



Anthony Trollope
Doctor Thorne

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DOCTOR THORNE

DOCTOR THORNE is the third in Trollope's sequence of novels known as the Chronicles of Barsetshire. The fictional Barsetshire is the setting for much of the action in the six novels, often centred around the county town of Barchester. The stories involve the clergy and the rivalry between different factions of the Church of England, as well as the uneasy relations between old and new wealth, town and country, and the aristocracy and the gentry. They have produced some of English literature's most memorable and best-loved characters, including Septimus Harding, Archdeacon Grantly, Bishop and Mrs Proudie, and Josiah Crawley. The novels are:

The Warden (1855)

Barchester Towers (1857)

Doctor Thorne (1858)

Framley Parsonage (1861)

The Small House at Allington (1864)

The Last Chronicle of Barset (1867)

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Doctor Thorne



Edited with an Introduction and Notes by
SIMON DENTITH

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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was born on 24 April 1815 in London. He was the fourth surviving child of a failing barrister and gentleman farmer, Thomas Anthony Trollope, and his wife Frances (née Milton), who became a successful novelist and travel writer. Trollope's childhood was dominated by uncongenial schooling. He was sent to Harrow, the boys' public school in north London, as a day boy, then to Sunbury, Surrey, while awaiting a place at his father's former school, Winchester College. Trollope was admitted to Winchester in 1827, but his father's embarrassing inability to pay the fees became known to fellow pupils. He was moved back from Winchester to Harrow in 1830 for two further years, which he later described as 'the worst period of my life'.¹ Unsurprisingly, he did not shine academically, and when, in 1834, the whole family fled to Bruges in Belgium to avoid imprisonment for debt, he obtained a clerkship in the London headquarters of the newly-created Post Office through his mother's connections.

The beginning of Trollope's long Post Office career was not encouraging. He soon became known for unpunctuality, and was, by his own account, 'always on the eve of being dismissed'.² His scanty salary led him into debt, and travails with money-lenders would later inform the scrapes of many fictional characters. Trollope was sustained by a habit of imagination that was first acquired during his unhappy adolescence. Daydreaming not only allowed him 'to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life':³ it served as an apprenticeship for fiction. Yet it took a change of scene from London to rural Ireland to persuade Trollope to express his imagination in writing.

In July 1841, aged 26, Trollope was appointed deputy postal surveyor's clerk, based in Banagher, King's County (now Co. Offaly). His new-found professional success helped him to grow in social confidence. Ireland prompted his lifelong enthusiasm for hunting with hounds, too. That enthusiasm was never far from his writing, and sometimes it made life difficult for him at work, not least because hounds and horses were an expensive pastime. Within a year, he became engaged to Rose Heseltine, the daughter of a Rotherham banker who was holidaying in what is now Dun Laoghaire. Trollope proposed after barely a fortnight's acquaintance. The wedding was, for

¹ Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (Oxford: OUP, 2014), ch. 1.

² *Ibid.* ch. 3.

³ *Ibid.* ch. 3.

financial reasons, postponed for two years until 11 June 1844. Marriage and the birth of two sons, Henry Merivale in 1846 and Frederick James Anthony in 1847, helped Trollope to find what he called the 'vigour necessary to prosecute two professions at the same time'.⁴ His first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* (1847), sold far fewer than the 400 copies printed. But it was favourably reviewed and was followed by a second Irish tale, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848). Both kept an uneasy silence on the Famine, to which Trollope was a horrified witness, but his recollections of the famine years would inform the later *Castle Richmond* (1860). The failure of *La Vendée* (1850), on the French Revolution, together with the increasing demands of his Post Office career, conspired to deflect Trollope from fiction for some years.

In 1851, he was sent to the south-west of England to investigate ways of expanding the rural postal system. His successful development of the pillar box, which he first tried out in St Helier in the Channel Islands in 1852, led to the spread of post boxes throughout the UK. The project won Trollope promotion to the surveyorship of the north of Ireland in 1854, and his family settled in Donnybrook. During these years, he composed the first novel to bring him real recognition, *The Warden* (1855). The first of six 'Chronicles of Barsetshire', *The Warden* was set, like its successors, in a fictional county, based on the south-west England Trollope knew. Although they dramatized changes in the ecclesiastical world, the 'Chronicles' were also secular in their interests. While *The Warden* brought him less than £10, Trollope 'soon felt it had not failed as the others had failed',⁵ and began work on *Barchester Towers* (1857). It was warmly reviewed. But it was not until the publication of *Dr Thorne* (1858) that he met with unmixed success. The novels following—*Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867)—established his reputation, his popularity, and his fortune.

During the twelve years between *The Warden* and *The Last Chronicle*, Trollope published seventeen novels, numerous short stories, and several collections of travel writing. This extraordinary scale of production was sustained by his habit of rising at five each morning to allow three hours of writing—250 words each quarter of an hour, he boasted in *An Autobiography*—before leaving for the office at nine. Other celebrated writers have written to a similar schedule, but Trollope's pride in his achievement has never been entirely admired by critics. His schedule made him an invaluable contributor to the *Cornhill Magazine*, founded in 1859 by the novelist, William Makepeace Thackeray. The

⁴ Trollope, *An Autobiography*, ch. 4.

⁵ Ibid. ch. 5.

serialization of *Framley Parsonage* in the *Cornhill's* first issues did much to secure the magazine's and Trollope's reputation. Through the *Cornhill*, he made lasting friendships with major literary and artistic figures. By 1859, he was living in the north London suburb of Waltham Cross, after a promotion to Post Office surveyor of the eastern district. He was soon elected to the Garrick and Athenaeum Clubs, and became a stalwart of the Royal Literary Fund. These were marks of serious literary success. He also, in 1860, met a young American woman, Kate Field, with whom he fell in love. The nature of *that* relationship is known almost as little as Trollope's relationship with Rose. But Kate mattered to him—and would do till the end of his life.

Trollope concluded the Barsetshire Chronicles on a high note, considering *The Last Chronicle of Barset* to be his best novel. Following the model of Honoré de Balzac's *Comédie humaine*, Trollope saw realist fiction as capable of depicting a complex culture through a multi-volume series. The Palliser volumes, beginning with *Can You Forgive Her?* (1865) and ending with *The Duke's Children* (1880), were his other major sequence. These novels, like the Barsetshire Chronicles, could be read separately and in different orders without irrecoverable loss—but they formed a continuous whole all the same. In the story of the Pallisers, Trollope developed one of his strongest themes—the difficult marriage and its negotiations. He also explored great political issues, including the 1867 Reform Bill and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, while inviting readers to map the Conservative leader Daubeny onto Disraeli, and the Liberal Gresham onto Gladstone. His portrayal of democratic politics has remained consequential for generations. The novels' political appeal, nonetheless, was carefully balanced against other enticements: 'If I wrote politics for my own sake, I must put in love and intrigue, social incidents, a dash of sport, for the sake of my readers',⁶ he said, with characteristic pragmatism.

Trollope resigned from the Post Office in 1867. His earnings from writing had long outstripped his salary. The following year, feeling that 'to sit in the British Parliament should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman',⁷ he stood as the Liberal candidate for Beverley in the 1868 General Election. He was unsuccessful. That failure haunted his fiction as it must have haunted his private life. Trollope interspersed the Palliser series with other novels and studies. He was by this stage a professional writer whose commitment was broken significantly only by field sports and travel. Trollope's international voyages included Australia, where Frederick, his younger son, was a sheep

⁶ Ibid. ch. 17. ⁷ Ibid. ch. 16.

farmer: *Australia and New Zealand* (1873) was a result. Trollope and Rose left London in 1880 for South Harting in Sussex, hoping country air would ease his persistent asthma. This was no retirement: the last two years of his life saw a further six books, including *Mr Scarborough's Family* (1883), a study of parental domination, and the unfinished *The Landleaguers*, a return to Irish matters (published posthumously, 1883).

In early November 1882, Trollope suffered a stroke, and, on 6 December, he died in London at the age of 67. He had written forty-seven novels, five volumes of short stories, four travel books, three biographies, an autobiography, and two translations from the classics, together with uncollected pieces of journalism. His prodigious output included a biography of Thackeray, and a study of Cicero whose political judiciousness was often a silent model behind his admirable fictional politicians. Few who knew Trollope could avoid commenting on his loud and bluff persona in public: at 5 ft 10 in., and around 16 stones, he struck those who met him as burly—a man of bodily appetites. It was difficult for many to imagine him dissecting the emotional complexities of his characters with such delicacy and sympathy.

Trollope's posthumous *An Autobiography* (1883) startled a large number of readers. Its dry discussion of how much money his fiction made denied any Romantic model of authorship. Here was no account of the creative flash of inspiration. Writing fiction was more like a trade, the result of well-applied skill and labour. But, knowing at first hand the cost of his father's failure, it was important to Trollope to demonstrate to his family, if to no one else, that he had made such a success of his life. He had no university degree, and was without the much-coveted honour of a seat in Parliament. He wished to demonstrate too, in a culture less familiar with the notion of a professional writer than ours, that writing could indeed be a life. His estate was valued at the huge sum of £25,892 19s. 3d.

Biographies of Trollope are always to some degree doomed to follow the sparse facts laid out in *An Autobiography*. The nature of his marriage, his feelings for Kate Field, his relationship with his sons, let alone the secrets of his inner life, are among the topics on which it is impossible to write with certainty. Trollope had no commitment to privacy—but private he remains. Declining to reveal himself in correspondence, he is, perhaps, only glimpsed in the astonishingly fertile novels about human lives, desires, and choices, which were his enduring bequest to English literature.

Katherine Mullin
Francis O'Gorman

INTRODUCTION

[*Readers who are unfamiliar with the plot may prefer to treat the Introduction as an Afterword.*]

Doctor Thorne, published in 1858, is the third novel in the Barsetshire series, and follows Trollope's breakthrough successes with *The Warden* (1855) and *Barchester Towers* (1857). But it is too simple to assume that the notion of a 'series' was always present in Trollope's mind as he wrote the novel, or indeed that it was present in his readers' minds either. Trollope's extraordinary productivity as a novelist meant that between *Barchester Towers* and *Doctor Thorne* he wrote and published *The Three Clerks*, and before writing the next novel in the series, *Framley Parsonage* (1860–1), he published two other full-length novels and a book of travels, in which some of the same concerns as are present in *Doctor Thorne* are rehearsed again. Moreover, some reviewers of the novel were critical of the very idea of re-using characters and places from the earlier books. It is certainly true that Trollope's notion of the series developed as he wrote, and the very title of its final book, *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867), indicates a completed process.¹ But even this is not definitive: as Nicholas Shrimpton explains in his Note on the Text (pp. xxix–xxxi), in the late 1870s, when Trollope and his publishers, Chapman and Hall, were planning the publication of the whole series of novels 'touching Barchester', at different times Trollope felt that *Doctor Thorne* and *The Small House at Allington* were inessential to the project.

Nevertheless, it is possible to see Trollope beginning to trace the possibilities of a group of novels with the same setting, and following, to a greater or lesser extent, the lives of a related set of characters. In this, his work is comparable to that of another prolific nineteenth-century realist novelist, Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), whose *Comédie humaine* similarly develops the lives and fortunes of related characters in successive novels, though admittedly on a vaster scale, which seeks to provide nothing less than a fictionalized recent history of France. Trollope's ambition is smaller—in the Barsetshire series, at least: he limits himself to a fictionalized history of an English rural county and

¹ For a full account of the novels as a 'series', see Mary Poovey, 'Trollope's Barsetshire Series', in Carolyn Dever and Lisa Niles (eds.), *The Cambridge Companion to Anthony Trollope* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 31–43.

its principal town. *Doctor Thorne* is the novel in which he expands his interest from the clerical affairs of Barchester, treated in *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*, to the surrounding county of Barsetshire, though he returns to Barchester itself for the important episode of the election. In one sense the ‘county’ that appears in the novel is a very particular one, being the narrow world of the nobility and gentry and their marital and political interconnections and rivalries. But in another sense, the fate of the Greshamsbury estate, and who is to inherit it, carries a real weight of symbolic importance, suggesting the very character and nature of ‘England’ and what sort of country England is to be. The novel can therefore be placed in a different series from Trollope’s own: it looks back to Jane Austen’s *Mansfield Park* (1814) and forward to H. G. Wells’s *Tono-Bungay* (1909) and E. M. Forster’s *Howards End* (1910), in which the fate of a country house becomes a metonymy for the fate of the country.

This is a large claim to make, and we need to backtrack somewhat to sustain it. The plot of *Doctor Thorne* turns on the eccentric provisions of Roger Scatcherd’s will; as in many other nineteenth-century novels, including some others by Trollope himself, the particular provisions of a will—whether they are forged, are sustainable at law, or are subject to some long-lost codicil—provide the basis for the twists, turns, and revelations of the plot. Such provisions can provide magical solutions to reward an author’s chosen righteous ones; but also, as in the case of *Doctor Thorne*, they can suggest willed continuities from the past into the future, and indicate the social character of such continuities. Who inherits, who is excluded from the inheritance: these are crucial matters for suggesting some of the significance that the novel carries.

This matter is further complicated, as far as this novel is concerned, by the fact that its plot was suggested to Anthony Trollope by his brother Thomas, as described in *An Autobiography*:

I had finished *The Three Clerks* just before I left England, and when in Florence was cudgelling my brain for a new plot. Being then with my brother, I asked him to sketch me a plot, and he drew out that of my next novel, called *Doctor Thorne*. I mention this particularly, because it was the only occasion on which I have had recourse to other source than my own brains for the thread of a story.²

Trollope goes on to attribute much of the success of the novel, at least in terms of sales, to its apparently successful plot. But in fact

² Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography and Other Writings*, ed. Nicholas Shrimpton (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2014), Chapter 6.

this anecdote raises more questions than it answers. How much of the plot, exactly, did Thomas sketch out? How many of the 'scenes' made possible by the plot did the older brother, a practised novelist in his own right, suggest? These questions turn on the basic narratological distinction between 'plot' and 'story', though these terms are not always used and can, confusingly, be reversed in meaning. But following Trollope's lead, and indeed the standard usage in non-theoretical accounts, 'plot' can be understood as the basic events of any narrative as they might be laid out in chronological order, while 'story' means the way in which this plot is told, the actual order in which events are narrated, including flashbacks and anticipations, withheld information, and the opportunities for surprise, revelation, sense of inevitability, and so on, which follow from a particular way of telling the 'plot'. To use a more familiar vocabulary, it's not so much the plot itself that matters, it's the way you tell it. What Trollope does not explain in *An Autobiography*, and scarcely could have done, is how much of the 'story' he got from his brother. At all events, what matters in *Doctor Thorne*, as in any novel, is the way he tells it: the opportunities he takes to surprise readers (characteristically, very few); the situations that can be derived from the plot that he chooses to exploit, along with the characters' attitudes and conflicts that he dramatizes; and the social and moral colouring that he chooses to give to the *actants* (the ciphers of plot summary that become 'characters' in a novel). All these factors determine the ideological direction in which the whole plot is inflected, to make of it a significant story.

Here, then, is the bare plot of the novel: a doctor takes on parental responsibility for his illegitimate niece, a niece who becomes the unknowing beneficiary of another uncle's will, and who falls in love with the heir of the local gentry family, which is heavily in debt first to the wealthy uncle, and then to his son. Two large topics are suggested by Trollope's treatment of the plot. The first we have already glanced at: who is to inherit? And behind that question lies the symbolic one of what kind of country England is to become. Insofar as the novel has a politics, we can approach it under this heading. The second large topic is the whole question of the marriage market, heavily signalled by Trollope himself as the ostensible issue that the novel is to address by the repeated injunction made to Frank Gresham, the hero, that he must 'marry money'. We need to ask what is meant by a 'marriage market', and what are the stakes at play in it, bodies and hearts and personalities as much as dowries and social status. This novel, like so many nineteenth-century novels, ends in a marriage, and this too

points towards a settlement from which we can infer a social as much as a personal future.

What sort of country is England, and what sort of country is it to become? This may seem a large question to ask of such a modest-seeming novel as *Doctor Thorne*, and might seem better addressed to the later political novels of the Palliser series, or Trollope's large 'condition-of-England' novel *The Way We Live Now* (1874). But Trollope himself broaches the issue early in the novel, in Chapter 1, when a description of Greshamsbury House and Park leads on to the question of whether England is a 'commercial country'. Trollope's answer is an emphatic hope that it is not, and that England shall remain predominantly aristocratic, even feudal or chivalrous. A tangle of issues is raised in this first chapter which is worth disentangling. The first issue arises in the very opening paragraphs of the book, when, in describing the 'modest county' in which the novel is set, Trollope insists on its agricultural quality: 'agricultural in its produce, agricultural in its poor, and agricultural in its pleasures' (p. 5). There is perhaps some wish-fulfilment in offering such a place as the embodiment of England in the 1850s: the 1851 census is generally taken as the benchmark that records the moment when England became a predominantly urban country. So one of the alternatives to the 'commercial' description of England is that it remains an agricultural country. But in fact the question is provoked by a discussion of the Gresham family motto, 'Gardez Gresham', inscribed on the family coat of arms and legible on the various gated entrances to the house and park. Does it mean 'Beware of the Greshams' or 'Greshams beware'? Either way, given the present encumbered state of the family fortunes, the motto is inappropriate, for—alas!—England is no longer a feudal or aristocratic country but, perhaps, a commercial one. So the immediate contrast to 'commercial' is 'chivalrous' or 'feudal', or at all events some higher standard of conduct than the merely commercial.

This makes Trollope sound like a very Tory novelist, and perhaps *Doctor Thorne* is the most Tory of his novels. It certainly created that impression on his first reviewers, one of whom, in a review of Trollope's novels written in 1858, wrote, in the context of the Gresham family pride, that 'the author is far too good a Tory not to sympathize with the genuine pride of an old English family, whose pedigree dates back to the ages of chivalry'.³ Yet we know that in life Trollope was a committed

³ 'Mr Trollope's Novels', *National Review*, 7 (October 1858), 416–35, repr. in Donald Smalley (ed.), *Trollope: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969), 88.

Liberal, even to the extent of standing for election as a Liberal candidate in 1868 (he lost). His best-known statement of his political views comes in his autobiography, where he asserts: 'I consider myself to be an advanced, but still a conservative, Liberal.'⁴ Perhaps this gives us a clue to unpacking the apparent conundrum, for in his self-description he emerges as a small-c conservative, while remaining a political Liberal. In fact his preference for 'chivalry' over commercialism has a long pedigree, and can be traced back to Edmund Burke at the end of the eighteenth century. It can aptly be described as a kind of sentimental Toryism, in love with the forms and figure of English history and ready to tolerate them—within limits—as they persist into the present. In much the same way, in the first of the Barchester novels Trollope loved the incumbent of Hiram's Hospital, Dr Harding, even as he recognized that he was the beneficiary of a historic but still scandalous abuse. At all events, the fate of a historic gentry family, the Greshams, provides the central narrative and symbolic trajectory in *Doctor Thorne*, and Trollope has a sentimental and conservative commitment to the family's successful continuation in their historic property and position.

On the other hand, it is important to remember that the Greshams are a gentry and not an aristocratic family. Even though, in that important early paragraph, Trollope aligns 'aristocratic' on the other side of the scales to 'commercial', his sympathies are absolutely not with the grand aristocratic families in *Doctor Thorne*, but with the ancient gentry family of the Greshams. This is not a question of wealth—the Gresham income of £14,000 a year would be astronomically high if it were unencumbered. It is more a question of title, and the consequent access to Court and a national political stage as a matter of right. So while the Gresham family (or at least its menfolk) are sympathetically treated in the novel, the De Courcys and the Duke of Omnium are subjected to unrelenting satire. Indeed it is the De Courcy connection that is the source of many of the Gresham family problems, and the family's two women characters who are proudest of the connection, Lady Arabella and Augusta, are the ones who emerge most unhappily. Unsurprisingly, in the context of the novel's apparent Toryism, these strictly aristocratic families are Whigs, while the Greshams are historically Tory, apart from one momentary slip-up on the part of the older Mr Gresham at the time of the Reform Bill in 1832. That is to say, Trollope's sentimental Toryism is most happily aligned with the traditional rural gentry, and is deeply suspicious of aristocratic Whiggism.

⁴ Trollope, *An Autobiography*, Chapter 16.

There are some complications, then, on the 'aristocratic' or 'feudal' side of the opposition on which the novel embarks, as it seeks to repudiate the notion that England may be a 'commercial' country. But there are complications on the commercial side of the contrast also. There are two prominent representatives of commercial England in the novel: one is the heiress to the fortune created by a proprietary medicine, the Oil of Lebanon, while the other, not exactly commercial but ultimately posing a much bigger threat to the Gresham establishment, is the great contractor and self-made man Sir Roger Scatcherd. The former figure, Miss Dunstable, is the immediate financial prize suggested to Frank Gresham as the means by which he can do his duty and marry money to rescue the family fortunes. As such she represents a real social possibility, both in the novel and in terms of the social history that it represents: she is in a position to provide the wealth that will rescue a financially embarrassed landed family, and thus can help to seal a grand bargain between rank and commercial wealth, to the benefit of the continuity of the English ruling elite. The cynicism and predatory nature of the bargain is made absolutely explicit in the novel, and Trollope's satire at the expense of the De Courcys is unequivocal. If there is a surprise in the novel (for Trollope generally eschews surprises in the way he tells his story), it is that Miss Dunstable herself turns out to be one of the most formidable characters in *Doctor Thorne* and indeed provides one of its most likeable moral centres.

The Scatcherds, however, threaten the Greshams much more directly, if only because both Sir Roger and then his son Louis are the owners of massive loans, which, if called in, would mean the end of the Greshams as a landowning family. It must be presumed that the initial back story of the novel, in which Roger Scatcherd the stonemason kills his sister's seducer, and then is kept in ignorance of the birth of his niece and her adoption by Dr Thorne, is part of the original plot suggestion made to Anthony Trollope by his brother—in which case, Scatcherd's presence in the novel is fundamental. His rise from stonemason to great railway and engineering contractor not only makes him a representative of commercial England, but also recalls and embodies one of the central stories of mid-nineteenth-century England, that of the self-made man. A couple of familiar contemporary (1850s) instances suggest the widespread nature of this story: Rouncewell the ironmaster, in Dickens's *Bleak House* (1852–3), is a more positive representative of the story than Scatcherd, while Samuel Smiles, in *Self-Help* (1859), provides the definitive statement of the self-helping creed, with multiple instances of self-made men to back it up. Scatcherd's story, and then his son's,

constitute a much more sombre version, however, ending in social isolation, political failure, and death from alcoholism. Once again, it seems, we can note an instance of the socially conservative aspect of *Doctor Thorne*: where Dickens in *Bleak House* is determined to assert the equivalent dignity of the ironmaster in comparison to the novel's central aristocratic figure, and Smiles makes a Whiggish, if not Radical, assertion of the essential value of self-help as perhaps the only sure way to real success, Trollope envisages this self-made life leading to personal disaster, and directs its enormous wealth towards the rescue and maintenance of a traditional gentry family.

We can see the importance of Roger Scatcherd's story in another light if, instead of Samuel Smiles, we refer to Thomas Carlyle, who provides an important background presence for Trollope's thinking about social and political matters in the 1850s, and who is, indeed, explicitly parodied in *Doctor Thorne* itself. Carlyle's antipathy towards the 'do-nothing aristocracy' and his entertaining the possibility that the 'captains of industry' (he coined the phrase) might replace them as the real leaders of the country, can be found expressed, for example, in *Past and Present* (1844). While it might seem that *Doctor Thorne* provides just the opposite story to this, in fact Trollope also has contempt for the do-nothing De Courcys and, indeed, in this novel at least, the still more magnificent Duke of Omnium; and while Scatcherd's personal life ends in disaster, there is a Carlylean heroism to the self-made trajectory that takes him from local stonemason to national and indeed international contractor for great public works. The rhetorical economy of the novel, the way, that is, that it shapes and arranges the various themes and materials it encompasses, certainly allows for this heroic aspect of Scatcherd's life to emerge. As for the explicit parody of Carlyle—that comes in Chapter 15, 'Courcy', when an under-employed ostler is allowed to express his thoughts on the way that this once bustling town has been bypassed by the railways and 'progress'. This is how he is finally summed up, in Carlylean register: 'What is commerce to thee, unless it be a commerce in posting on that worn-out, all but useless great western turnpike-road? There is nothing left for thee but to be carted away as rubbish—for thee and for many of us in these now prosperous days; oh, my melancholy, care-ridden friend!' (p. 154). There is a real sadness to this, however bracketed by the parodic tone, evident in that final phrase about the 'care-ridden friend'. 'Commerce' again appears as one of the persistent themes of the novel, and in this context, while Trollope surely acknowledges the inevitability of its success, the hard irony that surrounds addressing a superannuated ostler as

'rubbish' suggests a profounder perspective on the value of unceasing commercial progress.

Doctor Thorne thus conducts a debate about the meaning and worth of England as a commercial country, in which the initial simplicities of his unequivocal preference for the alternative 'feudal' or 'aristocratic' possibility turn out to be somewhat complicated. To say that any novel 'conducts a debate' puts one in danger of ignoring the formally novelistic means by which novels work, and Trollope does indeed tend to work implicitly, preferring to multiply instances than to provide explicit reflection—though there is a fair amount of this in the novel also. In plot terms, the 'debate' is apparently emphatically concluded—'spoiler alert' here—by the Greshamsbury estate becoming the main financial beneficiary of the commercial fortune amassed by Roger Scatcherd. But for this to happen, Scatcherd's heir, the bastard Mary Thorne, has to marry Frank Gresham, the Gresham heir and the focus of the family's hopes. In other words, for Trollope's willed sense of social continuity to be achieved, the marriage market has to operate successfully.

The very description 'marriage market' may seem too reductive to encompass the multiple courtships, love scenes, flirtations, offers of marriage, tests of loyalty, divided allegiances, heart-searchings, jiltings, and triumphant concluding marriages that make up a large portion of the novel. Indeed, the very notion of marriage as a 'market' is one of the principal objects of satire in the novel, with the ever repeated advice to Frank to 'marry money' and the willingness of others to act on this advice being precisely what Trollope sets himself most firmly against. Moreover, as we shall see shortly, this theme of the wickedness of worldly marriages was something of a preoccupation of Trollope's at the time he was writing *Doctor Thorne*. But we can extend the notion of the marriage market beyond its evident appropriateness in this novel to the mercenary marriages proposed, and the trade-offs between gentry and wealth that either are accomplished or fail (as in the case of Augusta Gresham and Mr Moffatt). Beyond these evident market-like bargains, the notion can encompass the whole range of 'goods' that the participants in the game of courtship and partner-selection bring: not only wealth and 'family', but also personality, looks, education, sparkling eyes, fine musculature, and evidence of virility in the capacity to grow a full beard. In short, sexual appeal is one of the principal goods on offer in this market, and a sceptical Darwinian might well be tempted to ask whether or not the whole process was designed to produce the fittest selection of partner for future reproduction. In the case of this

novel, the eventual partnership of Frank and Mary precisely fulfils this demanding specification.⁵

To make this suggestion is emphatically not to propose a self-consciously Darwinian meaning for the novel on Trollope's part—even though *The Origin of Species*, published in 1859, is almost exactly contemporary with *Doctor Thorne* (1858). It is rather to acknowledge that the business of mate-selection has always been a large part of the business of the novel, as true of Fielding's and Jane Austen's novels as it is of *Bridget Jones's Diary*. In the case of *Doctor Thorne*, Frank Gresham's 'fitness' is emphatically underlined, as we shall see, and the wealth of gifts that Mary Thorne brings to market are emphasized also. Trollope's account of the marriage market is precisely one in which these 'true' gifts, soon to be specified, should not be outweighed by the false and mercenary counters of wealth and worldly position. While this is scarcely a radical position, it is certainly one that acknowledges the nature of sexual feeling and its centrality to any genuine marriage. Trollope, here and elsewhere, is frank about the importance of such feeling on the part of both men and women, and the apparently decorous and even arcane courtship rituals of mid-nineteenth-century rural gentry England need not disguise this fact.

The matter of Frank's 'fitness' is easy enough to establish, not only by virtue of his structural position in the novel's plot as its 'hero' (though Trollope wants to insist that Dr Thorne is its true hero), but also because of the way that he fulfils all the usual young gentlemanly qualities of frankness (as his name implies), physical health, and a virility marked, for example, by his capacity to thrash the man who jilts his sister. He also, eventually, shows real firmness of purpose. Trollope's only concession to a 'mixed' character for this young gentleman is his tendency to flirt. But there is a more interesting, half-hidden, and even mildly sinister aspect to Frank's fitness, which emerges in relation to the Scatcherd family. It transpires that he was wet-nursed by Mary Scatcherd, later Lady Scatcherd, and she always provides him with a motherly welcome which outshines the welcome that she provides for her own son. The contrast between Frank Gresham and Louis Scatcherd, both suitors of Mary Thorne, is striking: the former physically and morally superior, the latter a physical weakling, suffering from perhaps hereditary alcoholic disease. In short, the chosen one has absorbed and displaced the maternal goodness that is not passed on to Mary Scatcherd's biological son. Frank's fitness is not just a matter

⁵ For literary Darwinism, see Joseph Carroll, *Literary Darwinism: Evolution, Human Nature, and Literature* (London: Routledge, 2004).

of his lucky accidents of birth, heredity, and wealth; he is positioned to displace his brother-by-shared-nursing in the competition for Mary Thorne.

But what of the latter's own fitness: what cards has she got to play in the courtship game? This is by no means a question artificially imported into the text: it is asked explicitly, in a powerful chapter entitled 'What Can You Give in Return?'. Lady Arabella Gresham asks it directly of Mary herself, in one of the many scenes in which Mary's loyalty to her engagement to Frank is challenged, and the enquiry provokes a bout of soul-searching. Different kinds of answer are possible. One set of qualities is suggested by the whole course of the novel, namely Mary's personal moral qualities, skilfully depicted by Trollope to seem live and distinctive: her courage, her intelligence, her good humour, her loyalty, and her pride. By another measure, however—one that we are mostly asked to repudiate—she fails signally: not only does she have no money 'to give in return' (at least, so it seems at the time the question is asked), but she is illegitimate, and her bastardy is seen as a genuine impediment to her fitness to marry Frank. Both Dr Thorne himself and the older Mr Gresham have to ponder deeply how serious a bar this is. Certainly the suit in Mary's hand is a very weak one. Finally, however, Lady Arabella's challenge to Mary provokes another kind of answer in her own mind, strongly expressed in these terms:

'You who have nothing to give in return!' Such had been Lady Arabella's main accusation against her. Was it in fact true that she had nothing to give? Her maiden love, her feminine pride, her very life, and spirit, and being. Were these things nothing? Were they to be weighed against pounds sterling per annum? And, when so weighed, were they ever to kick the beam like feathers? (p. 415)

This series of questions takes us to the heart of the moral dilemmas posed by the book, and insofar as readers are led to answer Mary's questions with an indignant 'no', we are also led to confront the reality of the goods that are being traded in the marriage market. A sceptical or critical reader might be tempted to think that by providing Mary with sudden and enormous wealth, the book does not have to pursue this confrontation too deeply. Nevertheless, Mary's assertion of her sense of her own worth is a powerful one: 'Her maiden love, her feminine pride, her very life, and spirit, and being.' At stake in the marriage market are more than those external markers of wealth, or indeed of personality: there are her untried sexuality and her 'very life'—as though these could be measured. What she insists on in this internal dialogue is her truth to that sense of herself, which she is, indeed, in one sense

prepared to 'offer', but which also she refuses to accept as equivalent to the outward and fallacious markers that Lady Arabella recognizes. This is a moment equivalent, perhaps, to that in *Jane Eyre*, ten years earlier (Charlotte Brontë's novel was published in 1847), where Jane refuses to elope with Mr Rochester on comparable grounds of mere self-respect. Mary chooses to stick by her engagement, but she is provoked into a declaration of her own worth as a person, which insists on herself as an end and not a means.

The central plot conundrum of the novel, how best to preserve the Greshamsbury estate, is thus solved as much by the operation of the marriage market as it is by the redirection of new wealth towards an old social form, the landed gentry estate. If the operation of the marriage market is probed most deeply in relation to the courtship of Mary and Frank, it is pursued, in a more satirical vein, in a number of relationships in *Doctor Thorne*. Augusta's jilted engagement to Moffat; the latter's own pursuit of Miss Dunstable; the wonderful exchange of letters between the heiress and the Honourable George De Courcy; the still more accomplished exchange between Augusta and her noble cousin on the propriety of marrying an attorney: all these are part of Trollope's sometimes acerbic take on the accommodation between wealth and birth to be achieved by the exchange of young bodies.

Nevertheless, matters are so arranged that the hero of the novel, Frank Gresham, is rewarded for his loyalty to the penniless and illegitimate Mary Thorne by a very substantial fortune. A sceptically conservative reviewer in the *Saturday Review* did not fail to point out that the novel thus both has its cake and eats it, remarking on 'the trifling inconsistency of praising a man for being disinterested in the first place, and paying him 300,000*l.* for his disinterested conduct immediately afterwards'.⁶ The same reviewer goes on to criticize Trollope, and novels more generally, for sentimentally insisting on marriages of passion over the more 'manageable' feelings that characterize most marriages in real life. However, Trollope was consistent in insisting on the wrongness of marriages contracted for worldly reasons, on the foolishness of postponing marriages, even indefinitely, out of prudential motives, and on the absolute centrality of mutual attraction, including (implicitly) sexual attraction, as the basis of marriage. While not a topic of explicit reflection, variations on these themes are played out not only in *Doctor Thorne* but in the novel that immediately followed it, *The Bertrams* (1859), and even in a melodramatic tale set in Southern

⁶ Unsigned notice, *Saturday Review*, 5 (12 June 1858), 618–19; repr. in Smalley (ed.), *Trollope: The Critical Heritage*, 77.

France, *La Mère Bauche*, one of the *Tales of All Countries* (1861). In *The Bertrams*, two marriages are postponed for prudential reasons; in the worse case, the engagement is broken off and the woman makes a worldly marriage that ends in disaster. In *La Mère Bauche*, the guardian of a young girl insists on her marrying a dreadful but prosperous middle-aged suitor; the girl commits suicide rather than comply. In all these instances Trollope consistently places sentiment above prudential or worldly considerations.

But is Frank Gresham the hero of the novel? Trollope himself makes an ambivalent joke about this at the start of the tale:

He would have been the hero of our tale had not that place been preoccupied by the village doctor. As it is, those who please may so regard him. It is he who is to be our favourite young man, to do the love scenes, to have his trials and his difficulties, and to win through them or not, as the case may be. (p. 9)

Trollope goes on to give a very heavy hint that Frank will not ‘die of a broken heart’. In other words, the author recognizes the centrality of Frank’s role in the novel, but seeks to reserve the role of hero to Dr Thorne himself, a role best described as the novel’s moral centre rather than the narrative centrality which springs from Frank’s position.

Dr Thorne’s qualifications are scarcely those of a hero of romance: he is a middle-aged man, a doctor with a small rural practice, and one who makes up his pills and potions himself. In insisting, even if only intermittently, on Dr Thorne’s heroic status, Trollope is privileging his virtues of integrity, moral courage, capacity for honest work (he does not live off an inheritance, unlike the Greshams), and appropriate pride and self-esteem in his relations with both the members of the gentry and Sir Roger Scatcherd. If the novel apparently foregrounds Frank’s disinterested loyalty to Mary in the face of the injunction to ‘marry money’, it also provides Dr Thorne with the most interesting moral dilemma in the book, as he keeps quiet about his knowledge of Mary’s position as heir, even though it will instantly resolve the marriage difficulties. His dealings between Sir Roger Scatcherd and the Greshamsbury estate, as well as his resolute handling of the illness of both the Scatcherd men, are clearly offered by Trollope as exemplary, and in this sense make his moral character ‘heroic’ in a way that cannot be said of the young Frank Gresham.

Dr Thorne’s behaviour as a doctor reveals another aspect of the novel beyond the lives and courtship rituals of the gentry and aristocratic families who provide its predominant topic—an aspect that is perhaps surprisingly dark. The novel is very frank about the diseases

from which the doctor's patients suffer, not only suggesting that Lady Arabella may have cancer, but providing very detailed accounts of the death from alcoholism of not one but two of its principal characters. In the case of Sir Roger Scatcherd, the novel takes the reader into the patient's bedroom and discloses all the sordid details of physical incapacity, rages and collapses, the bottles hidden under the pillow, negotiations about permitted doses, and debilitation. A comparison can be drawn with George Eliot's *Middlemarch* (1871–2), which also contains a scene where an admirable provincial doctor attends the deathbed of a dying alcoholic. George Eliot and Trollope admired each other as novelists, and the different ways that they treat comparable material is instructive. The earlier novel is certainly the more graphic. When *Doctor Thorne* comes to deal with the death of Sir Roger's son, of the same disease, it is equally frank, and the vastly different characters of father and son are evident in their manners of death also. The latter scene is the cause of an interesting and even uncomfortable aspect of the way that Trollope tells his story. He so arranges matters that the reader, like Dr Thorne, is aware of the provisions of Sir Roger's will, which will benefit Mary Thorne and immediately transform her prospect of happiness—in which, it is to be hoped, a good reader of novels has a heavy investment. The reader therefore knows that for Mary to be happy—for the whole entanglement of the Greshamsbury estate to be resolved—Sir Louis Scatcherd has to die before the age of twenty-five. In short, for the novel to come to the conclusion that we want, and for the romance to be completed, we as readers have to wish one of its central characters to die. Sir Louis is scarcely admirable, but he is given room enough in the novel to become established as a substantial and distinctive personality in his own right. While it is always tempting to draw too much from such unstated narrative contrasts and effects, it is possible to consider how this particular effect—wishing one character dead so that others may be happy—suggests the sometimes terrible price to be exacted for the successful fulfilment of romance.

To emphasize the moral centrality of Dr Thorne to his own novel runs the risk of making him, and his familial arrangements, sound a little too straight. He has recently figured in a surprising critical context, as the hero of a 'queer family', along with the many queer families that occupy, especially, the novels of Dickens, but other nineteenth-century novels also. Such families offer surprising, loving alternatives to the standard-seeming nuclear family of father, mother, and their biological offspring. Dr Thorne, in short, is a 'bachelor dad', whose care for Mary Thorne is unhesitatingly offered as exemplary, as she

herself acknowledges: 'What had he not done for her, that uncle of hers, who had been more loving to her than any father!' (p. 458). Holly Furneaux, who makes these arguments in *Queer Dickens: Erotics, Families, Masculinities*, draws an emphatic conclusion from them: such arrangements

queer the family in a similar way to Dickens's work, by making explicit the possibility that elective forms of family, in which heterosexual reproduction is at most a peripheral concern and exemplary parenting is performed by alternative configurations (in terms of gender, number and age of parents) to the opposite-sex couple, may be preferable to biological formations of kinship.⁷

Furneaux provides other examples: from the multiple 'elective forms of family' to be found in Dickens's work can be chosen the 'Wooden Midshipman' in *Dombey and Son* (1846–8), a household headed in turn by the elderly bachelors Sol Gills and Captain Cuttle, which gives a home to both the young Walter Gay and Florence Dombey; George Eliot's novels include the families of Silas Marner, in the novel of that name (1861), and of Rufus Lyon in *Felix Holt the Radical* (1866). In all these instances a loving family is based upon elective rather than biological affinities. The nineteenth-century novel, in other words, and contrary to popular report, is capable of imagining positively multiple forms of family life beyond the seeming heterosexual norm. Dr Thorne's family, consisting of himself and his illegitimate niece (there is some gossip in the novel to the effect that she is his illegitimate daughter), provides a striking example of such a 'queered' family, and our sense of the doctor as the novel's moral centre must include this.

By virtue of the eccentric provisions of a rich man's will, Mary turns out to be an heiress. Trollope was, however, uncertain that these provisions would in fact have been sufficiently watertight in law to ensure that Mary would inherit the money. He resorted to the ungainly suggestion that, 'If under such a will as that described as having been made by Sir Roger, Mary would not have been the heiress, that will must have been described wrongly' (p. 441). The legal difficulty, if there is one, turns on Mary's illegitimacy, since illegitimate children were normally excluded from inheritance under common law. Mary would have to be explicitly named in the will itself, or in a later codicil made by Sir Roger when he learnt of Mary's existence. All we know for certain is that in Sir Roger's will Dr Thorne is named as the person in possession of the true knowledge of the identity of the heir. So the question at law

⁷ Holly Furneaux, *Queer Dickens: Erotics, Families, Masculinities* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009), 58.

is whether the doctor's word is sufficient to overturn the common-law presumption against illegitimate inheritance. In the absence of a challenge from the (undoubtedly legitimate) oldest child of Sir Roger's sister in America, this point of law is never tested in a court.

There is moreover a background to Trollope's defensiveness in this matter. Trollope begins by acknowledging that a reviewer had made a pertinent suggestion: 'It has been suggested that the modern English writers of fiction should among them keep a barrister, in order that they may be set right on such legal points as will arise in their little narratives, and thus avoid that exposure of their own ignorance of the laws, which now, alas! they too often make' (p. 441). He goes on to say that he himself would be willing to subscribe to such a service. The person who made the suggestion was the reviewer of *The Three Clerks* in the *Saturday Review*, *The Three Clerks* being the novel that immediately preceded *Doctor Thorne*. Pointing out with some self-satisfaction a series of legal errors in Trollope's novel, he asked:

Why do not novelists consult some legal friend before they write about law? Is it impossible to find a barrister who has a hobby for criminal law, and also a hobby for criticizing novels, and who would bring his skill in both lines to bear upon the correction of a layman's mistakes? We think that such a man might be found, and he would be invaluable to all fiction writers who evolve descriptions of English trials out of the depths of their consciousness, and square them to meet the principles of eternal justice.⁸

Trollope then published *Doctor Thorne*, sufficiently quickly after *The Three Clerks* for it to be reviewed, by the same reviewer, in June 1858. This is the very review referred to earlier that complained of the excessive regard paid to unsustainable notions of marriage based on affection. Before doing so, however, the reviewer thanks Trollope for noticing his suggestion of taking legal advice, but takes him to task for not doing so and thus spoiling the illusion of reality which all novelists should aim at.

This is an interesting sequence, facilitated by the speed of Trollope's writing, which made it possible for him to publish *The Three Clerks* in 1857, for it to be reviewed in the *Saturday Review* in December, for him to respond to the review in the text of *Doctor Thorne*, and for the reviewer to respond to his response in a review published in June 1858. The sequence indicates how closely intertwined were novel-writing and novel-reviewing in the 1850s. But there is also an important aesthetic

⁸ Unsigned notice, *Saturday Review*, 4 (5 December 1857), 517–18, repr. in Smalley (ed.), *Trollope: The Critical Heritage*, 58.

point at stake in the interchange. The reviewer, when he comes to discuss the paragraphs in *Doctor Thorne* about the novelist's legal difficulties, has these irritatingly self-satisfied but trenchant remarks to make:

We are flattered by his readiness to take advice, and in return we will not discuss the question whether Sir Roger Scatcherd's will was not altered just before his death (though we rather think it was), but we must observe that Mr. Trollope does not meet our point. The contract of the writer with the reader is to create and maintain a reasonably perfect illusion as to the reality of the events which he relates, and he breaks that contract if he wantonly points out the difficulties of his task, and says that there is a way out of them, but that he does not choose to take the trouble to find it.⁹

This point is well made, and is an indication of the sophistication of novel-reviewing in the period. The reviewer anticipates both notions of a 'contract' between writer and reader, and also later nineteenth-century, especially Jamesian, notions of realism, which insist on the mistakenness of breaking the frame of the fiction in order to sustain the illusion of 'the reality of the events which he [the novelist] relates'. In the case of this particular reviewer (probably Sir Henry Maine, according to Donald Smalley in *Trollope: The Critical Heritage*), all this is evidence of the slipshod writing that Trollope has fallen into simply by trying to publish too much, too quickly. But it is possible to read this exchange in another way, namely that Trollope's willingness to acknowledge his own activity as a novelist, in evidence not only in his admission about the legality of the will, but elsewhere in the novel as well, is an indication of a different aesthetic at work than the purist realism advocated by the reviewer. Trollope's writing in this respect resembles Thackeray's rather than Henry James's: in his frequent acknowledgements of the fictionality of the fiction he is spinning, Trollope both enables his reader to 'see the workings' of the novel, and puts her in a position to weigh up what is at stake in the way that the novel proceeds towards its various conclusions. In this respect Trollope betrays his debt not only to Thackeray, the great master of self-conscious fiction, but also to an important tradition within the English novel that goes back to Henry Fielding, and, in the extreme case, Laurence Sterne. Readers will decide for themselves whether or not they find Trollope's frequent asides, knowing nudges, and admissions of failure (as in this case of the law business) evidence of slipshod writing, as the *Saturday* reviewer will have it, or perhaps residual traces

⁹ Unsigned notice, *Saturday Review*, 5 (12 June 1858), 618–19, repr. in Smalley (ed.), *Trollope: The Critical Heritage*, 77.

of an older, self-consciously fictive aesthetic, still at work in this novel and enabling us to assess the novel's fictionality even as its ideological work is being performed.

One further aspect of the novel requires comment. In the mid-1850s, as Trollope was beginning to establish himself as a relatively successful novelist (*The Warden* was published in 1855), he wrote a wide-ranging review of contemporary Britain, called *The New Zealander*, and submitted it to Longman for publication. Longman rejected it, and though Trollope continued to revise his manuscript over the course of the following year, it was never published in his lifetime. In fact, the manuscript was first published in 1972.¹⁰ The book took its title from Macaulay's famous image in an essay of 1840 on the historian Von Ranke and especially on the longevity of the Catholic Church; Macaulay speculated that 'she [the Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch to sketch the ruins of St Paul's'.¹¹ Trollope's unpublished book takes under review such topics as 'The People and Their Rulers', 'The Press', and, most pertinently for our purposes, 'The House of Commons'. For, although the manuscript remained unpublished, Trollope used it as a quarry for several of his novels, including *Doctor Thorne*. In particular, several paragraphs in Chapter 22, about the election of Sir Roger Scatcherd in Barchester, are taken almost verbatim from the manuscript of *The New Zealander*. The chapter on 'The House of Commons' takes as its theme the hypocrisy of present-day politics, when politicians publicly condemn people, and each other, for practices that privately they are happy to condone. This is an example of the 'purism' of 'the present age', which leads people to speak dishonestly in upholding standards that they know cannot always be upheld. The most egregious example of this in *The New Zealander* concerns a real historical figure, a Mr Stonor, who was convicted of bribery during an election (a form of bribery which Trollope does not condemn, and which, he suggests, all politicians know to be routinely practised) and whose subsequent appointment to a judgeship in Australia was revoked because the opposition party saw it as an opportunity for short-term political advantage. This little scenario reappears in *Doctor Thorne* in relation to the election agent Mr Romer; several paragraphs are reproduced in the

¹⁰ Anthony Trollope, *The New Zealander*, ed. with an introduction by N. John Hall (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972).

¹¹ Lord Macaulay, *Critical and Historical Essays* (London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer, 1869), 548.

novel with a few necessary tweaks, as other paragraphs from the same chapter had been used in its immediate predecessor, *The Three Clerks*. In the context of *Doctor Thorne*, the use of this satirical material on the conduct of British elections scarcely contributes to a wider satirical context, though the election at Barchester is one of a series of elections that figure in Trollope's novels, culminating in the account of his own election campaign as a Liberal at Beverley in 1868 in *Ralph the Heir* (1870–1). But some of the themes introduced into the novel by the *New Zealander* material, especially an ambivalence towards the political process, were to be developed much more fully in the series of Palliser or 'political' novels, inaugurated by *Can You Forgive Her?* in 1864–5.

As we have noted previously, after *Doctor Thorne* Trollope went on to write *The Bertrams*, a novel dedicated to demonstrating the foolishness of postponing marriage for merely prudential reasons, and to showing how disastrous a marriage can be when it is contracted for worldly ones. Two years after *Doctor Thorne* came the next in the Barsetshire series, *Framley Parsonage* (1860–1), which is also committed to a 'sentimental' notion of marriage. This time, there is no magical inheritance and it seems as though Trollope had not been frightened out of his sentimentality by the conservative scepticism of the reviewer in the *Saturday Review*. But neither of these novels probes as deeply as *Doctor Thorne* what is at stake in the marriage market. At the end of the novel, when the news of the inheritance has been made known, Mary rejoices that 'now she could pay him for his goodness'. But she immediately corrects herself: 'Pay him! No, that would be a base word, a base thought. Her payment must be made, if God would so grant it, in many, many years to come' (p. 458). Mary's self-correction exactly captures both what the novel exposes and what it wishes to conceal: that there is a system of payment and exchange in the marriage market, and that to act on it is to act basely. It is this paradox that Trollope explores to the full in *Doctor Thorne*.

NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Chronicles of Barsetshire

THIS edition of *Doctor Thorne* is part of the first modern edition of Trollope's Barchester novels to be based on the text of *The Chronicles of Barsetshire*, published in eight volumes by Chapman and Hall in 1878–9.

Trollope did not plan these novels as a sequence. But they share settings, themes, and characters, and Trollope wrote to George Smith, on 7 December 1867: 'I should like to see my novels touching Barchester published in a series.'¹ Smith was unwilling, in part because the copyrights of some of the novels were owned by other publishers. W. H. Smith had rights in *Doctor Thorne* (which Trollope at this stage considered 'not absolutely essential to this series'), while Longmans had a half share of *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*.

These complicated copyright issues would not be resolved until 1878, when Trollope used Chapman and Hall to create a collected edition. On 13 February 1878 he paid Smith, Elder £50 for their copyright in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. By 5 March, Longmans had agreed to relinquish *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*, and W. H. Smith had released *Doctor Thorne*.² With these novels available, Trollope wrote to George Smith about the others. *The Small House at Allington* was not a problem because Trollope had come to feel that it, rather than *Doctor Thorne*, was now the novel which could be omitted.³ The sticking point was *Framley Parsonage*. Trollope offered George Smith a fifth of the profits of the entire series and Smith accepted.⁴

On 11 April, Trollope wrote to Millais for advice about frontispieces—in a letter which, confusingly, both suggested that the edition would include all six titles and spoke of it as a set of only six volumes, which would be insufficient for six novels of this size.⁵ Either shortly before or shortly after this, Frederic Chapman insisted that *The Small House at Allington* should be included.⁶ The bibliographical evidence

¹ *The Letters of Anthony Trollope*, ed. N. John Hall with the assistance of Nina Burgis, 2 vols. (Stanford, Cal.: Stanford University Press, 1983), i. 405.

² *Letters*, ii. 760–1; Michael Sadleir, *Trollope: A Bibliography* (London: Constable, 1928; repr. with addenda and corrigenda, 1934), 245–6.

³ Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography and Other Writings*, ed. with an introduction by Nicholas Shrimpton (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2014), Chapter 15.

⁴ *Letters*, ii. 760, 763.

⁵ *Letters*, ii. 770.

⁶ Sadleir, *Trollope: A Bibliography*, 245–6.

shows that the books had gone into production before the shift from six to eight volumes was made:

the original issue contained a series-title-page . . . which . . . declared that 'The Chronicles of Barssetshire' were in *six* volumes. This statement pre-dated the decision to include *The Small House at Allington*, and, when, as a result of that decision, the series was destined to extend to eight volumes, an inset series-half-title was inserted . . . giving *eight* volumes as the limit.⁷

What seems most likely is that Chapman had initially left the preparation of the series to Trollope but intervened, in May or June, to avoid the risk of issuing a less than complete 'collected' edition. It is known that Trollope paid Smith, Elder 'the large sum of £500'⁸ for the copyright of *The Small House at Allington*. This seems the most likely moment for such a transaction. The need to acquire an additional title for a series already in production would explain the payment of so much more than the £50 given for *The Last Chronicle* in February. In the event, *The Chronicles of Barssetshire* would be published as six novels in eight volumes between November 1878 and June 1879, each volume with a frontispiece by Francis Arthur Fraser.

The six novels thus collected as *The Chronicles of Barssetshire* had previously appeared in a number of different formats. Three were first published as books: *The Warden* (1855), *Barchester Towers* (1857), and *Doctor Thorne* (1858). Two were originally magazine serials: *Framley Parsonage* (Cornhill, January 1860–April 1861) and *The Small House at Allington* (Cornhill, September 1862–April 1864). *The Last Chronicle of Barset* first appeared in part-issue format (thirty-two weekly parts, 1 December 1866–6 July 1867). This diversity makes it difficult to establish a consistent copy text for a modern collected edition.

Trollope wrote rapidly, relying on others to correct his mistakes, and his own changes in proof could sometimes be new thoughts. His manuscripts are therefore not a definitive guide. Nor are manuscripts always available. Of the six novels in the Barssetshire series, they survive only for *The Small House at Allington* (Huntington Library), *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (Beinecke Library), and *Framley Parsonage* (Vaughan Library, Harrow School, lacking Chapters 1–18). In these circumstances, editors must turn to the 'best lifetime edition' and their decisions have been very various. Sometimes the first appearance in print has been deemed 'best': David Skilton and Peter Miles made a strong case for the serial text in their 1984 Penguin edition of *Framley Parsonage*. Julian Thompson,

⁷ Sadleir, *Trollope: A Bibliography*, 246–7.

⁸ Ibid. 246.

however, editing the other *Cornhill* novel, *The Small House at Allington*, for the same series in 1991, took a different view. He based his text not on the serial but on the first book edition, suggesting that, 'the text, apart from minor changes in punctuation, remained unaltered'. Even first book-form texts, unfortunately, do not provide a universal solution, since the first edition of *Doctor Thorne* was manifestly imperfect. Trollope was abroad and unable to read proofs. Not until the third edition, in 1859, were the numerous errors extensively corrected.

A case can, of course, be made for an eclectic edition. This was the procedure followed by David Skilton for the Trollope Society edition of the collected works. *Framley Parsonage* and *The Small House* were based on their serial versions, *Doctor Thorne* on the third book-form edition, and *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, and *The Last Chronicle* on their first book-form. When the Barsetshire novels are being republished as a separate series, however, there is an argument for a different policy: a return to Trollope's own revision of them, for the same purpose, in 1878–9. As the publication history shows, Trollope cared deeply about this project. Some modern editors have been scornful about the results. Robin Gilmour, editing *The Warden* in 1984, argued that, the 'alterations and additions in the 1878 text . . . leave errors uncorrected and incorporate no new material of substance', so 'cannot be considered to constitute a proper revision'. But the uncorrected errors noted by Gilmour are minor, while the new material is more substantial than he allowed. Skilton, in the Trollope Society edition of *The Warden*, sees the 1878 revisions as 'significant alterations', and retains many of the 1879 changes in his edition of *Doctor Thorne*.

Trollope's revision of his texts for *The Chronicles of Barsetshire* was not as meticulous as a modern textual editor might ideally require. But the fact remains that this was a revision, and the last revision in the author's lifetime. This was how Trollope ultimately wished readers to see these novels. Accordingly, this edition of *Doctor Thorne* is based not on the first but on the last authorial version of the text, with a few obvious errors silently corrected. In this and in the other novels in the series, the editors draw attention in their notes to changes from previous versions that seem particularly significant. Some spellings and punctuation have been regularized in accordance with current OUP practice. Trollope's 'Introduction' to *The Chronicles*, which originally appeared as a preface to the first volume of the series, is printed as an appendix to each of the novels.

Doctor Thorne

The 1878–9 Chapman and Hall text of *Doctor Thorne* differs in two principal ways from the edition of 1859, which was the first edition of the novel to be corrected by Trollope himself. The first concerns what may be matters of house style, though, given the influence that Trollope enjoyed at Chapman and Hall, he may well have had significant oversight over these changes. There is a systematic alteration in punctuation, by which many clauses separated by semi-colons in the 1859 edition are turned into separate sentences in that of 1878–9. Paragraphing has also been systematically altered: 1878–9 uses longer paragraphs, especially during dialogue, so that speeches by the same character interrupted by narrative commentary are joined together as single paragraphs, when they appear as multiple paragraphs in 1859.

Secondly, Trollope altered his choice of vocabulary in about a dozen places, such as substituting ‘innate’ for ‘propense’ in his description of Dr Thorne’s character in Chapter 3; these alterations are recorded in the notes. He also made a couple of minor verbal changes to tighten the legal case for Mary Thorne’s inheritance, and to keep open the possibility of a subsequent marriage for Dr Thorne, necessary in the light of what happens in *Framley Parsonage*. In addition, and more significantly, Trollope cut three paragraphs at different points in the novel, totalling about 300 words. There is no obvious consistent rationale for these cuts; the first, in Chapter 34, contains some facetious material directed at Miss Gushing, and the second, in the following chapter, includes some comparably facetious jokes on Frank Gresham’s part about the length of a friend’s beard. But the third cut, in Chapter 41, is a perfectly serious account of Mary Thorne’s attractiveness, and Squire Gresham’s realization of this. These changes are also detailed in the notes, along with other incidental minor cuts and additions to the later edition.

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A CHRONOLOGY OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(Selected publications are noted here only; volume publication is given in all cases.)

<i>Life</i>	<i>Historical and Cultural Background</i>
1815 (24 April) AT born in London.	Battle of Waterloo and final defeat of Napoleon.
1823 Enters Harrow Boys' School.	Monroe doctrine formulated to protect American interests in relation to Europe.
1825 At school in Sunbury.	Stockton and Darlington Railway, first public railway, opens.
1827 Admitted to Winchester College.	
1830 Back at home in poverty then to Harrow School again.	Accession of William IV in Britain; in France, rioting sees overthrow of the Bourbons and accession of Louis Philippe.
1832	First Reform Act increases electorate to c. 700,000 men.
1834 Trollope family flee creditors to Bruges; AT takes up clerkship at London Post Office; a period of poverty and an unpromising start to work.	'New Poor Law'; Tolpuddle martyrs (early example of, in effect, trade union membership).
1839	First commercial telegraph in UK.
1841 After much misery, AT is offered the post of deputy postal surveyor's clerk at Banagher, King's county, Ireland; begins to hunt.	British occupation of Hong Kong; Robert Peel becomes Prime Minister.
1843 Begins <i>The Macdermots of Ballycloran</i> .	Wordsworth becomes Poet Laureate.
1844 Marries Rose Heseltine from Rotherham (d. 1917).	Factory Act shortens working day, increases minimum hours of schooling.
1845	Great Famine begins in Ireland (–1850).
1846 Henry Merivale Trollope born (d. 1926).	Repeal of Corn Laws, major achievement for free trade; Lord John Russell becomes Prime Minister.
1847 Frederick James Anthony Trollope born (d. 1910); <i>The Macdermots of Ballycloran</i> .	Ten Hours Factory Act (cuts working day to 10 hours for women and children).

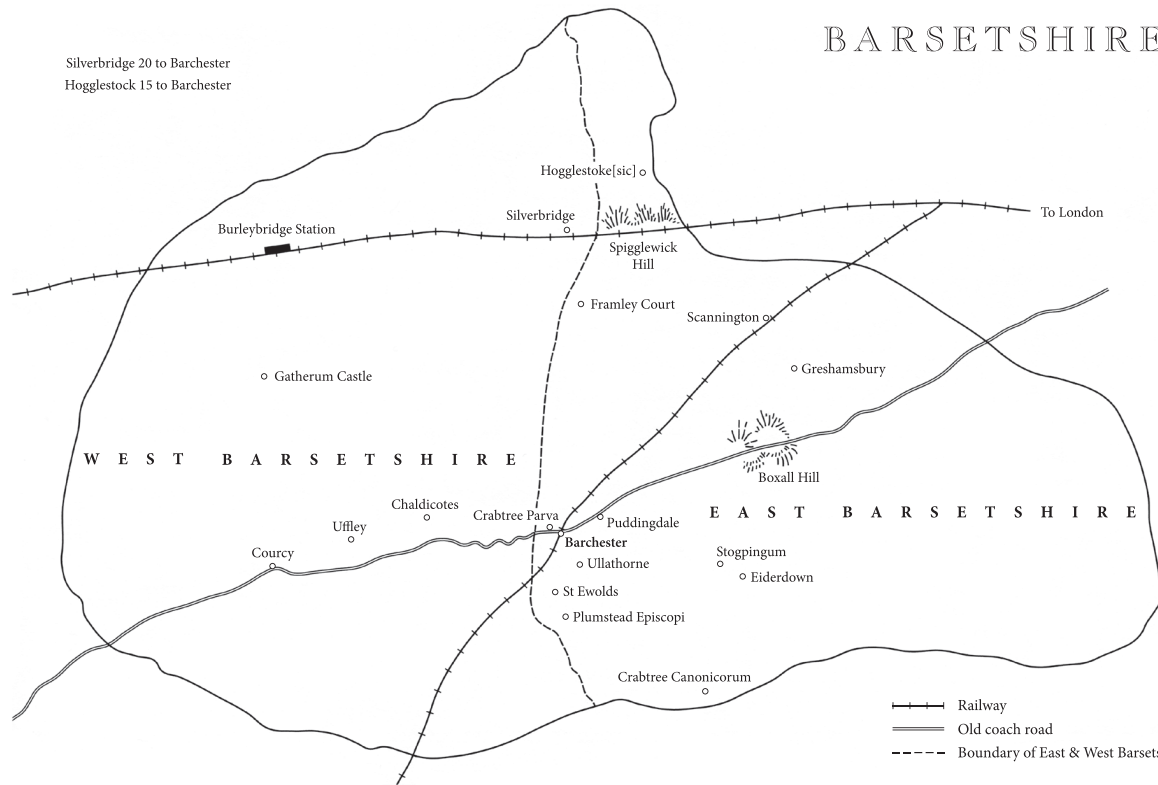
- | <i>Life</i> | <i>Historical and Cultural Background</i> |
|--|---|
| 1848 <i>The Kellys and the O'Kellys</i> . | European revolutions; second Chartist petition. |
| 1850 <i>La Vendée</i> , a failure. | Tennyson becomes Poet Laureate; restoration of Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy. |
| 1851 Working for the Post Office in England. | Great Exhibition, evidence of British dominance in trade. |
| 1852 Suggests the new pillar box for post on the Channel Islands. | Opening of new Palace of Westminster; Earl of Derby becomes Prime Minister followed by Earl of Aberdeen. |
| 1853 | Crimean War (–1856). |
| 1854 Post Office surveyor for the north of Ireland: family in Donnybrook. | |
| 1855 <i>The Warden</i> , first of the 'Chronicles of Barsetshire'; thereafter, he sets himself writing targets (usually 10,000 words a week). | Abolition of final newspaper tax leads to growth of new journalism and newspaper titles; Palmerston becomes Prime Minister. |
| 1857 <i>Barchester Towers</i> , a success. | Indian Mutiny; Matrimonial Causes Act extends availability of divorce. |
| 1858 <i>Doctor Thorne</i> (Barsetshire). | Jewish Disabilities Act; abolition of property qualification for MPs; Earl of Derby is Prime Minister, then Palmerston again. |
| 1860 Beginning of instalments of <i>Framley Parsonage</i> ; moves to London as Post Office surveyor; meets Kate Field, an American woman, in Florence, with whom he forms a strong attachment. | Wilberforce–Huxley debate on evolution. |
| 1861 | American Civil War begins. |
| 1862 Elected to Garrick Club. | London Exposition; Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation. |
| 1864 Elected to the Athenaeum. <i>The Small House at Allington</i> (Barsetshire, but introduces Plantagenet and Glencora Palliser). | |
| 1864–5 <i>Can You Forgive Her?</i> (first of the Palliser novels; vol. 1, Sept. 1864; vol. 2, July 1865). | |

<i>Life</i>	<i>Historical and Cultural Background</i>
1865	Abolition of slavery in North America; Earl Russell becomes Prime Minister.
1866	Success with commercial transatlantic cable; Earl of Derby becomes Prime Minister.
1867 <i>The Last Chronicle of Barset</i> . Resigns from the Post Office to edit <i>Saint Pauls: A Monthly Magazine</i> with illustrations by Millais.	Second Reform Act (further extension of franchise to about 2 million electors).
1868 Defeated as Liberal candidate for Beverley in the General Election.	Trades Union Congress formed; Disraeli becomes Prime Minister followed by Gladstone.
1869 <i>He Knew He Was Right</i> ; <i>Phineas Finn</i> (Palliser).	Suez Canal opened; first issue of <i>Nature</i> .
1870 <i>The Vicar of Bullhampton</i> .	Forster's Education Act, widely extending provision of primary education; first Married Women's Property Act, granting married women the right to their own earnings and to inherit property in their own name.
1871 Travels in Australasia.	Paris Commune; legalization of Trade Unions.
1872 <i>The Eustace Diamonds</i> (Palliser).	
1873 <i>Phineas Redux</i> (Palliser); <i>Australia and New Zealand</i> .	Financial crisis begins US Long Depression.
1874	First Impressionist Exhibition (Paris); Disraeli becomes Prime Minister.
1875 <i>The Way We Live Now</i> .	Third Republic in France; Theosophical Society founded.
1876 <i>The Prime Minister</i> (Palliser).	The telephone patented.
1877 <i>The American Senator</i> .	
1878 <i>Is He Popenjoy?</i> ; <i>South Africa</i> .	Exposition Universelle (Paris), including arts and machinery.
1879 <i>Thackeray</i> in the English Men of Letters series.	
1880 Moves to South Harting, Sussex. <i>The Duke's Children</i> (Palliser); <i>Life of Cicero</i> .	First Anglo-Boer War (–1881); Gladstone becomes Prime Minister.
1881 <i>Dr Wortle's School</i> .	Assassination of US President James Garfield.

- | | <i>Life</i> | <i>Historical and Cultural Background</i> |
|------|---|---|
| 1882 | <i>Lord Palmerston; The Fixed Period</i> , a futuristic novel. Suffers a stroke; (6 Dec.) dies in nursing home. Buried in Kensal Green (his grave reads: 'He was a loving husband, a loving father, and a true friend'); leaves estate worth £25,892 19s. 3d. | Phoenix Park Murders; Egypt now British protectorate; second Married Women's Property Act allowing married women to own and control their own property. |
| 1883 | <i>Mr Scarborough's Family; An Autobiography</i> . | Death of Richard Wagner. |
| 1887 | Publication of AT's brother, Thomas Adolphus Trollope's <i>What I Remember</i> , with alternative account of the family upbringing. | |

BARSETSHIRE

Silverbridge 20 to Barchester
Hogglestock 15 to Barchester



DOCTOR THORNE

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CHAPTER 1

THE GRESHAMS OF GRESHAMSBURY

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

There is a county in the west of England not so full of life, indeed, nor so widely spoken of as some of its manufacturing leviathan brethren in the north, but which is, nevertheless, very dear to those who know it well. Its green pastures, its waving wheat, its deep and shady and,—let us add,—dirty lanes, its paths and stiles, its tawny-coloured, well-built rural churches, its avenues of beeches, and frequent Tudor mansions, its constant county hunt, its social graces, and the general air of clanship which pervades it, has made it to its own inhabitants a favoured land of Goshen.* It is purely agricultural; agricultural in its produce, agricultural in its poor, and agricultural in its pleasures. There are towns in it, of course; depôts from whence are brought seeds and groceries, ribbons and fire-shovels; in which markets are held and county balls are carried on; which return members to parliament, generally,—in spite of Reform Bills,* past, present, and coming,—in accordance with the dictates of some neighbouring land magnate; from whence emanate the country postmen, and where is located the supply of post-horses necessary for county visitings.* But these towns add nothing to the importance of the county; they consist, with the exception of the assize-town,* of dull, all but death-like, single streets. Each possesses two pumps, three hotels, ten shops, fifteen beerhouses, a beadle, and a market-place.

Indeed, the town population of the county reckons for nothing when the importance of the county is discussed, with the exception, as before said, of the assize-town, which is also a cathedral city. Herein is a clerical aristocracy, which is certainly not without its due weight. A resident bishop, a resident dean, an archdeacon, three or four resident prebendaries,* and all their numerous chaplains, vicars, and ecclesiastical satellites, do make up a society sufficiently powerful to be counted as something by the county squirearchy. In other respects, the greatness of Barsetshire depends wholly on the landed powers.

Barsetshire, however, is not now so essentially one whole as it was

before the Reform Bill divided it. There is in these days an East Barsetshire, and there is a West Barsetshire; and people conversant with Barsetshire doings declare that they can already decipher some difference of feeling, some division of interests. The eastern moiety of the county is more purely conservative than the western; there is, or was, a taint of Peelism* in the latter; and then, too, the residence of two such great Whig magnates as the Duke of Omnium and the Earl De Courcy* in that locality in some degree overshadows and renders less influential the gentlemen who live near them.

It is to East Barsetshire that we are called. When the division above spoken of was first contemplated, in those stormy days in which gallant men were still combating reform ministers,* if not with hope, still with spirit, the battle was fought by none more bravely than by John Newbold Gresham of Greshamsbury, the member for Barsetshire. Fate, however, and the Duke of Wellington* were adverse, and in the following parliament John Newbold Gresham was only member for East Barsetshire.

Whether or not it was true, as stated at the time, that the aspect of the men with whom he was called on to associate at St Stephen's* broke his heart, it is not for us now to inquire. It is certainly true that he did not live to see the first year of the reformed parliament brought to a close.* The then Mr Gresham was not an old man at the time of his death, and his eldest son, Francis Newbold Gresham, was a very young man; but, notwithstanding his youth, and notwithstanding other grounds of objection which stood in the way of such preferment, and which must be explained, he was chosen in his father's place. The father's services had been too recent, too well appreciated, too thoroughly in unison with the feelings of those around him, to allow of any other choice; and in this way young Frank Gresham found himself member for East Barsetshire, although the very men who elected him knew that they had but slender ground for trusting him with their suffrages.

Frank Gresham, though then only twenty-four years of age, was a married man, and a father. He had already chosen a wife, and by his choice had given much ground of distrust to the men of East Barsetshire. He had married no other than Lady Arabella De Courcy, the sister of the great Whig earl who lived at Courcy Castle in the west; that earl who not only had voted for the Reform Bill, but had been infamously active in bringing over other young peers so to vote, and whose name therefore stank in the nostrils of the staunch Tory squires of the county.

Not only had Frank Gresham so wedded, but having thus improperly

and unpatriotically chosen a wife, he had added to his sin by becoming recklessly intimate with his wife's relations. It is true that he still called himself a Tory, belonged to the club of which his father had been one of the most honoured members, and in the days of the great battle got his head broken in a row on the right side; but, nevertheless, it was felt by the good men, true and blue, of East Barsetshire, that a constant sojourner at Courcy Castle could not be regarded as a consistent Tory. When, however, his father died, that broken head served him in good stead; his sufferings in the cause were made the most of; these, in unison with his father's merits, turned the scale, and it was accordingly decided, at a meeting held at The George and Dragon at Barchester, that Frank Gresham should fill his father's shoes.

But Frank Gresham could not fill his father's shoes. They were too big for him. He did become member for East Barsetshire; but he was such a member,—so lukewarm, so indifferent, so prone to associate with the enemies of the good cause, so little willing to fight the good fight, that he soon disgusted those who most dearly loved the memory of the old squire.

De Courcy Castle in those days had great allurements for a young man, and all those allurements were made the most of to win over young Gresham. His wife, who was a year or two older than himself, was a fashionable woman, with thorough Whig tastes and aspirations, such as became the daughter of a great Whig earl. She cared for politics, or thought that she cared for them, more than her husband did. For a month or two previous to her engagement she had been attached to the court, and had been made to believe that much of the policy of England's rulers depended on the political intrigues of England's women. She was one who would fain be doing something if she only knew how, and the first important attempt she made was to turn her respectable young Tory husband into a second-rate Whig bantling.* As this lady's character will, it is hoped, show itself in the following pages, we need not now describe it more closely.

It is not a bad thing to be son-in-law to a potent earl, member of parliament for a county, and possessor of a fine old English seat and a fine old English fortune. As a very young man Frank Gresham found the life to which he was thus introduced agreeable enough. He consoled himself as best he might for the blue looks with which he was greeted by his own party, and took his revenge by consorting more thoroughly than ever with his political adversaries. Foolishly, like a foolish moth, he flew to the bright light, and, like the moth, of course he burnt his wings. Early in 1833 he had become a member of parliament, and in

the autumn of 1834 the dissolution came. Young members of three or four and twenty do not think much of dissolutions, forget the fancies of their constituents, and are too proud of the present to calculate much as to the future. So it was with Mr Gresham. His father had been member for Bassetshire all his life, and he looked forward to similar prosperity as though it were part of his inheritance. But he failed to take any of the steps which had secured his father's seat.

In the autumn of 1834 the dissolution came, and Frank Gresham, with his honourable lady wife and all the De Courcys at his back, found that he had mortally offended the county. To his great disgust another candidate was brought forward as a fellow to his late colleague; and though he manfully fought the battle, and spent ten thousand pounds in the contest, he could not recover his position. A high Tory, with a great Whig interest to back him, is never a popular person in England. No one can trust him, though there may be those who are willing to place him, untrusted, in high positions. Such was the case with Mr Gresham. There were many who were willing, for family considerations, to keep him in parliament; but no one thought that he was fit to be there. The consequences were that a bitter and expensive contest ensued. Frank Gresham, when twitted with being a Whig, forswore the De Courcy family; and then when ridiculed, as having been thrown over by the Tories, forswore his father's old friends. So between the two stools he fell to the ground, and, as a politician, he never again rose to his feet.

He never again rose to his feet; but twice again he made violent efforts to do so. Elections in East Bassetshire, from various causes, came quick upon each other in those days, and before he was eight-and-twenty years of age Mr Gresham had three times contested the county and been three times beaten. To speak the truth of him, his own spirit would have been satisfied with the loss of the first ten thousand pounds; but Lady Arabella was made of higher mettle. She had married a man with a fine place and a fine fortune; but she had nevertheless married a commoner, and had in so far derogated from her high birth. She felt that her husband should be by rights a member of the House of Lords; but, if not, that it was at least essential that he should have a seat in the lower chamber. She would by degrees sink into nothing if she allowed herself to sit down, the mere wife of a mere country squire.

Thus instigated, Mr Gresham repeated the useless contest three times, and repeated it each time at a serious cost. He lost his money, Lady Arabella lost her temper, and things at Greshamsbury went on by no means as prosperously as they had done in the days of the old squire.

In the first twelve years of their marriage, children came fast into the nursery at Greshamsbury. The first that was born was a boy; and in those happy halcyon days, when the old squire was still alive, great was the joy at the birth of an heir to Greshamsbury; bonfires gleamed through the country-side, oxen were roasted whole, and the customary paraphernalia of joy usual to rich Britons on such occasions were gone through with wondrous éclat. But when the tenth baby, and the ninth little girl, was brought into the world, the outward show of joy was not so great.

Then other troubles came on. Some of these little girls were sickly, some very sickly. Lady Arabella had her faults, and they were such as were extremely detrimental to her husband's happiness and her own; but that of being an indifferent mother was not among them. She had worried her husband daily for years because he was not in parliament; she had worried him because he would not re-furnish the house in Portman Square;* she had worried him because he objected to have more people every winter at Greshamsbury Park than the house would hold; but now she changed her tune and worried him because Selina coughed, because Helena was hectic, because poor Sophy's spine was weak, and Matilda's appetite was gone.

Worrying from such causes was pardonable, it will be said. So it was; but the manner was hardly pardonable. Selina's cough was certainly not fairly attributable to the old-fashioned furniture in Portman Square; nor would Sophy's spine have been materially benefited by her father having a seat in parliament; and yet, to have heard Lady Arabella discussing those matters in family conclave, one would have thought that she would have expected such results.

As it was, her poor weak darlings were carried about from London to Brighton, from Brighton to some German baths, from the German baths back to Torquay, and thence,—as regarded the four we have named,—to that bourne from whence no farther journey could be made* under the Lady Arabella's directions.

The one son and heir to Greshamsbury was named as his father, Francis Newbold Gresham. He would have been the hero of our tale had not that place been preoccupied by the village doctor. As it is, those who please may so regard him. It is he who is to be our favourite young man, to do the love scenes, to have his trials and his difficulties, and to win through them or not, as the case may be. I am too old now to be a hard-hearted author, and so it is probable that he may not die of a broken heart. Those who don't approve of a middle-aged bachelor country doctor as a hero, may take the heir to Greshamsbury in his

stead, and call the book, if it so please them, 'The Loves and Adventures of Francis Newbold Gresham the younger.'

And Master Frank Gresham was not ill adapted for playing the part of a hero of this sort. He did not share his sisters' ill health, and though the only boy of the family, he excelled all his sisters in personal appearance. The Greshams from time immemorial had been handsome. They were broad-browed, blue-eyed, fair-haired, born with dimples in their chins, and that pleasant, aristocratic, dangerous curl of the upper lip which can equally express good-humour or scorn. Young Frank was every inch a Gresham, and was the darling of his father's heart.

The De Courcys had never been plain. There was too much hauteur, too much pride, we may perhaps even fairly say, too much nobility in their gait and manners, and even in their faces, to allow of their being considered plain; but they were not a race nurtured by Venus or Apollo. They were tall and thin, with high cheek-bones, high foreheads, and large, dignified, cold eyes. The De Courcy girls had all good hair; and, as they also possessed easy manners and powers of talking, they managed to pass in the world for beauties till they were absorbed in the matrimonial market, and the world at large cared no longer whether they were beauties or not. The Misses Gresham were made in the De Courcy mould, and were not on this account less dear to their mother.

The two eldest, Augusta and Beatrice, lived, and were apparently likely to live. The four next faded and died one after another,—all in the same sad year,—and were laid in the neat new cemetery at Torquay. Then came a pair, born at one birth, weak, delicate, frail little flowers, with dark hair and dark eyes, and thin, long, pale faces, with long, bony hands, and long, bony feet, whom men look on as fated to follow their sisters with quick steps. Hitherto, however, they had not followed them, nor had they suffered as their sisters had suffered; and some people at Greshamsbury attributed this to the fact that a change had been made in the family medical practitioner.

Then came the youngest of the flock, she whose birth we have said was not heralded with loud joy; for when she came into the world, four others, with pale temples, wan, worn cheeks, and skeleton and white arms, were awaiting permission to leave it.

Such was the family when, in the year 1854, the eldest son came of age. He had been educated at Harrow,* and was now still at Cambridge; but, of course, on such a day as this he was at home. That coming of age must be a delightful time to a young man born to inherit broad acres and wide wealth. Those full-mouthed congratulations, those warm prayers with which his manhood is welcomed by the gray-haired

seniors of the county, the affectionate, all but motherly caresses of neighbouring mothers who have seen him grow up from his cradle, of mothers who have daughters, perhaps, fair enough, and good enough, and sweet enough for him; the soft-spoken, half-bashful, but tender greetings of the girls, who now, perhaps for the first time, call him by his stern family name, instructed by instinct rather than precept that the time has come when the familiar Charles, or familiar John, must by them be laid aside; the 'lucky dogs,' and hints of silver spoons which are poured into his ears as each young compeer slaps his back and bids him live a thousand years and then never die; the shouting of the tenantry, the good wishes of the old farmers who come up to wring his hand, the kisses which he gets from the farmers' wives, and the kisses which he gives to the farmers' daughters; all these things must make the twenty-first birthday pleasant enough to a young heir. To a youth, however, who feels that he is now liable to arrest, and that he inherits no other privilege, the pleasure may very possibly not be quite so keen.

The case with young Frank Gresham may be supposed to be much nearer the former than the latter; but yet the ceremony of his coming of age was by no means like that which fate had accorded to his father. Mr Gresham was now an embarrassed man, and though the world did not know it, or, at any rate, did not know that he was deeply embarrassed, he had not the heart to throw open his mansion and park and receive the county with a free hand as though all things were going well with him.

Nothing was going well with him. Lady Arabella would allow nothing near him or around him to be well. Everything with him now turned to vexation; he was no longer a joyous, happy man, and the people of East Barsetshire did not look for gala doings on a grand scale when young Gresham came of age.

Gala doings, to a certain extent, there were there. It was in July, and tables were spread under the oaks for the tenants. Tables were spread, and meat, and beer, and wine were there, and Frank, as he walked round and shook his guests by the hand, expressed a hope that their relations with each other might be long, close, and mutually advantageous.

We must say a few words now about the place itself. Greshamsbury Park was a fine old English gentleman's seat,—was and is; but we can assert it more easily in past tense, as we are speaking of it with reference to a past time. We have spoken of Greshamsbury Park; there was a park so called, but the mansion itself was generally known as Greshamsbury House, and did not stand in the park. We may perhaps best describe it by saying that the village of Greshamsbury consisted of one long

straggling street, a mile in length, which in the centre turned sharp round, so that one-half of the street lay directly at right angles to the other. In this angle stood Greshamsbury House, and the gardens and grounds around it filled up the space so made. There was an entrance with large gates at each end of the village, and each gate was guarded by the effigies of two huge pagans with clubs, such being the crest borne by the family. From each entrance a broad road, quite straight, running through to a majestic avenue of limes, led up to the house. This was built in the richest, perhaps we should rather say in the purest, style of Tudor architecture. So much so that, though Greshamsbury is less complete than Longleat, less magnificent than Hatfield,* it may in some sense be said to be the finest specimen of Tudor architecture of which the country can boast.

It stands amid a multitude of trim gardens and stone-built terraces, divided one from another. These to our eyes are not so attractive as that broad expanse of lawn by which our country houses are generally surrounded; but the gardens of Greshamsbury have been celebrated for two centuries, and any Gresham who would have altered them would have been considered to have destroyed one of the well-known landmarks of the family.

Greshamsbury Park,—properly so called,—spread far away on the other side of the village. Opposite to the two great gates leading up to the mansion were two smaller gates, the one opening on to the stables, kennels, and farm-yard, and the other to the deer-park. This latter was the principal entrance to the demesne,* and a grand and picturesque entrance it was. The avenue of limes, which on one side stretched up to the house, was on the other extended for a quarter of a mile, and then appeared to be terminated only by an abrupt rise in the ground. At the entrance there were four savages and four clubs, two to each portal, and what with the massive iron gates, surmounted by a stone wall, on which stood the family arms, supported by two other club-bearers, the stone-built lodges, the Doric, ivy-covered columns which surrounded the circle, the four grim savages, and the extent of the space itself through which the high-road ran, and which just abutted on the village, the spot was sufficiently significant of old family greatness.

Those who examined it more closely might see that under the arms was a scroll bearing the Gresham motto, and that the words were repeated in smaller letters under each of the savages. 'Gardez Gresham' had been chosen in the days of motto-choosing, probably by some herald-at-arms, as an appropriate legend for signifying the peculiar attributes of the family. Now, however, unfortunately, men were

not of one mind as to the exact idea signified. Some declared, with much heraldic warmth, that it was an address to the savages, calling on them to take care of their patron; while others, with whom I myself am inclined to agree, averred with equal certainty that it was an advice to the people at large, especially to those inclined to rebel against the aristocracy of the county, that they should 'beware the Gresham.' The latter signification would betoken strength,—so said the holders of this doctrine; the former weakness. Now the Greshams were ever a strong people, and never addicted to a false humility.

We will not pretend to decide the question. Alas! either construction was now equally unsuited to the family fortunes. Such changes had taken place in England since the Greshams had founded themselves that no savage could any longer in any way protect them. They must protect themselves like common folk, or live unprotected. Nor now was it necessary that any neighbour should shake in his shoes when the Gresham frowned. It would have been to be wished that the present Gresham himself could have been as indifferent to the frowns of some of his neighbours.

But the old symbols remained, and may such symbols long remain among us. They are still lovely and fit to be loved. They tell us of the true and manly feelings of other times; and to him who can read aright, they explain more fully, more truly than any written history can do, how Englishmen have become what they are. England is not yet a commercial country in the sense in which that epithet is used for her; and let us still hope that she will not soon become so. She might surely as well be called feudal England, or chivalrous England. If in western civilised Europe there does exist a nation among whom there are high signors, and with whom the owners of the land are the true aristocracy, the aristocracy that is trusted as being best and fittest to rule, that nation is the English. Choose out the ten leading men of each great European people. Choose them in France, in Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain (?), and then select the ten in England whose names are best known as those of leading statesmen;—the result will show in which country there still exists the closest attachment to, the sincerest trust in, the old feudal and now so-called landed interests.

England a commercial country! Yes; as Venice was. She may excel other nations in commerce, but yet it is not that in which she most prides herself, in which she most excels. Merchants as such are not the first men among us; though it perhaps be open* to a merchant to become one of them. Buying and selling is good and necessary; it is very necessary, and may, possibly, be very good; but it cannot be the

noblest work of man; and let us hope that it may not in our time be esteemed the noblest work of an Englishman.

Greshamsbury Park was very large; it lay on the outside of the angle formed by the village street, and stretched away on two sides without apparent limit or boundaries visible from the village road or house. Indeed, the ground on this side was so broken up into abrupt hills, and conical-shaped, oak-covered excrescences, which were seen peeping up through and over each other, that the true extent of the park was much magnified to the eye. It was very possible for a stranger to get into it and to find some difficulty in getting out again by any of its known gates; and such was the beauty of the landscape, that a lover of scenery would be tempted thus to lose himself.

I have said that on one side lay the kennels, and this will give me an opportunity of describing here one special episode, a long episode, in the life of the existing squire. He had once represented his county in parliament, and when he ceased to do so he still felt an ambition to be connected in some peculiar way with that county's greatness; he still desired that Gresham of Greshamsbury should be something more in East Barsetshire than Jackson of the Grange, or Baker of Mill Hill, or Bateson of Annesgrove. They were all his friends, and very respectable country gentlemen; but Mr Gresham of Greshamsbury should be more than this. Even he had enough of ambition to be aware of such a longing. Therefore, when an opportunity occurred he took to hunting the county.*

For this employment he was in every way well suited,—unless it was in the matter of finance. Though he had in his very earliest manly years given such great offence by indifference to his family politics, and had in a certain degree fostered the ill-feeling by contesting the county in opposition to the wishes of his brother squires, nevertheless he bore a loved and popular name. Men regretted that he should not have been what they wished him to be, that he should not have been such as was the old squire; but when they found that such was the case, that he could not be great among them as a politician, they were still willing that he should be great in any other way if there were county greatness for which he was suited. Now he was known as an excellent horseman, as a thorough sportsman, as one knowing in dogs, and tender-hearted as a sucking-mother to a litter of young foxes; he had ridden in the county since he was fifteen, had a fine voice for a view halloo, knew every hound by name, and could wind a horn with sufficient music for all hunting purposes. Moreover, he had come to his property, as was well known through all Barsetshire, with a clear income of fourteen thousand a year.*