published until 1923.

One and a half years after their engagement he and Rose got married on 11 June 1844 in Sheffield. For their honeymoon they went to the Lake District and Penrith. Rose had not met Anthony's family before. Mrs. Trollope apparently was not overtly happy about Anthony's choice. The Heseltines were not quite of the same social standing as the Trollopes, Mr. Heseltine being the son of a merchant. In his short story 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington', Anthony deals with the question of whether a bank manager qualifies as a gentleman or not⁴⁵. Whereas the bank manager in the story is very eager to maintain his status as a gentleman, the doctor, coming from a more genteel background, does not consider someone dealing with money a gentleman.

Coming from Yorkshire, Rose's family would also have a Northern accent, a fact until nowadays not very pleasant to Southern ears – although Anthony himself noted that he had come to love a 'Northern burr'. Mrs. Trollope was also quite a celebrity, which must have made meeting her more difficult for Rose. But Rose, in a biography of Mrs. Trollope written by Tom's second wife, claimed that her mother-in-law received her very kindly - 'kind, good and loving, then and ever afterwards' (qtd. in Glen145). Fanny even gave her a 'Roman mosaic brooch' which she herself had been given by Princess Metternich⁴⁶.

Yet Mrs. Trollope only once visited the young couple in Ireland because she disliked the country so much that she never came back there again. Anthony and Rose always met the family in England or on the Continent. After her first trip abroad Rose developed quite a taste for travelling. If possible, she and Anthony went on holiday at least once a year, normally for six weeks. Rose remained a great traveller until her old age. Once her children were old enough to stay behind, she accompanied her husband on his trip to America and Australia. Long after Anthony's death she kept spending her holidays in the Austrian Tyrol, which she dearly loved.

There are no pictures of Rose as a girl, and the one showing her in her later years shows that she was not a beautiful woman, but Anthony often stressed that attraction had nothing to do with beauty. He often made the girls in his fiction not beautiful but

⁴⁵ See Trollope's Art 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

⁴⁶ Cf. Glen 206

attractive, with a nice soft - often brown - face and large eyes. He also liked women to wear fresh colours and clean clothes. What made a woman attractive to him was cleanliness. In his fiction dirty fingernails, oily hair or a stained dress put more than one of his male characters off an intended marriage proposal ⁴⁷. In the short story 'Alice Dugdale' the hero, Major Rossiter, has second thoughts about the heroine's suitability when he sees her stained dress and the smudges of her little brother's fingers on her face⁴⁸. In this Anthony was asking quite a lot of women at a time when the city of London was polluted by the soot of innumerable coal fires and the unpaved streets were flooded with sewage.

Rose was known to be very fussy about her dresses and also very house-proud. But beauty was not what Anthony was looking for. Wifely devotion and emotional support was what he needed and what he found in Rose, just like the hero of 'Alice Dugdale', who in the end decides that the girl he really wants to marry 'was like a housewife's store, kept beautifully in order, but intended chiefly for comfortable use'. Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne and a writer himself, was impressed by Rose's influence on her husband. In his book *Shapes that Pass: Memories of the Past* (1928) he claimed about Anthony's fiction that 'his wife was his books' and that 'fox hunting and matrimony cost him something but he was faithful to both to the end' (qtd. in Glen 510 and Mullen 152). After Rose's death in 1917 *The Times* claimed that 'The marriage, it can truly be said, had an important effect on English letters'⁴⁹. Yet Anthony, author of innumerable novels about love, courtship and marriage, the man who could not bring himself to writing a single novel without a love story, never spoke about his own marriage:

My marriage was like the marriage of other people, and of no special interest to any one except my wife and me. (AB IV)

If we want to know, we have to read his books and, as Hawthorne observed, they do tell us something. Anthony confessed that he always 'rejoiced' in the company of women, in 'the rustle of petticoats' (*North America*, vol 1, II).

Rose read his novels before any one else did and also copied them out for him. It is very likely that the detailed knowledge about women's wear, their hairstyle and girl's conversations came from his wife. Also the descriptions of married couples, sometimes in surroundings as intimate as their bedrooms, will have come from his own experience.

⁴⁷ For example in *The Three Clerks*, *Rachel Ray*, *Miss Mackenzie*

⁴⁸ See 'Alice Dugdale' in Trollope's Art: 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

⁴⁹ Qtd. in Mullen 147

The picture of Rose Trollope painted by Anthony's different biographers strangely varies. Whereas Snow - according to his own 'speculations' - thinks that 'she was very far from negligible, sharp-tongued, witty, a more coherent and in many ways tougher personality than her husband' (Snow 62), Glendinning notes that 'looking at the photograph of Rose, if one had to pick an animal that she resembled, one might say a nice heifer' (Glen 269). Yet Glendinning, too, thinks that

She [Rose] was not a doormat wife in private. Anthony's novels are full of authorial generalisations about the gestures and silences that indicate wifely disapproval, and about the ways in which wives make dissent known. (Glen 511)

In his novel *The Way We Live Now* Trollope states that

The man who succumbs to his wife...is as often brought to servility by a continual aversion to the giving of pain, by a softness which causes the fretfulness of others to be an agony to himself,- as by any actual fear which the firmness of the imperious one may have produced. There is an inner softness, a thinness of the man's skin, an incapability of seeing or even thinking of the troubles of others with equanimity, which produces a feeling akin to fear; ...(XLVII)

Although Trollope did not approve of men who bossed their wives around, he also thought this 'an inner softness' a dangerous feeling. In the short story 'Returning Home', a man gives way to his wife's plea to take a different route through the jungle from that he has chosen. Then the news of heavy rainfalls, swollen rivers and impassable roads start reaching the couple and the husband reprimands himself: 'Why had he given way to her foolish prayers? Ah, why indeed'. In the end she drowns and he returns to his post in Costa Rica.

It is a fact that we do not know a lot about Rose's character, but we do know about her looks. Various sources state that she was always fashionably dressed but did not always succumb to fashion as far as her hairstyle was concerned. In a letter the daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, Lady Rose Fane, gives a description of Rose Trollope wearing her 'coiffé en cheveux' (meaning that she did not wear anything on her head) and noting how 'absurd' she looked (qtd. in Glen 266, Mullen 444). Her hair was white at the time and she wore a red rose in her hair when false hair and chignons were nearly obligatory. Rose's hairstyle may have been due to the fact that Anthony detested false hair. In his works he often used it to indicate a woman's faulty or deceitful character.

Although we really do not know a lot about Rose, we may assume that she was somehow rather conservative. She was a Unionist when she met Anthony but converted to the Church of England when they were married. Anthony in his novels frequently

comments on the harshness of pious and proper women. In his short story 'The Courtship of Susan Bell', he shows how unkindly a Baptist girl, who is herself engaged to the minister, treats her unfortunate sister, who is 'only' in love.

Later in his life Anthony became a close friend of the writing couple G.H. Lewes and George Eliot, who were living together but not married as Lewes was already married and his wife still alive. As divorce was so difficult to get, cohabitation was by no means that uncommon, but although tolerated with a man, a woman 'faced ostracism, especially from other women' (Glend 301). Lewes also came to see the Trollopes at their home in Waltham Cross, but George was never invited. Some may think that it was Anthony's wish but I think that he was not a hypocrite. Glendinning notes that:

Rose Trollope, one must deduce, was with the moral majority. There are numerous occasions in his novels where Anthony generalises with some heat about woman's inhumanity to woman on the subject of sexual irregularity. (Glend 301)

In many of his later novels Anthony commented on the hardness of women towards other women'⁵⁰. In the short story 'Mrs General Talboys' Mackinnon, the fictional author and, although American, clearly a self-portrait of Trollope, worries that the attractive and married Mrs. Talboys might get into trouble by being too free with an Irish painter. When Mackinnon's wife remarks that Mrs. Talboys would certainly deserve anything she got, Mackinnon wonders 'Why is it, that women are so spiteful to each other?'. In *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, written in 1868, Anthony broke with a life-time habit and wrote the only preface ever to one of his novels, claiming that the book 'was written chiefly with the object of exciting not only pity but sympathy for the fallen woman'. Rose must have been a very strong character, however. During the years after their marriage the Trollopes were constantly on the move from one place to another. She had two little children and when Anthony's sister Cecilia died of tuberculosis leaving behind five children, Rose took up one of them. In later years when they had settled down, the Trollope kept their own livestock and horses. They also had a big garden growing their own fruit and vegetables - a fact very beneficial to health in Victorian times. During Anthony's absences Rose was often left to attend to all of it alone, sometimes for more than a year.

Rose was also a great novel reader and she read every manuscript before anyone else did. Anthony trusted her judgement and even asked her to replace all the words 'which seem to be repeated too often' (qtd. in Mullen 320). When his older son Henry

⁵⁰ For instance *He Knew He Was Right*, *Eye for an Eye*, and *Dr Wortle's School*

started a literary career, Trollope advised him to show his works to his mother and listen to her advice⁵¹. Rose was the only person who knew about his early failures. The fact that Anthony 'shared his humiliations' with her 'speaks well for her and for the marriage' (Glen189).

When the Trollopes first came back to Ireland they did not have a house of their own and had to stay at a hotel in Clonmel. Rose was not very well received there. The Irish people felt cheated by the young bachelor who had been so kindly welcomed among them only to return now with an English wife. In *An Autobiography* Anthony said: 'I had given offence and I was made to feel it' .

Glendinning notes that there might have been another reason for this cool welcome.

In at least a dozen of his novels, Anthony made authorial statements about the complications of committing oneself to another person, and to the pain of loving two people at once. The Ur-story of his romantic plots - sometimes the main plot, sometimes a subplot - involves an innocent, young, poor, respectable girl, usually in the country, who attracts a young man from elsewhere. In the heat of proximity and desire he spontaneously proposes to her, or half proposes. Sometimes the girl demurs on account of the humbler status, but ultimately responds with an unconditional and passionate commitment. The young man returns whence he came - usually London - and has second thoughts. He becomes involved with another and more sexually sophisticated woman, who generally has money as well. He says nothing of his engagement. (Glen 135-6)

We find variations of this theme in his novels but also in the short stories like for instance 'Alice Dugdale' ⁵² or the 'Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne'. It is true that it is a very dominant theme in Anthony's works but there is no proof that such a girl existed in his life at the time he met Rose⁵³, although there had been an embarrassing incident with a mother confronting him in front of all his fellow-clerks at the PO in London. The woman accused him of breach of promise - quite a serious matter in Victorian times⁵⁴. The marriage proved to be a lucky choice and in a letter to his friend Lewes Trollope claimed that 'no pain or misery has as yet come to me since the day I married; & if any man should speak well of the married state, I should do so' (*Letters*, I, 145)⁵⁵.

Although it was years before the Trollopes were to settle down permanently and the constant moving must have been quite a strain on them, it seems to have been a happy time.

⁵¹ Cf. Mullen 619

⁵² See Trollope's Art: 'Gentlemen and Ladies' and 'Love and Marriage'

⁵³ Cf. Glendinning 136

⁵⁴ Cf. AB III

⁵⁵ See Trollope's Art: 'Love and Marriage'

In 1844 Anthony was promoted Assistant Surveyor of the Southern District and the Trollopes moved to Cork. During his time in Ireland he met quite a few interesting people. One of them was Charles Bianconi, an Irishman from Italy, who had set up a huge fleet of passenger and postal carts covering the whole of Ireland. The 'Bians', as they were called, were produced in his own factory. Bianconi was rich and influential, a shrewd businessman, an ardent fighter for Catholic rights and supporter of O'Connell, the founder of the Catholic Association. Bianconi gave Trollope valuable advice on 'ways to make mail delivery faster and cheaper' (Mullen 118). He was probably also one of the first influential Catholics whom Anthony with his High Church upbringing ever met and the short story 'The O'Conors of Castle Conor, County Mayo' shows how impressed he was by the warm hospitality of a wealthy Irish gentleman towards a young Englishman. Anthony also met an old schoolmate from his Harrow days, Sir William Gregory, a rising politician. He frequently went to see him at Coole Park, home of the Gregorys, the same house William Yeats some years later visited so often. As Sir Gregory was already an MP, Anthony now came in touch with high society and parliament gossip, which he later used in his novels. Meeting these people definitely broadened his views.

Back in Clonmel in March 1846 their first son Henry Merivale, called Harry, was born and Anthony later referred to excessive 'baby-worship' in some of his novels. In the following year his first novel *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* was published (the same time as *Vanity Fair*, *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*). His mother had taken it to a London publisher called Newby, who was also the Brontës' publisher, yet neither good nor efficient and also dishonest. But Ireland was not a very popular subject at the time anyway and the book was a failure.

In spite of his mother's help, Anthony felt that his efforts as a writer were not looked upon favourably by his family:

I knew that she did not give me credit for the sort of cleverness necessary for such work. I could see in the faces.... that they had not expected me to come out as one of the family authors. There were three or four in the field before me, and it seemed to be almost absurd that another one should wish to add himself to the number. (AB IV)

The Trollopes were indeed a 'writing family' (L. and R.P. Stebbins) and Anthony quite proudly remarked that his mother, Tom and he himself between them had written 'more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family' (AB II). Fanny Trollope wrote 114 volumes before she stopped writing at the age of seventy-five,

Anthony's father had published three volumes of his *Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica* by the time he died, his sister Cecilia wrote a religious novel called *Chollerton, A Tale of Our Times* (1846), and his brother Tom published a huge number of articles, novels, travel books and books on Italian history. But none of them ever wrote as much as Anthony was yet to write: 47 novels, many of them 'three-deckers', five travel books, five volumes of short stories, a play, a book on Caesar, biographies of Thackeray, Cicero and Palmerston, his own *Autobiography*, plus hundreds of newspaper articles and letters. Much of it was done while he was employed at the Post Office, travelling round the world, writing reports and editing newspapers. He also found the time to go on holiday, collect wine, visit clubs, play whist and never neglected his one true passion – hunting.

Work was to Trollope the basis of civilisation and he was utterly intolerant of anybody not acting on this maxim⁵⁶. Tom Trollope once noted that his brother had no 'capacity' for 'idleness' - 'Work to him was a necessity and a satisfaction'⁵⁷. Fanny Trollope once wrote to Anthony:

But the degree of activity of which I have been wont to boast, and on which I have so often been complimented might have been accounted in my very best days as positive *idleness* when compared to what you manifest. Tom and I agree in thinking that you exceed in this respect any individual that we have ever known or heard of -and I am proud of being your mother-as well for this reason as for sundry others. (F.T. to A.T., 8.7.1856 in Hall, *Letters*)

In September 1847 Anthony's and Rose's second son Frederick James Anthony, called Fred, was born and when not much later Anthony's sister Cecilia Tilley died, they took up her little daughter Edith as well.

In 1848 Anthony's brother Tom Trollope married a young woman of mixed Scottish, Indian, Jewish origin called Theodosia Garrow and as Mrs. Trollope did not want to lose Tom as her companion the three of them settled down together in Florence, Mrs. Trollope carrying the cost of the household.

In June of the same year Anthony's second Irish novel *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* appeared. He did not show a very good sense of timing, as it was a year of violent upheavals in the whole of Europe. Metternich (whom Mrs. Trollope knew personally) had to leave Vienna. Also in Italy there was an attempt to shake off the Austrian 'thralldom' - as Anthony often called it in his works⁵⁸. In Ireland these were the famine years. The potato blight had ruined the harvest in two successive years and

⁵⁶ Cf. Mullen 207

⁵⁷ Qtd. in Mullen 206

⁵⁸ See Trollope's Art: 'Travelling'

people were starving. As a consequence there were evictions and mass emigration to England and the colonies. England refused to lower the price of corn and thus condemned the Irish to starvation and the poorhouses. In 1848 the 'Young Ireland' movement under Smith O'Brian tried a revolution but it failed. Although Anthony had been travelling the country for the last years and thus must have been familiar with the effects of the famine, he kept playing them down, as he did with the upheavals, too. To him the Irish were not a nation to stand up and go through with a revolution. It was simply not a very good time for a novel with an Irish topic and he sold only 140 copies of the book⁵⁹. In June 1850 Trollope tried his luck with a novel about life after the French revolution, *La Vendée* - but it was again not a success. Glendinning calls it the 'the least readable of all his novels' (Glen 173), an opinion which many critics share. Anthony admitted later that he did not know anything about the subject at all. He was looking around for something to do. He offered a publisher a handbook on Ireland. During 1849 and 1850 he wrote a series of articles about Ireland for the *Examiner*⁶⁰.

Trollope's sister Cecilia died in April and Anthony did not go to England for the funeral. He wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, John Tilley, saying that he could not afford to do so without 'crippling himself' with 'regard to money'. It was typical of him to say so openly rather than invent an excuse. All his life he hated hypocrisy and 'cant'. He strongly opposed the exaggerated and often false demonstrations of grief which were so popular in Victorian society. In 'Mary Gresley', Mary is avoiding ostentatious grief when she tells her friend that her lover is dying of tuberculosis:

She did not weep as she spoke. It was not on such occasions as this that the tears filled her eyes. But there was in her face a look of fixed and settled misery which convinced us that she at least did not doubt the truth of her own assertion.

In the same year Fanny Trollope came to stay with Anthony and Rose. It was to remain her only visit there as she thoroughly disliked Ireland. From now on the family would always meet in England or on the continent.

In 1850 after Tom's wife's mother had died, her father, Mr. Garrow, settled down with Mrs. Trollope, Tom and Theo in Florence. With Theo's inheritance they set up the Villino Trollope, which was to become a cultural centre among the English expatriates in Florence.

The following year Rose and Anthony went to England for the Great Exhibition. Rose had entered a fire screen with the Trollope arms in the tapestry section and won a

⁵⁹ Cf. Glen 172

⁶⁰ Cf. Glen 185

bronze medal. In a letter to his mother Anthony jokingly remarks he could enter 'four unsuccessful novels' (qtd. in Glen183). He was not taking it all that lightly though. He had brought a play - *The Noble Jilt* - with him to London and had shown it to a publisher asking him to give his honest opinion, but when it came it was 'a blow in the face' (AB V). Already after his third novel *La Vendée*, his mother's publisher Colburn had advised him to give up writing but then Anthony had still felt that:

I would have bet twenty to one against my own success. But by continuing I could lose only pen and paper; and if the one chance in twenty did turn up in my favour, then how much might I win!" (AB IV)

The happiness of the trip was also overshadowed by the terrible fate of John Tilley- Anthony's brother-in-law. His children had been infected with Cecilia's tuberculosis and when he married again his second wife caught it, too. Within two years Tilley 'lost two wives and four children' (Glen187) and he did not remarry until ten years later. Glendinning notes that his tragic fate may have been a reason why Anthony and Rose never had more than two children⁶¹. Although we find widows in the short stories, the clergyman in 'Mary Gresley' is the only person who dies of illness in the course of a story. If a character dies it is either by accident⁶² or suicide⁶³.

Over the next two years Anthony and his family made 'temporary homes in Bristol, Carmarthen, Cheltenham and Worcester, with many short stays elsewhere' (Glen 192).

In 1851 Anthony finally got a temporary post back in England in Exeter, reorganising walks of letter-carriers in the South-West. Their walks were supposed not to exceed sixteen miles a day and they had to be punctual. Anthony travelled up to forty miles per day on horseback to find short cuts for the letter-carriers and thus make the service more efficient. In his *Autobiography* he notes that it became quite 'a passion' and for two years he was so busy that he found no time to write at all.

It is amusing to watch how a passion will grow upon a man. During those two years it was the ambition of my life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers. (AB V)

Through his rides for the PO and his hunting Trollope acquired an excellent knowledge of the English countryside. The credibility of his Barsetshire novels which so many critics and readers have commented on ⁶⁴ is due to his profound knowledge and minute descriptions of landscapes, rural villages, small country towns and their inhabitants. In

⁶¹ Cf. Glen187-8

⁶² 'Catherine Carmichael',

⁶³ 'La Mère Bauche', 'The Spotted Dog'

⁶⁴ See Trollope's Art

the short story 'The Parsons Daughter of Oxney Colne' he draws on his knowledge of the Devonshire landscape:

The prettiest scenery in all England--and if I am contradicted in that assertion, I will say in all Europe--is in Devonshire, on the southern and south-eastern skirts of Dartmoor, where the rivers Dart, and Avon, and Teign form themselves, and where the broken moor is half cultivated, and the wild-looking upland fields are half moor. In making this assertion I am often met with much doubt, but it is by persons who do not really know the locality. Men and women talk to me on the matter, who have travelled down the line of railway from Exeter to Plymouth, who have spent a fortnight at Torquay, and perhaps made an excursion from Tavistock to the convict prison on Dartmoor. But who knows the glories of Chagford? Who has walked through the parish of Manaton? Who is conversant with Lustleigh Cleeves and Withycombe in the moor? Who has explored Holne Chase? Gentle reader, believe me that you will be rash in contradicting me, unless you have done these things. ('The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne')

Trollope could never quite throw off the travel writer in himself. Minute descriptions of landscapes and a country's politics were as essential for the story to him as a well-described character.

Due to his work for the Post Office letters and their delivery always remained a matter of interest to Trollope and often play a major role in his fiction. The majority of his novels contained letters and a typical novel would contain about a dozen⁶⁵.

What should be mentioned is Trollope's outstanding ability to portray characters through the letters they write. His work for the PO left him with a fascination for letters and their transportation and resulted in an enormous number of fictional letters in his novels. Booth notes that 'Trollope was remarkably, almost uniquely successful' in portraying his characters through the letters they wrote and shows a 'surprising skill in finding the right tone for a variety of letters by a variety of characters' (Booth 203).

Unlike Trollope's novels the short stories only contain very short letters, which are used to 'dramatise crises and turning points in the books' ⁶⁶. In 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich', stern Uncle Hatto refuses to accept a young Englishman as a partner at the bank and thus makes it impossible for him to marry Uncle Hatto's niece, Isabella. Later he regrets his refusal and sends the girl a short letter the following day, telling her that he will make him a partner. Isabella informs her lover about this in a very calm and short little note, which exactly mirrors her even-tempered character.

⁶⁵ Cf. PC 285

⁶⁶ Ellen Moody, "Partly Told In Letters: Trollope's Story-telling Art" a lecture delivered to the Trollope society (<http://www.jimandellen.org/trollope/partly.told.in.letters.html>)

In 'Catherine Carmichael', Catherine sends her brother-in-law a letter to tell him that his brother - her unloved husband - has died. This letter marks the turning point of the story and the beginning of her happiness.

Due to the closeness of the events and the people there is mostly no need for letters in the short stories. The only exception are the 'Editor's Tales' in which literary aspirants send letters to a newspaper editor, asking for appointments or offering manuscripts. In 'The Spotted Dog' the narrator, apparently editor of a good newspaper, receives a letter from a gentleman asking him for work. The writer describes himself as a former student of Cambridge, a scholar, knowing Latin and Greek, well read, fluent in French, German and Italian. He also says that his 'character will not bear investigation' and claims that his life 'has been a mistake'. The editor finds this request very odd. Nevertheless he is unable to put the letter aside and forget about it: 'There was something in the letter which compelled attention.' His curiosity has been aroused and the editor meets the writer and helps him find some work. Briefly it looks as if the letter has changed the writer's life for the better, but the situation turns into a disaster and the writer commits suicide.

Normally only one or two letters are exchanged in the short stories. Only 'Josephine de Montmorenci' may count as 'semi-epistolary', 'with the interstices between letters filled by an ironic or unobtrusive narrator as the occasion may warrant' ⁶⁷. Here the letters serve a purpose. The author deliberately conceals her identity and creates a wholly different persona in her letters. She manages to arouse the editor's curiosity and lure him into reading her manuscript and granting her an interview.

Trollope's passion to improve postal services may also be seen in something we consider as a basic fact today: pillar boxes. Before 1852, if you wanted to post a letter, you had to walk to the nearest post office, which could be several miles away- a procedure which the efficient and impatient Anthony found unbearable. In a letter to his superior he strongly advocated the introduction of pillar boxes on the island of Jersey. With the letter he sent a map of St. Helier in which he had already marked spots for the pillar-boxes. His suggestion was accepted and in 1852 the first ones were introduced on the Channel Islands, in 1853 there followed some on the mainland. Originally they used to be green until 1874, when they were changed to the familiar red. Glendinning notes that:

Anthony Trollope is commonly credited with the introduction into Britain of

⁶⁷ (Ellen Moody, "Partly Told In Letters: Trollope's Story-telling Art" a lecture delivered to the Trollope society <<http://www.jimandellen.org/trollope/partly.told.in.letters.html>>.)

pillar-boxes for posting letters. I think it would be more truthful to say that it was his persistence and enthusiasm that resulted in their adoption. Rowland Hill among others had considered the idea. (Glen 197)

Their introduction drastically changed the postal service and also the situation in the families. Pillar-boxes gave members of a household, especially women, more freedom to communicate without others in the house knowing about it. Super notes that 'the letter boxes became so popular that influential citizens began to clamour for their erection near their homes' (Super 28) One of these 'influential citizens' was Millais, Trollope's friend and illustrator and the pillar box he requested still exists.

1.7 Success

In 1852, after 18 years in the PO, Trollope applied for the post of a Superintendent of Mail Coaches but did not get it⁶⁸. Around this time he also approached a publisher about a guidebook to Ireland but without success. This shows that he was still looking for literary work besides his PO work.

Two years later Anthony finally was promoted Surveyor of the Northern District in Ireland and the Trollopes moved to Dublin. They rented a house at in Donnybrook – number 5, Seaview Terrace - which was to become their first real home. Anthony had to go to London regularly. As he had to travel a lot and often by railway, he had a special writing desk made for him which enabled him to make use of the time he spent on trains. Although none of his books had been successful so far Anthony was still set on becoming a writer:

I have certainly always had also before my eyes the charms of reputation. Over and above the money view of the question, I wished from the beginning to be something more than a clerk in the Post Office. To be known as somebody, - to be Anthony Trollope if it be no more, is to me much. The feeling is a very general one, and I think beneficent. (AB VI)

In 1852 while in Salisbury on PO business Anthony was wandering around the premises of the cathedral. In his *Autobiography* he claims that it was there that he conceived his story of *The Warden*:

In the course of this job I visited Salisbury, and whilst wandering there on a mid-summer evening round the purlieu of the cathedral I conceived the story of the Warden, -from whence came that series of novels of which Barchester, with its bishops, deans, and archdeacon, was the central site. I may as well declare at once that no one at their commencement could have had less reason than myself to presume himself to be able to write about clergymen. I never lived in any cathedral

⁶⁸ Cf. Glen 201

city,- except London, never knew anything of any Close, and at that time had enjoyed no peculiar intimacy with any clergyman. (AB V)

This is not quite the truth because, as mentioned earlier in this paper, Anthony's grandfathers on both sides had been clergymen and the family had quite a lot of acquaintances who were in the same profession. It was to take another year before he finally started writing *The Warden*, the book about which he said that 'certainly no other work that I ever did took up so much of my thoughts' (AB V). Trollope strongly felt that the time had come for his efforts to be rewarded:

It was now more than ten years since I had commenced writing the Macdermots, and I thought that if any success as to be achieved, the time surely had come. I had not been impatient; but, if there was to be a time, surely it had come. (AB V)

When it appeared in January 1855 it was a moderate success

The novel-reading world did not go mad about *The Warden* but I soon felt that it had not failed as the others had failed. (AB V)

He received £9 8s.8d. for it and later another £10 - certainly not a very encouraging result for 10 years of literary work. But to Anthony the book had other merits. It had shown him where his strength lay:

The characters of the bishop, of the archdeacon, of the archdeacon's wife, and especially of the warden, are all well and clearly drawn. I had realised to myself a series of portraits, and had been able so to put them on the canvas that my readers should see that which I meant them to see. There is no gift which an author can have more useful to him than this.With such results I had no doubt but that I would at once begin another novel. (AB V)

He had finally found not only his feet in literature but also some ground to stand on and he meant to make good use of it. It is a strange coincidence that his career started just as his mother's was about to end. In 1856 Fanny Trollope published her last novel. She was seventy-seven at the time and living in Florence at the Villino Trollope with Tom and Theodosia. She died there in 1863 after having suffered a stroke two years earlier. Tom's feelings towards his mother were different from Anthony's. In his *Autobiography* he remarked

If my mother had died a dozen years earlier I should have felt the loss as the end of all things to me--as leaving me desolate and causing a void which nothing could ever fill. But when she died at eighty-three she had lived her life, upon the whole a very happy one, to the happiness of which I had (and have) the satisfaction of believing I largely contributed.

She was the happiest natured person I ever knew—happy in the intense power of enjoyment, happier still in the conscious exercise of the power of making others

happy; and this continued to be the case till nearly the end. (*What I Remember*, XVII)

-but of course Tom had always been his mother's favourite and had enjoyed a happy life with her, whereas Anthony had mostly been left behind.

After his success with *The Warden* Anthony at once started *Barchester Towers* but interrupted it to write *The New Zealander*, a description of 'mid-Victorian society' (PC 350). Once again a publisher advised him not to publish the book and although Trollope revised it, it was not published until 1972.

Barchester Towers, which he wrote between May and November 1859, is really 'a sequel of *The Warden*' (PC 28). To bring the characters from one book into the next was something unusual for the time and Trollope was to stick with his for more than ten years. The Barchester series contains six books in total: *The Warden* (1855), *Barchester Towers* (1857), *Doctor Thorne* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867) and was issued as *The Chronicles of Barsetshire* in 1878⁶⁹. Trollope himself did not consider *The Small House* as one of the series as it was not set in Barsetshire, but as it contains many of the familiar characters it is normally included in the series. Until today these novels remain 'the most popular of Trollope's 47 novels' (PC 33-4). Barsetshire was based on Somerset (adorned with some Dorset, and Devon features), the city of Barset itself on Winchester⁷⁰. The novels give us a picture of English society, portraying the aristocracy, the gentry as well as the clergy⁷¹. Apart from the animosity between Whig and Tory families there are hardly any politics in the novels. As the central character of the first novel is Reverend Septimus Harding - the warden of a hospice - the main focus is on High and Low Churchmen and their families, but Trollope also allowed his readers to catch a glimpse at the life of the upper classes. His novels take us to dinner with Counts and Dukes, fox-hunting with Squires and even into the bedroom of an Archbishop. It is impossible to overestimate the success Trollope had with these novels.

Although intimate scenes were common enough in the contemporary sensational novels, they did stick out in the 'doggedly unsensational Trollopian context' and 'the effect on the reader is of witnessing something indecently private' (Glen 290).

Additionally, Trollope used reoccurring characters over years in his novels. This technique is something common today, widely used in soap-operas or radio programmes

⁶⁹ Cf. PC 34

⁷⁰ Cf. Mullen 651-2

⁷¹ Cf. PC 35

such as *The Archers*⁷², but it was quite outstanding at the time. Apparently, the same thing was done by Victor Hugo, but Trollope claimed not to have known and his extensive library did not contain many works by his French contemporary. What he did know, though, were the works of his mother and she had done the same with her famous *Widow Barnaby*.

Trollope allowed his readers to follow their lives, to share their joys and their sufferings for sometimes over a decade. One of his best known characters, for example, Lady Glencora Palliser, was introduced in 1862 in one of the Barsetshire novels: *The Small House at Allington*. We follow her courtship, her wedding, marriage, her husband's career as a Prime Minister through the *Palliser* series until we learn of her death in the opening chapter of *The Dukes Children* in 1876. Thus for fourteen years a reader had been intimate with a character, had grown old alongside it. Also in the Barsetshire novels, we follow such well-known characters as Mr. Harding or Mrs. Proudie from 1857 through a considerable part of their lives unto their deathbeds in 1867. In writing about other novelists Trollope always stated whether an author 'lived with his characters or not' ⁷³. This was something particularly important to him, because he felt it to be the essence of his success. In his *Autobiography* Trollope stated that:

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. (AB XII)

This aspect of continuity for which Trollope was so famous is something his short fiction lacks⁷⁴. There are only three so called 'Maurice Archer stories' but although the name used is the same, the character is not constant.

Trollope's popularity was strongly enhanced by the fact that his books were circulated by Mudie's library, a circulating library founded in 1842 by Charles Edward Mudie in London. Mudie was a Scottish Congregationalist who had started as a bookseller, but soon started lending books, using the expanding railway network to send them all over the country. Being cheaper than the lending libraries that had survived from the 18th century his library soon became an enormous success. Prices of first editions were usually very high; hardly anybody could afford to buy them. In 1859, for 31 shillings and sixpence, you could get 30 pounds of butter or two nights in a luxury hotel or 720

⁷² A long-time radio program which ran in England between Whit Week 1950 and 2006

⁷³ See Trollope's Art: 'Characters'

⁷⁴ See Trollope's Art

bunches of flowers in the street.⁷⁵ Also a subscription to Mudie's 'marked someone as middle-class' (PC 337).

By the 1860s, Mudie dominated the market and could afford to dictate his own rules. Out of the 750 copies printed of *Barchester Towers* 200 went to Mudie's. In 1862 he bought 180,000 books. Thus it was possible for him to negotiate his price with the publishers⁷⁶. A subscription to Mudie cost one guinea per year for one volume at the time and two guineas for three volumes. Mudie thus strongly encouraged the publication of so called 'three-deckers' in order to induce his readers to pay the higher subscription fee, which allowed them to take out more books. This accounts for the enormous amount of three-volume novels in that time and also for the often extensive 'padding' in Victorian novels. If a writer wanted to be accepted by Mudie's, he or she simply had to deliver a three-decker and a book refused by Mudie had virtually no chance of succeeding. Thus seventeen of Trollope's forty-seven novels were three-deckers. When in 1894 Mudie and W.H.Smith together banned three-deckers because they were no longer profitable, the form vanished from the market over the next few years⁷⁷.

The Victorians were a 'novel-reading people' (ORC 396)⁷⁸. Novels were the most popular form of literature and Trollope and his contemporaries worried to a considerable extent about their influence on the readers. Most novels were read aloud in the families and thus a writer had to be extremely careful about his choice of topic and vocabulary⁷⁹.

Because of his religious attitudes, Mudie also presented a kind of unofficial censorship authority. Being a devout Congregationalist he would not accept anything 'indecent', thus in *Barchester Towers* Trollope once had to alter the expression 'fat stomach' to 'deep chest' and omit the expression 'foul breathing' (Glend 218-9).

Julian Hawthorn once observed about Anthony that 'he is afraid of nobody except God and Mudie', (ORC 338) but in this Trollope certainly did not stand alone. By the mid-sixties he had become 'the star of Mudie's solar system' (Glen 243) and both sides profited. In a review of *The Bertrams* in 1859 the reviewer stated that 'if Mudie were asked who is the greatest of living men, he would without a moment's hesitation say – Mr. Anthony Trollope' (E.S.Dallas in *The Times*, May 1859). The regard was mutual.

⁷⁵ Cf. Elsemarie Maletzke: *George Eliot, Ihr Leben*, 1993

⁷⁶ Cf. PC 337-8

⁷⁷ Cf. Mullen 167

⁷⁸ See Trollope's Art: 'The role of the Novel'

⁷⁹ See Trollope's Art: 'The Role of the Novel'

Trollope thanked Mudie with numerous references to his library in his novels. Mudie in turn bought 1000 copies of Trollope's *Autobiography* after the latter's death.

Mudie's main rival was W.H. Smith, who, in 1848, set up a couple of railway bookstalls⁸⁰ which also greatly added to Trollope's popularity.

Trollope thought of the railway as a great invention - with the exception of railway sandwiches, which in his novel *He Knew He Was Right* he called the 'real disgrace of England' (XXXVII). He thought that the English were 'a locomotive people' and that travelling had 'developed' the national taste for literature'. He saw the time spent in a carriage as a 'vital benefit' if the seat there was used as a 'study' (A.T., *The New Zealander*, qtd. in Mullen 164), as he himself used it.

But he also saw the advantages and disadvantages for those living in the country. Villages or small towns which did not have a station became even more isolated, as the regular postal coaches stopped coming through. Young girls living in a town with a railway station had more of a chance to meet young men; on the other hand, young men took the opportunity to go up to London, where they sometimes came into contact with a world that seemed more glamorous than the one at home and where bills, debts and unsuitable women often got them in trouble. In his second short story 'The Courtship of Susan Bell', Susan is courted by Aaron Dunn, an engineer who has come to Saragossa to work on the railway. Susan's family are afraid of him being a 'wolf' and breaking Susan's heart. As they do not know anything about his career prospects and he has to leave again, the engagement is called off again. Susan suffers terribly, but Dunn is one of Trollope's true and constant lovers and comes back to her in the end.

A few more engineers may be found in the short stories and they are all reliable and trustworthy characters⁸¹. It seems that Trollope was trying to make a point opposing those who thought those new professions not fit for gentlemen⁸².

Having finished *Barchester Towers* Trollope did not wait to see it published, but instantly started another book. *The Three Clerks*, a book very much about his London years, was again not a big success. It may seem strange but Trollope more or less stuck to that pattern for the rest of his writing career. He published a rural novel, which would be a success, only to return to a London setting for one of the next ones. It was not until the end of the sixties that any of these were a real success. But Trollope was not easily discouraged.

⁸⁰ Cf. Mullen 163

⁸¹ Abraham Hall in 'The Telegraph Girl',

⁸² See Trollope's Art: 'Gentlemen and Ladies' i

When *Barchester Towers* came out in 1857, and it was a success. His constancy had finally brought him the fame he had longed for. Now Trollope did something unusual. After finishing *The Three Clerks*, he started a novel: *The Struggles of Brown, Jones and Robinson* only to lay it aside after a few days. He did not resume it until nearly four years later but then finished it within a couple of weeks. Instead of *The Struggle* he started another Barsetshire novel called *Dr Thorne* when he was sent on a postal mission to Egypt. When stopping off in London he tried to sell the story to the publisher Richard Bentley for £400. When Bentley did not agree, Trollope, under time pressure, rushed into the office of Chapman and Hall - Dickens' main publishers. Trollope proclaimed his terms and surprisingly they accepted. This was to be the start of a lifelong partnership which would even lead to Anthony holding shares in the company. To keep the deadline he had to write five pages every day. He kept up his routine even when during a rough crossing he had to leave his writing several times 'rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state room' (ABVII). Not only did he finish *Dr Thorne* while still on his trip, but he already started his next novel *The Bertrams*. The trip also led him to the Holy Land, Malta, Gibraltar and Spain. The trip provided him with material for many of his travelling stories which he was to write a couple of years later: 'George Walker at Suez', 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids', 'A Ride Across Palestine'.

It is striking that there is a new awareness of women in the novels he wrote while away:

Solitary travel was to change his ideas...The mistress of Anthony's bosom was never more distanced from him, figuratively as well as geographically speaking, as in 1858 and 59. There is more appraisal of female attractiveness in *The Bertrams* than in any of his novels. (Glen238-9)

Back in England after three and a half months he was immediately sent to Scotland and in the following autumn to the West Indies, on his second postal mission. His order was to improve the postal service from the area, or to 'cleanse the Augean stables' (AB VII) as he put it in *An Autobiography*. During his trip he finished *The Bertrams* and a travel book *The West Indies and The Spanish Main* 'a delightful and highly personal travel book' (ORC 582), which Trollope himself considered 'the best book that has come from my pen...amusing useful and true' (AB VII). Trollope despised false humility⁸³ as much as he despised false praise.

The trip took him to Jamaica and Cuba, among other Caribbean islands, and Central America. His mission was to negotiate with the Spanish government a reduction of the

⁸³ Cf. Mullen 690

charges in Cuba and Puerto Rico, a railway contract for British mail within Panama and a reduction of tax on it⁸⁴. On his way back he visited New York, the Niagara Falls and Canada.

As usual, Trollope was interested in the politics of the country he visited. He lamented the decline of the once wealthy colony Jamaica:

There is nothing so melancholy as a country in its decadence, unless it be a people in their decadence. I am not aware that the latter misfortune can be attributed to the Anglo-Saxon race in any part of the world; but there is reason to fear that it has fallen on an English colony in the island of Jamaica.

He partly blamed the abolition of slavery in 1833 and the 'free negroes' reluctance to work for the decline. Throughout the story there are references to Maurice's trouble to find people to work his sugar plantation:

But then the question of labour? How he slaved in trying to get work from those free negroes; and alas! How often he slaved in vain!

Maurice spends :

...every shilling...in bribing negroes to work for him. But bribe as he would the negroes would not work. "No, massa: me pain here; me no workee to-day," and Sambo would lay his fat hand on his fat stomach....Poor Maurice had often been nearly broken-hearted in his efforts to manage his free black labourers.

Trollope felt that the black population had not then adapted to their new freedom:

Yet he was the "massa" to whom the free negroes looked as the source from whence their wants should be supplied, notwithstanding that, being free, they were ill inclined to work for him, let his want of work be ever so sore.

The complete 'lack of financial greed' (Glen 250) of the black inhabitants amazed him. He thought 'the desire of accumulating property' to be 'of all qualifications of civilisation the most essential' (*Australia and New Zealand*) and considered ambition as something vital:

It is a grand thing to rise in the world. The ambition to do so is the very salt of the earth. It is the parent of all enterprise, and the cause of all improvement. (Dean Lovelace, in *Is He Popenjoy?*, Vol. 3, ch. LXI).

As a Christian he considered the black man as a brother but as 'the very idlest brother with which a hardworking workman was ever cursed' (qtd. in Glen 250). *The Oxford Companion* notes that Trollope was unable to overcome his bias and his judgement was unjust:

⁸⁴ Cf. Hall 172

...what Trollope missed was the potential explosiveness of this mixture, particularly in Jamaica, where in 1865 a rebellion erupted, leading to a number of casualties, a severe repression, and acts of dubious legality or morality. The result was the dismissal of Governor Edward Eyre, and the eventual replacement of most of the island assemblies with Crown Colony government. (ORC 582)

Although it certainly stirs unpleasant feelings in a present day reader to read about 'tittering niggers', one must not forget that Trollope in this was a child of his time. Due to the 'horrors of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, the Jamaica rebellion of 1865, the Maori Wars, the American Civil War, and Reconstruction' (ORC 456) early Victorian philanthropy had been replaced by 'racist attitudes' by the mid-century. Though 'no believer in racial equality' Trollope criticized 'the increasing racial arrogance of late Victorian imperialism' (ORC 456)⁸⁵.

1.8 Short Stories

What Trollope brought home from this first trip to America was not only a travel book and a novel but a new form of literature, very popular in the states- the short story. When on holiday in the Pyrenees with Rose, Tom and John Tilley, he started trying his hand at this new genre and wrote five short stories during their holiday. Mullen notes that Trollope '...obviously liked the idea of using his travels to generate extra income and suggested to *Harper's* a series of twelve stories which he could then publish in one volume in England.' (PC 455) In total, Trollope wrote forty-two short stories, which were published in magazines and different collections⁸⁶. He used the material from his journey to the West Indies for his short stories 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica', 'Returning Home', 'Aaron Trow' and 'The Journey to Panama'. Although enthusiastic at the beginning, Trollope later tired of the medium. In his *Penguin Companion* Mullen quotes a letter to a publisher apparently having asked for a Christmas story. Trollope asked to be excused from the task, as it became 'a burden' to him 'almost as great as the construction of a prolonged tale' (PC 456)⁸⁷. Trollope found constructing plots tiresome and he realized that constructing a plot for a short story took him as long as one for a novel but paid considerably less. He complained that it took him a week to write a short story - which he though was too long⁸⁸.

⁸⁵ Also see 'The Final Years'

⁸⁶ Also see Trollope's Art and 'The Victorian Short Story'

⁸⁷ See Trollope's Art: 'Christmas'

⁸⁸ See Trollope's Art: 'Trollope's Short Stories'

Immediately after his return from America, Trollope approached Thackeray, who was the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, offering him his short stories. Thackeray was delighted to have him as a contributor but preferred a novel. Trollope offered *Castle Richmond*, an Irish novel, but Thackeray wanted something English, another clerical novel. Trollope, having received the order on 26 October, started writing *Framley Parsonage* eight days later. With this 'thoroughly English' book he once again returned to Barsetshire:

There was a little fox-hunting and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love-making.

The first episode was published on 1st January the following year and during that time the Trollopes managed to move from Ireland to England as well. *Framley Parsonage* was 'his first novel to be serialized' and 'the most favourably received of all his novels' (ORC 207). It was also the only novel, apart from his last, which was serialized before it was finished and it was to be his great break-through.

The circulation of the *Cornhill* at the time lay somewhere around 100,000 a month, and it was 'likely to be read, or at least appear on the tables, in a large proportion of educated homes' (Snow 92).

As with many of his contemporaries, Trollope from 1861 onwards serialized most of his fiction in newspapers, magazines and periodicals first. This was nothing new; Daniel Defoe had started it with his *Robinson Crusoe* 140 years earlier, but it tremendously increased Trollope's readership and popularity.

By that time Trollope had been transferred to the Eastern District of England and had rented Waltham House at Waltham Cross in Herefordshire. In January he was officially appointed as a Surveyor and in 1865 he bought the freehold of it. He certainly could afford it, as in that year he made £ 7000, only £700 of which came from the Post Office⁸⁹. Anthony loved the house and the garden, and everything that grew in it:

We had a domain there sufficient for three cows, and for the making of our own butter and hay. For strawberries, asparagus, green peas, out-of-door peaches, for roses especially, and such everyday luxuries, no place was ever more excellent.
(AB XV)

It may have reminded him of those happy two years after his mother's return from America, as shortly after moving to Waltham he wrote *Orley Farm*, in which he

⁸⁹ Cf. Mullen 378

pictured their little farm, Julian Hills. To him this was to be the beginning of an extremely happy and productive period:

The work I did during the twelve years I remained there, from 1859 to 1871 was certainly very great. I feel confident that in amount no other writer contributed so much during that time to English literature. Over and above my novels, I wrote political articles, critical, social, and sporting articles, for periodicals, without number. I did the work of a surveyor of the General Post Office, and so did it as to give the authorities of the department no slightest pretext for fault-finding. I hunted always at least twice a week. I was frequent in the whist-room at the Garrick. I lived much in society in London, and was made happy by the presence of many friends at Waltham Cross. In addition to this we a ways spent six weeks at least out of England. Few men, I think, ever lived a fuller life- And I attribute the power of doing this altogether to the virtue of early hours. (AB XV)

Twenty-six of Trollope's forty-two stories, that is nearly two thirds, were written between 1860 and 1867 and by far the biggest part are travelling stories. Their settings span a wide range from travelling stories inspired by his PO travels to the West Indies and Egypt over American, Continental and Irish stories, to *An Editor's Tales* set in London. In between we find a few stories with an English setting- mostly written for Christmas editions of newspapers. Their characters as well as their topics show how extremely diverse Trollope's activities, interests and acquaintances were during that time⁹⁰.

Additionally to all the things Trollope mentioned in his *Autobiography* he also always negotiated the terms for his own books and corrected the proofs. From 1864 onwards he worked for the Royal Literary Fund, an institution founded to help writers in need⁹¹, and he was also invited to the Royal Academy of Arts as a guest speaker. He was also a very active member of the Royal Commission on International Copyright. Yet he always found time to indulge in his various passions.

⁹⁰ Also see Trollope's Art

⁹¹ this is when he started writing short stories with pieces of advice for literary aspirants

1.9 Personal Passions

Trollope was a man with many passions, often not inexpensive ones, and he cultivated them. He loved coffee and smoked cigars, although he suffered from asthma and bronchitis. He had his cigars sent to him from Cuba and in his letters we find that he offered to sell some to his friends. As Rose did not like the smoke he was only allowed to smoke them in the garden or later, in London, in his library. In his fiction, the cigar is an attribute of manliness, whereas cigarettes are normally smoked by 'dissolute men' (PC 468). In 'A Ride Across Palestine', Smith, a young traveller, is accompanying the narrator through the desert. His refusal to smoke, among other things, slowly gives the reader an idea that the man is not what he seems to be - a man:

We then sat silent for a while, during which I was puffing at a cigar. Smith, among his accomplishments, did not reckon that of smoking,--which was a grief to me; for a man enjoys the tobacco doubly when another is enjoying it with him.

At the end of the story the narrator learns that he has been travelling with a woman for weeks.

In 'Josephine de Montmorenci' one of the *Editor's Tales*, Trollope enjoys a joke at the expense of the Post Office:

"Don't let him smoke too much Miss Puffel." "I don't intend. I've brought him down to one cigar and a pipe a day, -unless he smokes at the office." "The all do that;- nearly the whole day." "What; at the Post Office!" "That's why I mention it. I don't think they are allowed at any of the other offices, but they do what they please there:...."

Pipes are often smoked by radicals. Today's continental readers often picture an English gentleman smoking a pipe. To the Victorian English it was the Germans who were seen as the great pipe smokers⁹², like the young lover Fritz in 'Frau Frohmann'. His pipe seems to underline his slow and steady character. Although he has been Malchen's acknowledged lover for two years, her mother has been unwilling to name a sum for the 'mitgift', and he in turn is not prepared to take the girl without one. There are no hard feelings, just patient waiting - and pipe smoking.

Americans chewed tobacco and the French took snuff. In some of his novels Trollope comes back to these stereotypes, but the short story characters are free of these vices. In old age, Trollope became quite a connoisseur of wines and after his death left an extensive wine collection to his son Henry. In his fiction he often used wine to disrobe

⁹² Cf. PC 468

pretentious people. They give expensive dinners and employ servants, but serve their guests cheap wine.

Although Trollope did not consider himself a good rider, he kept up his riding and fox-hunting at considerable expense up to the age of 62⁹³. Hunting was to remain a passion for life with him and writing provided him with the money to keep it up⁹⁴. Somehow he always managed to squeeze in his sport between his duties. Although short sighted and overweight 'Trollope rode hard and courageously' (ORC 264). In later days he sometimes owned up to six hunters, and even when he was already in his late 50s he would travel from London to Essex for hunting days⁹⁵. Hunting scenes also play a significant role in his fiction and he managed to insert at least one into almost half of his novels:

I have dragged it into many novels, - into too many no doubt, - but I have always felt myself deprived of a legitimate joy when the nature of the tale has not allowed me a hunting chapter.(AB IV)

In *Can You Forgive Her?* there is an ironical self-portrait in one of the characters, a 'heavy-weight sporting literary gentleman' (ORC 265). Trollope took hunting seriously and defended the sport in ferocious arguments against people who opposed hunting.

Although Trollope's novels are full of hunting scenes, 'The O'Conors' was to stay the only 'hunting story'. What we do find throughout his novels, however, are hunting metaphors: in 'Aaron Trow', an escaped convict is hunted down by the villagers after having tried to rape a young woman. When the convict is finally cornered in a cave, the narrator compares the scene to a fox-hunt:

My reader, when chance has taken you into the hunting-field, has it ever been your lot to sit by on horseback, and watch the digging out of a fox? The operation is not an uncommon one, and in some countries it is held to be in accordance with the rules of fair sport. For myself, I think that when the brute has so far saved himself, he should be entitled to the benefit of his cunning; but I will not now discuss the propriety or impropriety of that practice in venery. I can never, however, watch the doing of that work without thinking much of the agonising struggles of the poor beast whose last refuge is being torn from over his head. There he lies within a few yards of his arch enemy, the huntsman. The thick breath of the hounds make hot the air within his hole. The sound of their voices is close upon his ears. His breast is nearly bursting with the violence of that effort which at last has brought him to his retreat. And then pickaxe and mattock are plied above his head, and nearer and more near to him press his foes,—his double foes, human and canine,—till at last a huge hand grasps him, and he is dragged forth among his enemies. Almost as soon as his eyes have seen the light the eager noses of a dozen hounds have moistened themselves in his entrails. Ah me! I

⁹³ For the use of hunting scenes and metaphors see Trollope's Art

⁹⁴ Cf. Mullen 121

⁹⁵ Cf. Glen 123,424

know that he is vermin, the vermin after whom I have been risking my neck, with a bold ambition that I might ultimately witness his death-struggles; but, nevertheless, I would fain have saved him that last half hour of gradually diminished hope.

And Aaron Trow was now like a hunted fox, doomed to be dug out from his last refuge, with this addition to his misery, that these hounds when they caught their prey, would not put him at once out of his misery. (Aaron Trow)

In courtship stories such as 'Alice Dugdale', the references to hunting and fishing are lighter and serve as a humorous component. Lady Wanless, a mother of five daughters with rather strained means, is trying to secure a young Major as a husband for her daughter Georgiana. As the girl has neither wit nor intelligence, but a great figure and is 'an excellent horsewoman', the mother borrows horses and arranges an archery meeting so that the Major may see Georgiana at her best. The Major duly admires the girl's perfect figure on the horse and in her riding dress and thinks how great she would look at his dinner table. Much of the irony in the story comes from Lady Wanless' insistence that the Wanlesses are a noble family which is contrasted by her match-making schemes. The narrator's references to the Major as 'a fish' which the girl's mother is trying to catch and whom she is trying to get to 'swallow the bait' also show the Major's helplessness and his slight lack of manliness. Although the 'traps were plain to his eyes, he felt that he would sooner or later be caught in the traps', but in the end he plucks up his courage and chooses his country love and Lady Wanless realises that she has 'lost her fish'⁹⁶.

Trollope's most amazing of his passions was probably the one for books.

Although Trollope always claimed that he did not like to read for more than an hour per day, he had a huge collection of books:

...In the early 1870 his library contained some 5000 volumes⁹⁷, among them a large collection of dictionaries, guide books, and a great number of old plays from the 16th and 17th century⁹⁸. Trollope was so proud of his collection that in 1874 he had a catalogue printed and distributed it among his acquaintances. He was not the only one in the family with a passion for books, his brother Tom even had his own library built for his enormous collection (14.000 volumes). In 'The Mistletoe Bough' Major Garrow is a 'gentleman 'with quiet, lazy, literary habits', who 'had done his work in life, but had done it as to permit of his enjoying that which was left to him'. An ideal picture of retirement in the country which Trollope unfortunately could not live up to. When he moved to a little cottage in the country at the age of?? he, in spite of his extensive library, found himself unable to enjoy' what was left to him'. He missed London, the clubs and his acquaintances, the hustle and bustle of an active life.

⁹⁶ See Trollope's Art: 'Love and Marriage'

⁹⁷ Cf. ORC 322

⁹⁸ Cf. Mullen 571-4

Trollope's working habits were undoubtedly a very important part of his success. Like his mother many years earlier, he got up at five in the morning and thus normally finished most of his literary work before breakfast.

It was my practice to be at my table every morning at 5.30 A.M.; and it was also my practice to allow myself no mercy. (AB XV)

He paid his groom Barney an extra five pounds per year to prepare a cup of coffee for him in the morning. After breakfast he would catch a train to London, do his PO work, go to the club to play a game of whist, and return to Waltham on the five o'clock train for dinner with Rose. One of the most famous quotations from Trollope's *The Last Chronicle of Barset* is: 'It's dogged as does it' (Giles Hoggett, LXI) and he certainly applied this rule to his own life.

Trollope believed that a strong, disciplined work routine was the most important part of his work, more important even than 'inspiration' :

The author wants that as does every other workman, - that and a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration. (AB VII)

Notably, in the short story 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering' a young writer nearly starves to death waiting for inspiration.

Before starting a book Trollope would draw up a work sheet and set down exactly how many pages he intended to write per day, thus keeping track of his work:

When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labour, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time,--whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed,--I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. (ABVII)

In the short story 'The Mistletoe Bough', Trollope shows a young man who tries to do as he did but has not acquired this kind of discipline yet. Young Frank is staying at home over Christmas. Feeling that he has to work hard for his finals he has drawn out

'with red lines and in blue figures' a work table for his working hours and proudly shows them to his sister: "...forty hours a week. That will give me just two hundred hours for the holidays. I have got it all here on a table." Twenty minutes later he is fast asleep and when waking up decides 'that he would not begin his measured time until Christmas was fairly over'.

Although Trollope kept his literary work limited to three hours a day, feeling that 'three hours a day will produce as much as a man ought to write' (AB XV), his self-discipline was striking:

This division of time allowed me to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel volume a day and if kept up through ten months, would have given as its results three novels of three volumes each in the year (AB XV).

Trollope also always felt 'that the work which has been done quickest has been done the best' (AB X). He believed that a prose writer 'who thinks much of his words as he writes them will generally leave behind him work that smells of oil' (AB X). He was convinced that he could not have improved any his plots or of his characters if he had thought about them any longer:

...but taking these books all through, I do not think that I have ever done better work. Nor would these have been improved by any effort in the art of story telling, had each of these been the isolated labour of a couple of years (AB X). The best place to develop new characters and plots was to Trollope 'some quiet spot among the mountains, where there was no society, no hunting, no whist, no ordinary household duties' (AB XV). There he felt that he could

imbue myself thoroughly with the characters I have had in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel. (AB XV)

This was not exaggerated as a friend, who in later years once came across one of Trollope's manuscripts, was amazed to find that it was 'entirely free from alterations' and noted that 'it seemed to have flowed from his pen like clear liquor from a tap' (Mullen 533). The characters seem to have stood before his mental eye as alive as the people around him. Knowing this, it seems a bit coquettish when we hear the narrator of *Castle Richmond* lament: 'And now looms before me the novelist's great difficulty. Miss Monsell - or, rather, Mrs. Mark Robarts - must be described'.

Trollope did not believe in breaks. As soon as he had finished one novel he started the next-quite often on the following day:

I had long since convinced myself that in such work as mine the great secret consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound to rules of labour similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker when he has finished a pair of shoes does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction. ... Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands. (AB XVII)

Trollope was fully aware that his method of work was not met with approval by everybody, yet he thought it very beneficial:

I have sometimes been ridiculed for the methodical details of my business. But by these contrivances I have been preserved from many troubles; and I have saved others with whom I have worked - editors, publishers, and printers - from much trouble also. (AB XIX)

Another important foothold in his career apart from his work habits, were the friends he made in the early 1860s. In January 1860, George Smith, publisher of the *Cornhill Magazine* and nearly ten years Trollope's junior, invited him to a banquet for the contributors of that magazine. He had a good name in publishing and was able to pay his writers well, because his company also held shipping and banking interests and acted as agents for the army, supplying it with equipment⁹⁹. Thus he could afford to finance some riskier projects. Smith had published *Jane Eyre* and was Ruskin's and Thackeray's main publisher. Like his trip to Ireland eighteen years earlier that night would turn out to be a new 'starting-point' in Anthony's life. About this evening he wrote in his *Autobiography*:

... on that occasion I first met many men who later became my most intimate associates. It can rarely happen that one such occasion can be the starting-point of so many friendships. (ABVIII)

At Smith's house he met writers like Robert Bell (whose extensive library Trollope bought to help his widow after Bell's death), G.H.Lewis, who was living with George Eliot, and the artist Millais, who was to illustrate many of his future novels. He also for the first time met Thackeray in person, whom he knew as the editor of the *Cornhill* and greatly admired as a writer. Apparently that first meeting did not go too well as Thackeray was suffering from stomach problems¹⁰⁰. Later this was to become one of Trollope's most cherished but very short friendships as Thackeray died only three years later. Trollope noted that 'With all these men I afterwards lived on affectionate terms' (AB XV) - a considerable change from his unhappy youth and his lonely time in London.

⁹⁹ Cf. Glen 282

¹⁰⁰ Cf. Glen 279

Another guest at the banquet was Wilkie Collins,,with whom Trollope did not develop a close friendship as the former was a friend of Charles Dickens, whom Thackeray disliked. Nevertheless, Trollope and Dickens were acquainted, close to being 'related', as Dickens' mistress, Ellen Ternan, was the sister of Tom Trollope's second wife, Fanny. When Fanny had first come to Florence to study singing, she had brought a letter of introduction from Dickens addressed to Tom Trollope and old Mrs. Trollope¹⁰¹. Fanny later even brought Ellen to Waltham, but chances are that Rose Trollope did not know who Ellen was, as she disapproved of extramarital relationships. Glendinning notes that 'Anthony maybe did not tell all that he knew; although Dickens and Trollope did correspond occasionally, Anthony remarked in his *Autobiography* about having been asked to give a speech at a banquet in honour of Dickens, that he did not really belong to 'that set' ¹⁰². Nevertheless, he 'did not like to refuse' and made his speech. Anthony was not impressed by Dickens' artistic merits. He considered the latter's characters 'not human beings' and his style 'jerky, ungrammatical, and created by himself in defiance of rules' (AB XIII).

1.10 Social Life

It is always amazing to see how many of the well-known people of that time Trollope came into contact with. He met them in his clubs, at dinner-parties, while fox-hunting or sometimes just by chance. One of these, for example, was Leslie Stephens, married to Thackeray's daughter and in his second marriage father to Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell. Another was Baron Tauchnitz, editor of the *Collection of British and American Authors*. Trollope was pleased by the fact that Tauchnitz paid at least small amounts to the English authors whose writings he edited, as opposed to American publishers who did not pay anything¹⁰³, a fact which enraged Trollope.

Among his friends and acquaintances were such illustrious names as Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, Lord John Russell, Prime Minister, Arthur Sullivan, composer. Trollope dined with the philosopher and biologist T.H.Huxley¹⁰⁴ and hunted with Baron Rothschild. Sometimes these meetings were just pure coincidence, though, as when Trollope was crossing the ocean on the same ship as Henry James, or when he appeared in court as a witness against a thieving post-mistress and there met Sir Isaac Butt. Butt

¹⁰¹ Cf. Glen 306

¹⁰² Cf. Glen 367

¹⁰³ Cf. Mullen 172

¹⁰⁴ Cf. Mullen 443

was a prominent lawyer, founder of the *Dublin Review* and one of the leaders of the Home Rule movement. He was known for his eloquence but an eyewitness noted that he

...could not puzzle Trollope, or bewilder him, or even cause him to lose his temper; not did Trollope ever fail to give an effective and even droll answer to every effective and droll question. (qtd. in ORC 75)

- in short Trollope 'showed himself a match' (ORC 75) for Butt.

Trollope was also friends with George Eliot and her partner Lewes. He always referred to George Eliot as Mrs. Lewes¹⁰⁵ and went to see them in London. Through them he met Turgenev¹⁰⁶ with whom Trollope got on well and Thomas Carlyle (ORC147), whom he disliked. It seems an odd friendship but Eliot and Anthony admired each other's work. Eliot said about Trollope's novels that:

...people are breathing good bracing air in reading them... the books are filled with belief in goodness without the slightest tinge of maudlin. They are like pleasant public gardens, where people go for amusement & whether they think of it or not, get health as well. (qtd. in PC 147)

Anthony also admired Eliot's work and thought it very clever but too complicated and constructed. She, on the other hand, worried that his early retirement might lead him to 'excessive writing' (ORC 147-8).

Trollope's short story 'Josephine de Montmorenci' is full of references to the pair. It was nothing unusual for Trollope to relate to his friends in his fiction, but the extent to which he did it here is astounding and possibly was not pleasing to them at all. The story is about an editor who is approached by a woman under her 'nom de plume', asking him to publish her novel in his paper. Her letters are rather pert and she refuses to meet him. The narrator, suspecting her to be young and beautiful, becomes so intrigued that he reads her novel. The male character is called Charles and works at the Post Office, as did Lewes' son, and smokes cigars, as Lewes himself did¹⁰⁷. Like the main character in the story George Eliot also wrote under a 'nom de plume' and did not like talking about her work. She, too, was called Maryanne and nicknamed 'Polly' and when the narrator states that he does not like the 'feminine metaphysics' in her novel, he was just stating what Trollope thought about Eliot's novels:

...the philosopher so greatly overtops the portrait-painter...The defect of George Eliot that she struggles too hard to do work that shall be excellent. She lacks ease....In Daniel Deronda... there are sentences which I have found myself

¹⁰⁵ The pair was not married, as Lewes still had a wife. See 'Rose'

¹⁰⁶ Cf. Mullen 532

¹⁰⁷ Cf. PC 251

compelled to read three times before I have been able to take home to myself all that the writer has intended. (AB XI)

Nevertheless Trollope and Eliot liked and respected each other¹⁰⁸.

The 60s turned out to be an extremely busy period for Trollope. He had finally established himself as a writer. In the late 60s he started editing newspapers, held shares in a publishing company and, finally, stood as a candidate for elections.

Fame also brought an extensive social life. Much of a gentleman's life in London happened in clubs which were 'the key to a pleasant and gentlemanly social life, and a wide circle of acquaintances' (Glen 293).

During the sixties Anthony joined many clubs: the Cosmopolitan, the Garrick, the Athenaeum, the Arts Club, the Civil Service Club, and the Turf Club. But it was not always easy to get in. Each club had their own set of people belonging to it and your name had to be 'put up' by a member for election among the existing club members and the suggestion had to be supported by another member. In 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering' a literary aspirant is asked by an editor to join a London club so that he may be able to write a gossip column for the paper.'...'But as everybody now-a-days belongs to a club, you will soon get over that difficulty.' So said the editor.' The fact that Fred did not consider it all that easy shows the reader that he is not only poor but also has no social network.

The Cosmopolitan, for instance, was sophisticated and had many politicians among its members. Thus 'the Cosmopolitan was a fount of high gossip, and an ideal source of material for Anthony's "parliamentary", his political novels' (Glen 294). The Garrick was the club for literary and theatrical people and it was frequented by the crowd that Anthony had met at Smith's banquet. In 1862 he, too, was elected and it was to remain his favourite club for the rest of his life. He would go there every day after his PO work was finished to play whist before catching a train back to Waltham; - it became his 'home from home' (Glen 294).

His various club memberships and his rising fame helped him to cultivate and develop these new friendships but most of all he cherished the friendship with Thackeray to whose works he frequently referred in his own. On Thackeray's death Trollope wrote to Chapman 'I loved him dearly' (qtd. in Mullen 349). In 1879 he was asked to write a little book about his friend for the 'English Men of Letter Series' ¹⁰⁹, a job that proved to be

¹⁰⁸ Also see Trollope's Art

¹⁰⁹ Cf. Mullen 471

difficult as well as unsatisfactory, as the family refused to provide any material and afterwards vehemently complained about the book.

But it was not only in England that Anthony got acquainted with celebrities. Visiting his brother Tom Trollope in Florence, Anthony met Robert and Elisabeth Browning and became quite friendly with them. Elizabeth Browning thought *Framley Parsonage* 'perfect' and Anthony 'first rate' as a novelist: 'very English...simple naïve, frank, direct-everything one likes in a man' with an 'extraordinary beard' ¹¹⁰. But not everybody's opinion of Trollope was that favourable. Indeed, his loud and boisterous manner often put people off. Contemporaries were often put off by his roaring laughter and his shouting at dinner parties and often described him as 'vulgar' - just what people had said about his mother. One of the people who disliked Anthony was Thomas Carlyle. The dislike was mutual though: Anthony had mocked him as Dr Pessimist Anticant in *The Warden* and reviewed one of Carlyle's books unfavourably. Carlyle, in turn, called him 'Fat Trollope' and wrote to his wife:

A distylish little pug, that Trollope; irredeemably imbedded in the commonplace, and grown fat upon it, and prosperous to an unwholesome degree.' (qtd. in Glen 303)

But Glendinning also notes that 'Carlyle was an irritable and discontented old curmudgeon' (Glen 330). In spite of his dislike for him, Trollope's extensive library contained fifty-four volumes of Carlyle's works.

Yet the discrepancy between the 'outer and the inner man' (Glen 401) seems to have been very strong and those who did not really know him were often misled by it. People were amazed that the intimate and emotional love scenes of girls like Lily Dale or Lucy Robarts should have come from a flamboyant and noisy man like Anthony. Lady Rose Fane, after meeting him, thought him 'as *unlike* his books as possible' ¹¹¹ but his more intimate friends knew him to be kind and tender hearted.

His loud manner was not entirely a stage-act, though. Trollope was capable of violence. When once a post master refused to open his desk for inspection, Trollope, in his anger, kicked it in. In his fiction we also find all kinds of physical violence. There is fighting, 'murders, muggings, garrotting ... shootings, attempted stabbings, suicides' (Glen 173). Glendinning claims that these scenes were written by a man who knew 'what it is to see red' (Glen 173) but Mullen feels that in Trollope's personal life violence only showed itself when he felt that others were interfering 'with his rights' or

¹¹⁰ Qtd. in Glen 283-4

¹¹¹ Qtd. in Mullen 444

being insolent. 'Otherwise he was a courteous and sensitive man, who tried to respect the feeling of others...' (Mullen 289). Often the violence and the sensational in his fiction was cushioned by the narrator together with Trollope's deliberately sensational style¹¹².

One of the most violent scenes in his fiction is described in 'Aaron Trow', a story in which an escaped convict tries to rape a young woman. It was written while Trollope was writing *Orley Farm* and is based on his trip to Bermuda. When Anastasia tells Trow that there is no money in the house, he threatens to make her 'such an object that all the world shall loathe to look on you'. But Anastasia is not easily subdued. She knows that she is fighting for her life and honour and 'she fought like a tigress attacked in her own lair'. As this passage is so completely different from the writings of the 'Chronicler of Barsetshire' (R.H.Super), I shall quote the passage at some length.

When he pinioned her arms with one of his, as he pressed her down upon the floor, she caught the first joint of the forefinger of his other hand between her teeth till he yelled in agony, and another sound was heard across the silent water. And then, when one hand was loosed in the struggle, she twisted it through his long hair, and dragged back his head till his eyes were nearly starting from their sockets. Anastasia Bergen had hitherto been a sheer woman, all feminine in her nature. But now the foam came to her mouth, and fire sprang from her eyes, and the muscles of her body worked as though she had been trained to deeds of violence. Of violence, Aaron Trow had known much in his rough life, but never had he combated with harder antagonist than her whom he now held beneath his breast.

"By--I will put an end to you," he exclaimed, in his wrath, as he struck her violently across the face with his elbow. His hand was occupied, and he could not use it for a blow, but, nevertheless, the violence was so great that the blood gushed from her nostrils, while the back of her head was driven with violence against the floor. But she did not lose her hold of him. Her hand was still twined closely through his thick hair, and in every move he made she clung to him with all her might. "Leave go my hair," he shouted at her, but she still kept her hold, though he again dashed her head against the floor.

At the same time he was writing one of his most complex studies of Victorian society, a book full of baronets and ladies and his most detailed descriptions of Christmas celebrations (four full chapters¹¹³). I think that this shows clearly what Trollope was really looking for in shorter fiction at the beginning: freedom. We must not forget, that from the beginning Trollope always tried to get himself established in the literary market. He had failed three times. Now within the last three years the sum he was paid for one of his novels had increased five fold. For *Castle Richmond* Chapman and Hall

¹¹² See Trollope's Art

¹¹³ PC 368

had paid him £ 600, for *Orley Farm* he got as much as £ 3,135. He was not prepared to risk his position by bringing in topics which would affront his newly gained readership. Yet he apparently had other stories inside him which he was not willing to bottle up and shorter fiction provided a welcome space to try them out¹¹⁴.

In spite of a noisy and boastful manner which often fooled his contemporaries, Anthony suffered all his life from a lack of self-confidence and an insecurity concerning other people. He described it in his *Autobiography*:

I have long been aware of a certain weakness in my own character, which I may call a craving for love. I have ever had a wish to be liked by those around me, -a wish that during the first half of my life was never granted. (AB IX)

He also suffered from depressions, but he rarely talked about them. It was to Millais, the illustrator of his books, that he wrote: 'It is, I suppose, some weakness of temperament that makes me, without intelligible cause, such a pessimist at heart' (qtd. in Glen 297). Glendinning thinks that Fanny Trollope had 'unrealistically exhorted' her children to be 'happy' all the time. Thus Anthony came to think of his depressions as a 'weakness'.

Trollope's strict working habits produced a constant and extensive literary output over the following years. In 1861 after the serialization of *Framley Parsonage* in the *Cornhill* Trollope published *Castle Richmond* (another Irish novel), *Orley Farm* and finished the *Struggles of Brown, Jones and Robinson*. During his trip to America his first collection of short stories: *Tales of All Countries* had been published in England. After his return in March 1862 and his book *North America* (which he himself thought a bad book) he immediately started *The Small House at Allington* which was then serialized in the *Cornhill* until 1864 and then published in book form. It was immensely popular and Trollope received £3000 for it. John Major, a former British prime Minister, in a BBC interview called '*The Small House at Allington*' his favourite book. The 'novel-reading world', as Trollope called his readership¹¹⁵, was intrigued by the sufferings of Lily Dale and John Eames. The journal the *Reader* stated that the villain Adolphus Crosbie, who jilted Lily Dale, was 'as much a public character as was Lord Palmerston' (qtd. in Mullen 453). Especially Lily was so popular that she had two ships named after her¹¹⁶. Trollope for once, was not too happy with his own creation, feeling that she was 'somewhat of a female prig' (AB X).

¹¹⁴ See Trollope's Art: 'Trollope's Short Stories'

¹¹⁵ AB V

¹¹⁶ Cf. Mullen 452

In 1863 the second series of his *Tales* came out, followed by *Rachel Ray* (issued in book form in 1863), *Can You Forgive Her?* (1865), *Miss Mackenzie* (1865), *The Claverings* (1867), *The Belton Estate* (1865).

The overproduction did not signify that he had to foist his work on the public – he was enormously in demand. (Glen 331)

Miss Mackenzie was written with the intention to prove that a novel may be 'successful without love' (AB XII), but Trollope could not bring himself to go through with it. The book is 'a moving portrayal of the plight of a single woman' (PC 319) and like *Rachel Ray* the book was never serialized. *The Claverings* was actually written in the same year but in a very different tone. Trollope's trouble with the PO, his disappointment about his insufficient promotion seems to have flown into the book. Written only four years after *Framley Parsonage*, it 'seems to be written out of a loss of faith and a questioning of justice' 'a disillusioned rewriting of that "thoroughly English" story' (ORC 105).

Around that time Trollope and some of his friends also began discussing the idea of a magazine. Periodicals at the time had an enormous impact on people, they were a 'key element in Victorian culture' (Mullen 499). There was a great diversity among the quarterly, monthly, weekly and daily newspapers. It was not only that they commented on every possible issue of daily life, but they also serialized new fiction and thus provided cheap entertainment and a topic of conversation.

In May 1865 the first number of *The Fortnightly Review* appeared, but it was soon to become a monthly (in August 66) and existed 'until 1954 when it was absorbed by the *Contemporary Review*' (ORC 205). The paper 'was to be open to all opinions, with signed articles, an unusual practice for the time' (ORC 204). It soon became 'the most intellectual of the reviews and magazines of its day' (ORC 204). Trollope was chairman of the board. He chose the name and persuaded his friend Lewes to take over the editorship. In 'The Panjandrum', Trollope describes the labour pain of a young magazine, where the contributors spend more time discussing their nom de plume and the content of their articles than actually writing them. In the end the whole project is abandoned.

Although Trollope was against including a serialized novel, thinking that it would distract the readers from more important issues, his novel *The Belton Estate* appeared in the first issue. The book was not a success, 'with its obsessive heroine, a gloomy atmosphere...on the whole a rather dreary book' (ORC 47).

Henry James, a young author then, wrote a rather harsh review of *The Belton Estate*:

The 'Belton Estate' is a *stupid* book 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 without a single idea. It is utterly incompetent as to the primary functions of a book, of whatever nature, namely- to suggest thought. (qtd. in Smalley 257-8)

But Trollope frequently contributed book reviews and articles about public schools, the Church, and travelling, and the civil service to the *Fortnightly*. His novels *Lady Anna* and the *Eustace Diamonds* were both serialized in the *Fortnightly*. From 1867 onwards Trollope was busy with the editorship of *St Pauls* but still contributed to the *Fortnightly*. 1860 was not only an important year for his career but also in more private matters. Anthony and Rose went to see Tom Trollope in Florence. There, at his brother's house, they met a 22-year old American named Kate Field. She was to be the only woman besides Rose who was ever to play a major role in Anthony's life. Daughter of an actor's couple she had come to Florence to study singing and she also wrote for a newspaper. An amusing picture of the Trollopes on this trip is given in the Italian short story 'Mrs General Talboys'. It is also in this story that Trollope complained about the harshness of some women towards others, a comment which may well have been inspired by his wife's attitude towards women like George Eliot.

According to Glendinning there are three things one should understand about Kate Field: she was extremely attractive, had strong feminist beliefs, and collected 'literary lions' (Glen 284-5). She was friends with the Brownings, Tom Trollope and his family and the old poet Walter Savage Landor, who was so infatuated with her that he even gave her a very valuable collection of drawings as a present. Glendinning thinks that in falling under Kate's spell Anthony was 'joining a cult' (Glen 285). She was well educated and talented but not enough to make a name for herself. Anthony mentioned her in his *Autobiography* (when it first appeared, his son Harry, as its editor, cut out the word American):

There is an American woman, of whom not to speak in a work purporting to be a memoir of my own life would be to omit all allusion to one of the chief pleasures which has graced my later years. In the last fifteen years she has been, out of my family, my most chosen friend. She is a ray of light to me, from which I can always strike a spark by thinking of her. I do not know that I should please her or do any good by naming her. But not to allude to her in these pages would amount almost to a falsehood.

It was Kate who brought Anthony in touch with the ideas of feminism and with feminists. She directed his attention towards this type of young independent American women, whom we find in stories such as 'Ophelia Gledd'. It is noticeable that from the

sixties onwards the character of the young women in Trollope's fiction, no matter of what nationality, changes. They become stronger, more independent, more aware of their own needs, but also often more visibly frustrated by their restrictions.

In the novels of the 1860s a woman's discontents were tacitly presented as a problem of misapplied energy, to be solved by subordinating her life to a worthwhile man's and wielding power in private and behind the scenes. (Glen 328)

It was from the mid-sixties onwards though, after 'Ophelia Gledd', that working women and girls start to appear in the short stories. Meeting Kate seems to have initiated this shift.

1.11 America

In 1861 Trollope applied for a leave of absence from the PO to go to America for nine months. When he applied he already had a signed contract for a book about America in his pocket. The year before, he had earned over two thousand pounds from writing whereas his salary was only £751¹¹⁷. Yet he wanted to keep the job but he also felt that, as he had done good work for the PO and never asked any extra money, he was entitled to have his leave. In the end he got it and left together with Rose.

Anthony and Rose went to Canada, the Niagara Falls and New York. Anthony visited lectures and the couple met Kate Field, whom Anthony had been very anxious not to miss. In his letters he affectionately addressed her as 'my very dear Kate' (Glen 316) and talked about their meeting 'shaking hands with you & embracing and crying' (*Letters*, I, 164-5). They met in Boston twice. Glendinning notes that

There is no reason to think that Kate felt as urgently and intensely about Anthony as he did about her. She was unhappily involved with an American she had met in Florence and remained so, off and on, for years. (Glen 317)

In November Rose sailed home to 'all the stern necessities of an English home', as Anthony in a letter to Kate put it, but he stayed on. He met Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson and went on to Baltimore and Washington, which he disliked. He was not comfortable, though. The war of Secession was going on, there was a lot of anti-British feeling and Anthony was often met with distrust (Glen 313). He visited all of the states 'which had not seceded, except California' (PC 357) and 'struggled out to look at Federal forts and gunboats and camps and barracks....hating every minute of it' (Glen 318).

¹¹⁷ Cf. Glen 306

Trollope's views on this war were somewhat complex, his feelings mixed. Although he disliked slavery he claimed that he was 'no abolitionist'. Yet he shared to a certain extent the 'romantic sympathy...for southern gallantry' (Glen 318) which was noticeable in Britain and thought that the South would secede anyway¹¹⁸.

He had no doubt that the north was bound to win, which was the opposite of contemporary English opinion. He had no doubt also that, on balance, theirs was the right side-again the opposite of the contemporary English opinion. He had as keen a nose as anyone for corruption and incompetence, and there was plenty in the North. He thought that their military organization was contemptible, and admired the military virtues of the South. But he was unusually detached and free from romantic snobbery. In the long view the North must be in the right. (Snow 97)

Trollope's ambiguous feelings are not only embodied in the two Reckenthorpe brothers in 'The Two Generals', set in Kentucky at Christmas 1860¹¹⁹. Tom, the older one, is 'a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man'. He has taken over the estate together with the slaves and has become 'a Southern gentleman', to whom 'the matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import. 'He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by slaves. He had 'learned to vindicate, if not love' the social system. Yet the narrator notes that with the slaves 'Master Tom had always been the favourite'. Frank, the younger son, was educated at a military school at Westpoint and has become an officer in the National Army. He is also intelligent and good-looking but sterner in his manner and one of the hardliners Trollope did not approve of. When the conflict arises between the North and the South there is also a conflict in the family, every party voicing a different side of the argument. The father, Major Reckenthorpe, although a former slave owner himself, has Northern sympathies and has voted in favour of abolition. Frank remains 'loyal to the Government which he served'. He sees himself as 'part of the greatest nation of the world' and considers everybody not loyal to it as a rebel. Tom, on the other hand, sees himself as a Southerner who 'had learned to vindicate, if not love' the social system. He sees his way of life threatened and thinks it his duty to fight for it. There is, of course, a love plot and it is in their behaviour to the girl that both men show their real character¹²⁰. Kentucky, due to its geographic location had a special position in the war. As it grew no cotton there were not many slaves nor were they often sold there. When the war broke out it wanted to stay neutral, but this was impossible, again because of its

¹¹⁸ Cf. Mullen 411

¹¹⁹ The story was based on his meeting with General Crittenden, who had told him that he had two sons fighting on opposite sides of the war (PC505)

¹²⁰ See Trollope's Art: 'War'

geographic position and every town there had been 'subject to inroads from either army'. Trollope's dislike for slavery, though genuine, according to Mullen was based 'on his concern for the white man' and not 'on moral outrage at the treatment of the black' (Mullen 411). He felt that it 'degraded the white master' and that the black man 'impedes the civilisation and progress of the white man' ¹²¹. Trollope thought that Kentucky would have 'thrown off the plague chain of slavery' if

...the prurient virtue of New England would have allowed her to do so by her own means. But virtuous New England was too proud of her own virtue to be content that the work of abolition should thus pass from her own hands.

Trollope was also not too happy about the behaviour of American servants. Although he knew that people at the bottom of the social hierarchy did not have a good life, he still missed 'the civility...of a well-ordered servant' (Glen 319). He also disliked one class coaches. Although Trollope saw that the American working class was better educated, less servile and on the whole had a better life than the English, he could not come to terms with their feeling of equality.

He went to Cincinnati to visit his mother's bazaar, by then known as 'Trollope's Folly' and in St Louis met T.S. Eliot's grandfather. All the time he kept writing to Kate Field but he only saw her again in March when he returned to Boston. Glendinning notes that 'the passages about Boston are thick with emotion' (Glend 315). We may assume that there was never any 'affair' ¹²² between Anthony and Kate but she definitely gave him 'heart flutterings' (Mullen 363). In 1868 he closed one of his letters to her

...with a kiss that shall be semi-paternal, one third brotherly, and as regards the small remainder, as loving as you please. (Hall, Letters 1, 438)

Kate was different from all the young ladies he had met in England. Hall states that Trollope knew pretty English middle-class women,

...but their upbringing and education precluded the making of choices about their own way of life. They were being prepared for early marriage and were not permitted the aspirations and wide interests of this 'exotic' American. With Kate friendship was possible, and Trollope soon formed for her a romantic attachment that lasted until his death. (Hall 210-1)

As usual his emotional state is reflected in his fiction. In his short story 'Miss Ophelia Gledd'¹²³, a young American lady has to choose between a young American and an elderly English Gentleman. In the end she takes the Englishman, claiming that she could

¹²¹ *Index*, 26 June 1862, 140-2, in Mullen 411

¹²² Cf. Mullen 364

¹²³ See 'Miss Ophelia Gledd' in Trollope's Art: 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

not resist the 'cut of his coat, the turn of his lip, the tone of his voice' ('Ophelia Gledd'). Kate did not come from a rich family. She had been half adopted by her uncle and aunt but their support had been withdrawn because of her way of life and her campaigning against slavery¹²⁴. Yet she stuck to her beliefs. Later she helped Bell to advocate the telephone¹²⁵.

American women fascinated and confused Trollope. 'They were 'good-looking, talkative, well-instructed - but unwomanly' (Glen 319-20) and in general 'too much' for him. Yet American characters began to crop up in his fiction.

American characters and topics were very interesting to the British readership, as the British at the time were very ignorant about America. In 1865 Trollope's friend Leslie Stephen, father of Virginia Woolf, wrote that America to the average Englishman meant nothing but a 'vague cluster of associations'¹²⁶, made up of a mixture of ideas taken from the works of Mrs. Trollope, Dickens and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Trollope visited America five times in the years 1859 (on his way home from the Caribbean), 1861-2, 1868, 1872 (on his way home from New Zealand) and 1875 (on his way home from Australia).

No major English writer of his time was as knowledgeable about the country. He was among the first to go there and arrange directly for the American market. (PC 5)

Anthony generally had a much more favourable view of America than his mother thirty years earlier. His novels were very popular in the States but he was not a very good speaker and unlike many of his contemporaries he never went on lecturing tours. One of the things which really outraged him about America was the fact that he never got any money from the American copies of his books.

I cannot say that I have never had a shilling of American money on behalf of reprints of my work; but I have been conscious of no such payment. (AB XVII)

The topic never ceased to bother him and he remained an active fighter for an international copyright. In 1868 he was commissioned by the Foreign Office to negotiate the terms of it during his visit in Washington and in 1876 he was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on International Copyright¹²⁷.

Yet Trollope liked America and the Americans. He once told Kate Field that he

¹²⁴ Cf. Snow 124

¹²⁵ Cf. Glend 316

¹²⁶ Qtd. in Mullen 382

¹²⁷ Cf. ORC 118

would probably have been a better American¹²⁸ and in his novels he often uses silly remarks about America to denounce a character's ignorance or stupidity. In spite of his liking for America only one of his novels is set there (*Dr Wortle's School*) but there are over thirty important American characters to be found in his fiction. Trollope often uses American women to 'disturb the regularity of English social life' (PC 7) which is probably exactly what Kate did to his life.

Mullen also notes that although Trollope was very fond of the vivacity of American girls he was not so fond of the boastfulness of their fellow countrymen. American men in his fiction often bore the others by holding long speeches about their country's advantages and greatness¹²⁹. In 'The Widow's Mite', a young English girl is going to be married from her uncle's house. The groom, Frederic F. Few, is 'a Pennsylvanian from Philadelphia; a strong Democrat, according to the politics of his own country, hating the Republicans, as the Tories of this country used to hate the Whigs among us'. He is staying with the family and is convinced that 'none of you here understand our politics'. Nora's uncle, a parson, escapes a political discussion with Frederic whenever he can, feeling that

...an American argues more closely on politics than does an Englishman. His convictions are not the truer on that account; very often the less true, as are the conclusions of a logician, because he trusts to syllogisms which are often false, instead of to the experience of his life and daily workings of his mind. But though not more true in his political convictions than an Englishman, he is more unanswerable.

At a family dinner during a discussion about the advantages and disadvantages of charity, the American not only shows his love for speeches, but also his lack of manners:

"Of course it depends on the heart," continued the lady; "but charity, if it be charity-" "I'll tell you what", said Frederic F. Few, interrupting her: "In Philadelphia, which in some matters is the best organized city I know-" "I am going down to the village said the parson, jumping up. "Who is to come with me?" and he escaped out of the room before Frew has a further opportunity of saying a further word about Philadelphia.

Frederic feels this to be unfair. He enjoys arguing and 'was as a dog from whose very mouth a bone had been taken!' The narrator claims that this love for arguments is a general trait in the American character:

¹²⁸ Cf. PC 6

¹²⁹ *He Knew He Was Right*, *The American Senator*, and *The Land-Leaguers*

"Then you decline to back your opinion," such men say when the bet is refused. The feeling of an American is the same to those who are unwilling to argue with him. He considers that every intelligent being is bound to argue whenever matter of argument is offered to him; nor can he understand that any subject may be too sacred for argument.

Frederic – maybe rightly so - feels that a man like the parson, who is used to preaching, cannot accept a different opinion any more:

"Ah! Well, it does not signify", said Frew. "When a man has a pulpit of his own, why should he trouble himself to argue in any place where counter arguments must be met and sustained?"

In 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids' Mr. Jefferson Ingram, a young American 'had made himself especially agreeable to Mr. Damer', the father of his beloved, by abstaining from patriotic speeches. Mr. Damer thinks that Jefferson is 'by far the most rational American he has ever met':

Mr. Ingram would listen to Mr. Damer by the half-hour as to the virtue of the British Constitution, and had even sat by almost with patience when Mr. Damer had expressed a doubt as to the good working of the United States' scheme of policy,--which, in an American, was most wonderful.

The narrator shows that there is an ulterior motive for Mr. Ingram's restraint

But some of the sojourners at Shephard's had observed that Mr. Ingram was in the habit of talking with Miss Damer almost as much as with her father, and argued from that, that fond as the young man was of politics, he did sometimes turn his mind to other things also.

When the American proposes to young Miss Damer and is accepted, he is happy, but she 'feared that her troubles were to come', because her 'papa', being 'a terrible bugbear', would not allow her to marry and go so far away'. So she asks her lover a favour:

"And, Jefferson," said Fanny, whispering...Do you go with papa and put him in good humour; and if he says anything about the lords and the bishops, don't you contradict him, you know."What will not a man do for love? Mr. Ingram promised.

Although with these characters Trollope was playing on a popular stereotype, namely the bumptiousness of Americans, he never failed to stress their honesty and 'good heart'.

America and his contact with Kate Field and George Eliot also changed Trollope's attitude towards working women. He was aware that not all middle class women could work in the Post Office (the PO being the 'first Civil Service department to employ women on a large scale' Glen 322, footnote 3) or become governesses. He was also aware of the problems of educated women to find a suitable husband.

Back in England it was George Eliot who introduced him to the so-called 'Ladies of Langham Place', a group of women advocating female rights round the writer and publisher Emily Faithful. Emily was the founder of Victoria press and published two important feminist newspapers. The group included the first two female doctors and the painter Barbara Bodichon, who was a co-founder of the Women's Suffrage Committee in 1866 and co-founder of Girton College. Trollope attended some of their meetings and invited Emily Faithfull down to his house in Waltham. Like Thackeray, Tennyson and Arnold he contributed to her Christmas editions¹³⁰.

It was from Kate Field in America and the ladies of Langham Park in England that Anthony began to learn about a different kind of woman – un-clinging, not looking to a man to justify her existence or to marriage as her religion, and ready to fight for her rights. They interested him but they did not convince him. They, or women like them, began to appear in his novels. (Glen 326)

He understood very well the boredom of intelligent women who had nothing to do but supervise their servants and represent their husbands in society. Yet 'the feminists' resistance to marriage' continued 'to trouble him' (Glen 326). He was afraid of the consequences if the old order was to be abandoned, if women had a choice:

'If women can do without marriage, can men do so? And if not, how are the men to get wives if the women elect to remain single?' (North America, vol 1, XVIII)

Anthony was also friends with Lord and Lady Amberly, who were humanists campaigning for the secret ballot and women's suffrage. Independent women attracted and interested him, but the idea of a combination of marriage and work never occurred to him and the idea of women remaining single distressed him: 'He wanted women to be sexually happy' (Glend 323). In his novels *Dr Thorne*, *Framley Parsonage* and *Miss Mackenzie* he even gave older women husbands. For young women he believed there to be no adequate alternative to marriage¹³¹.

The best right a woman has is the right to a husband, and that is the right to which I would recommend every young woman here and in the States to turn her best attention. (North America, I, XVIII)

Trollope's aversions to violent feminism may have sprung from the fact that in his childhood the radical feminist Fanny Wright persuaded his mother to accompany her to America. Frances went and left Anthony behind for a few wretched years. Another reason may have been that he disliked any kind of radicalism.

Glendinning thinks that

¹³⁰ Cf. Glen 324

¹³¹ Cf. Glen 326

Private independence of mind - that was quite acceptable to Anthony. What was not acceptable, because it terrified him, was anything that disturbed the happiness of 'fathers of families'. (Glen 452-345)'

He kept making fun of violent feminists in some of his novels - 'he could be merciless to 'card-carrying' feminists (Glen 447). Wallachia Petrie in *He Knew He Was Right* and Dr Olivia Q. Fleabody in *Is he Popenjoy?* are among his most outstanding feminist characters (Kate Field reproached him because she felt that Anthony had depicted her in Wallachia Petrie, which he denied.)

It is worth noting that none of his radical feminists are English, one is German and two are American, 'and their attacks on mankind are part of their attacks on England' (PC 170):

We in England are not usually favourably disposed to women who take a pride in a certain antagonism to men in general, and who are anxious to show that they can get on very well without male assistance. . . . The hope in regard to all such women . . . is that they will be cured at last by a husband and half-a-dozen children. (*He Knew He Was Right* LXXVII)

The character of Miss Dawkins in the short story 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids' represents everything Trollope hated about feminism.

However, as always Trollope was able to see both sides of the problem and, although showing what he disliked, he never condemned it. His 'empathy' and 'intellectual honesty' (Glen 450) made it necessary for him to present both sides as truthfully as he could. Thus Walachia is not only a comical figure to be treated with contempt but there is obviously some bitter truth in what she says:

If you speak of a dog, you intend to do so with affection, but there is always contempt mixed with it. The so-called chivalry of man to a woman is all begotten in the same spirit. I want no favour, but I claim to be your equal. (*He Knew He Was Right* LXXVII)

Trollope's 'books are full of women equal, even superior to men' (Glen 450) and often show that he did understand the position of intelligent women with no aims in life:

All the significant and intelligent women in the Palliser novels - Lady Laura Kennedy, Violet Effingham, Lady Glencora, Madame Max Goesler - expressed their frustration about the limitations placed on their activities by reason of their sex. Their creator did not mock them - because these women, like Lizzie Eustace, were attractive, and passionately involved with men. (Glen 450)

But although aware of the problem, he never saw any alternative to marriage. In his fiction ambition, or what he saw to be misguided feminist ideas, often stand in a woman's way to happiness.

In *Can You Forgive Her?* (1864), Alice Vavasor, one of his most unstable heroines, is led by her ambition 'to do something for her husband' to jilt her first lover. She thinks that a quiet life in the country by his side is not enough. Instead she wants to support her cousin George in his political career. He turns out to be a failure, wasting her money and in the end even physically attacks her.

Alice's main problem though, is the fact that she does not find George physically attractive. Although he would satisfy her - understandable - wish 'to do something', he does not satisfy her true needs, those of her heart and body. Here we have nearly the same situation as in the short story 'Alice Dugdale', where the young hero compares two young women and finds that although the one would satisfy his ambition, 'he did not think much of her kisses'. Alice Vavasor eventually chooses the sexually attractive partner and so does Major Rossiter in the short story. The message that ambition may stand in the way of sexual fulfilment and happiness is often repeated. But this also works the other way round: unsatisfied desires may lead to greedy ambitions. Although Victorian authors are commonly thought to be prudish and moral, many of Trollope's women show a strong physical awareness. In the Palliser novels he often alluded to Lady Glencora's sexual desires and her husband's inability to see them. Her needs not being fulfilled, Lady Glencora fulfils her ambition in working for her husband's career and in the end destroys it.

Anthony worried about gender barriers all his life, but he also maintained them in his life. Although they sometimes melted down in his fiction, he 'often wrote about them from the viewpoint of a male supremacist under threat' (Glen 446-7)

1.12 The Late 1860s - Change Again

During the late sixties Trollope went through a period of change in his profession as well as in his writing. In 1867 he resigned from the Post Office after 33 years.

In his *Autobiography*, Anthony wrote that for 'his rise' in the world he had always 'looked to writing'. This is not quite true. He had long been waiting for a promotion at the Post Office. He felt that he had never neglected his duties, had given his best for the Post Office:

I myself love the Post Office. I have belonged to it since I left school. I work with all my heart. (Speech at meeting for Organization of the PO library in November 1858 qtd. in Hall 171)

When Sir Rowland Hill, General Secretary of the PO and the inventor of the penny post, had retired in 1864 and Anthony's brother-in-law John Tilley had succeeded him, Anthony had applied for Tilley's former post as Assistant Secretary. Apart from his engagement in Ireland and England he had been sent literally round the world to negotiate postal treaties and to improve delivery systems. All the more it must have hurt him when he was again passed over and another, much younger man, was promoted instead. When again he was passed over a second time, he decided to give up the PO. He once mentioned that John Tilley was not in favour of civil servants writing literature. Maybe this was the reason why, in spite of all his efforts, he was not promoted as he would have deserved considering all his achievements. Another reason for this inadequate promotion may have been the fact that Anthony never got on with Sir Rowland Hill, whom he believed to be unfit for the job. Envy of Anthony's astounding capacities and his success may have been another reason.

Anthony was not somebody to take injustice lightly. After he had also been refused a rise in salary in 1864 he complained heavily to John Tilley. The complaint led to a feud with Tilley which was to last for some time. In 1867, after having accepted the post as an editor of *St Paul's Magazine*, he resigned from the Post Office 'after due consideration with my wife' (AB XV), thus losing his pension. Before his demission Tilley had offered him the surveyorship of London¹³². The offer ended the feud, although Trollope declined. Yet he went on a PO mission the following year, negotiating the postal convention between England and the US. The convention had been signed a year before but had been terminated by the British. To give his visit an official touch Trollope was presented at the Prince of Wales's levee on March 17¹³³. Super notes that 'That sailing was the beginning of a miserable quarter of a year' (Super PO 75). The negotiations were unedifying as the Americans did not want a contract, and the heat was unbearable. Trollope generally had a bad time and was glad to get back.

The editorship of *St Paul's Magazine* gave him an extra income of £1000 per year which had doubtlessly played a role in his decision to resign. He remained the editor of *St Paul's* until forced to resign in 1870 but he was not happy with it.

I have to acknowledge that I found myself unfit for work on a newspaper. I had not taken to it early enough in life to learn its ways and bear its trammels.. ...As a permanent member of the staff I was of no use, and after two or three years I dropped out of the work. (AB XI)

¹³² Cf. Mullen 497

¹³³ Cf. Super PO 74

Trollope's short stories which he contributed to the *St Paul's* and later published as *An Editor's Tales* (1870) differ from the rest of his stories. Unusual for Trollope, they contain very few marriage and no genuine courtship stories at all. Yet people in the stories are attracted to each other - older men to younger women¹³⁴, married people to someone else or even man to man¹³⁵. Turner claimed that the 'tales as a series use a number of conventions of pornography' (Turner 219) and thus 'preclude women readers' (Turner 221). He thinks that they may be seen as 'soft porn' (196) and that in writing them Trollope was acting in accordance with his concept focusing 'on the education of men':

Together with the male project of defining masculinity in his *Phineas Finn* and *Ralph the Heir*...Trollope in *Saint Paul's* was helping to create a magazine gendered male. (Turner 221)

The stories also show 'the trammels' of the work connected with a magazine. In 'Mrs. Brumby' the editor tells us of 'a heap of such unwelcome manuscripts' which 'accumulated' in a corner and the pressure which comes from the knowledge that 'young hearts, ay, and old hearts, too, sore with deferred hope, were waiting to know whether their aspirations might now be realised'. The editor is painfully aware that he will have to crush most of these peoples ambitions, but he thinks it the duty of an editor not to arouse false hopes:

Out of those heaps of ambitious manuscripts which are daily subjected to professional readers such verdicts may safely be given in regard to four-fifths, either that the aspirant should darn her stockings, or that he should prune his fruit trees. It is equally so with the works of one sex as with those of the other. The necessity of saying so is very painful, and the actual stocking, or the fruit tree itself, is not often named. The cowardly professional reader indeed, ...when hard-pressed for definite answers, generally lies. He has been asked to be candid, but he cannot bring himself to undertake a duty so onerous, so odious, and one as to which he sees so little reason that he personally should perform it. ('Josephine de Montmorenci')

We find numerous references to the fact that an editor should not encourage young writers who take up writing as a profession. In *Mary Gresley* the editor gives the young woman a 'long and dull and ugly lesson' about literature being 'the most uncertain, the most heart-breaking and the most dangerous' profession for a young woman and 'many more words of wisdom'. He tells her that even if she had talent 'she must go through an apprenticeship of ten years' - just like Trollope had done himself. In 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering', Fred comes to the conclusion that in literature a man must be either 'a

¹³⁴ 'Mary Gresley'

¹³⁵ 'A Ride Across Palestine'

genius or a journeyman'. Yet an editor is always aware that among the many manuscripts that he is reading there might be the one which may succeed¹³⁶.

That is what the candid, honest man of letters says who is not soft-hearted; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will probably be the truth. The soft-hearted man of letters remembers that this special case submitted to him may be the hundredth; and, unless the blotted manuscript is conclusive against such possibility, he reconciles it to his conscience to tune his counsel to that hope. Who can say that he is wrong? Unless such evidence be conclusive, who can venture to declare that this aspirant may not be the one who shall succeed? Who in such emergency does not remember the day in which he also was one of the hundred of whom the ninety-and-nine must fail. (Mary Gresley)

In 1866 Trollope had closed a chapter of his literary career. He had finished the Barsetshire Tales with *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, which he himself considered to be his best book¹³⁷. It is centred on Josiah Crawley, a curate, a great scholar, but poor and unable to cope with his poverty. The novel gives an excellent picture of an intelligent man whose mind is perturbed and who is aware of it, yet unable to fight it. This was something Trollope had experienced with his father in his own childhood. In the novel Trollope parted with two of his most famous characters: Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's tyrannical wife and probably the best-hated character in England¹³⁸, and Septimus Harden, '*The Warden*'. In his Autobiography Trollope claimed that he 'killed' Mrs. Proudie after overhearing two clergymen at a club talking about her and the fact that Trollope 'could not invent new characters' (AB XV). He claimed that he got up and promised the men to 'go home and kill her before the week is over' (AB XV) and he did. Yet he noted how he

...sometimes regretted the deed, so great was my delight in writing about Mrs. Proudie, so thorough was my knowledge of all the shades of her character. (AB XV)

This 'delight' can often be felt in his pictures of his strong older women. Their character portrayals are among the best in his fiction. Not all of them are as stern and tyrannical as Mrs. Proudie, but in the short stories we encounter quite a few very impressive characters. Mme Bauche and Frau Frohmann, two innkeepers, Mrs. Miles, a dowager, Lady Wanless, a mother trying to make a 'catch' for her daughter, or Mrs. Brumby, a would-be author, are only a few of the memorable older women. Also the portrayal of spinsters such as Miss Dawkins, '*An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids*', or a 'harpy' cutting to pieces the trousers of a clergyman come very close to the artistic merits of

¹³⁶ See 'Editors and Writers'

¹³⁷ Cf. AB XV

¹³⁸ Cf. PC 416

Mrs. Proudie¹³⁹. It is interesting to note that in truth Trollope never stopped writing about her. Most of these opinionated older women appear either in the very early stories written in 1859, around the time of Mrs. Proudie's 'birth'¹⁴⁰ or after Trollope had 'killed' Mrs. Proudie. Her place was taken by Mrs. Brumby, who

..of all the persons with whom we have been brought in contact in the course of our editorial experiences, ... was the most hateful and the most hated. She was utterly unscrupulous, dishonest, a liar, cruel, hard as a nether mill-stone to all the world... and as far as we could judge, absolutely, without conscience. Had she been a man and had circumstances favoured her, she might have been a prime minister, or an archbishop, or a chief justice.(Mrs. Brumby)

After *The Last Chronicle of Barset* Trollope was often asked to continue the series but he always declined. Only briefly before his death did he return once more to his 'dear country' with a short story called 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington'. His interest had shifted to politics.

1.13 Politics

With *Can You Forgive Her?* Trollope started his second series of novels- the Palliser novels. Apart from *Can You?* it consists of *Phineas Finn*, *Phineas Redux*, *The Eustace Diamonds* (which Trollope did not consider part of the series), *The Prime Minister*, and *The Duke's Children*. They are often called Trollope's 'parliamentary novels' (PC 377) as, unlike the Barsetshire series, they are political, dealing with members of parliament, and their ups and downs. In *Can You Forgive Her?* Trollope expressed his view that an 'exquisite combination of conservatism and progress' was England's 'present strength and best security for the future' (CYFH XXIV). This view was kept up all through the series¹⁴¹. In his *Autobiography* he claimed that the characters of the Palliser novels allowed him to express his 'political and social convictions' and thus served him as 'safety-valves' in his later years. He always denied having based his characters on real politicians but some of his own political experiences as a Liberal candidate went into them.

The difference between Barsetshire and the Palliser series are substantial. James R. Kincaid in his book *The Novels of Anthony Trollope* claims that

Characters in the Palliser chronicle are as uneasy away from London as characters in the earlier Barsetshire chronicle were in it...One...is comic and pastoral, the other is ironic and sophisticated.(Kincaid 175)

¹³⁹ Also see Trollope's Art: 'Characters'

¹⁴⁰ She appeared in Barchester Towers in 1857

¹⁴¹ Cf. PC 378

Kincaid thinks the Palliser series is Trollope's 'finest achievement' as they 'exploit the range of irony' whereas the Barsetshire chronicle 'explores the range of comedy' (Kincaid 175). Hugh Walpole, in a preface to *The Golden Lion of Granpere* claims that 'His political novels are the best political novels in the English language' (qtd. in Halperin 24). Yet this opinion is not always shared, as many readers as well as critics have found the Palliser novels more difficult to read. Henry James, for instance, thought them 'distinctly dull' and claimed that he had been 'unable to read them' and John Halperin in his book *Trollope and Politics* notes that: 'There is not much political theory in the Palliser novels, certainly, but there is a series of attacks on the Tories' - always one of Trollope's favourite targets. Yet Plantagenet Palliser and his wife Lady Glencora are among Trollope's best-known characters.

Trollope was interested in politics all his life and carefully observed the politics of the countries he visited. Both his parents had been interested in political matters, and although his mother was known as a Tory writer, they were both what was called 'drawing-room Radicals' (PC 402). Halperin feels that the 'many tedious pages' in his travel book, describing governments and politics 'betray Trollope's failure to understand how uninteresting to others this subject might be' (Halperin 1-2). Interestingly Elizabeth Browning, after meeting Anthony, claimed that he was 'ignorant of political facts'

¹⁴².Trollope's political mind was 'divided' (PC 402). He considered himself 'an advanced, but still a Conservative-Liberal' (AB XVI) and regarded this attitude 'not only as a possible but as a rational and consistent phase of political existence'. A friend said in his obituary of Trollope that: 'On some theoretical points his Liberalism was of the most advance type...[but] all his instincts and feelings were conservative'¹⁴³.

Trollope came from a family of land-owners and had a great understanding for their wish to preserve the old ways. His Tories are often well-read, educated men or women, who simply fight for their world to stay in existence. On the other hand, he was aware of the sometimes appalling conditions of the Victorian working class and the need for change. 'Frau Frohmann' is the sympathetic description of one of his Tories 'troubled with a heart' ('Two Heroines of Plumplington' p.942):

If ever there was a Tory upon earth, the Frau Frohmann was a Tory; for I hold that landed possessions, gentle blood, a gray-haired butler behind one's chair, and adherence to the Church of England, are not necessarily the distinguishing marks of Toryism. The Frau Frohmann was a woman who loved power, but who loved

¹⁴²Qtd. in Glen 384

¹⁴³Qtd. in PC 402

to use it for the benefit of those around her, or at any rate to think that she so used it. She believed in the principles of despotism and paternal government, but always on the understanding that she was to be the despot. In her heart of hearts she disliked education, thinking that it unfitted the minds of her humbler brethren for the duties of their lives. She hated, indeed, all changes, changes in costume, changes in hours, changes in cookery, and changes in furniture ; but of all changes she perhaps hated changes in prices the most. Gradually there had come over her a melancholy conviction that the world cannot go on altogether unaltered. There was, she felt, a fate in things, a necessity which, in some dark way within her own mind, she connected with the fall of Adam and the general imperfection of humanity, which demanded changes, but they were always changes for the worse; and therefore, though to those around her she was mostly silent on this matter, she was afflicted by a general idea that the world was going on towards ruin.

In the 1850s Trollope was a 'Palmerstonian Liberal' (PC 402). The politician was 'one of Trollope's heroes among national leaders' (ORC 414) and Trollope paid his tribute to him in a little book, *Palmerston* (1882). Later he was an enthusiastic but not uncritical follower of Gladstone and followed the parliamentary debates from the visitor's gallery. What stood between Trollope and his political engagement was the Post Office, as its officials were neither allowed to vote nor to hold a seat in the Commons. These regulations had been introduced in 1782 to keep officials from influencing constituencies¹⁴⁴.

So it was only after having resigned from the PO in 1867 that Anthony tried to reach his last major goal: a seat in the House of Commons. He stood as a liberal candidate for Beverley, in Yorkshire, feeling that

...to sit in the British Parliament should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman...To serve one's country without pay is the grandest work that a man can do (AB XVI)

In his novel *Can You Forgive Her?* (1864-5) he claims that it is:

It is the highest and most legitimate pride of an Englishman to have the letters M.P. written after his name. No selection from the alphabet, no doctorship, no fellowship, be it of ever so learned or royal a society, no knightship...confers so fair an honour (CYFH, XLV).

The Liberals were the former Whig party, born aristocrats, many of them related, who 'true to the doctrine of noblesse oblige, had a developed sense of public accountability' (Glen 382). The Tory party consisted mainly of smaller landed gentry 'who feared all change and reform' (Glen 383). All his life he detested the Tory party and above all Peel and Disraeli¹⁴⁵.

¹⁴⁴ Mullen 491

¹⁴⁵ Cf. PC 402, Halperin 10

However, in Trollope's fiction we find some very warm, lively and sympathetic depictions of Tories, especially of older Tories. They are 'convinced that such inequalities are of divine origin' and feel it their 'duty to preserve them' (AB XVI). In his short stories we find people like Frau Frohmann, Herr Heine, or Mrs Miles, 'The Lady of Launay', struggling to maintain the stability and permanence of their world. Trollope understands their reluctance to change yet he feels that change is inevitable:

Trollope did not believe in 'equality' but he believed in the 'freedom of all people to create their own opportunities. (Halperin 13)

While the Tories were trying to preserve the established order at all costs, the Liberals were at least working 'a tendency towards equality' (AB XVII).

Again and again we encounter the novelist's feeling that while the stratification of society is inevitable, one should still do what one can to assist those at the bottom to help themselves upwards - and he saw the Conservatives as opposing such efforts, the Liberals as cooperating in them. (Halperin 13)

Trollope, as so often, went for the 'relativist approach' (Glen 384).

While he accepted the existence of privileged classes, Trollope so felt that at least a theoretical entry into them by others should be possible...Thus he could believe simultaneously in aristocracy and "Liberalism." (Halperin 13)

Anthony saw the function of Conservatives in the political landscape as that of 'safeguards' hemming the Liberals' way towards a different society 'lest he be tempted to travel too quickly' (AB XVI).

What he disliked was the practice of Tory politicians to support a Liberal matter simply to stay in office. He realised, that although the Liberals were the political mind, the actual measures were often carried out by the Tories: 'Let the toryism of the Tory be ever so strong, it is his destiny to carry out the purposes of his opponents' (Frau Frohmann). Mullen states

Few things annoyed him more than the failure of the Conservative party to conserve. Most of the main political changes of his lifetime- Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the second reform bill of 1867- had been carried out by Tories who had spent years opposing these very measures. (Mullen 489)

The narrator in *The Bertrams* more polemically states that

...no reform, no innovation...stinks so foully in the nostrils of an English Tory politician as to be absolutely irreconcilable to him. When taken in the refreshing waters of office any such pill can be swallowed. (*The Bertrams* XVI)

To strengthen their position the Whigs often aligned themselves with radicals. Anthony disliked radicals as much as he disliked any hardliners and 'tended to see radicals as woolly idealists, troublemakers, or motivated by a politics of envy' (Glen 382).

Nevertheless, he drew some very entertaining pictures of radicals in his novels, like Mr. Monk in *Phineas Finn*, who is 'a pestilent thorn in the sides of all ministers'. We only find one radical in 'The Last Austrian Who Left Venice', Carlo Pepé, a young Venetian lawyer. Originally quite a Liberal, he had invited an Austrian officer to his mother's house, feeling that people who avoided the Austrians were 'pigheaded and unreasonable'. He thought that an Austrian, who was 'good in himself, might be as worthy a friend as an Italian'. Then he joined the forces of Garibaldi and when his sister Nina tells him that she is in love with the Austrian

...he spoke to her and to her mother with more of his customary vehemence of what was due from them to their country; of the debt which certainly should be paid by him; of obligations to him from which they could not free themselves, and told them also, that by that time six months not an Austrian would be found in Venice...

He feels that 'a house divided in itself must fall' and lets his sister swear that she will not see her lover until 'the cause is gained' or until he, Carlo, has died.

Although Trollope was very partial towards the Italian cause¹⁴⁶, he shows how much misery a radical attitude may cause. In the end Venice is free, but Carlo is very much disappointed, feeling that the 'king is a traitor' and that there is 'no glory' for Italy and swears that he shall 'never go soldiering again'. Trollope shows that the Austrian is really the better character, doing his duty, but who, at the same time, 'read Italian and condescended to speak it', admired Italian history and 'loved their churches, and their palaces, and their pictures'. When he and Carlo talk about the revolution in a café he is worried for his friend's safety and warns him of the 'long-eared waiter' and asks Carlo not to tell him anything about the revolution, so that he will not get into conflict with his duties. In Hubert von Vincke Trollope again shows that he prefers people who put the welfare of other people before a 'cause'. Young men are also sometimes shown to have radical ideas. In 'The Mistletoe Bough', Bob Granger tells his family that he has made 'a calculation' and that if everybody in Britain gave up their Christmas dinner 'the saving would amount to two million and a half'. The narrator drily remarks that Bob had been told by his employers that if he talked 'a little less' and worked 'a little harder', he would be more successful, thereby showing him to be a windbag.

¹⁴⁶ See 'War'

Trollope's motive to stand for the Liberals was not purely political, though:

He preferred it to the Conservative party, yes; but his attachment was less philosophical than social and temperamental. He knew many of the leading Liberal statesmen of the day and was invited to some of their homes. He disliked the unprincipled adventurers who seemed to have seized control of the Tory party. And he was a man who liked to belong to things in any case - the clubs, the Church, the hunts, the party - more for the sake of convenience than out of carefully developed conviction. (Halperin 14)

Trollope was not really cut out to be a politician:

What interested Anthony most intensely, in parliamentary politics as in sexual politics, was the inevitable conflict in the human heart between idealism and opportunism. (Glen 385)

He was neither very good at public speeches nor did he enjoy 'the slow small grind of practical politics' (Glen 379). Yet he had 'an insane desire to sit there' (AB XVI).

Anthony had a passion for politics but he had no political passion, which is something quite different, and he could never fully enter into the minds of those who had. (Glen 171)

Trouble started during canvassing, which he thoroughly detested. The idea of bribing people for their votes, a standard practice then, repulsed him and he utterly refused to succumb to it. He also disliked the constant demands on his time and insisted on a day off for his hunting. In his *Autobiography* he remembered the time as 'the most wretched fortnight of my manhood' (AB XVI). He came last in the election and wrote about the humiliation of it in *Phineas Redux*, a sequel of *Phineas Finn*.

In later life Trollope grew disillusioned with politics. He saw that it 'was often sham, mere theatre, and settled nothing' (Halperin 5) In his later novels like *Phineas Finn*, we find his character voicing this disillusionment: 'I never knew a government yet that wanted to do anything' (Laurence Fitzgibbon, *Phineas Finn*, vol. 2, ch. III). This shows itself in a different attitude of the creator towards his characters in the two series. Whereas

In the Barsetshire series the main energy of all the novels, even the dark ones, were enlisted in trying to accommodate or bring back into the fold those who were pushed outside. Here [in the Palliser series] the corresponding energies are devoted to submerged, frustrated rebellion. (Kincaid 177)

In his fiction of the early and mid 1860s, politics plays a smaller role than before or after, and in the short stories it plays virtually no role at all. His frustration and also the readers' sparse interest in the topic is reflected in the short story 'The Widow's

Mite' (1863) mentioned above, where the narrator expresses the view that in England 'political feeling had become extinct'¹⁴⁷.

Although in his literary career Trollope was successful in the mid-sixties, he had always worried about producing too many books and in the late sixties started feeling 'particularly restless about his established career' (ORC 391). He was still always eager to try something new and thus *Phineas Finn* was followed by a short novel, *Linda Tressel*. Again Trollope tried to publish it anonymously as he had tried in 1865 with *Nina Balatka*. He wanted to try whether he could launch a second career as an unknown author. Both stories were not a great success and the editor refused to do it a third time. By then it was clearly the name Trollope which attracted the readers.

In summer 1867 Trollope published his third collection of short stories: *Lotta Schmidt*, again a collection of travelling tales, the title story of which is set in Vienna. In autumn he wrote *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, a simple story, similar to the short story 'La Mère Bauche'. It took him nearly five years to get it published and he only received £550 for it¹⁴⁸.

After his farewell dinner from the PO, Trollope started writing *He Knew He Was Right*, a novel about 'obsession, mastery, self-will, individuality, and the problems of accepting social change' (ORC 245). It was followed by *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, Trollope's twenty-fourth novel, and the only one with a preface. The book, though 'unusually erotic' (ORC 568), failed to impress critics and readers because of his boring heroine Mary Lowther, who keeps jilting her lovers.

During the following years Trollope was busy writing novels¹⁴⁹ and adapting *The Last Chronicle* as *Did he Steal It?* for the stage. *The Eustace Diamonds*, the third novel in the Palliser series after *Can You Forgive Her?* and *Phineas Finn* was a success - the biggest success since *The Small House* and Trollope was 'pleased' (PC 158).

Trollope had interrupted it to write *The Commentaries of Caesar*, a little book that gave him a lot of pleasure but also caused him a lot of work. The idea was to bring the classics to 'uneducated readers' and Trollope was very eager to distinguish himself:

I do not know that for a short period I ever worked harder. The amount I had to write was nothing. Three weeks would have done it easily. But I was most anxious, in this soaring out of my own peculiar line, not to disgrace myself. I do not think that I did disgrace myself. Perhaps I was anxious for something more. If so, I was disappointed. (AB XVIII)

¹⁴⁷ See 'Money'

¹⁴⁸ Cf. PC 198

¹⁴⁹ *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblewaite*, *Ralph the Heir* and *the The Eustace Diamonds*

He was disappointed as he received no money and only 'faint praise' (AB XVIII) for it. It seems that Trollope was getting tired of his reputation as a novel writer and was eager to establish himself as a 'serious writer', an effort he kept up until the end.

1.14 Decline

During the 1870s, in spite of his efforts to limit his steady output, Trollope 'became aware' that his 'name was too frequent on title pages' (AB X). He felt that he had to defend himself against the accusation of writing too much at too quick a pace, that his work 'greatly acerbated the publisher in Paternoster Row' (AB XV)

He was started to feel that he 'crowded my wares into the market too quickly' and that he

... had probably done enough to make both publishers and readers think that I was coming too often beneath their notice ...because the reading world could not want such a quantity of matter from the hands of one author in so short a space of time. (AB X)

Yet he could not help it. His writing had become as essential to his life as the rest of his life was to his writing.

Under pressure from Strahan, the publisher of *St Pauls*, Trollope had given up editorship in June 1870, but he still let Strahan publishe his short story collection *An Editor's Tales*. In the same year he finished *The Eustace Diamonds* and *An Eye for an Eye* and started *Phineas Redux*, the third novel in the Palliser series. The following year, after having finished it, he and Rose sold Waltham and went to Australia to visit Fred, who had become engaged. On the way over, Anthony wrote a short novel *Lady Anna*, about a lady marrying a tailor. The story was finished by the time the Trollopes arrived in Australia.

Fred was in financial trouble, having lost £4600¹⁵⁰ and he needed more. Anthony provided it; 'The son of a non-providing father, Anthony gloried, too much, in being able to provide' (Glen 437). Glendinning thinks that

Anthony's feeling for his sons was not just a matter of family pride or paternal duty. It was unconditional, from the gut. A little more detachment on his part would have been better for the boys. (Glen 436)

Anthony himself always insisted that Fred was working hard and that it was not his fault that he had lost all the money. Although father-son relationships, usually but not always troubled ones, are important especially in Trollope's later novels, they are practically of

¹⁵⁰ Cf. Glen 439

no importance in the short stories. The only two references to a troubled father-son relationship occur in 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering', in which a father disinherits his son because the latter chooses a career as a writer, and 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' also deals with this topic. In both cases Trollope blames the father more than the son. Thus when first introducing the young hero Herbert Onslow in 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' and telling us about the young man's gambling debts, the narrator also tells the reader that

...there was nothing bad at the heart about young Onslow, and if the solemn father had well considered it, he might perhaps have felt that those debts at Cambridge reflected more fault on him than on his son.

Fathers are often too busy to keep in touch with their children and often face estrangement, and the same may happen to upper-class mothers. In *Doctor Thorne* Trollope claimed that 'The principal duty which a parent owes to a child is to make him happy' (III). The Trollopes doted on their sons, yet due to his many absences Anthony may have felt some of this estrangement himself. When sons grow up in Trollope's fiction, they invariably get into trouble:

Young men, particularly those not required to earn their own bread, often get into 'scrapes', squandering vast amount of money. (ORC 416)

Nevertheless, many of them manage to grow into self-sufficient young men, like Trollope himself had done. He took a keen interest in his boys' careers and in *An Autobiography* he noted that

In 1869 I was called on to decide, in council with my two boys and their mother, what should be their destination in life. (AB XVIII)

Although Henry had already been called to the Bar, due 'to the terrible uncertainty of the Bar' Trollope decided to buy him a partnership at Chapman & Hall, a publishing house. Henry did not like it and only stayed for three or four years. Fred was not much more successful with his sheep farm. In both cases Anthony spent a fortune on setting them up. After Anthony's death Fred followed his father's example and became a civil servant at the Lands Department in Sydney¹⁵¹.

Trollope could afford to help his son. Throughout the 1860s his income had been 'an average of £4500 per year all and sometimes as much as £6900' (Mullen 553).

¹⁵¹ Cf. Glen 508

Although Anthony always claimed that his income was 'moderate', he was affluent enough to take his own cook to Australia¹⁵²!

It seems that Fred's spouse Susie did not get on well with Rose. Although they were in Australia at the time, Anthony and Rose did not stay for the wedding. Glendinning notes that: 'the coolness had probably been Rose's all along' (Glen 438) because when Anthony came back on his own in 1875 they seemed to have got on well. Maybe Rose had still hoped that Fred would come back to England and by marrying an Australian girl he had shattered all her hopes. One of their children later noted that Rose did not like Australia and had nothing nice to say about it - just as her own mother in law had found nothing nice to say about Ireland thirty years earlier. Fred and Susie had eight children together and eventually the title of the baronetcy of the Trollopes in Lincolnshire went to one of them.¹⁵³

The Trollopes went on a tour of New South Wales and Queensland then on to South of Australia and New Zealand. From there they sailed to San Francisco via Honolulu and covered America by train. In December 1872 they returned to England but had to stay in lodgings until the following April. Anthony finished his book *Australia and New Zealand*, most of which he had written while still on tour. Then the pair settled down in London 39, Montague Square, Bloomsbury, which was to become their home for the next seven years.

Australia is not mentioned in the short stories at all. There is no way of telling whether Anthony felt about the country the same way as Rose did and was afraid to hurt his son's feelings or if he had put everything he had to say about the country into his travel book. There is, however, a very unfavourable description of life on a sheep farm in New Zealand¹⁵⁴ written after his second trip to Australia.

It is interesting to know that within days after their return Henry left for Australia. Apparently he wanted to marry 'a woman of the town' - a euphemism for a prostitute. Although Henry was twenty-six at the time, his father reacted with what one of Anthony's Garrick friends called 'his usual promptness' (Glen 423) and packed him off to Australia. Glendinning notes that:

Anthony's fictional Vicar of Bullhampton may have 'built little castles in the air' on Carry Brattle's behalf, wishing for 'a loving husband' for the castaway, but Anthony was not prepared for his own son to be the loving husband of such a one

¹⁵² Cf. Mullen 553

¹⁵³ The present baronet, Sir Anthony Trollope (Anthony's great-great grandson) is living in Oakville, NSW (Glen 509, footnote)

¹⁵⁴ See Trollope's Art: 'Travelling'

(Glen 423)

Actually very few prostitutes appear in Trollope's fiction. Although London at the time was full of prostitutes, prostitution was a delicate subject to touch for a Victorian writer whose works were often read aloud in family circles. Two before Trollope had tackled the subject of 'fallen women' in *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, in which Carry Brattle, a miller's daughter has been seduced and is living in London. Rumours about her being a prostitute have reached her home town, Bullhampton and quite 'unusually, the word "prostitute" is actually used' (PC 515) in the novel. In the following year Trollope wrote his novel *The Vicar of Bullhampton* to which he, aware of his many female readers, for the first time wrote a preface pleading for more understanding and tolerance¹⁵⁵:

Cannot women who are good, pity the sufferings of the vicious, and do something perhaps to mitigate and shorten them, without contamination from the vice? (*The Vicar of Bullhampton*, preface)

The most famous scene occurs in *Phineas Finn*, where Burgo Fitzgerald, after having lost Lady Glencora and thus his only chance to make a fortune, gives a prostitute his last money and a meal, showing that he in spite of all his wickedness, has a heart¹⁵⁶. 'Lotta Schmidt' is one of the short stories in which Trollope is aiming to show the behavioural differences between young girl of different nationalities. The story is set in Vienna, and in the evening Lotta and her friend go out together to the Café Sperl to dance and flirt. The narrator states that if he were writing about English girls going to beer halls and dancing cafes in the company of young men, he would be writing about 'women as to whom it would be better that I should be silent' - meaning prostitutes. But he stresses that in Vienna it is thought 'necessary' for a girl to have 'some amusement to soften the long days of work' and 'music, beer, dancing, with the conversation of young men' are not only 'believed to be innocent' but 'the natural amusements of young women'. The only other reference to a prostitute is in 'Catherine Carmichael', where the detestable unloved husband 'whispered some word into her [Catherine's] ear' ('Catherine Carmichael' p.895), after she had asked him to send his young cousin away from the farm. Although nothing has happened between her and his cousin she feels that she loves him and thus is betraying he husband. By abusing his wife old Carmichael has forfeited the sympathy of the reader and we are now sure that he gets what he deserves when he drowns in the river two days later.

¹⁵⁵ See Rose

¹⁵⁶ Cf. PC 414-5

The Trollopes had also taken in three nieces, Edith Tilley, Beatrice Trollope and Florence Bland after their mothers' deaths and Florence stayed with the family as the 'daughter of the house' until her death¹⁵⁷. So Trollope knew what he was talking about when in his novels *The Vicar of Bullhampton* (1868) and *The Way We Live Now* (1873) he commented on the difference of parents' expectations in their sons and daughters. Although 'sins' like a wrong choice of partner, jilting, gambling or even ruining the family may be forgiven in 'our erring sons', parents often find it much harder to pardon the daughter for minor offences and 'close the door on them'.

In 'Alice Dugdale', Major Rossiter nearly throws over his beloved country girl for the daughter of an impoverished aristocrat. The narrator makes it clear that he does not approve of John's behaviour, but also shows us how often it is pardoned in men:

...Beetham [the village] should have been scandalized by the fickleness of her hero. Beetham ought to have felt that her hero was most unheroic. But, at any rate among the ladies, there was no shadow of such a feeling.

Trollope never tired of pleading on the part of the unhappy girls begging 'mothers and daughters' not to 'fear contamination' and claiming that 'the punishment inflicted is of such a nature that it hardly allows room for repentance':

But in truth the severity of the punishment is not known beforehand; it is not in the least understood by women in general, except by those who suffer it. (AB XVIII)

In his introduction to *The Vicar of Bullhampton* and in his *Autobiography* he painted a vivid picture of the miserable life of 'fallen' girls:

The gaudy dirt, the squalid plenty, the contumely of familiarity, the absence of all good words and all good things, the banishment from honest labour, the being compassed round with lies, the flaunting glare of fictitious revelry, the weary pavement, the horrid slavery to some horrid tyrant,--and then the quick depreciation of that one ware of beauty, the substituted paint, garments bright without but foul within like painted sepulchres, hunger, thirst, and strong drink, life without a hope, without the certainty even of a morrow's breakfast, utterly friendless, disease, starvation, and a quivering fear of that coming hell which still can hardly be worse than all that is suffered here! This is the life to which we doom our erring daughters, when because of their error we close our door upon them! But for our erring sons we find pardon easily enough. (AB XVIII)

¹⁵⁷ Cf. PC 414-5

1.15 Money

Henry stayed in Australia for a month and then went to the continent for a year. In 1869 Anthony had bought him a partnership in the publishing company, Chapman and Hall, paying £10,000, but Henry had never liked the job. Anthony remained involved with Chapman and Hall until their bankruptcy, but their financial affairs 'worried and disgusted him' (qtd. in ORC 92). Anthony was always eager to set Harry up - maybe too eager. When Harry tried to launch a career as a writer his father 'was full of advice' (Mullen 619). Anthony's two sons had cost him a fortune and in his *Autobiography* he noted: 'I grieve to say that several thousands of pounds which I had squeezed out of the pockets of perhaps too liberal publishers have been lost on the venture'. (AB XIX)

Since he had started working for the PO Trollope had become an ardent keeper of accounts. He also always saved one third of what he earned and 'this must have provided some of the money to set Henry up in publishing and provide Fred with thousands of sheep' (Mullen 554). Although Trollope may have been regarded as 'middle-class' by the high aristocracy, his 'income, like his blood, put him clearly in the lower ranks of the gentry'(Mullen 554). In the 1870s only

60,000 British families out of 4,600,000 were on the wealthiest...class, which required about £ 800 a year. Trollope enjoyed at least five times that amount.' (Mullen 553-4)

Yet after setting up his boys and buying as new house in London (Waltham had been sold at a loss), Trollope complained that he was poor. He may have been increasingly aware that he had to go on writing even in old age to compensate for his lost PO pension. Mullen in the PC states that the word 'poor' might be very misleading in Trollope's fiction, as a character may be called poor with a house a garden a maid an income of £ 300 a year¹⁵⁸.

Unlike his brother Tom, Anthony was generous. Tom spent enormous sums on houses, books and antiques, yet he kept the money which his daughter had inherited from her mother to himself¹⁵⁹, and in his letters to the girl he was forever nagging her about trifling sums. Anthony was always generous to his friends and family, however, he despised 'ineffective private charity' (Glen 343) and did not like being asked to

¹⁵⁸ cf. PC 403

¹⁵⁹ Cf. Glen 426-7

donate money¹⁶⁰. Not even his affection for Kate Field would induce him to give her a donation she demanded for some charity project. Trollope simply loathed charity bazaars. He thought that 'of all fund-raisers, bazaars *are* the worst'. He felt that it made women unfeminine, aggressive, accosting men as 'pigeons' to buy 'outrageously overpriced penwipers and matchboxes. Competition in charity's name is disgusting'¹⁶¹. When asked during the Lancashire cotton famine to contribute a story to a charity book published in order to help the weavers in 'that the profit made by the volume would not represent the value of the work contributed' (Glen 343), Trollope thought it better to sell the book and donate the money.

Yet he was by no means blind to the sufferings of the poor and need for change in the system and used a whole story, 'The Widow's Mite', to discuss the question of charity and whether it is 'insufficient' or not. The different opinions about charity represent not only the political situation in Britain, but also Trollope's ambiguity on the subject. The story is set during the Lancashire cotton famine. Due to the American Civil War America has stopped cotton delivery and there is no more work for the weavers. The characters of the story represent the political landscape in Britain. D. Mr. Granger 'the rector of Plumstock, a parish in Cheshire', is chairman of a relief committee, in charge of 'a soup kitchen'.

Mr. Granger himself was a practical man, somewhat hard in his manners, but by no means hard in his heart, who had in these times taken upon himself the business of alms-begging on a large scale. He declined to look at the matter in a political, statistical, or economical point of view, and answered all questions as to rates, rates in aid, loans, and the Consolidated Fund, with a touch of sarcasm, which showed the bent of his own mind.

His niece Nora is going to marry an American, but feels that she would like to contribute 'her two mites'. The mite, the smallest of the bronze coins of the Jews, was frequently mentioned in the New Testament so the reference would be known to Trollope's readership. The phrase appears in Luke 21; 1-4 and Mark 12; 41-44, where Jesus watches the rich making their donations and then a poor widow coming up throwing in 'her two mites' and tells his disciples that the widow's donation is worth more than everybody else's 'for they did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had even all her living'¹⁶². The American is 'a strong Democrat, according to the politics of his own country'¹⁶³. Being a Liberal, he thinks the whole

¹⁶⁰ See 'The Widow's Mite'

¹⁶¹ Article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 1866, in ORC 43

¹⁶² Mark 12; 41-44

¹⁶³ See 'Politics'

system of charity disgraceful and their 'self-sacrifices, after all, are very insufficient to prevent distress'. In his opinion no man should be forced to live on handouts from others:

The giving of pence and halfpence, of scraps of bread and sups of soup is, after all, but the charity of a barbarous, half civilized race;... Give me the country in which the humanitarian principle is so exercised that no one shall be degraded by the receipt of charity. It seems to me that you like poor people here in England that you may gratify yourselves by giving them, not as much to eat as they want, but just enough to keep their skin from falling off their bones. Charity may have its double blessing, but it may also have its double curse.

He feels that everybody - including women - should be allowed to earn their daily bread:

The Charity of the larger hearted is that which opens to every man the profit of his own industry; to every man and to every woman.

Although Trollope shared his belief, he also realized that there was no instant relief for the suffering people in it. The parson accepts the situation as it is and tries to give practical help, thus sustaining the existing system. His son, Bob, represents the Radicals. He thinks that

...in these days... the widow with two mites should not be troubled at all. We can do it all without them if we go to work properly.

Yet his suggestions are totally inefficient and far from reality. He suggests that everybody could go without their Christmas dinner and thus save the money for the poor:

"I've made that calculation again," said Bob at breakfast, "and I feel convinced that if an Act of Parliament could be passed restricting the consumption of food in Christmas week, the entire week, mind, to that of ordinary weeks, we should get two millions of money, and that those two millions would tide us over till the Indian cotton comes in. Of course I mean by food, butchers, meat, groceries, spirits, and wines. Only think, that by one measure, which would not entail any real disappointment on anyone, the whole thing would be done." "But the Act of Parliament wouldn't give us the money," said his father.

The *Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope* tells us that 'charity and philanthropy'

...although often derided by novelist were central to the Victorian welfare system. The middle classes were its chief pillars, generosity being a religious duty, an advertisement of prosperity, and an avenue of social advancement, as well as an insurance against social upheaval. (ORC 92)

In other words the middle class used charity to show their rising financial position as well as to keep the poor in their place. Thus Frederic thinks of charity as a 'little trade of giving, which makes the giver vain and the receiver humble'. Another aspect of charity was that it provided a socially acceptable occupation for middle class women. The

organisation of charity bazaars and the visiting of the poor or the sick gave them at least something to do and provided a welcome possibility to get out of the house. In 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Cole' and 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' the young women go about visiting the poor and the sick and providing little extras for their Christmas dinner.

I have already mentioned that Trollope was known to be very generous with his family and friends in need. He lent his friend Synge £1800 when the latter had just been named consul for Honolulu but could not afford to go out there. This was a huge amount - equivalent to nearly three years of Trollope's PO salary, but Trollope persuaded his friend Thackeray to go halves on it¹⁶⁴. When he described the incident in his book about Thackeray to indicate the latter's generosity, he did not mention his own part in the story at all¹⁶⁵. When his friend Robert Bell died, Anthony, to help the widow in need, bought his complete library, containing nearly 4000 volumes (Mullen 570, Glen342-3).

1.16 Younger Women

Anthony and Rose had taken up three of their orphan nieces. Bice Trollope and Edith Tilley returned to their families, but Rose's niece Florence Bland stayed with the family until Rose's death in 1907. Florence was eight years old when she came to live permanently with the Trollopes in 1863. We do not know what she was like, but it seems that she was for them 'the daughter they never had'(Glen 347). She was to become Anthony's right hand and a companion for Rose after Anthony's death. He had even provided Florence with some money in his will¹⁶⁶. Uncle-niece relationships start appearing in the short stories around the same time Trollope wrote *Dr Thorne* and Glendinning points out that they, as well as father-daughter relationships in Trollope's later novels, are often uncommonly tender, containing 'instances of intense physical and emotional closeness between a girl and her father or uncle'¹⁶⁷ (Glen462). *Doctor Thorne* and his niece Mary, or Michael Voss and his wife's niece Marie in *The Golden Lion of Grandpere* are good examples of these close relationships: 'In all things she worshipped her uncle, observing his movements, caring for his wants, and carrying out his plans'. When Uncle Michael in *The Golden Lion* puts a stop to Marie's love affair with his

¹⁶⁴ Cf. Mullen 424-5

¹⁶⁵ Cf. Hall 178

¹⁶⁶ Cf. Glen 503

¹⁶⁷ For instance *The Golden Lion of Grandpere* or *Dr Thorne*

own son, she is upset and tries to appeal to him by making physical contact: 'When she crept so close to him and pressed his arm, he was almost overcome by the sweetness of her love and by the tenderness of his own heart.' The whole story is heavy with the caresses and endearments shared between niece and uncle (Glen462). Was this why the uncle would not let her marry the son in the first place?

In 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich', written a year later, Isa tries to talk her old uncle Hatto into letting her marry a young Englishman without a fortune. She is very open and direct and does not play on his feelings at all. Hatto is the main shareholder of the bank and is 'a tyrant, somewhat feared both by his brother and sister-in-law'. He absolutely refuses to give Isa's lover a partnership but when she leaves after having given him her hand he 'looked anxiously at her, watching her countenance and her gait, listening to the very fall of her footsteps' and thus showing himself to be a man with a heart. Three days later Isa receives a note telling her that her lover has been made a partner. In 'The Widow's Mite', written again a year later, Nora wants to talk to her uncle about giving up her wedding trousseaux in order to support his soup kitchen. When she hesitates and does not know how to start, he puts 'his hand on her shoulder caressingly' and 'promised her any assistance in his power'. In the later stories the emphasis shifts to a more erotic component. In 'Ophelia Gledd' and 'Lotta Schmidt' the young woman marries the older gentleman. In 'Lotta Schmidt', published in 1867, the girls even discuss Herr Crippel's baldness. Trollope liked to include little jokes about himself and his friend in his fiction¹⁶⁸ and baldness was 'a matter of some moment' to Trollope by the 1860s¹⁶⁹. In *Ralph the Heir* we learn that 'There is a baldness that is handsome and noble and a baldness that is peculiarly mean and despicable'. Mr. Pryor in 'Miss Ophelia Gledd' is a handsome bald man. Herr Crippel in 'Lotta Schmidt' is very self-conscious about his hair, especially when he sees his beloved with a young man with hair that is 'perfectly black, silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl'. Lotta at first feels that Herr Crippel should 'cut off those loose straggling locks and declare himself bald at once'. She claims that all his income and his good character means nothing 'when he will plaster his hair over his bald old head'. Yet when he plays a zither solo for her she falls for him. Mullen notes that 'it is amusing to see, particularly in the short stories, that balding men triumph at the expense of younger 'curled darlings' (PC 196). The term 'curled darlings' was taken from Shakespeare and was one of Trollope's favourite terms for young, good-looking men 'who had not been tried by

¹⁶⁸ As in 'Mrs General Talboys' and 'Josephine de Montmorenci'

¹⁶⁹ Cf. PC 196

life' (PC 110). They are not necessarily bad characters but often well-liked, soft and spoiled by the world, 'unlike the more manly 'hobbledehoy' - such as John Eames or, of course, Trollope himself - who ripen into maturity later' (PC 111)¹⁷⁰.

In Trollope's fiction we find many middle aged men like Dr Thorne in the novel bearing his name or M. Lacordaire in 'The Château of Prince Polignac', who are looking for wives. Not all of them have favourable characters. Some, like Colonel Osborne in *He Knew He Was Right*, are rakes, some are heartless like Le Capitaine in 'La Mère Bauche'¹⁷¹, who marries a young girl in spite of her love for another man and thus causes her to commit suicide. But most of them, though sometimes slightly ridiculous, are honest men and some, like Herr Crippel, win the prize they are aiming for. The middle aged bachelors represent a stability that the younger men often lack and in Trollope's opinion therefore make good husbands. As the story was written in 1866, when Trollope was still infatuated with Kate Field, there may also be a little bit of wishful thinking in these fictional marriages.

Semi-paternal relationships and references to the attractions of younger women may also be found in 'Mary Gresley' and 'Josephine de Montmorenci', both published in *An Editors's Tales*, where an older editor is trying to help young women to set up a literary career.

Mary, an eighteen-year-old girl who is engaged to a poor curate, has set her heart on writing a novel. The editor thinks that she is too young and gives her the 'long and dull and ugly lesson' about literature being 'the most uncertain, the most heart-breaking and the most dangerous' profession for a young woman. But he cannot convince her. She has already burnt her first novel and has written a second one, because she needs the money to get married. The editor cannot resist her charm and beauty and helps her to write a novel. In the end she promises her dying lover to give up novel-writing. The whole story is a plea for an old man's love, heavy with tenderness and the wish to caress. At the beginning of the story the narrator claims that it is natural for a man of fifty to have feelings for a young woman simply because he is able to 'help her and be good to her in her struggles':

We regarded her first almost as a child, and then as a young woman to whom we owed that sort of protecting care which a graybeard should ever be ready to give to the weakness of feminine adolescence.

Yet his affection is not purely paternal: 'Even when you are past fifty, and intend only to

¹⁷⁰ See also 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir' in Trollope's Art: 'Travelling'

¹⁷¹ See Trollope's Art: 'Love and Marriage'

preach a sermon, you do not wish to have a mother present'.

We loved her, in short, as we should not have loved her, but that she was young and gentle, and could smile, and, above all, but that she looked at us with those bright, beseeching, tear-laden eyes.We thought of her constantly, perplexing our mind for her succour. We forgave all her faults. We exaggerated her virtues. We exerted ourselves for her with a zeal that was perhaps fatuous.

The editor knows that he should not love her as 'We were married and old; she was very young, and engaged to be married'. Yet he cannot help it and even feels that 'such a state of love to be a wholesome and natural condition'.

The editor is the only character in all short stories who is shown to be false to his wife:

And we incurred some minimum of domestic discomfort from the fact that we did not reach our own door till twenty minutes after our appointed dinner hour. "I have this moment come from the office as hard as a cab could bring me," we said in answer to the mildest of reproaches, explaining nothing as to the nature of the cause which had kept us so long at our work.

Yet in the end he makes 'a clean breast of it at home in regard to our heart-flutterings' and apparently he has an understanding wife, because Mary and her mother are invited to the editor's house for Christmas dinner. The 'domestic discomfort' has an authentic ring to it, yet the stories were written for the *St Paul's* and thus it is likely that Trollope exaggerated in order to make the story more interesting to his male readership.

Father-daughter relationships in the short stories are much more neutral. The role of fathers, if they play any role at all, is mostly restricted to a guiding and counselling function, as in the Christmas stories like 'The Mistletoe Bough' or 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage'. Only in 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' does a girl sit 'on her father's knee'¹⁷² while she is telling him how much she is expecting him to give her on her marriage. Polly is explaining 'her view of the case' with 'undoubted wisdom' and rewarding her father with 'a final kiss' once he has consented.

Physical endearments may be found more often in the stories where a young women's marriage intentions are fiercely opposed by an older woman with a strong character¹⁷³. Usually the older woman is very fond of the girl, but for various reasons does not consider her fit to marry into her own family. In this case the girl shows her devotedness and love for the older woman by making physical contact. Mrs. Miles in 'The Lady of Launay' has taken up a little orphan girl. She is a confirmed Tory and is struggling hard to do her 'duty' and keep up the boundaries. She is also a Puritan denying herself any kind of pleasure. Yet she is unable to resist Bessy's sweet and tender nature. Bessy

¹⁷² 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' p. 944

¹⁷³ 'The Lady of Launay', 'La Mere Bauche'

Pryor with her caresses and kisses has 'wound herself round' Mrs. Miles' 'very heartstrings': 'Then there would be a great embrace, which Mrs. Miles felt to be as dangerous as a diamond, as bad as a box at the opera'.

Finding out that Bessy is engaged to Philip Miles, Mrs. Miles bans her from the house, yet she cannot go through with it. She suffers terribly during Bessy's absence, feeling that the house is empty without her, and in the end gives in. In Trollope's late stories we see how much pleasure and emotional satisfaction an older character gains from the presence of young people around him or her. Trollope shows that sticking to principles can make people very lonely and that a principle turned into a dogma is always wrong. When Mrs. Miles tells her son that she has banned Bessy for the sake of the family, he asks her: 'What is a family but you, or I, or whoever for the moment may be its representative?'.

1.17 The Final Years

After *An Editor's Tales* and 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' in 1870 Trollope stopped writing short stories for a while. When he came back to them in 1876 he only wrote another eight stories before his death. In the majority of these pieces he relied on well-trying plots and characters. All of them contain some sort of courting or married couple, many show a parent's unwillingness to consent to the marriage, some are travelling stories, but most are set in England. What is interesting is the structure. Out of these eight stories seven are very long and are divided into chapters, which gives them the appearance of a short novels rather than short stories. Trollope had only used this structure once before in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage', the last story he had written before the break. I am not sure about 'Frau Frohmann', but all the other stories were definitely commissioned, either for the Christmas supplements of various newspapers or 'The Lady of Launay' for serialisation. In his last few years Trollope was really leaning on his experience as a novel writer. Either he had grown tired of experimenting, or there was no more need. His interests had shifted to politics and he was able to explore them in the Palliser novels until he finished the series with *The Duke's Children* in 1879.

In 1873 Anthony met Mark Twain and the American poet Joaquin Miller at the Garrick. Kate Field spent much time in London, appearing on stage and promoting A.G. Bell's telephone (she had the honour of singing to the Queen down the first telephone

line¹⁷⁴). But Anthony started to feel his age. When he and Rose were on holiday in Ireland for six weeks in 1873, he became deaf on one ear. He was just in the middle of the writing *The Way We Live Now*, which he had once interrupted to write *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*. *The Way We Live Now* is 'a searching portrait of Victorian materialism' and 'annoyed' many readers at the time (PC 530). Today it is seen by some as his 'masterpiece', showing 'Trollope's ability to reflect the social changes around him' (Glen 431):

It is essence of Trollope. If he had written no other novel, *The Way We Live Now* would have ensured his immortality, though he could not have written it if he had written no other novel. It grew out of the compost of a lifetime's observation, anger, amusement and writing experience. (Glen 431)

We find a society different from earlier novels: speculators, Jews, impoverished aristocrats and parvenus. There is bankruptcy, suicide, 'dishonesty, greed and corruption' (PC 530). Trollope feared for the 'moral fibre of the upper classes' (PC 531). He felt that long-standing values such as honour and honesty were going to the dogs and in this he was not alone - Queen Victoria as well as Gladstone shared his opinion.

During the next few years Trollope wrote *The Prime Minister*, *Is he Popenjoy* and *The American Senator*. In 1875 he travelled to Ceylon and to Australia, bringing parental support and also financial aid out to his son Fred, who was still trying to keep up his sheep farm. Anthony invested another £7,000. He must have felt very sorry to see his son struggling so hard and so far away from home. In an article about life in Australia he wrote that the one person who should never immigrate to Australia was

...the young gentleman, who, finding that no one wants him at home, thinks that he may as well emigrate. Neither will anyone want him here. And here no one will pity him. At home he may get some compassion and some aid.

In 'Catherine Carmichael', a Christmas story written in 1878 and set among the gold-diggers and sheep farmers of New Zealand, the narrator abstains from commenting on their situation. The whole story concentrates solely on the love plot and in vain we wait for Trollope's narrator to teach us a lesson. This lack of the authorial voice is so striking and so unusual in Trollope's fiction that he nearly get the impression that he is hiding his true feelings, most probably because he did not want to hurt his son's. Nevertheless, we get the picture through the desolate state of the farm, the despicable character of the farmer and the dirty old woman living with him, and the half idiotic boy whom he

¹⁷⁴ Apparently the Queen was not very impressed (Cf. Glen 448)

employs. We feel Catherine's desperation and loneliness, and this time there is no 'chipper' narrator dampening the effect¹⁷⁵.

On his way back on board of the ship 'Britannica' Anthony started writing his *Autobiography*. He does not seem to have made a very favourable impression on one of his travel companions, the young Henry James, who reported to his family in Boston:

We also had Anthony Trollope, who wrote novels in his state room all morning (he does it literally every morning of his life, no matter where he may be), and played cards with Mrs. Bronson all the evening. He has a gross and repulsive face and manner, but appears *bon enfant* when you talk with him. But he is the dullest Briton of them all. (qtd. in Glen 440)

After Anthony's death in 1882, Henry James wrote for the *New York Century Magazine* 'a fair and sensitive assessment of Trollope's work' (Smalley 525-545).

What Henry James saw him writing was not actually a novel but the first pages of his *Autobiography*. The book is a detailed record of Anthony's childhood and his working life, but it does not contain much about his private life and virtually nothing about his marriage:

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.'(AB XX)

Mullen notes that Trollope 'was a Victorian gentleman, and such men did not disrobe in public' (Mullen 584). What the book does contain is a list of 'books, the date and the money he made from each, adding up a grand total of £68,939.17.5.' (Glen 442).

Many readers and critics took this frankness concerning his remuneration amiss. Times had changed, craftsmanship was not en vogue any more, nor was 'cobbler's wax' as a substitute for inspiration. A picture by W.P. Frith, 'The Private View of the Royal Academy, 1881', shows Anthony standing among a crowd of spectators, some as prominent as Gladstone and Huxley. He is holding a notebook and is observing the people rather than the pictures. In the other half of the picture we find Oscar Wilde gazing 'aesthetically' (Terry 470) up into the air waiting for inspiration. Both men may be seen as representatives of their time and of a different approach. Most critics today have decided to treat the *Autobiography* just as another work of fiction:

The *Autobiography's* deceptive simplicity should never cause the reader to forget that he is dealing with a creative artist and one whose art is always disguised. The book has a simple theme: how a miserable boy became a happy and successful man. Anything that gets within the way of this authorised version excised: within

¹⁷⁵ See Trollope's Art: 'Narrator'

this format the book is remarkably honest...Honesty however, must not be confused with contrived self-revelation. (Mullen 585)

Glendinning remarks that 'The autobiography was the romance of his life as he chose to tell it' (Glen 442). The aim of the *Autobiography* was to show how he had succeeded in life and thus to help younger writers on their way¹⁷⁶. In the following century writers come to appreciate the book for exactly these reasons. Orwell, for instance, thought *An Autobiography*

...a most fascinating book, although or because it is largely concerned with money. (*The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, Vol III, As I Please 1943-45*, p. 91)

In his will Trollope made his son Henry the publisher of *An Autobiography*, consigning the manuscript as well as the profits from it to him. But Trollope was only sixty when he wrote *An Autobiography* and although he seemed 'ready to go', as he put it in a letter to a friend in 1876¹⁷⁷, he was not going to waste any time until then:

What Henry James was to call Anthony's 'gross fertility' was not yet exhausted. Eleven more novels, three biographical studies and a quantity of short stories and journalism lay ahead. But he would find them harder to place, and be paid rather less for them. As a notice of *The American Senator* in the *Spectator* put it in 1877: 'We take his more recent novels very much as we take English weather, as something good in the main for health and amusement, though rarely offering special opportunities for either.' (Glen 442-3)

He had written over 35 novels, short stories, travel book and numerous articles by then. He had been on the market for over twenty years and thus become an institution. People did not get excited about 'a new Trollope' any more.

... by the mid- 1870s Anthony Trollope's significance for the mass of his contemporaries was waning. His historical moment was passing. He knew it. (Glen 443)

This is of course not a very pleasant feeling for a man who has been in the spotlight for such a long time. Besides, his enormous physical strength and vigour on which he had always relied began to fail him. His asthma became worse and in the winter of 1875/6 he had to give up his beloved hunting. Anthony wanted no 'leisure evening of life'¹⁷⁸ and he dreaded

...physical inability and that mental lethargy which is apt to accompany it. No man enjoys life more than I do, but no man dreads more than I do the time when life may not be enjoyable.(Letter to O.W. Rushden,1876, qtd. in Glen 443.)

¹⁷⁶ Cf. Mullen 583

¹⁷⁷ Letter to O.W. Rushden,1876, qtd. in Glen 443.

¹⁷⁸ Letter to O.W. Rushden,1876, qtd. in Glen 443.

He finished the *Autobiography* on 11th April 1875 and on the 2nd May he started to write *The Duke's Children*. The tone of the book reflects his changed mood. In the first sentence he informs the reader of the death of his favourite character and what Glendinning called 'the love of his alternative life' (Glen 444), Lady Glencora Palliser:

The shock of this novel was, and still is, for his readers, that one learns in the first sentence that the Duchess of Omnium, the former Lady Glencora Palliser, has died. Her end counterpointed Anthony's anticipated end of his own story. (Glen 444)

At the end of June 1877 Trollope started a journey to South Africa to write another travel book. While on his way he had finished the novel *John Caldigate* and he started *South Africa* as soon as he arrived at Cape Town. His attitude towards black people had notably changed from the time since his visit to the West Indies and North America. Back in 1859 he had seen them as a servile race and if a brother, then 'the idlest brother with which a hardworking workman was ever cursed':

I see, or think that I see, that the negro is the white man's inferior through laws of nature. That he is not mentally fit to cope with white men--I speak of the full-blooded negro--and that he must fill a position simply servile. (*North America* Vol 2, III)

But South Africa changed his views. Trollope regarded it as 'a black man's country' (Glen 455) and thought that voting rights there 'should be conferred on black and white alike' (*South Africa*, qtd. in Glen 455.).

Back from South Africa in January he prepared an eight volume edition of the *Barchester Chronicles* with Chapman and Hall. It is interesting to know that Trollope himself did not regard *The Small House at Allington* as part of the series. In 1878 Trollope wrote *Aylala's Angel, Cousin Henry* and after a trip to Iceland in summer, his fifth travel book, *How the Mastiffs Went to Iceland*. Rather a tight schedule for someone who was 'ready to go'!

In the following year Anthony was asked by Thackeray's daughter to write a little book on Thackeray. Although it was poorly paid he did not like to refuse because of their friendship. He was made to regret it. Thackeray's family provided neither help nor material for the book and when it had been published they complained about it. Anthony, as he had done in his own *Autobiography*, named a sum for Thackeray's income. The family and critics were appalled, accusing Anthony of poor taste.

But Anthony was still eager to make a name for himself as a scholar and in 1880 he finished his biography of Cicero. He himself thought of it as the 'opus magnum of his old age' (qtd. in Glen 474). The critics were not impressed by his scholarship but 'warmed by his intimacy with the subject' (Glen 475). In 1881 and 1882 Anthony tried his hand again at a biography, writing a book about Palmerston, the British Prime Minister, whom he greatly admired for his 'integrity, hard work, and passion for his country' (ORC 414).

In July of the same year Anthony and Rose moved to a little village in Hampshire, Harting, to a house called North End¹⁷⁹. The move had been instigated by Anthony's failing health but he was not content there. The country life was too isolated for him. He missed his social life in London and found the winter in the country very depressing. Old age also robbed him of many his friends. His friend George Eliot died (Lewes having died in 1878), surprisingly having married a man twenty years her junior seven months before her death.

There were also financial worries: Chapman and Hall, the publishing company Anthony had been with for twenty years, and of which he had once proudly claimed that 'Chapman & Hall are in truth Chapman & Trollope, and that the Trollope is my son'¹⁸⁰, was in great financial trouble. Both Anthony and Harry still held shares in the company. But there were other nuisances.

During this difficult time Anthony also had to endure, in the pages of *Punch*, a reminder of his vulnerability as an ageing author and of the new and disrespectful generation snapping at his heels. (Glen 484)

As a public person Trollope had always been at the focus of critics and journalists, but with the former editors of *Punch* magazine he had always been friends and there had been no ill-feeling. Now the editorship had gone to a much younger man and the tone had changed. The new editor

...celebrated his accession to the editor's chair in 1880 by writing a parody of a Trollope novel - *The Beadle - or, The Latest Chronicle of Small Beerjester* by Anthony Dollop, celebrated author of 'Fishy Fin', 'The Prying Minister', 'Rub the Hair', 'The Way We Dye Now', 'Can't You Forget Her?' and 'He Knew He Could Write' among other works. (Glen 484).

Although during his final years Trollope suffered from writer's cramp and had to dictate everything to his niece Florence, he went on writing novels: *Dr Wortle's School* and *Marion Fay* in 1879 and after their move to Harding *Kept in the Dark* and *The Fixed*

¹⁷⁹ Cf. Glen 485

¹⁸⁰ Letter to Amy Holmes 27.1 1871, in Hall, John, ed. *The Letters of Anthony Trollope*.

Period. In 1881 Rose and Anthony spent a two months holiday in Italy but Anthony did not feel well. He suffered from angina pectoris. This was to be his last time on the continent. Back home Anthony wrote *Mr. Scarborough's Family* (which was published posthumously) and his Palmerston book. In December he published his fifth collection of short stories *Frau Frohmann and Other Stories* containing four stories 'with a great sexual interest' as the editor of a magazine put it, when he asked for 'The Lady of Launay'.¹⁸¹ 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices', 'The Lady of Launay', 'The Telegraph Girl' and 'Christmas at Thompson Hall' all have a strong female heroine, though all very different¹⁸².

During spring 1882, while he was writing *An Old Man's Love*, Trollope, still interested in Irish topics, was following the crisis there. Parnell had been imprisoned in October 1881 and the 'Land League was outlawed' (Glen 494). Trollope decided to write a book about it, and having finished his novel, he travelled to Ireland for over a month, taking Florence with him. When he started writing *The Landleaguers* Tom and Fanny Trollope came to stay. When they went back to Rome, Anthony again went to Ireland and then moved up to London in October. Rose stayed behind. Anthony never got to finish his book. He had started and ended his career with books on Irish topics. Yet the very last piece of fiction which Trollope finished was a short story. 'Not if I Know It' is a Christmas story with a decidedly un-Trollopian feature: it is short. It is the only one in all Trollope's stories which has the length of a modern short story. Wilfred Horton has asked his wife Mary's brother for the 'use of his name' ('Not if I Know It' p.954) as a guarantee for a business deal. His brother-in-law, mistaking his plea for an attempt to extract money from him, very curtly refuses. After listening to the parson's Christmas sermon and a few pacifying words by Mary, the two men make up. The story consists mainly of dialogue between the two men and the young woman. In it Trollope built on all the things he was comfortable with: a 'large rambling house' ('Not if I Know It' p.955), a young married couple, an old curmudgeon fearing for his money, a reference to hunting, and a Christmas sermon that stirs the heart. It also contains a very basic Trollopian message - what you expect from people is what you will get:

Men are curs because other men think them so; women are angels sometimes, just because some loving husband like you tells them that they are. How can a woman not have something good about her when everything she does is taken to be good? ('Not if I Know It' p.954)

¹⁸¹ Qtd. in Julian Thompson, *Anthony Trollope*, *The Complete Shorter Fiction*, 789

¹⁸² See Trollope's Art

Trollope is forever pleading for people to understand and forgive each other and to live in harmony. Maybe in anticipation of his near death the story is decidedly more religious than any other. The emphasis on the Holy Communion as 'a sacrament of reconciliation' (PC 359) is very strong in this last story and shows Trollope's High Church conviction of the importance of the sacraments¹⁸³.

On 3 November 1882 Anthony was invited for dinner at his brother-in-law's house. There he suffered a minor stroke while he was laughing hard, having a comic novel read aloud to him. Back at the hotel he got worse. His right side was paralysed, he lost his power of speech and had to be taken to a nursing home. Henry informed Rose and she came up to London. Anthony lasted for another two months but his condition gradually became worse. He died on 6 December 1882 and with a rather quiet ceremony was buried three days later at Kensal Green Cemetery in London - like Thackeray twenty years earlier. As it was not the custom for Victorian women to attend funerals, Rose and Florence did not go.

In 1991 Trollope was given his 'long overdue' (Mullen 662) plaque in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey¹⁸⁴. I think it would also have pleased him had he known that in 1881 Lord Acton discussed 'with the Gladstone family the idea of giving him a peerage' (Glen 485). This would have been a great gratification for him, who had been denied his promotion at the PO so often and had never made it into the House of Commons.

Anthony had provided for his family, at least for the ones within reach. In his will he had secured for his son Henry an extra income by leaving the manuscript of his Autobiography to him for publication. It was published in 1883 but at a lesser price than Trollope had estimated. He also left Harry his wine cellar and before he died got him elected into the Athenaeum, a very reputable London Club.

When Anthony died his estate was valued at £25.892 19s 3d, but when Rose died she was worth £373 4s 8d although she had received a pension of £100 a year from the Civil List, being Anthony's widow. So where had all this money gone? Rose liked travelling and frequently went to the Tyrol but of course she was already 96 when she died in 1917 and during these last years had no income. She might also have given more money to the boys. Mullen remarks that

The story of the Trollope fortune ends in as much mystery as in the days of Thomas Anthony Trollope. (Mullen, 659)

¹⁸³ Cf. PC 359

¹⁸⁴ Cf. Glen 351

During the more than 120 years since his death Trollope always was and still is appreciated by many readers but also by other writers. In his lifetime he had such well-known names as George Eliot, G.H. Lewis, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thackeray, Robert and Elizabeth Browning and Tolstoy among his admirers. Even Henry James, though not exactly an admirer, admitted that he 'entertained' a 'partiality' for Trollope of which he felt 'somewhat ashamed' ¹⁸⁵. Shortly before Trollope's death Cardinal Newman wrote to him, telling him that he had read some of his novels as often as three times. This letter very much moved Trollope ¹⁸⁶.

But Trollope has neither lost his fascination nor his timeliness. Until today we find essays about or reference to Trollope by other eminent writers such as William Somerset Maugham, George Orwell, or Frank O'Connor. The 1990s brought a great Trollope revival, with a new complete edition of his novels, biographies and innumerable essays, articles and book on various aspects of his life and fiction. It is not only among literary critics, though, that Trollope is being read again. His name has again become familiar to the educated reader.

I have already mentioned that John Major, the former Prime Minister of Britain in a BBC interview named Trollope as his favourite author. Julian Barnes, a writer and journalist, reviewing Margaret Thatcher's *The Downing Street Years* thinks it odd that

The fact that the novelist was scathing about politicians, and especially about Tories, doesn't seem to bother modern Conservatives. (Barnes, Julian. 'Letters from London' in Ian Hamilton, ed., *The Penguin Book of Twentieth-Century Essays*, London 1999, 548.)

He claims that if Mrs. Thatcher had been 'more of a Trollopian' she would have realised that the proper subtitle for her work would have been 'She Knew She Was Right' ¹⁸⁷.

John Major was by no means the only politician to come out as a Trollope reader and Mullen notes that 'Politicians throughout the English speaking world have long relished Trollope's novels' (Mullen 662). Among them were such well-known names as Sir Austen Chamberlain, Theodore Roosevelt or Sir Winston Churchill. Mullen states that people in the twentieth century are apparently discovering what these eminent leaders of states have known all along:

We have come to see that at its highest the novel can provide a vision, a partial vision, of life. There is nothing more important in that vision than to learn to understand ourselves and to come to some understanding of the personalities of

¹⁸⁵ Henry James in the *Nation* [New York] 13. July 1865

¹⁸⁶ Cf. Mullen 652

¹⁸⁷ Julian Barnes, 'Mrs. Thatcher Remembers', in Ian Hamilton, ed., *The Penguin Book of Twentieth-Century Essays*, London 1999, p 555.

those we encounter. For this there can be no better, certainly no more enjoyable, teacher than Anthony Trollope. (Mullen 662-3)

I would like to close this synopsis of Trollope's life with what seems to me a very apt quote from his biographer, Victoria Glendinning:

Those who read his books know him best. (Glen 513)

Trollope wrote so much and, of all writers, he is the one least adapt for most kinds of academic approach. How do you start to dig into him? And with what books? (C.P. Snow, qtd. in Terry: *The Artist in Hiding* 1)

2 Trollope's Art and its Reception

Trollope has often puzzled and perplexed critics throughout the centuries. The enormous amount and diversity of his works - novels, short stories, articles, travel books - on the one hand, and the seeming similarity of some of Trollope's novels, on the other hand, has not made it easy for critics to approach him. As Wright notes:

And the more one reads Trollope the less one can feel that there is but one way to understand him, let alone settle for an exclusive reading (A. Wright, *Anthony Trollope, Dream and Art*, 3)

The easy flow of Trollope's narrative, the straightforwardness of his story and the professed avoidance of anything 'sensational' should make the approach an easy task - yet this is not so. Sadleir, one of the earliest Trollope critics, already found it 'most irritating that books in themselves so lustily prosaic should be so hard of definition'¹⁸⁸. George Eliot wrote to Trollope that she had found his novel *Rachel Ray* 'natty and complete as a nut on its stem'¹⁸⁹. It is probably this 'completeness' that makes Trollope so hard to tackle, the nut so difficult to crack.

In the biographical part I have already mentioned how great his success in his own time was and Trollope 'revivals' keep occurring at a fairly regular pace. In the 1930s Hugh Walpole stated that Trollope, who was possibly of all the more prominent writers the least expected by his contemporaries to survive, 'has a firmer position with critics than any of them save Dickens, and, possibly, Emily Brontë'¹⁹⁰. But his appeal is not limited to critics. Sutherland spoke of a 'mild Trollope mania' in the mid-1970s when five new editions of *Barchester Towers* and a complete budget edition of Trollope's novels were brought onto the market¹⁹¹. During the 1990s numerous articles and books on Trollope's writing and two very extensional biographies appeared¹⁹².

¹⁸⁸ Qutd. in Terry, *The Artist in Hiding* 1

¹⁸⁹ *Letters*, I, 238

¹⁹⁰ H. Walpole, "Anthony Trollope"; in *The Great Victorians*. H.J and H. Massingham, eds., in Olmsted p16

¹⁹¹ John Sutherland, *New Statesman*, Dec 17 2001

¹⁹² See biographical part

Yet no other great nineteenth-century writer was assaulted so vigorously for his way of writing, abused for his art or the apparent lack of it, nor 'suffered so much from the obloquy of intellectuals'¹⁹³.

P.D. Edwards in his book *Anthony Trollope: His Art and Scope* claims that 'Trollope is a restlessly experimental writer' (Edwards 3) - a fact overlooked by many - and in her dissertation *Die Erzählersituationen in den Romanen von Anthony Trollope*. Eveline Pöschlmayer speaks of the 'oft verleugnete Vielseitigkeit des Autors' (Pöschlmayer 3). One of the reasons for this misapprehension may lie in Trollope's deliberately levelled style and his way of letting the narrative slowly unfold:

The Trollopian mode of undramatic disclosure is a process of gradual revelation through many insignificant actions and a host of tiny observations which, with the author's genial presence as a commentator and host, creates a sense of well-being and ease, like opening one's own front door. (Terry 94)

It may well be for this reason that in recent years readers and critics have been rediscovering Trollope:

Trollope the high Victorian has gradually given way to Trollope the novelist for our time - more modern than he could have foreseen, more pertinent to the way we live now than many readers have understood; (Wright, 1)

Trollope is commonly seen as a realistic writer to an extent that he has sometimes been accused of giving a mere copy of reality, of being a 'photographer'.

...his fiction is conspicuously unromantic and unsensational in its total effect... nearly all novels have in common an unexcited, matter-of fact quality. (Edwards 4)

Trollope's novels are full of detailed descriptions of dinners and parties, accurate dialogues between people about their everyday lives, about their little concerns as well as about their big worries.

Earlier critics tended to pay literally no regard to Trollope's short stories, considering them by-products of a busy writer and mainly written to gain an income. In 1993 Denise Kohn in her article about 'The Journey to Panama' still claimed that

Today's literary appetites don't care much for Trollope's short stories. Although his place, for now, in the canon is firm, his reputation rests solely upon his novels. Trollope-hungry Victorians, however, enjoyed his short stories, which were published in popular periodicals ...¹⁹⁴

¹⁹³ Roger Kimbell, 'A novelist who hunted the fox: Anthony Trollope today', *The New Criterion* Vol 10, March 1992, p 10.

¹⁹⁴ Kohn, Denise, "The Journey to Panama": one of Trollope's best "tarts" - or, why you should read "The Journey to Panama" to develop your taste for Trollope; *Studies in Short Fiction*, Wntr, 1993

In the last couple of years critics have started to see Trollope's short fiction as an integral part of his writing and lately some of the short stories have even been turned into audio books¹⁹⁵. In his *Autobiography*, Trollope quoted a letter he had received from Thackeray as editor of the Cornhill Magazine in which he asked him for 'a good lively tale'¹⁹⁶, claiming that one of the 'chief objects' of the Cornhill was 'getting out of novel spinning and back into the world'. Thackeray claimed that he was only satisfying the readers' demands:

I often say I am like the pastrycook, and don't care for tarts, but prefer bread and cheese; but the public love the tarts (luckily for us), and we must bake and sell them.(AB VIII)

Trollope was happy to comply with the request. The short stories served as a playground, a platform for experiments; the range of the situations and characters pictured there is much wider than in his novels¹⁹⁷. For example, the stories show the worries of a genteel dowager, as well as the difficult decision of a Tyrolean inn-keeper whether or not to raise her prices. Many stories are set abroad, and in some of them we even get to know the lives of working-class people. Thus in 'Malachi's Cove' we see a young girl in Cornwall gathering seaweed for a living, and in 'Lotta Schmidt' we follow two young female shop-assistants to a concert and a dance after work.

Trollope's insistence that he was merely portraying 'the commonest details of commonplace life among the most ordinary people', plus his 'ungerechtfertigte Selbstkritik' (Pöschlmayer 7), may have fostered the underestimation of his art. Indeed, Trollope used every possible opportunity to present himself as a 'craftsman' and play down his artistry¹⁹⁸. He carefully disguised his art, played it down, with the disguise in itself becoming part of his art:

Because of the very convincing illusion they [the novels] produce of realism and ordinariness, their artfulness and artificiality are often overlooked (Edwards 4)

Whereas earlier critics, like Booth, claim that 'Trollope's techniques are normally so elementary and conventional that there is nothing to be said about them' (Booth 72), critics in recent years have more often identified the 'art' in Trollope's novels.

...the fineness of his art is that it makes the extraordinary seem the ordinary, the exceptional seem the normal. (Edwards 5)

¹⁹⁵ www.audible.com

¹⁹⁶ AB VIII

¹⁹⁷ See 'Trollope's Short Stories'

¹⁹⁸ Also see biographical part

In his own time this representation of everyday life and people was often considered to be 'vulgar', especially by writers of the new school, such as Oscar Wilde and Henry James. James, when reviewing Trollope's *Miss Mackenzie* in the New York newspaper *The Nation* in 1865, wrote:

Mr Trollope has proposed to himself to describe those facts which are so close under every one's nose that no one notices them. Life is vulgar, but we know not how vulgar it is till we see it set down in his pages. We do not expect from the nature of writer's of Mr Trollope's school...that they shall contribute to the glory of human nature, but we may at least expect that they do not wantonly detract from it. (*The Nation*, New York, 13. July 1865, in Smalley 234-5).

James called Trollope 'an excellent, an admirable observer' but complained about his 'lack of imagination' and asks his readers:

But why does he not observe great things as well as little ones? ...Why should we follow the lives of such people? (H. James qtd. in Smalley 235)

Yet this often seems to be precisely where the attraction of Trollope for today's readers lies:

They [the novels] delight in exposing the prosaic reality that so often underlies glamour and romance. Their big emotional moments are almost invariably succeeded by ironic letdown. (Edwards 4)

Present-day readers probably find it easier to deal with a detached and deliberately down-to-earth Trollope than, for instance, with the high-flown novels of Bulwer-Lytton. Indeed, in this connection George Orwell stated that:

I imagine that by any test that could be devised, Carlyle would be found to be a more intelligent man than Trollope. Yet Trollope has remained readable and Carlyle has not. (*The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, Vol IV, In Front of Your Nose 1945-50*, p. 21)

Orwell claims that 'the fact that one can be amused or excited by a book that one's intellect simply refuses to take seriously- is a reminder that art is not the same thing as cerebration'¹⁹⁹.

Trollope has often been called a 'chronicler of society' because of his minutely detailed portrayal of the dinner tables and hunting excursions of the high and mighty.

To be a Trollopiian is to succumb to that comfortable, well-ordered world among the sheltered wives and daughters of the well-to-do... (Terry 6)

In this he was connected to the so called 'silver fork fiction', which 'reflects the post-Regency fascination with high life' (ORC 490). In his novels Trollope granted his

¹⁹⁹ Orwell, George, *Shooting an Elephant*

middle-class readers access to a world otherwise closed to them. He opened the doors to Episcopal palaces, Dukes' castles, even to a Dean's bed-chamber. He took his readers along to grand balls, pretentious dinners or baronial hunting parties. In an unsigned notice in *The Times* the reviewer notes:

He gives us pictures which are not dull of dull lives, dull dinner parties, dull teas, and dull prayer meetings. The amount of amusement which he manages to get out of mere dullness is certainly remarkable, and is a striking proof of his vigour. (*The Times*, 23 Aug 1865, in Smalley 238)

Often he used these events to show that these grand people also had 'feet of clay':

His central assumption - which is the source of much of his characteristic humour - is that a 'realistic' view of life is one that shows...the dignitaries...as having the same feet of clay...as ordinary people like ourselves. (Edwards 7)

In the short stories these encounters with clergy and gentry are much rarer than in the novels, but in the story 'Alice Dugdale' Major Rossiter, the young hero, is introduced to Sir Walter Wanless:

...one of those great men who never do anything great, but achieve their greatness partly by their tailors, partly by a breadth of eyebrow and carriage of the body ... and partly by outside gifts of fortune.

Throughout the story Sir Walter never says anything to Rossiter apart from "When I was at Christchurch your father was at Wadham, and I remember him well." As the Wanlesses have five daughters and no money Lady Wanless is constantly on the lookout for suitable husbands. Thus an archery meeting is arranged as a 'trap' for Major Rossiter. When he very narrowly escapes, Lady Wanless' résumé of the party is not a positive one:

"Burmeston [the brewer] will do", she said, "but as for that Cavalry man, he means it no more than the chair." The pity was that Burmeston might have been secured without the archery meeting, and that all the money, spent on behalf of the Major, should have been thrown away.

The Barchester novels, with their detailed descriptions of the vanities and worldly ambitions of clergymen, established Trollope's reputation as a writer. The description of a High Church Minister in the story 'Relics of General Chassé, a Tale of Antwerp', one of Trollope's earliest short stories, reminds the reader very much of these novels:

The Rev. Augustus Horne was, at the time of my narrative, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. The profession which he had graced sat easily on him. Its external marks and signs were as pleasing to his friends as were its internal comforts to himself. He was a man of much quiet mirth, full of polished wit, and on some rare occasions he could descend to the more noisy hilarity of a joke.

Loved by his friends he loved all the world. He had known no care and seen no sorrow. Always intended for holy orders he had entered them without a scruple, and remained within their pale without a regret. At twenty-four he had been a deacon, at twenty-seven a priest, at thirty a rector, and at thirty-five a prebendary; and as his rectory was rich and his prebendal stall well paid, the Rev. Augustus Horne was called by all, and called himself, a happy man. His stature was about six feet two, and his corpulence exceeded even those bounds which symmetry would have preferred as being most perfectly compatible even with such a height. But nevertheless Mr. Horne was a well-made man; his hands and feet were small; his face was handsome, frank, and full of expression; his bright eyes twinkled with humour; his finely-cut mouth disclosed two marvellous rows of well-preserved ivory; and his slightly aquiline nose was just such a projection as one would wish to see on the face of a well-fed good-natured dignitary of the Church of England.(pp2)

But after this very wordy passage of praise the narrator tells us an 'interesting particular' about his hero:

Mr. Horne was rather inclined to dandyism, in an innocent way. His clerical starched neckcloth was always of the whitest, his cambric handkerchief of the finest, his bands adorned with the broadest border; his sable suit never degenerated to a rusty brown; it not only gave on all occasions glossy evidence of freshness, but also of the talent which the artisan had displayed in turning out a well-dressed clergyman of the Church of England. His hair was ever brushed with scrupulous attention, and showed in its regular waves the guardian care of each separate bristle. And all this was done with that ease and grace which should be the characteristics of a dignitary of the established English Church. (pp2-3)

In the course of the story the Reverend ends up in his underpants in a castle in the middle of Antwerp - a sore punishment for his little vanities.

Yet not all critics approved of Trollope's way of writing. Some of his younger critics, like Henry James, found his character portrayals too superficial.

We are forever wishing that he would go a little further, a little deeper. (H. James qtd. in Smalley 251)

James felt that Trollope put his artistic integrity at stake by deliberately avoiding extreme endings. He thought Trollope's lack of consequence deplorable and claimed that an appropriate ending for the villain in Trollope's novel *Can You Forgive Her?*, after losing his cousin's money and his honour, would have been to kill himself:

Here was a chance for Mr Trollope to redeem a thousand pages of small talk; the wretched man should have killed himself;But for Mr Trollope anything is preferable to a sensation; an incident is ever preferable to an event. George Vavasor simply takes ship to America. (H. James qtd. in Smalley 253)

Of course we can understand James' feelings when comparing Trollope's fiction to novels like *Crime and Punishment* (1866), *Anna Karenina* (1877) or *the Brothers*

Karamazov (1881), all of which were written during Trollope's lifetime. Yet one must bear in mind that Trollope, in spite of all his restlessness and his many different activities, tried hard to keep a 'balance' in his private life as well as in his novels:

Man after all must live in his balance. It is there, between fallibility and infallibility, that he must seek to reconcile himself, and it is this balance that Trollope captured in his stories. (B. Breyer, Introduction to Anthony Trollope, *Christmas Stories* XIV)

Trollope himself in a letter to George Eliot claimed that 'my novels are not sensational' (*Letters*, I, 238); in the same letter he continues:

In *Rachel Ray* I have attempted to confine myself absolutely to the commonest details of commonplace life among the most ordinary people, allowing myself no incident that would be even remarkable in every day life. I have shorn my fiction of all romance (*Letters*, I, 238)

Yet his fiction does contain sensational ingredients: concealed identities, lost wills, bigamy, fights, death, even suicide can be found in his fiction²⁰⁰.

In the short stories, where Trollope felt a little freer as far as his characters were concerned, we find a madman ('The Turkish Bath') and a drunkard ('The Spotted Dog'), nude people in a Turkish bath, and a man feeling attracted to another man ('A Ride Across Palestine'). In addition, Trollope's female characters also differ greatly from those in his novels, for example we witness a woman fighting for her life and honour when she is attacked by an escaped convict, a woman committing suicide, and a woman traveling through the Holy Land disguised as a man.

In his book *Romanticism and Anthony Trollope*, Swingle claims that it is Trollope's 'chipper' narrator who conceals these dramatic elements:

The plots of Trollope's novels, after all, have their full share of suffering - murder, deceit, suicide, alienation, madness, and despair - all the factors that qualify for reality-status in the thinking of a darkling modern intelligence. But this cheerful, even chipper narrator of Trollope's seems bent upon ignoring or at least deflecting serious attention from these matters. (Swingle 95)

This is only partly true for the short stories as, due to the more limited space, the narrator is not as prominent and as involved as in the novels and therefore has less opportunity to comment and put the sensational elements into perspective. The reader is more often left to deal with the drama by himself or herself.

Although Trollope's novels may have been seen as realistic in their own time, they were already read as romances during the First World War, partly because of the

²⁰⁰ Cf. Edwards 4

'vanished' world which they depicted. During this time Trollope's work is said to have served as 'escapist literature', helping people over their hard times and terrible experience. John Hazard Wildman even calls Trollope 'the writer of the greatest escape fiction in the English language' ²⁰¹.

I believe that it was not only sentimentality about the lost world depicted in his novels which accounted for their popularity during that time (many young soldiers leaving England during the Second World War were 'leaving with some novel by Trollope in their pocket' ²⁰²), but also an innate quality, which George Eliot had already noticed:

...the books are filled with a belief of goodness without then slightest tinge of maudlin they are like pleasant public gardens, where people go for amusement, & whether they think of it or not, get health as well. (*Letters*, I, 238)

This quality may be seen as being vital in times of war and could be a strong contributory reason for the popularity of Trollope's novels at that time.

Trollope's reluctance to use extreme endings was probably derived from the fact that he saw himself as a writer for families - as indeed did most 19th century novelists. For respectable families who could not afford a sumptuous social life 'entertainment was provided at home' (Mullen 157/8), mostly in the form of playing music and reading aloud. Thus, in the course of the 19th century, the readership of novels steadily increased. Middle-class women, in particular, had many 'idle hours' on their hands and novel reading was one of the ways of filling them.

In spite of the influence of this target group on his writing, in the short stories Trollope sometimes overcame his scruples and included more disturbing endings: for example, in 'Aaron Trow' an escaped convict is killed after trying to rape a woman; the young wife in 'Returning Home' drowns when her boat is overturned; and in 'La Meré Bauche' the young bride throws herself from a rock to avoid marrying a man she does not love.

2.1 The Role of the Novel in Victorian Society

Today the nineteenth century is generally regarded as the age of the novel, yet this was not always so. At the beginning of the century novels were by no means considered 'literature' and Queen Victoria herself in her youth had still been forbidden to read the novels of Scott. Trollope's mother, Fanny Trollope, a successful travel writer²⁰³, suffered

²⁰¹ Wildman, John Hazard, 'About Trollope, in "A Post War Mood"'. 1946, NCF 1, 7-22, qutd. in Olmsted 45.

²⁰² O'Connor, Frank. 'Trollope the realist', in *The Barsetshire Novels*. T. Bareham, ed., p. 82

²⁰³ See biographical part

serious qualms about whether to change to the more profitable and less costly, but also less respectable genre of the novel or to stay a 'respectable' writer of travel books. Travelling cost money and, being a down-to-earth woman who happened to be chronically short of funds, she so decided to use fiction to earn the money for her travels. Her sons, no less efficient and realistic, both looked to writing as an income-generating profession. Tom Trollope wrote books about Italian history and art, but to finance his lifestyle he resorted to the novel. In doing this the Trollopes were not alone - George Orwell noted that:

What now appears to us as an aesthetic scrupulousness hardly existed. To a mid-Victorian writer a book was partly something that brought money and partly a vehicle for preaching sermons. England was changing very rapidly, a new money class had come up on the ruins of the old aristocracy, contact with Europe had been severed, and a long artistic tradition had been broken. The mid-nineteenth century writers were barbarians, even when they happened to be gifted artists like Dickens. (*The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, Vol II, My Country Right or Left, 1940-43*, p. 125)

The Victorian era produced a great number of writers and especially the genre of the novel flourished. The works of Dickens, Eliot, Thackeray, Hardy or the Brontë sisters are known and still read today. Trollope believed that the reason why so many Victorians turned to writing was because 'it requires no capital, no special education, no training' (*Thackeray I*). Especially for middle-class women writing often was the only respectable alternative to working as governesses²⁰⁴. Trollope himself often stressed the fact that his work was no different from that of a 'shoemaker' (AB XVII) insofar as all it required was sitting down and doing it rather than waiting for an inspiration. This instance that writing was a craft rather than an art constuted 'a ghastly fault in the eyes of some critics' (Mullen 154-5).

The self-respect, as well of the self-confidence, of the early nineteenth-century novel writers was by no means great. They were constantly under attack from conservative and religious fractions for the harmful and destructive impact of their art. Trollope, as well as many of his fellow writers, constantly worried about their influence on their ever-growing readership; readers often suffered from a guilty conscience and fussed about a novels 'propriety'. Trollope, in his novel *The Prime Minister*, actually shows a barrister anxiously trying to hide a novel from a visitor.

Trollope, like his contemporaries, often found himself obliged to defend his medium. In *An Autobiography* he claims that he has been 'thinking of all this ...through my whole

²⁰⁴ See 'Love and Marriage'

career' and that it became for him, like for every serious author, 'a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes to interest his readers' (AB XII). He saw himself as a teacher, 'a preacher of sermons', preaching with 'the same purpose as the clergyman'- namely, 'to make virtue alluring and vice ugly' (AB XII):

There are many who would laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility,--those, for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those also who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the tellers of stories as among the tribe of those who pander to the wicked pleasures of a wicked world. I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. I do believe that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is a charm well worth preserving. I think that no youth has been taught that in falseness and flashness is to be found the road to manliness; but some may perhaps have learned from me that it is to be found in truth and a high but gentle spirit. Such are the lessons I have striven to teach; and I have thought it might best be done by representing to my readers characters like themselves,--or to which they might liken themselves. (AB VIII)

Trollope was well aware of the novel's increasing influence on society:

A vast proportion of the teaching of the day, greater probably than many of us have as yet acknowledged to ourselves, comes from these books, which are in the hands of all readers. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them, and what they are to expect when lovers come; and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are, or should be, or may be, the charms of love (AB XII)

The politician and writer Spencer Walpole shared Trollope's opinion. In his *History of England* he stated:

It might be said of the present age that the power of controlling thought is passing . . . to the novel-writer. Political speeches are studied by some; sermons are avoided by many; history has only a few students; but every one reads novels. The novel influences for good or for evil the thoughts of its readers: the thoughts of its readers may ultimately determine the government of the world. (*History of England*, I, 252, qutd. in Mullen 157)

The *Quarterly Review* claimed that the novel filled a deep-seated need in the English character, often providing people with a number of acquaintances and intimate friendships which, due to restrictive Victorian conventions, they did not possess in real life:

It is a kind of common friend, about whom people can speak the truth without fear of being compromised, and confess their emotions without fear of being ashamed. We are a particularly shy and reserved people, and set about nothing so

awkwardly as the simple art of getting really acquainted with each other...For this purpose a host of devices have been contrived by which all forms of friendship may be gone through, without committing ourselves to one spark of the spirit... Our various fashionable manias, for charity one season, for science the next, are only so many clever contrivances for keeping our neighbour at arm's length. But there are ways and means of lifting the veil which equally favour our national idiosyncrasy; and a new and remarkable novel is one of them - especially the nearer it comes to real life...We simply discuss *Becky Sharp*, or *Jane Eyre*, and our object is answered at once. (*QR*, 1848, LXXXIV, 153-4, qutd. in Mullen 154)

In particular, Trollope's technique of retaining his characters for sometimes as much as a decade, making them grow older along with their readers (Glen 375), allowed his readers to build up a strong relationship with them²⁰⁵.

In a lecture held in the 1870s, Trollope claimed that the English had become 'a novel reading people'²⁰⁶. He was also aware how close the novelist came to the reader:

The bulk of the young people in the upper and middle classes receive their moral teaching chiefly from the novels they read . . . The novelist creeps in closer than the schoolmaster, closer than the father, closer almost than the mother. He is the chosen guide, the tutor whom the young pupil chooses for herself. She retires with him, suspecting no lesson, safe against rebuke, throwing herself head and heart into the narration...and there she is taught, - how she shall learn to love ... It is the same with the young man, though he would be more prone even than she to reject the suspicion of such tutorship. (*Thackeray*, 203. qutd. in Mullen 155)

The 'lesson' is swallowed more easily if disguised. For this effect a writer must entertain:

The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach whether he wish to teach or not. How shall he teach lessons of virtue and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? That sermons are not in themselves often thought to be agreeable we all know. (AB XII)

In *Ralph the Heir*, Trollope assures his readers that, although the message might be hidden in a novel like 'a snake in the grass', it is nevertheless always there:

It is the test of a novel writer's art that he conceals his snake-in- the-grass; but the reader may be sure that it is always there. No man or woman with a conscience, - no man or woman with intellect sufficient to produce amusement, can go on from year to year without the desire of teaching. (*Ralph the Heir* LVI)

Trollope's narrator does not only describe his characters and comment on them, he also pleads for the reader's understanding on their behalf. Trollope's aversion to condemning his characters led Edwards to call him 'the least didactic of the great Victorian novelists' (Edwards 5), although Trollope himself would probably have objected to this,

²⁰⁵ See 'Characters'

²⁰⁶ Qutd. in ORC 396, Mullen 153

and Frank O'Connor states of Trollope's writing that 'It is all to the same tune: "We are all the same. Life is like that. Don't be too censorious."' ²⁰⁷.

Trollope is always eager to defend his characters, even the most villainous ones, always ready to show that they, too, 'have a heart'. In his opinion we are all imperfect creatures in a world which demands perfection. Often Trollope lets the reader find out himself that he is wrong about a character. He leads the reader to a conclusion about a character, only to remind him in the following line that we are all erring humans:

If there is one phrase more than another which identifies a novel by Trollope it is a phrase like: 'With such censures I profess that I cannot completely agree'. His favourite device is to lead his reader very gently up the garden path of his own conventions and prejudices and then to point out that the reader is wrong. This is not very like the behaviour of a typical mid-Victorian gentleman. On the contrary it is an original and personal approach to conduct and I think it is Trollope's approach, rather than his treatment, which pleases intelligent readers of our time. (O'Connor in T. Bareham, ed., *The Barsetshire Novels*, 84)

This duality and unwillingness to judge is something rather unique in Trollope and is probably why Michael Sadleir called him 'fundamentally detached' (Sadleir 369).

Although it often did not go down too well with Trollope's contemporaries, today he 'is venerated for his supposed unwillingness to distinguish between right and wrong' (Letwin 34). Thus, when Captain John Broughton in the short story 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' has doubts about his fiancée briefly after he has proposed to her, the narrator makes no attempt to condemn the Captain's reaction. He simply informs us that his reaction is by no means uncommon:

"Then he was a brute," you say, my pretty reader. I have never said that he was not a brute. But this I remark, that many such brutes are to be met with in the beaten paths of the world's highway.

Yet, true to his belief that there is good and bad in everyone, he defends the Captain and insists that John is not a rascal and, in spite of his doubts, meant to stay true to his 'pledged word':

But whether brute or no, he was an honest man, and had no remotest dream, either then, on that morning, or during the following days on which such thoughts pressed more quickly on his mind--of breaking away from his pledged word.

John is not entirely a villain. Although all talk about love comes from Patience, and John only speaks of her love but never of his own, the narrator assures us that John did love the girl but that he 'was not capable of a love which could much injure his daily peace'.

²⁰⁷ In T. Bareham, ed. *The Barsetshire Novels*, 93.

In 'Aaron Trow' an escaped convict tries to rape a woman and is hunted down by her fiancé and other villagers. Although Trow has struck the woman across the face with his elbow, stabbed her with a knife and threatened to rape her, the narrator nevertheless claims that:

Had the world used him well, giving him when he was young ample wages and separating him from turbulent spirits, he also might have used the world well;

When it becomes clear that there is no escape for Trow the narrator laments: 'Ah me! it was a moment in which to pity even such a man as Aaron Trow. '

Although today this may seem hard to believe, Trollope in his own days was often considered 'immoral'; his choice of topics, as well as words, in the short stories often provoked harsh reactions from his readers. He was even accused of 'indecenty'- an accusation he strongly rejected²⁰⁸:

I will not allow that I am indecent, and profess that squeamishness....should be disregarded. (Letter to Thackeray, 15 Nov 1860, in *Letters*, 128)

Trollope felt that one should write 'for the best & the wisest of English readers; and not mainly for the weakest' (*Letters* 129)²⁰⁹.

2.2 The Victorian Short Story

A Victorian short story - is that not a contradiction in terms? In a way it is. A Victorian piece of short fiction is not what we think of when we speak of a short story today.

Writers like Maupassant, Chekhov, Joyce, Mansfield, Bowen or Woolf, only to name a few, have shaped our idea of the genre and thus the term short story gives rise to expectations in a modern reader which a Victorian short story does not live up to.

Walter Allen, in his book *The Short Story in English*, claims that Sir Walter Scott in 1827 with his tale 'The Two Drovers' created the first 'modern' short story (Allen 9), yet later writers like Dickens, Trollope and Hardy remained linked to the more oral tradition of the tale²¹⁰. They never met Edgar Allan Poe's criteria who, reviewing Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* in 1842, claimed that a short story should be read in 'one sitting'²¹¹ and should be based on a 'certain unique or *single* effect', with every word in the story- 'direct or indirect' - contributing to this effect.

²⁰⁸ See also 'The Victorian Short Story'

²⁰⁹ See also 'The Victorian Short Story'

²¹⁰ Cf. Allen 8-10

²¹¹ Poe qutd. in Allan 11

While in the 1840s the short story was establishing itself well in America and the European continent due to writers like Poe, Washington Irving, Eudora Welty, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Pushkin and Turgenev, it suffered a relatively meek existence in Britain. Allan believes that the reason why it was so difficult or even impossible for the short story to establish itself and to 'flourish' (Allen 11) was that throughout the nineteenth century the novel was 'too deeply entrenched in England's cultural life'. The novel's 'supremacy' was 'unchallenged' (Allen 11) and Mullen claims that 'To some degree the serialisation of novels may have lessened the attraction of short stories' (Mullen 346) because in England it 'met a demand satisfied by short stories in other countries' (PC 457).

Gradually the short story did establish itself and many British authors started writing short pieces of fiction besides their novels. Allan claims that one of the main strands of the Victorian short story lies in newspaper writing, and this is certainly the case with Dickens's *Sketches by Boz (1836 and 1837)*, *A Christmas Carol in Prose (1843)*, *The Chimes (1844)* and other shorter works of fiction, which were often published in Dickens's own newspapers and probably served as 'fillers' (Allen) between the more prestigious novels. Among those who are less well read today are Harriet Martineau²¹², Charles Reade²¹³, Margaret Oliphant²¹⁴, or Le Fanu²¹⁵, who wrote short fiction at some point of their career. Elizabeth Gaskell published as much as six short story collections between 1854 and 1865, but also such eminent novel writers as Wilkie Collins (*The Queen of Heart* 1859, *Miss or Mrs? And Other Stories* 1873, *The Frozen Deep* 1874), Thackeray (*Comic Tales and Sketches* 1841) and George Eliot (*Scenes of Clerical Life* 1858) at some point tried their hand at shorter fiction. Even in Trollope's own family we find a follower: Tom Trollope published *Beppo the Conscript* (1864) only four years after Anthony's first series of *Tales of All Countries*, and in the 1870s Tom brought out another collection called *Diamond Cut Diamond* (1875).

Later in the century, the short story experienced quite an increase in popularity and many well known writers started publishing short story collections between novels. During the 1880s and 90s we find Hardy's *Wessex Tales* (1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), Stevenson with *The Merry Men, and Other Tales and Fables* (1887), *New Arabian Nights* (1882) and *Island Nights' Entertainment* (1893), William Russell's nautical tales (*My Watch Below; or Yarns spun when off Duty*

²¹² *The Playfellow* 1841

²¹³ *The Course of the True Lover Never Did Run Smooth* 1857, *The Jilt, and Other Stories* 1884

²¹⁴ *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* 1882, *The Land of Darkness* 1888

²¹⁵ *Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery* 1851, *Chronicles of Golden Friars* 1871 and many more

(1882); *The Phantom Dead* (1895); *The Honour of the Flag* (1896), Meredith with *The Tale of Chloe* (1895) or Arthur Conan Doyle with the first of his Holmes books *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1892) and *Round the Red Lamp* (1893) and H.G. Wells with *The Stolen Bacillus, and Other Incidents* (1895), Oscar Wilde *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* (1888), *The House of Pomegranates* (1892), *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories* (1891). The increase in the popularity of the short story as a literary genre is most evident in writers such as Rudyard Kipling, who published ten, and Henry James, who managed as many as thirteen collections of short stories before the end of the century. In general, a feeling developed which had already been anticipated by Lady Mary Montague a century earlier, namely that 'Life is too short for a long story'²¹⁶.

2.3 Trollope's Short Stories

During his lifetime Trollope wrote forty-two short stories, most of which were first published in magazines and later in five different collections. I have already mentioned in the biographical part that, although he was enthusiastic at the beginning, Trollope later tired of the medium. His first series of the *Tales of All Counties* (1861) contained a number of powerful and lively stories, all of them based on his experiences as a traveller. It was followed by the second series of *Tales of All Countries* in 1863, which already contained two stories with an English setting, and *Lotta Schmidt and Other Stories* in 1867. These two collections contained eighteen stories in total, of which sixteen had already been published²¹⁷. Most of the stories drew on his travels in Italy, Austria and America, and two of them dealt with the American Civil War. *An Editor's Tales*, published in 1870, contained stories written for the *St Paul's* while under Trollope's editorship, and many critics regard them to be his best. The stories are often written in the editorial 'we' and mostly deal with different people's efforts to establish themselves as writers. Trollope did not live to see the publication of his fifth collection *Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices, and Other Stories* in December 1882.

I have already mentioned that the critics' attitude towards Trollope's short stories is rather ambiguous. Whereas former critics simply tended to ignore them or treat them as some sort of by-product of a busy mind, later critics have started to see them as a valuable source of additional insight into Trollope's life, works and ideas. Trollope, in his short fiction, started out rather experimentally and towards the end of his life

²¹⁶ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Letter, July 19, 1759

²¹⁷ Cf. Mullen 452

reverted to his more established artistic concepts. Yet in many of the stories Trollope covers either topics which are not to be found in his novels or treats them in a way that is different from that in his longer works.

Trollope started writing short stories in 1859, shortly after his first voyage to the United States. When in New York, Trollope had suggested to *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* that he send them two short stories based on his travels for \$100 each²¹⁸. As a result he sent them 'The Courtship of Susan Bell', a courtship story set in Saratoga Springs, and 'Relics of a General Chassé, a Tale of Antwerp', a slightly burlesque story about a clergyman losing his trousers. As soon as he had received payment he suggested publishing a series of stories set in different countries, which he could then publish in one volume in England²¹⁹. Mullen claims that Trollope 'obviously liked the idea of using his travels to generate extra income' (PC 455) and that writing short stories served a double purpose: it opened up a 'new market', as well as a 'new field' (Mullen 346). During a trip with his wife through the Pyrenees, he wrote five short tales for *Harper's* and, although the magazine refused to publish one of the stories because it contained a suicide, these five stories show an energy, a delight in experimenting with this new form and a satisfaction about the choice of new topics which later tales sometimes lack. He sold them to *Chassell's Illustrated Family Newspaper* for £40 each. The new medium granted him a space in which he could explore new characters and settings away from his novel-based readership, and he was by no means the only one to appreciate this opportunity:

... into the novel goes such taste as I have for rational behaviour and social portraiture. The short story, as I see it to be, allows for what is crazy about humanity (Elizabeth Bowen in *Seven Winters*)

Writing short stories was financially quite a rewarding business. Short stories were actually better paid than novels but Trollope found constructing plots tiresome and soon complained that it took the same amount of effort to construct a plot for a short story as for a novel and writing the story took him a week, which he thought was too long. Once when asked for a short story by an editor, Trollope asked to be excused from the task, as it became 'a burden' to him, 'almost a great as the construction of a prolonged tale' (PC 456). Mullen pointed out that considering the time it took him to write a short story they were actually better paid than his novels. For *Harry Hotspur* Trollope got £550 for six weeks' work, in which time he could have written six short stories and earned £600²²⁰ -

²¹⁸ Mullen 346

²¹⁹ Cf. PC 455, Mullen 346

²²⁰ Cf. PC 456

but, of course, he needed only one plot for *Sir Harry*. In particular, the frequently demanded Christmas stories were often a millstone round his neck - yet he kept writing them until his death in 1882. In general, short stories contributed only a small part towards his total writing income, although he was paid as much as £175 for one.

Trollope himself called his stories 'tales', which is really much more fitting as, in length as well as in definition, they are much closer to a novella than to our modern short story. The term novella, which is based on the Italian word 'novella', meaning a tale or a piece of news, originally referred to bits of news from town or village life worth telling. A novella, unlike a short story often deals with a series of events rather than with one incident. Many of Trollope's tales match this description, as they were even subdivided into different chapters, named after a sequence of happenings. Some of his tales that are treated as short stories today were published as short novels at some point.

Trollope's short stories are often difficult to place. Although they are typically Trollopiean they do not show the same consistency as the rest of his work. He quite often used these short pieces of fiction to utilise all the left over observances and experiences which did not fit into his novels. Often there are parallels between the plots, characters or settings of a short story and a novel, like the situation of Bessy Pryor in 'The Lady of Launay' and Ayala Dormer in *Ayala's Angel*, both orphans, or the plot of 'Alice Dugdale' which can be found in *The Belton Estate*. Maurice Archer's contempt for people's materialistic attitude at Christmas can be found also in Lucius Mason in *Orley Farm*. In *Lady Anna*, as well as in 'The Château of Prince Polignac', a lady has to consider whether marrying a tailor will make her happy²²¹.

Sometimes Trollope simply expanded a short story into a novel, as in *Rachel Ray*, where he used the characters and plot of his first story 'Susan Bell'.

Trollope also used short stories to try out a different ending. In 'La Mère Bauche', as well as in *The Golden Lion of Granpère*, we find a parent trying to prevent a son from marrying a girl brought up in the same house with him. But, whereas in *The Golden Lion* the young people are allowed to marry in the end, Marie in 'La Mère Bauche', desperate to escape her unloved husband, kills herself.

A further point of comparison between Trollope's short stories and his novels is centred around his treatment of the topics of love, courtship and marriage. Nearly all of Trollope's works of fiction are centred around these topics, and Terry notes that 'the marriage theme ... provides a comment on social changes Trollope observed around

²²¹ See 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

him' (Terry 111). Trollope himself claimed that he had only once felt a 'desire to prove that a novel may be produced without any love' (AB X) and had tried to do so in *Miss Mackenzie*, but had failed:

In order that I might be strong in my purpose, I took for my heroine a very unattractive old maid, who was overwhelmed with money troubles; but even she was in love before the end of the book, and made a romantic marriage with an old man. (AB X)

In the short stories this is less obvious and there is even one story without a female character ('George Walker at Suez'), but nevertheless there is nearly always some kind of romantic element hidden somewhere, and thirty-one of Trollope's forty-two short tales contain some kind of love plot or marriage. Most of these stories end happily, but there are usually a few difficulties before the lovers are finally united.

Sometimes a parent or another member of the family opposes the marriage ('The Lady of Launay', 'La Mère Bauche' and 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices') either because they think it unsuitable or because of monetary reasons. Sometimes the girl is reluctant to 'surrender'. In the short stories written in the 1860s after Trollope had met Kate Field, strong young ladies started to emerge in his fiction. These characters are often very determined, self-willed and reluctant to give up their independence. In the short stories 'Miss Ophelia Gledd', 'Lotta Schmidt' and 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica' the girl character has to choose between two lovers. Often they have only one or no parent left and the living one is too weak to influence them. In a few of the short stories the lover has second thoughts or is too shy to ask ('Alice Dugdale', 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', and 'Catherine Carmichael'). In 'The Two Generals' and 'The Last Austrian Who Left Venice' we find external circumstances, like a war, preventing the love story from developing smoothly. But what we hardly ever find in his short stories is what Glendinning calls Trollope's 'Ur-story': a young man meeting a girl in the country and then going away leaving her behind - usually for a woman who is more sophisticated and more suitable for his desired position in the world. As this is a constant theme which we find in nearly all of Trollope's novels, the fact that it does not occur more often in the short stories shows that Trollope was really using them as a means of experiment, away from the devices used in the novels.

Therefore it can be said that, in a way, Trollope used his short tales as a platform for experiments. Whatever he saw, whatever he experienced was bound to set off his fancy and initiate some kind of story. Characters and experiences which would have been out of place in his novels also found a home in the short stories. Sometimes in the stories

Trollope expanded the boundaries of the literary conventions he had pledged himself to in his novels. Trollope's novels were written to be read aloud in a family circle. One can easily imagine that a Victorian paterfamilias reading to his wife and daughters would not be especially keen on subjects like naked men in a bath²²² or the suicide of a young girl²²³. Trollope looked to writing novels as his main income and was not prepared to risk it by being too outspoken. Short stories, on the other hand, were published in newspapers and magazines and were mostly read by men, so if the magazine was not notably evangelical, the choice of subject and language was somewhat less restricted than in a novel.

The short stories are extremely diverse in tone and they and they cover a wide range of settings and subjects, as well as many unusual characters. Just as in the novels, we meet in the short stories the landed gentry and the idle middle-class, but we also encounter there malicious innkeepers, unaccompanied female travellers, fighting members of the Venetian resistance, Viennese shop assistants and zither players. None of these characters would have found a fitting place in Barsetshire or among the Pallisers. This was where the new literary form which Trollope had encountered in the States came in useful. In *An Editor's Tales* we meet such strong characters as bossy Mrs Brumby, quixotic Mrs General Talbot, or the mad would-be writer Michael Molloy. Many of the stories have a strong autobiographical background. We accompany Trollope to a Turkish bath and watch him struggling to find a dignified way to carry his towel, or we share his humiliation when it turns out that the alleged Spanish bullfighter whom he insulted is, in truth, a very influential Spanish Grande.

In his novels Trollope very often relies on dialogue for the revelation of his characters. Due to the limited space, these often delightful and imaginative passages are scarce in the short stories. They lack the light-hearted conversations of young girls about men or the revealing dialogues of people at dinner parties which are so closely associated with Trollope the novel writer. The comments of Trollope's well-known chatty authorial narrator, which contain so much of the Trollopian essence, occur in many stories, but of course not to the same extent as in the novels. Yet the short stories must be seen not as a lesser, but as an additional part of Trollope's works. What can be found are a number of striking characters, unusual settings and sometimes less conventional plots. Many of the stories contain comic encounters or embarrassing situations. Trollope's ability to show how easily people will make fools of themselves, no matter how good they are, and his

²²² 'The Turkish Bath'

²²³ 'La Mère Bauche'

message that we are all human and humans do err is maybe even stronger in the short stories, especially as Trollope does not exclude himself here. The short stories show Trollope as a different kind of writer, as one willing to explore new ground, ground which maybe a lack of courage or time prevented him from exploring in the novel, but also as a person willing to laugh at himself. For Trollope's short stories one may make the same claim as Snow makes for Trollope's 'minor novels'

It is possible to argue that even the indifferent books have flashes of Trollope in wisdom and Trollopian insight which occur nowhere else, and of which, without his flood of production we should have been deprived (Snow 95).

2.4 Plot

Plot was never important to Trollope. Slightly maliciously, Booth once characterized a Trollope novel as 'a collection of characters in search of a plot' (Booth, 158-9) and, in an unsigned notice in the *Saturday Review*, the reviewer of *Can You Forgive Her?* lamented:

The defects of the book are those to which we are accustomed to in Mr Trollope's stories. There is, as usual, no plot. (*Saturday Review*, 19.8.1865, in Smalley 242)

Trollope himself considered a plot 'the most insignificant part of a tale'. Yet he states in *An Autobiography* that some sort of plot is, however, necessary:

A novel should give a picture of common life enlivened by humour and sweetened by pathos. To make that picture worthy of attention, the canvas should be crowded with real portraits, not of individuals known to the world or to the author, but of created personages impregnated with traits of character which are known. To my thinking, the plot is but the vehicle for all this; and when you have the vehicle without the passengers, a story of mystery in which the agents never spring to life, you have but a wooden show. There must, however, be a story. You must provide a vehicle of some sort. (ABVII)

He claims that he never spent much time thinking about his plots, yet once created, they were never far from his mind:

I have never found myself thinking much about the work that I had to do till I was doing it. I have indeed for many years almost abandoned the effort to think, trusting myself, with the narrowest thread of a plot, to work the matter out when the pen is in my hand.

Trollope rejected the distinction between 'sensational' and 'realistic' novels and, contrary to his assertion that his novels were 'not sensational' in his *Autobiography*, he claims that an important feature of the novel is that it must be 'both', sensational and realistic:

A good novel should be both, and both in the highest degree. If a novel fail in either, there is a failure in art. (AB XII)

Edwards explains that what Trollope meant was that fiction

...must take us outside everyday life, but still convince us that its world -no matter how different on the surface - is the world we know. (Edwards 5)

Although there are not that many different themes in the short stories, the plots vary considerably due to the fact that Trollope used them to try out new topics or characters, as well as to process autobiographical incidents from his extensive journeys. One of the reasons why Trollope in his later years grew tired of the short story²²⁴ was that he had to construct a plot for every story but earned much less than he did with a novel. Thus he sometimes used the same plot in a novel as in a short story- sometimes with a different ending²²⁵, as mentioned under 'Trollope's Short Stories' above.

2.5 The Narrator

Trollope had a lot of literary devices at his disposal, but the most effective is no doubt his narrator. James R. Kincaid, in his book *The Novels of Anthony Trollope*, states that 'Trollope's claim as an artist' (Kincaid 32) is based on his 'modern' and 'unconventional' (Kincaid 17) narrator.

Intrusive, chatty, largely omniscient and reliable, he is always with the reader, trying guide him or her through the fictional world and to influence his or her view of it.

Especially in the earlier novels, the narrator is often hard to distinguish from the author:

Trollope makes no bones about intruding into the novel in his own person, to praise or reprimand a character to even to share with the reader three problems that beset him in trying to tell his story clearly, fairly, and in chronological order. He likes to present himself as a man we can trust not to mislead us, a man whose one concern it is to tell the truth with as little distortion as possible for 'artistic effect'. (Edwards 4)

And Pöschlmayer notes that:

In den meisten Romanen von Anthony Trollope ist der Erzähler immer und bei jedem Anlaß zu einem Kommentar, einer Diskussion mit dem Leser oder zu einem moralischen Urteil über die fiktionale Welt bereit, doch die Intensität seines Engagements schwankt beträchtlich...Die Kommentare mit Anspruch auf universelle Gültigkeit können als besonders charakteristisch für den Erzählstil Trollopes bezeichnet werden. (Pöschlmayer 24-26)

²²⁴ See 'Trollope's Short Stories'

²²⁵ See 'Trollope's Short Stories'

Many older critics felt that this 'narrative voice of Trollope's' (Swingle) did him more harm than good and accounted 'for the popularly held notion of Trollope as eminently trivializing Victorian' (Swingle 95); yet today it is exactly this 'voice' which a true Trollopian is waiting for in his novels:

Perhaps the best test of the difference between someone who enjoys Trollope and the true Trollopean is that the latter looks forward to 'authorial intrusions', knowing that an old friend is approaching with some reflection that blends humour and wisdom. (Mullen 193-4)

Although an omniscient, 'god-like' (W.C.Booth) narrator talking to his readers was a common feature of Victorian literature, Trollope's narrator is somewhat different. Normally the narrator is 'self-conscious and reliable' (W.C.Booth)²²⁶ and eager to convey a fixed set of morals. Yet Trollope enjoys playing with irony and the different roles of a narrator²²⁷. Just as the narrator's distance towards the fictional world varies, his personal attitude fluctuates between benevolent and critical. Sometimes he even abdicates his omniscience, limits himself to the perspective of the reader and let his characters act more freely²²⁸.

In conjunction with the author, the narrator establishes - and at the same time demolishes - the impression of a fictional world:

But it is certainly true of Trollope's art in general that it depends on a high degree of stylisation-however "realistic" it may be in its effect- and that the pervasive presence of the narrator, whether intruding directly or not, is perhaps the most striking sign of this stylization.(Edwards 2)

One of Trollope's basic creeds in writing literature is 'that the author and the reader should move along together in full confidence with each other' (*Barchester Towers* XV). The same kind of narrative device is used in the short story 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' where the narrator states that 'you and I, my reader, might probably become dear friends were we to meet and know each other'. He goes to great pains not to hide anything from his 'dear reader' and thus often deliberately ruins all of the suspense. In his novel *The Bertrams*, written in 1858, Trollope states:

I have no ambition to surprise my reader. Castles with unknown passages are not compatible with my homely muse. (*The Bertrams* vol. 3, XIII)

Similarly, in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' he claims:

To tell the truth, for there is no room for mystery within the limits of this short

²²⁶ *The Rhetoric of Fiction* 14

²²⁷ Cf. Pöschlmayer 23

²²⁸ Cf. Pöschlmayer 22

story,--to tell, I say, at a word the plain and simple truth, Captain Broughton had already asked that question.

The narrator often shares his omniscience with the reader. When Mally Trenglos in 'Malachi's Cove' is lead through the kitchen of the neighbours' farmhouse up to the son's bedroom, the narrator gives us a quick foreshadowing:

Mally merely nodded her head, and then they entered the house. Mally had never been within it before, and looked about with wondering eyes at the furniture of the big kitchen. Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then, I wonder? But she did not pause here a moment, but was led up to the bedroom above stairs, where Barty was lying on his mother's bed.

Trollope makes a point of constantly crossing the boundaries between life and fiction, of merging the two worlds. On the one hand, he makes a considerable effort to create the impression that the novels are real life, only to remind his reader in the very next sentence that this is only a piece of fiction in his hands and that all the characters are only his own creations.

To achieve a greater amount of authenticity, Trollope mixes real and imaginary settings, such as Barchester and London. In most of the short stories he lets his characters move in surroundings which he had visited during his travels, taking the opportunity to share his experiences with the reader.

The established Victorian literary device of shared experiences is a technique that Trollope makes considerable use of. As the middle-class at the beginning of the century used to be a fairly diverse group, it was common among writers to refer to shared experiences in order to create an impression of unity²²⁹. The narrator is part of both worlds. He speaks to the reader as a man of the world and a member of society to his fellow men and women. He assumes that the reader has the same background, the same upbringing, the same moral code as the narrator himself. 'All the world knows' or 'it is universally admitted that' are frequently used comments of a Trollopian narrator, who wanders between the worlds, serving as a guide, a mediator, and interpreter. In the short stories this device is often used to merge the real and the imaginative. In 'Thompson Hall' Trollope describes the Cumbrian scenery where his imaginary Thwaite Hall is set in detail:

All the world knows that the Eamont runs out of Ulleswater, dividing the two counties, passing under Penrith Bridge and by the old ruins of Brougham Castle, below which it joins the Eden.

²²⁹ Cf. Gorham 3, Turner 34

The next step is to establish physical contact with reader. In his *Last Chronicle of Barset* he takes him 'by the arm' and leads him round his imaginary country, stressing that to him 'it has been real'. Note how Trollope in the following passage tries to appeal to all of the reader's senses:

And now, if the reader will allow me to seize him affectionately by the arm, we will together take our last farewell of Barset and of the towers of Barchester...he and I together have wandered often through the country lanes, and have ridden together over the too well-wooded fields, or have stood together in the cathedral nave listening to the peals of the organ, or have together sat at good men's tables, or have confronted together the angry pride of men who were not good. I may not boast that any beside me have so realised the place, and the people, and the facts, as to make such reminiscences possible as those which I should attempt to evoke by an appeal to perfect fellowship. 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. To them all I now say farewell. That I have been induced to wander among them too long by my love for old friendships, and by the sweetness of old faces, is a fault for which I may perhaps be more readily forgiven, when I repeat, with solemnity of assurance, that promise made in my title, that this shall be the last chronicle of Barset. (*The Last Chronicle of Barset* LXXXIV)

In a similar manner, in 'The Château of Prince Polignac' the reader is invited to share his breakfast with the characters: 'And now I would ask my readers to join me at the morning table d'hôte at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs'. Trollope's artful way of interweaving fiction and reality may be seen in *Dr Thorne* when the narrator laments that he has no more paper to describe a character's wedding-dress and then declares: 'What matters? Will it not be all found written in the columns of the Morning Post?' (*Dr Thorne* XLVII), or in *Framley Parsonage*, where the narrator tells the reader that he need not get dressed for 'Miss Dunstable's conversazione' (*Framley Parsonage* XXVIII). In the short stories Trollope not only referred to places and landscapes which he knew from his travels but also to well-known people of his time. The editor in 'Josephine de Montmorenci' discusses with the writer her fancy nom de plume. She defends herself by referring to such eminent writers as 'Boz (Dickens), Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë), and Michael Angelo Titmarsh (Thackeray)'. This passing of boundaries - Henry James called them 'slaps at credulity'²³⁰ - did not go down too well with all critics and some reviewers did not appreciate this effort to convince us of the reality of Barset:

Mr Trollope also sets a very bad example to other novelists in the frequency with

²³⁰ Quoted in *The Trollope Critics* 11

which he has recourse to the petty trick of passing as judgement on his own fictitious personages as he goes along, in order that the story may thus seem to have an existence independent of its teller, and to form a subject on which he can speculate as on something outside himself. (Unsigned notice, *Spectator* 14 May 1864, in Smalley 209)

Yet others writers like Virginia Woolf claimed that: 'We believe in Barchester as we believe in the reality of our own weekly bills.'²³¹

Trollope enjoyed playing with perspectives. Sometimes his omniscient narrator may all of a sudden drop his omniscience and thus limit himself to the perspective of a bystander, for instance in *The Bertrams* when the narrator claims that two ladies are speaking '*sotto voce*' and therefore 'he was unable to hear a word of it'²³². On other occasions the reader may be alluded to as being as omniscient as the narrator himself. This subtle play with the possibilities of a narrator, the obliteration of the boundaries between reality and fiction and a narrator oscillating between these two, are the narrative techniques which make Trollope so readable.

Today the way and the obstinacy with which Trollope calls our attention to the artificiality of his tale and thus 'disrupts it' (Kincaid 34) do not disturb us. Earlier critics like Henry James found Trollope's insistence to point out that all this was fiction highly irritating:

He took a suicidal satisfaction in reminding the reader that the story he was telling was only, after all, a make-believe. (H. James in Smalley 62)

One of the devices Trollope used to break the illusion, often at a moment of heightened sentiment or suspense, was to share the process of creation with the reader. Trollope in the middle of a story will be found to discuss literary conventions or his problems as an author writing a novel or creating a character²³³. In *Ayala's Angel* for instance, he declared himself to be all against the technique of opening of a story in the middle of it, which he thought that it was 'putting the cart before the horse' (Glen 468):

The plan of jumping at once into the middle has often been tried, and sometimes seductively enough for a chapter or two; but the writer still has to hark back, and to begin again from the beginning - not ways very comfortably after the abnormal brightness of his few opening pages...

In *Barchester Towers* he complains about the necessity of stretching of or curtailing his fiction so that it fits in exactly with the demands of his editor:

Do I not myself know that I am at this moment in want of a couple of dozen

²³¹ Virginia Woolf: *Collected Essays*, II, 62, in Wright 11

²³² Cf. Pöschlmayer 102

²³³ Cf. Mullen 192-3

pages, and that I am sick with cudgelling my brains to find them? (*Barchester Towers* LI)

The only short story where a similar device is used is 'The Gentle Euphemia' where Trollope constantly breaks the pseudo-medieval narrative by referring to contemporary issues such as 'rinder-pest' or 'money in the bank'. One of the reasons why he did not use it in any of the other stories may have been that many of them were autobiographical incidents turned into fiction. Thus there was no point in breaking the fictional world again.

Accuracy is very important to Trollope and an essential part of the story. In *Phineas Finn* he informs the reader of the dangers a 'poor fictionist' faces:

He is moved to tell of things of which he omits to learn the nature before he tells of them -- ...He catches salmon in October; or shoots his partridges in March. His dahlias bloom in June, and his birds sing in the autumn. He opens the opera-houses before Easter, and makes Parliament sit on a Wednesday evening. And then those terrible meshes of the Law! (*Phineas Finn* XXIX)

As Trollope was also known as a travel writer, his audience knew that they could always rely on the acuteness of his descriptions and that his observations of other nationalities were based on facts.

Trollope sometimes even goes as far as to discuss alternative actions for his characters and to speculate on the impact these would have on his 'tale'. In *Barchester Towers* he wonders what would have happened if Eleanor Bold had not 'restrained her tears' in front of Mr Arabin:

Had she given way and sobbed about, as in such cases a woman should do, he would have melted at once, implored her pardon, perhaps knelt at her feet and declared his love. Everything would have been explained, and Eleanor would have gone back to Barchester with a contented mind. How easily would she have forgiven and forgotten the archdeacon's suspicions had she but heard the whole truth of it from Mr Arabin. But then where would have been my novel? She did not cry, and Mr Arabin did not melt. (*Barchester Towers* XXX)

Pöschlmayer notes that 'Der Erzähler von Barchester ist für Ausrufe wie "where would have been my novel?" berühmt'²³⁴. This device is especially typical of Trollope's earlier novels and is therefore not found in the short stories.

The reader was always important to Victorian writers, and directly addressing the reader or devices to involve the reader were used by all early or mid-Victorian writers²³⁵. Yet recent critics are of the opinion that it is exactly this disruption of fictionality that may even cause a stronger reader involvement. Edwards claims that by directing out

²³⁴ Pöschlmayer 40

²³⁵ Cf. Mullen 192

attention towards the literary conventions the author has to follow 'he implies that in most other respects the novel can be taken realistically' (Edwards 17) and thus these little 'slaps at credulity' (H. James) actually create authenticity.

Pöschlmayer states that, on the one hand, these reader addresses and the narrator's comments tend to keep up the reader's awareness of the fictionality, while, on the other hand, the reader experiences his or her own involvement as something very 'real':

Andererseits impliziert diese Art des erzählerischen Überbaus - auktoriale Erzählersituation und damit explizite Mittelbarkeit - eine aktive Beteiligung des Lesers und dessen Engagement in Bezug auf die fiktionalen Ereignisse und Charaktere....Die aktive Beteiligung des Lesers am fiktionalen Geschehen läßt dessen Distanz zur fiktionalen Welt geringer werden, sodaß die Grenzen zwischen Fiktion und Wirklichkeit allmählich schwinden. (Pöschlmayer 71)

This device does not occur in the short stories, but Trollope does break the flow of the story by foreshadowing its end. In 'Malachi's Cove', Mally is taken to see Barty whom she has rescued from the sea. Until the accident the young people have been enemies, but her feelings have changed. The narrator gives away the end by asking 'Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then, I wonder?'

Another, less skilful, method to break the suspense was the use of silly names.

Trollope's work is riddled with characters bearing allegorical or telling names, often referring to a person's profession or personal habits. We find, for example, solicitors called Slow and Bidawhile, and a brewer named Tappitt (*Rachel Ray*)²³⁶. Sometimes the names were derived from everyday items, thus the lovers in *Miss Mackenzie* are called Lady Crinoline - like the huge dresses at the time- and Macassar, a hair oil. In the short stories silly names occur only occasionally. We find a baker called Mrs. Bakewell, solicitors or lawyers are called Badger and Blister²³⁷, Stickatit and Scribble, and a Reverend Dr Freeborn, who prides himself on his gentility²³⁸.

Feminists were another one of Trollope's favourite targets for silly names. We meet, for instance, Walachia Petrie, Mrs Olivia Q. Fleabody and Lady Selina Protest, to name only a few.

Trollope remained fond of this device to an extent which many critics and readers found extremely irksome. Mullen, for instance, notes that the entrance of a character called Gitemthruet in a scene full of pathos somewhat 'destroys the flow of the story' (Mullen 191-192). Although it is a deliberate device to cushion the pathos which Trollope might have felt to be too much, this choice of names did him no favour with

²³⁶ Cf. Mullen 191, PC 343-5

²³⁷ In 'Mrs Brumby'

²³⁸ All in 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington'

the critics and it may have been 'one reason why certain critics have not condescended to take Trollope seriously'. (Mullen 192)

Sometimes if the characters get overwhelmed by pathos the narrator distances himself from their suffering. In 'The Mistletoe Bough', Isabel's sister Mabel, after having been told that her sister has rejected her lover, 'with consternation' tells her sister that Maurice will never ask her again. This is the moment when Isabel realises the depth of her feelings for Maurice: "Then I shall die," said Isabel frankly. The following chapter opens with the line:

In spite of her piteous condition and near prospect of death, Isabel Lownd completed her round of visits among her old friends.

This dry tone is one of the features which make Trollope so readable and saves his fiction and the reader from becoming overtly sentimental.

Trollope's narrator is always willing to comment on his characters, often anticipating his readers' reactions to them and defending them e.g 'I fear that I shall have set my readers very much against Marian Leslie;--much more so than I would wish to do'²³⁹. As mentioned earlier, he also often reminds the reader not to be too harsh in his or her judgement²⁴⁰.

In quite a few of short stories we find a first-person narrator, as many of them are autobiographical. In 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir', an autobiographical incident encountered by Trollope²⁴¹ is told by an old narrator looking back on his life, which took a different course from Trollope's:

I need hardly continue the story further. It will be known to all that my love-suit thrived in spite of my unfortunate raid on the button of the Marquis D'Almavivas, at whose series of *fêtes* through that month I was, I may boast, an honoured guest. I have since that had the pleasure of entertaining him in my own poor house in England, and one of our boys bears his Christian name.

In the stories written from an editor's perspective the I is replaced by the 'editorial we' which, together with the more wordy style and a different range of topics, adds to the impression of an older, more settled narrator. This is especially noticeable in these stories where the narrator talks about his infatuation with younger women.

When she would sit in the low arm-chair opposite to us, looking up into our eyes as we spoke to her words which must often have stabbed her little heart, we were wont to caress her with that inward undemonstrative embrace that one spirit is able to confer upon another. We thought of her constantly, perplexing our mind

²³⁹ 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica'

²⁴⁰ See Role of the Novel in Victorian Society|

²⁴¹ In Spain Trollope ripped a button of a Spanish Duke's coat

for her succour. We forgave all her faults. We exaggerated her virtues. We exerted ourselves for her with a zeal that was perhaps fatuous.

2.6 Language and Style

Trollope's style was never really a matter of discussion among critics. Booth in 1958 observed that none of Trollope's critics ever 'made a detailed examination of his style'. If it was commented; it was only in a 'few generalizations endlessly repeated' (Booth 217). Where some like Meredith complained about 'the absence of style' (in Booth 217) in Trollope's novels; the critic and writer Hugh Walpole thought that Trollope's style suited the 'relaxed tempo and unpretentious sweep of narrative' (quod. in Booth 217).

Booth himself thought that 'Trollope was content with the blandest and most prosaic writing ever to come from a major novelist' (Booth 218) and that 'It would of course be folly to argue that Trollope is say great stylist'; yet he had 'a fluency that... rarely becomes tedious, a level of practical competence..., an easy grace that carries one along on a full tide of flowing narrative' (Booth 227). He lacked the 'lyric gifts of a poet' (Booth 217):

The mark of Trollope's narrative style, at its most characteristic, is levelness of tone. He is the least excitable of novelists, the least liable... to loose himself in the emotions of his imaginary creatures, he takes moments of crisis in his stride, without any luxurious lingering over them. (Edwards 2)

Booth claims that at his best Trollope's writing was 'without any showy or flashy qualities' and in his 'muted and unobtrusive' style 'Trollope gives a lucid, impersonal account of his age'. Yet when the 'inspiration flags' and the 'hand writes on' in a 'pompous inflated manner', Trollope becomes 'goonish' (Booth 225). Booth claims that this also happened to other 19th century writers like Disraeli and the Brontës.

Trollope himself considered style to be very important. In his *Autobiography* we find innumerable references to the style of his own and other writers' works. To him good style was lucid, correct and 'harmonious' - very much a matter of the 'ear'. He thought that the writer's 'language must come from him as music comes from the rapid touch of the great performer's fingers'.

It will be granted, I think, by readers that a style may be rough, and yet both forcible and intelligible; but it will seldom come to pass that a novel written in a rough style will be popular,--and less often that a novelist who habitually uses such a style will become so. The harmony which is required must come from the practice of the ear. There are few ears naturally so dull that they cannot, if time be

allowed to them, decide whether a sentence, when read, be or be not harmonious.
(AB XII)

Trollope thought that this clarity in style should be trained before the writer starts to write. When actually at work there is no time to think - too much consideration will spoil the work: 'A man who thinks much of his words as he writes them will generally leave behind him work that smells of oil' (AB X). Trollope claimed that it was the writing of 'some thousands of reports' which had helped him to clarify his own style. Among his contemporaries, Trollope thought Thackeray's style 'the purest ... the most harmonious', whereas Eliot's 'lacks ease' and

...of Dickens's style it is impossible to speak in praise. It is jerky, ungrammatical, and created by himself in defiance of rules (AB XV)

However, Trollope did not approve of Dickens's characters either.

Trollope thought that a good novel should be 'enlivened by humour and sweetened by pathos'. Booth considers Trollope's sense of humour similar that of Jane Austen: it is 'the humour of understatement - low pulsed, emotionally slack, and apparently artless and naïve, but effably sly' and it 'grows out of the totality of character concept'. Thus the fun in Trollope's characters is 'not what they say but what they are' (Booth 209). This is also the source of much of the irony in Trollope's fiction:

The irony, whether intentional or not, shows, ... the mentality of Trollope and his age split between an emotional longing for what was passing and the awareness of what was actually happening' (Polhemus, *The Changing World Of Anthony Trollope*, p.53)

Booth also observes that there is 'not a great deal of pathos in the novels' (Booth 212) but, if required, Trollope knew how to handle it - 'when his material called for pathetic treatment, he never became maudlin' (Booth 213).

Trollope's use of the pathetic, unlike Dickens's and Thackeray's, is to found not in set scenes but in characters. (Booth 214)

In the short story 'La Mère Bauche' the tragic ending, where Marie throws herself off a cliff, is described in a very matter of fact way:

"Marie," he shouted, "are you there?" as he slowly began the long ascent of the steps. But he had hardly begun to mount when a whirring sound struck his ear, and he felt that the air near him was moved; and then there was a crash upon the lower platform of rock, and a moan, repeated twice, but so faintly, and a rustle of silk, and a slight struggle somewhere as he knew within twenty paces of him; and then all was again quiet and still in the night air.

The rest of the story consists of four short paragraphs. The narrator lets the deed speak for itself, never comments on the girl's death and describes the reaction of the characters who have driven her into suicide very briefly: her young lover faints, his mother takes to her bed 'for some seven tedious years' and then dies.

As for the capitaine--but what matters? He was made of sterner stuff. What matters either the fate of such a one as Adolphe Bauche?

The curt way in which Trollope disposes of his characters makes it clear that they have killed all that was good and noteworthy about them with the girl. After her death there is nothing to be said about them which 'matters'.

Contemporary writers often complained about Trollope's bad grammar and 'sloppy' writing and one of his reviewers lamented the fact that 'so perfect a master of the English language' could be so 'hasty and sometimes so slovenly with his grammar'²⁴². The writer, Elisabeth Barrett-Browning, a great admirer of Trollope, also thought that these mistakes 'should be put away by a first rate writer like Anthony Trollope'²⁴³. Trollope was aware of this but relatively undisturbed. Indeed, he claimed that:

Rapid writing will no doubt give rise to inaccuracy,--chiefly because the ear, quick and true as may be its operation, will occasionally break down under pressure, and, before a sentence be closed, will forget the nature of the composition with which it was commenced....A rapid writer will hardly avoid these errors altogether. Speaking of myself, I am ready to declare that, with much training, I have been unable to avoid them. (AB X)

Trollope's use of language is also worth a closer look. He was extremely well read and was writing for an educated audience. Thus it is not surprising that his works brim over with classical, as well as biblical quotes. In his book *The Language and Style of Anthony Trollope* (London 1975), John W. Clark examines the language patterns in Trollope's fiction and notes that what is 'striking' about Trollope's style 'is the multitude of literary allusions, quotations, echoes (Clark 142)'. Trollope showed his classical knowledge and education in allusions to Horace Homer, Plutarch, Greek and Roman gods, and the use of Latin proverbs²⁴⁴. Quotes are taken from the classics like Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Sterne, Pope, Byron and Scott, but also from contemporaries like Thackeray or Dickens. It is mostly the narrator - or rather Trollope himself - showing his education, and Clark notes that these features occur 'two and a

²⁴²Unsigned Review, *Spectator* 9 April 1864, in Smalley 201

²⁴³ Elisabeth Barrett-Browning, letter to Isa Blagden around May 1860 in *Letters* 391

²⁴⁴ Cf. Clark 165

half times as often in his own language than in that of his characters' (Clark 142). In the short story 'Christmas at Thompson Hall', a middle-aged woman in a hotel in France has just realized that she has put a mustard plaster on a sleeping stranger's neck instead of her husband's. The narrator compares her horror at the moment of her discovery to some of the great tragedies of the classics:

Not Priam wakened in the dead of the night, not Dido when first she learned that Aeneas had fled, not Othello when he learned that Desdemona had been chaste, not Medea when she became conscious of her slaughtered children, could have been more struck with horror than was this British matron as she stood for a moment gazing with awe on the strangers bed.

The contrast between these great tragedies and the sufferings of a British matron trying to pacify her hypochondriac, crochety husband with a mustard-plaster is enormously funny.

Latin phrases are mostly used in the very early short stories. In 'The O'Connors of Castle Connor, County Mayo', young Archibald Green is sitting at a dinner table with his host in a servant's slippers because his own shoes have been left behind at the hotel. When he hears the servant tumble down the stairs in his own nailed shooting boots, which he has forced him to put on, he feels that he should defend the poor man and offer his host an explanation. Unfortunately 'Vox faucibus haesit'- his voice died in his throat.

In 'Father Giles of Ballymoy', Latin is used to distinguish the Catholic priest from his countrymen and show him to be more educated and a gentleman:

"But, bedad, sir, you'd better be a little more careful the next time you see a stranger using your clothes-brush. They are not so strict here in their ideas of meum and tuum as they are perhaps in England and if you had broken my neck for so small an offence, I don't know but what they'd have stretched your own"

The fact that Trollope never gave a translation for his quotes shows that he was expecting his readership to know the classics as well as he did.

Biblical quotes are also very numerous, as in Trollope's time it was common for a middle-class family to attend Sunday mass and every writer could assume that his or her audience would understand references to the Bible or the Book of Common Prayer 'because it was a part of the common culture of educated people much as Shakespeare was' (Clark 165). The title of the story 'The Widow's Mite' is a quote from the Bible and appears in Luke 21; 1-4 and Mark 12; 41-44, where Jesus watches the rich making their donations and a poor widow comes and throws in 'her two mites'. In Trollope's story, Nora, the parson's niece, is very eager to make a donation to the soup kitchen - to throw

in her 'widow's mite' as she calls it - but, as she has no fortune of her own, she decides to give up her wedding dress and get married in her everyday clothes. The mite was the smallest of the bronze coins of the Jews and, as it was frequently mentioned in the New Testament, the phrase would be known to all educated middle-class readers.

I have already mentioned that the novels were often read aloud in the families. It is therefore understandable that a Victorian writer had to be extremely careful in the choice of his choice of words. Thus slang is not often used, unless by the uneducated or by young gentlemen, and if a slang term is used by the narrator, it is 'nearly always with an apology' (Clark 49). Only in Trollope's very last short story written in 1882 does a character call his brother-in-law 'a cur'. Colloquialisms often distinguish the young characters from the older, more sedate ones, as in 'The Widow's Mite', where Bob orders his older brother to "Hold your tongue until I've done, Charley." and thinks his mother 'little better than an old fogey' when she contradicts his radical ideas. In 'The Mistletoe Bough' one of the boys claims that he has to 'mug uncommon hard these days'. If a young lady like Violet Effingham in *Phineas Finn* uses a colloquialism like 'A1' to her aunt Lady Baldrick, it is all the more effective and shows her independent spirit:

"I did not know that he was a special friend." "Most especial, aunt. A 1 I may say; ---among young men I mean."Miss Effingham was certainly wrong to speak of any man as being A 1...and [I] must acknowledge that she used the most offensive phrase she could find, on purpose to annoy her aunt. "Violet", said Lady Baldrick, bridling up, "I never heard such a word before from them lips of a young lady." (*Phineas Finn* XLII)

When Isabella in 'The Mistletoe Bough' comments on the love affair between her brother and Elizabeth with the words 'That's the way the wind blows!', we know that she is very different from the evangelical Elizabeth and thus confirms the narrator's description of her:

Isabella Holmes was a fine, tall, handsome girl; good-humoured, and well disposed to be pleased; rather Frenchified in her manners, and quite able to take care of herself.

In 'Alice Dugdale', Alice deliberately calls her lover, Major Rossiter, a 'swell' in order to annoy him. Alice's step-mother has embarrassed herself and Alice when she has scolded the Major for being untrue to Alice and jilting her for an aristocratic girl, although Rossiter has actually never proposed to Alice. Alice wants to show him that she does not consider herself better than her step-mother. The Major sees the loyalty in her behaviour and 'loved her the better because she had dared to run the risk of offending

him'. The difference in the two girls' characters becomes obvious when Georgiana is calling her own mother 'an old bother' in the Major's presence.

Male characters deliberately use different language in front of their wives and daughters. Thus in *Marion Fay* 'the father avoids using the phrase talking the hind legs of a dog to his daughter' (Clark 53). Swearing is generally very rare in Trollope's fiction and, apart from a few occurrences of 'damn(ed)' or 'God', it is normally substituted by dashes. Only men swear and, again, not in the presence of their wives. If they do, the wife is expected to leave the room with an indignant look, and only once in all Trollope's fiction (*John Caldigate*) does a woman tell somebody to go to the devil (Clark 55). In the early short stories, however - especially in the conversations between men - swearing does occur. In 'The O'Connors of Castle Connor, County Mayo', not only the servant swears, but Tom O' Connor, a hunting man and a gentleman, repeatedly uses expressions like 'What the deuce!', 'Why the deuce', 'Where the d—' or 'in the name of all that's holy'.

Also interesting are the terms of addresses of the different characters. Whereas young ladies always address their fathers and mothers as 'papa' and 'mama', young gentlemen never do so. They use the terms 'father' and 'mother' and 'sir', according to the context²⁴⁵. Whereas wives often address their husbands with either their title or call them 'Mister' or 'Lord' plus their family name, they in turn are called 'dear' by their husbands. The young husband in 'Not if I know It' jokingly calls his wife 'old girl' ('Not If I Know It' p.954). Archdeacon Grantly in the Barsetshire novels calls his wife Susan, or once even Sue, whereas she always, even in the privacy of their bedroom, calls him 'archdeacon' and the narrator notes that 'Mrs. Grantly had never assumed a more familiar term than this in addressing her husband'. Clark notes that

...deferential formality from wives...responded to by a (perhaps patronizing and quasi paternal) endearment from husbands, is common. (Clark 60)

On the one hand, this device helped to enhance traditional Victorian role allocation, yet it also served as a means for irony. During a conversation between the archdeacon and his wife in their bedroom²⁴⁶ it is absolutely clear that it is the wife who has her say, although she keeps addressing her husband formally as 'archdeacon'. In the short story 'Why Frau Frohmann raised her Prices', the wife of a customer complains about the raised charges saying that 'The "Magistrate" was a little hurt about it', but the reader

²⁴⁵ Cf. Clark 58

²⁴⁶ See Love and Marriage

realises that the magistrate, for all his grand title, is not man enough to confront the rather stern innkeeper on the subject.

Lower class wives often only use their husbands' surname. Thus a couple in *Orley Farm* refer to each other as Mr. and Mrs. Moulder and Mrs. Tappitt in *Rachel Ray* calls her husband, Tappitt or Mr. Tappitt - she would have considered it vulgar to call him Tom or Thomas.

For a young courting couple the use of the first name normally marks a turning point in their relationship. In 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' Mabel, Isabel's little sister, brings a certain spontaneity into the difficult and very regulated intercourse of two Victorian lovers. As a child she is allowed to cross certain boundaries for instance to call Maurice Archer by his first name whereas 'between him and Isabel it was always Miss Lownd and Mr Archer, as was proper' ('Kirkby Cottage' p.659). In 'The Courtship of Susan Bell', one of Trollope's first short stories, the heroine is still a very 'soft and manageable' and shown to be manipulated by those around her. In all the short stories, she is the only heroine who is not able to think or stand up for herself. Her naivety becomes obvious when she declares her love without knowing it:

"Oh, Mr. Dunn, I am so sorry. You'll be so hungry on your journey," and she came out to him in the passage. "I shall want nothing on the journey, dearest, if you'll say one kind word to me. "Again her eyes went to the ground. "What do you want me to say, Mr. Dunn?" "Say, God bless you, Aaron." "God bless you, Aaron," said she; and yet she was sure that she had not declared her love. He however thought otherwise, and went up to New York with a happy heart.

Major Rossiter and Alice Dugdale go back to a more formal address when they meet again as adults: 'He had always been John till quite lately,- John with the memories of childhood, but now he had become Major Rossiter'. Yet young girls when they are officially engaged and sure of their lovers often call them 'Master' plus their first name in an argument. When in 'The Widow's Mite' the groom offers to buy the girl's trousseaux, she answers: 'I should rather think not, Master Fred'.

In his dialogues Trollope often used local dialects. Clark states that he tried to differentiate between the local idioms of Westmorland, Wiltshire, Surrey, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Devonshire, Suffolk, Somersetshire (=Barset), Devonshire, Cornwall, Cambridgeshire, but is 'less accurate' in portraying some of them as he was in his portrayals of an Irish accent²⁴⁷.

In the short stories local accents are only spoken by very simple, rural characters or servants. Thus in 'Malachi's Cove', old farmer Guncliff, father of the badly injured Barty

²⁴⁷Cf. Clark 82-92

Guncliff, comes to get the neighbour's girl by telling her that his son 'won't sleep a wink till he's seed you. You must not say but you'll come.'

In 'The Turkish Bath', Trollope refers to an Irish accent as 'the dear brogue of his country, which is always delightful to me' and in 'Father Giles of Ballymoy' he showed how intimate he was with the 'brogue'. The extensive use of dialect makes much of the humour of the story. A young travelling Englishman in Ireland, desperate for a room, is put up at a hostel. Waking up in the middle of the night, he finds a stranger in his room and it is only after having thrown the man down the stairs finds out that the offender was the parish priest, who had given up half of his own bedroom to accommodate the traveller. The priest survives, but the wrath of the local population is terrible and the extensive use of dialect here enhances their hostility and the impression that the young man has fallen into the hands of enemies, whose customs and language he does not quite understand²⁴⁸:

"I hope he is not much hurt by his fall," I said. "Ochone, ochone! Murdher, murdher! Spake, Father Giles, dear, for the love of God!" ... "Have you sent for a doctor?" said I. "Oh, you born blagghuard !" said the woman. "You thief of the world ! That the like of you should ever have darkened my door!" "You can't repent it more than I do, Mrs. Kirwan; but hadn't you better send for the doctor?" "Faix, and for the police too, you may be shure of that, young man. To go and chuck him out of the room like that his own room too, and he a priest and an ould man he that had given up the half of it, though I axed him not to do so, for a sthranger as nobody knowed nothing about."

Servants are often Irish. This may be due to the fact that Trollope's Irish groom, Barnay, lived with the Trollopes for many years and was the one to wake Anthony every morning at half past five²⁴⁹. In 'The O'Connors of Castle Connor, County Mayo', an Irish servant has been forced by one of the guests to swap his own shoes for a pair of nailed shooting boots which are too small for his feet. The sufferings of the poor man trying to serve dinner in them account for much of the story's humour.

Although Trollope's narrator in 'The Turkish Bath' claims a partiality for the Irish, the Irish characters in the short stories do not come off well. In 'The Man Who Kept his Money in a Box', Mrs Greene, the second wife of Mr Greene and much younger than her husband, is an uneducated, mean, money-grubbing Irishwoman without any manners or style. Having been very poor before she married Mr. Greene, she now carries all her jewels around with her in a box. At first the narrator claims that the 'peculiar but very proper aspiration on the h—"Whhisper,"' told him 'at once from

²⁴⁸ Also see biographical part: 'A New Life'

²⁴⁹ See biographical part 'Personal Passions'

what island she had come'. Later when she gets into an argument with her stepdaughter about the box containing the money, her emotions carry her away and she speaks quickly and 'with a considerable brogue'. She is one of the vulgar hard-hearted upstarts Trollope thoroughly despised. Irish characters are often a lot more open in their social intercourse, more outspoken and also funnier. Miss Viner in 'the Journey to Panama' openly tells a male travelling companion the whole story of her life, and Mr. Molloy addresses a newspaper editor in a Turkish bath²⁵⁰, both with 'nothing on but a towel a piece'. At this first meeting the editor detects 'a suspicion, or rather a hope' of an Irish accent in his speech and takes him for a 'well-informed, pleasant gentleman':

There was ease and dignity in his manner, and at the same time some slight touch of humour which was very charming.

Although it soon turns out that Mr. Molloy is a liar and absolutely incompetent as a writer, the editor still cannot resist his personal charm, the 'twinkle of humour in his eye', his and eloquence: 'And the more we saw of the man, the more we liked him, in spite of his incapacity'. But although the narrator at first claims to be fond of an Irish 'brogue', Mr Molloy's gradual relapsing into his native Dublin accent show the reader that he is probably not the man the editor takes him for. In the end it turns out that Mr. Molloy is insane, pestering editors 'with the effusions of his terribly fertile pen'.

Although he is a liar he is a good person and Mrs Molloy, who is 'anxious to explain the little eccentricities of her husband' to the editor, claims that her husband 'wouldn't hurt a fly'. The editor stays friends with this interesting character, calling on him and finding that 'others of our class do the same'. Slightly maliciously he remarks that he has 'even helped to supply him with the paper which he continues to use, we presume for the benefit of other editors'.

Americans play quite a prominent role in Trollope's later fiction, and Clark states that

....if one may judge by the American characters in his novels, Trollope on the whole liked Americans, and did not despise their speech, though he was amused by it. (Clark 121)

In his novels Trollope used some common Americanisms like 'a good time', 'I guess', 'let things slide', 'Indian summer' sometimes with the annex 'as the Yankees say' (Clark 121). Although four of the short stories are either set in America or contain an American character²⁵¹, it is only Mr. Hannibal H. Hoskins, Ophelia Gledd's American suitor in the story of the same name, who declares that he has visited London in the 'fall'

²⁵⁰ 'The Turkish Bath'

and that Miss Gledd 'hasn't got the gait of going that would suit London'. Mostly the narrator just comments on the Americans' 'nasal twang' and 'scorns to say' that Mr Hoskins, 'the American dandy' said 'Wa'all' instead of well.²⁵²

French expressions like *dejeuner*, *detour*, *de trop*, *ci-devant*, *à la Russe*, *bon vivant*, *en deshabillé*, are sometimes used but mostly before 1860. In spite of his travels to Austria, Germany and Italy, Trollope never uses German and only a handful Italian expressions (*nata*, *dolce fa niente*, *con amore*, *sotto voce*)²⁵³ in his novels. In the short stories, however, the use of expressions in the language which matches the setting often enhances the local colour.

In 'The Château of Prince Polignac', a story set in Le Puy, the narrator introduces his heroine and her daughters with the words: *Place aux dames*. In 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices', set at an inn in 'the Brunnenthal' in Tyrol, Trollope not only uses Austrian names such as Weiss, Tendel, Hoff, Schlessen or Krupp, but among his characters we find the 'Frau' and some elderly 'fraulein' (sic) and a 'kaplan'. His characters go to a 'Speise-Saal' or a 'Lese-Saal', talk about Brixen and the Salzkammergut, drink 'kirsch-wasser' and worry about 'zwansigers' and 'kreutzers' and about the amount of money young Malchen is to have as a 'mitgift'. Interestingly enough the German story 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' can only be distinguished from a story with an English setting by place names such as Ludwigsstrasse and Schranken Platz.

Also interesting to see is what Trollope did not say. Censorship was rigid and topics like pregnancy, prostitution or parts of the body had to be referred to very carefully - or better not at all. Trollope became quite a master in the art of saying things without actually naming them. In his fiction he was always so explicit about where his characters were and what they were wearing that an omission of these facts alone was enough to make the reader assume that the talking couple was in bed²⁵⁴.

I have already mentioned that a certain demureness was very important for Trollope as a novel writer, as novels were mostly bought by Mudie's (a Unitarian founder of a distribution library) and read aloud in families²⁵⁵. Thus in his short stories Trollope enjoyed the somewhat freer choice of topics and language and often used them to mock what he thought to be exaggerated Victorian prudery. One of his first short stories,

²⁵¹ 'Miss Ophelia Gledd', 'The Widow's Mite', 'The Two Generals' and 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids'

²⁵² Also see 'Characters'

²⁵³ Cf. Clark 138-141

²⁵⁴ Cf. Glendinning 398

²⁵⁵ See biographical part

'Relics of a General Chassé, a Tale of Antwerp' written in 1860, is a story about a clergyman's trousers accidentally being cut up by British souvenir hunters and the church dignitary having to sneak through Antwerp without them. This is quite daring as some Victorians would even objected to the use of the word 'leg' in the presence of women and people would even cover the legs of their piano or table²⁵⁶. Although the offensive 'garment' is not once named and the astonished question of a Belgium innkeeper (with a French accent) 'Lost hees br-?' is as explicit as it gets, Trollope makes fun of a group of ladies who unscrupulously shred a memento of a great General to pieces, but cannot bring themselves to name the article. Only 'Aunt Sally', one of the souvenir hunters, much to everyone's horror, tells everybody in the room that they 'just found a pair of black -----' in 'the plainest possible language' - the narrator abstains from using this kind of language but states how much he respects Aunt Sally for using it.

2.7 Characters

His characters are what Trollope liked best and what he was most famous for. In 1863 the *National* claimed that Trollope's characters were 'public property' and that there were several characters from 'Mr Trollope's canvas' with whom 'every well-informed member of the community is expected to have at least a speaking acquaintance'²⁵⁷.

Trollope himself considered them the most important feature of his writing:

No novel is anything, for purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathise with the characters whose names he finds upon the page. Let an author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his tears, and he has, so far, done his work well. Truth let there be, -truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational. (AB XII)

He created them during his long lonely walks and to him they were like living people:

At such times I have been able to imbue myself thoroughly with the characters I have had in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel. (AB X)

Booth notes how much Trollope's fiction depends on clearly drawn characters:

²⁵⁶ Gay, Peter, *Pleasure Wars*. Bourgeois Experience, Victoria to Freud; NY 1998.

²⁵⁷ *National*, Jan. 1863, xvi, 28-9, qutd. in Smalley 4

The heart of a good Trollope novel is, therefore, a firmly grasped character. Where Trollope has only loosely seized his core character there is utter failure. Other novelist may compensate ... Trollope staked all on clear realization of character. (*Booth* 184)

Trollope found the concept of the traditional 'hero' oppressive and often refused to make his heroes or heroines submit to literary conventions. In his novel *The Claverings* he states that:

Perhaps no terms have been so injurious to the profession of a writer as these two words, hero and heroine. In spite of the latitude which is allowed to the writer in putting his own interpretation upon these words, something heroic is still expected; whereas if he attempt to paint from nature, how little that is heroic should he describe! (*The Claverings*)

And in *Ayala's Angel* the narrator jokingly comments:

But then in novels the most indifferent hero comes out right at last. Some god comes out of a theatrical cloud and leaves the poor devil ten thousand-a-year and a title. (*Ayala's Angel*, vol. 3, XXXVIII)

Trollope thought that heroes or heroines 'are not commonly met with in our daily walks of life' (*The Three Clerks* XLVII) and insisted on depicting 'real people', with all their vices and virtues, wisdom and follies.

Nor can it be denied that Trollope's characters are far from clear-cut or perfectly steady in either virtue or vice. Right and wrong, prudence and folly regularly get scrambled. (Letwin 34)

Trollope's 'heroes' are 'ordinary people' in the sense that they are nearly always striving to do their best, yet often find it cumbersome and do not always succeed. In my opinion, this is what makes Trollope special:

In rejecting the familiar concept of the hero, surely the most ossified of all character types, Trollope declared his independence from the most vigorous cliché of the popular novel. (Booth 184)

In 'Alice Dugdale', Major Rossiter is introduced to the reader as:

...such a man that every Beethamite [the inhabitants of the village] looked upon him as a hero. He was made up of all good gifts of beauty, conduct, dignity, good heart, - and fifteen hundred a year at the very least.

In the beginning of the story he is presented as a strong and self-willed man, who is not easily counselled and on whom 'any persuasion' might have 'all but the intended effect'.

When a man at the age of thirty-three is Deputy Assistant Inspector-General of Cavalry, it is not easy to talk to him this way or that in a matter of love. And John Rossiter, though the best fellow in the world, was apt to be taciturn on such a

subject.

No doubt Trollope thought him to be right, as he himself had only introduced Rose to his family after the wedding²⁵⁸. But as the story progresses there is not much to be seen of Rossiter's manliness. Although in love with Alice, one of Trollope's sweet brown girls, he is not unaware of the attractions of aristocratic Georgiana Wanless. He admires Georgiana's perfect figure on the horse and in her archery dress and thinks how great she would look at his dinner table. He is not a fool and realizes that Georgiana's mother is trying to lure him into a marriage with her daughter: 'The traps were plain to his eyes, and yet he would sooner or later be caught in the traps'. His vanity nearly makes him stumble into a loveless marriage. He is aware that the people around him 'had not been altogether satisfied' by the idea that he was going to marry Alice and 'it had been felt that Alice was hardly good enough for our hero'. Although John is not willing to discuss the subject with his mother, he is susceptible to her allusion to Alice as a 'washerwoman' and a 'nursery maid', and at some point he feels that 'fate' would require him to marry Georgiana. Yet Rossiter is not bad at heart and, when his father reminds him of Alice's feelings, he is 'blushing at his falsehood' and 'ashamed of himself'. In the middle of the story he resolves not to marry at all 'and wedded himself for once and for always to the Cavalry'. But when a few days later he is invited as the guest of honour to a party at Brook Park, he accepts.

Then Georgiana Wanless had been, as it were, thrown at his head. When one is pelted with sugar-plums one can hardly resent the attack. He was clever enough to feel that he was pelted, but at first he liked the sweetmeats.

Nevertheless, he is not a 'wolf' trying to break a girl's heart. Young men in Trollope's fiction are often allowed to look around before marriage. When, at the end of the story, he tells Alice that he loves her 'with all my heart' and that he 'has never been untrue to her for a moment', we believe him and he is our hero again.

The troubles Trollope's characters go through, their fights between their better and their worse self, are all something today's readers can still relate to. Also during Trollope's lifetime critics and readers felt that Trollope's characters had a particularly life-like quality and credibility:

...if the reader does not believe in Barsestshire and all who live therein... the fault is not in Mr Trollope, but I himself. ...It tells of great gifts that Mr Trollope should thus endow his characters with flesh and blood and individuality of interest;...(Unsigned notice in *Athenaeum* 3 August 1867, in Smalley 301-2)

²⁵⁸ See biographical part: 'Rose'

How alive and popular his characters were to his readers may be seen from the following newspaper quotations. In 1864 the anonymous reviewer of *The Small House at Allington* stated that it was 'impossible to avoid speaking' of Trollope's characters 'as of real men and women' and claimed that for the last year Adolphus Crosbie, the villain of *The Small House at Allington*, had been 'as much a public character as Lord Palmerston'!²⁵⁹ After the appearance of *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, the *Spectator* laments that Trollope has bereaved his readers of a circle of intimate friends:

Men who do not go much into society feel as if all the society they had, had suddenly agreed to emigrate to new York or Vancouver's Island, or some other place, where they will never hear of them any more. 'What am I to do without ever meeting Archdeacon Grantly?' a man said the other day; 'He was one of my best and most intimate friends... ' (Unsigned notice, *Spectator* 12 July 1867 in Smalley 291)

But also many modern critics have been struck by Trollope's naturalistic characters:

Characters in Trollope are utterly alive to me, more real and more alive than almost any public figure. (Mason 14)

Trollope himself was very pleased about a statement by Nathaniel Hawthorne claiming that Trollope's fiction was as real as if a 'some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business' ²⁶⁰. Trollope, very pleased about it, qutd. the passage in *An Autobiography* and stated that this had always been his aim:

I have always desired to "hew out some lump of the earth," and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us,--with not more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness,--so that my readers might recognise human beings like to themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons. (AB VIII)

Henry James, who in his youth was quite critical of Trollope, when older, came to admire Trollope's skill of characterisation. He noticed that Trollope was able to show a 'detestable' type of person and at the same time show that very person's silver lining:

It required the greatest tact and temperance to make the picture of Archdeacon Grantly stop just where it does. The type, impartially considered, is detestable, but the individual may be full of amenity. Trollope allows his archdeacon all the virtues he was likely to possess, but he makes his spiritual grossness wonderfully natural. No charge of exaggeration is possible, for we are made to feel that he is conscientious as well as arrogant, and expansive as well as hard. He is one of those figures that spring into being at once, solidifying in the author's grasp. (H. James, qutd. in *The Trollope Critics* 10)

²⁵⁹ *Reader*, 2 April 1864, iii, 418-9, qutd. in Smalley 10

²⁶⁰ Qutd in Smalley 10

Yet not all his characters shared these qualities to the same extent, especially his younger characters often come out a bit flat as their development was often hindered by the boundaries of the stereotypical love story:

Trollope is at his best when he allows his imagination to dwell on character apart from the requirements of plot. This fact perhaps explains the superiority of his older characters over his younger characters. The young people must act out the familiar prenuptial drama, with the posturings and caperings hallowed by time and custom. Little remains in these routines that is truly spontaneous. The forms are rigid and the patters set. ...Trollope did not dare to alter appreciably the expected story of tender love. (Booth 190)

Trollope is most commonly known for his portrayal of English girls. Henry James claimed that 'the English girl' was Trollope's natural subject and that he was always 'evidently more or less in love' with the one he was describing:

After this, however, Trollope settled down steadily to the English girl; he took possession of her, and turned he inside out...he bestowed on her the most serious, the most patient, the most tender, the most copious consideration. He is evidently always more or less in love with her, and it is a wonder how under these circumstances he should make her so objective, plant her so well on her feet. But, as I have said, if he was a lover, he was a paternal lover; as competent as a father who had fifty daughters. ...She is always definite and natural. She plays her part most properly. She always has health in her cheek and gratitude in her eye. She has not a touch of the morbid, and is delightfully tender, modest and fresh. Trollope's heroines have a strong family likeness, but it is a wonder how finely he discriminates between them.inclined at first to lump each group together; but presently he finds that even in the group there are subtle differences. (H. James, qutd. in Smalley 542)

Yet she was not the typical 'English girl' normally found in literature:

With his heroines, as with his heroes, Trollope avoids stereotypes. He is particularly insistent on the comparative plainness of his most charming young ladies. (Booth 186)

A stocky figure, a brown complexion, full lips and unruly curls were not the stereotype appearance of an English heroine. All his best girl characters are full of life and vigour.

By Victorian standards, most of Trollope's heroines are very strong-minded and downright, and modern readers are likely to find them livelier and less insipid than most of their counterparts in, say, Dickens and Thackeray. In addition they are often mentally and morally superior to their lovers who tend... to be callow, indiscriminately amorous, and a little bumptious - although as a sop to the Victorian male ego the heroines usually worship them as 'gods' nevertheless. (Edwards 50)

In the short stories we find many very spirited young women who know their mind and are able to speak out for themselves - often better than their lovers can.

In an introduction to *The Three Clerks*, W. Teignmouth Shore claimed that 'Trollope possessed the rare and beautiful gift of painting the hearts and souls of young girls',²⁶¹ but not all critics were wholly satisfied with Trollope's younger characters. Booth claims that Trollope's 'young people are tedious and monotonous; their gaiety is forced and their love-making wholly without fire' (Booth 190-1). He feels that 'for Trollope the love story was not enough', that the 'conventional love story did not interest him' and that he rarely attempted in it any 'emotional involvements of any depth'. Trollope's 'perennial appeal' lies in his older characters and Skinner in his article "Mr Trollope's Young Ladies" even goes as far as claiming that:

Trollope had a remarkable faculty for depicting girls whose imbecile behaviour inflames one with a burning impulse to slap them hard and fast. (Skinner, E.L. "Mr. Trollope's Young Ladies" NCF 4: 197-207, in Olmsted, p58)

If the focus of the story is on an older character, young girls often suffer the fate of a wallflower. Although girls like Malchen in 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices' or Bessy Pryor in 'The Lady of Launay' still stand up for themselves, the portrayal of their character is much less vivid and they come out a lot tamer than Lotta Schmidt or Ophelia Gledd. Bessy had as a child been 'a poor creature', 'unattractive' and 'powerless to assert herself'. Malchen, although called 'the fraulein', is only 'the in-doors right hand', as her brother is the 'out-of-doors right hand' whereas their mother is 'the brain, the intelligence, the mind, the will' - and the protagonist of the story. The young girl's courtship is often only the trigger for a crisis the older character has to go through. It is only in Trollope's very last stories that we find older and younger characters existing side by side. Although in *Alice Dugdale* we find two scheming mothers, Alice remains the heroine. The main topic in 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' is the discontent of two fathers regarding their daughters' choices in love, we still encounter an outspoken unruly young woman standing up to her father and defending her love - but then she is working class. Her middle-class friend, who experiences the same domestic problems, suffers in silence and takes to her bed.

In the short stories we encounter quite a few very strong older female characters and indeed, they are among Trollope's best. Skinner, too, believes that

Trollope's most vivid and outstanding female portraits are of older women. . . Lady Glencora Palliser, Mrs. Proudie, Mme. Goesler, Martha Dunstable, Lizzie Eustace, and Lady Laura Standish, afterward Kennedy. (Skinner in Olmsted 58)

²⁶¹ e-text, *Project Gutenberg*, Antony Trollope, *The Three Clerks*;
 <<http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext05/8tclr10.txt>> accessed July 14 2008

The frightening green spectacles of Mme Bauche, the dry humour of Miss Sarah Jack or Frau Frohmann's stubborn refusal to change remain forever firmly in our memory.

The characters found in the short stories differ somewhat from the ones in the novels. This is partly due to the length of the works and partly to the fact that Trollope used the stories to describe characters who would not have fitted into his novels. There is practically no high society in his short stories, as in his Palliser or Barchester novels. No royal highnesses, dukes, marquise, no archdeacons or bishops, with the exception of a slightly oafish Sir Walter Wanless²⁶² and a few gentlemen or ladies sitting in spacious old country halls. If we meet clergymen they are usually reverends as in the Christmas stories, sometimes not too well-off, eccentric ('The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne'), and snobbish ('The Two Heroines of Plumplington'), sometimes even Roman Catholic ('Father Giles of Ballymore' and the Kaplan in 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices'). The only 'well-fed good-natured dignitary of the Church of England' is the Rev. Augustus Horne who in 'Relics of a General Chassé, a Tale of Antwerp' loses his trousers²⁶³.

Basically there are four groups of characters in the short stories: the English characters that resemble those in the novels, reverends, British matrons, businessmen and, of course, lively young girls and straight, upright young men, often still hobbledyhoys.

Then there is a group of foreign characters, which are sometimes used by Trollope as a disguise to show how people - mostly girls - could do things differently, claiming that these are the ways in other countries. Thus the young girls in 'Lotta Schmidt' in Vienna and 'Ophelia Gledd' in America may go out with young men unaccompanied, the girls in Jamaica all flirt²⁶⁴, and a young German woman²⁶⁵ stands up to her uncle when her parents do not dare to.

Foreign men, especially Frenchmen, are often unmanly. M. Delabordeau, in 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids', finds it hard to climb up the mighty monuments 'and allowed the guides nearly to carry him to the top of the edifice'. M. Lacordaire, his countryman and the lover in 'The Château of Prince Polignac', shows his unmanliness by the exaggerated heed he pays to his clothes. He comes to pick up the English lady he is wooing 'dressed in more than his Sunday best', 'wearing yellow kid gloves', a coat 'lined with silk' and glittering leather boots. In the end he turns out to be a tailor. The worst French characters are found in 'La Mère Bauche'. Adolphe Bauche, spineless and

²⁶² 'Alice Dugdale'

²⁶³ See 'Language'

²⁶⁴ 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica'

²⁶⁵ 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich'

unmanly, betrays his love by succumbing to his mother's threat to disinherit him. For 'money and pleasure, and some little position in the world' he pushes the girl who loves and trusts him into marriage with an old man. Le Capitaine, the groom, is fifty - 'perhaps a little beyond the age at which a man might usually be thought justified in demanding the services of a young girl as his nurse and wife' - and has a black wooden leg. He has been promised the inn if he marries Marie and, although he knows that she is in love with Adolphe, he feels that 'If every pretty girl were allowed to marry the first young man that might fall in love with her, what would the world come to?'. Trollope abhorred what he called marriages 'after the French fashion', claiming that in 'her country such marriages were not uncommon'.

Trollope apparently disliked Arabs. In 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids' as well as in 'George Walker at Suez', his narrator strongly expresses his contempt at their lack of manliness:

Whether they be Arabs or Turks, or Copts, it is always the same. They are a mean, false, cowardly race, I believe. They will bear blows, and respect the man who gives them. Fear goes further with them than love, and between man and man they understand nothing of forbearance. He who does not exact from them all that he can exact is simply a fool in their estimation, to the extent of that which he loses. In all this, they are immeasurably inferior to us who have had Christian teaching. But in one thing they beat us. They always know how to maintain their personal dignity.

American men are often loud-mouthed and conceited, and American women a little too free²⁶⁶. Foreigners mostly serve a purpose. Not only are they meant to teach us something about their nationality, but quite often they introduce a comical or irrational element into the story. Often they are handy antipodes to a typical 'English' character and do things in a completely different way²⁶⁷.

Another group are working-class characters. Although we find them in the novels, they are usually not the main characters²⁶⁸. In the short stories there is a girl working for the telegraph company, two shop assistants and a Cornish girl collecting kelp for a living²⁶⁹, all of them the central heroines of their stories. These stories show the suffering and the difficulties of young girls looking after themselves, but they also show that the lives of these girls are by no means disreputable. In *An Editor's Tales* we also find women trying to make a living of writing, but they are all more middle class.

²⁶⁶ See biographical part

²⁶⁷ See Themes: 'Travelling'

²⁶⁸ Apart from the miller Jacob Brattle in *The Vicar of Bullhampton*

²⁶⁹ 'The Telegraph Girl', 'Lotta Schmidt' and 'Malachi's Cove'

There is also the big group of the travellers, characters showing the difficulties and cultural problems of people travelling in other countries and encountering foreign cultures. These stories mostly have a humorous or educational value and are quite often biographical²⁷⁰.

Then there is the group of characters who move on the fringe of society . They often demonstrate how things should not be done: drunkards ('The Spotted Dog'), lunatics ('The Turkish Bath'), bossy women ('Mrs Brumby', 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids'), eccentric wives ('Mrs General Talboys'), or hard-hearted old misers that marry young women ('La Mère Bauche ', 'Catherine Carmichael').

2.8 Dialogue

To present his characters Trollope used many different techniques and it would exceed the volume of this paper to discuss them in detail²⁷¹, but it is his dialogues that Trollope is most famous for. His conversations are alive and real, with a 'richness and complexity of human intercourse' (Polhemus in Halperin 104) and even the most critical reviewers like Henry James acknowledged Trollope's outstanding skills in this respect:

Nowhere has Mr. Trollope shone more than in these conversations which are his particular strength. He can write out the talk of the people as no one else can.very often there are three or four whole pages entirely filled with conversation, and this conversation is never dull, or forced, or epigrammatic. Nor is it trivial. (H. James Review of *the Small House at Allington*, in Smalley 209)

Snow attributes Trollope's 'ability to suggest in his dialogue the tone of spoken speech' to the writer's 'ear' and claims that this was 'his greatest technical resource in projecting characters' (Snow 155) .

Also Trollope himself in his *Autobiography* claimed that he was aiming 'to produce upon the ear of his readers a sense of reality'. To achieve this effect he recommended 'short, sharp, expressive sentences' and slightly incorrect language, as accurate grammar would seem implausible whereas the use of authentic everyday language bears the danger of becoming 'an appearance of grimace' (AB XII).

Although Trollope considered dialogue to be 'the most agreeable part of a novel' (ABXII), he warned aspiring writers not to deviate from the main story by putting subjects 'with which the writer presumes himself to be conversant' into their dialogues. In Trollope's opinion it was 'easy to make any two persons talk on any casual subject',

²⁷⁰ See Themes: 'Travelling'

²⁷¹ For a very good analysis see Pöschlmayer, *Narrative Techniques in Trollope*.

yet instead of 'pleasing his reader', the author was just indulging himself and filling his pages' (AB XII). Due to the limited space in the short stories, the long humorous dialogues which Trollop is famous for²⁷² are rarely to be found. Yet dialogue is often used as a means of characterization. Trollope was known for his conversations between young girls. In 'The Telegraph Girl', Lucy Graham, the steady down-to-earth heroine of the story, talks to her flirtatious room mate, Sophy, about a male fellow lodger. Sophy's attitudes, as well as her choice of words, emphasize her superficial character and what her Lucy considers low morals:

But Sophy soon declared frankly to her friend that she was absolutely in love with the man. "You wouldn't have him, you know," she said when Lucy scolded her for the avowal. "Have him! How can you bring yourself to talk in such a way about a man? What does he want of either of us?" "Men do marry you know, sometimes," said Sophy; "and I don't know how a young man is to get a wife unless some girl will show that she is fond of him." "He should show first that he is fond of her." "That's all very well for talkee-talkie," said Sophy; "but it doesn't do for practice. Men are awfully shy. And then though they do marry sometimes, they don't want to get married particularly, not as we do. It comes like an accident. But how is a man to fall into a pit if there's no pit open?"

There is no room for Lucy's reply and the narrator sums it up: 'In answer to this Lucy used many arguments and much scolding. But to very little effect'. Conversations between family members or married couples often establish a certain atmosphere of warmth and closeness. Especially in the stories written for Christmas supplements of newspapers, the family aspect is very strong and is often enhanced by the use of a slightly more colloquial language²⁷³. The characters may use different language in the presence of their relatives or as Wilfred, who is trying to justify his harsh answer to his brother-in-law's request, puts it: 'How on earth is a man supposed to get on with his relatives if he cannot speak a word above his breath?'²⁷⁴ One of the most interesting uses of dialogue in the short stories is when younger characters stand up to their elders. Here the dialogue not only shows the characters of the 'opponents', but it also reveals the course of the story to a certain extent; the characters' behaviour during the argument often gives the reader a clue to whether the older character is going to relent or not. This may also be seen in the conversation between Polly Peppercorn and her father. Polly has set her mind on marrying Jack, whom her father does not consider suitable. Polly is not prepared to accept her father's opinion and on several occasions tries to talk to him.

²⁷² For instance *In Barchester Towers* between Archdeacon Grantly and his wife in bed.

²⁷³ See 'Slang'

²⁷⁴ 'Not If I Know It' p.956

"Now, father, why won't you give way, and show yourself what you always were,- the kindest father a girl ever had." "There's no kindness in you, Polly. Kindness ought to be reciprocal." "Isn't it natural that a girl should like her young man?" "He is not your young man." "He's going to be. What have you got to say against him? ... You think of it, just for another day, and then say that you'll be good to your girl." Then she kissed him, and as she left him she felt that she was about to prevail. ('The Two Heroines' p.938-9)

Polly is full aware of her father's nature and his affection for her and she is not afraid to tell him so:

"...You speak of yourself as though you were strong as iron. There isn't a bit of iron about you; -but there's something a great deal better. You are one of those men, father, who is troubled with a heart." "And you are one of those women, who trouble the world with their tongues." Then he bounced out of the house and banged the door. (('The Two Heroines' p.942)

The closeness between the two characters is obvious and we know that neither of them will break the other's heart. In 'La Mère Bauche' the absence of dialogue in the same situation indicates the lack of communication and the steeliness of Mme Bauche's character and foreshadows the tragic ending of the story:

The indignation and passionate wrath of Madame Bauche were past and gone two years before the date of this story, and I need not therefore much enlarge upon that subject. She was at first abusive and bitter, which was bad for Marie; and afterwards bitter and silent, which was worse. It was of course determined that poor Marie should be sent away to some asylum for orphans or penniless paupers--in short anywhere out of the way. What mattered her outlook into the world, her happiness, or indeed her very existence?

Marie is forced to marry an older man and immediately after the ceremony throws herself off a cliff.

2.9 Themes

One of the main themes of Trollope's novels is choice: the choice between right and wrong, good and evil, convictions and the heart. His characters 'equipped by Trollope with varying degrees of awareness, are made to face problems of choice' (Swingle 133). Sometimes, but not always the choice is between two lovers, often it is between right and wrong:

This drama of a man or woman placed between two marital options is for Trollope only one means -though a favourite one- of studying human behaviour in contexts of choosing....This preoccupation with choice is also at the basis of Trollope's interest in the way people organize and separate themselves into diverse religious parties, political parties, and even seemingly casual social parties. (Swingle 133)

In the short stories the choice often is between 'the heart' and principles or social conventions. Young women have to decide between marriage and submission and a loveless life as a spinster²⁷⁵. For older characters like Mrs Miles in 'The Lady of Launay' the choice is often between the interests of the family and those of an individual. An old Tory like Frau Frohmann has to decide to either raise her prices, and thus yield to change, or to retire²⁷⁶. The two fathers in 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' have to decide between making their girls unhappy or giving up their hopes to raise their own social status by dint of their future sons-in-law. All Trollope's 'good' characters in the end decide in favour of their heart and against their principles. Those who do not are punished like Madame Bauche in 'La Mère Bauche' who, in spite of the title fails to behave in a very motherly way and forces a young girl to marry a much older man with a wooden leg. When the young girl kills herself, the old woman, guilt-ridden, takes to her bed and never gets up again.

There are other basically Trollopian themes, such as marriage and courtship, the definition of a gentleman or a lady, the situation of women and girls in Victorian society, religion, and politics, which all cause and influence these choices. Whereas politics plays virtually no role in the short stories, some themes are very prominent in his shorter fiction, such as travelling, wars, Christmas or the troubles of aspiring writers. I will now discuss some of the most important points of Trollope's core themes and then some of those topics which may be found mostly in the short stories.

2.9.1 Love and Marriage

Marriage was one of the central themes of Trollope's fiction. It was the gist of most of his characters' lives, the centre around which their lives revolved. It could be a source of happiness or an abyss of unhappiness to them. Trollope by no means restricted the importance of marriage to women. He thought that the surest means to 'rescue a man from the slough of luxury and idleness combined' was 'a cradle filled annually' (*Ayala's Angel* LXIV) and in *Barchester Towers* he claims that 'It is declared that a good wife is a crown to her husband'.

Yet it was true that for a woman or a girl the question of marriage was paramount from an early age, whereas young men often did not think about it until the opportunity presented itself. In the short story 'Alice Dugdale' the narrator remarks that

²⁷⁵ For characters' assessment of each other see 'Love and Marriage'

²⁷⁶ Cf. Swingle 133

It is not often that a man looks for a wife because he has made up his mind that he wants the article. He roams about unshackled, until something, which at the time seems to be altogether desirable, presents itself to him, and then he considers marriage. ('Alice Dugdale')

And in *Can You Forgive Her?* the villain George Vavasor even goes as far as claiming that a man only marries 'because something worse will come if he don't' (*Can You Forgive Her?* V). Nevertheless the right choice in marriage could make all the difference in a man's life and a lot of grief could result from failure to realize this importance²⁷⁷.

Yet for a woman it was all the more important because for her, as has already been pointed out before in the chapter about a woman's role in Victorian society, marriage was often the only 'career' open to them. Whereas a man could find satisfaction or consolation from a bad marriage in his work, a woman was confined to a life of misery if her marriage went wrong.

A proposal, successful or not, appears at least once in nearly every single novel and most of Trollope's short stories. It serves to show how complicated human nature and the demands of society are. It is often a moment which can either make or destroy a person's happiness for a lifetime. So much may go wrong at this precarious moment - and indeed often does. First, the two lovers may find it hard to find a suitable moment and, if they do, the behaviour, appearance or a mere word from one or the other may destroy it all. The social pressure and the eyes of others play as much of a role as do the hairstyle and cleanliness of the girl and the courage and demeanour of the man.

A girl's appearance was always a matter of interest to Trollope and he describes nearly every one of his heroines in detail. Most of them are very similar to Ada in 'The Two Generals': glossy hair, 'speaking eyes' which could 'sparkle with anger or solicitude, or perhaps with love', a full mouth, which 'seemed to declare without speech that she could be eloquent', together with white teeth, make up the standard appearance of a Trollopian heroine. Often they are not beauties, but have a healthy, brown complexion and they are always lively and energetic.

A young man's appearance is not so important, yet he should show a certain manliness in his demeanour. Trollope often equipped his heroes with 'manly' attributes. A tall figure, big hands, a deep voice, a beard or a short, sometimes even biblical, name are often the adjuncts of a true young lover²⁷⁸. Maurice in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby

²⁷⁷ See 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

²⁷⁸ See 'Working Girls'

Cottage', with his 'snub nose', is not 'good-looking' but he shows all the essential qualities of 'manliness'. He is

...a well-made young fellow, having a look of power on him,...an expression of countenance which allowed no one for a moment to think that he was weak in character, or a fool. ('Kirkby Cottage' p.660)

Finding a moment alone is often not easy and, in 'Susan Bell', Aaron Dunn feels that Susan's mother is 'a fixture' and wishes that 'some domestic duty would take her out of the parlour for a few happy minutes'. In 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids' Mr Ingram encounters even more difficulties when he is trying to declare himself to Miss Damer on top of a pyramid 'in the tenderest, softest tone'. Unfortunately, this is not as easy or as romantic as he might have pictured it. They are followed by 'a dozen Arabs', who 'do not stop pestering' them for 'backsheish', and Mrs Ingram has 'to play his game under some difficulty'. When the Arabic men do not respond to his appeals Mr Ingram, in his fury, hits two of them on the head with his stick 'as violently as he could'. Feeling that it is impossible 'for him to be gentle instantly after having been in a rage', he 'changes his tactics' and comes straight to the point:

"Those vile wretches have put me in such a heat," he said, "that I hardly know what I am saying. But the fact is this, Miss Damer, I cannot leave Cairo without knowing--. You understand what I mean, Miss Damer.

There is no doubt that the narrator approves of Mr. Ingram's manly behaviour and that it will help Mr Ingram to win over Miss Damer.

Much of Trollope's fiction is an attempt to make the reader realise how a lifetime's happiness may be shattered in a moment, how fragile this happiness and how precarious the situation is and how difficult, especially for young people, it may be to handle.

Often they need parental guidance. If there is no one to guide the young people, they may find it difficult, or their courtship may even fail²⁷⁹. Mister Ingram is American and when Miss Damer speaks to her mother and father, they are not delighted at the prospect of their daughter going 'so far away from her own family and country'. On the following day, 'seeing that there were no pecuniary difficulties', the parents are 'talked over'.

Nora, in 'The Widow's Mite', feels that she would like to give up her wedding trousseaux in order to make a donation for the poor. Although she has an opinion of her own, she goes to see her aunt, as well as her uncle, and talks to both of them about the matter. The fact that she has her family's support also adds to her self-confidence.

Although her lover does not agree with her idea of charity and calls it 'quixotism', he

²⁷⁹'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne'

also thinks her 'a trump because she was so expressive in her love to himself, and because her eyes shone so brightly when she spoke eagerly on any matter'. So Nora is allowed to be 'expressive in her love' and to have her own opinion about the one thing which is important to her. But Nora has a family round her who is guiding and protecting her and for whose advice she is willing to ask - even if she does not take it. Patience in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', on the other hand, has from an early age 'thought herself to be her own mistress' after her mother's death. But unlike the heroines in 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica' or in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage', she really has no one to guide her. Her father is only interested in antiques and Patience is running the household for him. We heard that old Miss Le Smyrger, a friendly neighbour, would have been glad to offer her some guidance, but Patience refused. Yet Miss Le Smyrger, with her 'fever of anxiety on behalf of her friend' and her inability to judge her lover's character correctly, does not prove much help. From the beginning the fact that Patience governs herself is stressed as something negative and her love story is the only unhappy one in all of the short stories. The fact that there is no father to be asked for the girl's hand, no outward obstacles to be overcome also make her lover feel that he has won his prize too easily²⁸⁰.

It is very important that the help of parents does not exceed a certain limit. In 'The Mistletoe Bough', Elizabeth Garrow is frightened by the idea of succumbing to her lover and by the importance of a decision taken for 'one's whole life'. Although her parents are willing to advise her, they make it clear that she has to take the decision herself²⁸¹. When Maurice in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' has been refused by Isabel, he goes to see her father, the pastor, and in a very melodramatic way tells him all about his proposal, his intentions, and that Isabel had treated him like an 'old dog'. But the pastor feels that there is not much he can do for him:

A father in such a position can hardly venture to hold out hopes to a lover, even though he may approve of the man as a suitor for his daughter's hand. He cannot answer for his girl, nor can he very well urge upon a lover the expediency of renewing his suit. ('Kirkby Cottage' p.673)

So he only tells Maurice that he must have startled Isabel, bids him not to do anything rash and takes the unhappy youth to prayer. Sometimes fathers do interfere, though. In 'Alice Dugdale', Mr Rossiter has been very close to Alice but then thinks about making

²⁸⁰ See below

²⁸¹ See below

a country heiress his wife. His father, old Mr Rossiter, realizes how much Alice must be suffering and tells her that he is sure that she has his son's heart.

Young men are often unwilling to take advice and strongly object to any kind of interference but 'sons are not exempt from maternal dominance' (Terry 147). Whereas Trollope regards self-willingness as something bad in girls, a young man's refusal to speak about his love affairs²⁸² or to let an older character interfere is seen as a proof of his manliness. In 'Susan Bell', the two lovers are described thus:

Susan was soft, feminine, and manageable. But Aaron Dunn was not very soft, was especially masculine, and in some matters not easily manageable.

Philip Launay in 'The Lady of Launay' is another one of the Trollope's lovers who are not easily thrown off their course. When his mother forbids him to marry the girl he loves and asks him whether he will obey, he answers her: 'Not in this, mother. I could not do so without perjuring myself'. In 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica' Miss Sarah is an old spinster who would like to leave her money to her nephew Maurice, provided that he marries Marian Leslie.

But she loved her nephew with all her heart; and though she dearly liked to tyrannise over him, never allow herself to be really angry with him, though he so frequently refused to bow to her dictation.

But although Maurice loves 'that little flirt' Marian, he is unhappy about Marian's behaviour and unwilling to talk about his love to anyone and not even the money can make him comply. Terry claims that 'In Trollope's fiction, young love generally has to fight against parental authority and unusually wins' (PC 316).

As in 'The Lady of Launay', also in 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' and 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices' 'love triumphs, and old -fashioned views about class and property inevitably give way to more liberal views' (PC 268). In all of these three stories, the girls, although obedient, show that they can hold their own. In 'The House of Heine Brothers in Munich' Uncle Hatto has refused to give his niece's lover a partnership in the bank. Isa, feeling that her lover is unable to wait for another four years, decides to go and talk to her Uncle.

"I'll tell you what, mamma, I will go to Uncle Hatto myself, if you will let me. He is cross I know; but I shall not be afraid of him. I feel that I ought to do something."

Isa's braveness and quiet perseverance win her uncle over, or as Philip Launay in 'The Lady of Launay' puts it:

²⁸² Trollope introduced Rose to his own family after the marriage.

"It is the old story, Miss Gregory. Young people and old people very often will not think alike; but it is the young people who generally have their way."

Sometimes the parental opposition is too strong, or the lover is not man enough, as in 'La Mère Bauche' where Adolphe watches his girl being forced into marrying an older man by his mother²⁸³.

Once the proposal has been accepted, the feelings of the two 'parties' may differ. In 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage', Trollope claims that the feeling every girl experiences at the moment of proposal, no matter whether she means to accept it or not, is one of triumph:

When a girl first receives the homage of a man's love, and receives it from whom, whether she loves him or not, she thoroughly respects, her earliest feeling is one of victory, -such a feeling has warmed the heart of a conqueror in the Olympian games. He is the spoil of her spear, the fruit of her prowess, the quarry brought down by her bow and arrow. She, too, by some power of her own which she is hitherto quite unable to analyse, has stricken a man to the very heart, so as to compel him for the moment to follow wherever she may lead him. ('Kirkby Cottage' p. 671)

Even if everything goes well, the feelings of the lovers are often not the same:

To be alone with the girl to whom he is not engaged is a man's delight; to be alone with the man to whom she is engaged is the woman's. (*The Eustace Diamonds* XVIII)

Whereas 'girls triumph ...in their acknowledged and permitted lovers', Trollope's young men often have to fight a feeling of being trapped:

He begins to feel himself to be a sacrificial victim -- done up very prettily with blue and white ribbons round his horns, but still an ox prepared for sacrifice(*Rachel Ray* XIV).

In *The Eustace Diamonds* the couple is compared to birds - he is getting 'his wings clipped', whereas she is 'conscious of a new power expanding her pinions'. Whereas to the girl 'the certainty of the thing is the removal of a restraint which has hitherto always been on her', to the young man 'The certainty of the thing is to him repressive'(*The Eustace Diamonds* XVIII). He feels that he 'has done his work, and gained his victory, and by conquering has become a slave'.

Patience, in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' is a little too self-willed for a Trollopian heroine and her declaration of love a little too ready. Thus John Broughton was not very 'satisfied' after his proposal has been accepted.

He began mentally to criticise her manner to himself. It had been very sweet, that

²⁸³ See 'Characters'

warm, that full, that ready declaration of love. Yes; it had been very sweet; but--but--; when, after her little jokes, she did confess her love, had she not been a little too free for feminine excellence? A man likes to be told that he is loved, but he hardly wishes that the girl he is to marry should fling herself at his head!

The narrator states that

It is sad to say so, but I fear—I fear that such was the case. When you have your plaything, how much of the anticipated pleasure vanishes, especially if it be won easily.

In his novel *The American Senator* Trollope wrote that 'A man's love... is instigated mainly by the feeling of pursuit' (*The American Senator* XL).

Old Miss le Smyrger understands the man's mind better than her friend:

"I understand. I have eyes in my head," said the old maid. "I have watched him for the last four or five days. If you could have kept the truth to yourself and bade him keep off from you, he would have been at your feet now, licking the dust from your shoes." "But, dear friend, I do not want a man to lick dust from my shoes." "Ah, you are a fool. You do not know the value of your own wealth." "True; I have been a fool. I was a fool to think that one coming from such a life as he has led could be happy with such as I am. I know the truth now. I have bought the lesson dearly,--but perhaps not too dearly, seeing that it will never be forgotten."

In the novel *Can You Forgive Her?*, written only two years later, Alice Vavasor repeatedly jilts her lovers and still ends up with the better man.

At the end of 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', Patty has the choice between a lover who she feels does not really love her and a solitary life in the moor with her old father. She chooses the latter and settles down to a life as an old spinster.

One of the striking things about Trollope's heroines is that he never allows them to love twice:

His heroines of the first class - Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Lily Dale, Grace Crawley, Lucy Morris - love for ever. Only one of them, Lily Dale, when her first love is false, vows herself forever like a Hindu widow to the solitary life of an old maid, but the others too were dedicated to one man and are only saved from the funeral pyre because things come right. Trollope's view of women's love owes a great deal to the courtly tradition. There are heroines who did change their mind - but Trollope has to persuade himself that they had unconsciously loved the right man all the time. (Mason 135)

Trollope wrote two more short stories with an unsuccessful courtship in them. In 'The Journey to Panama' a lady goes out to South America to marry her elderly cousin, but he dies while she is on her way, and in 'Catherine Carmichael', the girl only gets to marry her true love after an unsuccessful first marriage to his odious old cousin.

It is interesting to note that hardly any of the stories dealing with more or less unsuccessful courtship actually deal with jilting - meaning the man or the girl leaving for someone else. In 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', Captain Broughton is released from his promise because the girl feels his doubts, in 'Catherine Carmichael' the young man never proposes, and in 'The Journey to Panama' the unloved groom dies just in time. Varieties of what Glendinning calls the 'Ur-story', a man leaving a girl because he has met a more sophisticated woman²⁸⁴, only occur in 'Alice Dugdale' and 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', but there the girl senses the young man's doubts and sets him free. He goes back to London and marries 'the great heiress with whom his name was once before connected'. In 'Alice Dugdale' the young man also has his doubts about the suitability of his country love for her future position in life, but in the end he marries the girl.

Trollope did not believe in long engagements:

...marrying people are cautioned that that there are many who marry in hast repent at leisure. I am not sure, however that marriage may not be pondered over too much; nor do I feel certain that the leisurely repentance does not as often follow the the leisurely marriages as it does the rapid ones. That some repent no one can doubt; but 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...(AB XI)

Characters like Alice Vavasor in the novel '*Can You Forgive Her?*', who thought 'too much' and 'filled herself with a cloud of doubts' about which man to choose, only very nearly avoid disaster. In 'The Mistletoe Bough' Isabella Holmes acts as a counterpart to the puritanical Elizabeth Garrow, who is almost 'too good' and who has taught herself 'to think that there was a certain merit in refusing herself the natural delight of a lover'. Elizabeth finished her relationship with Isabella's brother although she loves him.

Isabella, on the other hand, has a very clear opinion about her friend's puritanical ideas:

"I hate to hear people talk of knowing their hearts. My idea is that, if you like a young man and he asks you to marry him, you ought to have him - that is, if there's enough to live on. I don't know what more is wanted. But girls are getting to talk and think as though they were to send their hearts through some fiery furnace of trial before they may give them up to a husband's keeping. I am not at all sure that the French fashion is not the best, and that these things shouldn't be managed by the fathers and mothers, or perhaps by the family lawyers. Girls who are so intent upon knowing their own hearts generally end by knowing nobody's heart but their own; and then they die old maids."

Trollope thought that a partner should be chosen by instinct and in 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica' the narrator states that young lovers 'whistle and call to each

²⁸⁴ Cf. Glendinning 135-136

other, guided by instinct rather than by reason'. In his novel *Orley Farm*, he advises his male reader to 'take a leap in the dark':

Dance with a girl three times, and if you like the light of her eye and the tone of voice with which she, breathless, answers your little questions about horseflesh and music - about affairs masculine and feminine, - then take the leap in the dark. (*Orley Farm*, XXXIII)

In *Phines Redux*, Lady Glencora voices this conviction again:

"I hate things to be delayed. People go on quarrelling and fancying this and that, and thinking the world is full of romance and poetry. When they get married they know better." (*Phineas Redux* LXXVI)

This is reminiscent of John Bull in 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir', who is looking for the 'flower of romance' and 'pining for something to make himself unhappy'. Having been happily married for many years, he feels that romance 'makes us sigh for we know not what, and forbids us to be content with what God sends us'. Yet in later years Trollope is more sympathetic. In *Phineas Redux*, written in 1870/1, Trollope acknowledges that the 'leap' is much more threatening for the girl to take as she is bound to follow her husband 'to his sphere of life' (*Phineas Redux* XVIII), whatever it may be. He sees that a young girl, 'knowing nothing, takes a monstrous leap in the dark, in which everything is to be changed'. Patience in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' is aware of the importance of 'that one word'

That word once said, and then she knew that she must succumb to her love for ever! That word once said, and there would be nothing for her but to spoil him with her idolatry!

In 'The Mistletoe Bough' Elizabeth finds it hard to take that 'leap' and confides in her mother, who answers her very wisely:

"It's for one's whole life, mama; for his life as well as my own." "True, Bessy; that is quite true. But it is equally true whether you bid him come or allow him to remain away. The task of making up one's mind for life must always be done at some special moment of that life."

Trollope always insists that marriage is no bed of roses, but it is still worth the effort:

Let him take the jump or not take it, - but let him not presume to think that he can so jump as to land himself in perfect bliss. It is clearly God's intention that men and women should live together, and therefore let the leap in the dark be made. (*Ralph the Heir* LVI)

It is a fact that Trollope wanted his characters to get married. He thought that:

A woman's life is not perfect or whole till she has added herself to a husband. Nor

is a man's life perfect or whole till he has added to himself a wife. (*Miss Mackenzie*, vol. 2, XI)

To him there was really no alternative to marriage – especially for women. In a letter to Kate Field he claimed the 'best career for a woman' was 'to go & marry a husband' (*Letters* 175). The idea of a woman working and getting married just never occurred to him nor to most of his contemporaries.

That women should have their rights no man will deny. To my thinking neither increase of work nor increase of political influence are among them. (*North America* 408)

Trollope also believed that it was a woman's natural desire to get married and that those who tried to resist it would find 'human nature... too strong for them' (*Miss Mackenzie*). What Trollope found so unsettling about feminism was not the campaigning for women's rights but the fact that in his opinion it prevented women from leading a fulfilled and happy life - including a sex-life²⁸⁵. Single women seemed like a waste of resources to Trollope.

To the extent that Anthony felt, very strongly, that women could only truly fulfil themselves biologically his attitude was based on concern for their happiness (Glen 323)

Marriage to him was a woman's destiny, her best chance to get happy, her 'only career' (*Vicar of Bullhampton*) – and, in his opinion, the sole cure for feminism.

The hope in regard to all such women- a hope not entertained by themselves but by those are solicitous for them,- is that they will be cured at last by a husband and half-a-dozen children. (*He Knew He Was Right* LXXVII)

Trollope saw feminism as an outcome of frustrated womanhood - 'a resentment of an unattractive woman unable to get a husband' (Terry 160) - and many of his feminist characters such as Wallachia Petrie - 'a republican virago, with a red nose'²⁸⁶ - are extremely uncomely.

The 'unfeminine' nature of the feminists dogged the movement from its 'Bloomer' days, and Trollope simply followed in the wake of this unseemly prejudice. (Terry 275)

They are not only ugly but 'dictatorial, often hypocritical, and motivated entirely by an unreasonable dislike of the male sex' (Terry 158), and often they are also American. In 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids', Trollope draws a picture of the kind of 'feminist' woman he thoroughly disapproved of. Miss Dawkins is attractive and

²⁸⁵ Cf. Glen 323

²⁸⁶ *He Knew He Was Right* LXXVII

sociable, but from the very beginning the narrator makes it clear that she is dishonest and manipulative and a sponge:

...she was good-humoured, as a rule, and could on occasions be very soft and winning. People who had known her long would sometimes say that she was selfish; but with new acquaintance she was forbearing and self-denying.... With what income Miss Dawkins was blessed no one seemed to know. She lived like a gentlewoman, as far as outward appearance went, and never seemed to be in want; but some people would say that she knew very well how many sides there were to a shilling, and some enemy had once declared that she was an "old soldier". Such was Miss Dawkins.

Miss Dawkins is scrounging her way through Egypt and the Holy Land, constantly trying to find a new party she can travel with and not prudish concerning the choice of her means. Miss Dawkins is travelling on her own and constantly declares that a woman has the same rights and possibilities as a man and that she can make use of her own 'arms and legs'. In spite of her alleged independence, the narrator notes that she 'had a strong inclination to use the arms and legs of other people when she could make them serviceable'. Throughout the story she is shown to be attentive and nice to those people who she thinks might be useful to her, but if someone refuses her a favour she can become very spiteful. After having been rejected by the Damer family as a member of their travelling party, she publicly scoffs the Damer women:

"Dirt!" ejaculated Miss Dawkins, and then walked away. Why should she now submit her high tone of feeling to the Damers, or why care longer for their good opinion? Therefore she scattered contempt around her as she ejaculated the last word, "dirt."

After her arrival in Cairo she even goes to see a friend of Mr Ingram, the American, to warn him that the Damer family would like to see the young man married to one of their daughters. Miss Dawkins' interest in the sights is as superficial as her feminist beliefs and, as soon as she has reached one goal, she is contemplating her next move:

As to Miss Dawkins herself, though she was ecstatic about Mount Sinai--which was not present--she seemed to have forgotten the poor Pyramids, which were then before her nose.... "Majestic piles, are they not?" said Miss Dawkins, who, having changed her companion, allowed her mind to revert from Mount Sinai to the Pyramids...

Miss Dawkins is also not averse to the idea of matrimony, if it serves her purpose:

She... was not sure that she was prepared to be fallen in love with by M. Delabordeau, even if there should ultimately be any readiness on the part of that gentleman to perform the role of lover. With Mr. Ingram the matter was different, nor was she so diffident of her own charms as to think it altogether impossible

that she might succeed, in the teeth of that little chit, Fanny Damer.

At the end of the story she finds another party to travel with and this time the narrator makes it absolutely clear that she is looking for a husband:

They consisted of two brothers and a sister, and were, therefore, very convenient for matrimonial purposes. But nevertheless, when I last heard of Miss Dawkins, she was still an unprotected female.

Although Trollope all his life remained averse to the feminist movement this does not mean that he was unsympathetic to the question of women's rights. Terry in *The Artist in Hiding* claimed that Trollope in truth was 'close at least to the spirit of what Mill advocated for women' (Terry 110). 'The Woman Question' was a prominent topic during Trollope's lifetime and the ideas of the philosopher and writer John Stewart Mill caused heated discussions. When Mill expressed a wish to meet Trollope, the latter was delighted, but the meeting was not a big success due to their different personalities²⁸⁷. Although Trollope supported Mill's candidacy for Westminster he remained sceptical towards Mill's ideas about the rights of women and Irish tenants. One of Trollope's girls in *Phineas Finn*, when dissatisfied with her suitor, claims that:

"I shall knock under to Mr Mill; and go in for women's rights, and look forward to stand for some female borough. Matrimony never seemed to me to be very charming, and upon my word it does not become more alluring by what I find at Loughlinter." (*Phineas Finn* LI)

Yet many critics noticed that apparently Trollope in his writing could also display a different side of his personality:

On the other hand, when creating fictional characters, Trollope shows himself highly sensitive to the wrongs done to women by society's rules and conventions. When writing fiction he seems to be able to detach himself from his opinions. (Hall 340)

His [Trollope's] anti-feminism results merely in the tiresome caricature such as the Baroness Banman. Where he is more seriously engaged in the nature and problems of women his thinking is nearly always judicious and and helpful. (Terry 110)

Trollope was by no means unsympathetic to the sufferings of intelligent and educated women, which suffocating their ambitions. His political novels are full of women envying men their seats in parliament and speculating about what they would do in their stead.

²⁸⁷ Cf. ORC 367

What Trollope thought 'unhealthy' (Terry 113) was a reversal of roles in a relationship. He could accept independence in young women before marriage, yet after the wedding they must 'yield' and become an 'ivy' clinging to her 'tower' (*Barchester Towers*, vol. 3, XLIX).

Strong minded girl in love are well enough, but he wants it clearly understood that in marriage there should be mutual agreement, collaboration, and sharing of obligations, with voluntary restraint of the will to power. The tyrannous will of either party in marriage is what leads to disaster. It is not that man shall control and woman obey, but that husband tends to lead, initiate and exercise final authority. (Terry 113)

Glendinning claimed that in spite of Trollope's understanding for women's frustrations, he often wrote from 'the viewpoint of a male supremacist under threat' (Glen 447). What he could not accept was 'anything that disturbed the happiness of "fathers of families"' (Glen 452-3):

If women can do without marriage can men do so? And if not, how are the men to get wives if the women do elect to remain single? (A.T. qutd. in Glen 322)

Yet in his novels Trollope is honest enough to show that marriage - even if it a love-match - is not a guarantee for happiness. Terry notes that 'studies in marital collapse stand out in Trollope's fiction' (Terry 109). In the short stories we find one of the most devastating pictures of unhappy marriages. In 'The Spotted Dog', an educated man has married beneath him 'to escape the thralldom of gentility' and, after an unhappy life as a drunkard with an alcoholic wife, kills himself²⁸⁸. Catherine Carmichael in the story of the same name fails to stand up for her love. She lets herself be pushed into a marriage with an old miser and becomes extremely unhappy. Trollope's fiction is full of extremely diverse marriages: arranged marriages, love marriages, marriages for money or titles. Young brides or middle aged widows, deceitful grooms or true young men, bitter regret or lifelong happiness they all may be found in Trollope's works. It is true though that Trollope especially with his younger characters could not free himself from the clichés of romantic love and thus these couples are often far less interesting than his older ones.

Yet his characters' relationships do not follow a simple pattern it this is what makes Trollope such an attractive author – an author who 'cannot be pressed in a certain scheme' (Schmutzer 43). After marrying off literally hundreds of couples he still manages to give a new facet to the next story, explore a new turn, which a different combination of characters will cause.

²⁸⁸ See 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

Love alone is also no guarantee for happiness, nor are all marriages of convenience necessarily unhappy. It is mostly the attitude and the character of both partners which cause the marriage to be a failure or a success. Sufficient knowledge of one's own, as well as a good evaluation of the partner's character, and an assessment of each others needs were considered crucial for a good partnership.

Violet Effingham, a beautiful and wealthy orphan in *Phineas Finn*, fears that marrying Lord Chiltern may ruin her life. Although she has known him nearly all her life and he has been the only man she ever loved, she still hesitates. He is wild in his character and ways and she is almost afraid of him. Thus she tries to decide whether a woman is 'bound to marry a man if she loves him...whatever be the man's character, - whatever be the circumstances?'. Yet when Phineas Finn, a more quiet candidate proposes to her 'she measures him and finds him too small'. Violet shows that it is not easy for a girl to find the right husband:

"I hate a stupid man who can't talk to me, and I hate a clever man who talks me down. I don't like a man who is too lazy to make any effort to shine; but I particularly dislike a man who is always striving for effect. I abominate a humble man, but yet I love to perceive that a man acknowledges the superiority of my sex, and youth, and all that kind of thing." (*Phineas Finn* XXII)

With Lord Chiltern she is afraid that they may both be too wild and thus incompatible:

"But I am afraid to be his wife. The risk would be so great. Suppose that I did not save him, but that he brought me to shipwreck instead?" (*Phineas Finn* X)

In spite of her sincere love for him, Violet refuses Chiltern twice because she is not prepared to take an idle squanderer for a husband. She is fully aware that she may lose him, yet she knows her own character and needs and is not prepared to subdue them for the rest of her life. She makes it clear before the marriage what kind of behaviour she expects from her future husband. Trollope always stresses the submission of the wife to her husband, but this is only after the marriage. It is those characters who do not compromise when it comes to choosing their partner or those who even confront their future spouses with their own wishes, who are really destined for happiness. As all their expectations and demands are stated beforehand and their squabbles settled, these couple often lead a very happy marriage when it finally comes to it. Girls like Alice Vavasor in *Can You Forgive Her?*, who due to her false romantic notions of marriage jilts a good man and true lover several times, often have to go through a lot of suffering before they find out what is really good for them. In the short story 'The Mistletoe

Bough²⁸⁹ a girl's high-flown ideas about women's sacrifices nearly ruin her happiness and cause her a lot of grief. If a character does not correct his or her misconceptions before the wedding the marriage is almost certain to fail:

Some of them fail of necessity because the characters affected have a totally wrong conception of what married life is like. Especially females set extremely high expectations in their future married lives which cannot be met by reality. The partners-to-be often do not know their future husbands or wives and as a result, often disastrously misjudge their characters. (Schmutzer 43)

Godfrey Holmes in 'The Mistletoe Bough' has known his Elizabeth long enough and he understands her character. He is aware of her tendencies towards 'martyrdom' and knows that she feels that because 'it would be so pleasant to take the hand - so sweet, so joyous, that it surely be wrong'. He realises that if he were poor or suffering she would instantly take him, but as things are 'it seemed to her the proper thing that a well-behaved young lady should shipwreck her own happiness'. Godfrey is convinced that once married 'no woman would cling to her husband with sweeter feminine tenancy' than Elizabeth. He does not press her but goes away and tells her to write to him. Captain Borough in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' on the other hand, by his behaviour not only shows a lack of understanding of the girl's character, but also displays the faults in his own. The way he asks her for her hand was 'not, perhaps, as a suitor tremulous with hope,--but as a rich man who knows that he can command that which he desires to purchase'. When Patience does not answer him straight away he 'threatens' her and tells her that he 'has a right to demand an answer'. John is also not sure about Patience's character and tries 'to frown her into submission'. He feels that 'she is obstinate...and then he had half accused her of being sullen also. He fears that "If that be her temper, what a life of misery I have before me!"'. Both characters are right in their judgment of the other, yet blind to their own faults. In the end the engagement is broken off.

The narrator in *Framley Parsonage* Trollope remarks that as soon as the wedding has taken place 'the sweetest morsel of love's feast has been eaten' and now it is time for the 'bread and cheese' (*Framley Parsonage* XLVIII) of married life. This was by no means derogatory but a 'useful metaphor suggesting wholesome sustenance' (Terry 108). Trollope thought that there was nothing wrong with romance but that in marriage the lovers had 'to come down from starry heights to grapple with the realities of family and home' (Terry 108).

²⁸⁹ See Themes: 'Christmas'

One cannot live on love alone and a thorough investigation of the means provided was also essential to secure a certain living standard. Thus Lady Rowley in *He Knew He Was Right* made sure that her daughters knew that, in matters of the heart, the pragmatic aspect should be considered:

In regard to such matters Nora Rowley had been properly brought up, having been made to understand by the best and most cautious of mothers, that in that matter of falling in love it was absolutely necessary that bread and cheese should be considered.

"Romance is a very pretty thing," Lady Rowley had been wont to say to her daughters, "and I don't think life would be worth having without a little of it. I should be very sorry to think that either of my girls would marry a man only because he had money. But you can't even be romantic without something to eat and drink." (*He Knew He Was Right* IV)

And Mrs. Greenow in the novel *Can You Forgive Her?* remarks about romance:

I do like a little romance ... just a sniff, as I call it, of the rocks and valleys.... Of course, bread-and-cheese is the real thing. The rocks and valleys are no good at all, if you haven't got that. (*Can You Forgive Her?* LXIV)

Trollope often scoffed at the Victorian idea that a young woman was too ethereal to think about the practical Booth of life. All his best heroines know very well what they are about, emotionally as well as financially. In *Phineas Finn* Violet Effingham claims that:

"A husband is very much like a house or a horse. You don't take your house because it's the best house in the world, but because just then you want a house. You go and see a house, and if it's very nasty you don't take it. But if you think it will suit pretty well, and if you are tired of looking about for houses, you do take it. That's the way one buys one's horses -- and one's husbands." (*Phineas Finn*, vol.2, X)

Yet, unlike Lady Alexandrina in *The Small House at Allington*, she is not prepared to marry a man whom she does not love, whereas Alexandrina feels that:

She would have preferred a gentleman with £5,000 a year; but then as no gentleman with £5,000 a year came that way, would she not be happier with Mr. Crosbie than she would be with no husband at all? She was not very much in love with Mr. Crosbie, but she thought that she could live with him comfortably, and that on the whole it would be a good thing to be married. (*The Small House at Allington* XXVII)

Due to her practical, down-to-earth attitude, Violet manages to get the man she loves on conditions that suit both of them and make them a very happy couple, but Alexandrina's approach is too materialistic. She ends up in the unhappy and loveless marriage she deserves.

Although the financial aspect was important, a marriage for monetary reasons only was thought to be deplorable - at least in literature. William Makepeace Thackeray in his *Book of Snobs* comments on the widespread custom of marrying money:

It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says..."Thou shalt not marry without a lady's-maid; thou shalt not marry without carriage and horses; thou shalt not have a wife in thy heart nor children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French *bonne*; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a brougham; marry poor, and society will forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal;". You young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry an old Croesus; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, woe be to you! Society, the brutal snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club. (*Book of Snobs*, Snobs and Marriage)

Wives generally play a very important role in Trollope's fiction. In 1956 Patricia Thompson, who in her book *The Victorian heroine, a Changing Ideal 1837-73* called Trollope 'the high priest of marriage', thought that:

It was on reading Trollope that the Victorians must have felt their ideal of wifely submission was in its finest hour. (Thompson 111)

Merryn Williams in *Women in the English novel 1800-1900* (1984) claimed that "'Lord' and 'Master', in Trollope, are interchangeable with husband' and that 'All the heroines in Barsetshire are passive, long-suffering, and intensely devoted to a man' (Williams, 125). She feels that 'Of all nineteenth-century novelists, his [Trollope's] attitude to women is the most conventional' and that 'Trollope's women are constantly going down on their knees or falling at somebody's feet' (Williams 125-6)²⁹⁰. Terry in *The Artist in Hiding* strongly opposes this view:

Not by any means. With discretion and subtlety, Trollope often undermines the shibboleth of male domination, even though by today's standard of female liberation his subversion of the Victorian citadel is extremely tentative... his wives soothe, placate and manipulate in a way that shows their superior tact and intellect.In matters of feeling women are superior, but also in sheer intellect and wit they often outclass the men they humour. ...The downtrodden, obedient, adoring female with a vacant mind and an aptitude of water-colouring has no place in Trollope's view of the sound marriage. (Terry 110)

However, Trollope did not have any doubts about who was to take the lead in marriage:

The necessity of the supremacy of man is as certain to me as the eternity of the soul. There are other matters on which as on subjects which are in doubt, - universal suffrage, ballot, public education, and the like - but not, as I think, on these two. (Anthony Trollope, 4.4.79, in *Letters II*, 821)

²⁹⁰ See Malachi's Cove in *Working Girls*

Pictures like that of a wife clinging to her husband like 'ivy' to a 'tower' or a 'tree' have not exactly made him a favourite with feminists:

When the ivy has found its tower, when the delicate creeper has found its strong wall, we know how the parasite plants grow and prosper. (*Barchester Towers*, XLIX)

Yet Trollope's most famous wives, Lady Glencora Palliser, Lady Laura Standish and Mrs. Proudie among others, were far from showing 'wifely submission'. Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's wife in the Barsetshire series, was quite a well-known figure to Victorian readers. She was the stereotype of a bad Trollopian wife. Bossy, ambitious, ungraceful, domineering, she hinders her husband's career rather than furthering it. By trying to influence or even make his decisions for him, she publicly marks him as the weak man that he is. In the end she realises that she has brought him to hate her, and has thus failed in her marriage. She dies broken-hearted, yet standing upright, clinging to a bedpost, unbent even in death. In the same novels we have Susan Grantly, the archdeacon's wife, who also has her own view on things but she says so in private and never publicly opposes her husband. The narrator tells us that it is nothing unusual for the archdeacon to consult his wife, 'his all-trusted helpmate', on matters important to him 'within that sacred recess formed by the clerical bed-curtains at Plumstead Episcopi':

How much sweet solace, how much valued counsel has our archdeacon received within that sainted enclosure! 'Tis there alone that he unbends, and comes down from his high church pedestal to the level of a mortal man.

Susan Grantly does not hesitate to give her opinion frankly or sometimes even scold her husband. Yet on the other side of the bedroom door he is the 'lord and master'.

Whatever of submissive humility may have appeared in the gait and visage of the archdeacon during his colloquy with his wife in the sanctum of their dressing-rooms was dispelled as he entered his breakfast-parlour with erect head and powerful step. In the presence of a third person he assumed the lord and master; and that wise and talented lady too well knew the man to whom her lot for life was bound, to stretch her authority beyond the point at which it would be borne. Strangers at Plumstead Episcopicould little guess that some fifteen minutes since she had stoutly held her ground against him, hardly allowing him to open his mouth in his own defence. But such is the tact and talent of women! (*The Warden* VIII)

Susan Grantly is not afraid to scold her husband. In Trollope's opinion a wife's little sermons are a necessary part of marriage. Only after having sinned and having been forgiven the husband accepts his wife as a partner, thus providing a stable ground for

their partnership: 'Then, and not until then, is he her equal; and equality is necessary for comfortable love' (*Is he Popenjoy?* XXXII) or as Trollope put it in one of his beloved hunting metaphors: 'hard rain settles the ground' (*Is he Popenjoy?* XI).

In the short story 'Not If I Know It', a wife also has her say behind closed doors: in the story George and Wilfred, his brother-in-law, argue about money on Christmas Day. Mary Wade, George's wife and Wilfred's sister, is unhappy about their argument. Yet George is sure that his wife would never go and talk to his brother without his consent. The same is true for Mr Damer who is approached by the confirmed sponge Miss Dawkins trying to talk him into offering her a place in his travelling party. When Miss Dawkins indicates that she has been invited to join the party by Mrs. Damer, Mr. Damer is absolutely sure that his wife would not do that:

Mr. Damer was a man who, in most matters, had his own way. That his wife should have given such an invitation without consulting him, was, he knew, quite impossible.

A good assessment of your own and your partner's character before choosing is vital to the marriage. Let the partners try ever so hard, if their characters are incompatible, life-long misery is in store for them:

Indeed unhappiness in marriage is a more common subject than happiness. Honesty compels Trollope to look at conflicts of personalities bound together by the closest of unions; and thus, besides being a sanctuary, the home is frequently a battle ground of clashing wills and desires. (Terry 109)

In 'Catherine Carmichael', Catherine Baird is in love with a young man, John Carmichael, but when her father dies she is about to be taken away as the wife of John's old cousin, Peter. John, who seems to be 'oppressed by the other's presence' ('Catherine Carmichael' p. 886), does not say a word against this marriage and the girl feels that 'by his silence' (p.886) he gives his consent. Catherine, rather than stand up for herself, fatalistically takes Peter, without loving him or even without realizing 'what it all meant' (p.888), a sin not easily forgiven in Trollope's universe. She is punished severely by getting one of the most revolting characters in the short stories for a husband: 'hard of hand and hard of heart -a stern, stubborn man, who was fond only of his money' (p.886). Peter is not only a miser, but also a mean dastardly character, who enjoys humiliating other people.

The marriage of clever and lively Lady Laura Standish to the Scottish Puritan Robert Kennedy also proves to be a failure, as he is trying to impose his ways and views on his wife. Lady Glencora and her good, but dry husband Plantagenet

Palliser are another example of a couple who have to struggle all through their marriage:

The Pallisers remain locked in a marital situation which is both sanctuary and struggle: always striving, they are never quite whole... the two natures can never be completely reconciled (Terry 131).

Here is a typical conversation which shows the incompatibility of their characters:

"I like to have a plan," said Mr. Palliser. "And so do I," said his wife,— "if only for the sake of not keeping it." "There's nothing I hate so much as not carrying out my intentions," said Mr. Palliser. (*Can You Forgive Her?*, Vol. 2, ch. LXVIII)

Victorian readers were able to follow the development of their relationship for over a decade, seeing how an arranged marriage turned out to be a comfort but not a complete fulfilment to both in the end.

This frustration and degeneration arising from a union of incompatible people is as significant and recurring pattern in Trollope as the theme of happy marriage (Swingle, 119).

The husband's behaviour is as important as the wife's:

Trollope's world is one in which, on the whole, a man ultimately reaps what he has sown, certainly in terms of inner happiness if not material success. Often the test of a man's worth is how he uses power within the family or a small community: here excess of any kind is to be deprecated, but integrity, kindness, common sense, and courtesy eventually are seen to be the best rule of life. (Morgan Kathleen E: "The Relevance of Trollope", *English* 16, 173-77 in Olmsted 119).

According to Trollope, marriage is a partnership. If either partner tries to dominate the other it is bound to go wrong:

The tyrannous will of either party in marriage is what leads to disaster. It is not that man shall control and woman obey, but that husband tends to lead, initiate and exercise final authority. (Terry 113)

Trollope felt that it was a man's task to make certain decisions. In the short story 'Returning Home' the wife dies because her husband has 'given way to her foolish prayers' and he bitterly regrets it. Yet in the same story the narrator asked: 'What purpose cannot a woman gain by perseverance?'. In his novel *He Knew He Was Right* Trollope claimed that the husband believed that although 'wives are bound to obey their husbands'

...obedience cannot be exacted from wives, as it may from servants, by aid of law and with penalties, or as from a horse, by punishments, and mangle curtailments.

The husband should make his 'mastery' 'a thing almost unfelt' (*He Knew He Was Right* V). Thus the attitude of the husband is one of the reasons why the marriage of Lady Laura and Robert Kennedy in the novel *Phineas Finn* fails. Robert treats his wife as part of his property rather than a human being. He denies her the right for individuality. When she tries to make him realise this, the incompatibility of their characters clearly shows:

"There are moments, Robert, when even a married woman must be herself rather than her husband's wife. It is so, though you cannot understand it." "I certainly do not understand it." "You cannot make a woman subject to you as a dog is so. You may have all the outside and as much of the inside as you can master. With a dog you may have both." (*Phineas Finn* XXXIX)

In her book *The Gentleman in Trollope* Shirley Letwin claimed that one of the 'severest test of a gentleman is his conduct in love' (Letwin 139) and that the idea that 'two people be required to have the same interests, tastes or occupations to live together harmoniously' to a gentlemen is 'ridiculous and tyrannical' (Letwin 158):

Husband and wife are neither halves of a whole, nor images of one another...Only in tyrannical marriages is the unity...all too present (Letwin 156-7)

Yet George Eliot, who very much appreciated Trollope's work, once remarked to a friend that 'Men are very fond of glorying that sort of dog-like attachment'²⁹¹.

Sexual attraction is another basic requirement for a fulfilled marital life. Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, is shown to be somewhat deficient in that respect. Their marriage was not a love match and although his behaviour is civil, he avoids physical contact with his wife and his embraces are that 'of a brother rather than of a lover or a husband' (*Can You Forgive Her?* XVI). He has no idea of his wife's real needs. He is deficient in all little things that make wife feel loved:

Lady Glencora wanted the little daily assurance of her supremacy in the man's feelings. (*Can You Forgive Her?* XXIV)

When she cries he holds her but does not kiss her, the narrator remarks that 'he would have kissed her, had the situation required it'- only the husband apparently never feels that the situation does require it. Lady Glencora feels neglected when she meets her old love Burgo Fitzgerald at a ball. Burgo is trying to persuade her to elope with him and they dance a wild waltz together in front of everybody. Glencora feels that her husband 'deserves that I should leave him' but she cannot bring herself to doing it. She sends Burgo away, but tells her husband about her love for Burgo. Plantagenet, who has

²⁹¹ in Glen 334, footnote

realised how important his wife is to him rejects an offer to become Chancellor of the Exchequer and takes Glencora to the continent. This sacrifice, together with his gentlemanly behaviour, settles their further happiness. At Basel, when the two of them watch swimmers drifting down the Rhine, Glencora expresses her desires:

How beautiful to be carried along so quickly; and to go on, and on, and on! I suppose we couldn't try it? (*Can You Forgive Her?* LXIX)

Halfway during their trip they have to return because Glencora is pregnant and Plantagenet is fussing over her.

In Trollope's works the moment when a girl reaches her sexual maturity or the moment of sexual awareness between two lovers often has something to do with water. We find rivers, streams, brooks and ponds, often dark and deep and full of underlying currents, that the heroines have to cross. They often walk over a bridge or stand shivering on the edge of it. The crucial scene in 'Malachi's Cove' when Mally Trenglos pulls her hated neighbour Barty out of the hole in a cliff, and all of a sudden realises that she wishes him to live, indicates her emotional and sexual awakening. Glendinning notes that:

Sexuality between lovers or potential lovers in Anthony's fiction was signalled topographically, even though he is not generally thought of as a creator of symbolic landscapes. (Glen 464)

Lady Anna in the novel of the same name is engaged to marry a tailor. When out walking with an Earl who is courting her, he tempts her to jump over a brook. Anna looks down on the black water: 'It was very pleasant, very lovely, very joyous; but there was still present to her mind some great fear'. She has already decided to 'jump into his arms' when she thinks of the tailor, stumbles and thus is saved from being false to him. Glendinning notes that:

Chasms, rivers, torrents, waterfalls, high cliffs above the sea; falling, swimming, drowning; and bridges, stiles, passing-places. These were his metaphors for the ecstatic, engulfing, frightening surrender which was, it seems, his vision of sexual passion. It is no exaggeration to say that dozens of instances might be quoted where water, and bridges over water, are both the setting for and the substance of sexual crisis. Hoverings on the brink, leaps in the dark. The seasoned Trollope reader becomes conditioned to the strategy; the pulse quickens in anticipation. (Glen 465)

But she is not sure whether this symbolism was deliberate:

It is not useful to wonder whether the symbolism was deliberate. Symbolism is as old as language, and Anthony was skilled at transmitting subtextual messages.

(Glen 465-6)

The best – known scene probably occurs in the novel *Can You Forgive Her?* between the cousins George and Alice Vavasor standing on a hotel balcony overlooking the Rhine watching the swimmers. The scene is heavy with sexual references: George's sister Kate says that she would like to go with the stream and that she would be afraid of drowning, but Alice only shivers. In the end, after much fretting, Alice decides against her daredevil cousin and takes honest and steady John Grey –a fact that enraged the writer and critic Henry James.

In the short stories this intensity is not so frequent but alleviated versions of it do occur, as for instance when the heroine in 'Susan Bell' is given a drawing of a little bridge by her lover. In 'Malachi's Cove', Mally is helpless as she is 'washed over' by her emotions:

The great wave came and washed over her as she lay almost prostrate, and when the water was gone from her eyes, and the tumult of the foam, and the violence of the roaring breaker had passed by her, she found herself length upon the rock, while his body had been lifted up, free from her hook, and was lying upon the slippery ledge, half in the water, and half out of it. ...Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face; and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed, and as she looked at him she knew that he was beautiful. What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life,— as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters.

I have already mentioned that a girl lying 'prostrate' before her lover is something not unusual in Trollope's fiction²⁹², but although this is true for the novels, this is not the case in the short stories.

In some of the stories water more often seems to offer a tempting alternative to a marriage with an unloved man. In 'Catherine Carmichael' Catherine newly, wedded to a detestable old man and obviously just beginning to realize that there is more to a marriage than just following the man to his house, crosses one stream after another, thinking 'how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head' ('Catherine Carmichael' p.887). A year later her husband drowns in one of those streams. In 'The Journey to Panama' Miss Viner is crossing the Atlantic in order to meet and marry her old and unloved cousin. Talking to a fellow passenger she has grown attached to, she, too, confesses that she is sometimes tempted to throw herself 'forward into the sea', but is afraid of 'the bourne beyond'. An intentional suicide is pictured in 'La Mère Bauche' where Marie also crosses a little brook before climbing up to the cave where she used to meet her lover and from where she jumps to her death.

²⁹² See 'Love and Marriage'

Another example of a landscape symbolizing the emotional and sensual state of a couple occurs in 'The Château of Prince Polignac' where an elderly French gentleman proposes to a British widow. The fact that the proposal is made on a volcanic rock is maybe of some significance. At the beginning of the story Trollope describes in great detail how the lava erupts and forms very hard peaks. Is Trollope trying to tell us that emotional needs and sexual desire crystallize on the surface over the years but are still burning underneath? Or are the rocks a symbol of the 'hardness' of older people who have become worn in the course of life like 'the harder particles of volcanic matter which have not been carried away through successive ages by the joint agency of water and air'? It is definitely the case that Mrs. Thompson is not easily carried away by emotions and knows very well what she is about:

Personally, she certainly did like him, as she said to herself more than once. There was a courtesy and softness about him which were very gratifying to her; and then, his appearance was so much in his favour.

That Trollopian girls are by no means unearthly creatures and are well aware of the physical attractions of a man may also be seen in *Framley Parsonage*, where Lucy Robarts tells her sister in law about her Lord Luton's 'catalogue of perfections':

I'll tell you what he has: he has fine straight legs, and a smooth forehead, and a good-humoured eye, and white teeth. Was it possible to see such a catalogue of perfections, and not fall down, stricken to the very bone? (*Framley Parsonage* XXVI)

This description is daring for a girl in times when some people would not even talk about trousers and used long tablecloths in order to cover a table's legs.

We see that Trollope in some of his scenes was really quite outspoken for his time. The following dialogue is between Adolphus Crosbie and his newly wedded, aristocratic but cold wife, Lady Alexandrina, on their way to their honeymoon quarters:

"We shall find a good fire in the parlour at the hotel," said Crosbie. "Oh, I hope so," said Alexandrina, "and in the bedroom too." (*The Small House at Allington* XLV)

The young husband feels offended, but he hardly knows why. With difficulty he induces himself to go through all those little ceremonies the absence of which would have been remarked on by everybody. (*The Small House at Allington* XLV). Lady Alexandrina's mistake was that she had married a man for whom she did not feel 'what a wife should'. Trollope always strictly distinguishes between love and admiration, and the latter is not

enough to build a marriage on. Many girls in Trollope's fiction refuse a good man whom they admire and like, feeling that there is something missing in the relationship:

Only a reader blinded by the cant about Victorian prudery could fail to recognize that Trollope is insisting on the sexuality of love. (Letwin 141)

Even in a relatively early novel as *Framley Parsonage* both lovers long for each other and 'they were not ashamed to say so' (Letwin 141). Letwin claims that 'There can be no doubt about Trollope's hearty dislike for coy lovers' (Letwin 141). What Trollope disliked where the false pretences which Victorian society forced girls to make:

What makes life so difficult for women, Trollope points out, is not the expectation that they should marry, but the pretence that they are indifferent to finding a husband. (Letwin 163)

In Trollope's second short story, 'Susan Bell', the narrator breaks in to scold an supposedly evangelical reader about exactly these pretences:

Oh, my exceedingly proper prim old lady, you, who are so shocked at this as a general doctrine, has it never occurred to you that the Creator has so intended it? ('Susan Bell')

On the other hand Trollope despised women - old or young - who pursue men as if they were some kind of 'prey'²⁹³.

Women who desperately pursue marriage as the only way to survive are portrayed as not as victims but as mean-minded, ruthless exploiters. (Letwin 165)

Trollope's fiction is full of mothers and daughters plotting and scheming to secure a husband for the latter, and often hunting metaphors serve to emphasise their intentions. Thus, in the short story 'Alice Dugdale' the desired husband is constantly referred to as 'a fish' which the girl's mother is trying to catch and whom she is trying to get to 'swallow the bait'. In *The Last Chronicle of Barset* Johnny Eames is warned by a friend about Miss Madalina Demolines trying to catch a husband – the young man calls her a 'bird of prey, and altogether an unclean bird' (*The Last Chronicle of Barset* LXXV).

"The bird wants a mate, and doesn't much care how she gets it. And the bird wants money, and doesn't care how she gets it. The bird is a decidedly bad bird, and not at all fit to take the place of domestic hen in a decent farmyard. In plain English, Johnny, you'll find some day, if you go over to often to Porchester Terrace, either that you are going to marry the bird, or else that you are employing your cousin Toogood for you defence in an action for breach of promise, brought against you by that venerable old bird, the bird's mamma." (*The Last Chronicle of Barset* LXXV)

²⁹³ See 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids', 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' and 'Alice Dugdale'

Still Johnny goes there and only very closely escapes being manoeuvred into a proposal. But even for 'good' girls it is not so easy. They have to avoid throwing themselves at their young man, knowing at the same time that he himself may never pluck up the courage to propose. Glendinning notes that:

...Anthony's fiction is riddled with young men, attracted and aroused, but desperate to avoid matrimony. (Glen 92)

Girls face the difficult talks of providing an opportunity for the young man to discover his love for them without appearing to lure them into matrimony and thus becoming 'a bird of prey'. In his later novel *The Vicar of Bullhampton* written 1868 Trollope commented on this double standard and the absurdity of it and his narrator advised his readers:

Our daughters should be educated to be wives, but, forsooth, they should never wish to be wooed! The very idea is but a remnant of the tawdry sentimentality of an age in which the mawkish insipidity of the women was the reaction from the vice of that preceding it. That our girls are in quest of husbands, and know well in what way their lines in life should be laid, is a fact which none can dispute. Let men be taught to recognize the same truth as regards themselves, and we shall all cease to hear of the necessity of a new career for women. (*The Vicar of Bullhampton* XXXVII)

As already mentioned in the biographical part of this paper, very little is known about the marriage of Anthony and Rose Trollope²⁹⁴. The writer who so unremittingly explored his characters' married lives was uncommonly close-mouthed about his own. He felt that his own marriage was 'like the marriage of other people, and of no special interest to any one except my wife and me' (AB IV). But in a letter to his friend Lewes Trollope claimed that:

...no pain or misery has as yet come to me since the day I married; & if any man should speak well of the married state, I should do so.' (*Letters*, I, 145)

Although compared to the novels the short stories only allow us to throw a few brief glimpses of the married couples, it still becomes clear that their treatment and portrayal differs from that of the young courting couples. Terry notes that:

...his [Trollope's] ideals of man and wife went further than one might suppose from descriptions of feminine submissiveness and dependence offered as ideals in his stories of young love. Possibly he sees his subjects more clearly, or else, feeling more intensely involved with his material, is less prone to compromise and arbitrary changes in character. (Terry 109)

He thinks that:

²⁹⁴ Also see biographical part

...the chief reason for the more coherent and unified studies of mature love is surely the compatibility of aims with the situation and characters he creates: he upholds a creditable doctrine rather than an ideal; one that is concerned with the reasonable expectation the individual should have of marriage. 'Bread and cheese' expresses exactly this concept of a workable partnership in which adjustments and allowance must be made. The benefits are considerable but not exciting: mutual encouragement and succour, companionship against the blows of fate or the disastrous consequences of one's own folly and the insults of old age. (Terry 109)

In the short stories we find a few couples who have been married for some years. In the stories set at Christmas time the young girls' parents usually play a role and we get a few brief glimpses at some very contented relationships. The older characters usually know each other's mind. Thus, when in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' the young man has just proposed to her daughter, Mrs Lownd finds it hard not to show her joy:

... now that he had proved himself willing to enter the fold as a useful domestic sheep, nothing could be too good for him. ('Kirkby Cottage' p.674)

Mr. Lownd, the parson, is aware of his wife's feelings and is trying to counterbalance her behaviour:

The parson himself, seeing all this, understanding every turn in his wife's mind, and painfully anxious that no word might be spoken which would seem to entrap his guest, strove diligently to talk as if nothing was amiss.

In Trollope's writing, good wives go along with their husband's decisions. Mrs Lownd had been afraid to invite a young man to stay over Christmas, fearing him to be 'a raving wolf, who would steal away her daughter's heart, leaving nothing in return'. To her husband

...it seemed to be an absurd degree of caution that two young people should not be brought together in the same house lest one should fall in love with the other.

As the parson 'in family matters generally had his own way', Maurice is invited and, of course, the two young people fall in love.

In 'The Widow's Mite' Mr. Granger, the parson of 'Plumstock, a parish in Cheshire', has organised a soup kitchen for the starving Lancashire weavers. He has promised them the use of his wife's soup boiler once a week and a supply of coals for it. Mrs. Granger is not happy about it and she is not afraid to say so. Yet she never questions her husband's decision, but sets her own terms for the arrangement:

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Granger, upon whose active charity this loan of her own kitchen boiler made a strain that was almost too severe. But she recovered herself in half a minute. "Very well, my dear. But you won't expect any dinner on that day."

In Trollope's opinion a wife should leave the decisions to her husband, but if her heart is set on something she should go through with it. In 'Christmas at Thompson Hall' a British lady is trying to oblige her hypochondriac husband by finding him some mustard for his sore throat in a French hotel in the middle of the night. The narrator makes it clear that she has been more than devotional, enduring all her husband's whims and pampering him like a little child. Yet when she finds out that by mistake she has put a mustard plaster on a stranger's neck, having mistaken him for her husband, she decides to leave the hotel as soon as possible. She prepares a cup of cocoa for her husband to make getting up easier for him and informs him of her decision. Although he is very unwilling and makes all kinds of excuses, she stays absolutely firm and in the end he accepts it.

This pattern of a girl going through with her decision even before the wedding is also shown in 'The Widow's Mite', where a young girl wants to give up her wedding gown in order to donate the money to the starving Lancashire weavers. Although her American fiancé neither understands nor approves of her motives, he supports her because he realizes how much it means to her.

It is always important for a young woman to know her own mind and also to be able to stand up to her husband or fiancé. In 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering', Fred's young wife Mary remains loyal to him all through their trouble. They are running out of money because of Fred's literary aspirations and his unwillingness to go back to his father and start working in a company. Mary is always supportive - too supportive, even. The only time she tries to stand up to her husband a 'stern look' is enough to silence her. She fails to put her foot down when it is necessary and because of this softness she and her baby nearly starve to death.

In *Phineas Finn* Trollope portrayed a different sort of girl. Violet Effingham twice turns down Lord Chiltern because she thinks that she cannot be happy with a man who is idle and has no aim in life. She knows her own needs and is not afraid to state them. She is not prepared to sacrifice herself. Mary, on the other hand, is aware that they might starve, but she is afraid to stand up to Fred. She tells him about her anxieties 'half laughingly' and against her instincts follows his lead. In vain she tries to keep him from unnecessary expenditure. She has to fall ill from lack of food before Fred finally realises the error of his ways. A girl like Violet Effingham would never have accepted the situation for so long, but then Violet was a wealthy heiress and Mary a poor orphan

without many options in life. In her helplessness, Mary is similar to Susan in 'Susan Bell' or Marie in 'La Mère Bauche'.

Trollope's portrayal of unmarried women, if they are not raving feminists of marriage hunting 'birds of prey', is very sympathetic and accurate. I have already mentioned that Britain at that time found itself with the term 'surplus -' or 'superfluous women' already implies that women were only seen as marriage partners and that Victorian society really had no other use for them. Additionally, the growing income of the middle class made redundant the spinster-aunt helping out in the household²⁹⁵ and many women now faced a miserable life in poverty. 'The Journey to Panama' is one of the best accounts of Trollope's acute awareness of the desperate situation a poor middle-class woman without relatives in the mid-1800s would find herself in. The story was written for *Victoria Regina*, a feminist collection of poetry and prose which was published by Emily Faithfull. Denise Kohn in her article on this story claims that

Critics such as Rajiva Wijesinha, author of *The Androgynous Trollope*, and Richard Barickman, Susan MacDonald, and Myra Stark, authors of *Corrupt Relations*, have shown that his novels express a deep sympathy for women and the constraints Victorian society imposed on them. These critics find his feminist themes most evident in his *Palliser* and other later novels, which were published from the mid-1860 through 1880s. Feminist scholars, like most Trollope scholars, miss an important opportunity to study the artist at work because they ignore his 42 short stories²⁹⁶.

Miss Viner in 'The Journey' is on her way to Peru to marry 'a distant cousin', 'nearly twenty years her senior', rich and a 'hard man', as 'men become hard when dealing with money as he has done'. He has paid for her fare and her outfit and she feels that he 'has bought me, as he would a beast of burden'. Although she does not love him, she has no other options:

An option of escaping from it had then been given to her, but now there was no longer an option. He was rich, and she was penniless. He had even paid her passage-money and her outfit.

When reprimanded by her travelling companion, Mr. Forrest, for looking at her situation from a 'mundane point of view', she claims that 'a woman should, or she will always be getting into difficulty'. Miss Viner puts Mr. Forrest's romantic notion that 'a woman should never marry a man unless she loves him' into more realistic proportions, by showing him that there is no other solution for her:

²⁹⁵ Cf. Schmutzer 38

²⁹⁶ Kohn, Denise, "The Journey to Panama": one of Trollope's best "tarts" - or, why you should read "The Journey to Panama" to develop your taste for Trollope.

"—in the name of all that is good, and true, and womanly, go back to England. With your feelings, if I may judge of them by words which are spoken half in jest —" "Mr. Forrest, there is no jest." "With your feelings a poorhouse in England would be better than a palace in Peru." "An English workhouse would be better, but an English poorhouse is not open to me. You do not know what it is to have friends—no, not friends, but people belonging to you—just so near as to make your respectability a matter of interest to them, but not so near that they should care for your happiness. Emily Viner married to Mr. Gorloch in Peru is put out of the way respectably. She will cause no further trouble, but her name may be mentioned in family circles without annoyance. The fact is, Mr. Forrest, that there are people who have no business to live at all."

Trollope gives a vivid impression of Miss Viner's feeling of being trapped:

"I have five more days of self and liberty left me," said Miss Viner. "That is my life's allowance." After their arrival they learn that the old cousin has died, and 'in his will had provided for her, not liberally, seeing that he was rich, but still sufficiently'. The narrator, to whom 'her voice had become pleasant to his ears, and her eyes very bright to his sight', proposes to her, but Miss Viner is quite averse to the idea. She feels very shameful and guilty for talking about her life and her late relative and, although Mr Forrest assures her that she had 'said nothing unkind', she feels dishonest and ill at ease in his presence. She knows that he would never be able to forget how free she had been with a stranger. Thus she bids him to forget their conversations and wishes him good-bye. Trollope at the beginning of the story stated that the two characters were 'foolish' and that 'friendship and sympathy should have deeper roots', and although always advocating 'a leap in the dark', he apparently felt that a woman's feeling of shame and a man's feeling of duty did not provide a solid base for a happy marriage.

What is also very striking in the story is the patronising contempt with which Miss Viner is treated by the married passengers on board. The narrator remarks that young women who travel alone

...are generally consigned to some prudent elder, and appear as they first show themselves on the ship to belong to a party. But as often as not their real loneliness shows itself after a while. The prudent elder is not, perhaps, congenial; and by the evening of the fourth day a new friendship is created.

In Miss Viner's case the 'prudent elder' is definitely not 'congenial' and throughout the story is related to as the 'grumpy gentleman' by the narrator or Old Grumpy by Miss Viner's travelling companion, Mr Forrest. The whole 'Grumpy' family feel obliged to watch every one of Miss Viner's movements and in spite of her age- she is near thirty- treat her like a child. Mother and daughter feel morally superior to the unmarried

woman. When 'Mrs. Grumpy' sees Miss Viner walking with Mr Forrest she remarks rather unpleasantly:

"You're getting on famously, my dear," said the lady from Barbadoes [sic]. "Pretty well, thank you, ma'am," said Miss Viner. "Mr. Forrest seems to be making himself quite agreeable. I tell Amelia,"—Amelia was the young lady to whom in their joint cabin Miss Viner could not reconcile herself—"I tell Amelia that she is wrong not to receive attentions from gentlemen on board ship. If it is not carried too far," and she put great emphasis on the 'too far'—"I see no harm in it." "Nor I, either," said Miss Viner. "But then Amelia is so particular." "The best way is to take such things as they come," said Miss Viner,—perhaps meaning that such things never did come in the way of Amelia. "If a lady knows what she is about she need not fear a gentleman's attentions." "That's just what I tell Amelia; but then, my dear, she has not had so much experience as you and I. "Such being the amenities which passed between Miss Viner and the prudent lady who had her in charge, it was not wonderful that the former should feel ill at ease with her own 'party', as the family of the Grumpy Barbadian was generally considered to be by those on board.

In his novel *He Knew He Was Right*, written in 1867/8, Trollope lets the elderly spinster Dorothea Stanbury make an embittered comment about the situation of unmarried women:

"Because they're just nobodies. They are not anything particular to anybody, and so they go on living till they die....A man who is a nobody can perhaps make himself somebody or, at any rate, he can try; but a woman has no means of trying. She is a nobody and a nobody she must remain. She has her clothes and her food, but she isn't wanted anywhere. People put up with her, and that is about the best of her luck. If she were to die somebody perhaps would be sorry for her, but nobody would be worse off. She doesn't earn anything or do any good. She is just there and that's all." (*He Knew He Was Right* LI)

For a young girl spinsterhood may be a threatening prospect. In 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' Patience, after having set free her lover, settles down for a life with her old father:

In her own eyes she is a confirmed old maid; and such is my opinion also. The romance of her life was played out in that summer. She never sits now lonely on the hill-side thinking how much she might do for one whom she really loved. But with a large heart she loves many, and, with no romance, she works hard to lighten the burdens of those she loves.

Spinsters are normally shown when they are already settled in their spinsterhood. It has already been mentioned that they normally play a small role in society. Yet in Trollope's fiction there are some strong characters, who are not content with doing nothing. They take an active part in the happenings, especially if they are financially

independent. They are normally very developed characters even if they only play a small part in the story and often they serve to establish a comic subplot:

Each of these women, even if she plays a minor role, is a rich character in her own right and all enliven his novels and stories by their independence, humour, common sense, intransigence and occasionally by their opposition to progress.(PC 471)

Some of the older spinsters in his short stories, Miss Sarah Jack, in the story named after her, or Miss le Smyger in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne', lead a relatively happy life. Miss Sarah Jack, a Creole from Jamaica, is a wealthy old woman. She is not pleasant, but well respected, with a strong love for the Empire, especially for Jamaica. She is 'tall, thin, ungainly and yellow' and her voice is 'harsh'. She is also not only able to manage her own money but also 'a politician and a patriot' and thus decidedly invades into male territory, but nevertheless she is soft at heart. She likes to 'tyrannise' her nephew, but is not really angry when he refuses to 'bow to her dictation'. Like many of Trollope's spinsters Miss Sarah finds her fulfilment in match-making and in the happiness of those, who are dear to her.

In 'The Lady of Launay', the love story of Bessy and Philip is contrasted with the unhappy love story of an old spinster: 'Miss Gregory, though she was now old,... had also had her love affair'.

...how she had loved an officer and had been beloved; how there had been no money; how the officer's parents had besought her to set the officer free, so that he might marry money; how she had set the officer free, and how, in consequence, the officer had married money and was now a major-general, with a large family, a comfortable house, and the gout. "And I have always thought it was right," said the excellent spinster. "What could I have done for him? " "It couldn't be right if he loved you best," said Bessy. "Why not, my dear? He has made an excellent husband. Perhaps he didn't love me best when he stood at the altar." "I think love should be more holy." "Mine has been very holy, to me, myself. For a time I wept; but now I think I am happier than if I had never seen him. It adds something to one's life to have been loved once."

Trollope, who was always proud of his own 'full' life never approved of a life being wasted. By referring to the old lady's story as 'a little tale' and summing it up in a few lines, he made it clear that he did not consider the memory of an unhappy love story and the knowledge to have done one's duty a replacement for a fulfilled life, and neither does Bessy:

Bessy, who was of a stronger temperament, told herself that happiness such as that would not suffice for her. She wanted not only to be happy herself, but also to make him so.

2.9.2 Gentlemen and Ladies

The concept of what constitutes a gentleman or a lady was really the essence of Victorian genteel society and thus one of the core ideas in Trollope's works, apart from love and courtship. One might say that it is the base on which Trollope's fiction functions, and in his *Autobiography* he states:

How great a thing it is to be a gentleman at all parts! How we admire the man of whom so much may be said with truth! (AB XIII)

In his very informative and readable book: *The English Gentleman: the Rise and Fall of an Ideal*, Philip Mason claims that the concept had its source in Christianity:

In the 19th century, the idea of the gentleman became almost a religion. This was because Christianity, when deprived of sacramental confession, and when literally interpreted, set a standard of conduct too high for anyone but St Francis of Assisi, while the behaviour proper for a gentleman could be managed more easily. The religion of the gentleman was derivative; it was a sub-Christian cult. (Mason 232)

Although this was always a matter of interest to English readers and writers over the centuries Trollope is considered *the* 19th century novelist concerned with gentlemanly behaviour in all its varieties and the *Guardian* once called Trollope 'a chronicler of the minutiae of upper-middle-class Victorian England'²⁹⁷.

The basis of Trollope's approach to a man's actions in the social and public sphere is the meaning he attaches to the word 'gentleman'. (Terry 219)

In this he was not alone. The question of what made a gentleman or a lady not only troubled Trollope at the time, but many of his contemporaries. Thackeray in his *Book of Snobs* asks his readers:

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent-his bills to be paid-his tastes to be high and elegant-his aims in life lofty and noble? (BOS, The Royal Snob)

The same problem of definition applies to women. In Trollope's short story 'Miss Ophelia Gledd', the narrator opens with the words:

Who can say what is a lady? My intelligent and well-bred reader of either sex will at once declare that he and she know very well who is a lady. So, I hope, do I. But the present question goes further than that. What is it and whence does it come? Education does not give it, nor does intelligence, nor birth,-not even the highest.

²⁹⁷ *The Guardian* <<http://books.guardian.co.uk/books/2008/jun/11/anthonytrollope>>

The thing, which is in its presence or absence so well known and understood, may be wanting to the most polished manners, to the sweetest disposition, to the truest heart. There are thousands among us who know it at a glance, and can recognise its presence from the sound of a dozen words; but there is not one among us who can tell us what it is.

Trollope and other contemporary writers repeatedly pointed out the difficulty in pinning down a gentleman. In his novel *John Caldigate*, published in 1879, Trollope gives voice to this difficulty through the hero John:

"Of course we all know that you are a gentleman."

"I am much obliged to you; but I do not know any word that requires a definition so much as that." (Mrs. Callander and Caldigate, in *John Caldigate*, vol. 3, VII)

Trollope always stated that servants were the 'surest judges' (Glen 52) of gentility. Thus in *Can You Forgive Her?* he notes:

We all know the tone in which servants announce a gentleman when they know that the gentleman is not a gentleman (CYFH, LX)

Whereas in everyday life it was apparently possible to tell a gentleman from a pretender by his appearance, manner, gait and speech, in literature the presentation of a true gentleman was much more difficult. In *Rachel Ray*, written in 1863, Trollope attempts a definition, but more by means of defining who does not qualify as a gentleman.

He was a devout, good man; not self-indulgent; perhaps not more self-ambitious than it becomes a man to be; sincere, hard-working, sufficiently intelligent, true in most things to the instincts of his calling -- but deficient in one vital qualification for a clergyman of the Church of England; he was not a gentleman. May I not call it a necessary qualification for a clergyman of any church? He was not a gentleman. I do not mean to say that he was a thief or a liar; nor do I mean hereby to complain that he picked his teeth with his fork and misplaced his "h's". I am by no means prepared to define what I do mean -- thinking, however, that most men and most women will understand me. Nor do I speak of this deficiency in his clerical aptitudes as being injurious to him simply -- or even chiefly -- among folk who are themselves gentle; but that his efficiency for clerical purposes was marred altogether, among high and low, by his misfortune in this respect. It is not the owner of a good coat that sees and admires its beauty. It is not even they who have good coats themselves who recognise the article on the back of another. They who have not good coats themselves have the keenest eyes for the coats of their better-clad neighbours. As it is with coats, so it is with that which we call gentility. It is caught at a word, it is seen at a glance, it is appreciated unconsciously at a touch by those who have none of it themselves. It is the greatest of all aids to the doctor, the lawyer, the member of Parliament -- though in that position a man may perhaps prosper without it -- and to the statesman; but to the clergyman, it is a vital necessity. Now Mr. Prong was not a gentleman. (*Rachel Ray* VI)

Three years later, in *The Last Chronicle of Barsetshire*, Trollope laments: 'A perfect gentleman is a thing which I cannot define' (XLII). Nevertheless, his fiction constitutes an ongoing attempt to do so.

A core quality of the English gentleman is that he never understands himself as being driven by nature or circumstances, but as being self-determined. His 'behaviour is not a mechanical reaction to a cause... but a chosen response' (Letwin 58).

What distinguishes a gentleman in the way he moves about in the world is a peculiarly complex understanding—a clear sense of limits and standards which does not prevent him from either seeking to change things or accommodating to what he finds unpleasant. (Letwin 187)

This concept is partly included in Trollope's 'manliness' - one of the basic requirements for a Trollopian gentleman. Booth notes that 'manliness, indeed, is a key concept in his theory of values' (Booth 10). Thus:

...irregularities of conduct and a failure to accept one's responsibilities were alike "odious" to him because "unmanly" (Booth 10).

Trollope himself in a letter to a friend claimed that he judged

...a man by his actions with men, much more than by his declarations Godwards - When I find him to be envious, carping, spiteful, hating the successes of others, and complaining that the world has never done enough for him, I am apt to doubt whether his humility before God will atone for his want of manliness. (June 8, 1876, in *Letters II*)

Though many of Trollope's heroes err, it is always essential that they retain their 'manliness'. It is a complex quality that cannot be acquired over night:

The property of manliness in a man is a great possession, but perhaps there is none that is less understood -- which is more generally accorded where it does not exist, or more frequently disallowed where it prevails. There are not many who ever make up their minds as to what constitutes manliness, or even inquire within themselves upon the subject. ...A composure of the eye, which has been studied, a reticence as to the little things of life, a certain slowness of speech unless the occasion call for passion, an indifference to small surroundings, these -- joined, of course, with personal bravery -- are supposed to constitute manliness. ... Manliness is not compatible with affectation. ...An affected man, too, may be honest, may be generous, may be pious -- but surely he cannot be manly. ... Before the man can be manly, the gifts which make him so must be there, collected by him slowly, unconsciously, as are his bones, his flesh, and his blood. They cannot be put on like a garment for the nonce -- as may a little learning. A man cannot become faithful to his friends, unsuspicious before the world, gentle with women, loving with children, considerate to his inferiors, kindly with servants, tender-hearted with all -- and at the same time be frank, of open speech, with springing eager energies -- simply because he desires it. These things, which are the attributes of manliness, must come of training on a nature not ignoble.

(Phineas Redux LXXI)

Although Trollope in 'Miss Ophelia Gledd' claims that 'birth' does not make a gentleman or a lady- 'not even the highest', many of his characters think otherwise:

Miss Marrable thought a good deal about blood. She was one of those ladies... who within their heart of hearts conceive that money gives not title to social distinction, let the amount of money be ever so great, and its source ever so stainless. Rank was to her a thing quite assured and quite ascertained, and she had no more doubt of as to her own right to pass out of a room before the wife of a millionaire than she had of the right of the millionaire to spend his own guinea (*The Vicar of Bullhampton IX*)

The Lady of Launay, heiress of a large estate, thinks very much of her 'duties'²⁹⁸. She has one main interest in her life: 'The proper severance of classes was a religion to her':

Among the duties prescribed to herself by Mrs. Miles was none stronger than that of maintaining the family position of the Launays. She was one of those who not only think that blue blood should remain blue, but that blood not blue should be allowed no azure mixture.

After the death of a neighbour she takes his little girl into her house. The girl grows into a beautiful young woman and Mrs. Miles' son Philip falls in love with her. Mrs. Miles is appalled, feeling that

Bessy was a gentlewoman, so much had been admitted, and therefore she had been brought into the drawing-room instead of being relegated among the servants, and had thus grown up to be, oh, so dangerous! She was a gentlewoman, and fit to be a gentleman's wife, but not fit to be the wife of the heir of the Launays.

During the ensuing crisis all participants show the stuff they are made of. Bessy manages to stay loyal to both sides, thus showing she is really a gentlewoman. She is very sweet and demure, one of those girls who keeps her 'sweet soft eyes downcast occasionally, as though ashamed of their own loveliness'. She loves her 'aunt', as she calls Mrs. Miles, obeying her in everything. Yet she knows her own value and when the time comes she is not willing to give up her love for Philip, feeling that her love is 'unfortunate, not wrong':

"You say that you will obey me." "I will ; I have. I always have obeyed you."
 "Will you give up your love for Philip?" "Could I give up my love for you, if anybody told me? How can I do it ? Love comes of itself. I did not try to love him. Oh, if you could know how I tried not to love him! If somebody came and said I was not to love you, would it be possible?" "I am speaking of another love."
 "Yes; I know. One is a kind of love that is always welcome. The other comes first as a shock, and one struggles to avoid it. But when it has come, how can it be

²⁹⁸ See 'Religion'

helped ? I do love him, better than all the world." ... "Is it not natural ? How could I have helped it?" "You must have known that it was wrong." "No!"

Philip, too, is not willing to give in. When told to remember 'your honour!...your blood!..your duty!', he tells his mother that he does not think it his duty to 'betray the girl I love in order that I may increase an estate which is already large enough':

"Why should we not be married, mother ?" "I will not argue. You know as well as I do. Will you obey me?" "Not in this, mother. I could not do so without perjuring myself." "Then go you out of this house at once," ...

Although Mrs. Miles sends them both away, they do not falter. Bessy, loyal to both, promises not to see Philip any more, but refuses to give him up. Philip 'argued his case'. By not yielding to his mother's arguments, Philip shows a manliness which qualifies him as a gentleman. He stays calm, sensible and friendly, even kissing his mother, but nevertheless firm. Mrs. Miles acknowledges this manliness:

At every word he spoke he grew in her esteem. At this present crisis of her life she did not wish to think specially well of him, though he was her son, but she could not help herself. He became bigger before her than he had ever been before, and more of a man.

She feels that she will not succeed with him. Although Mrs. Miles has a strong 'desire for masterdom' and 'struggled manfully... in the performance of her duty', she gives in to her son, showing her real qualification as a lady by not exercising her power and following her heart. In this she is the very opposite of Mme Bauche in 'La Mère Bauche' who, not being a lady, crushes the will of everybody around her.

As to Bessy's fitness to be his wife there is no doubt in Philip's mind. "Do birth and rank go for nothing?" "He paused a moment, and then he answered her very seriously, standing up and looking down upon her as he did so. "For very much with me. I do not think that I could have brought myself to choose a wife, whatever might have been a woman's charms, except among ladies. I found this one to be the chosen companion and dearest friend of the finest lady I know." At this the old woman, old as she was, first blushed, and then, finding herself to be sobbing, turned her face away from him. "I came across a girl of whose antecedents I could be quite sure, of whose bringing up I knew all the particulars, as to whom I could be certain that every hour of her life had been passed among the best possible associations. I heard testimony as to her worth and her temper which I could not but believe. As to her outward belongings, I had eyes of my own to judge. Could I be wrong in asking such a one to be my wife? Can I be regarded as unhappy in having succeeded with her ? Could I be acquitted of dishonour if I were to desert her? Shall I be held to be contemptible if I am true to her?"

Bessy, too, is sure that 'though she was not Philip's equal, yet she was a lady' and that she would not disgrace him at his table, or among his friends'. It is this knowledge

which enables her to stand her ground. In 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' Captain John Broughton feels that he is taking Patience Woolsworthy out of her 'own sphere' and that 'There would be much for him to do in teaching her, and it would be well for him to set about the lesson without loss of time'. Unlike Trollope's 'good lovers', he starts thinking about the step he has taken after having proposed to her:

He had told none of his family what were his intentions in this second visit to Devonshire, and now he had to bethink himself whether they would be satisfied. What would his sister say, she who had married the Honourable Augustus Gumbleton, gold-stick-in-waiting to Her Majesty's Privy Council? Would she receive Patience with open arms, and make much of her about London? And then how far would London suit Patience, or would Patience suit London?

When the girl finds out that her lover is 'teaching her manners and conduct without her consent', she feels ill-used and being 'a hot-tempered damsel, warm in her convictions, and inclined to express them freely', she tells him so:

Yes, doing me dishonour. That your father is, in the world's esteem, a greater man than mine is doubtless true enough. That you, as a man, are richer than I am as a woman is doubtless also true. But you dishonour me, and yourself also, if these things can weigh with you now.

Unable to understand her fear of a loveless marriage with a husband who 'repents his bargain', Broughton tells her that he considers her that she is 'a little high-flown'. His businesslike and masterful attitude towards her show that marriage to him is more a bargain than a matter of the 'heart'. In this he very much resembles old Mrs. Rossiter in 'Alice Dugdale'²⁹⁹.

"It may well be, John, that such a match shall be desirable to them and to you too. If so, why should there not be a fair bargain between the two of you ? You know that you admire the girl."

Mrs. Miles exaggerated sense of duty brings her close to ruining her family. Yet, according to Trollope, a refusal to fulfill one's duty to the family may also lead to ruin. In 'The Spotted Dog', Julius Mackenzie is a man who

... had been born a gentleman, and was a finished scholar, one so well educated, so ripe in literary acquirement, that we knew few whom we could call his equal....

Then he married a woman who was not a lady because he 'was determined to take refuge from the conventional thralldom of so-called 'gentlemen' amidst the liberty of the lower orders'. Both he and his wife take to drink and in the end he commits suicide:

This was the upshot of his loud claims for liberty from his youth upwards; liberty

²⁹⁹ See 'Love and Marriage'

as against his father and family; liberty as against his college tutor; liberty as against all pastors, masters, and instructors; liberty as against the conventional thralldom of the world He was now lying a wretched corpse at the Spotted Dog, with his throat cut from ear to ear...

According to Trollope, professions for gentlemen were the Church, the law, medicine, farming, Parliament, the Civil Service. He also included engineers and people working for the PO, but not all his characters share his views³⁰⁰. Trollope sometimes enjoys introducing characters who consider civil servants like himself definitely on the other side of the 'line of demarcation'. In *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, Miss Marrable is very sure about what the only acceptable professions for gentlemen are:

She had an idea that son of a gentleman, if he intended to maintain his rank as a gentleman, should earn his income as a clergy man, or a barrister, or as a soldier, or as a sailor. Those were the professions intended for gentlemen. She would not absolutely say that a physician was not a gentleman, ... There might possibly be a doubt about the Civil Service and Civil Engineering; but she had not doubt whatever that when a man touched trade or commerce in any way he was doing that which was not the work of a gentleman. He might be very respectable, and it might be very necessary that he should do it; but brewers, and bankers, and merchants, were not gentlemen, and the world, according to Miss Marrable's theory, was going astray because people were forgetting their landmarks. (*The Vicar of Bullhampton* IX)

In the short story 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' Mr. Greenmantle, the bank manager,

...considered himself to be infinitely superior to Mr.. Peppercorn [the brewer's foreman], and to be almost, if not a together, equal to Dr. Freeborn [the Reverend]. He was much the richer man of the two, and his money was quite sufficient to outweigh a century or two of blood. ('Two Heroines' p.915)

Whereas the Reverend Dr Freeborn is equally sure that

Mr.. Greenmantle evidently was not aware of it, but Dr Freeborn and his family belonged altogether to another set. So at least Dr. Freeborn told himself. ('The Two Heroines' p. 928)

To the indignation of many of his readers Trollope sometimes was not so decisive about professions. In *Lady Anna* the lady marries Daniel Thwaite, a tailor and a gentleman. Although he sends the couple off to America, this marriage was not very well received by his readership. Nearly the same plot is used in the short story 'The Château of Prince Polignac' in which an English widow is wooed by a French tailor without knowing his profession. She, too, after some reflection on the topic, marries the tailor. Trollope defends his decision in a half joking letter to a friend, saying that a 'lady ought to marry

³⁰⁰ Cf. PC 413

a tailor-if she chanced to fall in love with such a creature' (*Letters*, II 622-3). In this he remained true to his credo that people should always follow their hearts rather than obey social rules. For the widow it was probably the last chance to have a happy and fulfilled love life.

It was only after his death that Trollope in *An Autobiography* admitted that he believed that certain positions in life could only be filled by a gentleman. True to his beliefs he states that 'the gates should be open to everyone' yet he thinks it futile to claim that 'there are no gates':

As what I now write will certainly never be read till I am dead, I may dare to say what no one now does dare to say in print,--though some of us whisper it occasionally into our friends' ears. There are places in life which can hardly be well filled except by "Gentlemen." The word is one the use of which almost subjects one to ignominy. If I say that a judge should be a gentleman, or a bishop, I am met with a scornful allusion to "Nature's Gentlemen." Were I to make such an assertion with reference to the House of Commons, nothing that I ever said again would receive the slightest attention. A man in public life could not do himself a greater injury than by saying in public that the commissions in the army or navy, or berths in the Civil Service, should be given exclusively to gentlemen. He would be defied to define the term,--and would fail should he attempt to do so. But he would know what he meant, and so very probably would they who defied him. It may be that the son of a butcher of the village shall become as well fitted for employments requiring gentle culture as the son of the parson. Such is often the case. When such is the case, no one has been more prone to give the butcher's son all the welcome he has merited than I myself; but the chances are greatly in favour of the parson's son. The gates of the one class should be open to the other; but neither to the one class nor to the other can good be done by declaring that there are no gates, no barrier, no difference. (AB III)

Religion was also an important aspect. Clergymen were supposed to be gentlemen. Archdeacon Grantly in *Barchester Towers* is appalled when he finds out that the bishop's chaplain, Mr. Slope, is not a gentleman - there was a strong feeling that sacred things should only be handled by a gentleman. Trollope was a High Church man: what he liked about it was the generosity. The pettiness and bigotry of the Low Church and Evangelists were odious to him³⁰¹ and just not compatible with his idea of a gentleman. Thus Low Church characters in Trollope's fiction are rarely gentlemen and often hypocrites³⁰².

A certain manliness³⁰³ and generosity in his behaviour towards others are always an essential feature of a gentleman. In 'Christmas at Thompson Hall' both male characters are shown to be deficient in these qualities. During her stay at a French hotel Mrs.

³⁰¹ See 'Religion'

³⁰² See 'Religion'

³⁰³ See 'Love and Marriage'

Brown accidentally goes into a stranger's room puts a mustard plaster on the sleeping man's neck. Realising her mistake, she flees and leaves him to wake up with a red neck the following morning. The offended Mr. Jones demands an explanation, thus letting the whole hotel know what has happened and deeply embarrassing Mrs. Brown. Although later in the story we get to know that Jones is a 'gentleman of good family and ample means', his sufferings, his laments 'almost in tears', and the grudge he bears against Mrs. Brown do not make him appear as very manly. Mr. Brown expresses the reader's feelings when he claims that 'a gentleman takes an apology when it's offered'. The irony lies in the fact that it was Mr. Brown's unmanly hypochondria and his insistence that his wife should wander through the hotel in her night gown and fetch him some mustard which caused all this trouble in the first place.

The obvious qualities of a gentleman, like generosity or honesty, also showed themselves in behaviour towards women. Mason notes that 'his heroes are faithful; indeed, fidelity is one of the first qualities of a gentleman' (Mason 137). By jilting a girl he had pledged himself to, a man could ruin her life, especially if the girl had returned his love. Yet even 'a young man who is constant at heart' (Mason 137) may look around and flirt as long as he did not get the girl seriously involved. In his novel *Framley Parsonage*, old Lady Lufton when reflecting upon her son's marriage options feels that "Young men are such absolute moths!" and, as if to acknowledge his mother's beliefs, Lord Lufton dances and flirts with the girl she wants him to marry. Yet he never gives up his true love, his little brown Trollopian girl. It is Trollope's belief that once a man has declared himself, he has to stick with his decision: 'all the best moths are faithful at heart' (Mason 137), or as Letwin put it 'gentlemen may not behave like alley cats' (Letwin 161). Whereas John Rossiter in 'Alice Dugdale', who was also daydreaming about marrying an aristocratic girl, in the end chooses the country girl, John Broughton in 'The Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne' marries the heiress. Although well born, John is also not a real gentleman, a fact the reader suspects when at the beginning of the story he learns that 'there had been some talk of his marrying a great heiress, which marriage, however had not taken place through unwillingness on his part'. Having already jilted a lady once, and now rushing again into a relationship without thinking of the girl's happiness or reputation, shows clearly that he is not a gentleman.

If a man, like Adolphus Crosbie in *Can You Forgive Her?*, is not true to his vows, 'he forfeits the right to be called a gentleman' (Mason 137) and in Trollope's universe is

made to suffer for it. Thus the uncle of the jilted girl when meeting Crosbie decides to 'treat him as a rat', because by ruining the girl's life he has 'degraded himself to the vermin rank of humanity'. In *Phineas Finn*, the hero, although easily attracted to other women, finally marries the country girl to whom he has pledged himself and only after her death comes back into town to marry a more sophisticated woman and pursue his career. Mason states that 'in the 1840s the ghost of courtly love still walked' (Mason 114), but in Trollope's fiction it walked much longer.

2.9.3 Religion

In Trollope's time the struggle within the Church of England between what was called High Church and Low Church was severe. High Church - not to be mixed up with the Oxford Movement of Pursey, sometimes called High Church Movement, - was the fraction associated with the landed gentry. They adhered to formal services, the liturgy and the sacraments, whereas Low Church tends, especially in Anglican worship, 'to minimize emphasis on the priesthood, sacraments, and ceremonial in worship and often to emphasize evangelical principles'.³⁰⁴

Trollope was a confirmed High Church man, a fact founded in his family history. Both his grandfathers were clergymen and his parents were not only practising Christians but also deeply interested in ecclesiastical topics. To Trollope the High Church meant 'tolerance, reserve, and courtesy' (ORC 95). He disliked the fundamentalism of Anglican Evangelicals, their picture of life as a 'vale of tears' from which only excessive worship and the denial of all pleasure could save the soul. To Trollope's especial distaste this included the renouncement of fiction - especially novels. Trollope combined a 'manly and straightforward acceptance of orthodox Christianity' 'with a Victorian Liberal's understanding' (PC433) and his usual common sense. He believed that religion should be a 'comfort' to people in life and keep them from doing wrong. His God is a forgiving God and thus differs greatly from that of the Low Church. Trollope's disdain may be seen throughout his fiction. Mullen notes that 'Evangelicals seldom come off well in his fiction' and that 'Trollope's detestation of Anglican Evangelicals was one of his most consistent themes' (PC 159). The word

³⁰⁴ "Low Church." Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary. 2008. Merriam-Webster Online. 27 Juli 2008, <<http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/Low Church>>

Evangelicalism 'stresses the importance of personal conversion and faith as the means of salvation'³⁰⁵. *The New Oxford English Dictionary* defines Evangelicalism as

A tradition within Protestant Christianity emphasizing the authority of the Bible, personal conversion, and the doctrine of salvation by faith in the Attonement.³⁰⁶

The constant appearance of evangelical characters in his novels reflects their growing number and influence during the 50s and 60s. Trollope's dislike was possibly based on an old story which happened during his childhood in Harrow. In 1822 the Evangelical vicar of Harrow refused to bury Lord Byron's illegitimate daughter, Allegra. Fanny Trollope and her friends were outraged. She wrote a satirical poem about the incident called 'Lines Written on the Burial of the Daughter of a Celebrated Author' imitating the 'style and metre of Byron's *Don Juan*' (Glen 19)³⁰⁷. Years later Fanny wrote in her novel *The Vicar of Wexhill* about an Evangelist vicar. Her profound dislike of Evangelicalism and Low Church remained for a lifetime and Trollope admitted that he had probably taken over 'some of my good mother's antipathies for a certain clerical school' (PC159). His dislike was social as well as religious. To him Evangelicalism was just not compatible with his idea of a gentleman. Low Church characters in Trollope's fiction are rarely gentlemen and often hypocrites. The women are either manipulated or tyrannical and the clergymen are 'oleaginous, hypocritical, greedy and not gentlemen' (PC 160).

Mrs. Miles in 'The Lady of Launay' has a strong principle that she should not 'indulge' in any pleasures.

Many delights had tempted her. She would fain have travelled, so as to see the loveliness of the world ; but she had always remained at home. She could have enjoyed the society of intelligent sojourners in capitals; but she had confined herself to that of her country neighbours. In early youth she had felt herself to be influenced by a taste for dress; she had consequently compelled herself to use raiment of extreme simplicity. She would buy no pictures, no gems, no china, because when young she found that she liked such things too well. She would not leave the parish church to hear a good sermon elsewhere, because even a sermon might be a snare.

She takes this conviction so far that when adopting one of two girls, she takes the plainer one.

³⁰⁵ evangelicalism. Dictionary.com. *WordNet® 3.0*. Princeton University.

<<http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/evangelicalism> (accessed: August 12, 2008).>

³⁰⁶ *The New Oxford Dictionary of English*, Oxford, OUP 1998

³⁰⁷ Trollope disliked Byron and in his fiction a liking of the latter's poetry always indicates either a weak or an overtly romantic character.

Trollope's own version of his mother's vicar was the Reverend Obadiah Slope in *Barchester Towers*. Although he appeared only in one of his novels he is one of Trollope's best known figures. Together with the equally well known Mrs. Proudie and her weak husband, the Bishop, he forms the Low Church party. In his fiction Trollope ridiculed the Evangelicals' attempts to force their belief on other people, their anti-Catholicism, their disregard of the sacraments and their love of sermons. This is also true for those of his characters who are Dissenters. In 'The Courtship of Susan Bell', set in America, Susan's sister and her husband are Dissenters, and Trollope, clearly showed his dislike for their hypocritical attitude. The Baptist Minister, Mr. Phineas Beckard, and Susan's sister, Hetta, go 'off to Utica, just man- and-wife like!' - as the servant claims. Yet when they come back, they decide that Susan may not consider herself engaged to Aaron Dunn until he has found a permanent position and there is a debate whether Susan may even say good-bye to her lover:

Hetta thought she had better not. Mrs. Bell thought she might. Phineas decided that they might shake hands, but only in full conclave. There was to be no lovers' fare well.

Dissenters was a collective name for all those protestant groups 'dissenting' from the Church of England: Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and others. Trollope in his fiction showed a fine understanding of the different groups, for instance when in *The Vicar of Bullhampton* he describes a character as a Primitive Methodist, 'the most rural and uneducated among Methodists'(PC 124). This knowledge probably stemmed from his extensive travels through England's rural parts. In spite of his dislike for dissenters, Trollope treated them with much more fairness than some of his contemporary writers, like Dickens or Thackeray³⁰⁸. This may have been because two of the people influencing his life were originally dissenters: Charles Mudie, the Scottish founder of the famous lending library, and thus the main buyer of Trollope's novels was a Congregationalist, and Trollope's wife, Rose, had been a Unitarian before her marriage³⁰⁹.

Dissenters were simply not part of the society that Trollope moved in, as they drew their main support from the 'urbanized lower middle class' (PC 124). Nevertheless, he was aware of their increasing influence in English society. When travelling in America and Australia, where there was no 'established' church, he saw that Baptists and Methodists

³⁰⁸ Cf. PC 123

³⁰⁹ See biographical part

had founded their own universities and were no longer outside the mainstream culture³¹⁰.

Religious hypocrisy was not restricted to Dissenters though. We find a much more severe attack on it in 'La Mère Bauche', where Madame is lying on her knees praying to the Holy Virgin, praying for forgiveness for her hardness towards the orphan in her charge³¹¹:

... she prayed to be forgiven for the cruelty which she felt that she had shown to the orphan. But in making this prayer, with her favourite crucifix in her hand and the little image of the Virgin before her, she pleaded her duty to her son. Was it not right, she asked the Virgin, that she should save her son from a bad marriage? And then she promised ever so much of recompense, both to the Virgin and to Marie; a new trousseau for each, with candles to the Virgin, with a gold watch and chain for Marie, as soon as she should be Marie Campan. She had been cruel; she acknowledged it. But at such a crisis was it not defensible? And then the recompense should be so full!

On the other hand, the Catholic priest, Father Giles, in the story named after him, shows that he is a real gentleman by generously forgiving his offender, after having been thrown down the stairs.

I have already mentioned that one of the things Trollope disapproved of was the Dissenters' and the Low Church followers' love of sermons. In 'The Courtship of Susan Bell' Trollope refers to the 'lengthened eloquence' of Mr. Beckard, the Baptist minister, who 'spoke out, very wisely no doubt, but perhaps a little too much at length'. Aaron Dunn, on the other hand, is presented by the approving narrator as the down-to-earth practical engineer:

I cannot say that Aaron listened with much attention, but he understood perfectly what the upshot of it was. Many a man understands the purport of many a sermon without listening to one word in ten.

Trollope, unlike many of his Victorian contemporaries, thought that a sermon should never exceed fifteen minutes³¹², and in his short story 'The Widow's Mite' he refers to the dangers of having a pulpit to preach from and nobody to contradict. In 'Not If I Know It', however, he describes the good that can be done by a sermon. There the vicar's short and effective Christmas sermon leads two brothers-in-law to forgiving each other. One of them realises the influence the old parson's sermon has had on him:

"...that Burnaby is a right good fellow, and awfully clever. There isn't a man or woman in the parish that he doesn't know how to get to the inside of." "And he

³¹⁰ Cf. PC 124-5

³¹¹ See 'Love an Marriage' and 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

³¹² 'Not If I Know It'

knows what to do when he gets there," said Mrs. Horton ('Not If I Know It' p. 958)

In his fiction as well as in his *Autobiography* he often compared novels to sermons, and his novels are full of little sermons addressing his young readers.

Another thing Trollope despised was Sabbaticalism, the strict Sunday observance. Although in later years a regular churchgoer, he thought that the Sunday was not only for worship but for pleasure and 'comfort'. Obadiah Slope is described as a man who never 'polluted his mouth' with the word Sunday but always spoke of it as 'the Sabbath' (PC441). Sabbatarianism built on the Lord's Day Observance Act in 1781. The Sabbatarians went as far as demanding the abolition of Sunday trains and Sunday postal delivery - a personal insult to Trollope. In 1850 the Sunday delivery was made optional and, as a reaction, Trollope in one of his novels described how a character nearly dies without seeing his sister again because an Evangelicalist priest has forbidden Sunday delivery. In *Phineas Finn* Lady Laura Kennedy suffers in her loveless marriage to a Scottish Sabbatarian, who makes her life a misery with his kill-joy attitude.

Although Trollope constantly wrote about clergymen and 'things ecclesiastical', he hardly ever wrote about religious beliefs, which he considered to be private. The characters in his novels normally pray, unless they are defined agnostics. It is not until the 1870s that respectable characters who do not attend church start appearing in his novels. In this he was portraying a tendency in English society, but he did not like it³¹³. Religion was to Trollope what kept people from doing wrong and a 'comfort' in bad times. Although Anglican, he was not anti-Catholic. This was probably due to his time in Ireland, the friends he made there³¹⁴ and his own High Church views. His first novel *The Macdermonts of Ballycloran* was about a Catholic family and the hero was a Catholic priest. In his book *North America*, Trollope noted 'I sometimes fancy that I would fain be a Catholic, - if I could' (PC 68). The Catholic clergymen in his fiction are often sophisticated and cultivated, having been educated in Italy and France³¹⁵. Cardinal Newman, the most famous Catholic convert of Trollope's time, once wrote to Trollope to tell him how much he admired his novels. Trollope was truly delighted³¹⁶.

³¹³ Cf. PC 406, 435

³¹⁴ Like Charles Bianconi, see biographical part.

³¹⁵ Cf. Glen 479

³¹⁶ Cf. PC 348

2.9.4 War

War normally 'plays a small role' (PC 525) in Trollope's fiction. Trollope had no great interest in war as such, what interested him was the political as well as the human side of it. *La Vendée*, his third novel written in 1848-9 and set in France during the uprising of the royalists in 1793, was the only novel dealing with war, and it failed miserably. Trollope also wrote four short stories with war as a background. 'The Two Generals' and 'The Widow's Mite' are set during the American Civil War - the only war Trollope ever witnessed. Italy's struggle to free itself of the Austrian occupation and become united provided the background for the story 'The Last Austrian who left Venice'. The story 'Relics of General Chassé, a Tale of Antwerp' deals to some extent with the Belgian efforts to shake off the Dutch in the 1830s. It is really a story with 'essentially Victorian' humour in which 'a dignitary of the Church loses his trousers' (PC 433).

What made 'The Two Generals' interesting to Trollope's readers were the authentic details of the battles and the names of the participants. As Trollope had visited 'the lines', he had enormous credibility. The war had been raging on for some years and people probably started losing interest. Trollope stories managed to lift the fates of individuals above anonymity. He gave them a name and a fate and thus gave war a face again. Trollope was pro-Lincoln and 'believed in the great history of Democratic institutions' (Mullen 407), but he had no intention of glorifying the war. He spent four days in a Federal camp in and he thoroughly disliked it. He filled the story with details and names of battles and evoked pictures of riverbanks 'bathed in blood':

Never have the sides of any stream been so bathed in blood as have the shores of those Virginian rivers whose names have lately become familiar to us.

The unification of Italy also was a popular subject in Britain. The picture 'The Last Austrian who left Venice' gives of Austria as an occupying power is an interesting feature of the story, at least to today's Austrian readers. Trollope had visited his mother and brother in Italy seven times between 1855 and 1866 and stayed in Venice during the summer of 1855. He was quite familiar with the situation and the atmosphere there, yet little of it may be felt in the story. This is probably due to the fact that the Trollopes at the Villino Trollope formed more or less the centre of the English community there. Thus Anthony, not really able to speak Italian, probably saw more of the English than of the Italians. Tom Trollope, Anthony's brother, was a 'firm supporter of the Italian unification movement' (PC 240) and so were his first wife, Theodosia, and most of the British public.

Anthony always remained fond of Italy. He wrote three short stories with an Italian setting: 'The Last Austrian Who left Venice', 'The Man Who Kept His Money in a Box', describing a Victorian family travelling through the Alps to Lake Como, and 'Mrs. General Talboy', a story about a quixotic English matron.

The main issues of the war stories are loyalty and choice. What do you do when your family is involved in both sides of a conflict, or your heart belongs to an 'enemy'? The characters in the two stories struggle to find a solution to these problems and manage to stay true to their 'hearts' without compromising their moral standards at the same time.

In 'The Last Austrian Who left Venice', Trollope gives a very detailed picture of the situation of Venetian life. Venice is still part of the Austrian Empire. The narrator states that there is a two-class system: occupants and occupiers do not mix. 'The Venetians hate the Austrian soldiers who hold the city in their thralldom'. The officers do not speak Italian. The army consists of 'Croats, Hungarians, and Bohemians' so that there is practically no intercourse. 'They were masters, daily visibleand as masters they were separate as the gaoler is separate from his prisoner'. It has come to a point where there is an 'intense hatred in a city so ruled'. In May the hatred reaches 'its boiling point.' Victor Emanuel has become king and Garibaldi has freed Naples. To keep the Venetians from joining Garibaldi's forces, the Austrians have given the order that they are not allowed to leave Venice. These repressive measures led to an even stronger hatred among the population of Venice.

A young Austrian officer, Hubert van Vincke, is the exception to the rule. He has learned the language and is trying to understand the culture and ways of the country. He has found his way into Italian society and has become friends with Carlo Pepé, a young Italian advocate. In spite of their friendship, their political views are quite controversial: Carlo is an ardent nationalist, whereas Hubert thinks that Austria 'ought to hold her own'. Carlo believes that Italy and Prussia are going to form an alliance and go to war against Austria. He tells his friend that 'in three month' he 'will be out of Venice'.

Nevertheless, Hubert is asked to Carlo's house. Carlo's mother and his sister Nina are at first not exactly delighted to meet him. Until then they had never had any contact with Austrians. One of Trollope's favourite metaphors, the sheep and the wolf, normally used to describe young girls and potentially dangerous young men, is here used to describe the relationship between the enemies. The women feel that 'it is not convenient that the sheep and the wolves should drink from at same stream'. But they became friendly and the course of time Hubert proposes to Nina and she accepts him. Then Hubert asks

Carlo for his sister's hand and Carlo refuses as he thinks him 'politically and nationally 'unfit to be her husband. A nasty scene between Carlo and his mother and sister follows. Although Carlo does not tell them this, he is planning to join the Garibaldi forces. He feels that as he is going to fight the Austrians he cannot wholeheartedly do so with one staying in his own house. Nina tells him that if he feels that way, he should not have brought Hubert to the house 'unless he was prepared to regard such a thing possible'. She promises not to meet Hubert van Vincke until Venice is freed, but she insists on telling him personally. They meet alone and she tells him that she 'cannot marry an enemy of Italy 'but the moment Venice is free she would come and look for him. Nina is compared to Venice and a fortress throughout the story. Hubert can only have one or the other. He can only gain his love by losing his political course:

"I can be nothing, I shall be nothing, unless I am your wife. Think how I must long for that which you say is so impossible. I do long for it; I shall long for it Oh, Hubert ! go and lose your cause : let our men have their Venice. Then come to me, and your country shall be my country, and your people my people."

There was one thing that Trollope disliked more than anything else: an extreme conviction which disregards human nature. Sternness, inflexibility and a lack of 'heart' are often a reason for failure in Trollope's universe. Hubert, although a good soldier, ranks the matters of his heart above his country:

"I wish it were," he said; "but it will never be so. You may make me a traitor in heart, but that will not drive out fifty thousand troops from the fortresses."

When the Austrians are forced to leave Venice, Hubert shows that there are no hard feelings and that he is utterly happy with 'what he has won':

"Mother," she said, "... I will be Austrian now. I told him that he could not have both. If he kept his Venice, he could not have me; but as he has lost his province, he shall have his wife entirely." "See how he regrets it," said Nina ; "what he has lost, and what he has won, will, together, break his heart for him." "Nina," he said, "I learned this morning in the city, that I shall be the last Austrian soldier to leave Venice, and I hold that of all who have entered it, and all who have left it, I am the most successful and the most triumphant."

Nina always makes it clear that, although 'I can be nothing, I shall be nothing, unless I am your wife', there are certain things she will not do for love:

"And will you be Austrian?" her brother asked. "Not if I must be an enemy of Italy," Nina said. "If an Austrian may be a friend to Italy, then I will be an Austrian. I wish to be Hubert's wife. Of course I shall be an Austrian if he is my husband."

In 'The two Generals', which is set in America, Ada is in love with a Southern slave-owner called Tom. Tom, the elder of two brothers, is 'a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man', who has 'learned to vindicate, if not love' the social system. He has taken over the estate together with the slaves and has become 'a Southern gentleman' to whom 'the matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import':

He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by slaves.

The narrator notes that with the slaves 'Master Tom had always been the favourite'.

Being from the North, Ada does not approve of slavery:

So it was now, that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother, of Tom Reckenthorpe, with his home among the slaves, although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts.

Here the narrator claims that these things do not make a difference in love: 'But when has love stayed to be guided by any such consideration as that?' But Ada is not totally untrue to her convictions. She is sure that the South will secede and that 'in a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky'. Thus it does not matter to her that Tom is a slave-owner. Although Ada is also courted by Tom's Unitarian brother Frank, who was educated at a military school at Westpoint and has become an officer in the National Army, and his political convictions are much closer to her own, Ada cannot bring herself to love this politically correct, but somewhat fanatical man:

Tom Reckenthorpe was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorpe could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft.

On the contrary, he is 'as hard as iron'. Tom has a hot temper and when it comes to an argument between the brothers, Tom declares that an enemy of Kentucky can be 'no brother of mine' and that if he met him in battle, he would 'as soon shoot him as another'. Yet afterwards, when asked by Ada if he meant what said to his brother, he answers:

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words, but I do not think that you have seen me do many angry things." "Never one, Tom,-never...."

When the two brothers meet on a battlefield, Frank is unarmed and Tom does not shoot him. Indeed he has 'forgotten that threat as soon as it had been uttered'. Yet in his perplexity about meeting his brother he misses his chance to escape and gets shot in the leg. Although Frank is stern in political beliefs, he is far from being 'frank' in his

personal affairs. He knows that his brother and Ada are engaged, nevertheless he goes to her behind his brother's back and tries to convince her that she cannot be happy with his brother, claiming that 'the whole tenor of Tom's life' must be 'distasteful to her'. When Tom is in prison and his leg has been amputated Frank comes to see him and to talk about Ada again:

"What will Ada do?" said Frank. "What will Ada do ? Stay at home with my mother." "Ay, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster." "Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall." "And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

Tom is sure that Ada's feelings for him are as strong as his own feelings for her:

"If I found her seamed all over with small-pox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her."

The question whether an injury will make a difference to the girl's feelings also seems to be on Hubert von Vincken's mind. Hubert has been 'terribly mauled;...his left arm had been amputated...It seemed as though wounds had been showered on him'. All the time that Nina is in hospital nursing him, he does not dare to speak to her as her lover, failing to understand 'that she had come as a wife goes to a husband'. Nina is about to leave when he finally plucks up his courage and asks her 'if my own fortress, the stronghold that I thought I had made altogether mine, is that, too, lost for ever to the poor German?'. Nina, of course, tells him that to him 'Venice is won'. Both girls are true and constant and happily take their lovers back. When Tom comes home, 'There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them'.

It is interesting though that in both stories Trollope felt obliged to comment on the girls' behaviour. Nina claims that going to Verona to 'find the man I loved' was an 'unmaidenly purpose', and Ada is apparently trying to make Tom forget his anxiety about his leg by her 'bold' behaviour:

General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Forster.

The reason for this may be that both stories appeared in *Good Words*, an 'avowedly Christian newspaper' (Glen333), which had turned down Trollope's novel *Rachel Ray* a few years earlier.

2.9.5 Working Girls

The working classes usually play no role at all in Trollope's fiction and even servants rarely occur. Although he exposed the vanity and social pretence of the upper-class - unlike the 'straight' silver fork writers - it is this class that remained his primary interest³¹⁷.

Additionally, Trollope had very little interest in urban society; he was more at home with the rural population, especially if they were poor. In *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* Trollope claimed that 'Poverty, to be picturesque, should be rural. Suburban misery is as hideous as it is pitiable'³¹⁸. In the novel *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, two of the main characters are a miller and his daughter, and Trollope showed that he could handle working class characters throughout the length of a novel³¹⁹; but still such characters figure more often in the short stories than in the novels. The short story 'The Telegraph Girl' probably stemmed more from Trollope's interest in the Post Office than his interest in the working classes.

The three very different girls in this chapter of this paper are all orphans and have to work for their living, sometimes under very difficult circumstances. Mally Trenglos in 'Malachi's Cove' has a very physically demanding job, gathering seaweed from the waves with a long pole. She does not only support herself but also her old grandfather. 'The Telegraph Girl', Lucy Wilson, also has a difficult job having to sit for long hours in the office. Her friend, Sophy, is physically and mentally unable to bear the strain and has to be sent to the seaside by the PO. During her illness she is supported by her loyal friend, who suffers great hardship on her account. 'Lotta Schmidt', in the story bearing her name, is a shop-assistant in a glove shop in Vienna. Her work seems comparatively easy, and in the evening she still finds the energy to go out dancing. Although all three girls lead very different lives, they all show a new type of young woman who has to look after herself and make her own way in the world - at least until she finds a husband. Eleanor Harding, Septimus Harding's daughter in *The Warden*, is really the 'first of a long list' (PC 209) of English independent girls in Trollope's fiction, as she managed her own fortune before and after her marriage and married twice³²⁰. But she is, of course, middle class, reasonably wealthy, and does not have to earn a living like the three girls dealt with in this chapter.

³¹⁷ Cf. PC 489

³¹⁸ *The Macdermots*, vol. 3, ch. IX

³¹⁹ Cf. PC 548

³²⁰ Cf. PC 209

The three stories show very nicely the changing position of young women in society. 'Malachi's Cove' was written in 1864 and the heroine, Mally Trenglos, works to keep her grandfather and herself from starving. Although people appreciate what she does for the old man, Mally leads an isolated life 'so far away from all her sex'. The independence of girls like Lotta Schmidt, also written in the 1860s, is still something 'outlandish' and the narrator claims that if he would tell the same story about a London girl he would be talking about 'women as to whom it would be better that I should be silent'.

During the 1850s society changed and, due to emigration to the colonies and the Crimean War, Britain found itself with a surplus of over half a million women³²¹. Whereas at the beginning of the century 'earning money, for a girl or woman, meant loss of caste' (Gorham 8), as the increasing number of poor women during the century also became a burden to the nation, the idea that women had to be educated in order to earn their own bread, became more and more acceptable. These changes, which have their origin in the 1850s, but which became visible in the 1860s in 'a new definition of the purpose of middle-class girls' (Gorham 24), led to the establishment of a new type of English middle-class girls' school in the 1870s³²². These new schools, which were not only intended for 'a brief phase in a girl's life' (Gorham 26) but for her whole childhood, offered an appropriate education and were also run by a different kind of staff:

Whereas the governess had been untrained, her sole qualification being that of a 'distressed gentlewoman', the late nineteenth-century schoolmistress in one of the new girl's schools sometimes had both a university education and teacher training....she represented a new type: she was a genuine professional woman. (Gorham 28-9)

Schools and colleges for girls were opened that had the same curricula as for male students and in the 1880s the first women in London took their degrees (Schmutzer 39).

But by the end of the century...in increasing numbers, middle-class daughters were receiving an education that prepared them for paid work, and were spending several years before marriage working in the 'public sphere'. (Gorham 31)

This was a social development Trollope that paid his tribute to in the story 'The Telegraph Girl', which was written ten years later, and shows that young women trying to earn their living were not that uncommon any more. Trollope in his essay 'Young Women at the London Telegraph Office' (*Good Words* June 1877) claimed that he was

³²¹ Lerner in Schmutzer 38

³²² Cf. Gorham 25

very pleased about the 'success of this branch of female employment' (*Letters* 706) and also impressed by the girls and the 'excellence of their conduct'

True to his doctrine of preaching 'sermons' in his fiction, he wrote 'The Telegraph Girl' trying to show not only new possibilities for girls but also the hardships and temptations which may await them and how to get through them safely. He also stuck to his creed that marriage is the 'best career' for a woman and let the old ways prevail in the end. The story was not only written for the Christian newspaper, *Good Words*, but for *Good Cheer*, the Christmas issue of this paper (December 1877). It shows how Trollope often reverted to very traditional values in his Christmas stories, although some allowances must be made for the conservative readership of this paper. Nevertheless, it also reflects Trollope's own opinion. He may have been 'gratified' about the new possibilities for young women but he did not believe them to be a real alternative to a husband and children.

Although Lucy 'stood upon her legs, or walked upon them, as though she understood that they had been given to her for real use' and is proud to work for the Crown and to be 'lady of herself', she is aware of the hardships and is secretly dreaming of becoming Mrs Hall:

But to be loved by such a man as Abraham Hall, to be chosen by him as his companion, to be removed from the hard, outside, unwomanly work of the world to do the indoor occupations which a husband would require from her-how much better a life according to her real tastes would that be than anything which she now saw before her! It was all very well to be brown and strong while the exigencies of her position were those which now surrounded her; but she could not keep herself from dreaming of something which would have been much better than that.

Yet she never lets her hopes interfere with her conduct. She despised her friend Sophie's attitude of 'setting her cap at him and resolving to make prey of him as a fowler does of a bird'. Sophy not only tries to make herself attractive for Hall, but she deliberately waits for him in the street in order to talk to him and even gets him to call her by her first name. Sophy hates the work at the PO and she is set on finding a husband. She has convinced herself that she is in love with Hall because he is a better catch than Alec Murray, but she is fickle and her emotions are shallow. Women like her never come out well in Trollope's fiction. Sophy is but a mild example of the plotting and scheming young women in some of the novels³²³ but even in the portrayal of this type of woman there is a noticeable change. With Sophy, Trollope shows that young unmarried girls

³²³ See 'Gentlemen and Ladies'

may even go to a dancing hall with a young man and still end up happily married – to a different man.

2.9.6 Traveling

Trollope all his life was an ardent traveller. The *Penguin Companion* claims that Trollope 'was probably the most travelled writer of the nineteenth century' (PC 498). He wrote five travel books and a series of eight essays, the *Travelling Sketches*, in which he characterised different types of English travellers. He travelled round the world twice on postal missions, as well as on his own account. In the beginning his work as a surveyor enabled him to get to know Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England thoroughly, a knowledge which gave his fiction a unique richness in details:

For Trollope the novelist these postal travels were of crucial importance. He gained a vast knowledge of the 'domestic manners'-of dress, dialect, countryside, buildings, food and customs of his country which no other writer of his time, perhaps of any time could rival. (Mullen 241)

Trollope was sent round the world by the Post Office, negotiating treaties for postal deliveries in the colonies. In January 1858 he was sent on a three-month journey to Egypt, the Holy Land, Malta, Gibraltar and Spain 'to negotiate the use of Egyptian railroads, instead of camels, for British mail bound for India and Australia' (Glen 235). The trip provided him with material for many of the travelling stories which he was to write a few years later. 'George Walker at Suez', 'An Unprotected Female at The Pyramids', 'A Ride Across Palestine' and 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir' all draw on experiences and sometimes autobiographic scenes from this journey. In November 1858 Trollope sailed for the West Indies, his second postal mission requiring that he should 'cleanse the Augean stables' (AB VII) of the services in the area. From this trip came his first travel book *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, which Trollope thought to be 'the best book that has come from my pen' (AB VII), and which finally got him the readers' recognition as a serious writer. The trip also provided him with material for several short stories such 'The Journey to Panama', 'Returning Home', 'Aaron Trow' and 'Miss Sarah Jack of Spanish Town, Jamaica', in which he called the West Indian sugar colonies 'the gems of the British colonial system the 18th century'.

Trollope quite proudly remarked that he never did any research for *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* - nor did he consider it necessary:

The fact memorable to me now is that I never made a single note while writing or

preparing it. Preparation, indeed, there was none. The descriptions and opinions came hot on to the paper from their causes. I will not say that this is the best way of writing a book intended to give accurate information. But it is the best way of producing to the eye of the reader, and to his ear, that which the eye of the writer has seen and his ear heard... I have written very much as I have, travelled about; and though I have been very inaccurate, I have always written the exact truth as I saw it;--and I have, I think, drawn my pictures correctly. (AB VII)

Not all his journeys were taken on account of business. As Trollope's mother and brother were living in Florence, Anthony and Rose went to Italy to visit them ten times between 1853-1881³²⁴. Anthony found his duties as a paterfamilias on these trips rather troublesome, and in the first of his *Travelling Sketches* described the sufferings of fathers who have to carry parcels all the time and 'pay for all' (PC 534).

The description of sufferings of English travellers in foreign countries, their longing to find something familiar and reassuring in all this exotic surrounding and the fact that nothing on earth is so interesting any more once you are there, provides much of the fun in Trollope's travelling stories.

The traveller (and here it is the English traveller) had a special appeal for Trollope as a writer because he saw the traveller as prey to the most comic of ironies (B. Breyer, Introduction to *Tourists and Colonials*, XII)

When we watch a young man trying to propose to his beloved on top of the Great Pyramid and at the same time trying to fence of a crowd of Egyptian vendors or we see two young Englishmen ripping off a button of a Spanish nobleman we cannot help laughing. Yet in spite of Trollope's extensive travels his foreign characters are often not very 'foreign' at all:

Foreigners...are not very frequent in Trollope's fiction³²⁵. The exception are those who appear in those novels and numerous stories set in Europe, in which they behave in their own countries in much the same way as his British characters. (PC 177)

It is true that the young couples are often very much the same as in the English settings. The girls are sometimes a little more outspoken or flirtatious but mostly their courtship is not much different from that of the couples in England.

Yet not all of the travelling stories contain a love plot - 'George Walker at Suez' does not even have a female character, to my knowledge a singular event in Trollope's fiction.

Trollope's short stories were also full of hard facts which he considered useful to other travellers. For example, he informed his readers about the dangers of giving

³²⁴ Cf. PC 498

³²⁵ They are very frequent in the short stories.

‘backsheish’ to Arab beggars, and about the necessity of paying for the ‘protection of Bedouins’, all very much in line with his desire to ‘teach’ his readership useful lessons in life.

Perhaps with a similar intention, in ‘The Journey to Panama’ Trollope gives a detailed account of the social mores that are acceptable within the small community travelling on a ship:

On board ship there are many sources of joy of which the land knows nothing. You may flirt and dance at sixty; and if you are awkward in the turn of a valse, you may put it down to the motion of the ship. You need wear no gloves, and may drink your soda-and-brandy without being ashamed of it (Anthony Trollope, *John Caldigate*)

It is interesting that Trollope, in spite of his extensive railway travels, never used trains as a setting for any of his stories. This may have been due to the fact that he found railway travels not very beneficial to a lady’s appearance:

If you cross the Atlantic with an American lady you invariably fall in love with her before the journey is over. Travel with the same woman in a railway car for twelve hours, and you will have her written down in your own mind in quite another language than that of love. (*North America XI*)

As the trip to Egypt was Trollope's first long distance journey, his interest in the problems and behaviour of British travellers is vivid and fresh. He keenly observes different types of travellers, comments on their fears and troubles and also on their feeling that all there is to see is often not worth the effort. In 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids', the narrator informs us how great things like the pyramids lose their glamour when they are actually within our reach:

It is astonishing how such things lose their great charm as men find themselves in their close neighbourhood. To one living in New York or London, how ecstatic is the interest inspired by these huge structures. One feels that no price would be too high to pay for seeing them as long as time and distance, and the world's inexorable task-work, forbid such a visit. How intense would be the delight of climbing over the wondrous handiwork of those wondrous architects so long since dead; how thrilling the awe with which one would penetrate down into their interior caves--those caves in which lay buried the bones of ancient kings, whose very names seem to have come to us almost from another world! But all these feelings become strangely dim, their acute edges wonderfully worn, as the subjects which inspired them are brought near to us. "Ah! so those are the Pyramids, are they?" says the traveller, when the first glimpse of them is shown to him from the window of a railway carriage. "Dear me; they don't look so very high, do they? For Heaven's sake put the blind down, or we shall be destroyed by the dust." And then the ecstasy and keen delight of the Pyramids has vanished for ever.(pp 89)

In 'The Man Who Kept his Money in a Box', Mr Greene and his family when going through the 'Via Mala', a gorge between Italy and Switzerland, never leave the coach because Mr. Greene is 'afraid of sore throat in exposing himself to the air of that damp and narrow passage'. The narrator gives us a comic picture of Mr. Green trying to catch a glimpse without leaving the coach:

I saw a man's nose pressed close against the glass of the coupe window. I saw more of his nose than of any other part of his face, but yet I could perceive that his neck was twisted and his eye upturned, and that he was making a painful effort to look upwards to the summit of the rocks from his position inside the carriage.

Although in his short story 'George Walker at Suez' Trollope comments on 'the terrible British exclusiveness, that *noli me tangere* with which an Englishman arms himself; and in which he thinks it necessary to envelop his wife', he also notes that intimacy between two people may grow more quickly during a journey:

When you have been up the Great Pyramid with a lady, the chances are that you know more about her than you would do from a year's acquaintance fostered by a dozen London parties. (*The Bertrams* in Glen 237)

Thus Miss Damer and Mr. Ingram in 'An Unprotected Female at the Pyramids' find it easier to get close than they would have done in England. This is partly due to the fact that Miss Damer's mother is distracted by her intense sufferings on the back of a donkey.

But also relationships between men develop more quickly. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Morris, two travelling companions in 'The Journey to Panama', have become so well acquainted that 'Miss Viner takes them for friends'. Between Miss Viner and Mr. Forrest in the same story there 'grew up between them something like the confidence of real friendship' and Miss Viner talks more freely to her new 'friend' about her troubles than she would have done at home. The narrator notes that 'they were both foolish; for friendship and sympathy should have deeper roots'. Yet Trollope himself kept in touch with many people he had met on his travels and one of his characters, Mrs. Tappitt in *Rachel Ray* remarks that 'Short accounts make long friends' (*Rachel Ray*, XXX). This was true for instance for Kate Field, the young woman whom he had met in Florence, and who was in his own words a 'ray of light' (AB XVII) to him³²⁶.

In his preface to *Australia and New Zealand* Trollope declared that one of his aims in writing travel books and novels set in foreign countries was to give the numerous emigrants within the empire a clear idea of what to expect. The geographical and social

³²⁶ See biographical part

details given about other countries where without doubt very interesting to Victorian readers. They provided a valuable source of information not only for those going out to the colonies, but also to those readers at home who had friends or relatives living abroad. Sometimes, as in 'John Bull on the Guadalquivir', it is not the 'social restrictions' which are missing, but the social code which is changed and which leaves the traveller completely at loss about how to behave in a given situation.

The Penguin Companion called 'Mrs General Talboys' 'a good study of human behaviour when social restrictions are removed' (PC 336) and this is certainly true of all the travelling stories.

2.9.7 Editors and Writers

Much of Trollope's attitude towards aspiring writers and literature has been commented on in the biographical part of this paper. In his chapter I will briefly summarize some of these ideas.

In 1864 Trollope started to work for the Royal Literary Fund, a charity committee founded to help writers in need³²⁷. In his *Autobiography* he notes that 'in that capacity I heard and saw much of the sufferings of authors' and his experiences there went into the story 'The Adventures of Frederick Pickering' (1864). It showed all the difficulties of an aspiring writer coming to London full of high hopes but without the necessary means or connections. Fred has thrown over his career as an attorney and has married a penniless girl. After months of failure and depression, an elderly literary gentleman confirms the young writer's realisation that in literature you must either be a 'genius or a journeyman'. In the story Trollope states his requirements for an aspiring writer: a good assessment of your own skills, connections, and the financial means to bring you through your years of literary 'apprenticeship'. Fred has rashly based his future on 'three or four papers in different newspapers' and a poem for the publication of which he never received any money. He has an exaggerated idea of his own abilities and an idealised view of literature. He cannot bring himself to writing a column about London society, considering it is 'a farrago of ill-natured gossip'. When given a chance to write an index to a book, Fred is overtly self-confident and boastful:

Fred of course replied that he could do that, -that or anything else. He could make the index; or, if need was, write the historical work itself. That, no doubt, was his feeling.

³²⁷ OC 470

The society column as well as the index are both rejected by the editors, the index being a commentary, 'almost criticism' instead of an index. Fred constantly fails to rightly assess the task demanded and to come up with the kind of work wanted by the buyer. Instead he works to meet what he feels to be his own 'high' standards of literature. One of the editors thinks that:

That young man will never do any good...he thinks he can do everything, and I doubt very much whether he can do anything as it should be done.

It had taken Trollope ten years and three novels before he had managed to become successful and he felt that

...the experience I have acquired while I have been active in its cause forbids me to advise any young man or woman to enter boldly on a literary career in search of bread. I know how utterly I would have failed myself had my bread not been earned elsewhere while I was making my efforts.

He claims that in spite of his advantage of coming from a writing family, he did not earn enough to buy 'the pens, ink and paper' during these ten years. Although there are some writers who did better he saw 'the failure of many who were greater'. He advises the 'young aspirant' to take the 'stool in the office' and save his writing for his 'leisure hours' (AB IX) and in his opinion this is what every editor should do too. The fact that writing is a hard and competitive profession, and that an editor should not encourage any potential writer to take it up, is repeatedly stressed in *An Editor's Tales* as well as in the *Autobiography*. Although it may be a great temptation for an editor to speak a 'word of encouragement'³²⁸, both, writer and editor, are better off if the writer is not encouraged. In 'The Turkish Bath' the editor thinks:

The butter of benevolence was in our hand and we proceeded to pour out its contents freely. It is a vessel which an editor should lock up carefully; and, should he lose the key, he will be none the worse for the loss³²⁹.

In 1867 Trollope resigned from the Post Office and took over the editorship of the *St. Paul's Magazine*³³⁰. Editors normally are not depicted sympathetically in Trollope's own fiction³³¹. In *Phineas Redux* they are called 'self willed, arrogant and stiff-necked' and Mrs Brumby is convinced that 'editors, publishers, and brother authors would suck her brains and give her nothing for them'.

³²⁸ 'The Adventures of Fred Pickering'

³²⁹ This idea is also expressed in 'The Spotted Dog'

³³⁰ See biographical part

³³¹ Cf. PC144

Nevertheless, Trollope thought that being 'hard-hearted' was a necessary requirement for an editor and, in his book about his friend Thackeray, claimed that the latter had lacked this quality as an editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. From the short stories which Trollope wrote during his time as an editor we know how hard he found it himself. Terry in the *Penguin Companion* claims that the editor's tales are among Trollope's best short stories and they are certainly very revealing as far as personal opinions about literature and writing are concerned. The six stories in this collection³³² deal to some extent with the 'trammels' of an editor: piles of manuscripts to read through, trying to find the one writer among the many that may be successful. The stories are strongly autobiographical and show a range of interesting characters the editor came in contact with. 'The Panjandrum' is not written in the editorial 'we' and is told as the reminiscence of an old editor of his first attempts at writing. The story is set during the 1830s and shows five young men are trying to start a magazine that will change the world, but lose too much time in discussing the title and the nature of the articles until in the end they give up the idea altogether. The second part of the story gives an interesting insight into Trollope's creative process, his building of 'castles in the air' as he called it in his *Autobiography*³³³. After his introduction has been turned down by the other contributors, the young writer is desperately trying to think of a topic to write about. Wandering around in a park, his imagination is fired by a conversation he overhears. He goes home and for three happy days he is totally involved with his story 'furnishing' his 'castles in the air' and moved to tears with the sufferings of his characters.

In some way or other all the stories are about the editor violating his own principles and reacting to his conversations with very special people. In Mrs Brumby we meet one of the most impressive characters in the short stories. Sterner and more frightening even than Mme Bauche, Mrs Brumby is 'the most hateful and the most hated' person the editor has ever met. She is one of those who has 'chosen literature of her profession' without having the slightest aptitude for it:

We may as well say at once that though Mrs. Brumby might have made a very good prime minister, she could not write a paper for a magazine, or produce literary work of any description that was worth paper and ink. We feel sure that we may declare without hesitation that no perseverance on her part, no labour however unswerving, no training however long, would have enabled her to do in a fitting manner even a review for the "Literary Curricule". There was very much in

³³² 'Mary Gresley', 'The Turkish Bath', 'Josephine de Montmorenci', 'The Spotted Dog', 'The Panjandrum' and 'Mrs Brumby'

³³³ See biographical part: 'Schooldays'

her, but that was not in her.

Mrs Brumby, unwilling to accept the editor's verdict, is set on publishing and keeps pestering him, falsely claiming that he has promised to publish her paper and, in the end, even threatening him with a lawsuit:

...she made life a burden to us, and more than once induced us to calculate whether it would not be well that we should abandon our public duties and retire to some private corner into which it would be impossible that Mrs. Brumby should follow us.

Mrs Brumby with all her stubbornness, her lack of scruples, her dishonesty and her way of subduing her husband 'when he made any faintest attempt at rebellion' is the direct successor of Mrs Proudie. She was one of the most famous characters in the Barsetshire novels and Trollope 'killed' her in 1866³³⁴.

In the story Trollope expressed his view that, in literature, women do as well as men, although four-fifths of all aspiring writers are not fit for the profession³³⁵, but this 'is equally so with the works of one sex as with those of the other':

...but, fortunately for us and for the world at large...the port of literature is open to women. It seems to be the only really desirable harbour to which a female captain can steer her vessel with much hope of success. There are the Fine Arts, no doubt. There seems to be no reason why a woman should not paint as well as Titian. But they don't. With the pen they hold their own, and certainly run a better race against men on that course than on any other.

'Mary Gresley' shows the infatuation of an elderly, married man with a pretty young woman. Mary is trying to write a novel in order to join her fiancé, Rev. Arthur Donne, who has been sent to Dorsetshire. Although the editor considers her novel insufficient, he is prepared to supervise her and, by and by, he grows attached to her. He makes it clear that this is totally against his principles, yet he cannot help it:

It was impossible to resist her. Before the interview was over, we, who had been conversant with all these matters before she was born; we, who had latterly come to regard our own editorial fault as being chiefly that of personal harshness; we, who had repulsed aspirant novelists by the score, we had consented to be a party to the creation, if not to the actual writing, of this new book!

The story shows how much effort it takes to construct a novel, the construction of the 'skeletons' before 'the actual words' are written.

The editorial stories have a different ring to them from the rest of Trollope's short stories. They show the author as a middle-aged man, susceptible to the charm of young

³³⁴ See biographical part: 'The Late 1860s'

³³⁵ In 'Josephine de Montmorenci'

women and moved by the fates of the people he meets. On the whole they give a very good picture of Trollope's years as an editor and also to a certain extent give an idea why he was not happy with the work. He lacked the hard-heartedness he himself thought so necessary for an editor. Trollope resigned under pressure from the owner in 1870³³⁶.

2.9.8 Christmas

Victorians were the creators of English Christmas celebrations as we know them today. In the early 19th century the simple decorations of holly and ivy and the mistletoe branches were supplemented by the Christmas tree, which had been a deep-rooted German tradition since the 18th century. In 1841 the German Prince, Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, remembering his childhood celebrations in Germany, decorated a large Christmas tree at Windsor Castle and soon it became very fashionable in Victorian England to set up a large tree at Christmas and decorate it with lighted candles, candies, and fancy cakes hung from the branches by ribbon and by paper chains. The sending of greeting cards at Christmas began in the Victorian era. The first Christmas and New Year's card was designed by John Callcott Horsley, a British narrative painter and printed in London in 1843.

Dickens once described Christmas as:

...a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of other people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys" is the very essence of Christmas today, not at the greedy commercialized level, but in people's hearts and homes. (*A Christmas Carol* I)

To Trollope also Christmas 'was not only a time of feasting but of profound religious importance' (PC 75). The descriptions of Christmas in his short stories are very much the traditional Victorian Christmas with church attendance in the morning, a three o'clock dinner and afterwards playing games, 'some of them certainly based on festivities at Waltham' (Glen 330):

Then they all went to church, as a united family ought to do on Christmas Day, and came home to a fine old English early dinner at three o'clock, a sirloin of beef a foot-and-a-half broad, a turkey as big as an ostrich, a plum-pudding bigger than the turkey, and two or three dozen mince-pies. "That's a very large bit of beef," said Mr. Jones, who had not lived much in England latterly. "It won't look so

³³⁶ See biographical part: 'The Late 1860s'

large," said the old gentleman, "when all our friends downstairs have had their say to it." "A plum-pudding on Christmas Day can't be too big," he said again, "if the cook will but take time enough over it. I never knew a bit go to waste yet." ('Christmas at Thompson Hall')

In 'The Mistletoe Bough' Trollope notes that 'there is a difficulty in grafting any special afternoon amusements on the Sunday pursuits of the morning'. In the same story, due to a misunderstanding between the lovers, the atmosphere during Christmas dinner is not as jolly as it should be, and this is mirrored in the very short description of the meal:

The beef and pudding were ponderous, but with due efforts they were overcome and disappeared. The glass of port was sipped, the almonds and raisins were nibbled, and then the ladies left the room.

It has often been claimed that Trollope enjoyed Christmas. Yet Glendinning notes that Trollope himself 'was often ill in bed over the festive season' (Glen 330) and in *Orley Farm* Trollope wrote that

...the peculiar cordiality of the day is so ponderous. Its roast-beefiness oppresses one so thoroughly from the first moment of one's waking to the last ineffectual effort at a bit of fried pudding for supper. (*Orley Farm* XXII)

This certainly does not sound like a man who really enjoyed Christmas. Possibly Mr. Lownd, the parson in 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage', partly reflects Trollope's attitude to the 'special day':

Mr. Lownd was not himself one who talked a great deal about any Church festival. Indeed, it may be doubted whether his more enthusiastic daughter did not in her heart think him almost too indifferent on the subject. ...When the day came he would preach, no doubt, an appropriate sermon, would then eat his own roast beef and pudding with his ordinary appetite, would afterwards, if allowed to do so, sink into his armchair behind his book, - and then, for him, Christmas would be over. In all this there was no disrespect for the day, but it was hardly an enthusiastic observance. ('Kirkby Cottage' p.661)

At the beginning of the story Isabel asks Maurice to help her decorate the church for Christmas. He, in an attempt to be funny, declares that he thinks Christmas a bore. This does not go down too well with the parson's daughter, Isabel, who has slightly Evangelicalist tendencies and is very particular about Christmas, 'desired to greet her saviour's birth with some special demonstration of joy' ('Kirkby Cottage' p.661). Taking his remark unnecessarily seriously, she indignantly leaves the room. Isabel is a very upright, lively and outspoken young lady. But, as demonstrated clearly in 'The Mistletoe Bough', Evangelicalism was something Trollope did not approve of³³⁷ and her lover Maurice thinks that 'on no consideration should he marry a girl who should give

³³⁷ See 'Religion'

herself airs' ('Kirkby Cottage' p.663) . Isabel, on the other hand, feels that Maurice is indifferent to the sufferings of the poor:

“Why should beef and pudding be a bore to you, when it is prepared as a sign that there shall be plenty on that day for people who perhaps don't have plenty on any other day of the year? The meaning of it is, that you don't like it at all, because that which gives unusual enjoyment to poor people, who very seldom have any pleasure, is tedious to you. I don't like you for feeling it to be tedious. There! That's the truth.”('Kirkby Cottage' p.665)

Now it is Maurice's turn to be offended and although Isabel, almost in tears, begs his pardon a moment later, he cannot bring himself to say something kind. He feels that 'that word would mean so much, and would lead perhaps to the saying of other words, which ought not to be shown without forethought'('Kirkby Cottage' p.666). He decides to walk over to his own estate. Nevertheless, he remembers what Isabel said about Christmas being a very special day for those who do not have much pleasure in life. Maurice is not as superficial as Isabel believes him to be. He walks back to his own property, adding 'something to the stores provided for the beef and pudding of those who lived upon his own land' ('Kirkby Cottage' p.667). Isabel sees that she has been wrong about him and after a few more misunderstandings accepts his proposal.

Another Victorian invention was the Christmas story. Newspapers provided Christmas supplements or special editions like *Good Cheer*, the Christmas issue of *Good Words*. While writing his *Autobiography*, Trollope was asked to write a Christmas story for the *Graphic*. His reaction was deprecatory. He considered writing Christmas stories part of his trade, but an unpleasant part, and he laments that he has 'in vain been cudgelling my brain for the last month 'and that he 'can't send away the order to another shop'. He claimed that the task made him feel

...with regard to Literature, somewhat as I suppose an upholsterer and undertaker feels when he is called upon to supply a funeral. He has to supply it, however distasteful it may be. It is his business, and he will starve if he neglect it. (AB XX)

What he disliked was the artificiality of the task. Christmas stories had become a fixed part of the 'new Victorian Christmas, like trees, crackers, puddings and Christmas cards' (PC 75). Christmas editions in newspapers and Christmas annuals were hugely popular and were demanded from all famous authors. Four of the eight short stories Trollope wrote after 1870 were Christmas stories. Nevertheless, he despised writing them:

Nothing can be more distasteful to me than to have to give a relish of Christmas to what I write. I feel the humbug implied by the nature of the order. A Christmas story, in the proper sense, should be the ebullition of some mind anxious to instil

others with a desire for Christmas religious thought, or Christmas festivities, -or, better still, with Christmas charity. But ... the things written annually-of which have been fixed to Christmas like children's toys to a Christmas tree - have had no real savour of Christmas about them. (AB XX)

Christmas stories like Dickens' with ghosts and poor starving children were just not his style. In her introduction to *The Christmas Stories*³³⁸ Betty Breyer notes:

Trollope's concern was to avoid the humbug and have an honest story to tell. In order to do so he turned to the world he knew best. He relied on a familiar tangible reality-that beef and ale world Hawthorne talked about in his novels-where men and women must live with the knowledge that good and evil are not abstractions for speculation, but necessary elements of their daily life.(*The Christmas Stories* xiii)

Although these stories are set at Christmas time, their claim on Christmas comes not from the setting but from the characters themselves and their awareness that the season imposes a special demand upon them to be charitable beyond the usual and at peace with those around them, not only in the great conflicts, but in the small dilemmas as well. (*The Christmas Stories* xiii-xiv)

Thus the degree of the 'Christmas element' varies strongly in the stories. Trollope wrote eight of them and a short novel about Christmas between 1861 and 1882. In some of them it is reduced to a mere structuring element. In 'Catharine Carmichael' and 'The Two Generals' we witness the events on three successive Christmas Days. In the latter there is some element of charity and love on that special day, but in 'Catherine Carmichael' the Christmas setting adds to the harshness and despair pictured in this story.

In 'The Widows Mite' and 'Not if I know It' the Christian spirit of sharing in the one, and of brotherly love in the other, are both very strong, whereas in 'Christmas at Thompson Hall' the only function of Christmas is to provide a reason for Mrs Thompson to coax her husband back to England.

Breyer notes that

Among the Christmas stories of his later period, there is much variety of setting, tone, and theme but each in its way portraits ordinary men and women caught between the demand of conscience and human imperfection. (*The Christmas Stories* xv)

'The Mistletoe Bough', written in 1861, is a harmless und unspectacular love story, adorned with a bit of holly. It is mainly concerned with a girl's difficulty to 'succumb' to her lover and her qualms at the importance of a decision which is to be taken for 'the whole life'. 'The Widow's Mite', written two years later, already shows the influence of

³³⁸ Anthony Trollope, *The Short Stories*, complete edition, vol 2

Trollope's American journey and maybe of his friendship with Kate Field since there is an awareness of women's financial position and the restrictions they face. Nora, who is about to marry an American, feels a strong desire to make a donation to the suffering Lancashire weavers before leaving Britain. In the story the question of whether a society should rely on charity for the relief of poverty is regarded from different points of view³³⁹.

2.10 Trollope's Impact

Do we actually learn something from Trollope's fiction? Or is it just nostalgic escapist literature? The critic Hugh Walpole once complained that

When we have finished the Barsetshire novels we are vastly wiser about Barsetshire, but only a little wiser about ourselves. ("Anthony Trollope", in *The Great Victorians*. H.J and H. Massingham, eds.,p.73. qtd. in Booth 81-82)

Booth agrees and adds that

...it is not often that Trollope looks deeply into man's hearts and attempts to study the basic primary emotions...his shallow dredging of felt experiences does not lay bare much of what is inexpressible. He must therefore be forever excluded from the company of first-grade creative artists. (Booth 82)

Many critics and 'Trollope buffs' (Halperin xiv) strongly object to this, and so do I.

Trollope's attraction for today's readers is not a picture of nineteenth-century society - pleasant as it may be - but in his profound insights into human nature and the guidelines he gives for human intercourse. To me it is Trollope's greatest achievement that before the age of Freud and psychology, he managed to show people something about their own nature, their strengths, their limitations, their roles in society.

By eliminating the spectacular, details become more noteworthy. Of course we do not get the dramatic situation of an Anna Karenina looking into the lights of an approaching train, knowing that she will die, and although there are suicides, fights and even murder, violence is not what Trollope is about. His interest lies in the moral dilemma of everyday situations. Although more placid, he is not less profound and always saw himself as an instructor, a teacher of moral lessons. By mirroring society as he saw it, he made it possible for people to see themselves and the paths open to them in life.

The nineteenth century was an age of rapid changes, particularly changes in the structure of society, which unsettled people, causing anxiety and disorientation.

Trollope realised people's need for guidelines and this is probably what makes him

³³⁹ See biographical part: 'Money'

attractive again today. Whereas religious or political systems which offer such guidelines are often dogmatic, Trollope's approach is deeply humanistic. We are all humans, we all err, and we should not expect others to be perfect - a fundamentally Christian message. In *Barchester Towers* the narrator sums up Trollope's credo: 'Till we can become divine, we must be content to be human, lest in our hurry for a change we sink to something lower'. His aversion to dogmatism shows itself in his portrayal of pious religious fanatics, raving feminists, stubborn Tories, as well as in bossy wives or domineering husbands. One of his reviewers once called Trollope the 'laureate of compromise'³⁴⁰. The difference between Trollope and the Bible is that Trollope takes pains to hide the lesson he is trying to teach - his 'snake in the grass' as he called it in *Ralph the Heir*³⁴¹. To this he added an individualistic approach: Find your own way through life; your function in society, but do not be oppressed by it.

One of Trollope's earliest critics, Michael Sadleir, stated that 'Trollope's significance is both literary and social'³⁴² and he has 'expressed alike a period and an individual psychology':

He was not a brilliant man nor a handsome one; he achieved no sensational fame, centred no dramatic happening. Yet in retrospect we admire and love him...He alone of the great fiction-writers of the past truly appreciated the power in human life of mutual tolerance and of mutual affection, because these were qualities that he himself abundantly possessed. (M.Sadleir in Olmsted 8)

Or as Mullen many years later put it:

Trollope's greatness lies in his ability to express the spirit of his century and yet still speak to those who have come after it. (Mullen 196)

The short stories, although in themselves not great works of art, help to get a more complete picture, a more coherent idea of Trollope as a person and as a writer. They help to fill in the gaps which were left open by overtly standardized Victorian literature and by need to adhere to strict Victorian convention. The short stories disclose a writer suffering from the solitude in the desert of the Sinai Peninsula, struggling through a jungle on the back of a donkey, curing his sore behind by rubbing in Brandy. We see an editor battling with his editorial duties, weary of disappointing hopeless young authors, yet unwilling to abandon them to their fate. We see a private man travelling with his wife, celebrating Christmas with his family, or going to a Turkish bath with his friends.

³⁴⁰ Clara Claiborne Park, "Trollope for Grown-Ups", 1962, in *Rejoining the Common Reader: Essays, 1962-1990*; p.107; Northwestern University Press, 1991

³⁴¹ See 'Role of the Novel in Victorian Society'

³⁴² M. Sadleir; 'Anthony Trollope: A commentary'; in Olmsted, p 7

In short, we see a different Trollope to the Chronicler of Barsetshire. The short stories enable us to trace the convictions and beliefs back to the man, see the sources they have sprung from. Within the relatively small scope of forty-two stories, we see the change from a successful author, full of enterprising vigour, to a man of fifty, infatuated with young girls, to an aging novel writer battling his decline by falling back on his established techniques.

Glendinning claims that 'The Barchester novels cannot be separated from the Palliser novels' and I believe the same may be said for the short stories. They have often been disregarded because of their diversity and their wide range of characters and topics. I have tried to show that it is exactly this diversity which gives us not only additional pleasure as readers, but also a deeper insight into Anthony Trollope as a man and an author. The short stories are equally integral a part of Trollope's oeuvre, or to quote Glendinning one last time:

...the Trollopian tapestry is indivisible (Glen 445).

3 APPENDIX

For a quicker orientation I shall give a brief synopsis of the stories dealt with in this paper. The numbers in brackets refer to the date of the first publication.

'The O'Conors of Castle Conor, County Mayo' (1860) and 'Father Giles of Ballymoy' (1866) both give a good impression of Trollope's time in Ireland before his marriage. The first story is a humorous account of the embarrassment of a young Englishman who is invited to a ball and finds that his dancing shoes have been left behind at the hostel. He forces the servant to swap shoes with him and the unhappy domestic has to serve dinner in the guest's nailed hunting boots, which are too small for his feet. The second story again shows the problems of a young traveller in Ireland; this time he takes the priest whose room he is occupying at the hostel for an intruder and throws him down the stairs. As a result, he has to spend the night in prison, in order to be safe from enraged villagers.

'The Last Austrian Who Left Venice' (1867) and 'The Two Generals' (1863) are both courtship stories concerned with war and loyalty. Set during the American Civil War, 'The Two Generals' is based on a true incident and shows a family whose sons are fighting on two different sides of the war. In 'The Last Austrian Who Left Venice' one of the officers of the Austrian occupying forces falls in love with a Venetian girl, causing her to be caught between two different obligations: to her country and to her love. She performs the legerdemain of remaining true to both.

In many of the short stories Trollope's interest focuses on the British traveller and his idiosyncrasies. In 'Relics of General Chassé: A Tale of Antwerp' (1860) shows a dignitary of the Church of England being robbed of his own trousers by souvenir-hunters after having tried on the trousers of a famous general at a museum. When a group of female tourists enter the room, he hides, leaving his own pair of trousers behind. The ladies, mistaking them for the garment of the famous general, cut them into pieces, in order to keep them as a souvenir. 'The Man Who Kept his Money in a Box' shows how a young Briton gets accused of theft by a suspicious fellow traveller and his vulgar Irish wife. In 'Mrs General Talboys' an elderly married lady staying in Italy gets herself and others into an awkward situation by constantly advocating liberty and the personal freedom of human beings. Although she is married, an Irish writer feels that her constant references to liberty are an offer for him to court her. The indignant lady slaps him but apparently enjoys the scandal. 'An Unprotected Female at the

Pyramids' (1860) gives a humorous account of the travelling habits of different nationalities. The character of Miss Dawkins is a portrait of a new species of women travelling without a companion and a good picture of the would-be feminists Trollope so strongly disliked. 'George Walker at Suez' shows the terrible loneliness and despair that may overcome a traveller away from home. Mr Walker, travelling under a false name, is mistaken for somebody else by an Arab sheikh and is invited to take part in a luxurious boat trip, but when the real Walker turns up, George has to stay behind, feeling lonely and neglected. 'John Bull at the Guadalquivir' (1860), also a travel story, is a humorous account of a little quandary Trollope found himself in after having torn a button off the coat of a Spanish nobleman. In this story James Pomfret is afraid that the incident will spoil his chances with a young Spanish girl, but she makes it clear that she will not let such a trifle influence the decision of life-time. 'Returning Home' (1861) is a tragic colonial story about a couple returning from Panama and the wife drowning on the way. 'Ride Across Palestine' (1863) was originally published as 'The Banks of the Jordan' (1861) and caused quite a stir, because the female character disguises herself as a man in order to travel through the desert. 'A Journey to Panama' (1861) is an excellent portrayal of the situation of a poor middle-class woman and life on board a ship. Miss Viner, an Irishwoman, goes out to the colonies to marry a much older cousin in order to avoid the poor-house, but his sudden death saves her from an unhappy marriage and a small inheritance enables her to return to England. 'Miss Sarah Jack, of Spanish Town, Jamaica' (1860) is a colourful story set in Jamaica. Marian Leslie, a spirited young woman is unwilling to have her wings clipped by marriage. Miss Sarah is a vivid portrait of one of the strong-minded old spinsters which frequently appear in Trollope's fiction. 'Aaron Trow' (1861), set in Bermuda, stands out particularly because it is the only story showing a man being physically violent towards a woman: Aaron, an escaped convict, tries to rape a girl and is killed by his pursuers.

'La Mère Bauche' (1861), 'The Lady of Launay' (1878) and 'The House of the Heine Brothers at Munich' (1861), 'Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices' (1877) and 'The Two Heroines of Plumplington' (1882) are all concerned with an older character standing in the way of a young couple's happiness, but the characters and motifs differ greatly. Whereas Mrs. Miles in 'The Lady' is worried about maintaining the aristocratic family line, Herr Heine and Frau Frohmann's main concern is about money. Mme Bauche, like the two fathers in 'The Two Heroines', feels that it is her children's duty to improve the social standing of their families by marriage. 'La Mère Bauche' is the only

story where the older character does not relent and is probably the grimmest story Trollope ever wrote, showing how tyranny and cowardice can destroy the lives of people forever. Marie, in spite of her love for Adolphe Bauche, is forced to marry an old man with a wooden leg and immediately after the ceremony throws herself off a cliff.

'The Adventures of Fred Pickering' (1866) is meant to show the difficulties of taking up writing as a profession and stresses the necessity of a literary 'apprenticeship'. Fred gives up his career as an advocate and, after marrying a penniless orphan, goes to London to take up literature as a profession. 'Mary Gresley' (1869), 'Josephine de Montmorenci' (1869), 'The Panjandrum' (1870), 'Mrs Brumby' (1870), 'The Turkish Bath' (1869) and 'The Spotted Dog' (1870) were all published in *An Editor's Tales* (1870) and show two of Trollope's impressive older characters. Mrs Brumby is a hateful virago, trying to blackmail the editor into publishing her article, whereas in 'The Turkish Bath' Mr Molloy, an Irish lunatic, tricks the editor into receiving him at his office. 'Mary Gresley' shows an older editor's infatuation with a younger woman and his attempts to launch her career as a novel-writer. In 'Josephine de Montmorency' an editor's curiosity is stirred by the letters of an anonymous young lady. The story contains references to Trollope's friend, George Eliot. 'The Panjandrum' gives an account of the troubles of aspiring writers trying to publish a magazine, and their subsequent failure. 'The Spotted Dog' shows the devastating effects that a bad marriage and alcohol abuse may have on an educated man's life, with the story ending in suicide. In 'Catherine Carmichael' (1878) Trollope describes another failed marriage among the dismal lives of gold diggers and sheep farmers in New Zealand, but unlike 'The Spotted Dog' it has a happy ending: after the death of her unloved husband, Catherine gets to marry the man she really loves.

'The Mistletoe Bough' (1861), 'The Widows Mite' (1863) and 'Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage' (1870) are all three stories of courtship, written for the Christmas supplements of periodicals. 'The Widows Mite' is the most 'political' story of the three, arguing different sides of charity and portraying the financial situation of young girls at the time. In 'Christmas at Kirkby Cottage' Isabel quarrels with her lover because of his attitude towards Christmas, but in the end she realizes that she has misjudged his character. 'The Mistletoe Bough' is about a young girl's idea that it is becoming for her to sacrifice herself, showing Trollope's dislike of self-denial. The main character, Elizabeth Garrow, breaks off her engagement as she feels it is a noble thing to do to deny herself

the joys of love; however, her fiancé is convinced that she will make him a good wife and they marry after all.

The following stories are all about couples who have been married for some years. In 'Christmas at Thompson Hall' (1876) a British lady loses her way in a French hotel in the middle of the night and ends up putting a mustard plaster on a stranger's neck, having mistaken him for her husband. In 'Not If I Know It' (1881) a man and his brother-in-law argue on Christmas Day but are reunited after hearing the Christmas sermon in Church. The three heroines in 'Malachi's Cove' (1864), 'Lotta Schmidt' (1866) and 'The Telegraph Girl' (1877) all have to work for their living, sometimes under very difficult circumstances. 'Malachi's Cove', set in Cornwall, is a dramatic story about a girl's sexual awakening. Mally Trenglos hates the neighbour's son, Barty, for gathering the seaweed in what she considers to be her cave. While they are both gathering seaweed she sneers at him and dares him to go near a dangerous part of the cave. Yet when he falls into a big hole, she risks her own life to pull him out and her feelings for him change. 'The Telegraph Girl', was written for a woman's newspaper to show the new situation young working women may find themselves in. Having turned down an offer of marriage from an older man, Lucy Graham has to earn her living by working for the Post Office. She shares her room with another girl, who turns out to be weak in character and in health. 'Lotta Schmidt', set in Vienna, deals with a girl's dilemma whether to choose an older, more stable, or a younger, good-looking lover.

The 'Courtship of Susan Bell' (1860) is a light love story set in America with a critical account of Dissenters and Puritanism. Aaron Dunn, a young engineer, comes to live with Mrs Bell and her two daughters. Mrs Bell is worried that he will hurt her daughter, and lets herself be influenced by a Baptist Minister and forbids the engagement, but in the end Aaron Dunn returns and the mother relents and encourages the marriage.

The widow and her family in 'Miss Ophelia Gledd' (1863) and 'Alice Dugdale' (1878) are both concerned with the question of whether a girl is good enough for her intended. 'Ophelia Gledd' is set in Boston, and describes the efforts of a young American lady to choose between an American and an English suitor and her worries about whether she will be received in English genteel society. 'Alice Dugdale' (1878) is probably the short story which is the most similar to the novels. It is also the only one containing the Trollopian 'Ur-story' (Glendinning) – of one man and two girls. Major Rossiter, who has become a man of the world, has to decide whether to stay true to his old love or choose a new companion more fitting to his new position in the world. In 'The Parson's

Daughter of Oxney Colne' (1861) the situation is very similar, only this time the young man is also unsure about the girl's character and behaviour and, whereas Rossiter stays true to his chosen country love, Capt. John Broughton goes back to London and marries an heiress.

The story 'The Château of Prince of Polignac' (1860) is set in France and gives a very amusing picture of an elderly Frenchman courting an English widow. The French suitor's sugary romance is contrasted with the English lady's practical attitude.

'The Gentle Euphemia; or "Love Shall Still Be Lord of All" ' (1866) is a love story written in mock medieval style. In the story Trollope blends pseudo-mediaevalism with contemporary concerns, such as rider-pest and swine-disease. The plot is similar to Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. Euphemia's suitor is wounded by her father's archers. The girl, who really loves the young man, disguises herself as a page and goes to nurse him. In the end they are married.

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'The Telegraph Girl'

'Christmas at Thompson Hall'

'Alice Dugdale'

5 Kurzfassung

Das Ziel dieser Arbeit ist es, eine Darstellung vom Leben und Wirken des viktorianischen Autors Anthony Trollope zu geben und die Zusammenhänge zwischen seiner sehr eindrucksvollen Biographie und seinem Werk, unter besonderer Berücksichtigung seiner bisher von Kritikern wenig beachteten Kurzgeschichten, aufzuzeigen. Trollope, Zeitgenosse und Freund vieler bekannter Autoren wie Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray und George Eliot ist im deutschsprachigen Raum wenig bekannt, im englischsprachigen Raum jedoch ein nach wie vor viel gelesener Autor. Trollope war zu Lebzeiten nicht nur einer der meist gelesenen Romanschriftsteller, sondern schrieb neben Kurzgeschichten und Zeitungsartikeln auch Reisebücher und einige Biographien. Er war außerdem einer der leitenden Angestellten des Central Post Office in London und reiste im Zuge seiner beruflichen Tätigkeit zweimal um die Erde. Auf einer dieser Reisen kam Trollope in Kontakt mit Kurzgeschichten und sah in ihnen eine Gelegenheit, unkonventionellere Themen und Charaktere zu erproben und eine neue Leserschaft anzusprechen.

Der erste Teil der Arbeit zeigt, inwieweit sich Trollopes biographische Erfahrungen in seinen Werken widerspiegeln, insbesondere in seinen Kurzgeschichten. Trollope lernte das Medium der Kurzgeschichten auf seiner ersten Reise nach Amerika kennen und nutzte es, um mit Themen und Charakteren zu experimentieren, die bei der konservativeren Leserschaft seiner Romane Anstoß erregt hätten. Viele der Kurzgeschichten basieren auf Trollopes Reiseerfahrungen und seinen Erfahrungen als Herausgeber des *St Paul's Magazine*. Die Charaktere sind insgesamt bunter und die Themen breitgestreuter als in Trollopes Romanen.

Die Gewichtung im zweiten Teil liegt stärker auf Trollopes künstlerischen Besonderheiten wie Sprache, Stil, Erzähltechnik und Themenwahl. Trollope verstand seine Werke als Anleitungen für das Leben und als - für ihn typische - Ratschläge für seine Leser. Anders als in den Romanen beziehen diese sich nicht vorrangig auf zwischenmenschliche und gesellschaftliche Themen, sondern richten sich auch an Reisende, britische Kolonialisten, junge Schriftsteller und junge unverheiratete Frauen. Zwar spielen die für Trollope typischen Themen wie Liebe, Ehe und die Frage nach der Qualifikation einer Person als 'Gentleman' oder 'Lady' ebenfalls eine große Rolle, jedoch ist der Umgang mit diesen Themen freier und weniger den viktorianischen Konventionen unterworfen. Auch die Charaktere unterscheiden sich von den für Trollope typischen klerikalen oder adeligen englischen Mittel- und Oberschichtcharakteren der Romane. In den Erzählungen trifft der (die) Leser(in) auf für Trollope so außergewöhnliche Charaktere wie einen arabischen Scheich, einen suiziden Trinker, einen entflohenen Sträfling oder junge Wiener Verkäuferinnen. Insgesamt zeigen die Kurzgeschichten mehr vom Leben und von der Person der Autors und sind deshalb nicht nur ein wichtiger, sondern auch ein lesenswerter Teil seines literarischen Werkes.

6 Abstract

The aim of this paper is to show the link between the life and works of the Victorian author Anthony Trollope, with a special emphasis on his shorter fiction. Trollope's short stories have until recently been treated by his critics as the by-product of a busy novel writer. Trollope, friend and contemporary of many such eminent writers as Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, and himself one of the best-selling authors of Victorian England, has remained relatively unknown to German-speaking readers. He was not only famous for his novels and short stories but also a well-known travel writer and contributor to various magazines, and during his later years he tried to establish himself as a writer of biographies. Most of his life Trollope worked for the Central Post Office as one of their leading surveyors and was often sent to the colonies to negotiate postal treaties. These extensive journeys took him twice round the world and it was on one of them that Trollope came into contact with the medium of the short story. Trollope enthusiastically embraced this opportunity to explore less conventional topics and thus address an new readership.

The first part of this paper concentrates on Trollope's biography and tries to show how strongly Trollope's busy life was reflected in his literature, especially in his short stories. Many of Trollope's personal experiences, opinions and passions found their way into these stories. As most of them were based on his experiences as a traveller and as the editor of the *St. Paul's Magazine*, the characters and topics show a much greater variety than those in his novels. Trollope regarded literature as a form of teaching and thus his stories were meant as advice for travellers, colonials and young writers.

The second part focuses on the particularities of Trollope's art, such as language, style character presentation and the use of his narrator. Although Trollope's typical themes are dealt with in his short stories, such as courtship, marriage, and the question of whether someone qualifies as a gentleman or a lady, Trollope also took the opportunity to explore less conventional topics and characters, away from his more conservative novel readership. In the short stories he tackled the question of employment for young women, described the problems of British travellers and colonials, and lamented the sufferings of young writers. Unlike the novels, which mostly concentrate on the British middle and upper classes, the short stories introduce the reader to a wide range of characters from different backgrounds, such as a madman, a suicidal drunkard, an escaped convict, Viennese shop assistants, an Arab sheikh or a Tyrolean innkeeper. On the whole, the short stories give a much greater insight into the life and the person of the author than his novels do and are therefore not only an essential but also an enjoyable part of his fiction.

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