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THE PORTRAYAL  
OF THE ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN  
IN SOME  
NINETEENTH-CENTURY FICTION

VOLUME II

## CHAPTER FIVE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882)

(CONTINUED FROM VOLUME ONE)

On the other hand, with a character like Bishop Grantly, in The Warden, Trollope has no need of veiled insults and cleverly calculated barbs to achieve his caricature. Because of his age, perhaps, this bishop is allowed to appear both ineffectual and congenial, inefficient and inoffensive, weak but kind. He could hardly have been memorable as a bishop, Trollope suggests, but he would be remembered with affection.

The bishop was somewhat inclined to an idle life ... though he had never been an active man [he] was one whose qualities had rendered him dear to all who knew him ... he was a bland and a kind old man, opposed by every feeling to authoritative demonstrations and episcopal ostentation. 236

These latter qualities particularly appealed to Trollope. So, too, did his kindness to Mr Harding, in whom the bishop found an ally against the ebullience of the archdeacon.

I will not say that they managed the diocese between them, but they spent much time in discussing the man who did, and in forming little plans to mitigate his wrath against church delinquents, and soften his aspirations for church dominion. 237

This atmosphere of cosy, domestic intrigue is just the kind which Trollope thought most typical of clerical ineffectiveness. That the bishop is utterly without real power is not for a moment doubted by the reader who watches Bishop Grantly's unworldly kindness being easily outmanoeuvred by his son. This is all part of Trollope's paradoxical attitude to the church

and its bishops. For although he likes the gentlemanly old regime, he realizes that it is no use for a world of reforms, newspaper slanders and political strategies.

The bishop could feel for [Mr Harding] and sympathise with him, but he could not advise him, he could only say, 'No, no, you shall be asked to do nothing that is painful; you shall do just what your heart tells you to be right; you shall do whatever you think best yourself. Theophilus, don't advise him, pray don't advise the warden to do anything which is painful.' 238

We do feel great sympathy for old Bishop Grantly, and the warden, but this is because of their age and inoffensiveness. It has nothing to do with Christianity for, as ministers of religion, they are so passive as to be practically useless. Trollope is clever, therefore, in winning the reader's sympathy for representatives of an old-fashioned humanism while, at the same time, depicting the new zeal of younger men, which clearly is necessary to revive a dying institution, as more callous and insensitive.

This is not the same strategy as George Eliot adopts. She reveals her clergy, in an age before doctrinal debate and religious doubt, as personally and socially valuable. It is not that Irwine, in Adam Bede, has no religion but that he does not thrust it upon his flock, relying rather on moral precept and his good example. Thus, she highlights the essentials of a humanistic religion. In Trollope, men like Bishop Grantly, and the warden, not only appear to have little in their outlook

that is strictly Christian but possess little influence of any sort. I do not think, however, that this effect is a conscious one in Trollope, as it may be in George Eliot. It is rather that his notion of a good clergyman, or a good bishop, is so vague or limited as to be hardly Christian at all. Passivity and the preservation of the status quo are therefore admired by him simply because of the old-fashioned qualities they suggest. Yet, at the same time, Trollope acknowledges regretfully the need for reform and change. He cannot deny their necessity but often resorts to an emotive response to them which questions the quality and character of such reforms, and the 'new' men who undertake them. In Peacock's novels we quickly discover that any opinion, if taken to extremes, can appear ridiculous. In Trollope there is clear indication that only those with which Trollope disagrees are so pilloried. New ideas are assessed by his own standards of good sense and good conduct. These may coincide with the standards of Christian conduct but are not identical to it. Unfortunately, Trollope frequently does assume that his standard of comparison is clear and universally accepted.

Trollope's description of Mrs Proudie is an example of this.<sup>239</sup> She is, indeed, a tyrant and cannot be considered amiable, but because of her religious opinions, which Trollope so much disliked, she is also made to be a hypocrite.

Whether or not we now agree with her views, concerning the proper use of Sunday, the avoidance of drunkenness and low dresses, there is no reason why people should not sincerely hold such opinions. When Trollope, therefore, says 'though not averse to the society and manners of the world, she is in her own way a religious woman', all this slur means is that her way is not his.

On other occasions, also, Trollope's prejudices confuse his criticisms. In his description of Bishop Proudie, for example, he pounces on Sydney Smith as one of the few earlier examples of a liberal divine because it suits him to suggest that before place-seekers like Proudie, all clergymen were Tory gentlemen. In fact, eighteenth-century divines, like Paley, could not have been more 'liberal' in their interpretation of Christianity.

Some few years since ... a Liberal clergyman was a person not frequently to be met. Sydney Smith was such, and was looked on as little better than an infidel ... No man was so surely a Tory as a country rector - nowhere were the powers that be so cherished as at Oxford. [Later, however,] many wise divines saw that a change was taking place in men's minds, and that more liberal ideas would henceforward be suitable to the priest as well as to the laity. 240

Mrs Proudie's religion he dislikes because it is too dogmatic; her husband's because it is not dogmatic enough. Quixotic, too, is the reference to Sydney Smith who, of all Anglican clergymen, held views nearest to Trollope's own. Witty, and

serious; a lifelong opponent of cant, a ridiculer of pretensions whether personal or institutional, of enthusiasms either Protestant or Catholic, addicted to good food and company, Smith is ideally fitted to meet Trollope's clerical requirements. Indeed, if we compare Sydney Smith's comments on bishops to Trollope's characterization of Dr Proudie and his behaviour, in Barchester Towers and The Last Chronicle of Barset, we see many remarkable points of similarity. Smith died ten years before The Warden (1855) was published, but there is no doubt that Trollope's clergy belong more to his generation than to that of J.H. Newman or Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.

It is in vain to talk of the good character of bishops. Bishops are men; not always the wisest of men; not always preferred for eminent virtues and talents or for any good reason whatever known to the public. They are almost always devoid of striking and indecorous vices; but a man may be very shallow, very arrogant, and very vindictive though a bishop; and pursue with unrelenting hatred a subordinate clergyman whose principles he dislikes and whose genius he fears. Bishops besides, are subject to the infirmities of old age, like other men; and in the decay of strength and understanding, will be governed as other men are, by daughters and wives, and whoever ministers to their daily comforts. We have no doubt that such cases sometimes occur, and produce ... a very capricious administration of ecclesiastical affairs. 241

Dr Proudie, of course, is ruled by his wife long before the arrival of senility, and it is this aspect of Proudie's character that Trollope concentrates upon, and which gives his characterization a more complex dimension than that of Bishop

Grantly. The portrayal of an inefficient or bustling bishop could never hold us in the way that this henpecked husband does - or such is Trollope's reasoning. Trollope, in his clerical characters, always seizes upon some human foible on which to build his portraiture so that the reader can identify with him or feel his dilemma is not too remote from every-day life. Trollope is also adept at suggesting that there is something rather ridiculous about a clergyman struggling with commonplace cares. This need not, of course, be the case, unless an author's purpose is comic or gently satirical. Jane Austen uses Edmund Bertram's religious profession to add another, and deeper, dimension to Mansfield Park. George Eliot makes the Reverend Amos Barton's profession integral to his downfall; it deepens rather than reduces our sympathy.

Physical descriptions in Trollope, though often perfunctory and certainly rarely memorable, can provide a clue to Trollope's attitude to his characters. Clergymen that Trollope admires are, if not exactly Aryan or 'strapping', usually robust, healthy and strong. Those that he cares less for are fat or short. If Trollope means us positively to dislike a clergyman, they are usually repulsive to look at and -it offends modern taste to record this -sometimes Jews or Jewish.<sup>242</sup>

Trollope's description of Proudie is made the more biting by its pretence of flattery, though clearly adjectives such as

'spruce and dapper' are not intended as compliments.

In person Dr Proudie is a good-looking man; spruce and dapper, and very tidy. He is somewhat below middle height, being about five feet four; but he makes up for the inches which he wants by the dignity with which he carries those which he has. It is no fault of his own if he has not a commanding eye, for he studies hard to assume it. His features are well formed, though perhaps the sharpness of his nose may give to his face in the eyes of some people an air of insignificance. If so it is greatly redeemed by his mouth and chin, of which he is justly proud. 243

The order of Trollope's account of Proudie is also interesting. First he establishes the idea of a liberal clergyman as being 'little better than an infidel', then he lists Proudie's activities on commissions and boards. He suggests that here is a man who thinks that he is 'by no means intended to bury himself at Barchester', discusses his salary and the worldly splendour it will have to support and, after describing him physically, finishes with an account of his wife - a most significant influence upon the bishop's character.<sup>244</sup> Any personal impact that he might have had is thus overshadowed by his wife, as he is in the novels, and the impressiveness of his curriculum vitae is reduced by the actual insignificance of his person.

The morning visit of Archdeacon Grantly and Mr Harding also emphasizes Proudie's status. He hardly says a word and most of his comments are presented in the form of reported speech which further reduces their impact. He is, in any case, only agreeing with the remarks of his wife and Slope.

The bishop had a decided opinion that there should be pipes for hot water. Hot water was very essential for the comfort of the palace.

The bishop expressed an utter detestation of rats. There was nothing, be believed, in this world that he so much hated as a rat.

The bishop thought that a great deal depended on a good lock, and quite as much on the key. He had observed that the fault very often lay with the key, especially if the wards were in any way twisted. 245

The bishop's triviality is suitably emphasized. Scenes such as this, where the bishop is reduced to muttering, are frequent both in Barchester Towers and The Last Chronicle of Barset. It should be noted, however, that Trollope's description of Proudie becomes increasingly bitter as his weakness is repeatedly revealed. In the first of his major battles with his wife, over Quiverful's appointment as warden, the tone is decidedly comic. The bishop is timid, Mrs Proudie is masterful, but there is still a suggestion that he might perhaps assert himself. In this way tension is maintained. The archaic language heightens the comic effect.

Now, bishop, look well to thyself, and call up all the manhood that is in thee. Think how much is at stake. If now thou art not true to thy guns, no Slope can hereafter aid thee. How can he who deserts his own colours at the first smell of gunpowder expect faith in any ally? Thou thyself has sought the battlefield; fight out the battle manfully now thou art there. Courage, bishop, courage! ... Up, man, and at her with a constant heart! 246

Very different is Trollope's tone later in the novel when the bishop yet again appears beaten by his powerful spouse.

The bishop still remained silent ... It is so hard to conquer when the prestige of former victories is all against one. It is so hard for the cock who has once been beaten out of his yard to resume his courage and again take a proud place upon a dunghill. 247

The reference to a dunghill underlines the low ebb of Trollope's opinion of Proudie. Trollope found, at the end of this novel, that he had wrung every variation from the amusing but limited theme of a henpecked bishop. When Proudie appears in Framley Parsonage it is the public figure only that we see, chatting affably to men of the world, cutting a respectable, if unattractive, figure in public places.

Ten years later, we see Proudie once again in the privacy of the palace in The Last Chronicle of Barset (1867). Trollope realized that he could no longer resurrect the old comedy. Possibly these characters, man and wife, became tiresome to him? More probably he saw that Dr and Mrs Proudie were characters in a much more serious and wide-ranging work than Barchester Towers. The Last Chronicle of Barset is not merely about domestic politics and unseemly jockeying for ecclesiastical place and power. The clerical story in the work, that of the curate Crawley's disgrace, is a deeply distressing one, involving pain and suffering, even madness. The battle between the Proudies and the Grantlys is not played out with expendable

pawns like Slope and Quiverful, but with those whose happiness the reader deeply cares about. To have described the Proudies in the same jovial manner as he had done in the earlier work would have cheapened the novel. From the first, therefore, the descriptive language is more weighty. It sounds almost biblical at times. The parallel, with Revelation, is far from the mock-heroic bluster noted above.

I know a man, - an excellent fellow, who, being himself a strong politician, constantly expresses a belief that all politicians opposed to him are thieves, child-murderers, parricides, lover of incest, demons upon the earth. He is a strong partisan, but not, I think, so strong as Mrs Proudie. He says that he believes all evil of his opponents; but she really believed the evil. The archdeacon had called Mrs Proudie a she-Beelzebub; but that was a simple ebullition of mortal hatred. He believed her to be simply a vulgar, interfering, brazen-faced virago. Mrs Proudie in truth believed that the archdeacon was an actual emanation from Satan, sent to those parts to devour souls. 248

The battle has, it seems, taken on cosmic proportions.

Inevitably, this had to be a last battle, and the stakes not merely a wardenship, but a man's character, his sanity and, in Mrs Proudie's case, life itself.

Bitterness, Trollope explained later, killed Mrs Proudie<sup>249</sup> but I do not think it was her own bitterness that killed her, but Trollope's. He had taken his characters, in some of his very finest writing, to a point where there was no return to the harmless comedy that had made them so amusing and popular. He had written the characters out of the little

fictional diocese of Barchester into a cruelly realistic environment where hate, and spite, suspicion and intrigue play havoc with the flimsy structures of Christian faith with which Trollope had supplied his cast. Even in this early chapter (eleven) in a very long book (of eighty-four chapters) Trollope was asking questions which admit of no easy answers.

The bishop ... knew that there was a misery coming upon him; and, as far as he could see, it might become a great misery, - a huge blistering sore upon him. When miseries came to him, as they did not unfrequently, he would unconsciously endeavour to fathom them and weigh them, and then, with some gallantry, resolve to bear them, if he could find that their depth and weight were not too great for his powers of endurance. He would let the cold wind whistle by him, putting up the collar of his coat, and would encounter the winter weather without complaint. And he would be patient under the hot sun, knowing well that tranquillity is best for those who have to bear tropical heat. But when the storm threatened to knock him off his legs, when the earth beneath him became too hot for his poor tender feet, - what could he do then? 250

From a character of very little dimension, a pompous Whig prelate with an overbearing wife, he has become a man facing a hostile universe without shelter or support. It is left for Crawley to play Lear, but some of the tragedy, and a little of the pity, trickle over onto poor Bishop Proudie. Rarely is Trollope sublime, rarely is his prose more than serviceable, but in these pages the chronicler of cardboard clergymen transforms them, for a moment, into beings of flesh and blood.

A hint of sympathy can be seen above - Proudie is

said to act 'with some gallantry' - and this grows as the work progresses. The comic husband becomes, not tragic, he has insufficient stature for that, but pitiful.

When that voice was heard aloud along the corridors of the palace, and when he was summoned imperiously by the woman, calling for her bishop, so that all Barchester heard it, and when he was compelled to creep forth from his study, at the sound of that summons, with distressed face, and shaking hands, and short hurrying steps, - a being to be pitied even by a deacon, - not venturing to assume an air of masterdom should he chance to meet a housemaid on the stairs, - then, at such moments as that, he would feel that any submission was better than the misery which he suffered. 251

The words 'a being' - not, we notice, any longer even a man let alone a bishop - and 'to be pitied even by a deacon' betoken genuine sympathy. Even Dr Tempest, an old-fashioned cleric ill-disposed to sympathize with Proudie, begins to pity him when he is unable to remove his wife from his study before a private consultation about the Crawley affair. Seeing the bishop driven to exasperation he feels 'true compassion for the unfortunate man whom he saw writhing in agony before him.'<sup>252</sup> This moment is, in fact, the beginning of Proudie's fall. The ambitious bishop is so humiliated that he wishes he were a mere curate - a single curate. He does not, however, so abandon his moral duty as to succumb to his wife's suggestion that Crawley be dismissed. Instead he allows that if Crawley is found innocent in court no further action will be taken.<sup>253</sup> An indication of the changed relationship, between the man

and his wife, is seen at the end of this chapter (forty-seven) when his wife actually suggests peace, 'in a spirit of feminine softness that was very unusual with her.'<sup>254</sup> It is, of course, a very great irony that now Mrs Proudie has obtained what she has always desired, the breaking of her husband's spirit, it leads not to triumph but to misery.

The picture Trollope draws of these two, sitting silently at the dinner table, shutting themselves away separately in the palace, is a pathetic one. Bishop Proudie himself goes into a deep depression, sitting unshaven and silent, brooding over the past and the future. Should he resign? In that way he would punish his wife along with himself. The bishop is brought to such a state that he thinks of throwing away all that he has worked for. In the end, of course, he is not forced to take such a drastic step since Trollope restores him with an even more drastic measure of his own. Mrs Proudie's death is not likely, not well prepared for in the novel, and not dealt with honestly by Trollope, for he tries at this late stage to arouse the sympathy of the reader for Mrs Proudie. By her death, nonetheless, he does partially succeed in arousing pity for Dr Proudie. Death was often used as a means in Victorian fiction to arouse the reader's emotions. Dickens often resorts to it. Dramatic, melodramatic, or overtly sentimental deaths in his novels are frequently turning points, moments of

emotional climax, or times of revelation or discovery. (The death of Mrs Dombey, at the opening of Dombey and Son, fixes Mr Dombey's hope and his pride inexorably on his son; the revelations of the dying Abel Magwitch is the turning point in Pip's moral progress, in Great Expectations.) George Eliot, also, in all three of her Scenes of Clerical Life makes the death of a main character the pivot of her narration. But although the death of Milly Barton is used to gain sympathy for her unattractive husband - a device similar to Trollope's - the death of Mrs Proudie is dealt with in a manner far from sentimental. The corpse is actually described, without undue fuss and we are spared Mrs Proudie's dying words and fluttering hands.<sup>255</sup>

This step, into naturalism, is nonetheless a jolt. The character of both the Proudies has indeed grown in this book (such a climax in Barchester Towers would have been unthinkable) but Mrs Proudie's transmutation, or diminution, into an ordinary mortal is difficult, wholly, to accept. Mrs Proudie, we are told,

had loved [her husband] dearly, and she loved him still; but she knew now, - at this moment felt absolutely sure, - that by him she was hated! In spite of all her roughness and temper, Mrs Proudie was in this like other women, - that she would fain have been loved had it been possible. 256

Love is too natural an emotion to be acceptably connected with Mrs Proudie, and hate too strong and positive a feeling to be

foisted, at this late stage, upon the bishop. Their comedy succeeded because of the distance at which Trollope kept these characters. To fling back the curtain of caricature is a bold step and one which, by sheer skill of writing, almost succeeds - while we read. The difficulty, the impossibility, is to blend both types of portrayal in a general view of the Barchester novels. Death, of course, does draw forth the hypocrisy which it is difficult to maintain in life and Trollope captures excellently various reactions to the late Mrs Proudie and her husband. Harding, naturally, is forgiving;<sup>257</sup> the archdeacon is triumphant, but circumspect;<sup>258</sup> the low-church grocers, who will no doubt lose trade, are the most truly affected.<sup>259</sup> In Mrs Quiverful's comments, Trollope tries to adjust the balance of his unmitigated contempt. Of the bishop she says,

'Of course he'll feel it, and go on feeling it till he dies, if he's the man I take him to be. You're not to think that there has been no love because there used to be some words, that he'll find himself the happier because he can do things more as he pleases.'

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The difficulty, for the reader, is that Trollope has been at very great pains to show that he was never the man the world might have taken him to be. The bishop had wished his wife dead, and now she was. He is free but guilty and alone. Trollope's portrait of Proudie does, in this way, gain a greater depth than might ever have been imagined, but the very

neatness, the poetic justice, of his solution makes it not wholly satisfactory. The presence of the master manipulator is keenly felt.

Is He Popenjoy?, although theoretically set in the seventies<sup>261</sup> and published in 1878, belongs to that glorious never-never land of hunting parsons and old port wine which Trollope delineated so energetically and so well. It had, of course, long ago ceased to exist, if it actually ever had, and while this is far from Trollope's finest novel the characters still enable it to be read with pleasure, if not attention. Dean Lovelace, of Brotherton, had married well and through preaching, hunting and a little publication had finally been made a dean. All this fits in well with Trollope's notions of the dean and his office. 'In truth, the lives of deans have fallen in pleasant places,' Trollope writes.<sup>262</sup> Trollope found it 'difficult to define the duties of a modern dean', and suggests that 'he is not a man who has been urged strongly in early youth by a vocation for clerical duties.'<sup>263</sup> In fact, by Dean Lovelace's time the dean's lot was often far from pleasant. In some cases, such as the Dean of Wells in 1858 or the Dean of York in 1860, they were hard-pressed to maintain their large deaneries on diminished stipends.<sup>264</sup> Chester Cathedral, in the mid-century, had no funds at all to maintain the fabric, there was hardly enough money to pay the choir, and the canons

had to share one house for their turn of residence. Chadwick thinks their difficulties were not exceptional.<sup>265</sup> 'In order to keep cathedral works going, the dean must beg', wrote one dean, and the vast sum of £643,298 spent on English Cathedrals, in the decade after 1878, was raised partly by their efforts.<sup>266</sup> Such matters did not worry Trollope, now sixty-three, as he portrayed the Dean of Brotherton hunting, residing happily with his daughter in London, and energetically enjoying his daughter's prestigious alliance with the house of Popenjoy. He had risen from a stable yard and was determined to make the most of life.

The dean is scarcely clerical, and far from sacerdotal, but he is a man after Trollope's own heart; both human and agreeable. His humble origins, though they have made him ambitious for his daughter, have not turned him into a disdainful snob. His good humour and common-sense, and his streak of obstinate pugnacity, also ensure that he is never dull. In this portrait of Lovelace, Trollope seems far more reconciled to the world of new birth and new wealth than he had been a few years before in The Way We Live Now (1875). The picture of the world in that work is unpleasant, and its future exemplified in the worthless degenerate Melmotte. The decay of the old order seemed imminent. The aristocracy are in decay in Is He Popenjoy? also, as the dissolute Marquis of Brotherton clearly indicates. But there is hope too, suggested by the alliance

of traditional breeding to new energy: Mary Lovelace's marriage to the marquis's brother, George. The dean also, though not unaware of past traditions, is not cowed by old-fashioned ideas or restricted by conservative clerical feebleness. As we listen to him advising his daughter, about the tyranny of her husband's spinster sisters,<sup>267</sup> or watch him deal diplomatically with guests at his dinner-table,<sup>268</sup> we see that he is a combination of Archdeacon Grantly's worldliness and Frank Fenwick's manliness.

These qualities, together with something vulgar but vital, which has roots in his low origins, are seen soon after his daughter's noble marriage, when the dean rides to hounds. He had discontinued this custom whilst his daughter remained in his charge. The bishop and his chaplain, not to mention the resident canons, discuss his behaviour but are powerless to interfere. Canon Pountner, 'a red-faced man, very fond of his dinner', questions the dean in the close. The dean is not to be put down.

'I wish I thought that you could follow my example, and take a little exercise. It would be very good for you.' The Doctor was a heavy man, and hardly walked much beyond the confines of the Close or his own garden. Though a bold man, he was not so ready as the Dean, and had no answer at hand. 'Yes,' continued our friend, 'I did go a mile or two with [the hunt] and I enjoyed it amazingly. I wish with all my heart there was no prejudice against clergymen hunting.' 269

The canons are not the only people to comment. A local paper,

'held to be a pestilential little rag by all the Close', and supposed to be inspired by the bishop's Evangelical chaplain, Groschut, sneered at the dean in print. The paper suggests that the dean led the field and challenges him to deny the rumour. The dean, however, is not to be outdone by a newspaper. His reply admits that he was out that day, concluding, with reference to his leading the field, 'I wish I could have done as well as my enemies accuse me of doing.'<sup>270</sup> The conservative establishment thinks the letter unnecessary, even vulgar. "'Why notice it at all?'" Canon Holdenough asks.

'Because I would not have anyone suppose that I was afraid to notice it ... The thing in itself is not bad. Nevertheless, - thinking as the world around us does about hunting - a clergyman in my position would be wrong to hunt often. But a man who can feel horror at such a thing as this is a prig in religion. If, as is more likely, a man affects horror, he is a hypocrite ... I am not going to knock under. I want to quarrel with no man, and certainly with no clergyman; but I am not going to be frightened out of my own manner of life, or my own manner of thinking, by fear of a quarrel.' 271

Trollope clearly admires this streak of pugnacity, this sturdy independence, in his character which leads to the most dramatic encounter in the novel. There is much of 'muscular Christianity', and the ideals of Charles Kingsley, in Dean Lovelace<sup>272</sup> but there is a great deal more that is purely Trollopian and has nothing to do with Christianity at all. The dean is wealthy and ambitious for his daughter and

is determined to prove that the present Popenjoy heir is a bastard, so that the inheritance may be clear for a future grandchild of his own. There is considerable pride in his attitude.

He had never uttered a word as to his liberality in regard to money, but he had thought of it much. Theirs was the rank, and the rank was a great thing in his eyes; but his was at present the wealth; and wealth, he thought, was as powerful as rank. He was determined that his daughter should be a Marchioness, and in pursuit of that object he was willing to spend his money; but he intended to let those among whom he spent it know that he was not to be set on one side, as a mere parson out of the country, who happened to have a good income of his own. 273

'It was in this spirit - a spirit of absolute pugnacity' that he called upon the dissolute, and probably syphilitic, marquis for what was to be a memorable scene.<sup>274</sup> Both men are spoiling for a fight. The marquis wants to insult the man who will very likely prove his heir illegitimate, and the dean despises the lazy aristocrat who has treated his mother and family with scornful arrogance. They spar at once.

'Very cold - don't you think it?'

'I have walked, my lord, and am warm.'

'I never walk - never could walk. I don't know why it is, but my legs won't walk.'

'Perhaps you never tried.'

Strong words are spoken, and the marquis calls the dean unfeeling, self-willed, ambitious, "'a little off your head with downright pride"'. The dean defends his investigations by claiming that he has a "'sacred duty'" to ascertain the facts.

Trollope clearly suggests, however, that the dean's motives are not so disinterested or unworldly. The marquis, however, midjudges his opponent and ventures to insult the dean's daughter. "A sacred duty, Mr Dean" he sneers, "'to put a coronet on the head of that young ---!'" (Trollope emphasizes the insult by stating that he dare not print the word which was, presumably, whore.) The dean reacts immediately.

Fire flashed from the clergyman's eyes, and his teeth were set fast, and his very nostrils were almost ablaze. His daughter! The holy spot of his life! The one being in whom he believed with all his heart and with all his strength! The Marquis ... was dragged up out of his chair ... the Dean shook him hither and thither ... [and] threw the man with all his strength into the empty grate. The Marquis fell like a heap into the fender, with his back against the top bar and his head driven farther back against the bricks and iron. There, for a second or two, he lay like a dead mass.

It was done in a minute, and only afterwards did Lovelace remember 'who he was himself, and what it was that he had done.'

This is the kind of man Trollope admires and he means us to do so too. Clergyman or not, the dean will not stand and hear his daughter insulted especially when 'bounders' think the clerical hat will handicap their opponent. Although Trollope's sympathies are obviously with the dean here, there are occasions where he allows the suggestion that his behaviour is not as gentlemanly as it might be. On the steps of a memorial in London the dean, Lord George Germain and his wife Mary

(nee Lovelace) all laugh at the banter of Jack de Baron.

And the Dean laughed loud, more like the son of a stable-keeper than a dean. Lord George was almost more angry with the Dean than with his wife. The Dean, when at Brotherton, did maintain a certain amount of dignity, but here, up in London, he seemed to be intent only on 'having a good time', like some schoolboy out on a holiday. 275

This, perhaps, is meant to reflect more on the pompous and over-serious attitudes of Lord George - who had earlier made his wife read a few pages of Gibbon daily<sup>276</sup> - than on the dean. Nonetheless, Trollope does imply criticism in his final words on this clergyman.

He had been subject to one weakness, which had marred a manliness which would otherwise have been great. He, who should have been proud of the lowliness of his birth, and have known that the brightest feather in his cap was the fact that, having been humbly born, he had made himself what he was - he had never ceased to be ashamed of the stable yard. And as he felt himself to be degraded by that from which he had sprung, so did he think that the only whitewash against such dirt was to be found in the aggrandisement of his daughter and the nobility of her children. 277

The criticism is, however, unfair and fits ill with the picture of the dean in the rest of the book. It is Trollope implying subtleties which do not exist. There seems very little that is vulgar in Lovelace, and pugnacity is by no means limited to the lower classes. If anything, this novel reveals the old order to be wanting, not the new. Neither the marquis nor his sisters, nor even Lord George himself, can compare with the frank, honest and generous conduct of the dean. We have

insufficient evidence to judge him as a clergyman, but as a man he leaves very little to be desired. As Sadleir says, 'Is He Popenjoy? will survive for the Dean of Brotherton.'<sup>278</sup> Certainly I cannot imagine anyone, except a historian, reading the book for evidence of Trollope's 'neutral, anonymous' attitude towards the position of women.<sup>279</sup>

Trollope's treatment of Evangelical clergyman, on the other hand, is far from neutral. Indeed, it comes as something of a surprise to discover that Trollope, who generally dilutes distaste with sympathy, can be so unreasonable and unjust. Furthermore, in his portrayal of Evangelical clergymen, Trollope allows his prejudice to overcome artistic judgement, and the very one-sided, bitter and often irrational venom displayed undermines Trollope's satirical intentions. A minute's reflection leads us to question not Evangelicalism, but Trollope's objectiveness and humanity - so rare an occurrence that it is all the more striking. It is noticeable that when Trollope's imagination was least inspired his vituperation against Evangelical clergy is greatest (for example, in Rachel Ray (1863), a novel scarcely readable but for the Reverend Dr Harford). Except for the Reverend Mr Slope in Barchester Towers, whose portrait is redeemed by Trollope's humour, and the delight the reader gains from the reactions of other characters, it is hard not to see the other portraits of Evangelical clergyman as

gratuitously vicious and artistically crude. Ruth apRoberts's statement that 'after Slope, evangelical clergymen are less caricatured, and more kindly treated'<sup>280</sup> seems, inexplicably, to reverse the truth.

One striking similarity, in several portraits of Evangelical clergymen, is that Trollope takes care to make them physically unattractive, or even repulsive. This, in itself, is unusual in Trollope for very rarely, except in especially graphic descriptions (for example of Archdeacon Grantly), do we retain any very vivid physical impressions of his characters. (The women especially are uniform and the men generally captured by manner, tone of voice, or a particular characteristic.) The Reverend Samuel Prong, in Rachel Ray, 'was a little man, over thirty, with scanty, light-brown hair, with a small, rather upturned nose ... [and] ... a mean mouth ... There was about his lips an assumption of character and dignity which his countenance and body generally failed to maintain.'<sup>281</sup> The way he held his head and stuck out his chin is also less than dignified. The Reverend Mr Maguire, in Miss Mackenzie, (1865) has a terrible squint in his right eye.<sup>282</sup> The description of Slope, however, is the most memorable and detailed. Although he 'is tall, and not ill made', his hands and feet are large. 'His hair is lank, and of a dull pale-reddish hue', divided into 'three straight lumpy masses ... and cemented with much grease.'

His face also is ruddy, not unlike poor quality beef; his forehead large and shining; his mouth large and his lips 'thin and bloodless.' His nose, although straight, has 'a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as 'though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-coloured cork.'<sup>283</sup> When Slope visits Signora Neroni, Trollope allows his scorn too free rein. Slope is described as 'having added to his person all such adornments as are possible to a clergyman making a morning visit, such as a clean neck-tie, clean handkerchief, new gloves, and a soupc<sup>o</sup>n of not unnecessary scent.'<sup>284</sup> A low jibe. It would, I think, be difficult to like such a man even if he had the character of an angel. Similarly, Maguire's squint makes him appear shifty and untrustworthy.

Trollope also questions Evangelical clergymen's origins. Mr Prong was 'deficient in one vital qualification for a clergyman of the Church of England; he was not a gentleman.' On the other hand, having made this criticism, Trollope is unable exactly to define what he means by it. He was not a liar, or a thief, nor did he pick his teeth with a fork or misplace his 'hs'. Trollope believes, however, that 'most men and most women will understand' him.<sup>285</sup> It is more difficult to dispute a charge as vague as this. Mr Groschut is a converted Jew and the Dean of Brotherton wonders "'whether any good is ever done by converting a Jew'".<sup>286</sup> In Miss Mackenzie, it is suggested

that the Reverend Mr Stumfold's father-in-law, an attorney, whose money supported the Evangelical activities at Littlebath, had risen by sharp practices in his profession.<sup>287</sup> In describing Slope, Trollope writes that 'of the Reverend Mr Slope's parentage I am not able to say much' but suggests that he is perhaps descended from 'that eminent physician who assisted at the birth of Mr T. Shandy', the 'e' being added later to the name.<sup>288</sup> Those who recall Sterne's character will know this is not particularly complimentary. The Reverend Augustus Smirkie (in John Caldigate 1879) claims gentility for his ancestry but little of their land or wealth remains. Since he is now over fifty, has five children by a former wife, and a living of less than £300 a year, his position is not as fine as he might like to suggest. He is, however, a snob.<sup>289</sup> In fact there is no real evidence to support Trollope's prejudice. As Owen Chadwick says,

It is difficult to see why [Evangelical clergymen] were said not to be gentlemen. The vicar of Wrexhill [290] and Mr Slope were vulgar beyond redemption. But remove them from the covers of novels and examine the lists of Oxford or Cambridge (especially Cambridge) graduates and they seem gentle. Noblemen sat as packed upon their platforms as at any other form of religion. Bankers and retired officers may be found in plenty. 291

The manner of Trollope's Evangelical clerics is never winning and there is very often the suggestion that their behaviour towards women springs from dubious motives. This

insinuation, unworthy of anyone, becomes tiresome as it is repeated, though Trollope, ever a popularist, probably reflects accurately Victorian prejudices, which damned men quickly at the first hint of impropriety. (Such scandals could affect even affairs of state as can be seen from an examination of the career of Charles Parnell, 1846-91.) Groschut is said to have been "acting not quite on the square with a young lady", and is forced to resign his chaplaincy.<sup>292</sup> Mr Maguire, after losing his curacy, tries to force Miss Mackenzie to keep a promise of marriage that she had not made, but which he had desired as insurance against unemployment. When her small fortune is removed by legal quibbling Maguire uses the columns of the Christian Examiner to expose her other suitor. His allegorical story, the Lion and the Lamb, makes Miss Mackenzie a celebrity. 'Gentlemen were enticed to dinner parties by being told ... that the Lamb had been "secured;" as on the previous year they had been enticed by a singular assurance as to Bishop Colenso.'<sup>293</sup> Maguire's article makes much use of biblical language, as an Evangelical preacher would, though in his hands it is in the worst of taste and from the most dubious of motives. Though he rails against the 'vile, wicked, hideous, loathsome human heart of the devouring lion', and his 'hellish scheme to swallow up the inheritance of the innocent, loved, and respected lamb', it is only because he hopes to win

both wife and inheritance.<sup>294</sup> His behaviour enables another character to comment, "clergymen are like women. As long as they're pure, they're a long sight purer than other men; but when they fall, they sink deeper."<sup>295</sup> It is a remark which enshrines many of the period's hypocrisies. Stumfold, the other Evangelical clergyman in the story, is shown to be smooth-speaking and winning in his manner. His 'little jokes, which bordered on the profanity of the outer world', made his female congregation 'feel themselves to be almost as funny as the sinners, and gave them a slight taste, as it were, of the pleasure of iniquity.' As in the case of Bishop Proudie it is Stumfold's wife who maintains the necessary rigidity and repressiveness of his religious regime. Trollope's claim, that 'I think it was this aptitude for feminine rakishness which, more than any of his great virtues, more even than his indomitable industry' which made him a popular clergyman, undermines any suggestion that his ministry might be meritorious.<sup>296</sup> It is interesting that although George Eliot gives a similar explanation for the popularity of Mr Tryan, in Janet's Repentance,<sup>297</sup> she concentrates with a good deal more sympathy and tenderness on the loneliness of the spinster, not on the 'rakishness' of the parson. Trollope sees things from the masculine viewpoint, and contrives to make a fairly natural human response seem unpleasant or sinister.

Rachel Ray has, as its sub-plot, a situation similar to the story of the trivial Miss Mackenzie. The Reverend Mr Prong attempts to win the hand, and the savings, of the widowed Mrs Prime. The two sit together lamenting Rachel's disgraceful conduct - she had been to a dance and spent a few moments whispering with a young man beneath a tree. Mr Prong is full of self-righteousness. He 'closed his eyes and bowed his head', and condemned all but the 'elect' - his own congregation.<sup>298</sup> On leaving, 'he pressed Mrs Prime's hand very closely, and invoked a blessing on her head in a warm whisper.' "'If I can help you, dear friend,'" he says, 'and he still held her hand in his', "'Come to me always. You can never come too often.'" Trollope comments that if there were any 'touch of earthly affection' in the pressure of his hand, 'there had, at any rate, been more at its commencement.' An explanation Trollope naturally expects us to disbelieve.<sup>299</sup> His proposal to Mrs Prime is so full of 'religious' explanations that, Trollope implies, it is almost insulting to the woman.

'It is not my own worldly comfort and happiness to which I am chiefly looking ... I want assistance, confidential intercourse, sympathy, a congenial mind, support when I am like to faint, counsel when I am pressing on, aid when the toil is too heavy for me ... I have said nothing of love, of that human affection which one of God's creatures entertains for another; - not, I can assure you, because I do not feel it, but because I think that you and I should be governed in our conduct by a sense of duty, rather than by the poor creature-

longings of the heart.' 300

In a very feeble form this conversation reminds us of the courtship of St John Rivers and Jane Eyre,<sup>301</sup> but Prong's asceticism, and his sincerity, would bear little comparison with that earnest, dedicated missionary. Trollope is not concerned to reveal the human limitations of spiritual dedication, but to show hypocrisy.

'People will say that I am marrying you for, - for your money, in short. It is an insinuation which would give me much pain, but I have resolved within my own mind, that it is my duty to bear it.' 302

Trollope laughs cruelly at such a very high sense of duty!

"Poor wretched, unfortunate woman!" exclaims Dr Harford when he hears. "He'll go off, no doubt, when he had got the money in his hand, and we shall be rid of him."<sup>303</sup> He is not sure whether pity or pleasure at the removal of his enemy is his dominant emotion.

Although, clearly, we can have little sympathy for Prong, Trollope seems here to have sunk as low as his mother. The Vicar of Wrexhill, and its author, may well have been his tutors in prejudice. It is not at all surprising that the editor of Good Words refused to print the novel.<sup>304</sup> Trollope's claim, in his autobiography, that 'there is some dancing in one of the early chapters ... and it was this to which my friend demurred', is as accurate and honest as his characterization of Evangelical attitudes generally.<sup>305</sup>

Only in the case of Slope does Trollope succeed in his depiction of an Evangelical in love. This, of course, is partly because the object of his affections is one of the most amusing, and immoral, ladies that Trollope ever created. La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni, nata Stanhope, is a match for any man. Slope is manipulated by her, quite as dextrously as he attempts to manipulate others. This equality of the two characters, in cunning, duplicity and spite, makes their relationship subtle and ironic. Slope's wooing of the Signora is condemned first on moral grounds because, 'he knew that her husband was living, and therefore he could not woo her honestly.'<sup>306</sup> Even apart from this, however, she would be an unsuitable wife for a cleric, Trollope reminds us, being portionless and a cripple. This courtship of the Signora is, thus, based on mere fascination or, more cruelly, lust. Any man in love can be made to appear ridiculous, and a clergyman, perhaps, even more so,<sup>307</sup> but this picture of the ugly, but righteous, parson and the pretty, but far from righteous, flirt evinces a much more mixed reaction from the reader. Slope is ridiculous but he is, for once, almost pitiful. He is caught in a web partly of the Signora's making but partly of his own. His ambition for the deanery; his desire for respectability through a marriage with Eleanor Bold; his passion for Madeline are all intertwined. The Signora knows and exploits his conflicting

feelings, while their relationship is given another dimension for the reader by the fact that Slope's religious profession is also at stake.

This is amply illustrated by their conversation in chapter twenty-seven.<sup>308</sup> It starts with Slope's letter to Eleanor Bold proposing a visit to her home. This reminds the reader of his intentions towards her, and places what follows in a context of hypocrisy or double-dealing. His meeting with the Signora begins with a little innocent flirtation over the letter she was writing to Slope. He kisses her hand, she denies her own sincerity. It is a warning that goes unheeded. "Gracious me! Mr Slope ... I hope you don't mean to say you keep all the trash I write to you. Half my time I don't know what I write, and when I do, I know it is only fit for the back of the fire." This flirtatious opening ends with Signora Neroni's half-serious advice, "Mr Slope, whatever you do, never mingle love and business."<sup>309</sup> Slope takes this as a reference to his courtship of Mrs Bold, and is embarrassed. Signora Neroni only then realizes the particular neatness of her general advice. Her motive with regard to Slope had merely been 'to have Mr Slope at her feet, to show her power by making an utter fool of a clergyman, to gratify her own infidelity by thus proving the little strength which religion had in controlling the passions even of a religious man.'

Her power over him doubles and Trollope, cleverly, divides our loyalties. To see Slope suffer, after he has caused so much suffering himself, is of course delightful. Even so, we are allowed the shadow of a sympathy for the self-righteous, but possibly sincere, sinner in the hands of this fascinating she-devil. The Signora pursues her advantage, again repeating that only "in wealth, money, houses, lands, goods and chattels, in the good things of this world ... is there something tangible, something that can be retained and enjoyed."<sup>310</sup> Slope, as a minister not of this world, tries to defend himself. The problem is, though, how? 'How could he stand up and preach the lessons of his Master, being there, as he was, on the devil's business?' Trollope thus puts Slope in a trap of his own making and, since the fact is necessary to the tragi-comedy, adds, 'he was a true believer, otherwise this would have been nothing to him.'<sup>311</sup> There is little else in the book which would convince us that Trollope sincerely believed this. Trollope, however, is very much an opportunist in his characterizations.

Worse is to come for Slope. Such is the Signora's skill that she forces him to his knees, in a passionate declaration of love, taunts him with his worldly cause with Mrs Bold, plays on her crippled state to wring yet further outcries of love and sympathy, and finally reminds him of her husband.

"Would you introduce him to the bishop, and Mrs Proudie, and

the young ladies"" she asks?

Mr Slope tried hard within himself to cast off the pollution with which he felt that he was defiling his soul. He strove to tear himself away from the noxious siren that had bewitched him. But he could not do it ... He knew, he could not but know, that she jeered at him, ridiculed his love, and insulted the weakness of his religion. But she half-permitted his adoration, and that half-permission added such fuel to his fire that all the fountain of his piety could not quench it. He began to feel savage, irritated, and revengeful ... What possible chance between man and woman? Mr Slope loved furiously, insanely, and truly; but he had never played the game of love. The Signora did not love at all, but she was up to every move of the board. 312

The humour is, of course, far more telling because of Slope's clerical profession. That he is an Evangelical is less important, except that there is an unspoken suggestion that those who profess much have much more to live up to. Trollope delights, therefore, in revealing the perplexity of the type of Christian he least admires. Even he is just enough to admit, though, that this battle is not a fair one. All the wit is on the woman's side and there is very little wisdom on the man's. It is interesting, nonetheless, that Slope's absurd professions of love spring not merely from vanity and passion but from kindness also. Because Signora Neroni is crippled, Slope finds pity and charity in his heart as well as his misguided passions. She asks,

'What can I give in return for a man's love? Ah, dear friend, you have not realized the conditions of my fate!' ... This outburst of tenderness on the signora's part quite overcame him ...

'And can I not sympathize with your lot?' said he?...  
'Sympathy is so near to pity!' said she. 'If you  
pity me, cripple as I am, I shall spurn you from me.'  
'Oh, Madeline, I will only love you.' 313

Trollope, whatever his intentions, has created sympathy for Slope. He has revealed him as human, and shown him to have more tenderness than we had hitherto supposed. He may be ridiculous, and soon become unpleasant again, but this impression is not wholly without its effect upon our judgement of his character.

This method of presenting his character is much more effective than Trollope's later description of Slope's proposal to Eleanor Bold, in chapter forty. Here there is very little the reader can do except laugh at Slope. His adversary, though far more effective in routing her suitor physically, stimulates none of that divided sympathy which had surrounded Signora Neroni, and little more than a conventional interest in the outcome of the episode. It is clear to the reader that she has no intention of seriously entertaining Slope as a husband, nor more devious motives in her attitude towards him than ordinary politeness. Trollope, in his desire to show Slope at his worst, is heavy-handed. The scene lacks the high irony of the previous episode, and never reaches the heights of Mr Elton's proposal to Emma, which it in many ways resembles. Trollope's use of biblical language and his interpolations, designed to show Slope's stupidity or hypocrisy, seem less

effective than Slope's outbursts to Signora Neroni, because they are aimed at satirizing the Evangelical, not the man. Since the reader has glimpsed at the man beneath the clerical clothing these descriptions reveal more of Trollope's attitudes than Slope's character.

'Beautiful woman,' at last he burst forth; 'beautiful woman, you cannot pretend to be ignorant that I adore you. Yes, Eleanor, yes, I love you ... Next to my hopes of heaven are my hopes of possessing you.' (Mr Slope's memory here played him false, or he would not have omitted the deanery.) 'How sweet to walk to heaven with you by my side, with you for my guide, mutual guides!' ... 'Ah! Eleanor,' he continued, and it seemed to be his idea that as he had once found courage to pronounce her Christian name, he could not utter it often enough. 'Ah! Eleanor, will it not be sweet, with the Lord's assistance, to travel hand in hand through this mortal valley which his mercies will make pleasant to us, till hereafter we shall dwell together at the foot of his throne?' 314

Amusing though much of this scene is, Trollope's hold on his characters, and the drama itself, seems less than secure. Trollope's mock-heroic tone and self-deprecation scarcely conceal the personal contempt for Slope which lurks beneath the circumlocutions. When Eleanor slaps Slope's face, Trollope pretends he believes the reader will be shocked whereas, in fact, he hopes they will rejoice.

And now it is to be feared that every well-bred reader of these pages will lay down the book with disgust, feeling that, after all, the heroine is unworthy of sympathy. She is a hoyden, one will say. At any rate, she is not a lady, another will exclaim. 315

Turning to Slope, Trollope indulges in an irritating outbreak of mock-modesty which only serves to emphasize the fictional quality of the whole scene.

But how shall I sing the divine wrath of Mr Slope, or how invoke the tragic muse to describe the rage which swelled the celestial bosom of the bishop's chaplain? Such an undertaking by no means befits the low-heeled buskin of modern fiction ... We will not attempt to tell with what mighty surgings of the inner heart Mr Slope swore to revenge himself on the woman who had disgraced him, nor will we vainly strive to depict his deep agony of soul. 316

This passage, and the paragraphs that follow, are meant to draw the reader away from any thought of Slope as a real person, and reduce him to the level of a mere comic caricature. Slope certainly deserves his punishment from Eleanor but Trollope tries to confine our view of Slope solely to his clerical office, as if his behaviour is an extension of his religious hypocrisy. This reduces the character's credibility. The explanation is too simple, too biased.

He longed in his heart to be preaching at her.  
'Twas thus that he was ordinarily avenged of sinning mortal men and women. Could he at once have ascended his Sunday rostrum and fulminated at her such denunciations as his spirit delighted in, his bosom would have been greatly eased. 317

It is excellent farce but Trollope has earlier, in the scenes with Signora Neroni, and even in Slope's battles with Mrs Proudie,<sup>318</sup> raised more realistic expectations with regard to Slope's character which such treatment hardly fulfils.

Trollope's depiction, or discussion, of Evangelical

clergymen's religious activities and opinions is generally scanty. Dr Grantly attacks Slope from a position of entrenched prejudice.

'Those are the sort of men who will ruin the Church of England, and make the profession of a clergyman disreputable. It is not the dissenters or the papists that we should fear, but the set of canting, low-bred hypocrites who are wriggling their way in among us; men who have no fixed principle, no standard ideas of religion or doctrine, but who take up some popular cry, as this fellow has done about "Sabbath travelling".' 319

His objections are that Evangelicals lack breeding, principles, traditional theology and common-sense. The first and last charges could, of course, be applied to men of all theological persuasions. Otherwise, Evangelicals were generally highly principled and more conservative, or 'standard' - if one accepts the notion of a biblically based theology - than many of their contemporaries. The main point of Evangelicalism was that it was a return to the original, biblically expressed theology. Furthermore, Sabbatarianism was a widely and sincerely-held attitude and not merely a popular cry. It was part of the Evangelicals' desire to give the worship of God a proper place in people's lives. In the days of long and arduous labour in factories or in service, the setting aside of a day of rest was indeed socially desirable. What Grantly is really objecting to, for Trollope has deliberately exaggerated it, is Slope's manner - unctuous, earnest and self-righteous. But these

qualities are personal and cannot justly be associated only with one stream of theological opinion. By attacking Sabbatarianism, however, Trollope places the emphasis on a less than central tenet of Evangelical belief. This is easier to attack.

Similarly, in Miss Mackenzie, Trollope does not attack Mr Stumfold the local Evangelical minister directly, portraying him as a smooth-talking, amiable and humorous man, but through his wife, a stern, gaunt, censorious female. As the jocular Miss Todd explains,

'Not that I and Mr Stumfold ain't great cronies. He and I meet about on neutral ground, and are the best friends in the world. He knows I'm a lost sheep ... so he pokes his fun at me, and we're as jolly as sandboys. But St Stumfolda is made of sterner metal, and will not put up with any such female levity. If she pokes her fun at any sinners, it is at gentlemen sinners; and grim work it must be for them, I should think.' 320

Trollope suggests that it is always trivial matters which concern Evangelicals. Card-playing and parties are condemned,<sup>321</sup> even the Sunday post.<sup>322</sup> Their actual religious practice consists of regular church-going - 'twice every Sunday was enough for people in general' Stumfold declares<sup>323</sup> - and the fortnightly meetings for prayer and bible study. These are described by Trollope as occasions for tea-drinking, gossip and 'little jokes which bordered on the profanity of the outer world' and 'which made them feel themselves to be almost as funny as the sinners.'<sup>324</sup> There is, in fact, no reason why bible study

cannot be combined with humour.

At root, I believe, Trollope's objection to Evangelicalism was this: it made too much of religion. It brought Christianity into the home and private life. It openly made demands upon people, other than, and over and above, those which decent society generally demanded. Evangelical clergymen were objectionable because they stood up for Christian principles and even talked about them in society; instead of assuming that all ladies and gentlemen naturally behaved in a Christian manner. Mr Smirkie for example, in John Caldigate (1879), preaches what amounts to a sermon, in Trollope's eyes, as a wedding toast.<sup>325</sup> Trollope could not believe that these attitudes were sincere. They must either be hypocritical, or the result of some psychological deficiency. Since Miss Mackenzie and Miss Baker 'were both alone in the world' and 'they both wished to be religious' therefore, they had 'strong faith in the need of the comfort of religion.'<sup>326</sup> Mr Slope needed to assert his power, because he had come from nothing, was nothing to look at either, and so chose to assert his Evangelical principles. Mr Maguire had a squint and needed his spiritual superiority as compensation. Mr Prong was not a gentleman but he could despise those who were as idle, inefficient or misguided. Evangelical clergymen irritated Trollope also, I suggest, because they were professionals. They had not time

to hunt or drink port wine; no inclination to wink at abuses, however quaint; no thought to neglect their duties, however arduous. They threatened the dilatory but delightful, hopelessly out-moded but picturesque church that Trollope thought of as Anglican and so very English. This for him was their crime: they were not 'playing the game'. 'To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill effects ... that has been my study', wrote Trollope at the end of his long life. He concludes, with a genial, but undeniable complacency, 'the preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that hitherto I have succeeded fairly well.'<sup>327</sup> Is it to be wondered that Evangelicalism was to Trollope what Communism is to many equally worthy, and wealthy, individuals today?

Tractarian clergymen, on the other hand, Trollope portrays with sympathy. Francis Arabin, who becomes Dean of Barchester, and Caleb Oriel, Rector of Greshamsbury, are both gentlemen. Mr Arabin is scholarly,<sup>328</sup> Mr Oriel is wealthy.<sup>329</sup> Both came under the influence of the Tractarians at Oxford. Oriel 'had become inoculated there with very High Church principles, and had gone into orders influenced by a feeling of enthusiastic love for the priesthood.'<sup>330</sup> Arabin 'sat for a while at the feet of the great Newman. To this cause he lent all his faculties.'<sup>331</sup> It was thought that both might join the Church of Rome. Arabin's escape 'was a very narrow one'.

He was, however, persuaded to stay in the Church of England by Josiah Crawley, then a poor curate in Cornwall, whence Arabin had retired to wrestle with his soul. The struggle, nonetheless, was hard until he eventually learns from Crawley that 'no man can become a serviceable servant solely by obedience to written edicts; and that the safety which he was about to seek within the gates of Rome was no other than the selfish freedom from personal danger which the bad soldier attempts to gain who counterfeits illness on the eve of battle.'<sup>332</sup> Arabin returns to Oxford a humbler but happier man. Mr Oriel's battle was by no means so testing. 'For though sufficiently enthusiastic to get out of bed at five a.m. on winter mornings ... he was not made of that stuff which is necessary for a staunch, burning, self-denying convert. It was not in him to change his very sleek black coat for some Capuchin's filthy cassock, nor his pleasant parsonage for some dirty hole in Rome.'<sup>333</sup>

Arabin's portrait is more serious than Oriel's, who appears only briefly in Dr Thorne. Francis Arabin is important to the plot of Barchester Towers. He is brought to Barchester, from Oxford, by Archdeacon Grantly to combat the Evangelical party. Arabin has already engaged in theological debate with Slope, through the pages of 'The Jupiter'.<sup>334</sup> After a superficial entanglement with Signora Neroni he wins the hand of Eleanor Bold and becomes the Dean of Barchester. This repre-

sents the full triumph of the High Church party.

Trollope is kinder to Arabin than he had been to college fellows generally in his essay 'The College Fellow who has taken Orders.'<sup>335</sup> Here he suggests that University fellows are not suitably trained, or equipped, to undertake parish work.

Does any man believe that that very pleasant fellow whom he has known at college, and who has sparkled so brightly in common room, who has been so energetic in the management of the college finances, and in the reform of college abuses ... can any one, we say, believe that such a one at the age of forty can be fit to go into a parish and undertake the cure of the parochial souls? 336

The system, he argues, is an abuse. Indeed, the fellow

has simply undergone a certain ceremony in order that he may enjoy his fellowship, - and hereafter take a living should the amiable and tender relationship of matrimony fall in his way. 337

Arabin, though a fellow and forty, is not of this type. At Balliol

he utterly eschewed the society of fast men, gave no wine parties, kept no horses, rowed no boats, joined no rows, and was the pride of his college tutor ... He had been a religious lad before he left school. 338

Arabin is not a brilliant man and he spent too much energy fighting for the Tractarian cause to gain a double-first, but he is intelligent, scholarly and not without sense. The crisis of faith over, he settles down to life as a Fellow of Lazarus College, 'the richest and most comfortable abode of Oxford dons', until called to the diocese of Barchester.<sup>339</sup>

As a man, also, Arabin is quietly attractive. To Eleanor Bold 'there was a quiet earnestness' about him, and she saw in him a genuine 'panting for the truth', real 'aspirations after religious purity.'<sup>340</sup> Arabin's awakening love for Eleanor is delicately handled by Trollope, showing him aimlessly rambling about his new rectory, not realizing he is in love.<sup>341</sup> The two lovers' argument over Slope, essential to the plot but of no great interest to the reader, is eventually overcome.<sup>342</sup> Trollope is, of course, on Arabin's side since he is both a gentleman and 'a manly man',<sup>343</sup> in the best Trollopian tradition. It is true that Arabin becomes, for a moment, entwined in Signora Neroni's net<sup>344</sup> but this indicates no evil of this clergyman, as it did with Slope, merely an unwordly ignorance of the ways of women, which a good wife like Eleanor Bold soon will cure. Indeed, Signora Neroni's wiles only serve to make Arabin conscious of the fact that he loves Eleanor, though he is honest enough to admit that the sphinx-like cripple is more beautiful.<sup>345</sup> Arabin learns from his temptations; Slope submits and then rages against them - another example, perhaps, of his bad breeding.

The Reverend Caleb Oriel is described with a much more satirical pen than Arabin and is a character of far less importance. His portrayal, nonetheless, indicates something of Trollope's method in portraying his clerical characters and

shows his views of Tractarianism. Oriel's character is suggested by Trollope's contrast between his background and upbringing and his beliefs. Although Trollope says that Oriel 'had gone into orders influenced by a feeling of enthusiastic love for the priesthood'<sup>346</sup> he later suggests that this was something of a whim when he writes that 'he took it into his head to go into the Church'. He also says that Oriel 'was by no means an ascetic - such men, indeed, seldom are - nor was he a devotee'. The exact meaning of this is hard to discern, though it seems to suggest that Oriel is less than sincere in his strict Tractarian notions. A little later, however, Trollope tells us that Oriel held early services throughout his first winter at Greshambury and that he 'delighted in lecterns and credence-tables, in services at dark hours of winter mornings when no one would attend, in high waistcoats and narrow white neckties, in chanted services and intoned prayers'. Oriel would thus seem to be a considerable devotee and something of an ascetic. Trollope wishes, though, both to poke fun at Tractarian practices and suggest that Oriel does not fully follow them because of his natural love of comfort. But although Oriel is not sufficiently self-denying to become a Capuchin, it is a fact that on the evidence given, and by the general standards of the time, he is a dedicated and hard-working priest. Trollope chooses extreme examples of Catholic

rigorism with which to compare Oriel, in order that he can suggest he falls short of their standards. They are, in truth, unreal and irrelevant standards.

Oriel's main offence, Trollope suggests, is his refusal to marry. The question of celibacy, though a serious issue for many Tractarian clergy - inspired partly by Newman's own enthusiasm<sup>347</sup> - could not be taken seriously by Trollope. Although he dislikes Tractarianism far less than Evangelicalism, his views coincide more with the common-sense outlook of a man like Charles Kingsley. Celibacy, for Kingsley, epitomized the errors of the Roman Church.<sup>348</sup> For Trollope, too, it represents the most ridiculous and far-fetched of Catholic practices. Thus one of the main points of interest in Mr Oriel's characterization is whether or not he will marry. Oriel, Trollope tells us, 'eschewed matrimony, imagining that it became him as a priest to do so'. The word 'imagining' scarcely conceals Trollope's sneer. Oriel's stand on celibacy is, in the view of his neighbours and the novelist, unnatural. Was he not 'thoroughly a gentleman, good-humoured, inoffensive, and sociable' and thus had not fate made him 'so able to sustain the weight of a wife and family'? The unmarried ladies of the area 'were ready to go all lengths with him in High-Church matters' hoping, thereby, to civilize the savage. Miss Gushing, for example, 'tore herself from her warm bed, and

was to be seen ... entering Mr Oriel's church at six o'clock' all through the winter.<sup>349</sup> Eventually, of course, Oriel's stricter notions are cured. He deserts his 'principles' for a pretty woman as easily as Miss Gushing becomes an Independent Methodist in protest.<sup>350</sup> Religious beliefs, theological issues, personal sincerity and devotion to duty are merely material for comedy in Trollope. Some of it, such as here, is rather thin.

Tractarianism is more desirable than Evangelicalism because it is generally espoused by ladies and gentlemen, but especially the fashion-conscious female. Eleanor Bold takes easily to her new husband's churchmanship. 'She likes her husband's silken vest, she likes his adherence to the rubric, she specially likes the eloquent philosophy of his sermons, and she likes the red letters in her own prayer-book.'<sup>351</sup> To Trollope it is a matter of trivialities. 'Welcome kneelings and bowings, welcome matins and complines, welcome bell, book and candle, so that Mr Slope's dirty surplices and ceremonial Sabbaths be held in due execration!'<sup>352</sup> Trollope's portrayal of Tractarian clergymen is hardly as hostile but it is no more perceptive nor more accurate than his depiction of Evangelicals.

Finally, to conclude this consideration of Trollope's clergymen, there are his three most memorable and widely-known clerical characters. They are all from the Barsetshire novels: Mr Harding, Archdeacon Grantly and the poor curate Josiah Crawley. The first two characters make their initial appearance

in The Warden.

The Warden is Trollope's first novel of any importance and still, perhaps, remains his most popular book. Contemporary success, and continued critical interest, may partly be explained by its subject matter: clerical abuses. For the book was written in 1855, at a time when English society, and especially its religious establishment, the Church of England, was undergoing massive and wide-ranging changes. More broadly, Geoffrey Tillotson points out that the novel is 'set in a feudal country that was beginning to move in the direction of democracy'.<sup>353</sup> Although, generally, these changes had long since been evident and reflected in literature, Trollope was dealing here specifically with changes brought about by the work of the Ecclesiastical Commission, set up in 1835, and especially The Dean and Chapter Act of 1840, which sought to remove some of the abuses of plurality, property and well-paid idleness which formed the more glaring anomalies of Anglican cathedrals.<sup>354</sup> Scholarly interest has also concentrated on the direct historical parallel between the affair of Hiram's hospital and actual charitable foundations.<sup>355</sup> No book could survive, however, and remain popular, if interest rested solely on one aspect of contemporary ecclesiastical reform. The human interest and, of course, Trollope's skill in delineating his characters, is of much more significance. This is the book's main virtue in

Trollope's own eyes. 'I had realised to myself a series of portraits, and had been able so to put them on canvas that my readers should see that which I meant them to see' he writes in his Autobiography.<sup>356</sup> What, though, did Trollope mean us to see, not merely in the characters but in the book itself?

Longman's reader, in 1854, was in no doubt about the nature of the work. He saw it as an exposé of clerical abuses. Will John Bold rid Barchester of the warden? It was a story. 'How the story ends I will not tell you,' he writes, 'as I hope you will read it for yourself. The characters are well drawn ... the whole story is pervaded by a vein of quiet humour and (good-natured) satire ...'<sup>357</sup> These modest virtues, however, later readers have declared limitations. The element of suspense in the story, to begin with, is undeniably weak. The story-line itself is remarkably thin. For example, by chapter thirteen (there are twenty-one in all), it is clear that the warden realizes the falsity of his position.

'I have thought much of all this ... of what the archdeacon has said, and of what this paper says; and I do believe I have no right to be here ... No right to be warden with eight hundred a year; no right to be warden with such a house as this; no right to spend in luxury money that was intended for charity.'<sup>358</sup>

From Trollope's characterization of the warden we know that he is intended to be seen as a good man. He would not persist in an evil once he knows it to be one. The only question is,

will John Bold force him from his place, or will the archdeacon allow him to resign it? The first alternative carries very little weight, however, because of John Bold's love for Harding's daughter Eleanor. Not only do we observe Bold's love for Eleanor but we are told, for example by Mary Bold, that his love is sincere. In such a work as this - The Warden is obviously not a tragedy - we know that 'love conquers all things' and confidently expect some mutually convenient solution to be found.

On the other hand, although the story-line may not be very strong, it is never formally abandoned. Its pull may not be very strong, but it is persistent, unavoidable, to the very end.

Our tale is now done, and it only remains to us to collect the scattered threads of our little story, and to tie them into a seemly knot. This will not be a work of labour, either to the author or to his readers; we have not to deal with many personages, or with stirring events, and were it not for the custom of the thing, we might leave it to the imagination of all concerned to conceive how affairs at Barchester arranged themselves. 359

Trollope's approach may be casual but he accepts and fulfils the requirements of the narrative form. This is important, for when Ruth apRoberts argues that 'There is not enough story line to hold anybody' and that 'The potency of the work is simply not in its story',<sup>360</sup> she means that this was deliberately so. The whole movement of the work, like a gentle but inevitable

tidal flow, questions that assumption.

Next, there is the satire. The publisher's reader thought that this would make 'the work acceptable to all Low Churchmen and dissenters.'<sup>361</sup> The Warden was a restrained satirical attack on clerical abuses. We know, however, that Trollope would hardly be likely to write anything which might be agreeable to Low Churchmen. Furthermore, even if this were his intention, there is very little evidence of it in the novel. The warden himself is not satirized at all. Even Archdeacon Grantly, with obvious exceptions - such as his reading of Rabelais - is portrayed in a humorous, admiring manner. The characters are too enjoyable and too obviously enjoyed by Trollope to be seriously satirical. The only direct satire, apart from the gratuitous caricature of Samuel Wilberforce,<sup>362</sup> is directed against those who themselves attack abuses. These awkward passing jibes at prejudiced approaches occur in chapters fourteen and fifteen. The vulgar sensationalism of the press is pilloried in the bellicose Tom Towers; the intellectual tyranny of Carlyle in Dr Pessimist Anticant; the dubious sentimentality of Dickens in Mr Popular Sentiment. Thus, it would seem, Trollope satirizes his own side.

This, combined with the rather feeble story, and the obvious sympathy for the character Trollope is supposedly exposing, would seem to suggest confusion. Some critics have

taken this view. Sadleir, for example, sees The Warden as a propaganda novel done none too well. Trollope quickly realized his mistake however, Sadleir argues, and did not attempt to instruct or preach in his novels again.<sup>363</sup> In his Autobiography, however, Trollope admits that his inspiration for writing The Warden sprang from 'two opposite evils'.

The first evil was the possession by the Church of certain funds and endowments which had been intended for charitable purposes but which had allowed to become incomes for idle Church dignitaries. The second evil was its very opposite ... the undeserved severity of the newspapers towards the recipients of such incomes, who could hardly be considered to be the chief sinners in the matter. 364

Later critics have accepted this ambivalent attitude of Trollope's; one critic calls it an example of his 'divided mind'.<sup>365</sup> Ruth apRoberts, however, in her well-argued but controversial interpretation of Trollope's approach rejects any suggestion that his lack of commitment can be seen as a failure.

In The Warden, Ruth apRoberts argues, Trollope's indecision is not a flaw but a virtue. Seeing both sides of the question does not weaken the book but, rather, makes it a more profound reflection of reality. 'Morals are complex; and the only form they can take is that of the complicated, unique case.' 'The problem of The Warden is ... proved on our pulses. With dialogue and drama, along with clear and easy commentary (or 'intrusion'), Trollope can communicate the

the most tenuous nuances in a psychological state, or the most extreme subtleties in a social situation.'<sup>366</sup> The story is, thus, deliberately weak, so that we may concentrate on the characters and their relationships, and the satire humorous rather than biting so that it does not upset the gentle balance of the book. There is very great danger, it seems to me, in judging a novel from a moral and not a literary stance. Simply because a novel adopts a position which we believe to be more right, or more 'realistic', than works which take a more biased or one-sided position, we cannot for this reason judge it to be a better work of art. 'Immoral' books can be well-written and effective; 'moral' books fail utterly to entertain or stimulate. The erroneous literary argument underlying Ruth apRoberts's approach can be clearly seen in her comments on the satire of Carlyle and Dickens. She writes, 'Whether these parodies succeed or not - whether they are good as parodies and whether they are decorous - they are altogether functional. Trollope is defining, by negatives, what he himself would do.'<sup>367</sup> Perhaps, if we were dealing with a moral treatise, or attempting to define Trollope's moral position, this approach might be valid. We are not. We are discussing The Warden, a novel, and whether or not the parodies are good, whether or not they succeed, is of very great importance. In literary terms it is critical. Whatever moral position an author adopts, he must succeed in communicating it believably

to the reader. It is the method and quality of the communication which literary criticism discusses, in and through the characters and their situations, not merely abstract attitudes in themselves. We may prefer Trollope's moral approach to Dickens's or Dickens's to Trollope's, but this is only one aspect to be borne in mind when we compare their novels.

Ruth apRoberts's philosophical position - that moral judgements based purely on individual situations reflect reality more accurately than those which refer to a set of absolutes - could, of course, be questioned. This would lead us a long way from The Warden. Instead, let us consider first if Trollope did write this novel as an illustration of the notion that 'morals are complex'. If so, does he succeed? If not, what does he do, and how well does he do it? I do not believe, nor do I think Trollope suggests, that the morality of The Warden is complex. Consider again his words in the Autobiography quoted above. 'The first evil was the possession by the Church of certain funds ...' and so on. I do not think Trollope doubted the wrong of the warden's position. Nor could any degree of special pleading alter that fact. Furthermore, the warden himself does not dispute the morality of the situation for very long. In chapter two it is said that his 'conscience in the matter is clear'.<sup>368</sup> In chapter three the moral dilemma is present in his mind, 'Was John Hiram's will fairly carried

out? ... and if not, was it not his especial duty to see that this was done?'<sup>369</sup> By chapter five, 'he became all but fixed in his resolve that some great step must be taken to relieve him from the risk of so terrible a fate'<sup>370</sup> (i.e. 'to be gibbeted in the press'), which is the 'right' action for the 'wrong' reason. And, by chapter thirteen, he admits his culpability, "'I do believe I have no right to be here."<sup>371</sup> In fact, the decision is made in Harding's heart as far back as chapter ten, nearly half way through the book. All he needs is sufficient courage to assert himself. 'With unsparing detail of circumstances, he told [Eleanor] all that he wished, and all that he could not do. He repeated those arguments of the archdeacon, not agreeing in their truth, but explaining his inability to escape from them.'<sup>372</sup> Henry James's useful interpretation of the book - simply the history of an old man's conscience<sup>373</sup> - is thus too simple. Trollope is more concerned with the difficulty of translating a moral decision into action. What we may all agree on is that Trollope is more interested in his characters, in the human aspect of his story, than in ethical theorizing. This, perhaps, is what inspired Trollope when he was struck by the two opposing evils. These are not, as he suggests, moral opposites, the newspapers' cruelty does not diminish the clerical immorality, but combined they did serve to arouse Trollope's human sympathies. If he

has done his work well, The Warden will also succeed in stimulating ours. Whether or not their portrayal reveals complex moral issues and leads us to some insight into the meaning of life is, of course, another matter.

There are only three main characters in the novel: the warden, the archdeacon and John Bold. The beadsmen and the bishop are sketched in, but they serve merely as background, entirely passive. Eleanor Harding is important insofar as she provides a sub-plot, but otherwise she is merely someone to whom her father can turn. Mrs Grantly and Mary Bold provide similar facilities for the other main characters. Because of this the onus of interest in the novel is placed on the men. Are they strong enough to carry it?

John Bold, in other circumstances, would have been the hero of a Trollopian novel. He has all the qualifications. Trollope explains that he is a suitable lover for Eleanor Harding, in conventional terms. 'He is brave, eager and amusing; well-made and good-looking; young and enterprising; his character is in all respects good; he has sufficient income to support a wife.'<sup>374</sup> He has also a charitable disposition and a sense of social justice, since 'he frequently binds up the bruises and sets the limbs...of the poorer classes'.<sup>375</sup> Because of the plot of The Warden, however, John Bold is cast slightly differently. He is Barchester's reformer. Not that

Trollope condemns him for this, he is after all a gentleman whatever his politics, but he does suggest that 'it would be well if one so young had a little more diffidence himself, and more trust in the honest purposes of others'.<sup>376</sup> He is, in fact, a little too bold.

In what, though, lies the complexity of his character? His relationship with Tom Towers, of the 'Jupiter', is important but only dealt with at any length after Bold has renounced his cause for Eleanor's sake, and swallowed his pride in the face of the archdeacon's wrath. We learn far more about Tom Towers, and the monstrous power of the press, than we do about Bold himself. Trollope's characterization of Towers, as a failed barrister, embittered, hard-hearted, almost inhuman - 'Had Bold addressed himself to the doorposts in Mount Olympus, they would have shown as much outward sign of assent or dissent. His quiescence was quite admirable; his discretion certainly more than human',<sup>377</sup> - only serves to shift responsibility for the conflict away from Bold. We certainly sympathize with Bold when he is rejected by Towers as a weakling who has given in to the establishment. On the other hand, Trollope's caricature of Towers is so crude (quite as one-sided as the sort of attitudes he parodies in Mr Sentiment and Dr Anticant) that we fail to see what he and Bold have in common at all. This is what I meant when I argued that the quality of Trollope's parodies

cannot be ignored. For had they been less obviously biased, had his attack on the press been at all reasonable, or at least appeared to be - and not merely gratuitous and none-too-subtle satire disguising personal hobby-horses - then the scene between these two might have shown us more clearly what Bold's motives were. He might have been an idealist who, once faced with sheer malice of his champions, refused further to soil his hands. As it is, he is an idealist for no real reason at all, except mere whim, who gives up his cause not for profound moral scruples but for the most predictable reason in fiction: the love of a fair lady. No doubt this is very possible, but it is hardly subtle. It amounts to saying that principles are all very well, especially in the young, but they are nothing that a happy marriage cannot cure.

If Trollope's point is that young reformers are human after all, I do not think he sufficiently delineates the human aspects of the matter. Mr Harding, for example, clearly absolves Bold of moral guilt. "If you act justly," he says, "say nothing in this matter but the truth, and use no unfair weapons in carrying out your purpose, I shall have nothing to forgive." There are still Bold's feelings. What of them? 'Bold, however, felt that he could not sit down at ease with Mr Harding ... and therefore excused himself with much awkward apology ... merely raising his hat and bowing as he passed

Eleanor ...'<sup>378</sup> This tells us what happens - we presume the raising of the hat 'speaks volumes' - but it does not show us.

Similarly, in the all-important scene where Eleanor pleads for her father we look in vain for any indication of Bold's motivation. Of course we know what happens, Trollope tells us, but this reduces the psychological interest in Bold. He becomes a puppet and the scene itself little more than an exchange of melodramatic clichés. I do not think Trollope meant us to see in this scene, and this pair of lovers, anything more than a little mock-heroic love-making. The title of the chapter 'Iphigenia', the reference to the Greek tragedy, the theatricality, are all part of this charm. Bold's replies are those of the conventional male lover. There is no attempt at a realistic portrayal of a man making a difficult decision. Indeed, Trollope quite deliberately plays down the moral and social issues in his explanations of the hero's change of heart. At the crucial points in the scene Bold does not reply at all, the gist of his speech is merely reported by Trollope. "'Then why should [my father] be persecuted?" ejaculated Eleanor through her tears,' in a speech which could well be a Victorian translation of Aeschylus. "'Why should he be singled out for scorn and disgrace? why should he be made so wretched? Oh! Mr Bold, " - and she turned towards him as though the kneeling scene were about to be commenced - "Oh! Mr Bold, why did you

begin all this? You whom we all so - so - valued!"<sup>379</sup> This is a serious question, and one which the reader might well also have asked himself, but Trollope does not allow a very serious response. His references to Bold's motivation is actually derogatory, suggesting his reasons to be far from ideal or even serious. 'To speak the truth, the reformer's punishment was certainly come upon him, for his present plight was not enviable; he had nothing for it but to excuse himself by platitudes about public duty, which it is by no means worth while to repeat, and to reiterate his eulogy on Mr Harding's character.'<sup>380</sup> Then there is the moment when Bold resigns his campaign:

'Promise me, promise me,' said Eleanor; 'say that my father is safe - one word will do. I know how true you are; say one word, and I will let you go.' She still held him, and looked eagerly into his face with her hair dishevelled, and her eyes all bloodshot. She had no thought now of herself, no care now for her appearance, and yet he thought he had never seen her half so lovely ... 'Promise me,' said she; 'I will not leave you till you have promised me.' 'I will,' said he at length, 'I do - all I can do, I will do.' 'Then may God Almighty bless you for ever and ever!' said Eleanor. 381

This is all very acceptable as melodrama. It is charming entertainment. Naturally, no gentleman can resist a lady's request put in this emotional manner - and with bloodshot eyes. But neither can the reader accept it as realism, as a sufficient explanation of a moral dilemma. Even at a more mundane level, the portrayal of character, Trollope leaves questions unanswered.

How does Bold come to accept the rejection of his ideals?  
What are his feelings? Will this affect his attitude towards Eleanor? These omissions we have merely to accept. Bold's love is just what it should be; his courtship just what we might expect. Eleanor's suffering, and the fact that he has partly caused it, his own principles, are all swept away as Trollope moves the pawns with his customary ease.

And with a volley of impassioned love, John Bold poured forth the feelings of his heart, swearing, as men do, some truths and many falsehoods; and Eleanor repeated with every shade of vehemence the 'No, no, no,' which had had a short time since so much effect; but now, alas! its strength was gone ... and so at last, all her defences demolished, all her maiden barriers swept away, she capitulated, or rather marched out with the honours of war, vanquished evidently, palpably vanquished, but still not reduced to the necessity of confessing it. And so the altar on the shore of the modern Aulis reeked with no sacrifice. 382

While I agree that comedy need not indicate a lack of seriousness, I would also suggest that the tone of this passage, and the others, clearly show that the reader is supposed to enjoy the action rather than to dwell too deeply on its significance. There are serious issues behind the façade of comedy but Trollope gives them little substance. 'John Bold will occupy much of our attention', Trollope says at the beginning of the book,<sup>383</sup> but this is not true. What he represents occupies some of our attention but Trollope takes considerable pains to separate this from John Bold's character

which is only of passing interest. That he is introduced only to serve a function might be concluded from the fact that Trollope 'kills him off' as soon as the novel is over. 'Bold is in the right, and so the balance must be shifted away from him', argues Ruth apRoberts.<sup>384</sup> This, she suggests with curious logic, is the way Trollope's 'realism' works. I think that Trollope achieves his end with such a lack of subtlety that the reader cannot fail to notice it, and once a character is seen to be manipulated even his function, and certainly his credibility, are likely to be questioned.

The archdeacon is a much more positive character, but he is no more 'real'. In fact, it is the very distance at which Trollope keeps him that accounts for our amusement. Were we allowed to see him more closely we might begin to ask serious questions and to dislike him, or to ask searching questions of Trollope's characterization and begin to quarrel with his attitudes. As it is, we laugh at him but we like him. In real life he would no doubt be unpleasant but Trollope's comic framework allows us to enjoy him. On the other hand, although he is not real in the sense that we believe we see all of him, or sufficient to form an opinion about all of him, that does not mean he is not true to life. What we see is very convincing. He is true as far as we can see but that is not very far - a fact we are happy to accept in this particular work. (In the later novels the characterization of Grantly

begins to wear a little thin.) Archdeacon Grantly is the personification of the clerical establishment and all that springs to mind in that inevitably misquoted phrase 'the church militant'.<sup>385</sup> Trollope gives a theoretical portrait of the archdeacon in his series of essays on the Clergymen of the Church of England. Here we learn what we had already found in the Barchester novels, that the archdeacon should be 'a man of the world', 'a bishop in little', 'a strong local Conservative' and, 'necessarily - I may say certainly - a gentleman'.<sup>386</sup> Grantly is all these things to perfection, even to excess, for 'his great fault is an overbearing assurance of the virtues and claims of his order'.<sup>387</sup>

Trollope builds up his portrait by a series of brilliant conversations - or monologues, for the archdeacon is no listener - and descriptions which rely on ambiguity and innuendo for their effect. This passage is typical and it reveals something of Trollope's method in describing all of his characters, that of qualification; statement and retraction. Like a brilliant barrister, Trollope is adept at planting ideas in the mind without actually stating opinions which may well have little basis in fact. At the level of comedy it is most effective though, if pondered on, it can have the effect of disorientating and demoralizing the reader. He becomes unsure what he is meant to believe.

Dr Grantly is by no means a bad man; he is exactly the man which such an education as his was most likely to form; his intellect being sufficient for such a place in the world, but not sufficient to put him in advance of it. He performs with a rigid constancy such of the duties of a parish clergyman as are, to his thinking, above the sphere of his curate, but it is as an archdeacon that he shines. 388

That he is 'by no means' a bad man suggests something slightly derogatory about the nature of his goodness. The breadth and depth of his education is questioned by the phrase 'such an education as his'. One wonders exactly what kind of intellect is required for 'such a place in the world'. The use of the term 'world' also hints at the assumption that clergymen should not be 'of the world' in any case. The 'rigid constancy' of his activities questions if they are performed with love and devotion, and the qualification 'to his thinking' intimates that others might think differently. 'The sphere of his curate' emphasizes the distinction between gentleman-parson and workhorse-curate. Finally, Trollope separates in the reader's mind the archdeacon from the parish clergyman, enabling him to concentrate on the political and administrative, rather than on the spiritual and pastoral activities of his character. This approach is continued. 'He is a moral man, believing the precepts which he teaches' but not, perhaps, those which he does not, 'and believing also that he acts up to them.' The word 'believe' is cleverly played upon there. 'Though we cannot

say', Trollope continues, with mock apology, 'that he would give his coat to the man who took his cloak, or that he is prepared to forgive his brother even seven times' - that he actually follows the precepts of Christ, in other words.<sup>389</sup>

'My archdeacon', Trollope explains, was 'the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness. It was such as that ... that an archdeacon should be ... and lo! an archdeacon was produced.'<sup>390</sup> Unlike many of Trollope's statements about his work, this is wholly confirmed by the text. The archdeacon does not so much express particular ideas as embody them. It is noticeable, for example, that unlike the straightforward physical description of Mr Harding<sup>391</sup> that of Grantly, which does not occur until chapter five when our picture of him is firmly established, is set at one remove from reality.

As the archdeacon stood up to make his speech, erect in the middle of that little square, he looked like an ecclesiastical statue placed there, as a fitting impersonation of the church militant here on earth; his shovel hat, large, new, and well-pronounced, a churchman's hat in every inch, declared the profession as plainly as does the Quaker's broad brim; his heavy eyebrow, large open eyes, and full mouth and chin expressed the solidity of his order; the broad chest, amply covered with fine cloth, told how well to do was its estate; one hand ensconced within his pocket, evinced the practical hold which our mother church keeps on her temporal possessions; and the other, loose for action, was ready to fight if need be in her defence; and below these the decorous breeches, and neat black gaiters showing so admirably that well-turned leg, betokened the decency, the outward beauty, and grace of our church establishment.

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He is not so much compared with a statue as presented as one. A living image of the 'church established' that moves, postures, even speaks, but which we know relies on our willing suspension of disbelief. Because Grantly's attitude is so accurately placed, so typical, the reader accepts the illusion and is stimulated to imagine exactly what is expected. We are, of course, given significant details by Trollope. The archdeacon reads a letter in Mr Chadwick's office, 'stroking the tight-gartered calf of his right leg as he did so'.<sup>393</sup> Or, 'he got up again from his seat, stood with his back to the fire-place. and yawned comfortably, stretching out vastly his huge arms, and opening his burly chest.'<sup>394</sup> Spriggs, a beadsman, refers to him as 'calves'.<sup>395</sup> Trollope elsewhere employs a rare image. 'As the indomitable cock preparing for the combat sharpens his spurs, shakes his feathers, and erects his comb, so did the archdeacon arrange his weapons for the coming war.'<sup>396</sup> And there is the obvious, but excellent, revelation of the archdeacon's character in his method of playing cards at the warden's tea party.

The archdeacon cares not for many clubs, or for none. He dashes out his remaining cards with a speed most annoying to his antagonists, pushes over to them some four cards as their allotted portion, shoves the remainder across the table to the red-faced rector; calls out 'two by cards and two by honours, and the odd trick last time,' marks a treble under the candle-stick, and has dealt round the second pack before the meagre doctor has calculated his losses. 397

These details, and the situations in which we enjoy Grantly performing, enhance the illusion but they do not remove it. Of course in one sense all literary characters are illusions but here Trollope succeeds in creating an illusion within the more general fiction. Our suspension of disbelief is willing because we enjoy ourselves so much, and also because Trollope succeeds so brilliantly. That this creation of an illusion in Archdeacon Grantly was deliberate on Trollope's part can be seen, I think, from the way he gives it 'depth' - or rather suggests it. For the archdeacon is simply conceived but subtly portrayed. The most obvious example of this is Trollope's revelation of the archdeacon reading Rabelais. He goes into his study, 'carefully opened the paper case on which he was wont to compose his favourite sermons, and spread on it a fair sheet of paper, and one partly written on'. He then proceeds to read the volume of Rabelais he kept locked in a secret drawer.<sup>398</sup> The effect of this is brilliant. The archdeacon is shown to be a hypocrite. There is further irony for those who know the anti-clerical, anti-dogmatic burlesque of Rabelais's book, Pantagrue,<sup>399</sup> which satirizes all the archdeacon seems to stand for. Yet this effect is achieved on the slightest substance. Why should the archdeacon not read Rabelais? His satire is directed against the Papacy not the reformed church and, as to the bawdy, who ever had thought Grantly a puritan? By taking us 'behind the scenes' in this way, Trollope enables us to think

we are seeing more than we actually do. We are amused, perhaps a little censorious, but at the same time we conclude, after all, that the archdeacon is only human. The illusion seems to have a little more flesh and blood.

More important is our first introduction to the archdeacon. He is not displayed in shovel hat and gaiters but in his nightgown. Trollope confidently leads us astray. 'Tis there alone', in the bedroom, 'that he unbends, and comes down from his high church pedestal to the level of a mortal man. In the world Dr Grantly never lays aside that demeanour which so well becomes him. He has all the dignity of an ancient saint with the sleekness of a modern bishop; he is always the same; he is always the archdeacon; unlike Homer, he never nods.' But, here, 'Dr Grantly talks, and looks, and thinks like an ordinary man.'<sup>400</sup> Is this what we find? Not at all. He is just as dogmatic and forthright, no less ridiculous, though no less amusing. His wife, of course, is not impressed particularly by his muttering "'Good heavens!'" in a manner that had been found very efficacious in clerical meetings of the diocese',<sup>401</sup> but although this gives us the impression we are seeing behind the façade, Trollope does not actually allow us to. He maintains the illusion while seeming to give it reality. Furthermore, this scene also makes the archdeacon ridiculous from the very start of the novel. This first impression of

him in a tasselled nightcap will ever remain in our minds, to set beside his statuesque pose in a shovel hat. Trollope pre-empted any idea that we should take him seriously. Thus, when Dr Grantly addresses the beadsmen in ringing, righteous tones over their claim for a hundred pounds a year, we know what we are meant to think, even if what the archdeacon actually says is to some extent true.

'A hundred pounds a year! Why, my men, you must be mad; and you talk about John Hiram's will! ... Do you think John Hiram intended to give a hundred a year to old single men, who earned perhaps two shillings or half-a-crown a day for themselves and families in the best of their time? No, my men, I'll tell you what John Hiram meant; he meant that twelve poor old worn-out labourers, men who could no longer support themselves, who had no friends to support them, who must starve and perish miserably if not protected by the hand of charity; he meant that twelve such men as these should come in here in their poverty and wretchedness, and find within these walls shelter and food before their death, and a little leisure to make their peace with God.' 402

This point of view, though obviously biased, has a logic to it which Trollope might have presented in a more rational way. Yet he deliberately makes it ridiculous by allowing the archdeacon to overstate the case.

The archdeacon himself, of course, is an overstatement. This larger-than-life quality allows so much genuine comedy but it also inevitably limits the range of possibilities. We know what the archdeacon will say, and look forward to his saying it, and provided Trollope does not move outside his

delicate boundaries, which in The Warden he does not, we accept the convention. This is not to say that we think the arch-deacon is realistic, or imagine he is a character seriously explored. I have no doubt that Trollope recognized and accepted the convention in which he worked, just as he also accepted the limitations of the narrative form, while using it fully. His words of farewell to Grantly clearly state this. It could be seen as a belated attempt at realism but I do not think Trollope was so foolish as to think he could effect any miraculous alteration in the reader's attitude so late in the novel. He was, of course, opening the door to a possible deepening of characterization in the future. What it clearly does is to place the arch-deacon, and the novel, in a broader context and show that this book is no more than a fairy tale.

And here we must take leave of Archdeacon Grantly. We fear that he is represented in these pages as being worse than he is; but we have had to do with his foibles, and not with his virtues. We have seen only the weak side of the man, and have lacked the opportunity of bringing him forward on his strong ground. 403

Trollope may have been serious when he said that 'it is a matter of regret' that he has treated Grantly in a partial, comic, manner, or he may merely have been uttering authorial platitudes, but there is no doubt that this is what he has done. Could we really deduce anything of the 'centre of life' from Grantly?<sup>404</sup>

The other characters, of course, gain much from

Trollope's characterization of the archdeacon who is central to the book and to the manipulation of the reader's sympathies. John Bold wins a little sympathy because the archdeacon becomes his adversary and this diverts attention from his other obvious deficiencies. We discover the suspicion of a feeling for Eleanor, since the archdeacon is so tactless and interfering in her personal affairs, and forget for the moment that in this book, just as in Barchester Towers and The Last Chronicle of Barset, her presence is essential to the plot rather than to our enjoyment.

The warden gains most by comparison with Grantly. Without him, I fear, Mr Harding would all too easily appear what he later almost becomes, in the wider context of the whole of Barsetshire, an 'old woman'. It is, at least partly, because Grantly is such a bully, so dogmatic, so devoid of charity, self-doubt and personal humility that we have no doubt, while reading the novel, of our sympathy for Harding. I say partly because, of course, there is also no doubt that Harding is personally a good man. Even Trollope's physical description of him suggests that.

Mr Harding is a small man, now verging on sixty years, but bearing few of the signs of age; his hair is rather grizzled, though not grey, his eye is very mild, but clear and bright ... his hands are delicately white, and both hands and feet are small. 405

He is old and gentle, mild and amiable, he has 'a fine voice and a taste for sacred music'.<sup>406</sup> 'No one had been more popular among his reverend brethren in the close'<sup>407</sup> we learn; and he is loved by his daughters and charges, the beadsmen of Barchester. His musical talent is important because it reveals his sensitivity, allows the poignancy of Harding's position to be symbolized in the sadness of his instrument, the 'cello. This enables Trollope to introduce a rare metaphor into his story. When John Bold visits the hospital, for example, 'Mr Harding did not at first perceive him, and continued to draw his bow slowly across the plaintive wires ... Bold sat down on the soft turf to listen, or rather to think how, after such sweet harmony, he might best introduce a theme of so much discord.'<sup>408</sup> This gives the characterization of Harding a certain depth and charm. Mentally, we compare the plaintive melody of the 'cellist to Grantly, the crowing cock, or Towers, who reminds us of a brass trumpet. These mental comparisons are important for they serve to define Harding within the book. They keep us, for example, from dwelling on facts such as these: 'Mr Harding's warmest admirers cannot say that he was ever an industrious man'.<sup>409</sup> We do not ask how Harding, although a good man, can be considered a good priest. His love of music and his kindness to his relations and associates do not make him that. Certainly he sings the litany well, 'has taken

something more than his fair share in the cathedral services', and has edited 'a collection of our ancient church music'.<sup>410</sup> None of this, however, amounts to a very positive spirituality.

Thus, Tillotson's comparison of Harding with Newman's ideal of the humble monk or nun, though superficially appealing, is unhelpful.<sup>411</sup> Another of Newman's sermons, entitled appropriately 'The Weapons of Saints',<sup>412</sup> makes it clear that he is not praising mere passivity and meekness but showing that the Saints have weapons that are 'mighty through God'. Self-abasement is not merely equated with a kindly temperament, it is a 'hard duty, but most blessed!'.<sup>413</sup> It involves a positive approach to suffering. Poverty, likewise, is only of value 'under the Gospel, and in the regenerate, and in the true servants of God.' The virtues of the humble are not positive 'in themselves, but by faith working in and through them'.<sup>414</sup> 'Our warfare', Newman explains, 'is not with carnal weapons, but with heavenly' but it is, we notice, warfare all the same and not mere acquiescence. It is based on profound spiritual values which have no place in The Warden. Trollope was writing at a time when personal amiability was, increasingly, being considered insufficient qualification for the priesthood. Even if it is argued that an historical comparison is not relevant, it can be said that Trollope's conception of the priesthood is generally inadequate. Harding may be defended as a good man,

if by that one means the total absence of anything evil, but not as a good priest. Harding's dilemma over his position at the hospital is no great moral or spiritual crisis. Even before the action of the novel really begins we learn that 'Mr Harding was an open-handed, just-minded man, and feeling that there might be truth in what had been said' he had added, from his own pocket, 'twopence a day to each man's pittance.'<sup>415</sup> He had not, in fact, investigated the rights and wrongs of the case but merely quieted his conscience. Later, when Bold raises the question openly, Harding's motive is to avoid unpleasantness. 'His life had hitherto been so quiet, so free from strife ... [it] had never brought him into disagreeable contact with anyone. He felt that he would give almost anything - much more than he knew he ought to do - to relieve himself from the storm which he feared was coming.'<sup>416</sup> His motive, while understandably human, is far from moral. It is indeed actually immoral, based not on right but personal comfort. The hostility of the newspapers finally forces Harding to act and his very low moral awareness can be deduced from his comment that "'there are some things, Eleanor, which I cannot bear.'<sup>417</sup> Paradoxically, it is the very cruelty of the press, which Trollope deplores so much, that forces Harding into action. But his action is hardly that of Newman's suffering saint. For what, in fact, does he stand to lose? His

brother-in-law and his prospective son-in-law are both independently wealthy, the bishop is his close friend and protector, no-one believes for a moment that he will starve. When Harding stands in front of Sir Abraham Haphazard and makes his final decision, even he sees that it is far from a martyr's stand. "It may seem strange to you, Sir Abraham, it is strange to myself that I should have been ten years in that happy home, and not have thought of these things, till they were so roughly dinned into my ears. I cannot boast of my conscience, when it required the violence of a public newspaper to awaken it; but, now that it is awake, I must obey it."<sup>418</sup>

Harding wins our sympathy not by his sanctity but by his pitifulness. By the world's standards, compared with the archdeacon, for example, he is weak and feeble, but we are made to dislike Grantly's bombast and thus prefer Harding's passivity. Harding's stand is for his own peace of mind. His desire for a 'quiet life' is excusable but not exactly praiseworthy. Trollope carefully circumscribes Harding in the gentle, comfortable, enclosed world of the Barchester close where reality never comes too close and its representatives, Towers or Bold, have the odds unrealistically stacked against them. The unreality of the environment can be clearly seen when it is compared with the harsher and more realistic world presented in the later Barchester novels.

In The Warden, our attitude to Harding is defined and contained within the overall context of comedy. Ruth apRoberts says that 'Harding is in the wrong, and so must be made as attractive as all the novelist's virtuoso powers can make him.'<sup>419</sup> This shift of moral emphasis, however, can only be effective with the reader's connivance and agreement - at least if Trollope is to succeed in his aim. Harding becomes a hero, not solely, but largely because the other contenders, Bold, Grantly and Towers, are unattractive. Yet their unattractiveness is not only deliberate, which we might expect, for every novelist must have a point of view, but obvious. This is important. For if we conclude, like Ruth apRoberts, that not only does The Warden make 'us laugh at the absurdities into which principle and precept can lead men', to which I would give qualified agreement, but further that Trollope 'thereby catches us and leads us directly into the difficult ethical problems of the variance between seems and is, between the motive of an action and its results, between ends and means, into some understanding of the paradoxical quality of life itself'<sup>420</sup> then how do we explain this obviousness? Trollope's over-simplification, in plot and characterization, we could accept as light though, within limits, moral entertainment but not as an explanation, or even an insight, into 'the paradoxical quality of life itself'. If that is Trollope's aim then he fails hopelessly. We would never

have agreed to close first this eye and then the other throughout this work, if we had thought that a fundamental philosophical conception was being presented. We would want more detail for that, a closer analysis of motivation, a broader, more realistic presentation of events. Agreed, Trollope can be said to make a general moral point in The Warden, something like 'Let us be more honest ourselves and charitable to others', but this is not something we deduce from a complex pattern. It is very different from the idea that the novel is 'a concrete diagram of a moral complexity', that is 'proved on our pulses'.<sup>421</sup>

Our general attitude to the novel is very far from any idea of The Warden as an example of this kind of realism - which Ruth apRoberts thinks 'can help us to understand the Trollopian structure'.

The liveliest interest arises when by inevitable circumstances, characters, motives and principles are brought into hostile collision, in which good and evil are so inextricably blended on each side, that we are compelled to give an equal share of our sympathy to each while we perceive that no earthly power can reconcile them. 422

Are we intended to see good and evil 'inextricably blended' in Tom Towers? In which case Trollope has miscalculated his venom. We cannot say Grantly is 'evil' because these abstract terms are quite out of place here, but he is certainly the 'black' with which Trollope compares Harding's 'white'. Trollope leaves us in no doubt as to how we should share out our

sympathy. Finally the three main characters are reconciled, not by an 'earthly power' but by the superhuman powers of the author. Bold marries Harding's daughter and these all are reconciled. The archdeacon and John Bold 'become almost friends'.<sup>423</sup> Tom Towers is conveniently forgotten. All's well that ends well.

Let us abandon this dubious philosophical approach and see The Warden as a delightful comedy where the forces of right - displayed in the human, homely guise of Mr Harding - triumph over the forces of evil - propaganda, vested interest and half-baked idealism, pictured in Towers, Grantly and Bold. Whether it is 'true to life' will depend on your view of life. I think it a fairy tale and am happy to enjoy it as one. It is realistic only in that it is not wholly fantastic and because Trollope is mature and skilful enough to present his characters as a mixture of right and wrong. (It is, after all, a fairy tale for adults.) It is not realistic in the sense that we know, or expect, life to be like this. This means, certainly, that we should not begin to compare The Warden and Middlemarch but why is it necessary to do so? What Trollope does, he does well. The Warden entertains, amuses, delights us and that is a good deal. Some critics prefer to see something more serious and that enables them to talk more seriously. I do not think The Warden profound but suggest that it is very nearly perfect,

within its agreeable limitations. Let us not talk of elaborate moral diagrams which deface something charming by ungainly irrelevance. Since The Warden is not intended to be anything very much more, is it not enough to say that it is engaging and well written? Since the characters of Harding and Grantley were never intended to be realistic, let us merely enjoy them as inaccurate but comforting vignettes. In this novel, at any rate, that is all that is required.

In the later Barchester novels, however, this delicate balance between comedy and reality is not so happily maintained in the characters of Harding and Grantly. Harding, especially, outside the narrow confines of The Warden increasingly appears to be a character with no depth or substance. His indecisive, passive, unobjectionable amiability had been a suitable foil for the ebullience and activity of the archdeacon in the first of the Barchester novels. In the later novels, as the stage becomes broader, Trollope's scope wider, and the harsh realities of life impinge increasingly upon the clerical world of Trollope's creation, Harding is shown to be limited, thin, even two-dimensional. This process is early seen in Barchester Towers. Mr Harding, summoned to the palace, is faced by Slope and a conditional offer of the wardenship. He is informed that his salary will be reduced to £450 and that he will henceforth be required to undertake certain 'duties' at the

hospital. "Work is now required from every man who receives wages," Slope forcibly reminds him.<sup>424</sup>

All this was wormwood to our old friend. He had never rated very high his own abilities or activity; but all the feelings of his heart were with the old clergy, and any antipathies of which his heart was susceptible were directed against those new, busy, uncharitable, self-lauding men, of whom Mr Slope was so good an example. 425

It is lucky for Trollope that Slope is such a good example of these new, unpleasant men. For the aim of the chapter, to show Slope as a dishonest bully and Harding the gentle victim, succeeds only because of this. In fact, all Slope demands of Harding in the way of duties is "morning and evening service on the premises every Sabbath, and one week-day service." He is to preach a sermon once a week, and oversee a Sunday school for the poor children of Barchester. Harding is quite unreasonable in refusing to undertake what can only be described as nominal duties. No one could like Slope's manner but could any clergyman seriously object to Bishop Proudie's demands? Had not Harding, indeed, resigned the wardenship of the hospital because he believed he was not entitled to the salary, and was not this work the means whereby he could become rightfully entitled to it?

In the next chapter, however, Trollope has Harding meditate on the new world, which he is so loath to join, and we discover that it is not merely a matter of feeling or principle with Harding, but faith itself. He mulls over Slope's

words about wages and work. 'Had he in truth so lived as to be now in his old age justly reckoned as rubbish fit only to be hidden away in some huge dust-hole?' Men like Grantly would know how to answer this suggestion, 'but, unfortunately for himself, Mr Harding had little of this self-reliance.'

When he heard himself designated as rubbish by the Slopes of the world, he had no other resource than to make enquiry within his own bosom as to the truth of the designation. Alas, alas! the evidence seemed generally to go against him. 426

Harding does not rely on mere personality - as both Slope and Grantly do - but asks the right question of his conscience. He discovers, however, a void. Harding not merely lacks the active qualities of self-assurance but the inner assurance of faith.

He had professed to himself ... that in these coming sources of the sorrow of age, in these fits of sad regret from which the latter years of few reflecting men can be free, religion would suffice to comfort him ... but was his religion of that active sort which would enable him so to repent of misspent years as to pass those that were left to him in a spirit of hope for the future? And such repentance itself, is it not a work of agony and of tears? ... How if his past life required such repentance as this? had he the energy to go through with it? 427

What, then, does Harding conclude? That his past life is no longer a comfort to him, because he now sees what it has lacked, and that he has insufficient strength to regenerate it through repentance? Or is it merely a little piece of sentimental self-indulgence; self-pity on the part of a feeble old man?

Trollope discussing the nature of faith could never, we feel, be highly instructive. This confused passage is no exception. It is merely an attempt to win sympathy for Harding. Trollope succeeds, but only to a limited extent for why, we ask, cannot Harding face the harshness of life like anyone else? Even his daughter Eleanor cannot appreciate his problem.<sup>428</sup> Rationally, I believe, Trollope has very little sympathy for Harding. Harding is as remote from Trollope's ideas of goodness and Christian behaviour as Slope himself. He is entirely passive, submissive, long-suffering. As Trollope later says, 'Few men ... are constituted as was Mr Harding. He had that nice appreciation of the feelings of others which belongs of right exclusively to women.'<sup>429</sup> In The Warden the peculiar nature of Harding's character, not one which is true to life, is protected from being seen as coming from fairy-tales by being in one. There it does not seem out of place. In Barchester Towers the contrast with Slope all but protects it too, though if we look closely (at his irritating lack of faith in his daughter, over her rumoured marriage to Slope particularly<sup>430</sup>) his feebleness is all too obvious. In The Last Chronicle of Barset, Harding's indecisive, over-protective character takes on excessive proportions. He is approached by the lawyer Toogood for the address of his daughter, now Eleanor Arabin, in order that the mystery of the bill which Crawley allegedly

stole can be clarified. Here a man's life, livelihood and very sanity are at stake. Harding, however, cannot overcome the tender feelings for which Trollope has made him the representative in these novels.<sup>431</sup>

Mr Harding began nursing his knee, patting it and being very tender to it, as he sat meditating with his head on one side, - meditating not so much as to the nature of his answer as to that of the question. Could it be necessary that any emissary from a lawyer's office should be sent after his daughter? He did not like the idea of his Eleanor being disturbed by questions as to a theft. 432

His gentleness is almost imbecilic. Can it be possible?

Trollope does, of course, use Harding's character as a means to build tension. Were he not so indecisive, so delicate, so unsure, men like Slope or Grantly would proceed without check. He is, therefore, the means whereby they are stopped and one way whereby Trollope stimulates sympathy for, and thought about, the 'other' side of many seemingly straightforward matters. Our frustration with him is, at least partly, intended.

At another level, though, the character of Harding is, and remains, an enigma. He is completely different from all Trollope's other clerical characters; different, indeed, from most others. He represents, as Cockshut rightly says, 'the theme of the passive centre'<sup>433</sup> in the Barchester novels, but it is not clear, exactly, what attitude Trollope takes to him. Is he the representative of 'real' Christianity, of true humility?

Or is he, though a true Christian, a weak and useless man? Does Trollope separate the two? At one point in Barchester Towers Trollope exclaims of Harding, 'Ah, thou weak man; most charitable, most Christian, but weakest of men!'<sup>434</sup> It summarizes Trollope's dilemma and explains the reader's dissatisfaction with the character. Harding cannot be wholly successful because Trollope cannot decide upon his attitude to him. Harding's passivity may be saintly but Trollope cannot admire it. Harding's passivity may not be Christian but it ultimately 'succeeds' in a way that more aggressive activity appears not to do. Trollope had created a character, I believe, whose function was clear but whose behaviour became a convenient cliché to cover the superficiality of his psychology.

His final days, in The Last Chronicle of Barset, are full of poignancy and sentiment. Trollope wrings every last drop of emotion from his increasing infirmity.<sup>435</sup> (A sugary infant, Posy, is introduced as a fitting companion.) Nor is this mere theatricality. The reader is genuinely moved. Trollope has invested his character with dignity, the semblance of depth, we all but agree with Grantly's judgement. "'The fact is, he never was wrong. He couldn't go wrong. He lacked guile, and he feared God, - and a man who does both will never go far astray.'"<sup>436</sup> But yet a question remains in our minds, as it remained in Trollope's. Is this the way of righteousness?

Is Harding's goodness saintly or temperamental? Perhaps the paradox is inherent in Christianity itself, 'be wary as serpents, innocent as doves', Christ remarked.<sup>437</sup> Will the meek inherit the earth, or must Christianity be fought for, its demands agonized over?

The difficulty with Harding, perhaps, is that he does not develop as the novels expand their geographical, moral and intellectual scope. Grantly, on the other hand, changes, possibly, too much. In The Warden he was an amusing and shrewdly-drawn caricature. By The Last Chronicle of Barset, he has almost become a human being, complete with heart and conscience. The change is necessary to accommodate the more serious and realistic plot of this novel, but a great deal is lost in the transformation. The famous Archdeacon Grantly becomes yet another example of Trollope's landed gentry. The bold outline is exchanged for something more credible, in strictly realistic terms, but less diverting, less entertaining. He is also less 'clerical'.

Trollope had prepared the way for this development of Grantly's character at the end of The Warden.<sup>438</sup> It must have been obvious to him that if this character were to participate in a wider world, the amusing delineation of his superficial weaknesses would be insufficient. A degree of depth was required. Thus, Barchester Towers begins with Bishop Grantly

on his deathbed and his son torn between proper filial feelings and his innate ambition for the bishopric. 'He tried to keep his mind away from the subject, but he could not. The race was so very close, and the stakes were so very high.' He 'at last dared to ask himself whether he really longed for his father's death. The effort was a salutary one ... The proud, wishful, worldly man, sank on his knees by the bedside, and ... prayed eagerly that his sins might be forgiven him.'<sup>439</sup> The sight, and thought, of Grantly repentant is, of course, a salutary one. He is engaged in genuine Christian behaviour and not just ecclesiastical politics. Yet, although this is a telling, dramatic moment, Trollope also gives us a few pages later his defence of the archdeacon in human, not ideological, terms.

Many will think that he was wicked to grieve for the loss of episcopal power ... I cannot profess that I completely agree. The nolo episcopari, though still in use, is so directly at variance with the tendency of all human wishes, that it cannot be thought to express the true aspirations of rising priests in the Church of England. A lawyer does not sin in seeking to be a judge ... If we look to our clergymen to be more than men, we shall probably teach ourselves to think that they are less. 440

This is typical of Trollope's casuistry. Priests are but men. They think and behave like the rest of us. If we demand more from them, we shall only be disappointed. It appears so sensible but is, of course, very cynical. Even a realist might concede some men could live up to their aspirations. Indeed,

Trollope had assumed that the archdeacon should do so by satirizing him for reading Rabelais. This recognizes a standard of clerical behaviour and assumes the reader will be amused at the sight of Grantly falling below it. Yet it does not seek to define either the clerical standard or the ideals on which it is based too closely. To do so introduces the question of motivation, conduct and the force of moral absolutes. Such analysis of behaviour is not suited to Trollope's Barchester novels or Archdeacon Grantly, as he is best presented. They are most effective when they amuse and entertain, frustrating or superficial when Trollope tries to make his characters think or his novels thoughtful. Then the reader is caught between escapist comedy and real ethical, or other, problems.

In Barchester Towers, therefore, Grantly is most effective as a character in his battles with Slope and Mrs Proudie. The first meeting of the two factions, in chapter five, and Grantly's explosive reaction afterwards, are excellent comedy. Trollope touches upon serious matters, Sabbath-day schools,<sup>441</sup> or the introduction of Catholic practices,<sup>442</sup> but they are only the scenery behind his characters' comic battles; the threads from which the entertainment is woven. They are not, or should not be, seriously considered. A clergyman's ambitious thoughts beside his dying father's bedside do not belong to comedy such as Trollope has chosen in his depiction

of Barsetshire. The battles of an arrogant, low-bred Slope and an arrogant, well-bred Grantly do.

In Framley Parsonage, Grantly is very much in the background. What little we see of him emphasizes his diminished role and stature. Grantly is, for example, engaged in London over 'the new bishop bill'. But his part in these political manoeuvres is no longer significant. Trollope has no time for, or interest in, his personal thoughts. 'What might be the aspirations of the archdeacon himself, we will not stop to inquire', he remarks.<sup>443</sup> A little later Grantly is put in his place. He is dismissed as a provincial. Such men have no place, and no real influence, in the larger political world. 'He was a politician, but not a politician as they [the Giants] were. As is the case with all exoteric men, his political eyes saw a short way only, and his political aspirations were as limited.'<sup>444</sup> This incident is his Waterloo in public life. Henceforth he becomes a county landowner. 'He would take his wife back to Barsetshire, and there live contented with the good things which Providence had given him.'<sup>445</sup> Thus is the transformation made from powerful archdeacon, in The Warden, to the patriarch of Plumpstead, in The Last Chronicle of Barset. It is skilfully done, but much is lost in the process.

Not least is the reader's feeling of security with Grantly. He was a character who could be 'placed'. A comic

caricature who is not meant to be a serious representation of a clergyman, merely a fictional distraction. In The Last Chronicle of Barset, the closer we get to Grantly, the less attractive he becomes. His pride, so splendid with the statuesque poses in The Warden, is now petty, childish, ordinary and far from amusing. His objection to his son's marriage to Grace Crawley,<sup>446</sup> is not a stand on principles, however absurd, but on a rather nouveau-riche notion of rank and standing, even mere money. He is belittled. This dwindling into relative realism, of course, forces Trollope to produce another dimension for his once effective two-dimensional caricature. In The Warden, Grantly never conceded defeat, nor admitted doubt. In the later arguments with his son, however, Grantly is shown to have a delicate conscience. He instructs his wife to write to Henry telling him his marriage will estrange them.

'I will write to Henry, of course, if you bid me ... but not to-day, my dear.'

'Why not to-day?'

'Because the sun shall go down upon your wrath before I become its messenger.'

He knew ... that she was right; - and yet he regretted his want of power ... Then he went out, about his parish, intending to continue to think of his son's iniquity, so that he might keep his anger hot, - red hot. Then he remembered that the evening would come, and that he would say his prayers; and he shook his head in regret ... as he reflected that his rage would hardly be able to survive that ordeal. 447

Here the archdeacon is revealed to have a capacity for subtle speculation that we never dreamt either possible or likely.

Later in this epic, Grantly meets Grace Crawley. He goes to make her renounce her claims on his son. She, as much a lady as the archdeacon deems himself a gentleman, promises proudly that "'As long as people say that papa stole the money, I will never marry your son.'" The archdeacon, looking at the maiden, 'almost relented. His soft heart, which was never very well under his own control, gave way so far that he was nearly moved to tell her that ... he acquitted her of the promise.'<sup>448</sup> A further dimension of delicacy is gratuitously introduced. Since when, we wonder, was Grantly's heart 'never very well under his own control'? The change is clear. Each reader must decide for himself whether, on literary grounds, it represents a gain or loss.

The Reverend Josiah Crawley, perpetual curate of Hogglesstock, is a character singular amongst Trollope's clergy. This is not only because of his poverty and humble position but because of the character. He is one of the main characters in The Last Chronicle of Barset and a tragic, towering figure in the novel. The character of Crawley had previously been introduced to the reader in Framley Parsonage<sup>449</sup> but, in this novel his character is more closely drawn, and revealed in circumstances which push him to extremes.

Crawley is accused of stealing a cheque for twenty pounds. At least, he had settled a butcher's bill with it and

could not explain how it came into his possession, though clearly it was not made out in his name. This, in itself, would bring sufficient disgrace upon a clergyman, if he were found guilty by the court. Crawley, however, is a man whose character conspires with circumstances to render his suffering far more severe. He is not merely a poor curate in trouble with the law but an unworldly, highly-conscientious, saintly and, at the same time, very proud man whose suffering, self-abasement and strong personal sense of injustice have driven him to the very point of madness. The title of chapter fifty-eight, 'The Cross-Grainedness of Men', though it refers to Archdeacon Grantly, equally provides a clue to Trollope's delineation of Crawley.

Crawley is a poor man. His income is £150 per year and this must support a wife and children. After paying for meat, bread and clothing, Trollope explains, it is no wonder that their house is pitiful. Their living-room 'was a wretched, poverty-stricken room'. The carpet was bare, the furniture collapsing, Crawley's books disbound.<sup>450</sup> His books, however, were dog-eared through much use which reveals him to be a man of learning. They numbered, besides the Greek Testament, Euripides, Horace, Homer, Cicero and Caesar. He read Greek plays with his daughters, both classical scholars.<sup>451</sup> At university he and Arabin had been equals. Indeed, Crawley knew

Hebrew whereas Arabin knew but little.<sup>452</sup> While Arabin, however, has become Dean of Barchester, Crawley is only an insignificant curate in a poor and unpleasant corner of Barsetshire. He is, nonetheless, a dedicated priest, respected especially by

the very poor ... the brickmakers of Hoggle End, - a lawless, drunken, terribly rough lot of humanity, - he was held in high respect; for they knew that he lived hardly, as they lived; that he worked hard, as they worked; and that the outside world was hard to him, as it was to them; and there had been an apparent sincerity of godliness about the man, and a manifest struggle to do his duty in spite of the world's ill-usage, which had won its way even with the rough. 453

Crawley is, however, an inflexible man, a man full of repressed anger over his position in life, hating his poverty, but proud of his clerical status and diligent in strict Christian behaviour. He is also, as we now understand it, a chronic depressive, given to fits of silent introspection, morose brooding, behaviour near to insanity. In moods such as these he does nothing and nothing can be done with him.

He would not go to the School, nor even stir beyond the house-door. He would not open a book. He would not eat, nor would he even sit at table or say the accustomed grace when the scanty mid-day meal was placed upon the table. 'Nothing is blessed to me,' he said, when his wife pressed him to say the words ... 'Shall I say that I thank God when my heart is thankless?'... Then for hours he sat in the same position ... thinking ever ... of the injustice of the world. 454

Here is a priest who is often too proud to humble himself before God, who cannot put his suffering aside, but who is, at the same

time, honest and truthful with himself. The forthcoming trial makes him even more inflexible. He will not hire a lawyer, or make any effort in his own defence both because he declares himself innocent and since he refuses to run further into debt. He will not even agree to make his own way to the court, forcing the magistrate to send policemen to accompany him.<sup>455</sup> Here, too, his pride is shown, for while his wife counsels respect for his position, Crawley reasons more extravagantly. "'Was St Paul not bound in prison? Did he think of what the people might see?'" Nonetheless, afterwards he retires to grovel in prayer, 'striving to reconcile himself to his Creator by the humiliation of confession.'<sup>456</sup> This, his wife knows, is the only path to peace.

This combination of pride and self-abasement is more clearly seen when Crawley is summoned to Bishop Proudie's palace. The bishop had, hospitably, offered refreshment after the journey for both Crawley and his horse. The impoverished curate replies, 'I will not trespass on your hospitality. For myself, I rarely break bread in any house but my own; and as to the horse, I have none.'<sup>457</sup> He is proud and ashamed of his lot yet, to prove his independence and self-determination, he prepares to walk the fifteen miles to Barchester on foot. He is like a warrior preparing for battle, the righteous David against an establishment Goliath. The bishop may try to make

him give up his parish duties until his name is cleared, but Crawley is only too well aware of the bishop's limited powers and is determined to fight him. Thus,

[he] was all alert, looking forward with evident glee to his encounter with the bishop, - snorting like a racehorse at the expected triumph of the coming struggle. And he read much Greek with Jane on that afternoon ... almost with joyous rapture. 458

On the first point of pride, he is partially outwitted by his loving wife who arranges a lift in Farmer Mangle's cart for her husband half-way to Barchester. (She knows that if the lift were all the way he would become suspicious. But he refuses to return in the cart, cold, tired and hungry though he is, because he proudly suspects charity.) His victory over the bishop and Mrs Proudie, however, is complete. With the patience of stone, he endures Mrs Proudie's comments almost in silence and allows the bishop sufficient rope 'to entangle himself'.<sup>459</sup> Crawley explains that if a verdict of guilty is brought against him then he will admit the bishop's legal interference in his parish. Until then, "'I shall hold my own at Hoglestock as you hold your own here at Barchester.'" Finally, he turns on Mrs Proudie and rebukes her like an Old Testament Prophet.

'Peace, woman,' Mr Crawley said ... 'you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office. The distaff were more fitting for you. My Lord, good morning.' And before either of them could speak again, he was out of the room. 460

This dramatic triumph establishes Crawley as a hero although, obviously, Trollope has already endowed him with many of the traditional heroic virtues. In many ways, he is Trollope's middle-class King Lear. The cosmic overtones in this novel have already been noted,<sup>461</sup> and obviously Crawley's pride and madness find a parallel with the suffering king. From relatively trivial causes, on the edges of credibility, both men are forced to endure suffering and insanity and to examine long-held notions of right and wrong. Lear, after meeting the Bedlam beggar and enduring the storm, is a changed man. When he is re-united with Cordelia<sup>462</sup> he is like a man born anew, his pride, his wilfulness are gone. A similar scene is presented by Trollope in chapter sixty-one. Near the end of his tether, Crawley has received Dr Tempest's summons to the clerical commission to determine his pastoral competence. He realizes life is stacked too heavily against him and goes out, like Lear, into the rain and the barren countryside of Hoggle End.<sup>463</sup> As the rain soaks him to the skin, Crawley reflects on his lot. He admits that he is unfit to serve as priest in his parish, so 'muddy-minded' and 'addle-pated' was he. Yet 'had he not been very diligent among his people'? He had been cast into the dust, tried by fate as few others had been. Yet was he not still a scholar, could he not have instructed any other of the clergy in Bassetshire in Hebrew?

It was the fault of the man that he was imbued too strongly with self-consciousness. He could do a great thing or two. He could keep up his courage in positions which would wash all courage out of most men. He could tell the truth though truth should ruin him. He could sacrifice all that he had to duty ... But he could not forget to pay a tribute to himself for the greatness of his own actions. 464

Having thought over all this he decides to submit to the bishop and resign his living, come what may. This chapter is powerfully written and explains, if from the outside, something of the causes and reasons for the continuance of Crawley's suffering.

Then follows the exchange with Giles Hoggett, a bricklayer. Here Trollope relates the ideological battle of the flawed saint to everyday experience. Hoggett advises that "there ain't nowt a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged ... It's dogged as does it. It's not thinking about it."<sup>465</sup>

This becomes Crawley's motto and from it he gains the strength to resign his living and submit to fate. What exactly this phrase means is far from clear. It seems to mean: obstinately pursue your course without philosophizing about it. In which case it would be more logical for Crawley to continue in his parish, not to find elaborate reasons for its resignation. Crawley interprets it as meaning 'self-abnegation - that a man should force himself to endure anything ... not only without outward grumbling, but also without grumbling inwardly'.<sup>466</sup>

This seems a highly philosophical interpretation; abnegation

is hardly a bricklayer's concept. Trollope succeeds, if this was his aim, in being ambiguous at the moment of truth. (It might, of course, be said that King Lear is ambiguous, since interpretations of the play range from nihilistic despair to Christian triumph.) Nonetheless the moral, whatever it is exactly, seems clearly to be pagan and stoic, and culled from hard, everyday life. The Christian priest receives no revelation, no inspired reading of a text deep from the scholarly subconscious. Crawley, for all his stature and high ideals, is human. For all his prayers, strength comes from an ignorant bystander. He clutches at clichés like the rest of us. His heroism in defying the bishop dissolves into a passive acceptance of fate. Or is his resignation an indication that his humility overcomes his pride? A few pages later, however, Crawley is comparing himself with Milton's Samson, 'eyeless in Gaza'. 'A sentence of penal servitude for life, without any trial, would be of all things the most desirable. Then there would be ample room for the practice of that virtue which Hoggett had taught him.'<sup>467</sup> Even in the acceptance of his fate, Crawley finds an opportunity for vanity, over-weening pride. In spite of his very real suffering, there is a sense in which Crawley enjoys the thought of martyrdom. It is the only reward for an existence such as his. Trollope has succeeded in creating a character whom we believe to have depth. By a dramatic juxta-

position of opposites, in temperament and outlook, the impression of complexity is created. The fact that Crawley is a cleric greatly enriches Trollope's portraiture. As in the case of George Eliot's Casaubon, in Middlemarch, the sober colourings add intensity and mystery. The spiritual aspect of Crawley's suffering and pride are never wholly revealed to us, though sometimes his thoughts are, but there is the suggestion that there is something deep and dark beneath the surface.

An end to Crawley's misery is achieved by a mere twist of the writer's pen. The mystery of the cheque is cleared up; the difficulty over Grace Crawley's marriage to Henry Grantly evaporates. The archdeacon, so implacably opposed to an alliance with a mere curate, conveniently alters his attitude. Their meeting is a fine example of Trollope's irritating lightness in dealing even with the most serious issues. They talk. They shake hands. Grantly says, "We stand ... on the only perfect level on which such men can meet each other. We are both gentlemen." "Sir," [Crawley] said, rising also, "from the bottom of my heart I agree with you."<sup>468</sup> It is meaningless, but neat. Crawley's madness, his genuine grievances and poverty, his eccentric, uncontainable character are swept aside in a cosy gesture. Crawley is even promoted to a decent living,<sup>469</sup> buys a new clerical coat<sup>470</sup> and we expect, in time, this gaunt, near-tragic and certainly haunting figure will be sipping sherry with

the conventional cut-outs of Barchester.

Nonetheless, Crawley is one of the most remarkable of Trollope's clerical characters. Diffuse though The Last Chronicle of Barset undoubtedly is, and with several too many and too uninteresting sub-plots, the story of Crawley grips and moves us. On the other hand, I do not really believe Trollope's characterization can be seen as true to life. The poor curate was most certainly a common figure,<sup>471</sup> and Trollope claimed to feel strongly about his lot.<sup>472</sup> His portrayal of Crawley is feasible but not likely. Real life rarely has the troughs and peaks of this kind of fiction. It is, as George Eliot realized, more mediocre, less dramatic. Trollope's portrayal of this exceptional and moving figure owes far more to his imagination than to observations of everyday clerical poverty. This does not, of course, render Trollope's character ineffectual but it does limit the value of its contribution to the general delineation of the clerical figure. It is a brilliant improvisation.

Trollope's clerical characters are extensive, in their number and rank. There is, however, little real variety. Certainly there are good and bad characters, though the good are often also feeble and the bad, at root, not so bad. There are many gentlemen and some players. We find mostly well-bred, well-fed, Anglican parsons who sport an acceptable, unexceptionable form of Christianity; and also Evangelicals, who do not. All

of them spring from a very limited understanding of religion. (Indeed, an impatience with it, and consequently a dislike of any 'seriousness'.) They spring from a very English, layman's eye-view.<sup>473</sup> At the same time, there is frequently an attempt to discuss religion and moral issues seriously. Sometimes Trollope succeeds in adding another dimension to his comic clerical portrayals by promiscuously introducing such matters; often this merely confuses the good humour.

On the other hand, although these criticisms are an important consideration, Trollope has created some memorable figures in the clerical character-gallery of fiction. The Barchester series is a solid monument to the popular view of the established church. Trollope's lampooning of Evangelicals is cruel but, at best, partly true and sometimes witty. His worldly but realistic portrayal of a worldly, compromised clergy is effective because it shows human nature inevitably falling short of the divine ideal. This is, to some, a sad sight but it can also be an amusing one at times. Sometimes, though not always, we are grateful to Trollope for allowing us to see and experience this.

Trollope's balance, his good-humour, his good-temper and very real awareness of the 'cross-grainedness' of human nature may not provide a profound or ideal basis for life, but his outlook is one with which many people can, and do, identify.

Trollope is not simply the jovial, fox-hunting, old-fashioned figure who guides us through his fictional world. That image, captured exactly in his Autobiography, is a cunningly-wrought myth created by a perceptive and deeply sensitive artist. Yet, having created this persona, Trollope is often able to take his readers over ground they might not otherwise have covered and to places they would not otherwise have known. For this we are both pleased and grateful.

## CHAPTER SIX

### GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

George Eliot was thirty-eight when, in 1857, she published the first of her Scenes of Clerical Life, The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.<sup>1</sup> Obviously, although this was her first work of fiction, it sprang from the mind of a mature woman. Many influences joined in making it not only original but, from the point of view of this study, particularly interesting. Amos Barton is a curate portrayed sympathetically and realistically. He is also one of the very few clerical characters to be placed in a broader social and intellectual context. Why was he delineated in this way? From what, in George Eliot's own background and experience, did he spring?

George Eliot's life and mental development has been recorded and analysed with a thoroughness which renders any lengthy repetition here superfluous.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless the religious and literary sources for her fiction might be sketched in broad outline. Basil Willey says that George Eliot's 'development is a paradigm, her intellectual biography a graph' of the nineteenth century's 'most decided trend'.<sup>3</sup> Why is this? What significance does it have for her portrayal of the clergy?

Mary Ann Evans, as she then was - she became and remained Marian Evans during her stay in Switzerland in 1851<sup>4</sup> - was born into a family whose religion was of the old-fashioned high-and-dry variety. The union of church and state, especially in a family which had recently risen socially,<sup>5</sup> conferred an immutability upon Christianity where theological questions or religious enthusiasm played no part. It is true that the stories of her aunt, a Methodist convert and one-time preacher, provided some inspiration for Adam Bede.<sup>6</sup> A far more important early influence, however, was the Irish governess Miss Maria Lewis of Wallington's Boarding School, where Mary Ann was sent in 1828.<sup>7</sup> Miss Lewis was an earnest, biblical, Evangelical Christian who encouraged Mary Ann to frequent reading of the Bible.<sup>8</sup> The Evangelical revival at Nuneaton, and the attendant clerical squabblings, obviously made a lasting impression on her. Many events and 'originals' recur in Scenes of Clerical Life from these days, though Mary Ann was only thirteen at the time. More important than these details, though, is the profound spiritual influence of Evangelicalism which made the young Mary Ann, then 'a queer, three-cornered, awkward girl, who sat in corners and shyly watched her elders',<sup>9</sup> even more serious and introspective. By the time she was approaching nineteen she was writing to her former teacher in highly zealous tones: comparing herself with Wilberforce whose life

she had just begun.

I have just begun the Life of Wilberforce, and I am expecting a rich treat from it. There is a similarity, if I may compare myself with such a man, between his temptations or rather besetments and my own, that makes his experience very interesting to me. O that I might be made as useful in my lowly and obscure station as he was in the exalted one assigned to him.

She also debases herself with true Evangelical fervour.

I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground. May the Lord give me such an insight into what is truly good ... that I may not rest contented with making Christianity a mere addendum to my pursuits, or with tacking it as a fringe to my garments.

Present, too, in Mary Ann was that predictable Evangelical influence, the repression of natural emotions, from which, perhaps, she was only truly freed by George Lewes. In this same letter Mary Ann brushes the enjoyment of music aside.

I have no soul for music ... I am a tasteless person but it would not cost me any regrets if the only music heard in our land were that of strict worship, nor can I think a pleasure that involves the devotion of all the time and powers of an immortal being to the acquirement of an expertness in so useless ... an accomplishment [can be] quite pure or elevating in its tendency. 10

Cross comments,

The above remarks on oratorio are the more surprising, because two years later, when Miss Evans went to the Birmingham festival in September 1840 ... she was affected to an extraordinary degree, so much so ... that the attention of people sitting near was attracted by her hysterical sobbing. 11

This, of course, is only a year before her reading of Charles

Hennell's Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity (1838), and another pointer perhaps, besides those Haight marshalls,<sup>12</sup> to the fact that her change of religious views was not dramatic or sudden.

It was moreover a change of heart, not merely an intellectual re-thinking. Here was a shy, not pretty but very sensitive girl, who had high ideals and very little prospect of fulfilling them in her provincial seclusion (how much we are reminded of Dorothea in Middlemarch) trying to fit her already wide reading, enquiring intellect and sensitive response to life into the narrow strait-jacket of fundamentalist Christianity. Obviously it could not long contain her. In 1839 we find her arguing, in a letter to Miss Lewis, as to whether or not fiction, indeed even Shakespeare, might be edifyingly read. This is an important letter, and I shall return to it later, but here we may notice that the style of the letter shows a struggle to convince herself - Miss Lewis needed no further conviction - of her negative conclusion.<sup>13</sup> Hennell's work undoubtedly had a profound effect upon her intellectual outlook. It gave her, I suggest, some rational basis for her developing emotional and intellectual independence. (In 1840, for example, she also hints at an emotional attachment and her letters show how she restrained her natural emotional impulses in religious notions of being 'widowed' in order to 'seek a better portion'.<sup>14</sup>)

Willey says that 'Hennell's book descended like a bomb'<sup>15</sup> into her rapidly developing consciousness. Possibly the process was more like a chemical change; the book acting like a catalyst, transmuting and purifying elements already present. Certainly it freed her not merely from the rigid dogmatism of Evangelicalism but from many attendant restrictions. Her independence from her family, and Miss Lewis, was asserted, although for a while she continued to conform outwardly by going to church with her father.

Yet it would be quite wrong to portray George Eliot as a truly radical free-thinker. After reading Hennell she did not throw out the bathwater - only the baby. She agreed with Hennell's de-mythologizing of the gospels, his explanation of later supernatural accretions, the reduction of Christianity to 'the purest form yet existing of natural religion',<sup>16</sup> but clung on, doggedly, to Christianity's moral code. Above all she held to that heavy onus of duty which every truth-seeker must carry. This could never fall from her shoulders because of her own serious personality, because of the earnest age in which she lived and also, perhaps, because of a deep-rooted emotional sense of guilt which the rejection of her family's and her early teacher's opinions inevitably brought. Her 'religion of Humanity', 'the supersession of God by Humanity, of Faith by Love and Sympathy, the elimination of the

supernatural, the elevation of the natural'<sup>17</sup> should not be confused with modern humanism. For although George Eliot ceased to be a Christian, she remained deeply 'religious. Her attitude to the world and her place in it was still infused with a deep sense of unworthiness, springing not now from sin but from a painful awareness of the awful reality of existence. 'The highest "calling and election"', she writes in 1860, still using the Evangelical terminology of her youth but now in inverted commas, 'is to do without opium and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.'<sup>18</sup> She did not come to this mature philosophical position all at once. Her words of 1847, for example, as Haight says, remind us of 'a child let out to play'.

I am glad you detest Mrs Hannah More's letters. I like neither her letters, nor her books, nor her character. She was that most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue-stocking - a monster that can only exist in a miserably false state of society, in which a woman with but a smattering of learning or philosophy is classed along with singing mice and card playing pigs. 19

How different is her serious self-analysis of 1853.

I begin to feel for other people's wants and sorrows a little more than I used to do. Heaven help us! said the old religions - the new one, from its very lack of that faith, will teach us all the more to help one another. 20

This is the woman who, in 1857, with Scenes of Clerical Life, began her 'presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgement, pity and sympathy.' Realism

was vital. 'I cannot stir a step aside from what I feel to be true in character' she continues to Blackwood.<sup>21</sup>

Her fiction is very much the natural result of her beliefs and intellectual attitudes, as they had developed over the years. Behind her lay a life of constant reading and study, her important and scholarly translations - Strauss's Life of Jesus (1846) and Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity (1854) - besides much learned journalism and reviewing. Yet even as far back as 1839, I believe, in a letter to Miss Lewis, we can see her mature attitude to fiction, that it should be as close to life as is possible, already emerging.

We are each one of the Dramatis personae in some play on the stage of Life - hence our actions have their share in the effects of our reading. As to the discipline our minds receive from the perusal of fictions I can conceive none that is beneficial but may be attained by that of history. It is the merit of fictions to come within the orbit of probability; if unnatural they would no longer please. If it be said the mind must have relaxation, 'Truth is strange - stranger than fiction.' When a person has exhausted the wonders of truth, there is no other resort than fiction; till then I cannot imagine how the adventures of some phantom conjured up by fancy can be more entertaining than the transactions of real specimens of human nature, from which we may safely draw inferences. 22

Here, it is true, she elevates history above fiction because of the beneficial 'discipline' the mind may gain in studying it; chiefly because the characters are real not imaginary. But since she acknowledges the Shakespearian notion that

All the world's a stage,

and admits, by inference, that the most pleasing fiction is the most probable (i.e. the closest to real life), I believe that the passing of the years and her freedom from Evangelical morality allowed her to see these elements in a new relationship. The most beneficial fiction would be an accurate, quasi-historical presentation of some of the players 'on the stage of life'. This is just what George Eliot wanted to do in Scenes of Clerical Life. Earlier in this letter Mary Ann wrote,

When I was quite a little child, I could not be satisfied with the things around me: I was constantly living in a world of my own creation, and was quite contented to have no companions, that I might be left to my own musings, and imagine scenes in which I was the chief actress. Conceive what a character novels would give to these Utopias.

Now we may see what has changed. Mary Ann's break with the limiting religion of her youth left her free to discover that to 'imagine scenes' need not be wrong - even if, as in the later novels to some extent, she was the 'chief actress'. The learning and philosophical understanding that George Eliot accumulated over the years, in their turn, taught her that an imaginative fiction need not be an egotistical phantasy but a vehicle for highly moral instruction. Far from portraying 'Utopias', she discovered that histories that are imagined could be far more profitable. The form of the novel is taking on a new importance.

With George Eliot's imagined histories of everyday life it becomes a chronicle of those who have no memorial.

Without in any way detracting from the originality of George Eliot's first work, it is possible to trace some of the literary influences and antecedents. Jane Austen, whose elegant and witty observation seems very distant from George Eliot, had, in *Catherine Morland*, attempted to draw a real rather than a conventional heroine. Her brilliant first chapter of Northanger Abbey could be compared, in its amusing contrast of accepted and actual notions, with George Eliot's far more serious discussions of the character of Amos Barton. The results, of course, are very different but their aims were not wholly dissimilar. George Lewes early made the comparison between The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton and The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith.<sup>24</sup> Mario Praz suggests that Amos Barton is the Vicar, 'translated into terms of a more bourgeois, a duller age than was the eighteenth century, when a picaresque air still breathed.'<sup>25</sup> But although the subjects of the two works are clergymen, and after making allowance for the very different periods in which the books were written, we see that Goldsmith's work is essentially a comedy while George Eliot's is only incidentally humorous. As Walter Allen says, Goldsmith produced 'something very much like a fairy-tale, an idealized picture of rural life, with a delightful Quixotic

comic character at the centre'.<sup>26</sup> This charming world is very distant from the harsh realities of Shepperton. What, then, was she trying to achieve? Let us first imagine what some of her contemporaries might have done with Amos Barton. Thinking first, like Mario Praz,<sup>27</sup> of Dickens (who was at this time publishing Little Dorrit in monthly parts) we can imagine how he would have developed Barton's ungrammatical speech, his inappropriate clothes' sense and his self-importance. Indeed, Dickens would have made the Reverend Amos Barton into a 'character', which is just what George Eliot refused to do. She also admits a comparison with Thackeray in that he, like her, does not allow 'the exclusion of all disagreeable truths'.<sup>28</sup> Mario Praz says, 'she goes farther than Thackeray: she tones down the colour, she avoids the picturesque that is observable in Thackeray, who ... delights to exercise his pungent satire upon eccentric characters'.<sup>29</sup> I do not think it is a question of degree but of fundamental purpose. Dickens, Thackeray and, indeed, Trollope set themselves different tasks from George Eliot. She attempted to draw a character not from the outside but from within: to strip away the flesh from her portraits and reveal their inner lives. In later novels, it is true, she used a larger canvas, but even the most cursory reading will show how Middlemarch differs from Vanity Fair or the Barsetshire novels - the second of which, Barsetshire Towers, was published in the same year

as Amos Barton. They delineate and display; she analyses and interprets.<sup>30</sup> It was George Eliot's intention to let the drama of her novels spring naturally from her characters. As she writes to Blackwood,

I am unable to alter anything in relation to the delineation or development of character, as my stories always grow out of my psychological conception of the dramatis personae. ... And I cannot stir a step aside from what I feel to be true in character. 31

The reference to the psychological aspect of her characters is significant. Whether she was always wholly successful in her aim is another question, but certainly George Eliot consistently introduces a deeper dimension into the Victorian novel.

George Eliot's real roots, and this may seem paradoxical in a writer so essentially prosaic, lie in the poetry of Wordsworth whom she read and revered all her life. As she wrote on her twentieth birthday, 'I never before met with so many of my own feelings, expressed just as I could like them.'<sup>32</sup> Certainly, one can imagine George Eliot reading the Preface to the second edition of The Lyrical Ballads (1801), with enthusiasm and agreement. Wordsworth's aim, 'to choose incidents and situations from common life' was also hers. She found her fictional inspiration not in the intellectual circle, in which she lived and moved, but in 'humble and rustic life' where 'the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity.'<sup>33</sup> She was not, however, content

merely to include people drawn from ordinary life. Walter Scott, whom George Eliot also admired, had done this in his Scottish characters. She may have been encouraged in the boldness of her break with traditional heroes by Scott's example, but George Eliot depicts the people of everyday life not just to add colour, not only because they were more lively than conventional literary figures. Her purpose was that the reader 'should be better able to imagine and to feel the pains and the joys of those who differ from themselves in everything but the broad fact of being struggling, erring, human creatures.'<sup>34</sup> Scott had neither this intention nor that effect.

Wordsworth, of course, did. He believed that for those who 'have eyes to see',

Nature through all conditions hath a power  
To consecrate ...  
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe  
Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
Of human life. 35

He found something of the mystery he saw in nature in common humanity.

There I heard,  
From mouths of lowly men and of obscure,  
A tale of honour; sounds in unison  
With loftiest promises of good and fair. 36

and,

There [I] saw into the depth of human souls,  
Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
To vulgar eyes. 37

How similar this seems to George Eliot's words in chapter five

of The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.

Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones. 38

Yet, I believe, there is an important difference. Wordsworth found in the lowly folk he describes - the Leech-gatherer, the country priest in 'The Brothers'<sup>39</sup> or 'Michael' - a source of strength or comfort and, as in nature, discovers

... a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused. 40

They, like everything in nature around him, showed Wordsworth 'a new world' which could be observed beyond 'life's every-day appearances',<sup>41</sup> and because of this they had a dignity and a spiritual power far beyond their material and social position. They have for their

... base  
That whence our dignity originates,  
That which both gives it being and maintains  
A balance, an ennobling interchange  
Of action from within and from without. 42

This dignity and strength is transmitted to the poet. As Wordsworth says when he leaves the Leech-gatherer,

'God' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor.' 43

George Eliot, on the other hand, certainly in The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton, does not see the men and women who people her tales in quite this way. She writes of them,

They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people - many of them - bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance - in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? 44

Now although allowance must be made for the battle George Eliot was waging with the expectations of her readers, and for the differences between poetry and prose, the divergence of outlook remains. Wordsworth does not portray his 'commonplace people' as 'simply men of complexions more or less muddy'. Nor does he believe that their conversation is 'more or less bald and disjointed'. His words in the Preface to The Lyrical Ballads, despite the controversy which surrounds them, make this plain. George Eliot asks 'is there not a pathos in their insignificance' especially when we compare their lives with human nature's full potential? Wordsworth finds the greatness there already, not in spite but because of their insignificance.

... Others, too  
There are among the walks of homely life  
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:  
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
The thought, the image, and the silent joy. 45

The result of his observation is admiration and wonder. It

has

... no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied. 46

George Eliot's approach is different. She says that we must 'learn with [her] to see some of the poetry and the pathos'.<sup>47</sup> She supplies, in other words, the 'thought' by which the reader's sympathies are extended. Her pathos springs from her characters' insignificance, their nobility arises from their failures. In Barton's case his mediocrity is made all the more poignant and noticeable by his position. There is a difference between Wordsworth and George Eliot also in tone. It is evident in the passage from The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton quoted above, in the qualifications 'simply', 'more or less' and 'many of them'. It is even more clear in chapter two, where she writes of Barton, 'it is only the very largest souls who will be able to appreciate and pity him'.<sup>48</sup> Pity, that Victorian virtue, seems a little like condescension after reading Wordsworth. His characters have their share of sadness, are noble in adversity, but they are inherently noble. Their misfortune is an exemplar. Amos Barton needs tragedy to wring a gleam of nobility from him and, in any case, we are not asked to wonder but to sympathize - a far more pedestrian emotion. Wordsworth presents us with a vision and through the poetic experience helps us to share it. George Eliot, a self-confessed moralist, by means of a fictional argument, takes us

to the fountain and explains what will happen when we drink. Her realism is different from Wordsworth's idealism however similar they superficially appear.

This frank, uncompromising realism in the delineation of character, together with the more detailed, documentary style of fiction - as compared with the poetry of Wordsworth - leads to an artistic problem in the case of the Reverend Amos Barton. He is both ordinary and very commonplace: mediocre in all things, as George Eliot never tires of telling us. Just as a wholly good or completely bad character strains the reader's credulity, so too does a character so utterly unattractive as Barton. It is not just that he is 'neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise',<sup>49</sup> but that he is, essentially, so extraordinarily uninteresting. I say essentially because George Eliot works very hard in making her portrait of Barton as fascinating and poignant as possible. (Only in *Silas Marner* did she draw such an unsympathetic character again, but here the 'fairy-tale' quality works strongly in her favour.) Nonetheless her realism is so uncompromising that the demands of realism and the calls for sympathy often conflict.

One of the last things George Eliot had to do before she settled down to her first work of fiction, on the 23rd September 1856, was to write an article for The Westminster

Review entitled 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists'. Perhaps the troublesome tooth which she had just had removed and her longing to begin her own writing made the deficiencies of this sort of novel even clearer to her and she writes with a razor-sharp perception. Especially relevant to her first story is the way she singles out for attack both the 'oracular' species of novel which, usually with a High Church bias, is an excuse for the writer's moral or philosophical meanderings, or the 'white neck-cloth' species inspired by the Evangelical party. With her own aims becoming clearer as she writes she says that,

The real drama of Evangelicalism - and it has abundance of fine drama for any one who has genius enough to discern and reproduce it - lies among the middle and lower classes ... Why can we not have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England ... 50

In The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton, however, she did not choose to write about the industrial classes of contemporary England but about the small rural community of Shepperton, somewhere around 1836.<sup>51</sup> This community, and some of the details of the story, strongly suggest that George Eliot's inspiration was, partly, derived from memories of her youth at Chilvers Coton, and of the clergyman there, the Reverend John Gwyther.<sup>52</sup> This parallel need not, however, be made too much of. Although Gwyther, like Barton, interrupted the 'wedding psalm' by calling out 'Silence!'<sup>53</sup> similar events have been recorded elsewhere.<sup>54</sup> The difficulties between parson and

musical performers are perennial. A. Tindal Hart, in his wide study of Anglican curates, is right to call the Reverend Amos Barton a 'generalized figure'<sup>55</sup> This was certainly George Eliot's intention. The story begins with a none too deft description of the changes that have taken place in Shepperton church since the period about which George Eliot is writing. This introduction, with its contrast between past and present, and with the mention of Mr Gilfil, is a gentle and amiable one, capturing the sort of conversational tone that Mrs Gaskell had been so successful with in Cranford. This makes the surprise which follows it all the more dramatic and effective. It also highlights the introduction of her hero.

You are not imagining, I hope, that Amos Barton was the incumbent of Shepperton. He was no such thing. Those were the days when a man could hold three small livings, starve a curate a-piece on two of them, and live badly himself on the third. 56

All at once George Eliot has deflated the conventional expectations of many readers. She has introduced a new character into clerical fictions. Generally speaking, as she wrote in her article on 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists', 'the young curate ... has a background of well-dressed and wealthy, if not fashionable society'.<sup>57</sup> Amos Barton is at once presented as poor. He has a wife and six children and only eighty pounds per year. He is a clergyman but his needs - for food, clothes, and shoe leather - are like other men's. Her originality was noted by some at the time. An unknown reviewer, in the Saturday Review

(1858), saw that 'to make a hero out of such a curate required steadfast faith in the power of truth, and disregard of conventions'.<sup>58</sup> In order not to lose her readers' interest at this point, therefore, George Eliot cleverly turns away from Barton to the scene at Mrs Patten's farmhouse, where the conversation and humour should win their attention and interest.

This surprise of George Eliot's contemporaries, however, cannot be altogether unexpected to readers of this study. For, as we have seen, the character of Amos Barton marks a very real break from the clerical characters previously examined. Most of them, from Jane Austen onwards, were members of the establishment. They have come from middle-class backgrounds or better, or were well-connected by birth. This meant that they could participate in the life of society with some degree of equality. They have not all been wealthy, far from it, but few have actually been in want. The Vicar of Wakefield was, indeed, poor for a while but he was at least an incumbent, with the rights and privileges attached to that office. In the eighteenth century also the divisions of class were not so well defined as by the later Victorians. Trollope's Mr Quiverful, with his large family, is also poor, though his salary seems like a fortune beside Barton's, but he has powerful champions which eventually find him preferment. His later poor curate, Josiah Crawley, in the Last Chronicle of Barset (1867) is, at

least, a gentleman. Amos Barton is a country curate - that and no more. He has no connections, no private income and not even social grace or cleverness to commend him. Since he is the central character of George Eliot's story he represents an even more distinct break with the past. As we have seen, it is not that there have never been curates in fiction before, but that they have never been significant enough to warrant more than a passing vignette. Most people would have expected a tale about a clergyman like Maynard Gilfil, a pleasant but conventional figure who appears in the second Scenes of Clerical Life. Samuel Lucas, in The Times of 1858, predictably prefers this story to the others.<sup>59</sup> George Eliot's choice is, moreover, true to life. There can be no doubt that this forgotten breed or clerical workhorse did exist. Underpaid and over-worked they were hired and fired, by their vicars and social betters, like servants. They were often treated much worse, undertaking most of the preaching and visiting - a well-bred vicar could not visit the very poor - even tutoring their employer's children for no extra pay.<sup>60</sup> As Owen Chadwick remarks, 'the curate might expect, if he were lucky, £100 a year. But in twenty-two advertisements of 1858 only two offered £100, fourteen ranged from £70 to £20. A respectable butler or coachman would hardly accept £70 a year unless board and lodgings were added,'<sup>61</sup>

The Vicar of East Dereham in Norfolk, a conscientious and

reasonable man, offered one of his curates £70 a year in 1870.<sup>62</sup> George Eliot's choice of subject was an original one. David Lodge even suggests that this story 'was in some respects the most original (though not, of course, the greatest) work of fiction George Eliot ever wrote.'<sup>63</sup> Let us now turn to her treatment of her character and her presentation of his story.

Undoubtedly, there is much more in this story, of Amos Barton qua clergyman, than in most other novels already examined. Although George Eliot was more concerned with the social rather than the religious aspect of Barton's life she does not gloss over his duties. Indeed, she saw only too clearly that, in many people's eyes, the two were for better or worse inextricably entwined. Theologically, Barton is neither flesh nor fowl. He combined the earnestness of an Evangelical, with its stress on sin and repentance, which he had learned in his youth at a dissenting chapel and later 'consolidated at Cambridge under the influence of Mr Simeon', with some of the elements of a Tractarian: those which stressed the importance of the Church and the authority of the priesthood.<sup>64</sup> Barton thought this a clever combination and hoped, thereby, to defeat Dissenters who had threatened the unity of the Anglican Church and still divided loyalties in a community. 'Clearly, the Dissenters would feel that 'the parson' was too many for them.'<sup>65</sup> George Eliot twists this combination by suggesting that in fact

Barton was more 'like an onion that has been rubbed with spices ... The Low-Church onion still offended refined High Church nostrils, and the new spice was unwelcome to the palate of the genuine onion-eater.'<sup>66</sup> Although this combination is useful in her characterization of Barton, one cannot help thinking that the theological nicety of his position might have been a little beyond the intellectual powers elsewhere ascribed to him. It is, however, a clever piece of theological hindsight. Later in the century, certainly, churchmanship was a source of even stronger disagreement between priest and people than it was in Amos Barton's day. George Eliot is thus able to make a comment on contemporary religious attitudes.

In fact Barton's parishioners are more alarmed by his manner than worried by his theology. As Mrs Patten, the shrewd old farmer's widow exclaims,

'When Mr Barton comes to see me, he talks about nothing but my sins and my need o' marcy. Now, Mr Hackit, I've never been a sinner. From the fust beginning, when I went into service, I al'ys did my duty by my emplyers. I was a good wife as any in the county - never aggravated my husband. The cheese-factor used to say my cheese was al'ys to be depended on. I've known women, as their cheeses swelled a shame to be seen, when their husbands had counted on the cheese-money to make up their rent; and yet they'd three gowns to my one. If I'm not to be saved, I know a many as are in a bad way.' 67

To her the idea that she is not, in Evangelical terminology, 'saved' is more a personal insult than a theological dilemma.

Obviously, Barton had been preaching to her about repentance, the essential pre-condition for conversion for one with a chapel upbringing and a Simeonite education. Mrs Patten was by no means alone in being offended. Higher up in society, the Duchess of Buckingham wrote to Lady Huntingdon, who had invited her to hear Whitefield preach, that 'It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the Earth. This is highly offensive and insulting.'<sup>68</sup> Barton is as tactless in his presentation of theology as he is generally in society. One cannot imagine Mr Gilfil, the hero of the second story, talking to his elderly parishioners about sin. Indeed, the change that had been wrought by the Evangelicals can be seen by comparing Barton's approach to Gilfil's intercourse with Dame Fripp.<sup>69</sup> Even Parry, presumably the 'zealous Evangelical preacher' who 'made the old sounding-board' at Shepperton 'vibrate with quite a different sort of elocution from Mr Gilfil's',<sup>70</sup> managed to present his doctrines attractively and effectively. Barton can only stumble along, clumsily knocking into his parishioners' nerve ends. And, as is so often the case with clergymen, his ministry is judged by his manner. Although Barton visits his parishioners,<sup>71</sup> holds informal services in the local labourers' cottages,<sup>72</sup> takes services at the local workhouse,<sup>73</sup> had started a Tract Society,<sup>74</sup> and increased the scope of the Lending Library,<sup>75</sup>

this counts for less in the eyes of his parish than his ineptitude.<sup>76</sup> Some of these things, for example the cottage preaching and distributing of Tracts, even count against him. Mr Pilgrim, echoing the words of the neighbouring Parson Ely, declares that it does "'as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching"'.<sup>77</sup> Mrs Patten characteristically dislikes 'the tracking' because it causes the deterioration of clothing.<sup>78</sup> Upholding the social order was very much part of the clergyman's duty. (Even at the end of the century F.W. Tuckwell remembers a rector's wife opening her Mothers' Meeting with the prayer, 'O God, make these poor women contented with their lot.'<sup>78</sup>)

Barton also falls short as a preacher. In the past, Mr Gilfil who 'had a large heap of short sermons' which he preached 'as they came, without reference to topics'<sup>79</sup> had lulled this country community into a sleepy acquiescence.<sup>80</sup> Parry, the Evangelical, as Mr Hackit says, had a gift for extemporaneous preaching and, like the Ranters he had heard in Yorkshire,<sup>81</sup> no doubt spiced his homilies with country allusions which helped to drive his message home.<sup>82</sup> Barton had neither social standing nor rhetorical skills to help him; only a commonplace intellect and a misplaced self-assurance. Worse, he lacked the imagination to fashion his sermons suitably for his congregation. This is clear in his preaching to the paupers. His sermons usually revolved around biblical topics,

such as 'Israel and its sins, of chosen vessels, of the Paschal Lamb, of blood as a medium of reconciliation.'<sup>83</sup> His sermon on this dark morning, preached to a collection of deaf and disinterested paupers, 'while the sleet outside was turning to unquestionable snow'<sup>84</sup> was on the first lesson, Exodus chapter twelve which is, incidentally, the longest chapter in the Book. 'Mr Barton's exposition turned on unleavened bread.' George Eliot adds, not without irony, 'nothing in the world more suited to the simple understanding than instruction through familiar types and symbols!' But she is wise enough not to let us hear the sermon for, having eschewed the sort of humour that Dickens might have used, she would only have been left with the monotony of the discourse itself. Instead she leaves us to supply the words and only comments that, 'Mr Barton this morning succeeded in carrying the pauper imagination to the dough-tub, but unfortunately was not able to carry it upwards from that well-known object to the unknown truths which it was intended to shadow forth.'<sup>85</sup> Apart from the laborious humour, George Eliot is also suggesting that practical help would be more acceptable and useful to these people than theological exposition. As she says of the snuff-loving Mrs Brick, 'I can't help thinking that if Mr Barton had shaken into that little box a small portion of Scotch high-dried, he might have produced something more like an amiable emotion in Mrs Brick's mind than

anything she had felt under his morning's exposition of the unleavened bread.<sup>86</sup> Instead Mr Barton says,

In his brusque way, 'So your snuff is all gone, eh?' Mrs Brick's eyes twinkled with the visionary hope that the parson might be intending to replenish her box, at least mediately, through the present of a small copper. 'Ah, well! You'll soon be going where there is no more snuff. You'll be in need of mercy then. You must remember that you may have to seek for mercy and not find it, just as you're seeking for snuff.' At the first sentence of this admonition, the twinkle subsided from Mrs Brick's eyes. The lid of her box went 'click!' and her heart was shut up at the same moment. 87

Amos Barton lacked warmth in person and in the pulpit. As Mr Hackit commented earlier,

'When he tries to preach wi'out book, he rambles about, and doesn't stick to his text; and every now and then he flounders about like a sheep as has cast itself, and can't get on its legs again.' 88

There is, however, some praise for his prepared sermons. 'He can preach as good a sermon as need be heard when he writes it down', the same connoisseur of homilies remarks.<sup>89</sup> Later, Barton presents the Countess Czerlaski with a 'thin green-covered pamphlet'. "'My sermon on Christmas Day. It has been printed in The Pulpit.'"<sup>90</sup> The reason why church worthies, like Hackit, praise his prepared sermons - and it cannot be discounted that Barton possessed a volume or two of his old mentor, Simeon's, Skeletons<sup>91</sup> - is that they were incomprehensible, and therefore 'learned'.<sup>92</sup> George Eliot describes the published sermon as,

an extremely argumentative one on the Incarnation; which, as it was preached to a congregation not one of whom had any doubt of that doctrine, and to whom the Socinians therein confuted were as unknown as the Arimaspians, was exceedingly well adapted to trouble and confuse the Sheppertonian mind. 93

Despite the fact that the publication and circulation of sermons was a much more common and easy affair than it is today, and although the editor of The Pulpit might well have removed some of the grammatical and stylistic errors that would surely have been present in a sermon from Barton's pen, it does seem unlikely, nonetheless, that an intellectual dullard like Barton could have risen to the occasion. Even if his sermons were gleaned from works borrowed from the clerical library in Milby, this learning does seem out of place in the character of Barton as George Eliot has elsewhere portrayed him.

Mr Barton had not the gift of perfect accuracy in English orthography and syntax, which was unfortunate, as he was known not to be a Hebrew scholar, and not in the least suspected of being an accomplished Grecian. These lapses, in a man who had gone through the Eleusinian mysteries of a university education, surprised the young ladies of his parish extremely; especially the Misses Farquhar, whom he had once addressed in a letter as Dear Mads,, apparently an abbreviation for Madams. 94

George Eliot's aim is clear: to show that whatever Barton undertakes, he is far from competent. Here, perhaps, her ingeniousness finds itself in conflict with the strictest realism. This is also true of the references to the rebuilding of Shepperton Church<sup>95</sup> which seems an unlikely undertaking for a mere curate

at this time.

Intellectually, Barton does seem to be a little below average, even for those days where 'residence at a university and the gaining of a degree were regarded as a perfectly adequate preparation for the ministry'.<sup>96</sup> Certainly he would be no match at all even for the least learned of Peacock's clerics. He does not compare very favourably with his neighbouring clergy.<sup>97</sup> Mr Furness seems to be a literary man, Mr Baird later 'gained considerable celebrity as an original writer and metropolitan lecturer' and Mr Cleves combines theological perception with a knowledge both of Greek and of those practical subjects most useful to his rural congregation. Barton's cabinet-maker background probably accounts for his lack of general education which is far more apparent than it would be in a man like Mr Ely, who always 'suggested what might be thought, but rarely said what he thought himself'.<sup>98</sup> It would also account for Barton's grammatical errors: writing 'preambulate' instead of 'perambulate', 'if happily' instead of 'if haply'.<sup>99</sup>

Barton had in fact been at Cambridge, but at this time the universities provided very little intellectual and certainly no vocational training for the clergy. As Canon Smyth has said, they 'virtually monopolised, while they failed conspicuously to discharge, the functions of theological seminaries.'<sup>100</sup> The General Ordination Examination taken by all candidates for

Orders today was not then in existence. Alan Stephenson's research<sup>101</sup> based on a 'model' answer to the Bishop of Ripon's first ordination examination in 1837 shows, furthermore, that even where there were examinations for the clergy, a good memory, and a skilful use of Paley's Evidences of Christianity (1794) or Tomline's Elements of Christian Theology (1818), would usually suffice. Latin was essential and some knowledge of Greek but no Hebrew was expected. Hard work and Barton's characteristic determination might have seen him through such an examination. In any case this was not so very distant from the time when Bishop North's chaplain interviewed candidates for Orders while waiting to bat at a cricket match, and Bishop Douglas's chaplain while shaving. Even Archbishop Harcourt of York could say to a candidate, in 1833, 'Well, Mr Sharp, so you are going to be curate to your father, Mr Sharp of Wakefield. Make my compliments to him when you go home. My secretary has your testimonials; he will give you full instructions. Be sure to be at the Minster in good time. Good Morning.'<sup>102</sup> We need, therefore, express no surprise at Barton's intellectual inadequacies.

Mr Pilgrim's dislike of Barton springs from the fact that he was 'a dabbler in drugs' and had 'cured a patient' of his.<sup>103</sup> This might mislead the reader into thinking that Barton had some medical skills. This mixing of spiritual and

physical healing was in fact common amongst the clergy, though Barton must surely have been one of the very last practitioners. Herbert, Crabbe, Parson Woodforde and Sydney Smith all distributed herbs and remedies. Smith, while at Combe Florey, even built his own apothecary's shop. On a visit to baptize a dying infant he records, 'I gave it a dose of castor-oil, and then I christened it; so now the poor child is ready for either world.'<sup>104</sup>

The most important, as well as the most original, aspect of George Eliot's portrayal of Amos Barton is the delineation of the social aspect of her character. This, of course, we would expect from a humanist author who was concerned to show her central character simply as a man like any other and to emphasize the paradoxical fact that his clerical position worsens rather than helps his plight. It appears to be merely a question of economics. In the first pages of the story George Eliot states the problem.

Given a man with a wife and six children: let him be obliged always to exhibit himself when outside his own door in a suit of black broadcloth, such as will not undermine the foundations of the Establishment by a paltry plebeian glossiness or an unseemly whiteness at the edges; in a snowy cravat, which is a serious investment of labour in the hemming, starching, and ironing departments; and in a hat which shows no symptom of taking to the hideous doctrine of expediency, and shaping itself according to circumstances; let him have a parish large enough to create an external necessity for abundant shoe-leather, and an internal necessity

for abundant beef and mutton, as well as poor enough to require frequent priestly consolation in the shape of shillings and sixpences; and, lastly, let him be compelled, by his own pride and other people's, to dress his wife and children with gentility from bonnet-strings to shoe-strings. By what process of division can the sum of eighty pounds per annum be made to yield a quotient which will cover that man's weekly expenses? 105

The problem is clear: Barton finds it difficult to make ends meet. Yet A. Tindal Hart calls his salary 'not ungenerous' by contemporary standards and points out that he inhabits the parsonage free of charge.<sup>106</sup> Even by 1843 the curate's average salary was only £80-£100 a year, according to a pamphlet entitled The Whole Case of the Unbeneficed Clergy and the Reverend Walter Blunt, still a curate at fifty, stated that 'during my whole curate life my average income was about £90 a year.'<sup>107</sup> Barton's lot, though hard, was not peculiarly harsh. Nevertheless, David Lodge sees Barton's economic problem as crucial and suggests that 'the heart of the whole story', the cause of his sad fortunes, is stated by George Eliot in 'the ironic paradox, passed off as a joke ... at the time of Milly's first illness.'<sup>108</sup> 'Altogether, as matters stood in Shepperton, the parishioners were more likely to have a strong sense that the clergyman needed their material aid, than that they needed his spiritual aid ...'<sup>109</sup> I disagree with this interpretation and not only on the grounds that a writer like George Eliot, who elsewhere underlines the moral of the story in thick black ink, is

unlikely to allow the point of her story to be deduced from an aside.

I do agree that Barton's poverty does much to degrade and irritate his already unenviable position. We see this as early as the second chapter when Barton returns from dinner with Mr Farquhar, 'the secondary squire of the parish', cold, because he has no overcoat.<sup>110</sup> Even here, however, Barton had cause to be grateful for not all curates were so entertained. Milly is unable to pay the butcher's bill and Barton is forced to write to one of the churchwardens for a loan.<sup>111</sup> Later, with the countess to feed, his resources are more stretched and were it not for the kindness of neighbours Milly could hardly have had the special foods she needed to strengthen her. At this time, indeed, Barton considers 'representing his case to a certain charity for the relief of needy curates'.<sup>112</sup> Yet even if Barton's income were trebled I do not think his 'fortunes' would have been any less 'sad'. This story, as George Eliot clearly tells us, is about the 'tallow dip' placed in the drawing-room 'silver candlestick'.<sup>113</sup> Of course, his salary makes it impossible for him to match his wealthier neighbours materially, but in those days social distinctions were far more delicate and money alone did not bring the same social acceptance that it often does today. Mrs Gaskell's Cranford is a delightful and amusing chronicle of a world where nice social distinctions

remain in, albeit genteel, poverty. It is Barton's lack of breeding, his background, and above all his personality, which work against him, not merely his poverty. This seems to me the most obvious theme of the story which George Eliot emphasizes, in her longest asides to the reader, in chapters two and five.<sup>114</sup> She asks our sympathy for 'a man who was so very far from remarkable', 'a commonplace' man with 'dull grey eyes', whose 'bungling feebleness' arose from the fact that he was 'the quintessential extract of mediocrity.' His real poverty was personal, not financial. If later philosophers, like Marx, find the former partly dependent on the latter, George Eliot's Wordsworthian roots, and her admiration for Scott, suggest that she did not. George Eliot was keen to display in this story those elements of 'genuine observation, humour and passion' that so many of the 'Silly Novelists' that she had recently reviewed so obviously lacked.<sup>115</sup>

"Rather a low-bred fellow, I think, Barton" says Mr Pilgrim at the beginning of the story, not without a little personal malice. "They say his father was a Dissenting shoemaker."<sup>116</sup> How different from Mr Ely who, though of no particular family, 'never gave any one an opportunity of laughing at him.'<sup>117</sup> "I never liked Barton ... He's not a gentleman."<sup>118</sup> says one of his clerical brethren. George Eliot records this comment but, unlike Trollope, does not appear to uphold it.

In fact, Barton's father was 'an excellent cabinetmaker and deacon of an Independent Church.'<sup>119</sup> No wonder he felt his priestly position keenly. For, he 'laboured under a deficiency of small tact as well as of small cash',<sup>120</sup> and he cannot resist interfering when he might much better have remained silent.

He vexed the souls of his churchwardens and influential parishioners by his fertile suggestiveness as to what it would be well for them to do in the matter of the church repairs, and other ecclesiastical secularities. 'I never saw the like to parsons,' Mr Hackit said one day in conversation with his brother churchwarden, Mr Bond; 'they're al'ys for meddling with business, an they know no more about it than my black filly.' 121

Worse still are Barton's manners.

Miss Julia had observed that she never heard any one sniff so frightfully as Mr Barton did - she had a great mind to offer him her pocket-handkerchief; and Miss Arabella wondered why he always said he was going for to do a thing. 122

Thus even things that might have been quite unobjectionable in the more fashionable became a cause for comment in him. If he took 'a glass, or even two glasses, of brandy-and-water' after his cottage preaching, 'Miss Bond, and other ladies of enthusiastic views, sometimes regretted that Mr Barton did not more uninterruptedly exhibit a superiority to the things of the flesh.'<sup>123</sup>

Most important, however, in any explanation of the 'causes' for Barton's predicament is his relationship with the Countess Czerlaski. Here again George Eliot is skilful in

drawing a character who, by her realism, disappoints the conventional expectations of the reader. For, as Mario Praz points out, 'it is not the type of the adventuress-Countess Czerlaski which forms the main theme, as might have happened in an eighteenth-century novel.'<sup>124</sup> Indeed, it is part of George Eliot's ironical portrayal of Amos that he treats her as if she were a romantic heroine and not, as the reader knows, an ex-governess who married a foreign dancing-master.<sup>125</sup> This type of character, immortalized by Thackeray in *Becky Sharp*, is given another dimension by George Eliot who shows us that behind the romantic façade lies a much more ordinary meanness and egotism. Her portrait of the relationship between the countess and Barton, and its consequences, is important in any assessment of the story's originality. This can be seen more clearly by contrasting it with Mr Gilfil's love for Caterina, a more conventionally romantic figure. Their tragedy is caused by a broken heart; Barton's, if it can be so called, by a much more likely combination of character and circumstance. For Barton's background and character make him prone to a certain snobbery and it is this that the countess plays upon. He is not unaware of the opinions about her, indeed, his flock take pains to see that he should not be. At dinner Mr Farquhar "'talked the most about Mr Bridmain and the Countess. She had taken up all the gossip about them, and wanted to convert

me to her opinion"', says Barton. It was suggested that Mr Bridmain was not the countess's brother - he was, in fact, her half-brother - and that some unmentionable sin had forced them to be exiled in Shepperton. Barton discounts such talk, though he should have realized the harm that can be caused by malicious tongues, telling Mrs Farquhar "'pretty strongly what I thought"'.<sup>126</sup> As a priest he is right not to countenance gossip, but there is also a time to speak and a time to keep silent. Mr. Farquhar wastes no time in passing on Barton's words to Parson Ely, showing that it is not only women who gossip. If only Amos had been a little less gullible. Then he might have seen through the countess, with her talk of fashionable society, titled folk and friends in high places to whom she might at any time, if she had truly known them, have written to recommend Barton for a living. After all, how else was he to obtain a decent benefice, like Sir William Porter's at Dippley, that the countess describes so temptingly?<sup>127</sup> Certainly, Barton cannot be blamed for wanting to provide a better life for his family.

This is not, however, his only motive. Does not his own vanity and self-importance also play a part? The countess is astute enough to play on the weaknesses of this unfortunate curate. She commends his absurd over-reaction to the church singers, whom he had dramatically silenced in church, giving

out instead a hymn with a dissenting tune.<sup>128</sup> "I could put them into the Ecclesiastical Court, if I chose", says Barton, to which the countess replies, "And a most wholesome discipline that would be," adding, "you are far too patient and forbearing."<sup>129</sup> His words to a seven year old pauper, in fact, make it clear that he is not.

'What a silly boy you are to be naughty. If you were not naughty, you wouldn't be beaten. But if you are naughty, God will be angry, as well as Mr Spratt; and God can burn you for ever. That will be worse than being beaten.' 130

It is the countess who praises his intellectually pretentious Christmas sermon, published in The Pulpit. "There was such depth in it! - such argument! It was not a sermon to be heard only once", she exclaims.<sup>131</sup> She also suggests that he should publish his other sermons in an independent volume which would impress the Dean of Radborough. He would have been better employed, of course, in composing sermons which could stimulate and educate his actual congregation. Thus we see how cleverly George Eliot intertwines the lives and aspirations of these two people, neither of whom were fully accepted by society, especially clever, or as well-bred as their titles and position seemed to require. Barton enjoyed the countess's flattery and hints of preferment. The countess 'was especially eager for clerical notice and friendship, not merely because that is quite the most respectable countenance to be obtained in society, but

because she really cared about religious matters, and had an uneasy sense that she was not altogether safe in that quarter.' She had previously tried to win the attention of Mr Ely, but had failed. Thus, 'as she had by no means such fine taste and insight in theological teaching as in costume', she had to be satisfied with Barton.<sup>132</sup>

This is the delicate background for a tragedy of ordinary life. How sensitive George Eliot is to the subtle distinctions of a small community. The choice of a curate as her victim of circumstances is especially perceptive. Clustered about the clergyman, in a community at that time, and perhaps at all times, are all the little hypocrisies and petty jealousies of social behaviour. His position and vocation, delicately balanced between respectability and poverty, give a piquancy and depth to her ironical view of human nature that the disgrace of a secular could never have had. It allows her to show that self-righteous prudery for which English society has often been noted. Neither does George Eliot allow any real moral misdemeanour on Barton's part to confuse her theme. The countess descends on the vicarage simply to ward off starvation. The rest remains but a rumour which Barton's parishioners predictably countenance. 'New surmises of a very evil kind were added to the old rumours, and began to take the form of settled convictions in the minds even of Mr Barton's most

friendly parishioners.'<sup>133</sup> These 'goings-on' that Mrs Hackit can only allude to,<sup>134</sup> Barton's supposed adultery with the countess, caused 'the unfriendly to scorn and even the friendly to stand aloof.'<sup>135</sup> At Mrs Patten's Barton's character is now openly criticized while Milly is both sympathized with and condemned.<sup>136</sup> The neighbouring clergy are no less generous and, with the exception of the kindly Cleves, readily accept gossip as fact. Mr Fellowes tells how Barton "'dines alone with the Countess at six, while Mrs Barton is in the kitchen acting as cook.'" Mr Duke wishes that "'dining alone together may be the worst of that sad business.'" The general view is that they "'ought to remonstrate with Mr Barton on the scandal he is causing. He is not only imperilling his own soul, but the souls of his flock.'"<sup>137</sup> Nothing, however, is done. As Mrs Hackit suggested previously, Carpe, the non-resident Vicar of Shepperton, "'would be glad to get Barton out of the curacy if he could; but he can't do that without coming to Shepperton himself, as Barton's a licensed curate; and he wouldn't like that.'"<sup>138</sup> It is difficult to correct abuse from the position of abuse. Clerical misdemeanours were not entirely unknown at this time in fact.

A. Tindal Hart records several similar incidents. Mr Druce of Harwich, for example, once had a curate 'who had got the maid into trouble, and in the end had bolted with a

valued parishioner's wife'. Ordained in 1880, Harvey Bloom's 'chief failing was an over-fondness for young ladies'.<sup>139</sup> On the other hand, in the early thirties, the earnest Evangelical the Reverend William Andrew, whose life has been so fascinatingly recaptured by Owen Chadwick, took a prostitute into his home as a servant, though unmarried, without any harm to his name.<sup>141</sup>

This theme also occurs in cheap fiction. There is, for example, an Evangelical tale by Mrs H.A. Cheever,<sup>141</sup> called The 'Whosoever' - after the hero, the Reverend Henry Wheaton's catchphrase "'the Gospel is for whosoever will take it.'" Here the young curate's preaching of the gospel to a young woman of ill-repute leads to opposition from his laity and threatens his marital and financial position. Churchgoers object to 'Nell Nye's' presence in church. "'She is a pest and a torment ... a most abandoned character.'" But the young preacher cannot deny his calling - especially as his mother had urged the 'whosoever' maxim upon him on her deathbed. Death often underlines the moral in this kind of story. 'Matters were growing critical. There was no allusion now to raising the salary.' But, fortuitously for the hero, the girl is consumptive and Harry Wheaton converts her at the last, winning the praise and admiration of his former enemies and, incidentally, promotion. If we compare George Eliot's treatment of Amos Barton's dilemma with this, we may readily see how much more

original and realistic it is. Perhaps if she had remained a strict and narrow Evangelical, she might have spent her days composing such moralistic stories?

Finally, besides Barton's social behaviour and background, there is his personality. This is very important, for Barton is not just poor and socially unacceptable, he is personally unattractive. I believe his personality is a far more important cause of his social ostracism than his lack of money or stupidity. His deficiencies might have been better tolerated if his manner were more pleasant. As it is, Barton's personality causes much unnecessary resentment. One of the first things we hear about him, even before the discussion of his origins, is Mrs Hackit's comment that "when he preaches about meekness, he gives himself a slap in the face. He's like me - he's got a temper of his own."<sup>142</sup> It is his self-importance and not just his ignorance which leads to his downfall. Academic ability, certainly, is no indication of pastoral excellence.

Why, we may well ask, was Barton ordained? The reasons are partly explained by the clerical class system of the time, in that curates were necessary as servants for wealthier or better-born clergy. Barton's vocation is also portrayed as springing from a mixture of motives. George Eliot, who wants to show Barton as a human being, not just a type, reveals the psychological complexity of his motivation. His

desire for Orders arose, partly, from his sense of inferiority - 'for although Amos thought himself strong, he did not feel himself strong. Nature had given him the opinion, but not the sensation'.<sup>143</sup> The priesthood thus gave him a social status that a cabinetmaker's son could never have and it also gave him authority, a sense of importance. This may explain though not wholly excuse his manner. If he had had any sort of perception of character he would have seen the danger of his relationship with the countess, or at least have heeded the friendly warnings of his parishioners. In fact, one of the main reasons for not curtailing the countess's visit was his 'obstinacy and defiance',<sup>144</sup> the result of his inflated notion of his position and power.

Quite apart from Barton's moral duty to do what was right and not listen to slander, however, he should certainly have noticed the effect of this guest upon his wife. She was already weak and over-worked. The countess does not merely cause financial hardship. 'Quite the heaviest pressure of the trouble fell on Milly - on gentle, uncomplaining Milly - whose delicate body was becoming daily less fit for all the many things that had to be done between rising up and lying down.'<sup>145</sup> Although George Eliot passes over Barton's blindness to his wife's suffering, on this occasion, by remarking that 'husbands are not clairvoyant', Barton's relationship with Milly is the least happy aspect of George Eliot's portrait. She uses Milly

as the means by which sympathy for Barton is wrung from the reader. Her death, more restrained, perhaps, than many such deaths in Victorian fiction,<sup>146</sup> nonetheless introduces an element of melodrama into the story which challenges the realism elsewhere. From the beginning Milly is idealized. She is 'The Angel in the House' - to use Coventry Patmore's title for his versified praise of domestic virtue.<sup>147</sup> What, we wonder, is she doing married to a man like Barton, whose 'narrow face of no particular complexion ... with features of no particular shape, and an eye of no particular expression, is surmounted by a slope of baldness gently rising from brow to crown.'<sup>148</sup> George Eliot tells us that she has sympathy for 'mongrel ungainly dogs' like Barton<sup>149</sup> and hopes, thereby, to gain ours. Yet her suggestion that 'Mrs Barton's nature would never have grown half so angelic if she had married the man you would have perhaps had in your eye for her'<sup>150</sup> does not ring true. Certainly Barton, in his maize-coloured, unsuitable dressing-gown and his 'set of teeth which, like the remnant of the Old Guard, were few in number, and very much the worse for wear'<sup>151</sup> is put into greater contrast beside his lovely wife. But that Milly's goodness would somehow be diminished by a more attractive husband is dubious. What would have been diminished is our feeling for Barton at the end of the story if Milly had been less devoted. Her death, at the end of the story, does

therefore gain a certain sympathy for Barton, but not on the realistic terms George Eliot originally claimed for her characters. The effect is gained by a conventional literary trick which neatly concludes the story. It makes us forget for a moment how genuinely unattractive Barton is, but does not entirely convince us that he is so very worthy of our sympathy. This is part of the less original, less realistic aspect of the story: Barton's redemption. At the end of the story Barton sees the error of his ways and the picture is conventional, typically Victorian, having far more in common with the genre painters of the period than with the Dutch realists that George Eliot professed to admire.<sup>152</sup>

It was a moonless night, but the sky was thick with stars, and their light was enough to show that the grass had grown long on the grave, and that there was a tombstone telling in bright letters, on a dark ground, that beneath were deposited the remains of Amelia ... Gradually, as his eye dwelt on the words, 'Amelia, the beloved wife,' the waves of feeling swelled within his soul, and he threw himself on the grave, clasping it with his arms, and kissing the cold turf. 'Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough - I wasn't tender enough to thee - but I think of it all now.' The sobs came and choked his utterance, and the warm tears fell. 153

The warm tears are obvious signs of his deliverance. Barton repents and forgiveness comes from beyond the grave.

Thus, George Eliot succeeds in proving that this 'commonplace' man bears a conscience - but at a certain cost to her own ideals. For in real life, we suspect, after the

incident with the countess, life would merely have continued and the hard work of his ministry would have to have been begun all over again, probably with the same lack of success. David Cecil's comment, that 'Life is chaotic, art is orderly. The novelist's problem is to evolve an orderly composition which is also a convincing picture of life' is appropriate here. To some extent Eliot 'sacrifices life to art' in this story.<sup>154</sup> It is not that Milly's death is impossible or unlikely<sup>155</sup> but that she uses the event conveniently to solve the problem she had set herself - to win our sympathy for the ordinary misfortunes of an ordinary man. 'George Eliot ... took the easy way and substituted for a genuine resolution a cliché-ending from the stock of Victorian fiction.'<sup>156</sup>

Possibly, George Eliot overplayed her hand in the portrayal of Amos Barton. He is, as we have seen, so ordinary and commonplace that without a disaster he would be too mediocre for genuine sympathy. This is also perhaps why we are not allowed to come too close to Barton and why his faults are portrayed with a semi-mocking humour and in reported speech, except for the scene at the workhouse.<sup>157</sup> This ensures that we do not see Barton in any situation that is not tightly controlled by the author. Were we to hear more of Barton's pompous speech, or read his self-deluding thoughts, the delicate balance of characterization would inevitably be upset.

The revelation, for example, of Barton's thoughts of 'contemptuous indignation towards people who were ready to imagine evil of him',<sup>158</sup> would probably not leave us entirely his champions. Even so, the battle is close. The picture of Amos 'snoring the snore of the just', while Milly renews 'her attack on the heap of undarned stockings' before dawn,<sup>159</sup> is not a happy one. His complete lack of charity to the paupers,<sup>160</sup> especially when we remember his own background and present financial insecurity, is also hard to forget. His personal vanity in continuing to wear expensive tight pantaloons when 'ordinary gun cases' could have been made more cheaply by Milly is another point against him.<sup>161</sup>

Finally, there is the whole question of George Eliot's attitude to Barton which wavers between the humorous, or semi-satirical, and the serious. She asks for our sympathy but cannot resist a little laughter at her character's expense. His baldness, his teeth, his clothes and intellectual abilities are all gently derided. She compares him with a Belgian railway horn, a tallow dip candle, and an onion. She speaks of him to the reader in a tone which is both confidential and patronizing. 'He, excellent man! was meditating fresh pastoral exertions on the morrow.' Or, 'Look at him as he winds through the little churchyard!'<sup>162</sup> or, 'And, after all, the Reverend Amos never came near the borders of a vice. His very faults

were middling - he was not very ungrammatical.<sup>163</sup> The emphasis, the use of exclamation marks, make the tone of voice unmistakable. George Eliot probably thought this style necessary to engage the reader's attention. It nonetheless confuses her intentions and limits her realism. In this way the moral asides of the author, where she takes us to one side and urges her case,<sup>164</sup> are made to bear more weight than they ought in a work of fiction. They supplement her delineation of Barton. They make it clear what we ought to feel, but never wholly replace what naturally we do feel about him.

We are willing to accept George Eliot's intention to portray realistically a poor country curate, and we have seen how the portrait is not without parallels in real life, nonetheless, even if we allow the story's ending to weigh in Barton's favour, it is sometimes hard to sympathize with a character so unsympathetic. This is especially so since the author's own attitude seems divided. Furthermore, although the choice of a clergyman allows considerable scope for George Eliot's social and moral commentary it also calls into play the reader's own expectations and preconceptions about the clerical role which confuse his reaction still further. This would not be the case in a comical or stereotyped portrait where the reader's reaction is predetermined. Thus, it is one thing to portray a corrupt or fallen priest in a sympathetic light, but quite another to win sympathy for the incompetent and ignorant, un-

less we see enough of his personality to arouse admiration or sympathy. In Barton's case there is very little personal warmth and we admire him as little as a man as we approve of him as a priest. George Eliot's difficult task of winning our sympathy for this ordinary man is perhaps even partly confused by his clerical role. Like the ordinand's first sermon, which tries to include the whole of Christian theology, George Eliot had in her first work attempted too much. Realism, the commonplace, an analysis of society, criticism of Christianity and an indication of the broader religion of humanity are all included, together with more conventional elements of Victorian fiction. The short story, however long, is too frail a frame for all this. On the other hand, it is clear that despite these criticisms, The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton is an exceptional first publication. It is original in so many ways. Not least in its treatment of that conventional fictional figure, the Anglican cleric. This is not only because Barton is a curate, and a none too distinguished one at that, but also because George Eliot attempts a portrait of a man as well as of a divine. He is not a caricature like Peacock's clerics, nor a country gentleman with a flash of white at his neck, like many of Jane Austen's nor even a more conventional representative type like Trollope's clergy. He is a man of flesh and blood, just like the other characters in the book. That such a portrait is difficult may be assumed from the relatively few

authors who have attempted it. Barton stands out in this account of clerical characters by his vitality and realism. George Eliot has captured something of the everyday life of the country cleric in the early part of the nineteenth century, just as she elsewhere captures the lives and attitudes of other provincial folk. These words of John Betjeman indicate that many of the problems of the country parson are perennial, and thus that George Eliot has captured something of the essential truth of the life of her character. Despite the modern references the words still remind us strongly of Amos Barton who appeared in print some hundred years before.

If he [the parson] is prepared to have a breezy word for everyone, give liberally of his small stipend to all funds and do a great many secretarial and transport and listening jobs free, his fence will not be pulled down, the church may sometimes be cleaned (for a fee) and he and his family will be tolerated. But if he teaches religion, if he attempts to be definite, if he administers and exhorts, if he really loves God and his neighbour fearlessly, he will be despised and rejected, when not actually mocked. Scandals will be spread about him and the witch-like malice of the self-righteous will fall on him. The pride of the semi-educated, the anger of the greedy farmer will flourish in village sloth ... the country parson's cross is heavy with their apathy and sharp with their hate. He sees his failure round him every day. Only the very few help him to bear it. Small wonder if sometimes he falls. 165

Her portrayal of the Reverend Edgar Tryan, in Janet's Repentance, the third of her Scenes of Clerical Life, is also interesting, if less original than her first clerical portrait.

In this character, George Eliot was attempting to get away from the cheap fictional stereotype of the curate who was 'rather an insipid personage' and a snob.<sup>166</sup> She also admits that she based the events of her story on her own childhood in Warwickshire, whilst making it clear that she knew only 'the outline of the real persecution', and that the details were from her imagination.<sup>167</sup> Mr Tryan, she claimed, 'is not a portrait of any clergyman, living or dead. He is an ideal character, but I hope probable enough to resemble more than one evangelical clergyman of his day'.<sup>168</sup> Nonetheless, the Reverend W.P. Jones of Preston wrote to Blackwood claiming that the portrait of Tryan was that of his deceased brother, John Edmund Jones (1797-1831), who died after a long illness and an ardent ministry.<sup>169</sup> He was made perpetual curate of the Chapel of Ease at Stockingford, like Tryan at Paddiford, in 1828. He was licensed to give evening lectures in Nuneaton Parish Church by the bishop, an event which caused 'a strong degree of excitement' in the town.<sup>170</sup> The Reverend Hugh Hughes had ineffectually ministered there for nearly half a century, like Mr Crewe in this story. These talks aroused considerable opposition, mob violence and stone throwing. An observer of the time later declared that Jones 'had caused more division and quarrels on a religious score in the Town among the Church people and Dissenters than had taken place during the last half century'.<sup>171</sup>

Such hostility was, however, by no means unique, as the life-long battles of William Wayte Andrew at Ketteringham<sup>172</sup> and the earlier difficulties of Charles Simeon at Cambridge<sup>173</sup> make clear.

George Eliot's use of her own past suggests her concern was for realism rather than caricature and contemporary sources underline the accuracy of her observation. Tryan himself, however, has hardly any personal characteristics. Her claim that he is an 'ideal character' is all too easily admitted. Furthermore, as one would expect with events which took place when the author was only ten, her observations are sharpened by hindsight. Thus, although she saw Evangelicalism in the light of her own experience, her humanist outlook gave greater clarity to her analysis. It helped her to see and portray the revival at Milby in a broader social context.

What George Eliot has done is to combine three different elements into her fictional tale: real, though typical events; the central story of the conversion, which might have come from any cheap novel or tract; and her own individual and penetrating analysis of the human and social aspects of the fictional community where the story takes place. That the story is not wholly successful is, therefore, not surprising since these elements are largely incompatible. The result is neither hostile caricature, nor simple moral

tale, nor wholly detached observation. David Lodge suggests that her treatment of the Evangelical aspects of the story indicate that George Eliot had 'finally made peace with the religion of her childhood and youth'.<sup>174</sup> I think, rather, that this unhappy mixture of diverse elements and her avoidance of realism where it would have been most revealing, in the relationship between Tryan and Janet, show that she was unable to be wholly objective about religious experience. At the climax of the story she resorts to convention.

The character of Tryan is far less successful in literary terms than Amos Barton. He is not sufficiently strong or realistic enough to hold together the diverse elements in the work. In The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton, the scenes at Mrs Patten's farm, or the clerical conversations, provided the author with adequate opportunity for observation of rural society and allow a significant commentary to be made on that society's outlook and morality. The subject, nonetheless, is always Barton. He gives the story unity, and the author overcomes the temptation to stray or to over-indulge her readers' interests by remarking, quite openly, before she moves on that 'no more was said of the Reverend Amos Barton, who is the main object of interest to us just now'.<sup>175</sup> In Janet's Repentance it is clear that George Eliot is beginning to feel confined by the physical length of the short story.

W.J. Harvey suggests that she takes up strands of narrative and characterization of the various Evangelical ladies in chapter three, for example, which lead nowhere. Consequently, he feels 'too much time is spent elaborating for their own sakes minor characters who do not in fact perform a truly choric function and who at this stage in the story only impede the action'.<sup>176</sup> George Lewes had also written to Blackwood at the time of publication that 'one feels the want of a larger canvas so as to bring out those admirable figures'.<sup>177</sup> Perhaps this glosses over George Eliot's fundamental confusion of purpose, or at any rate interest, in this work. She told Blackwood that her intention was to describe the conflict 'between irreligion and religion', and that her irony 'is not directed against opinions - against any class of religious views - but against the vices and weaknesses that belong to human nature in every sort of clothing'.<sup>178</sup> If this only were her aim then the depiction of the Evangelical ladies, and even the events surrounding the lawyer's opposition to the evening lectures - though not his dramatic death - would have been central to her development of the story. Unfortunately, Janet's story also made its demands and the bare bones of her conversion were difficult to harmonize with the more realistic and complex themes.

George Eliot made some attempt to draw this central event into her more subtle web. At the end of the story, for

example, Janet's 'apostasy towards Evangelicalism' is accepted by the Milby townsfolk, we are told, because 'people of fortune may naturally indulge in a few delinquencies'.<sup>179</sup> The description of Janet's relationship with Tryan is as near to a love affair as contemporary good taste would allow. Tryan's sexual attractiveness is elsewhere suggested as one reason for the success of Evangelicalism amongst the spinster ladies. Thus, characters are not introduced 'for their own sakes', nor merely to fill out the background of the canvas, but for a purpose which the author was unable to develop fully. It is certainly a pity that George Eliot did not concentrate on the social and psychological aspects of her story.

Just as George Eliot had warned her readers of Amos Barton's character, to pre-empt their objections and to prepare them for her broader purpose, so she attempts to meet the criticism of those who may find Tryan a stereotype. "One of the Evangelical clergy, a disciple of Venn," says the critic from his bird's-eye station. "Not a remarkable specimen; the anatomy and habits of the species have been determined long ago." She claims that 'the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him', and that her portrait of a parson of the Evangelical school is 'lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings'.<sup>180</sup> A

little later she warns the reader that 'the keenest eye will not serve, unless you have the delicate fingers, with their subtle nerve filaments, which elude scientific lenses, and lose themselves in the invisible world of human sensations.'<sup>181</sup>

Unfortunately her portrait of Tryan is not at all elusive, nor especially vital. His delineation may be lit up by love but it is given little realistic roundness. Even the primitive 'scientific lenses' of George Eliot's time could have detected in him a conventionally idealized characterization of the earnest, sincere and self-sacrificing clergyman. His first entrance, 'when the sun was sinking, and the clouds that flocked the sky to the very zenith were every moment taking on a brighter gold',<sup>182</sup> is suitably theatrical. It is hard for us to take this portrait seriously today.

Mr Tryan has entered the room, and the strange light from the golden sky falling on his light-brown hair, which is brushed high up round his head, makes it look almost like an auréole. His grey eyes, too, shine with unwonted brilliancy this evening. They were not remarkable eyes, but they accorded completely in their changing light with the changing expression of his person, which indicated the paradoxical character often observable in a large-limbed sanguine blond; at once mild and irritable, gentle and overbearing, indolent and resolute, self-conscious and dreamy. 183

The attempts to give the man another dimension by the paradoxical impressions of temperament do not succeed. Such faces were all too commonplace in Evangelical literature of the period. Hesba Stretton, in Jessica's First Prayer (1867), a worthless

production which nonetheless sold far in excess of a million copies, draws a similar clerical picture. Again we notice the interest in the eyes which George Eliot had attempted to describe more realistically. Jessica had seen the minister's 'pale and thoughtful face many a time ... but she had never met the keen, earnest, searching gaze of his eyes which seemed to pierce through all her wretchedness and misery, and to read at once the whole history of her desolate life'. 'The minister's face kindled with such a glow of pitying tenderness and compassion as fastened her eyes upon him, and gave her new heart and courage.'<sup>184</sup> This other-worldly arresting look was obligatory in sincere Christians, even where it was incongruous. Lame 'Bible Braidy', a character in Our District<sup>185</sup> was 'stoutly built, large-headed, heavy featured' with 'his grizzled iron-grey hair closely cropped.' He had a face that 'a glance was sufficient to show, was not commonplace.' Especially arresting were 'the great brown eyes, soft and liquid as a woman's, but still bright, unwavering and straight-glancing.' Here the desired effect was the opposite of George Eliot's general aim. It showed the common man, who held religious belief, to be exceptional despite appearances. Tryan's 'delicate hands and well-shapen feet', however, would have indicated that he was a gentleman even if Miss Pratt had not deduced the fact. 'I understand he is of a highly respectable family indeed, in

Huntingdonshire. I heard him myself speak of his father's carriage . . . and Eliza tells me what very fine cambric handkerchiefs he uses.<sup>186</sup> Such detail is especially out of place since George Eliot had eschewed the young curate who 'always has a background of well-dressed and wealthy, if not fashionable, society', and had derided the 'Orlando of Evangelical literature . . . the young curate', whose 'cambric bands are understood to have as thrilling an effect on the hearts of young ladies as epaulettes have in the classes above and below it.'<sup>187</sup>

Although some slight humour is obtained from these genteel notions, they do not truly fit in with the character of Mr Tryan, who has chosen 'to live in those small close rooms on the common, among heaps of dirty cottages, for the sake of being near the poor people.'<sup>188</sup> He is well aware of the charge that the clergy preach one thing while doing another. "'I've no face to go and preach resignation to those poor things in their smoky air and comfortless homes, when I come straight from every luxury myself.'<sup>189</sup> He believed in the biblical notion, as an Evangelical we would expect him to follow sacred teaching closely, that a tree is known by its fruits. Indeed, Tryan is a model of his school. His personal vocation is clear and profound. "'God has sent me to this place, and, by His blessing, I'll not shrink from anything I may have to encounter in doing His work among the people.'<sup>190</sup> These sentiments accord

exactly with those of William Andrew, the Evangelical Vicar of Ketteringham. He rebuked the tenant at the Hall for laughing in a sermon, wrote strongly to the new squire on the subject of giving balls and attending races and thought nothing of condemning the opinions and behaviour of his fellow clergy and bishop.<sup>191</sup> Tryan, however, is cast in a softer mould (he did not relish argument or ridicule as the martyr might) and is both sensitive and humble. 'He had often been thankful to an old woman for saying "God bless you"; to a little child for smiling at him; to a dog for submitting to be patted by him.'<sup>192</sup> This combination, much larded with Victorian sentiment and intended to indicate Tryan's spiritual sincerity, does little to sharpen the reader's mental picture of him.

George Eliot is careful to show that Tryan is no hypocrite. He is personally ascetic: refusing food and drink,<sup>193</sup> suffering his landlady's watery potatoes,<sup>194</sup> and living in spartan surroundings. George Eliot develops this last example with some gentle irony on her reader's expectations of the typical clergyman's study.

At the mention of a clergyman's study, perhaps, your too active imagination conjures up a perfect snugger, where the general air of comfort is rescued from a secular character by strong ecclesiastical suggestions in the shape of the furniture, the pattern of the carpet, and the prints on the wall; where, if a nap is taken, it is [in] an easy chair with a Gothic back, and the very feet rest on a warm and velvety simulation of church windows ...

where the walls are lined with choice divinity  
in sombre bindings, and the light is softened by  
a screen of boughs with a grey church in the  
background. 195

(Such instantaneous evocations did exist in fiction, and continued to do so, as can be seen from the beginning of this Evangelical story written in 1884.<sup>196</sup> 'In a large sunny room a gentleman sat writing. All about him rose shelves filled with books in sober bindings.') Tryan's room is described so as to show the contrast between that worldliness - secular comfort in a sacred style - and his stark surroundings. It was

A very ugly little room indeed, with an ugly slap-dash pattern on the walls, an ugly carpet on the floor, and an ugly view of cottage roofs and cabbage-gardens from the window. His own person, his writing-table, and his book-case, were the only objects in the room that had the slightest air of refinement; and the sole provision for comfort was a clumsy straight-backed arm-chair, covered with faded chintz. 197

Her purpose is to show the 'intense passion' of his vision. She reveals how he welcomed 'that least attractive form of self-mortification' the acceptance, out of duty, of 'the vulgar, the commonplace, and the ugly.'<sup>198</sup> Although George Eliot shows more sympathy for her character than Trollope had, in his similar description of the room of Mr Saul, she is in danger of idealizing the character. Barton's mean circumstances we could accept. They were unavoidable. By emphasizing Tryan's

asceticism in this way George Eliot does not make her character more natural. His refusal of Mr Jerome's horse, despite his ill-health, strengthens our disbelief. Nor do his words - "'We are permitted to lay down our lives in a right cause. There are many duties, as you know, Mr Jerome, which stand before taking care of our own lives'"<sup>199</sup> - encourage our belief in the character as a real one. With Barton, George Eliot's realism was perhaps too harsh for her purpose. Tryan is too idealized. If William Andrew and his ministry can be used as a comparison then, in life, the clergy appear less perfect, more given to the human failures of impatience, pride and obstinacy and their work is not so universally effective or dramatic. I do not think the Reverend Edgar Tryan is convincing as a character - certainly not as effective as many other clergy in George Eliot's novels.

Furthermore, Tryan does not accord with George Eliot's own professed purpose. Tryan is not, certainly, "'not a remarkable specimen"'.<sup>200</sup> He is decidedly remarkable, even saintly. George Eliot suggests that some readers may 'want human actions and characters riddled through the sieve of their own ideas, before they can accord their sympathy or admiration', and that 'Mr Tryan's character [is] very much in need of that riddling process.' I cannot think that the staunchest Catholic could find much to object to in Tryan. He may stand for

Evangelical doctrines but we see only an Evangelical profession of them. She may suggest that his goodness is intermixed with 'dry barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay', but we see very little of it.<sup>201</sup> Indeed, all we see confirms Mrs Petti-fer's remark that "'What is so wonderful to me in Mr Tryan is the way he puts himself on a level with one, and talks to one like a brother. I'm never afraid of telling him anything. He never seems to look down on anybody. He knows how to lift up those that are cast down, if ever man did.'"<sup>202</sup> It is all very well to suggest that 'real heroes, of God's making, are quite different' from ideal notions of a hero. He 'believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful'.<sup>203</sup> Yet, from his halo of blonde hair to his well-shaped feet, the ideal hero is all that is described. Tryan does not seem so very far removed from 'the Orlando of Evangelical Literature'.

Her aim was, presumably, to show a man whose character was a blend of strong Christian conviction and personal pride and thereby to show how good can be achieved in spite of party prejudice or mixed motivation. To show how their 'grandest impulses' and 'deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egotism'.<sup>204</sup> Does this accord with the character she portrays elsewhere? When Tryan learns of his first defeat over the evening lecture he says, "'It

seems ... I need a lesson of patience; there has been something wrong in my thought or action ... I have been too much bent on doing good to Milby after my own plan - too reliant on my own wisdom." This strikes the reader as showing much, perhaps too much, humility. George Eliot may add mysteriously, 'Mr Tryan paused. He was struggling against inward irritation', but this is ambiguous. It may be a very worthy struggle to control his impulses. George Eliot tries to continue her criticism by describing his speech as 'getting rather louder and more rapid' and by having him say "'But his triumph will be a short one. If he thinks he can intimidate me by obloquy or threats, he has mistaken the man he has to deal with.'" This is an indication of pride or vanity. She confuses her criticism, however, by saying that his 'energetic chest-voice' and 'his more silvery notes' were normal 'both in and out of the pulpit', (for this reminds us of his prophetic function and removes any implication that this is human anger which he might disguise in church). Furthermore, by mentioning 'Mr Dempster and his colleagues' she wins him further support since, on the given evidence, he could quite justifiably launch a crusade against them.<sup>205</sup> "'I'll not shrink from anything I may have to encounter in doing His work among the people'", he says elsewhere.<sup>206</sup> His consistency can be admired. Beside the bellicose Dempster, he seems like a lamb. He even tries to love his enemies.

When Dempster is knocked down, he rebukes Mr Jerome for appearing glad. "'Don't let us rejoice in punishment, even when the hand of God alone inflicts it'" he says, adding, "'the best of us are but poor wretches just saved from shipwreck; can we feel anything but awe and pity when we see a fellow-passenger swallowed by the waves?'"<sup>207</sup> These words sound very much like George Eliot's own. The whole story in fact, on one level, is that of Tryan's justification - Janet is the main triumph of his sermon by example. At the end of the work, 'the last lingering sneers ... began to die out'. Even the most hostile opponents found that 'it was impossible to explain him for the stomach-and-pocket point of view. Twist and stretch their theory as they might, it would not fit Mr Tryan.'<sup>208</sup> Despite the touches of realism, therefore, Tryan's triumph is an idealized tale; his character far from the everyday humdrum curate Amos Barton's.

The 'trials and triumphs of Edgar Tryan', as F.R. Leavis describes this aspect of the story, is not a fair description of the subject-matter of Janet's Repentance. If it were, he would be quite right in saying that the story 'might have appeared in any Victorian family magazine.' As it is, he is right to admit what Leslie Stephens also found, an indi- ✕ cation of a 'profoundly reflective intellect' in 'the constant, though not obtrusive, suggestion of the depths below the surface

of trivial life.'<sup>209</sup> This story, like The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton, may be prentice-work but it is also profoundly significant in terms both of George Eliot's mature achievement and of the development of the novel itself. It was to lead to Middlemarch whose secondary title, 'A Study of Provincial Life', was not mere embellishment. In Janet's Repentance, too, we have such a study, although on a smaller scale. This may, perhaps, explain why George Eliot chose a very conventional theme of the godly minister converting the sinful as the centre of her story. Its predictability allowed her to draw the reader's attention unsuspectingly to other aspects in the social and intellectual background. By idealizing her portrait of Tryan, she disguised any suggestion that her purpose was in any way critical or satirical. It allowed her to discuss Evangelicalism both in itself and in relation to current conventional notions of religion, and its practice, in a particular society like Milby. Thus when she makes her disclaimer - that she is not 'making Mr Tryan the text for a wise discourse on the characteristics of the Evangelical school in his day' - she is being less than sincere. This is one of her purposes. On the other hand, her dramatic narrative does allow her to claim, quite genuinely, that 'I am on the level and in the press with him, as he struggles his way along the stony road.'<sup>210</sup> This throws would-be critics

off the scent and gives, or tries to give, form to the whole.

Her treatment of this story allows one further step to be taken: that of discussing the nature of religion itself. This is why the story is set in the past, and why 'Milby was one of the last spots to be reached by the wave of a new movement'.<sup>211</sup> The ranks of opposing armies are always tightest before a battle. George Eliot may claim that, unlike the critic with his bird's eye view, she is 'not poised at that lofty height'<sup>212</sup> but the fact that 'more than a quarter of a century has slipped by'<sup>213</sup> since the time of her story, does allow the author greater objectivity in her discussion of religious questions. This choice, of a particular type of religious expression in a particular historical context, encourages a general contrast between it and wider religious principles. She had told Blackwood that her concern was with 'religion and irreligion', which it partly was, but comments such as - 'our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings'<sup>214</sup> - make it clear that religion and non-religion is also her theme. Notions like 'essential truth' and 'the love that sees in all forms' the common business of humanity, beg a lot of questions about conventional religion. George Eliot was largely successful in

concealing her broader purpose as can be seen from contemporary reviews. An anonymous critic praised 'the truthfulness of the characters and incidents' in Janet's Repentance, 'the third and finest of these Clerical Scenes. 'He admired Janet's pathetic 'repentance and victory' and 'the sympathetic earnestness of the Rev. Mr Tryan.'<sup>215</sup> Only later did the critics begin to realize George Eliot's wider intentions in relation to Christianity.<sup>216</sup> It was as late as 1874 that W.C. Wilkinson warned his readers in Scribner's Monthly that 'her novels, contrary to appearances, were not really suitable for the Sunday School library.'<sup>217</sup>

First, George Eliot's portrayal of Tryan, and the effects of his teaching, is broadened and deepened by the contrast with conventional pre-Evangelical Anglicanism, its parsons and attitudes. The story is set before 1832, 'more than a quarter of a century ago', a time when many elsewhere, like Newman for instance, were beginning to shed their Evangelical beliefs,<sup>218</sup> but poor provincial Milby cannot be compared with Oriel College. Isolation, the lack of communications and transport, and above all the ministrations of the dried-up Mr Crewe for the preceding fifty years, made it hardly the place for the latest ecclesiastical fashions. Crewe 'read nothing at all now' and had never, one suspects, kept up much with theological matters. Methodism hardly existed in Milby and the Baptists

'had let off half its chapel area as a ribbon-shop'.<sup>219</sup> It seems more like a parish of the twenties. Tryan comes out well from comparison with the other Anglican clerics. The parson in the parish where Mr Jerome was born "'was a terrible drinkin', fox-huntin' man"'.<sup>220</sup> The Milby parson, Mr Prendergast, is non-resident and lives at nearby Elmstoke Rectory. He does, however, attend the Milby confirmation and looks 'dignified with his plain white surplice and black hair. He was a tall commanding man, and read the Liturgy in a strikingly sonorous and uniform voice.' The bishop is not so striking, being 'an old man' with 'small delicate womanish hands adorned with ruffles'. He has so little wish to be involved with his flock that at the confirmation service 'instead of laying [his hands] on the girls' heads [he] just let them hover over each in quick succession, as if it were not etiquette to touch them.'<sup>221</sup> He seems also to be keen on food, and the preparations for the collation provided for him after the service are lavish and anxious. Mrs Crewe, the curate's wife, worries about 'so much trouble and expense for people who eat too much every day of their lives.'<sup>222</sup> but we are not sure if this really is on account of 'all the old hungry cripples in Milby', since her husband's 'stingy house-keeping was a frequent subject of jesting'.<sup>223</sup>

Mr Crewe himself is an elderly and utterly un-

distinguished character. 'His brown wig was hardly ever put on quite right.'<sup>224</sup> and his main interest in life seemed to be money. He

was allowed to enjoy his avarice in comfort, without fear of sarcastic parish demagogues; and his flock liked him all the better for having scraped together a large fortune out of his school and curacy, and the proceeds of the three thousand pounds he had with his little deaf wife. It was clear he must be a learned man, for he had once had a large private school in connection with the grammar-school, and had even numbered a young nobleman or two among his pupils. 225

In Milby, church-going was more for the display of fashion than religious zeal, and 'few places could present a more brilliant show of out-door toilettes than might be seen issuing from Milby church at one o'clock'. There was also 'considerable levity of behaviour during the prayers and sermon'.<sup>226</sup> The parson did not hold their attention, for 'he had a way of raising his voice for three or four words, and lowering it again to a mumble, so we could scarcely make out a word he said.' This hardly mattered as his sermons were quite unmemorable in any case.<sup>227</sup> George Eliot had made his portrait even more cutting in the manuscript. She suggested, for instance, that 'sometimes, when he spat, he made noises not in the rubric'.<sup>228</sup> In this small provincial town, moreover, people saw no reason 'to venerate the parson ... they were much more comfortable to look down a little on their fellow-creatures.'<sup>229</sup> Thus, in this way also, religion was confined to church-attendance and,

if there were those 'in church and in chapel ... who strove to keep a conscience void of offence',<sup>230</sup> their religious life is rarely more active. The dissenters, generally, were 'lax and indifferent', only the Congregationalists at the Salem Chapel had any sort of following but this gathering 'was not always the abode of peace'. Its ministers all left something to be desired, and squabbling was rife.<sup>231</sup>

Naturally, in this community, and by comparison, the Reverend Edgar Tryan is conspicuous and outstanding.

It was soon notorious in Milby that Mr Tryan held peculiar opinions; that he preached extempore; that he was founding a religious lending library in his remote corner of the parish; that he expounded the Scriptures in cottages; and that his preaching was attracting the Dissenters, and filling the very aisles of his church. The rumour sprang up that Evangelicalism had invaded Milby parish - a murrain or blight all the more terrible, because its nature was but dimly conjectured. 232

Mr Jerome admired Mr Tryan, because he had 'heard of Mr Tryan as a good man and a powerful preacher'.<sup>233</sup> As he says, "'before you come to it sir, Milby was a dead an' dark place; you are the fust man i' the Church to my knowledge as has brought the word o' God home to the people.'"<sup>234</sup> George Eliot does not, however, spend a great deal of time delineating the religious effects of Evangelicalism. Miss Pratt was 'indebted to Mr Tryan' for 'opening [her] eyes to the full importance of that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation', justification by faith. 'Mrs Linnet had become a reader of religious books since Mr

Tryan's advent.'<sup>235</sup> Those who attended the first evening lecture saw 'an opportunity of braving insult for the sake of a preacher to whom they were attached on personal as well as doctrinal grounds', and believed they were emulating the heroism of the Protestant martyrs Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer.<sup>236</sup> Rebecca Linnet dressed more suitably, considering her age and shape, than she had done formerly.<sup>237</sup> Mary Linnet is now 'useful among the poor'.<sup>238</sup> The overall effect of Evangelicalism, in George Eliot's view, was mixed but there were some results that could not be wholly explained away. 'Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriance of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true Gospel, they had learned this - that there was a divine work to be done in life.' They learned 'Christ-like compassion' and 'purity of heart'.<sup>239</sup> Skilfully, and with a sharp eye for detail, which distinguish George Eliot's narrative and which caused contemporary critics to feel that the work 'reads like a reminiscence of real life',<sup>240</sup> she delineated this provincial Evangelical revival. It is nothing very startling, nothing very important but it is very real.

Far less realistic is the central achievement of the Reverend Edgar Tryan's ministry: Janet Dempster's conversion. Janet's repentance is the dramatic event which turns the tide

for Tryan. Winning her loyalty, she was the wife of his chief opponent, and a well-known 'sinner' (though she hardly takes to drink without provocation) is the jewel in his crown and, no doubt, won some readers' sympathy. A.L. Drummond calls this sequence of events 'one of the most beautiful episodes in English fiction',<sup>241</sup> a judgement that I find inexplicable. Such stories were commonplace both in tracts and cheap novels. The rescuing of a drinker makes it doubly conventional; most Evangelical magazines (like The Christian Age, for example) had a regular article or story with a temperance theme. Dramatic conversions were essential to real-life ministries also. William Andrew was rewarded for his long and difficult ministry at Ketteringham by the conversion of the squire's daughter Caroline. She had begun by disliking the parson, openly ignoring him, but was finally won by his persistence and zeal. She actually became a travelling preacher after her father's death and spent her last years working among prostitutes and drunks.<sup>242</sup> It is, nevertheless, not the event itself which leads to a loss of interest, but the manner of its description. George Eliot becomes far less critical and observant. Her prose adopts the breathless style of sub-literature, which is sadly out of harmony with the rest of the story. The most notable example of this sort of writing is Tryan's own confession in chapter eighteen. Here are all the elements of a model Evangelical biography: a mis-spent youth, some dramatic

event which brings the hero to his senses, conversion, and a dedicated life of Christian witness, ending in death. Real lives could, of course, contain a similar train of events. William Andrew made a vow of dedication to the ministry after being thrown from a horse at a toll gate and spending a long time in bed.<sup>243</sup> He suffered always from ill-health. The missionary, Henry Martyn, whose life Janet reads during her recovery,<sup>244</sup> spent his youth fishing, and had a terrible temper which he overcame. His Evangelical work abroad and his utter disregard for his health eventually killed him.<sup>245</sup>

Nonetheless, George Eliot's style in recounting Tryan's life is banal. If it were not for the context and the complete lack of irony one might take it for a parody.

'I had lived all my life at a distance from God. My youth was spent in thoughtless self-indulgence ... At college I lived in intimacy with the gayest men ... I had an attachment to a lovely girl of seventeen; she was very much below my own station ... Soon afterwards I had an illness which left my health delicate ... Life seemed very wearisome and empty.'

Then he discovers his early love "'dead - with paint on her cheeks'" in Gower Street. His feelings can all too easily be imagined.

'I wished I had never been born ... I found a friend to whom I opened my feelings ... He said, You are weary and heavy-laden ... Christ invites you to come to him and find rest ... I could never rescue Lucy; but by God's blessing I might rescue other weak and falling souls; and that was why I entered the Church.'

246

Even a contemporary found the passage unfortunate and expressed his surprise 'to find it among incidents so fresh'.<sup>247</sup> That this passage seems so inept is also an indication that George Eliot's interest in her story, far deeper than this superficial narrative, is communicated to the reader. But that she includes this passage, at such length, together with the equally banal account of Tryan's last days, parallels for which can be found in cheap religious fiction chosen almost at random,<sup>248</sup> shows that she had not yet found the proper balance between the story and her other themes.

A more complex and critical account of Janet's conversion might have been developed from the slight, but nonetheless decided, emotional and sexual undertones which do exist in George Eliot's portrayal of this central relationship. George Eliot was clearly aware of the personal and social elements in religious experience. Yet most of the description of the relationship between Tryan and Janet is conventional and, indeed, George Eliot's lack of real commitment to the story can be evinced from the fact that she undermines any real suspense at the end of chapter nine - although Janet's change of heart does not occur until chapter nineteen. As Tryan makes his way amid insults and hostility to deliver his evening lecture, the author tells us,

Once more only did the Evangelical curate pass up Orchard Street followed by a train of friends ...

that second time no voice was heard above a whisper, and the whispers were words of sorrow and blessing. That second time, Janet Dempster was not looking on in scorn and merriment; her eyes were worn with grief and watching, and she was following her beloved friend and pastor to the grave. 249

Although Janet is known to "drink something to blunt her feelings"<sup>250</sup> our sympathy is clearly called upon as we see something of her brutish husband and his vicious disregard for her. The pointers to her genuine good-nature lurking beneath the surface of her 'degradation' are conventional. "I never see her but she has something pretty to say to me", says Mrs Pettifer, who observes that "'she's always got some little good-natured plan in her head'" to help the needy.<sup>251</sup> (It is on one of her missions of mercy that Janet first meets Mr Tryan.<sup>252</sup>) Finally, should we doubt the turn of events, at the end of chapter four there is the implied comparison between Janet's suffering and Christ's. In a very clumsy transition we are taken from a picture of Janet's mother over the mantelpiece (below which 'the heavy arm' of her husband 'is lifted to strike her') to the picture over her mother's mantelpiece, 'drawn in chalk by Janet long years ago ... It is a head bowed beneath a cross, and wearing a crown of thorns.'<sup>253</sup> Janet may well now be 'despised and rejected' but we cannot but recall how this crucified Christ became the resurrected Christ in glory and draw our conclusions about Janet's lot.

Nonetheless, even in this idealized portrait of Janet

there is a suggestion of sensuality.

No other woman in Milby has those searching black eyes, that tall graceful unconstrained figure, set off by her simple muslin dress and black lace shawl, that massy black hair now so neatly braided in glossy contrast with the white satin ribbons of her modest cap and bonnet ... there are those sad lines about the mouth and eyes on which that sweet smile plays like sunbeams on the storm-beaten beauty of the full and ripened corn. 254

They are more obvious here where the menacing and repressed sexual aggression of her husband also contributes to the impression of underlying sexuality.

She had on a light dress which sat loosely about her figure, but did not disguise its liberal, graceful outline. A heavy mass of straight jet-black hair had escaped from its fastening, and hung over her shoulders. Her grandly-cut features, pale with the natural paleness of a brunette, had premature lines about them, telling that the years had been lengthened by sorrow, and the delicately-curved nostril, which seemed made to quiver with the proud consciousness of power and beauty, must have quivered to the heart-piercing griefs which had given that worn look to the corners of the mouth. Her wide open black eyes had a strangely fixed, sightless gaze, as she paused at the turning, and stood silent before her husband. 255

Her thinly veiled nudity, the quivering nostrils and the wide open eyes of the woman standing submissively waiting for the violent physical attack of her husband, suggest that Janet can find no outlet for her affections within her marriage. This idea is made clearer elsewhere. Janet's misery is partly explained by her lack of children and by her husband's rejection of 'her sweet woman's habit of caressing playful affection.'

'He had no pity on her tender flesh; he could strike the soft neck he had once asked to kiss.'<sup>256</sup> The natural need for affection, sympathy and friendship is made clear. Tryan, to some extent, fulfils this need. He first mentions her as "an interesting-looking woman",<sup>257</sup> and this is only a page or two after George Eliot has told us that his 'well-filled lips had something of the artificially compressed look which is often the sign of a struggle to keep the dragon undermost.'<sup>258</sup> Tryan's ascetic life follows the tradition of the Fathers in curbing natural emotions though he admits that "we have each our peculiar weaknesses and temptations".<sup>259</sup> His own history indicates that the trials of the flesh were not unknown to him.<sup>260</sup> These things should not, however, be exaggerated. Nonetheless, when Janet and Tryan meet in chapter twelve, her heart begins to soften and he sees her in a new light. The moment is one of recognition and could, elsewhere, have suggested the start of romance. It is certainly heavy with mutual significance.

The softening thought was in her eyes when he appeared in the doorway, pale, weary, and depressed. The sight of Janet standing there with the entire absence of self-consciousness which belongs to a new and vivid impression, made him start and pause a little. Their eyes met, and they looked at each other gravely for a few moments. Then they bowed, and Mr Tryan passed out. 261.

The dividing line between Christian love and physical love has always been a thin one, if indeed such a division inherently exists, but about Victorian religious writing there is

sometimes an unconsciously sexual air. George Eliot makes this clear in the relationship of the Evangelical ladies to their pastor.

'Mary Linnet gets more and more in love with Mr Tryan,' thought Miss Eliza; 'it is really pitiable to see such feelings in a woman of her age, with those old-maidish little ringlets. I daresay she flatters herself Mr Tryan may fall in love with her, because he makes her useful among the poor.' At the same time Miss Eliza ... felt a considerable internal flutter when she heard the knock at the door. Rebecca had less self-command. She felt too much agitated to go on with her pasting, and clutched the leg of the table to counteract the trembling in her hands. 262

As George Eliot says, it is no wonder that 'a zealous evangelical clergyman, aged thirty three, called forth all the little agitations that belong to the divine necessity of loving.'<sup>263</sup>

Janet and Tryan become more explicitly involved emotionally after her husband's death, when such matters could be more properly suggested to a Victorian audience. In gratitude for his rescuing her from drink and desperation, she becomes his close friend and nurse. New lodgings are organized and he is finally persuaded to move to them. The scene where they meet by chance as Janet is on her way to gain his consent for the move has a decidedly romantic air. He overtakes her on horseback.

It seemed very natural to her that he should be there. Her mind was so full of his presence at that moment, that the actual sight of him was only like a more vivid thought, and she behaved, as we

are apt to do when feeling obliges us to be genuine, with a total forgetfulness of polite forms. She only looked at him with a slight deepening of the smile that was already on her face. He said gently, 'Take my arm'; and they walked on a little way in silence. 264

David Lodge calls the scene 'essentially a sublimated troth-plighting scene'.<sup>265</sup> It is clear from this passage why.

He could not be sorry; he could not say no; he could not resist the sense that life had a new sweetness for him, and that he should like it to be prolonged a little - only a little, for the sake of feeling a stronger security about Janet ... He looked at her then, and smiled ... That smile of Mr Tryan's pierced poor Janet's heart: she felt in it at once the assurance of grateful affection and the prophecy of coming death. Her tears rose; they turned without speaking, and went back again along the lane. 266

Later, Tryan became

conscious of a new yearning for those pure human joys which he had voluntarily and determinedly banished from his life - for a draught of that deep affection from which he had been cut off by a dark chasm of remorse. For now, that affection was within his reach; he saw it there, like a palm-shadowed well in the desert; he could not desire to die in sight of it. 267

Their love, finally, is expressed - and concluded - with a kiss.

'She lifted up her face to his, and the full life-breathing lips met the wasted dying ones in a sacred kiss of promise.'<sup>268</sup>

The Reverend G.C. Swayne found this aspect of the story 'disagreeable'. He wrote to Blackwood, in 1857, that it was fortunate that 'the evangelical parson's contracting at the end a passion for the reformed gin-drinker' is, happily, 'prevented

by his timely death' from 'explosion' into scandal.<sup>269</sup> This, of course, puts the matter too strongly, though it perhaps explains why George Eliot could only hint at this aspect of religious experience.<sup>270</sup> Superficially the relationship between Janet and Tryan might seem like those conventional tête-à-têtes between clerical hero and heroine of the 'silly novelists'. These were 'seasoned with quotations from scripture, instead of quotations from the poets; and questions as to the state of the heroine's affections are mingled with anxieties as to the state of her soul.' In these tales, 'the vicissitudes of the tender passion are sanctified by saving views of Regeneration and the Atonement.'<sup>271</sup> George Eliot's treatment of the subject, however, if not much more profound, is far more serious and intense. Indeed, it is the power of the writing which saves it from banality, though not entirely from the suggestion of melodrama. George Eliot's treatment of this relationship also supports her more explicit analysis of the social elements which were intertwined with the effects of Evangelicalism in Milby.

George Eliot's analysis of Milby's religious life, by far the best and most significant aspect of the story, is on two levels. First, there is the revelation of the mixed motivation for the anti-Evangelical feelings aroused by Tryan. Secondly, George Eliot herself comments upon the social aspects

of the improvement of Evangelicalism and how its influence can be seen in the broader perspective.

Dempster, Janet's husband, has all the characteristics of a Victorian villain. He is a heavy drinker, cruel to his wife, swears, ill-treats servants, and thinks pugnacity a virtue. His unpleasant and melodramatic behaviour ensures the reader's sympathy for Janet. It also enables George Eliot to suggest that beside such a coarse, uncivilized man, Evangelicalism is an ameliorating social influence, whatever its religious value. The opening of the story at once establishes Dempster as dogmatic and unpleasant; a man whose fanaticism is fired by snuff and alcohol.<sup>272</sup> This early conversation of the anti-Tryanites quickly reveals their mixed motives. Dempster declares he is opposed to "the introduction of demoralizing, methodistical doctrine" especially as this is an insult to the "venerable pastor" of Milby.<sup>273</sup> Later in the story, however, we discover that Dempster is far from regular in his actual support of the established religion. He is 'conspicuous in the gallery' at the confirmation service, since his 'professional avocations rarely allowed him to occupy his place at church'.<sup>274</sup> Dempster's explanation of the term presbyter also shows that he is not only ignorant of church history but prone to equate orthodoxy with social and economic standing. Luke Byles, who had rightly corrected Dempster's definition, is dubbed "'a meddlesome, upstart, Jacobinical fellow ... a man

with about as much principle as he has property ... an insolvent atheist."<sup>275</sup> Tomlinson, a rich miller, also condemns Tryan's lectures on social grounds. They will undermine the social order, the spread of education will lead to unrest in the lower orders, it may even be a cause of immorality. "'I know well enough what your Sunday evening lectures are good for - for wenches to meet their sweethearts, and brew mischief ... Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write."<sup>276</sup> Dr Folliott, in the second chapter of Crochet Castle, had made a similar complaint against the 'march of mind' amongst the lower orders and Charlotte Brontë had seen Mr Brocklehurst's school as a socially repressive educational instrument.<sup>277</sup> Evangelicalism was reaching out to a social class which had, hitherto, not been considered fit for any attention, religious or educational. Dempster's followers, like Folliott, thought this a dangerous alteration in the status quo. Charlotte Brontë, however, writing later and from personal experience believed that, in reality, the education offered remained firmly in the hands, and minds, of the ruling class. George Eliot, as we shall see, was more optimistic about the social effects of such a movement.

Dempster attacks Tryan as a hypocrite; a common charge against Evangelicals. George Eliot cleverly combines a little theology with personal calumny in this speech of

Dempster's, which neatly captures the tone of provincial prejudice.

'He preaches against good works; says good works are not necessary to salvation - a sectarian, antinomian, anabaptist doctrine. Tell a man he is not to be saved by his works, and you open the flood-gates of all immorality. You see it in all these canting innovators; they're all bad ones by the sly; smooth-faced, drawling, hypocritical fellows ... he goes about praying with old women, and singing with charity children; but what has he really got his eye on all the while? A domineering ambitious Jesuit, gentlemen; all he wants is to get his foot far enough into the parish to step into Crewe's shoes when the old gentleman dies.' 278

The insults are a motley collection. Tryan is called both an extreme Protestant (antinomian) and an extreme Catholic (Jesuit). He is said to preach against good works, but spends his time performing them. Personal gain is supposedly his aim. The language, too, is well chosen. 'Flood-gates', 'smooth-faced', and the references to 'eye' and 'foot' are all recognizable as the stereotype vocabulary of the street-corner orator. The real objection to Evangelicalism is revealed by the phrase 'canting innovator'. To provincial conservatives anything new is cant, and all cant brings unwelcome change. Their hold on society springs from the fostering of traditional opinions. Thus the school dame, Miss Townley, was 'strongly opposed to innovation' and supported Mr Crewe because he, like herself, was part of the traditional order which Tryan appeared to threaten.<sup>279</sup> The middle-class inhabitants generally, George

Eliot suggests, 'became more intensely conscious of the value they set upon all their advantages, when innovation made its appearance in the person of the Rev. Mr Tryan.'<sup>280</sup> Tryan roused his opponents into awareness and Dempster voiced this new-found pride into reactionary opposition, assisted by his bellicose personality.

The public demonstrations of hostility over Tryan's proposed evening lectures reveal further that the religious element in the opposition is dubious. Although on Dempster's return from the absentee Rector Prendergast, with the news that the evening lectures have been forbidden, mobs assemble to give "'three cheers for True Religion, and down with Cant!'",<sup>281</sup> this cheering has been whipped up by Dempster's followers by a 'promise of a "spree" in the Bridge Way' and 'two knots of picked men' have been organized, 'one to feed the flame of orthodox zeal with gin-and-water, at the Green Man ... the other to solidify their church principles with heady beer at the Bear.'<sup>282</sup> The appearance of placards and caricatures amongst Dempster's vociferous supporters also underlines the unspontaneous nature of the demonstration.<sup>283</sup> The climax of Dempster's opposition is the procession of the Evangelicals to the first evening lecture, sanctioned by the bishop, through a hooting, jeering mob assembled by Dempster. Placards and posters satirizing Tryan and his followers are seen everywhere

and resistance to change is at its most frenzied.<sup>284</sup> Amongst the working men, however, there were not a few who were forced into opposition by the wishes of their employers. Both Mr Budd and Mr Tomlinson had declared that they would not employ anyone who dared attend the lectures.<sup>285</sup>

In these various ways, therefore, George Eliot suggests the social, personal and economic background to what is apparently a religious controversy. In doing so she opens our mind to the idea that religion springs out of, and is not remote from, human experience. Just as the opposition to Tryan is composed of a mixture of motives, so too might the influence, or effect, of Evangelicalism be composed of a variety of forces: some transcendental, some very human. The events themselves are simple and dramatic. They are probably drawn from the author's memory. The year after Marion Evans was sent to boarding school in Nuneaton, 1829, an anonymous diarist recorded that there was 'a strong degree of excitement produced in the town by the Reverend E. Jones of Stockingford Church obtaining a licence from the Bishop for delivering evening lectures in the Nuneaton Church. The town generally opposed to Mr Jones and his lectures.'<sup>286</sup> This diary reveals that, at that time, 'the Ribbon Trade [was] greatly depressed'<sup>287</sup> and that there was a 'considerable increase of applicants for parochial aid'.<sup>288</sup> This would perhaps explain why, later in

the year, 'the town was a scene of riotous tumult, various outrages were committed on persons by placing them on an Ass face towards the tail and conveying them in such manner through the streets for having taken work at low prices. Windows were also broken in several instances and a general strike for wages ensued.'<sup>289</sup>

In the same month a stone was thrown through a church window during Evening Service.<sup>290</sup> A few years later, in 1833, while Marion Evans was still at school, the diarist records that 'a scurrillous placard [was] put forth entitled "A Programme of Proceedings of the Lying Club" being a Burlesque on the party intending to give a Dinner to D[empster] Heming Esq'r.'<sup>291</sup> Dempster Heming had stood as a parliamentary candidate in the previous year<sup>292</sup> and caused a considerable impression upon the town with his election procession, music and free beer. It is possible that some of these events, either remembered by the author or later related to her, formed the basis of the central drama of the story. The political placards and social unrest may well have been transferred in her mind to the religious disagreements of her youth.

Such events, however, were not confined to Nuneaton. Charles Simeon, when appointed to Trinity Church Cambridge, faced considerable opposition in favour of a rival candidate. Locked out of the church, refused admittance when he visited

parishioners, he was forced to preach to a congregation of college servants in the side aisles and had to share his pulpit with an independent lecturer for ten years.<sup>293</sup>

Thus, it is not surprising that George Eliot's descriptions of the events themselves have the force of reality. Yet George Eliot was concerned to give more than an appearance of factual reporting. She wanted her realism to be more than a one-dimensional drama of journalism or vivid story-telling. The dramatic events and the personalities of the two contrasting figures of Dempster and Tryan were also the starting point for more general sociological discussion. This led to an artistic conflict. For, on the one hand, George Eliot claims she is 'on the level and in the press' with Tryan as he 'struggles his way along the stony road'<sup>294</sup> (indeed the events demand a dramatic treatment) but on the other hand she was concerned to play down the drama of her leading characters in order to show that Milby was much like anywhere else and this community was merely a microcosm of general human behaviour. This is clear from this general view of Milby where she writes,

To a superficial glance Milby was nothing but dreary prose ... But the sweet spring came to Milby notwithstanding ... And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of griping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers and the fumes of brandy: looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and unselfishness, as you may have observed as scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odours amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pothouse. 295

Unfortunately, the events receive too much attention. The main characters in the story stand out from the general pattern of human life too distinctly. Tryan, Dempster, Janet and even the godly dissenter Mr Jerome are too prominent, perhaps even too fictional, for the background easily to emerge. Amos Barton was on the same level as his neighbours and the 'drama' of his story emerged not only from events but from the gradual accumulation of opinion. Tryan, partly because he is idealized, seems set apart from the rest of Milby and his emergence as a hero is through the dramatic encounters with Dempster and Janet, not merely through the gradual emergence of his character.

George Eliot's analysis of Evangelicalism and its effects, however gratuitous it may sometimes seem in the structure of the story, is excellently done. Thus, although this clerical portrait may not always be at the centre of her broader delineation and analysis of religion, his influence, his presence, is the justification for it. The clergyman is, here, George Eliot's starting point and not, as in later novels, one example of her exploration of religious questions. Tryan's presence in this story did, however, allow George Eliot to explore several facets of the influence of religion, its effects and causes, which was to become so important in her mature work - though by no means always linked to a clerical figure. It will

be of interest, therefore, to examine her exploration of religious matters in this work.

Chapter three, for example, is devoted to the Evangelical lady-followers of Tryan. Each is neatly characterized. Of Mary Linnet, for example, 'even her female friends said nothing more ill-natured of her, than that her face was like a piece of putty with two Scotch pebbles stuck in it.'<sup>296</sup> Rebecca Linnet, previously fond of showy dresses, had always looked foolish and unsightly. Now, 'no-one could deny that Evangelicalism had wrought a change for the better' and 'though she is not reduced in size, and her brown hair will do nothing but hang in crisp ringlets down her large cheeks, there is a change in her air and expression which seems to shed a softened light over her person.'<sup>297</sup> Miss Pratt was in the 'arctic region' of old maidism, 'the one blue-stocking of Milby', whose 'latest production had been Six Stanzas, addressed to the Rev. Edgar Tryan, printed on glazed paper with a neat border, and beginning "Forward, young wrestler for the truth!"'<sup>298</sup> George Eliot, who no doubt remembered the turgid artistic efforts of many an Evangelical evening in her youth, is merciless and accurate. Delightful, too, is Mrs Linnet's love of the sensational aspects of pious books. 'On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher', for example, 'she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled, as her own occasionally did.'<sup>299</sup> Although this is humorous, it

is also accurate human observation. Unlike Trollope, who merely laughs at the fluttering hearts of ladies in the presence of clergymen, or pities them for being so foolishly misled,<sup>300</sup> George Eliot does not wholly undermine their dignity. There is sensitivity as well as humour in her comments; sympathy as well as a little satire.

Poor women's hearts! Heaven forbid that I should laugh at you, and make cheap jests on your susceptibility towards the clerical sex, as if it had nothing deeper or more lovely in it than the mere vulgar angling for a husband ... what wonder ... that in Milby society ... a zealous evangelical clergyman, aged thirty-three, called forth all the little agitations that belong to the divine necessity of loving. 301

Words like these, I believe, reveal a deep understanding for, and sympathy with, the trials of human existence. They belong not merely to the lively tableaux of fiction, for which the nineteenth century is justly famous, but to a new meditative revelation of the human soul in which George Eliot is a pioneer.

This sense of inner revelation extends to society as well as to its individual members. Once more George Eliot succeeds in an area where a writer like Trollope largely fails and her depiction of Milby presents a society recognizably realistic and not merely delimited for easy handling.<sup>302</sup> In more mature works like Mill on the Floss and Middlemarch, this aspect became an integral part of her depiction of character: the individual was related to, or reacted against, the environ-

ment. The Reverend Edgar Tryan does not seem so much an integral part of his society, even as a catalyst for change, and his influence, although clearly shown in the case of Janet, is not so clearly shown in relation to Milby as a whole. This is partly, of course, because of lack of space but also because Tryan's influence is concentrated in his two dramatic encounters with the Dempsters and the other characters are not intimately concerned with these. Another difficulty arises from the fact that Tryan is an 'outsider' in the story itself and not, as in the case of Amos Barton, a part, however inadequate, of the established order nor, as in the next clergyman George Eliot portrayed, Irwine in Adam Bede, a well-loved figure to whom everyone could turn and whose outlook extended beyond the strictly 'religious'. In this work, it is more the influence of 'Evangelicalism' which is analysed than the specific effect of a particular Evangelical, but this is of interest and merit.

The religious life of Milby before Tryan's influence, and the more general influence of Evangelical standards in the church as a whole, is well characterized.

The well-dressed parishioners generally were very regular church-goers, and to the younger ladies and gentlemen I am inclined to think that the Sunday morning service was the most exciting event of the week; for few places could present a more brilliant show of out-door toilettes than might be seen issuing from Milby church at one o'clock ... The respect for the Sabbath manifested in this attention to costume, was unhappily counterbalanced

by considerable levity of behaviour during the prayers and sermon ... divine service offered irresistible temptations to joking, through the medium of telegraphic communications from the galleries to the aisles and back again. 303

This hold of the middle classes over the established church in England is well known. In later decades churchmen saw more clearly that the traditional advantages of this arrangement were being outweighed by the limitations it placed upon its broader mission to society as a whole. As a clergyman wrote in 1873, 'few will doubt that the Church of England greatly needs the help of divine grace to preserve it from an undue reverence for station and property.'<sup>304</sup> George Eliot rightly sees that, in Milby, Evangelicalism appears dangerous because it begins to undermine that traditional reverence.

As long as Mr Tryan's hearers were confined to Paddiford Common ... a dismal district ... the 'canting parson' could be treated as a joke. Not so when a number of single ladies in the town appeared to be infected, and even one or two men of substantial property ... when Mr Tryan was known to be well received in several good houses, where he was in the habit of finishing the evening with exhortation and prayer. Evangelicalism ... was invading the very drawing-rooms. 305

George Eliot further suggests how even an idealistic movement like Evangelicalism can become diluted with human desires and interests. 'Religious ideas have the fate of melodies', she comments, 'which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments.' Evangelicalism spreads gradually, 'diffusing its subtle odour into chambers that were

bolted and barred against it'.<sup>306</sup> 'Convenience ... makes us all fellow-helpers in spite of adverse resolutions.'<sup>307</sup>

Opposition crumbles as leading citizens show their support for Tryan and tradesmen realize that they will not lose business, indeed they may gain some, by openly re-aligning themselves. Furthermore, anti-Tryanites could not afford to drop the town's best draper simply because his religious beliefs were not orthodox. The religious quality of many of the converted is also questioned. Perhaps, George Eliot suggests, 'Mr Tryan's hearers had gained a religious vocabulary rather than religious experience.' Amongst the lower orders, 'a silly slattern was converted into that more complex nuisance, a silly and sanctimonious slattern.'<sup>308</sup> Thus the Evangelicals, in some ways, were as streaked with dross as the fashionable church-goers.

More generally, the spread of new religious ideas is seen as part of a broader social change and, as is often the case in 'times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing, and men are inhaling the stimulus of new ideas, folly often mistook itself for wisdom, ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge, and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, called itself religion.'<sup>309</sup> This kind of analysis seems to question the very reality of religion. George Eliot swiftly introduces, therefore, her own gospel of duty at this point which neatly underlines what, amongst all these various admixtures of tarnished aspirations, may still be seen as worthy. Evangelicalism,

she writes, introduced to Milby the 'idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self.' It pointed to a higher horizon, suggested the principle of 'self-mastery'. The hope of heaven may have been too prominent but at least 'the theory of fitness' for it insisted that 'purity of heart', 'Christ-like compassion' and the avoidance of sin were to be cultivated. People became 'ashamed of their trivial, futile past'. Evangelicalism gave them, if nothing else, 'something to love' and 'something to reverence'.<sup>310</sup>

Such an analysis is, of course, a long way from the fundamentalist asceticism of her central clerical character. On the other hand, for the modern reader, this humanistic, sociological approach to the religious aspects of the story redeems it from obscurity. Without George Eliot's penetrating and excellently observed commentary, the figure of Tryan would seem too limited; the last ten chapters of the book too drawn out. As it is, the figure of Tryan seems to be caught in his historical context. George Eliot's dissection of Evangelicalism affects the portrait of her Evangelical which, for all its limitations and idealization, takes on, at least in the reader's mind, a sharper, more defined shape. It would have made a better work of fiction if the general analysis had been more thoroughly interwoven with the main story and characters. But although the work fails in this respect, I believe that as a

whole the Evangelicalism of provincial England in the early decades of the last century is more profoundly observed and accurately recorded than in many seemingly more successful portraits. Trollope's Mr Slope, for example, is more amusing and more complex than Tryan, Charlotte Brontë's Mr Brocklehurst more forbidding, but George Eliot's portrait gains from her sympathy and general interests a degree of insight which the others lack. Only by comparing the relationship of Janet and Tryan with that of Jane Eyre and St John Rivers do we see George Eliot's dramatic limitations. The broad perception of George Eliot's view, however, partly counterbalances the passion and intensity of Charlotte Brontë's.

The other clerical hero of Scenes of Clerical Life is Mr Gilfil. He is much less important and original than the other two. His story is a charming, if predictable, romance. The fact that he is a clergyman is only of secondary significance. He is not even in orders when the main action of the tale takes place. Only the first chapter shows us at length the old Mr Gilfil, Vicar of Shepperton, and although he is well observed and sympathetically portrayed, the picture is a conventional one. Gilfil was a gentleman, the ward of Sir Christopher Cheveral, whose young Italian wife was in their care. Caterina, Gilfil's first and only love, had died years before we first see him, and in tragic circumstances. For the

people of Shepperton their old vicar 'belonged to the course of nature, like markets and toll-gates and dirty bank notes.'<sup>311</sup>

He was not quite as grubby as old Mr Crewe of Milby but was certainly happiest 'by the side of his own sitting-room fire, smoking his pipe, and maintaining the pleasant antithesis of dryness and moisture by an occasional sip of gin-and-water'.<sup>312</sup>

He does not, as we might expect, drink the traditional clerical port because he was, as he got older, somewhat 'close-fisted'.

On the other hand he was well loved in his parish and especially kind to children, as the preparations for his funeral clearly show.<sup>313</sup>

With farmers and gentry alike, Mr Gilfil was a popular dinner-guest. He is, however, little like Peacock's clerics, being 'quaint' and gallant, but not remarkably witty.<sup>314</sup>

The buying and selling of stock from his grazing land, 'was the old gentleman's chief relaxation, now his hunting days were over'.<sup>315</sup>

The people, nonetheless, valued his clerical administrations which he fulfilled dutifully, though without undue zeal. His sermons came indiscriminately from a yellow pile and were none the worse, we learn, for being heard twenty times.

They

were not of a highly doctrinal, still less of a polemical, cast. They perhaps did not search the conscience very powerfully ... amounting, indeed, to little more than an expansion of the concise thesis, that those who do wrong will find it the worse for them, and those who do well will find it the better for them; the nature of wrong-doing being exposed in special sermons against lying,

backbiting, anger, slothfulness, and the like; and well-doing being interpreted as honesty, truthfulness, charity, industry, and other common virtues, lying quite on the surface of life, and having very little to do with deep spiritual doctrine. 316

Here, of course, George Eliot is being ironical at the expense of more dogmatic preachers for such virtues were much admired by her and, she implies, no 'deep doctrine' can be very worthwhile without them.

Her portrayal of Mr Gilfil in his later years, when he had become old and a little ineffectual, shows the clergyman of the late eighteenth century to be hardly spiritual though very human. It must be remembered, however, that in more modern times he would be able to retire and that in any case he is still seen by George Eliot, as by his flock, with affection. As she says in conclusion, 'the heart of him was sound, the grain was of the finest'. For all 'his social pipes and slipshod talk' he was 'of the same brave, faithful, tender nature' as the young lover of years gone by.<sup>317</sup> This portrait is a pleasant, homely vignette which subtly suggests that although as a clergyman he may be of little weight, as a man he cannot be despised. His humanity outweighs his spirituality.

The Reverend Jack Lingon, in Felix Holt (1866), on the other hand, is a robust fox-hunting parson, portrayed by George Eliot with considerable vigour. He had been the rector of Little Treby and 'a favourite in the neighbourhood since the

beginning of the century'.<sup>318</sup> Such men were only a memory when George Eliot was writing in the sixties but this portrait revives in bold colours some of the legendary characteristics of these earlier figures. Parson Jack is almost, in fact, a caricature but George Eliot saves the character from being merely humorous by realistically observed speech and the accurate delineation of eccentricity. As a priest parson Jack has little to recommend him. He was 'a clergyman thoroughly unclerical in his habits', and he had 'a piquancy about him which made him a sort of practical joke'.<sup>319</sup> His nickname had at one time been 'Cock-fighting Jack' - a sport he associated with the time when 'old England had been prosperous and glorious'.<sup>320</sup> He believed that 'a clergyman should have no quarrels, and he made it a point to be able to take wine with any man he met at table'.<sup>321</sup> Beyond this feeling of fraternity Christianity troubles him little. It would be pointless to enquire of his preaching, for example, although George Eliot tells us that he had once studied the Old Testament character Melchisedec some 'thirty years ago, when he preached the Visitation sermon'.<sup>322</sup>

Of his political opinions, however, a little more is learned, since Parson Jack is the uncle of Harold Transome, one of the book's main characters. (He stands for Parliament as a Liberal but is really a smug, middle-class foil for the real radical, Felix Holt.) When Parson Jack first hears of his

nephew's political opinions he is startled, being by birth and tradition a natural Tory. But he is soon won round, with the aid of a second bottle of port, to the notion that since 'anything really worthy to be called British Toryism had been entirely extinct since the Duke of Wellington', and since 'an honest man ... could still less become that execrable monstrosity, a Whig, there remained but one course open to him'. Change was inevitable. Who better to save the country from 'beggarly demagogues and purse-proud tradesman' than men of sense and good family like Harold?<sup>323</sup> His speech to Harold on the subject, a combination of platitudes and bravado, is an excellent revelation of this unthinking hedonist.

'If the mob can't be turned back, a man of family must try and head the mob, and save a few homes and hearths, and keep the country up on its last legs as long as he can. And you're a man of family, my lad - dash it! You're a Lington, whatever else you may be, and I'll stand by you. I've no great interest; I'm a poor parson ... I'll give you my countenance - I'll stick to you as my nephew. There's no need for me to change sides exactly. I was born a Tory, and I shall never be a bishop. But if anybody says you're in the wrong, I shall say "My nephew is in the right; he has turned Radical to save his country."' 324

Thus, with references to Pitt, Peel and the Duke, Parson Jack pledges his support. Not a man of intellect or discernment, he is as loyal to his family as a dog to its master. George Eliot's words capture exactly the thigh-slapping cleric.

At the hustings the appearance of Parson Jack on the

platform adds not weight but humour tinged with a certain affection. 'The Tory farmers gave him a friendly "hurrray". "Let's hear what old Jack will say for himself", was the predominant feeling among them; "he'll have something funny to say, I'll bet a penny."' His argument in favour of Harold's political apostasy is an excellent mixture of homespun and absurdity. This is also reflected in his dress, 'a coloured bandana tied loosely over his cravat, together with large brown leather leggings.'<sup>325</sup> In his speech Parson Jack appears exactly what he is: a glorious anachronism. He is the type of clergyman who, at worst, is personified by Parson Chownes, in The Maid of Sker, a vicious degenerate and, at best, by George Eliot's own Adolphus Irwine, in Adam Bede. His language is bold, familiar, and based on the traditional security of class and education which country clergy of his generation took for granted. In the context of the novel, of course, his attitudes and indeed his very person are deliberately shown to be out of place. His complacency and stupidity are useless in a changing and disturbed social order. Felix Holt portrays the struggle of the less well-bred to emerge, articulate, from oppression. George Eliot emphasizes in its hero, Felix, the need for self-sacrifice and dedication. Parson Jack, so well portrayed, forms an important contrast in the reader's mind with this ideal. He shows the need for the old order's overthrow and may even inspire

hope by his complacency for its eventual collapse. In a speech such as this which exactly captures the character in his language, there can be little doubt of George Eliot's imaginative skills.

'In the old Tory times there was never a pup belonging to a Lingon but would howl if a Whig came near him. The Lingon blood is good, rich, old Tory blood - like good rich milk - and that's why, when the right time comes, it throws up a Liberal cream. The best sort of Tory turns to the best sort of Radical. There's plenty of Radical scum - I say, beware of the scum, and look out for the cream ... There's one sort of fellow sees nothing but the end of his nose, and another sort that sees nothing but the hinder side of the moon; but my nephew Harold is of another sort; he sees everything that's at hitting distance, and he's not one to miss his mark. A good-looking man in his prime! Not a greenhorn; not a shrivelled old fellow, who'll come to speak to you and find he's left his teeth at home by mistake. Harold Transome will do you credit.'

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In great contrast to Parson Jack Lingon, but in the same novel, there is the rector of Treby Magna, the Reverend Augustus Debarry, brother of Sir Maximus, the local baronet. As soon as he is introduced we see how different he is from his fox-hunting neighbour. Debarry is said to be 'really a fine specimen of the old-fashioned aristocratic clergyman, preaching short sermons, understanding business, and acting liberally about his tithe.'<sup>327</sup> The word 'really' however warns us against too easy admiration. Debarry is hardly any more use as a priest than Lingon. He is, however, better bred, better educated and better heeled. Whereas Parson Jack supports his nephew with a resigned but convivial sense of despair, Debarry retains his

conservative convictions and position without a moment's doubt as his inalienable right. For him, as for so many at this time, 1832, political reformers were a threat to the establishment, constitutional and ecclesiastical. Those who had previously been merely beneath notice, like dissenters, became a threat and their religious heresy a sign of political radicalism. Debarry 'began to feel that these people were a nuisance in the parish ... and that it might not have been a bad thing if the law had furnished him as a magistrate with a power of putting a stop to the political sermons of the Independent preacher'.<sup>328</sup> Born in privilege, he did not doubt that he should preserve his position by the same means.

Debarry does not play a large part in the novel but George Eliot does use this clergyman to explore and comment upon the uneasy relationship between establishment and reform, symbolized in the gentle friction between the rector and the local dissenting minister, Mr Lyon. By a somewhat cumberson manipulation of the plot, which George Eliot might well have circumvented, Philip Debarry owes the dissenter a favour. In return Mr Lyon demands a public debate with the rector on the rights and wrongs of established religion. The debate never, in fact, takes place. It would have allowed the course of the novel to roam too widely from its social and political path. George Eliot, in her earlier years of authorship, might well have indulged in a

literary set piece, with the controversy forming the basis of an exploration of characters and their intellectual attitudes, but she wisely eschews it here. The reactions of the rector, however, are important to the book. They describe the intellectual quality of the clerical establishment and its social attitudes. The rector finds the idea of a debate absurd. "You don't suppose [he exclaims] I'm going to hold a public debate with a schismatic of that sort? I should have an infidel shoemaker next expecting me to answer blasphemies delivered in bad grammar."<sup>329</sup> His first reaction is based on a consciousness of their class differences. Next, he suggests that Lyon is bad-mannered to ask for the debate in return for a simple favour. "A man who puts a non-natural strained sense on a promise is no better than a robber." Thirdly, on political grounds, he is opposed to the notion of a debate. "There's no end to the mischief done by these busy prating men. They make the ignorant multitude the judges of the largest questions, both political and religious, till we shall soon have no institution left that is not on a level with the comprehension of a huckster or a drayman."<sup>330</sup> Here, ironically, George Eliot reveals the church as the preserve of an oligarchy, and intimates that its real business is with draymen. The pharisees' criticism of Christ, that he associated with publicans and sinners, can perhaps be heard.<sup>331</sup> There is, however, a further reason

which the rector finally mentions to his nephew. "Debating is not so easy when a man's close upon sixty. What one writes or says must be something good and scholarly."<sup>332</sup> and that, the rector knows, he will be unable to produce.

In the end, Debarry volunteers his curate, Sherlock - 'a young divine of good birth and figure, of sallow complexion and bashful addresses' - to undertake the task.<sup>333</sup> His words of advice reveal the rector as a man used to command if not to hard work. "You can begin at once preparing a good cogent, clear statement ... you can look into Jewel, Hall, Hooker, Whitgift, and the rest; you'll find them all here. My library wants nothing in English divinity ... I will give you a telling passage from Burke on the Dissenters and some good quotations which I brought together in two sermons of my own."<sup>334</sup> How well George Eliot captures the rector's secure tone of voice, his authoritative autocratic and not ill-educated air. Debarry is, however, also revealed as lazy, empty and quite without the artillery necessary to defend the bastions of orthodoxy. The notion of a debate is in any case anachronistic. Philip tells his uncle that it is "an opportunity for you to emulate the divines of the sixteenth century."<sup>335</sup> Mr Lyon, a contemplative, scholarly man, has longed for such an encounter, but the world is changing too rapidly for it to have any real meaning. The nineteenth-century rector was all but born into his profession;

his attitudes were part of his social position, as his reasons for refusing discussion indicate. Thus George Eliot underlines the inadequacy of the establishment to meet religious debate without a complete change of heart, as indeed history had confirmed. The anachronistic idea of the debate, scholarly, unworldly, remote, is also contrasted with the more vital political debate engaging society at the time the novel is set and seen in the election speeches. These words, from a speaker 'whose bare arms were powerfully muscular, though he had the pallid complexion of a man who lives chiefly amidst the heat of furnaces',<sup>336</sup> contrast strongly with the niceties of theology.

'What does their religion mean? Why do they build churches and endow them that their sons may get paid well for preaching a Saviour, and making themselves as little like Him as can be? If I want to believe in Jesus Christ, I must shut my eyes for fear I should see a parson. And what's a bishop? A bishop's a parson dressed up, who sits in the House of Lords to help and throw out Reform Bills.' 337

The character of Debarry appears, by contrast, remote from reality, reactionary; a labourer unworthy of his hire as a clergyman. As a country gentleman he is no doubt better than many. George Eliot's own opinion of such men, perhaps, can be seen in this slightly satirical description of Debarry's rectory, with the barbed, if irrelevant, feminist sting at its close. The comfort and sleekness it suggests reminds us very strongly of Peacock's description of Dr Opimian's vicarage in

Gryll Grange.<sup>338</sup>

Its context, however, is very different.

The Rectory was ... a fine old brick-and-stone house, with a great bow-window opening from the library on to the deep-turfed lawn, one fat dog sleeping on the doorstone, another fat dog waddling on the gravel, the autumn leaves duly swept away, the lingering chrysanthemums cherished ... It was one of those rectories which are among the bulwarks of our venerable institutions - which arrest disintegrating doubt, serve as a double embankment against Popery and Dissent, and rally feminine instinct and affection to reinforce the decisions of masculine thought. 339

Although the Rector may be no man for theological debate, he is unruffled during the election riots at Treby when Felix Holt and others are arrested and the militia are called in to enforce order. Debarry, a magistrate, is on horseback and in command as men of his stamp are accustomed to be. 'The Rector's voice was ringing and penetrating' when he read the Riot Act from a balcony above the mob, 'and for a few moments after the final words, "God Save the King!" the comparative silence continued.'<sup>340</sup> Here is a man whose resonant tones almost quelled a riot. Very possibly George Eliot remembered in her portrait of Debarry, and certainly in her descriptions of the riot, something of the Reverend S.B. Heming and the Nuneaton election riots which occurred in the same year as those in this novel, 1832. The Nuneaton diarist records the arrival of soldiers with drawn swords who charged the crowd. That clergyman, who may have been related to the candidate who had roused such opposition, Dempster Heming, was later acquitted of charges against him

over his behaviour in the riot. 'Some display of feeling in behalf of the Rev'd Gent'n was shown by the people by a Torch light rally, some few illuminated their Houses.'<sup>341</sup> In the novel, however, it is not the rector on trial but Felix Holt. Despite his faults, Debarry was 'inclined to unite in an effort on the side of mercy', with his brother on the bench.<sup>342</sup> He is a man who shows many of the virtues as well as many of the limitations of his class.

Although only briefly delineated, the rector in Silas Marner (1861) is clearly shown to be hand-in-glove with the ruling classes. Unlike Debarry, though,

He was not in the least lofty or aristocratic, but simply a merry-eyed, small-featured, grey-haired man, with his chin propped by an ample many-creased white neckcloth which seemed to predominate over every other point in his person, and somehow to impress its peculiar character on his remarks. 343

The parson's essential function as part of the status quo is also indicated by George Eliot in her description of the Raveloe New Year's dance. 'The squire led off ... joining hands with the Rector and Mrs Osgood'. The social 'charter of Raveloe seemed to be renewed by the ceremony'. Traditional rank and positions were maintained even in dancing. That the parson himself danced was considered quite natural in such a country place. 'The parson naturally set an example in these social duties.' Indeed, George Eliot implies, it is better that this should be so than 'that a clergyman should be a pale-faced

memento of solemnities'.<sup>344</sup> As has been revealed in the previous chapter (ten) church-going and religion are merely the traditional accompaniments to rural life. The rector is part of the time-honoured order of things and the better for being a human embodiment of sacred ceremonies.

The Reverend Mr Gascoigne, in Daniel Deronda (1876), is a man of some distinction. This is not necessarily in his breeding since 'he had once been Captain Gaskin, having taken orders and a dipthong but shortly before his engagement'. He had, nonetheless, the advantage of 'a fine person, which perhaps was even more impressive at fifty-seven than it had been earlier in life'. Trollope would have approved of Gascoigne since 'in his Inverness cape he could not have been identified except as a gentleman', but George Eliot's praise is not without reserve. He certainly looked the part with his 'iron-grey hair' and his 'handsome dark features'. His face lacked 'ostentatious benignity' and he had no 'tricks of starchiness' which a less accomplished man might have adopted with orders. There is, however, criticism in the comment that 'if anyone had objected that his preparation for the clerical function was inadequate, his friends might have asked who made a better figure in it'.<sup>345</sup> Also, we are told, Mr Gascoigne's 'tone of thinking ... had become ecclesiastical rather than theological ... such as became a man who looked at a national religion by daylight and

saw it in its relations to other things.<sup>346</sup> He was, in other words, a worldly man or, rather, as F.R. Leavis calls him, a 'man of the world turned clergyman'.<sup>347</sup> He was not bad, merely unspiritual.

He is shown by George Eliot to be useless where he might have given genuinely needed advice. Certainly, he is sensible with his son who falls in love with Gwendolen, but he is protecting his family from folly and enforcing his own will by refusing to allow Rex to rush off, lovesick, to the colonies. It would, in any case, be a waste of his Oxford education.<sup>348</sup> His attitude, however, to Gwendolen's marriage to Grandcourt, a noble cad, reveals his undue deference for rank and fortune. He had heard rumours of Grandcourt's unsavoury past but chooses to ignore them. He recognizes that he is proud and unpleasant but believed rank excepted him 'from the ordinary standards of moral judgements'. This attitude might, partly, be explained by the fact that the rector's own father 'had risen to be a provincial corn-dealer'. Therefore, in his eyes, a good match was 'to be accepted on broad general grounds national and ecclesiastical'.<sup>349</sup> It is thus that he rationalizes his snobbery. When he questions Gwendolen on her desire for marriage, he is shocked by her matter-of-fact acceptance of her lot. (She knows that she must either marry Grandcourt or be a governess.) He has attempted to wrap up this stark reality with talk of

duty and Providence, but Gwendolen sees through it. 'He wished that in her mind his advice should be taken in an infusion of sentiments proper to a girl ... he wished her not to be cynical - to be, on the contrary, religiously dutiful, and have warm domestic affections.'<sup>350</sup> He expected her to play her part as he played his, and not to thrust aside the mask of convention. Had he not been so riddled with compromise himself, and so insensitive to deeper spiritual longings, he could, perhaps, have saved his niece from some of her unhappiness.

Although Gascoigne plays a minor part in this novel, George Eliot shows how this kind of clergyman, genial, respectable and not without the air of authority, is quite without real value. It is not merely that he fails to show, or present, spiritual values but that he lacks human insight and the instincts of compassionate behaviour. Trollope, in portraying similar men like Archdeacon Grantly whom Gascoigne resembles in circumstances and outlook, does not probe as deeply beneath the surface. He does not, generally, place his gentlemen-parsons in situations which border on basic moral or human dilemmas in the same way that George Eliot does. Generally, they are concerned with dilemmas of a legal or ecclesiastical nature or, if human, they are presented with a degree of distance with the protective hand of the author which reassures the reader of the ultimate safety of the characters. In George Eliot the issues seem more

real, more pressing. Marriage, as here in Gwendolen's case, is no mere triviality. It is to be her humiliation, though possibly, after a period of trial, the road to salvation. As Gascoigne leads her into the lion's mouth we feel keenly his betrayal of genuine values - just as in Felix Holt Debarry seems unable truly to grasp the real social issues around him. When Gascoigne says to Gwendolen that 'marriage is the only true and satisfactory sphere of a woman', and that she will have 'an increasing power, both of rank and wealth, which may be used for the benefit of others',<sup>351</sup> we feel the emptiness of his words. When Trollope's characters had talked in this way it had seemed, if not always sincere, at least not inappropriate. Here in Daniel Deronda, the progress of Gwendolen's thoughts and feelings provide another dimension with which such platitudes can be compared. They are all the more arresting coming from a clergyman like Gascoigne. He represents in our minds the established viewpoint, the 'proper' sentiment, and comes to stand for the shallowness and superficiality of conventional morality. It is not, exactly, that he is insincere but that he seems to have no depths of right feeling; not that he is a wicked, worldly man but that his values have become so confused with what is expedient that they cease any longer to have any real relation to the truth. It is the truth, we feel, that George Eliot searches for in, and through, her characters.

The Reverend Mr Stelling is Tom Tulliver's tutor in Mill on the Floss (1860). He is recommended to Tom's father by the local auctioneer, Mr Riley, whose grounds for so doing are not in reality as secure as his words imply. As George Eliot says, 'it is easy enough to spoil the lives of our neighbours without taking so much trouble: we can do it by lazy acquiescence and lazy omission, by trivial falsities for which we hardly know a reason.'<sup>352</sup> To the uneducated, like Mr Tulliver, and the partly educated Mr Riley, the fact that the Reverend Walter Stelling is a Master of Arts is sufficient commendation. Tom is sent away to be tutored by Stelling because "he has the knowledge that will ground a boy, and prepare him for entering on any career with credit."<sup>353</sup> Mr Tulliver desires his son to be a gentleman and has the notion that 'book learning' provides the way to become one. In reality, Mr Stelling and his education are not what they seem.

In the Reverend Walter Stelling George Eliot draws the portrait of a man who is using his clerical position to further his own ambitions. He is revealed to be a man not of bad intentions, or dubious character, but for whom worldly success is more important than personal spirituality. He is a man who 'intended to make a considerable impression on his fellow men'. Physically, he does suggest a man of stature. He

was a well-sized, broad-chested man, not yet thirty, with flaxen hair standing erect, and large lightish-grey eyes, which were always very wide open; he had a sonorous bass voice, and an air of defiant self-confidence, inclining to brazenness. 354.

The last phrase is a clue to his real character, for it is clear that Stelling did not mean to 'remain among the "inferior clergy" all his life'. School-mastering is one way, to his mind, to fulfil this desire. As a preacher too he does all to create a good impression. He produced a 'great sensation whenever he took occasional duty for a brother clergyman of minor gifts'. His own church was 'swelled by admirers from neighbouring parishes'.<sup>355</sup> His sermons, preached extemporaneously, were larded with passages of Massillon and Bortaloue, learned by heart, so that even 'the comparatively feeble appeals of his own ... were often thought quite as striking by his hearers'. Theologically he inclined to Evangelicalism, 'for that was "the telling thing" just then in the diocese'.<sup>356</sup> He is, in reality, all show. Even his furniture, wines and garden, which so impress the humble Tullivers, are unpaid for. He is a man of unfulfilled promises. The Greek play which he intends to edit, and with which he means to make his name, is not yet even chosen. Stelling is an over-reacher.<sup>357</sup>

More important to the book as a whole, and to the development of Tom's character, is the nature of Stelling's tuition. This follows from Stelling's personal pretensions.

For he is as shallow a teacher as he is preacher and parson. He sees in Tom not a young mind to be developed but a possible advertisement for his own skills. Other pupils might be got if Tom were seen to have made 'prodigious progress in a short time'.<sup>358</sup> Tom, an honest, simple, country lad with no great academic ability, cannot see through Stelling, as George Eliot allows the reader to do. 'It is only by a wide comparison of facts that the wisest full-grown man can distinguish well-rolled barrels from more supernal thunder', she remarks.<sup>359</sup> Instead, Tom becomes oppressed with his own inadequacy and a more profound and 'painful sense that he was all wrong somehow'.<sup>360</sup> Stelling's teaching was the most unimaginative and didactic. He had no understanding of Tom or the least insight into his particular educational needs. He merely set to work, 'instilling the Eton Grammar and Euclid into the mind of Tom Tulliver'.<sup>361</sup> Tom's father had, of course, intended that his son should be given a general education. The good curate, for that is all he was despite his pretensions, could take no notice of a man so far beneath him. He doggedly tried to recast Tom's mind in the rigid forms of his own limited academic outlook.

George Eliot skilfully suggests how Tom's natural self-esteem and natural quickness of character are undermined by Stelling while at the same time he begins to feel a sense of social inadequacy by living in his pretentious home. She

realizes, a conclusion that modern educationalists are only now admitting, that Tom needed an education which would develop his natural skills. For,

Tom had never found any difficulty in discerning a pointer from a setter ... and his perceptive powers were not at all deficient ... Tom could predict with accuracy what number of horses were cantering behind him, he could throw a stone right into the centre of a given ripple, he could guess to a fraction how many lengths of his stick it would take to reach across the playground, and could draw almost perfect squares on his slate without any measurement. 362

George Eliot, obviously, values Tom's skills and believes that the uniform impression of traditional knowledge upon different minds is as hopeless as it is absurd. She makes a very serious point when she remarks, on the subject of Tom's education:

I only know it turned out as uncomfortably for Tom Tulliver as if he had been plied with cheese in order to remedy a gastric weakness which prevented him from digesting it. It is astonishing what a different result one gets by changing the metaphor! 363

This capacity for looking at things afresh and from a different viewpoint is, of course, one of the writer's contributions to civilization. Some hold, also, that it is a particularly feminine skill.<sup>364</sup> Certainly, George Eliot's discussion of Tom's education raises questions far beyond the particular characters while also deepening her analysis of them. Her comments upon the teaching of the classics, for example, are still instructive.<sup>365</sup>

On the other hand, while showing how Stelling's insensitive teaching demoralizes Tom, she suggests that his trials

might also have played their part in developing the more sensitive, reflective side of his character. The realization that by Stelling's standards he 'appeared uncouth and stupid', 'nullified his boyish self-satisfaction, and gave him something of the girl's susceptibility'.<sup>366</sup> He was by nature a firm, even obstinate boy and this experience of hardship developed a more feminine sensitivity. Similarly the Stellings use Tom as a nursemaid, and he is forced to look after their somewhat chubby Laura but this does him no real harm. Indeed, it develops in him that 'fibre that turns to true manliness, and to protecting pity for the weak'.<sup>367</sup> George Eliot suggests that it is the combination of feminine sensitivity and manly strength which produces the finest character, a notion which the Victorian separation of the sexual roles largely attempted to stifle. Playing with Laura also fulfils his childish need for a play-fellow and makes him aware of how much 'he yearned to have Maggie with him'.<sup>368</sup> It is at this period of separation that his fraternal love, so important in the novel, is securely forged.

Finally, a suggestion which recurs in most of George Eliot's clerical portraits, it is seen how Stelling does nothing to inculcate or encourage religion. Tom's feeling of perplexity, which grows as he fails more and more to imbibe the education Stelling provides, eventually extends to his simple faith.

Although, initially, Tom is loath to alter the traditional course of his prayers by introducing 'an extemporaneous passage on a topic of petition', misery finally forces him to ask, in a whisper, that God will make him remember his Latin.<sup>369</sup> Although his petition works for a while, even God's help is insufficient to carry him through irregular verbs. 'Where was the use', he finally decides, 'of praying for help any longer?'<sup>370</sup> Stelling fails Tom in this respect both by his example and his insensitivity. He was, as George Eliot says, 'not a man of refined conscience, or with any deep sense of the infinite issues belonging to everyday duties'.<sup>371</sup> As a clergyman, she implies, he ought to have had a deeper understanding of life. Yet despite Stelling's obvious shortcomings George Eliot does not simply condemn him as a character, for she sees that he is part of a whole way of life, a society based on values that were far from perfect. He may have been incompetent, 'but incompetent gentlemen must live, and without private fortune it is difficult to see how they could all live genteelly if they had nothing to do with education or government.' Furthermore, this method of education, so inappropriate for Tom, was 'sanctioned by the long practice of our venerable ancestors', she adds ironically, and it could not be expected 'to give way before the exceptional dullness of a boy who was merely living at the time then present'.<sup>372</sup> Stelling is not wholly to blame for his own

deficiencies, though hardly to be praised for the ambitious misuse of his limited resources. George Eliot's sympathy for her characters and her wide-ranging understanding and sensitivity to their social context give her portraits a depth which the narrow, if occasionally well-contrived, portraits of a novelist like Trollope often lack.

In the same novel there is another clergyman, Dr Kenn, the rector of St Oggs. Although a much finer priest than Stelling, he ultimately fails to provide that support and help which George Eliot suggests a clergyman should be able to extend to his flock. Maggie Tulliver turns to Dr Kenn as Tom had been entrusted to Stelling. His relationship with Maggie reminds us of Mr Tryan's involvement with Janet Dempster. Kenn, however, is not an Evangelical, nor is he idealized by a halo of light and blonde hair. Like Adolphus Irwine, in Adam Bede, he is a kindly, worthy man, though he has a more apparent energy for his vocation. He is very much the priest though no less a gentleman. His part in the novel is small but significant. Harvey sees him as merely a 'voice'.<sup>373</sup> I think George Eliot's vignette suggests more than this. He may ultimately be conventional but he is not a stereotype.

He is introduced to the reader by Stephen Guest whose sister is modelling "'a wonderful bust of Dr Kenn entirely from memory.'" "'Why,'" [exclaims Stephen,] "'if she can remember to

put the eyes very near together, and the corners of the mouth very far apart, the likeness can hardly fail to be striking in St Ogg's."<sup>374</sup> Such conventional caricature of the clergy is a commonplace. But Maggie herself does not see him in this way at the church bazaar. 'She felt a childlike, instinctive relief ... when she was it was Dr Kenn's face that was looking at her: that plain, middle-aged face, with a grave, penetrating kindness in it.'<sup>375</sup> In fact, even Stephen Guest admits that he is "'the only man [he] ever knew personally who seems to [him] to have anything of the real apostle in him."<sup>376</sup> This is for several reasons, none of which is lost on the reader, or on Maggie. He is "'a man who has eight hundred a year, and is contented with deal furniture and boiled beef because he gives away two-thirds of his income.'" Obviously, in an age when clerical comfort, even luxury, was considered normal this is important. We learn also that he is a pastor who practises his preaching of the Gospel. He took a poor lad into his house who had shot his mother by accident. "'He sacrifices more time than a less busy man could spare, to save the poor fellow from getting into a morbid state of mind about it."<sup>377</sup> It is conventional enough good work, one might think, but significant in the story, especially when the reader compares him with the Tulliver's local parson, 'a man of excellent family, an irreproachable bachelor, of elegant pursuits - had

taken honours, and held a fellowship'.<sup>378</sup> Or the Dodson's parson, 'a good hand at whist, and one who had a joke always ready for a blooming female parishioner'.<sup>379</sup>

Kenn on the other hand is earnest and, presumably, a Tractarian. This we gather from Stephen's remarks about "'the tall candlesticks he has put on the communion-table'" and the fact that "'he has set the Dissenters and Church people by the ears.'"<sup>380</sup> His manner too is far from ingratiating and unctious being in general "'rather cold and severe. There's nothing sugary and maudlin about him.'" Obviously the effect of Kenn's character upon Maggie - "'that is beautiful ... I never knew anyone who did such things'" - is important for the plot.<sup>381</sup> He is someone to whom she can turn and, eventually, does. Perhaps the information about Kenn is introduced rather gratuitously, but the later meeting between Kenn and Maggie decidedly has the ring of truth. His understanding and perception is instinctive and Maggie's spiritual conflict is thus clear to him beneath the surface of their conventional conversation. As he enters the church hall, he 'was struck with the expression of pain on her beautiful face'. 'Her absent pained expression, finished the contrast between her and her companions.'<sup>382</sup> Maggie, in her turn, sees in his face 'a human being who had reached a firm, safe strand, but was looking with helpful pity towards the strugglers still tossed by the waves'.<sup>383</sup> She remembers this

encounter 'as if it had been a promise' which, indeed, it is.<sup>384</sup>  
Their polite conversation is short and trivial but Kenn does not lose the opportunity of suggesting sympathy and showing a religious interest in Maggie. "'I hope I'm going to have you as a permanent parishioner now Miss Tulliver - am I?'" he says, with a sufficiently personal emphasis to indicate his concern. This undercurrent of things said but not spoken reaches its climax in Maggie's plaintive reply: "'Oh I must go'" and she looks at Dr Kenn 'with an expression of reliance, as if she had told him her history in those three words'.<sup>385</sup>

Kenn is not unaware of the implications. Dr Kenn's ear and eye took in all the signs that this

brief confidence of Maggie's was charged with meaning. 'I understand,' he said; 'you feel it right to go. But that will not prevent our meeting again, I hope: it will not prevent my knowing you better, if I can be of any service to you.' He put out his hand and pressed hers kindly before he turned away. 'She has some trouble or other at heart,' he thought. 'Poor child! she looks as if she might turn out to be one of -

"The souls by nature pitch'd too high,  
By suffering plung'd too low."  
There's something wonderfully honest in those beautiful eyes.' 386

Unlike Irwine whose goodness we never doubt, but who regrets not speaking of what he partly perceives, Kenn does not miss the opportunity to communicate spiritually and to offer help. George Eliot tries in this passage to indicate that Maggie finds in Kenn what anyone may find in a fellow human being: that he is representative of the sort of human love possible

between fellow sufferers. His experience and sympathy she suggests 'should surely be a sort of natural priesthood', incumbent upon those 'whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair'. She tries to strip away the sacerdotal significance of Kenn so that we can see him as 'a priest of that natural order in any sort of canonicals or uncanonicals'. She suggests that their meeting 'was one of those moments of implicit revelation which will sometimes happen even between people who meet quite transiently'.<sup>387</sup> In fact, because Kenn is a priest and his 'natural priesthood' has been consecrated in a particular religious role, his interest is not merely transient but arises from his special duty. Anyone might have held out a hand to Maggie, but it is Dr Kenn, a clergyman, who does so. It is interesting that George Eliot's humanistic notions could not or, at any rate, did not find a less traditional vehicle for their personification than the professional pastor. Her notion of natural brotherhood would have been stronger if she had. This combination of 'natural' and official priesthood only confirms and displays the power of the clergyman in personal and social matters. Kenn is an exception in George Eliot's novels but the notion of a clergyman's potential power and influence is not diminished and may remain in the minds of some readers to challenge the humanistic ideals.

Harvey, therefore, is wrong, I suggest, when he sees Dr Kenn as a voice rather than a person, who exists 'to state in its most explicit form some moral norm or positive'.<sup>388</sup> On the contrary, Kenn's appearance in the novel, brief though it may be, is powerful and individual. Certainly he stands in bold contrast to other clergymen mentioned in the novel and is far from the conventional clerical stereotype of fiction. What 'moral norm' in any case does he speak for? Certainly not that of the society about him, for he goes to considerable lengths in his opposition to that. Nor, wholly, does he speak for George Eliot. Indeed, because he is a clergyman, as I have suggested, he is far from ideal for George Eliot's purpose of indicating 'human brotherhood'. His motives derive not merely from duty but from his Christian compassion.

Dr Kenn is kind and understanding. Maggie is right in thinking that she would find at the Rectory 'something else than retribution'. He offers the 'help and pity' that George Eliot believes the right-minded should bestow. "'I was coming to see you, Miss Tulliver; you have anticipated me; I am glad you did ... Do tell me everything ... think of me as one to whom a long experience has been granted, which may enable him to help you.'"<sup>389</sup> She does so. Dr Kenn is all too well aware of the difficulty of giving advice, and although he is kind and benevolent his manner is reserved 'almost cold in the gravity of

his look and voice'.<sup>390</sup> George Eliot, clearly, wants to avoid anything sentimental in her characterization of Kenn. His words to Maggie about the Church, and how far it has strayed from the early apostolic notions of Christian brotherhood, are almost academic in tone, although consistent with Tractarian interest in the early Church.<sup>391</sup> Harvey suggests that this somewhat abstract conversation is deliberate. It 'articulates the main moral themes of the book, which are thus summed up and disposed of so that the novel can end on a personal and not a didactic note'.<sup>392</sup> I would maintain, however, that George Eliot uses Dr Kenn as a scapegoat for the difficulties which surround her treatment of Maggie's moral crisis. Instead of allowing Kenn to develop fully as a character and showing how his relationship with Maggie, to which he brings a lifetime's experience, common-sense and intellectual perception, could bring her to a realistic if painful acceptance of circumstances, which would be wholly consistent with all we have been shown of both characters, she jettisons Kenn and uses the flood as a dramatic but unsatisfying conclusion, tidying away the intellectual problems George Eliot has raised.

In the second chapter of Book VII we see that Kenn has a clear and profoundly sympathetic view of Maggie's dilemma. Should she marry Stephen to whom her emotions clearly draw her, or should she remain loyal to her moral duty to Philip and Lucy?

Today we have greater difficulty in realizing and accepting the force of this duty. Stephen and Lucy were only tacitly engaged and her moral 'duty' seems hardly weighty enough to set beside Maggie's emotional fulfilment and life-long happiness. Kenn does not take a superficial view of these questions. He sees the logical force of

the idea of an ultimate marriage between Stephen and Maggie as the least evil ... On the other hand, he entered with all the comprehension of a man who had known spiritual conflict, and lived through years of devoted service to his fellow-men, into that state of Maggie's heart and conscience which made the consent to the marriage a desecration to her: her conscience must not be tampered with: the principle on which she had acted was a safer guide than any balancing of consequences. 393

Kenn is right not to seek a simple answer solely because it is convenient, however much a rigid application of 'principles' would seem to defend the temptation. It is Kenn, also, who makes clear to Maggie the other problem she has to face: the slander and gossip of society. His explanation of popular condemnation, springing from a lack of spiritual insight and sympathy, highlights his perceptive realism.

'I am bound to tell you, Miss Tulliver, that not only the experience of my whole life, but my observation within the last three days, makes me fear that there is hardly any evidence which will save you from the painful effect of false imputations. The persons who are the most incapable of a conscientious struggle such as yours, are precisely those who will be likely to shrink from you; because they will not believe in your struggle.' 394

Thus we see that Kenn counsels not a disregard of ideals but a thoroughly practical course of action in the face of universal blindness. Nonetheless he still supports Maggie when she determines on the more difficult policy of remaining in St Oggs. His help is both practical and personal for he makes Maggie his own governess. This decision was based on 'the resolution to protest with the utmost force of his personal and priestly character against her being crushed and driven away by slander'.<sup>395</sup> This is a brave and uncommon act. In many respects Kenn's predicament is similar to that of Amos Barton. Both works show the real difficulties a clergyman faces in going against the popular prejudices in his community. Barton's position, however, was maintained partly through obstinacy and arose also from his stupidity and insensitivity. Dr Kenn is governed by worthier motives and seems to fit both the conventional Christian requirements of charity and George Eliot's own belief in the efficacy of human sympathy and brotherhood.

Why, then, does he fail? Harvey's statement that 'George Eliot compels us ... to return a qualified response' to Kenn is all too exact.<sup>396</sup> We are compelled to see Kenn as having failed because George Eliot made him fail in order that Maggie could be in a position of lonely isolation at the arrival of the flood. He fails because the plot requires it. Ironically, he gives in to the slander of his congregation, which

eventually extends to him, not out of weakness but from a sense of duty. The same force which Maggie struggles to obey.

'Perhaps he was in danger of acting from obstinacy; perhaps it was his duty to succumb: conscientious people are apt to see their duty in that which is the most painful course; and to recede was always painful to Dr Kenn.'<sup>397</sup> Is George Eliot sneering at Kenn, suggesting that he is using duty as an excuse, or is she revealing the workings of his genuinely sincere conscience? The parallel with Amos Barton is important. He pursued his protection of the Countess partly out of obstinacy, partly through stupidity, partly through kindness. Kenn supports Maggie on principle. It is his duty to do what he believed to be right. Both are defeated. If Kenn, who has 'the comprehension of a man who has known spiritual conflict' and perhaps 'a life vivid and intense enough to have created a wide fellow-feeling with all that is human'<sup>398</sup> cannot do what is right who, we ask, can? Can anyone live up to George Eliot's moral demands. Why does Maggie, a girl of nineteen with no experience of the world, or the moral wisdom of a man like Kenn, have to die? It seems not only illogical but morally wrong. Furthermore Kenn, who elsewhere sees the profound and complex difficulties, but provides practical and realistic advice, is briefly dismissed by George Eliot. He tries to persuade Maggie to go away from St Oggs, 'only stating in vague terms that he

found his attempt to countenance her stay was a source of discord between himself and his parishioners, that was likely to obstruct his usefulness as a clergyman'.<sup>399</sup> George Eliot takes refuge in a conventional clerical evasion. In so doing, she breaks faith with her character for the purpose of the plot. This manipulation diminishes the credibility of the novel's conclusion. For even at this late stage Kenn offers help. 'He begged her to allow him to write to a clerical friend of his' who would find her a position. Maggie's response is melodramatic and self-pitying. 'She must be a lonely wanderer ... there was no home, no help for the erring: even those who pitied her were constrained to hardness.'<sup>400</sup> Of Kenn at least this is manifestly unjust, but George Eliot is anxious to place on Maggie's shoulders an apparently clear moral choice: either 'a lonely future through which she must carry the burthen of regret' or 'the promise of joy' which comes in Stephen's letter.<sup>401</sup> Kenn's far more practical and sensible solution, which nonetheless springs from a keen understanding of the moral and emotional issues, has to be rejected in order that this choice can provide the book's artistic climax. In the event the flood is an anti-climax, a tidy fictional solution which saves Maggie from her passion and neatly disposes of her dilemma and all the moral questions George Eliot has raised. It is not that the end of the book is badly written. It is moving, fast, impressionistic and dramatic. It does not, however,

provide adequate intellectual fulfilment for the rest of the novel.

Kenn's character is important because through him some of the important moral issues in the novel are raised. His character highlights and contrasts with Maggie's own role. Also, he could have shown the way to a complex but more realistic solution of her difficulties. That he is, finally, unsatisfactory, inconsistent, impotent as a character highlights the moral and artistic confusion at the work's height. An understanding of his role does help us to see the moral questions more clearly, although it is a pity that this sensitive, intelligent and potentially interesting clerical character is not allowed to develop more fully and consistently. The fact that he is a clergyman, on the other hand, and not an example of George Eliot's 'natural priesthood' may perhaps be the reason that she can dispose of him so easily with references to clerical weakness in the face of public hostility. Her treatment of Dr Kenn again underlines George Eliot's confused feelings about the clergy, which can be seen also in Amos Barton, Adolphus Irwine and, to some extent, Edgar Tryan.

There are three clergymen portrayed in George Eliot's finest novel, Middlemarch. None of them recommends themselves to us as spiritual men. The Reverend Mr Casaubon pervades the book with a funereal gloom. In contrast there is the Reverend

Mr Cadwallader, 'a large man, with full lips and a sweet smile; very plain and rough in his exterior, but with that solid imper- turbable ease and good-humour which is infectious, and like great grassy hills in the sunshine'.<sup>402</sup> Jovial, pleasant and fond of fishing - his 'study' is where he keeps all his angling equipment - Cadwallader makes no display of his religious pro- fession. He is very different from Mr Tyke, the Evangelical curate mentioned in the book whose puritan ardour 'had cast a certain suspicion as of plague-infection over the few amuse- ments which survived in the provinces'.<sup>403</sup> Cadwallader casts no shadows. 'His conscience was large and easy, like the rest of him: it did only what it could do without any trouble.'<sup>404</sup> He is tolerant of Casaubon's other-worldly scholarship and expects the world to tolerate his enthusiasm, trout-fishing. He is a man who judges others by their outward actions. For example, he points out to Sir James Chettam, who is anxious to stop Dorothea marrying Casaubon, that "'Casaubon acts up to his sense of justice'", that "'he is very good to his poor relations'" and that he "'is as good as most of us'".<sup>405</sup> His standards are not high but honourable. Nor is he without insight. His opinion of Mr Brooke - "'a very good fellow, but pulpy; he will run into any mould, but won't keep shape'" shows him to be a good judge of character.<sup>406</sup> Cadwallader also sees that if there is to be political and social reform the Whigs will need

stronger men than Brooke; greater and profounder thought.

"They won't overturn the Constitution with our friend Brooke's head for a battering ram"<sup>407</sup> he remarks in a shrewd assessment of liberal half-measures.

Cadwallader, with his worldly but amusing wife, is like many of the country gentlemen-parsons found in Trollope. Unlike those characters, however, George Eliot contrives to weave their view of the world and of others into her novel, showing them not merely as comic parsons but as men whose attitudes and opinions reflect the age and the establishment. By the time George Eliot was writing, the seventies, such clergymen would have been considered old-fashioned and inefficient. Yet a man like Cadwallader, even in so brief a portrait, has a certain depth because he is drawn into the general discussion of the social analysis of the country which George Eliot presents.

The Reverend Camden Farebrother seems, superficially, to be cast in the same mould. He is not. He is 'a handsome, broad-chested but otherwise small man, about forty' and 'the brilliancy was all in his quick grey eyes'.<sup>408</sup> He lives with his mother, his sister and his aunt all of whom he maintains on his small living of £400 a year. He plays whist for money and was 'a first-rate billiard player'. Rumour has it that he has won money at this game in the Green Dragon during the day.<sup>409</sup>

Apart from the small addition to his income that these pastimes give him, he probably plays also to relieve his boredom, as an escape from the female talk at the Vicarage. For Farebrother is a man, as his conversation to the young Doctor Lydgate implies, 'not altogether in the right vocation'.<sup>410</sup> He has come to terms with his quiet country life, a small income and very little intellectual stimulation, but has made sacrifices to do so. The thralldom of his female relations, like Adolphus Irwine's in Adam Bede, combined with his low income has prevented him from marrying. Instead he has his interest in entomology, of which he had made an exhaustive study, and his pipe. Lydgate, looking at the expensive books on natural history on his bookshelves, understands how his winnings at cards are spent. These are his 'spiritual tobacco'.<sup>411</sup>

The contrasting portrayal of these two men is excellent. Lydgate, young, enthusiastic with new and unpopular notions of medicine, has not yet come to terms with the deadening realities of everyday provincial life. Farebrother, older, wiser and perhaps wearier, admits that he has "'come to a compromise'". He indulges his hobbies, "'a weakness or two lest they should get clamorous'", because ideals, Farebrother realises, in any walk of life are difficult to achieve.<sup>412</sup> "'You have not only got the old Adam in yourself against you, but you have got all those descendants of the original Adam who form the society

around you".<sup>413</sup> At first, Lydgate is unsure whether he likes the Vicar of St Botolph's and perhaps the reader is not clear also. Farebrother admits frankly, for example, that he would be glad of the salary for the hospital chaplaincy - Lydgate is being persuaded to vote for the rival candidate, Tyke - but that he is not especially dedicated to the work involved. Superficially, he seems little interested in his parochial work. On the other hand the reader quickly sees, or sees eventually, that Farebrother talks sense whereas Lydgate is naïve and not altogether up to his high ideals. George Eliot reveals Farebrother's character by degrees, showing how his natural modesty and self-deprecation - it is perhaps humility - covers genuinely good qualities. He reacts against the appearance of earnestness and was 'nobly resolute not to dress up [self-interest] in a pretext of better motives'.<sup>414</sup> George Eliot had shown elsewhere, in Irwine and Gilfil, that she admired those who, under cover of casualness, were kindly, honest and humane. This is why Farebrother, in his self-revelation, deliberately shows himself to be very far from 'the critical strictness of persons whose celestial intimacies seemed not to improve their domestic manners'.<sup>415</sup>

Furthermore, Farebrother's 'preaching was ingenious and pithy ... and his sermons were delivered without book'. Since he was 'sweet-tempered, ready-witted, frank, without

grins of suppressed bitterness or other conversational flavours which make half of us an affliction to our friends',<sup>416</sup> his church was never empty. When he tells Fred Vincy, who wisely decides he has no vocation for orders, that "'I have always been too lax, and have been uneasy in consequence'"<sup>417</sup> the words of his mother, partial, no doubt, but fair, should be borne in mind. She thinks that "'he always undervalues himself'"<sup>418</sup> So he does. It is a sign of Dorothea's development from the straining after intellectual and moral superiority to everyday common humanity that she gives Farebrother the Lowick living and not the Evangelical, Tyke. She sees that Tyke's religion, with its sermons "'about imputed righteousness and the prophecies in the Apocalypse'", would be no use to the labourers of Lowick. Farebrother, on the other hand, would make Christianity "'a wider blessing'" and take in "'the most good of all kinds'". He would undoubtedly agree with Dorothea's maxim that "'it is surely better to pardon too much, than to condemn too much'"<sup>419</sup>.

George Eliot, writing at a time when doctrinal differences between Evangelical and Tractarian, orthodox Christian and liberal intellectual, had for so long engaged the public mind conveys here her own desire for the harmonization of religious beliefs with humanitarian ideals. Because of her illicit marriage with Lewes she had suffered from the condemnation which springs so easily from narrow conventions. Jowett

wrote of her, in 1873, after her visit to Oxford that

Her idea of existence seemed to be 'doing good to others'. She would never condemn anyone for acquiescing in the popular religion. Life was so complex, your own path was so uncertain in places, that you could not condemn others. She did not object to remaining within an established religion with the view of elevating and purifying it. 420

This philosophy imbues her portrait of Farebrother. When he is eventually given the Lowick living by Dorothea the reader feels a sense of justice. For whatever he may think of himself as a priest, he is a man to whom everyone could turn. There can be no greater evidence of his humility and good nature than the sacrifice of his love for Mary Garth which allows Fred Vincy's path to be unhindered. With great delicacy he explores the nature of Mary's feelings and, discovering them in Fred's favour, presses Fred's suit, not his own. As George Eliot says, this act which he undertakes with magnanimity was 'a duty much harder than the renunciation of whist, or even ... the writing of penitential meditations'.<sup>421</sup> Farebrother may fall short, George Eliot implies, of the strictest notions of clerical behaviour but as a man he is better than many who do not. His qualities, whether labelled spiritual or not, are those which make a man valuable to others. They make him a fine example of George Eliot's 'natural priesthood'.

Her portrayal of Casaubon, however, overshadows the other two, and is one of the central characters of the novel.

He is a lonely, introverted, middle-aged scholar whose life is dedicated not to his parish, or even to the pack, but to a never-ending piece of historical research. Everything in his life is subject to this passion. He is buried in the past, out of touch with reality. All sense of perspective has gone from his work and very little remains in his personal existence. Thus, when the young Dorothea, some twenty-seven years his junior, agrees to become his wife, there is the making of tragedy.

Much scholarly interest has been shown in the character of Casaubon because of his supposed likeness to Mark Pattison, a nineteenth-century scholar and Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.<sup>422</sup> There are points of similarity: both men were scholars, both married young women, both were difficult, withdrawn and egocentric. George Eliot knew the Pattisons and their friendship, which had started in the winter of 1868, was marked by her visit to Oxford in May 1870.<sup>423</sup> In November of that year George Eliot began a story entitled 'Miss Brooke' - 'a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction, but will probably take new shapes in the development'<sup>424</sup> - and a little later decided to combine it with what she had already written of Middlemarch. It is possible, then, that her intimacy with Mrs Pattison and her knowledge of the Rector inspired her portrayal of Casaubon - his very name of course being the same as the subject of

Pattison's magnum opus. George Eliot had in the past, in the Scenes of Clerical Life and in Adam Bede, drawn upon her own experience and there is no reason to suggest, despite Gordon Haight's indignant defence, that she did not do so in this case. One finds it hard to believe that a woman like George Eliot, so alive to the undercurrents of emotion in personal relationships, did not perceive something awe-inspiring and tragic in the unhappy marriage of her friend.

On the other hand, and without new documentary evidence, this parallel should not be taken too far. Casaubon is not Mark Pattison and nor, for that matter, is Dorothea Frances Strong. Pattison's scholarship has never been discredited and his genuine erudition bears little resemblance to the outmoded pedantry of Casaubon's Key to all Mythologies. Physically, the two men are dissimilar. Casaubon had 'iron-grey hair', 'deep eye-sockets', a 'spare form' and 'pale complexion' which made him resemble 'the portrait of Locke'.<sup>425</sup> Pattison, 'with his long hooked nose, sparse beard, and withered skin' reminded one observer 'of a Rembrandt etching'.<sup>426</sup> Pattison also enjoyed being outdoors, fishing and walking, whereas Casaubon admits that he is "'like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be'", leaving trout fishing to the neighbouring parson, Cadwallader.<sup>427</sup>

Whether or not Pattison was the spark that kindled

the stuff of George Eliot's portrait of Casaubon, she had in fact much material and experience of her own to feed the flames. Her stay in the house of Dr Brabant, in 1843, where she read to the sixty-two year old man in German for hours and enjoyed his attentions until even his blind wife became jealous, must for example have been in her mind. She had written that 'I am in a little heaven here, Dr Brabant being its archangel'.<sup>428</sup>

This reminds us of Dorothea's description of Casaubon who 'had been as instructive as Milton's "affable archangel"'.<sup>429</sup> Eliza

Linton, who had visited Brabant in 1847, remembered him as

a learned man who used up his literary energies in thought and desire to do rather than in actual doing ... ever writing and re-writing, correcting and destroying, he never got farther than the introductory chapter of a book which he intended to be epoch-making, and the final destroyer of superstition and theological dogma. 430

Similarly, Casaubon's own work, unfinished at his death, is a work which is ever in the writing; lost in learned asides and too numerable examples. The tiresome and tedious aspects of scholarship, in any case, had claimed too much of George Eliot's own life for her to need instruction in its deadening effects. Her correspondence provides endless evidence of the wearisome nature of the labours she and her husband undertook for literary and other periodicals. Two years alone were spent in the arduous work of translating Strauss' Das Leben Jesu, and towards the end she grew almost ill from exhaustion and worry.<sup>431</sup>

This aspect of Casaubon's portrayal and his young wife's hopeless dedication to his work needed little external prompting.

There is no doubt also that Casaubon is in the Anglican tradition of scholarly country clerics for which, historically, the Church of England has always been justly famous. George Eliot may not have known any personally (her early background in Nuneaton does not seem to have been fertile ground for scholarly priests) but she could not have failed to be aware of them. In the middle of the nineteenth century especially the scholarly parson was ubiquitous. Men like Sabine Baring-Gould who published some one hundred and thirty books between 1851 and 1921 including novels, topographical, biographical and archaeological works, were probably exceptions, but there can have been few counties of England without a generous sprinkling of clergy engaged in serious scholarly work.<sup>432</sup> Casaubon, however, unlike many of his real counterparts dedicated himself totally to scholarship completely ignoring his pastoral duties. He has, of course, a curate Mr Tucker whom Celia finds 'just as old and musty-looking as she would have expected Mr Casaubon's curate to be; doubtless an excellent man who would go to heaven ... but the corners of his mouth were so unpleasant'.<sup>433</sup> He leaves all the work of the parish to him. Casaubon preaches occasionally but beyond this he hardly seems a clergyman, hardly indeed a man at all. That he is a clergy-

man, however, adds considerably to the bleakness of his portrayal. Throughout Middlemarch there is persistent reference to vocations. Lydgate, Farebrother, Fred Vincy and Dorothea herself are all seen in the light of this subject. Casaubon is a clergyman who seems utterly to have lost, or never to have had, a vocation to the priesthood. His only interest is his work and even this is an extension of his ego. How pleased he is, on his honeymoon in Rome, when a flattering painter sketches his head for a portrait of St Thomas Aquinas. "If my poor physiognomy, which I have been accustomed to regard as of the commonest order", he announces with obvious pride and his usual pomposity, "can be of any use to you in furnishing some traits for the angelical doctor, I shall feel honoured."<sup>434</sup> Just as this picture of Casaubon posing as the great theologian strikes the reader as ironical and sadly absurd, so the general impression of waste, even of a terrible travesty, is gained by Casaubon's clerical profession.

It is furthermore a very modern attitude that George Eliot takes. In Peacock or Trollope the clergyman is often absurd, selfish or misguided but here in Casaubon George Eliot suggests that his whole life is a mockery; his very existence as a priest a complete waste of a human life. There is something infinitely more unpleasant in the sight of Casaubon than in a man like Farebrother who, although regarding himself as a

misfit, is at least human. Casaubon, clad in black, living in the regions of the dead, delving amongst dusty myths and the forgotten fabric of a long-forgotten world, is completely removed from mankind. His priesthood emphasizes this separation. Despite his formality and outward respectability he seems like an empty shell. This attitude, of disbelief in any virtue attaching to the clerical office, intensifies George Eliot's portrait and looks forward to the twentieth century, the age of atheism, where the outer garment of clericalism makes the inner man more pitiful or despicable. This aspect of George Eliot's portrait prefigures the central figure of F.M. Mayor's fine novel The Rector's Daughter (1924) where the elderly Canon Jocelyn is strikingly reminiscent, with his combination of scholarly exactness and personal inhumanity, of Edward Casaubon.

Apart from this continuous undertone of conflict in the characterization between what we expect of a priest and what we find in Casaubon, George Eliot's portrayal concentrates on two main aspects of his life. Casaubon is seen as a scholar and lover. In both he is a persistent, even tragic, failure. His magnum opus, The Key to all Mythologies, is a work designed to show that 'all the mythical systems or erratic fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed'.<sup>435</sup> This subject might have arisen from George Eliot's own translation of the work of David Strauss, whose Leben Jesu applied the

'myth theory' to the life of Christ, or from Charles Hennell's An Inquiry into the Origins of Christianity (1838) which suggested, among other things, that the miracles were like wonders performed in all mythologies.<sup>436</sup> George Eliot encountered this work during her stay with the free-thinking Brays at Coventry, during the forties. The investigation of myth and ancient history, however, at first in relation to biblical scholarship, was widespread in the first half of the nineteenth century, especially in Germany, so that specific parallels need not be sought. (The study of myths culminated, of course, in J.G. Frazer's study The Golden Bough, published between 1890 and 1915.) Casaubon's work was, in any case, not in the mainstream of contemporary critical scholarship. As Will Ladislaw, only a dilettante, knows his refusal to read German scholars, whose work lead the world in this field, would seriously jeopardize the usefulness of his book. Casaubon is concerned with the outdated controversies of the eighteenth century, which produced works like Jacob Bryant's A New System or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology (1774-6), to which Ladislaw refers,<sup>437</sup> rather than enlarging upon the work of the Tübingen school.<sup>438</sup> His work, like his approach, is backward-looking. This adds a sombre colouring to Casaubon's portrayal. The uselessness of his work makes his obsessive desire for its completion both ironical and pitiful. Finally, it releases Dorothea from her

moral obligation to see the work to completion after Casaubon's death. As Dorothea lingers in the library after his death she arranges his notebooks, but leaves with the 'Synoptical Tabulation for the use of Mrs Casaubon' a sealed note which reads, 'I could not use it. Do you not see now that I could not submit my soul to yours, by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?'<sup>439</sup> After this she is free from Casaubon's call from the grave, and her sister exclaims that she is soon like herself again.<sup>440</sup> Thus the work becomes not only a symbol of Casaubon's pretensions and failure but of his relationship with Dorothea. Shedding the deadening weight of Casaubon's study, she is also free from the mesmerizing spell of her illusions about her husband and life.

The subject of The Key to all Mythologies is also valuable in colouring the language and references which surround the figure of Casaubon. Since he is so completely identified with his scholarly undertaking the two things become fused in the reader's mind. From the first, therefore, the picture of Casaubon is connected with death and darkness. "'I feed too much on the inward sources; I live too much with the dead"' he explains. This speech, about his historical explorations, concludes with bathetic self-centredness, also so typical: "'I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eyesight"'<sup>441</sup>. The speech combines the two contrary impressions of Casaubon:

the notion of massive achievement, mysterious, sinister and as yet unrealized, and the petty, egocentric, small-mindedness which can also infuse the domestic lives of the great.<sup>442</sup> As time passes, of course, it is Casaubon's pettiness which dominates his charade of greatness. His work continues to appear remote, irrelevant, fixed in the past. Dorothea thinks his words are like 'a specimen from a mine, or the inscription on the door of a museum which might open the treasures of past ages'.<sup>443</sup> Casaubon is described as 'carrying his taper among the tombs of the past'.<sup>444</sup> When Lydgate leaves him alone with the news that his heart is failing, 'the black figure with hands behind and head bent forward continued to pace the walk where the dark yew-trees gave him a mute companionship in melancholy.'<sup>445</sup> Even the trees are sombre in Casaubon's landscape, and the rooks take on a sinister aspect.<sup>446</sup>

The gloomy atmosphere which surrounds him infects even the glories of Rome, where the couple go for their honeymoon. Dorothea finds that 'her husband's way of commenting on the strangely impressive objects around them had begun to affect her with a sort of mental shiver.' His understanding and appreciation of them 'had long shrunk to a sort of dried preparation, a lifeless embalmment of knowledge.'<sup>447</sup> This colourless, stifling picture culminates in an extended metaphor which captures exactly the soul of the man and the labour of his life.

Poor Mr Casaubon himself was lost among small closets and winding stairs, and in an agitated dimness about the Cabeiri, [448] or an exposure of other mythologists' ill-considered parallels, easily lost sight of any purpose which had prompted him to these labours. With his taper stuck before him he forgot the absence of windows, and in bitter manuscript remarks on other men's notions about the solar deities, he had become indifferent to the sunlight. 449

Here George Eliot suggests not only the pathetic and petty aspect of Casaubon's work and character but also the futility and unnaturalness of his existence. The fact that he is a clergyman heightens the sense of waste. His separation from the ordinary, everyday world - the sunlight - emphasizes the travesty of his vocation. 'Even his religious faith wavered', George Eliot writes, 'with his wavering trust in his own authorship, and the consolations of the Christian hope in immortality seemed to lean on the immortality of the still unwritten Key to All Mythologies.'<sup>450</sup> Casaubon is a clergyman portrayed by one for whom religion, if it is to have any meaning, must be vital, human, sympathetic. It is inevitable, therefore, that he appears not outwardly wicked - lazy, spendthrift, immoral - but worse, inwardly empty, shallow, shrivelled up. His scholarship is as remote as his manner. His obsession becomes his religion and the two appear hopelessly diseased and sterile. He may look like Locke, be, to Dorothea, 'a living Bossuet', 'a modern Augustine who united the glories of doctor and saint',<sup>451</sup> but if so they, and what they stand for, like Casaubon himself,

seem irrelevant, empty vessels beside the living riches of the world. George Eliot's portrayal of Casaubon is not merely sceptical, for many of her descriptions from Amos Barton onwards, had been that. It undermines the very concept of an historical religion, of a learned clergy. By implication they are part of a dark, gloomy past best left, like Casaubon's notebooks, in the libraries of human knowledge to gather the dust of time.

This intellectual indictment of Casaubon is reinforced by George Eliot's picture of him as lover and husband. The marriage of an elderly man to a young bride always, perhaps, seems odd, but this union, of such life and idealism with a deadening and death-like clerical figure, is particularly repulsive. Celia sees how ugly he is, dislikes his perpetual blinking,<sup>452</sup> and thinks his complexion like 'a cochon de lait'.<sup>453</sup> His two white moles with hairs also detract from the mental picture of Casaubon as an archangel. Certainly, he presents a contrast to Dorothea walking with her St Bernard dog, her brown hair 'flatly braided and coiled behind', 'her bright full eyes' and glowing cheeks.<sup>454</sup> His speech is stilted and always formal; he seems incapable of spontaneous jest or gesture. He has 'little leisure' for literature, even though it is Southey's Peninsular War that is mentioned, which could hardly be described as frivolous.<sup>455</sup> When he talks to Dorothea, on their first meeting, about the Vaudois clergy even his smile

appears to be 'like pale wintry sunshine'.<sup>456</sup> All these things combine even at this early stage to give him an inhuman air. His letter of proposal is truly chilling with its graceless style, tortuous syntax and utterly formal tone. His professions of love are in fact revelations of his own egocentricity. He writes,

In the first hour of meeting you, I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need [in his own life] (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred.

Dorothea is the fulfilment of a need for Casaubon, the extension of his 'life's plan'. He deems her suitable for his life, the high tenor of which must exclude 'the commoner order of minds'. The most he offers her is his 'sincere devotion' and to be 'the earthly guardian' of her welfare. Love is not mentioned.<sup>457</sup>

Even the setting of their marriage seems grey and loveless. Their house, Lowick manor-house, was melancholy and 'large clumps of trees, chiefly of sombre yews, had risen high, not ten yards from the windows'. It was a house 'that must have children, many flowers, open windows, and little vistas of bright things'. Instead there was only 'a sparse remnant of yellow leaves', 'the dark evergreens in a stillness without

sunshine', and Mr Casaubon.<sup>458</sup> Inside the subdued colours, the faded carpets and curtains and dark bookshelves continue the funereal atmosphere. Dorothea's boudoir, Casaubon's mother's old room, 'was a room where one might fancy the ghost of a tight-laced lady revisiting the scene of her embroidery.'<sup>459</sup> The house combines polite, repressive gentility with the musty gloom of a neglected baronial chapel.

On her honeymoon, Rome seemed to Dorothea like a city 'where the past of a whole hemisphere seems moving in funeral procession with strange ancestral images and trophies gathered from afar'.<sup>460</sup> Instead of the uplifting experience of a lifetime, Dorothea found only 'ruins and basilicas, palaces and colossi, set in the midst of a sordid present'. At first she is shocked by 'this vast wreck of ambitious ideals, sensuous and spiritual'. Then, like a dull ache, 'forms both pale and glowing took possession of her young sense' until the vast and forbidding buildings about her become intertwined with her view of her husband.<sup>461</sup> 'Her view of Mr Casaubon and her wifely relation ... was gradually changing with the secret motion of a watch-hand from what it had been in her maiden dream.'<sup>462</sup> Standing in the Hall of Statues, Dorothea 'did not really see the streak of sunlight on the floor more than she saw the statues: she was inwardly seeing the light of years to come in her own home' and it 'was not so clear as it had been' how her life

was to be filled with 'joyful devotedness'.<sup>463</sup> Both the house at Lowick and Rome itself have become pervaded by Casaubon's deadening influence. The lonely figure of this clergyman oppresses every scene in which he appears. George Eliot, however, skilfully spares the reader his too constant presence, which could have been tiresome, while at the same time suggesting, through the settings, the seasons, the weather or a general atmosphere, the infidious influence of Casaubon's character.

It is in such settings of subterranean gloom that the personal relationship between Casaubon and Dorothea is seen. More than any of her previous clerical portraits, indeed almost alone among her characters, the portrayal of Casaubon relies upon imagery and metaphor for its effect. It is a suggestive characterization, not a sharp photographic picture as in the case of Amos Barton, which is in keeping with the wraith-like nature of the man. Thus, in the dialogues between Casaubon and his wife, it is not so much what is said but what is thought and left unspoken by each of them, though not unrecorded, that adds depth to George Eliot's work. This is fitting for a man who feeds 'too much on the inward sources'. In Rome, for example, the couple have their first argument.<sup>464</sup> Dorothea urges her husband to begin the work of making his 'vast knowledge useful to the world'. To Casaubon his wife becomes a cruel accuser 'who, instead of observing his abundant pen scratches and amplitude of paper with the uncritical awe of an

elegant-minded canary-bird, seemed to present herself as a spy watching everything with a malign power of inference.' He speaks sharply to her. 'It was not indeed entirely an improvisation', George Eliot informs us, as if nothing the man does could be spontaneous. It 'had taken shape in inward colloquy, and rushed out like the round grains from a fruit when sudden heat cracks it.' He meditates on his new position in marriage and wonders if, 'instead of getting a soft fence against the cold, shadowy, unapplausive audience of his life [he had] only given it a more substantial presence'. Even when Dorothea meekly apologizes later, Casaubon cannot bring himself to be affectionate and forgiving. Instead, he broods over the visit of his young cousin Ladislaw. Only his pride restrains him from again rebuking his wife for allowing him to visit. George Eliot comments that 'there is a sort of jealousy which needs very little fire; it is hardly a passion, but a blight bred in the cloudy, damp despondency of uneasy egoism.'<sup>465</sup> Casaubon is unhealthy even in the deepest recesses of his human emotions. His ego is all-consuming.

On their return from Rome 'a light snow was falling as they descended at the door' of their home.<sup>466</sup> It symbolizes the coldness that envelopes the couple. It also represents the isolation of the young wife. Dorothea, like a nun, deprived of human affection and losing her spiritual ideals, looks out of the window 'on the still, white enclosure which made her

visible world'. Casaubon retires to the library while Dorothea's duties 'seemed to be shrinking with the furniture and the white vapour-walled landscape'.<sup>467</sup> Casaubon's world is all interior and Celia is both accurate and frank when she regards 'Mr Casaubon's learning as a kind of damp which might in due time saturate a neighbouring body'.<sup>468</sup> Only a heart attack breaks the scholar's reserve. Then he turns to Dorothea, not in gratitude or affection, but in desperation. If he is to finish his great work he will now need Dorothea as secretary. In fact, their relationship becomes even more strained at this time because of the arrival of Ladislaw at Lowick and Dorothea's innocent attempts, which drive Casaubon to unreasonable measures because of his jealousy, to redress the financial wrongs she feels his family have suffered. Thus at the very moment Casaubon's marriage might have become loving his smouldering and, it appears, vindictive passions remove this possibility. It is now that Casaubon's inner brooding becomes most intense. He was

distrustful of everybody's feelings towards him, especially as a husband. To let anyone suppose that he was jealous would be to admit their (suspected) view of his disadvantages: to let them know that he did not find marriage particularly blissful would imply his conversion to their (probably) earlier disapproval. It would be as bad as letting Carp, and Brasenose generally, [469] know how backward he was in organising the matter for his 'Key to All Mythologies.' All through his life Mr Casaubon had been trying not to admit even to himself the inward sores of self-doubt and jealousy. And on the most delicate of all personal subjects, the habit of proud suspicious reticence told doubly. 470

Yet, despite this crushing revelation of Casaubon's pathetic, petty nature, George Eliot does, on occasions, suggest that we might pity him. Early in the book, she warns the reader against forming 'a too hasty judgement' of him, urging that

we turn from outside estimates of a man, to wonder, with keener interest what is the report of his own consciousness about his doings or capacity: with what hindrances he is carrying on his daily labours; what fading of hopes, or what deeper fixity of self-delusion the years are marking off within him ... and the chief reason that we think he asks too large a place in our consideration must be our want of room for him ... if he was liable to think that others were providentially made for him ... this trait is not quite alien to us, and, like the other mendicant hopes of mortals, claims some of our pity. 471

Although this exhortation fits in well with George Eliot's desire to see the attractive side of every character, however unpleasant, her characterization of Casaubon leaves her little scope for genuine sympathy. She does compare his selfishness with the 'blot' of self in every man<sup>472</sup> and refers to him occasionally as 'Poor Mr Casaubon!'<sup>473</sup> but he is too unusual to be made everyday in this way. After his heart attack, it is true, Casaubon shows some little signs of gentleness to his young wife. When he discovers her, late at night, meditating miserably in the library, he exclaims,

'Dorothea!' ... with a gentle surprise in his tone. 'Were you waiting for me?' 'Yes, I did not like to disturb you.' 'Come my dear, come. You are young, and need not to extend your life by watching.'

Yet, even here, Dorothea feels not love, but

something like the thankfulness that might well  
up in us if we had narrowly escaped hurting a  
lamed creature. 474

The truth is that George Eliot's portrait of Casaubon is almost too narrow in scope to allow genuine feeling. Any hint of natural emotion in him would have required a more thorough and sympathetic exploration of his character and the reader would have been caught up not only in Dorothea's fate, which is the primary intention, but in Casaubon's tragedy. After all, although Casaubon's marriage to Dorothea seems repulsive, it is partly of Dorothea's making. She 'had looked deep into the ungauged reservoir of Mr Casaubon's mind, seeing reflected there in vague labyrinthine extension every quality she herself brought.'<sup>475</sup> She saw herself as a 'lampholder' in his underground explorations,<sup>476</sup> as 'a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation'.<sup>477</sup> She was 'enamoured of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects'.<sup>478</sup> There is no room even in a work of this length, for two tragedies and for this reason the human suffering of Casaubon, which we cannot doubt exists, is kept in the shadows.

In a lesser writer this bias would undoubtedly have led to imbalance, but George Eliot restrains and re-directs the reader's sympathies largely by the use of images and metaphors

in Casaubon's portrayal. These serve to keep the character from too close or intimate examination while at the same time they generally deepen and broaden her portrayal so that Casaubon has a resonant, disturbing quality which haunts the reader and pervades the whole work. We feel his presence and are conscious of his bleak and death-like influence but do not feel the necessity of examining him too intimately. References to Casaubon as a dragon,<sup>479</sup> and a bird,<sup>480</sup> match the references to the subterranean nature of his world. Casaubon is undoubtedly the most haunting of George Eliot's clerical characters, if not the most detailed. Although his scholarship and frigidity seem very much of the nineteenth century there is also, in his dark, funereal mysteriousness, a quality which seems more modern. The almost sinister picture George Eliot paints points forward to the twentieth century where the clergy are sometimes linked, albeit in more popular literature, with black magic and the occult.

In complete contrast to Casaubon is her portrait of the Reverend Adolphus Irwine in Adam Bede (1859). Casaubon pervades Middlemarch with gloom. Irwine, on the other hand, casts no shadows. He is well-balanced, kind, patient with those whose opinions differ from his own, and not unwilling to accept or consider criticism of himself. George Eliot's portrayal covers three aspects of the character: his personal character and social influence in the community, his religious attitudes,

and his moral force as man and pastor. Irwine is all we imagine that a parson of the late eighteenth century might be; the nearest to the clergymen portrayed by Jane Austen. And yet, of course, George Eliot was writing in the fifties, although she sets her story in 1799.<sup>481</sup> This allows Irwine to take on a certain representative quality, although he is far from a type, and for George Eliot to defend the country parson, sometimes by argument, though mostly by example, from some of the criticisms later made against him. These criticisms were, of course, the result of the religious revivals of the Evangelicals and Tractarians. Irwine is, therefore, both the result of George Eliot's desire to stress the humanistic aspects of the clerical character and her emphasis on the benefits of a non-dogmatic ministry.

Irwine is first seen playing chess with his mother. Her elegance and 'abundance of powdered hair, all thrown backward and tied behind with a black ribbon',<sup>482</sup> establish his age and the family's gentility. The leisurely quality of his existence is also communicated. If it were not raining, no doubt, he would be supervising the harvesting of the glebe,<sup>483</sup> or riding round his parish talking to the inhabitants.<sup>484</sup> It was a way of life possible in the Church of England for some time in the country.<sup>485</sup> Irwine also enjoys hunting and shooting, yet he is far from being, like the Reverend Jack Lingon in Felix Holt, all hunting-coat and whip. He is a sensitive

man, whose face was a 'mixture of bonhommie and distinction'.<sup>486</sup> George Eliot particularly emphasizes, for example, his considerateness for his sickly sister.<sup>487</sup> His self-sacrifice in not marrying he laughs off, explaining, 'if any one alluded to it, that he made it an excuse for many indulgences which a wife would never have allowed him'.<sup>488</sup> His genial, conversational tone and domestic virtues should not, however, mislead us into thinking that he is of no account. Here, for example, he apologizes to Arthur that he does less reading than he ought, but his acquaintance with Aeschylus and Sophocles is not to be sneered at, especially as in the past it had led to scholarly discussion with a neighbouring cleric. "'I always have a favourite book by me at breakfast, and I enjoy the bits I pick up then so much, that regularly every morning it seems to me as if I should certainly become studious again.'"<sup>489</sup> Although Irwine's outlook is rooted in the classics, he is not without interest in theological matters. When Arthur receives a parcel of books from London he says he will send Irwine some "'pamphlets about Antinomianism and Evangelicalism'" which Irwine declares he will look at, for "'they let one see what is going on.'"<sup>490</sup> Again, his casual attitude conceals genuine interest.

In public life also, Irwine is respected and dutiful. Although he talks in an amused manner about his activities as a magistrate<sup>491</sup> we know that his justice will be tempered with

mercy. In his organization of the celebration of Arthur's majority he finds scope for charity. The old people, at Irwine's suggestion, 'were being brought from Broxton and Hayslope in one of the farmer's waggons.'<sup>492</sup> He sees, too, that the dinners are 'orderly and comfortable' and adopts a sensible attitude to the moderate scale of the event. As he says to Arthur,

'You'll give more pleasure in this quiet way ... it sounds very grand to say that so many sheep and oxen were roasted whole, and everybody ate who liked to come; but in the end it generally happens that no one has had an enjoyable meal. If the people get a good dinner and a moderate quantity of ale in the middle of the day, they'll be able to enjoy the games as the day cools.'<sup>493</sup>

Irvine, always self-deprecating, may describe himself as "'a portly rector'" who will "'take his tithe of all the respect and honour'" Arthur will receive, when becoming landlord, but we know his role will be far from passive. Mr Poyser obviously expresses the general feeling of affection in the community when he drinks Irvine's health and declares that, "'as for the Rector's company, it's well known as that's welcome t'all the parish wherever he may be."<sup>494</sup> Poyser's conviction is justified later, for Irvine is determined, if necessary, to "'move heaven and earth to mollify'" the old squire who threatens their tenancy at Hall Farm. "'Such old parishioners as they are must not go."<sup>495</sup> Irvine is thus shown to be not merely a modest, well-mannered and educated man, but a benign influence in his parish; a friend to all and a defender of right.

George Eliot brings to life the conventional country parson with the human touches in her description, showing that such men, while blending with the rural landscape from which they sprang, could also be taller and stronger than their background.

Individual, too, is George Eliot's delineation of Irwine's religious attitudes. In him we see a tolerance and wisdom which the dogmatic sectarianism of many Victorian churchmen generally derided. No doubt it was her intention to reveal the merits of a more humanistic attitude in Irwine's portrayal, as opposed to a strictly doctrinal approach, but today, when theological orthodoxy seems less easy even impossible to define, his character appears as truly Christian as one could hope. Irwine's religious attitude is characterized largely by contrast with Methodism and Evangelicalism. It is important to take account of this in any assessment of Irwine's religious outlook, for George Eliot deliberately allows Irwine to give the impression that he is lazy and ineffectual as a priest. Only by contrasting his religious attitudes with accounts of the Evangelical Ryde and the ignorant local Methodists is it seen how balanced and sensible Irwine really is. Also we must beware not to take all Irwine says of himself at face value. Like Camden Farebrother, he deliberately undervalues himself.<sup>496</sup> On occasions also, and again I think deliberately, George Eliot does this herself in order that, and here I believe Harvey misinterprets, she may provoke the reactions she wishes from her

readers.<sup>497</sup> To this I shall shortly return.

First, there are the facts we learn about Irwine before he is introduced into the story. We note that he is non-resident in the parish of Hayslope since the parsonage is "'a tumble-down place ... not fit for gentry to live in.'"<sup>498</sup> Then we discover that, by holding two rural livings, Irwine is a pluralist, though George Eliot quickly qualifies this by saying that he is 'a pluralist at whom the severest Church-reformer would have found it difficult to look sour.'<sup>499</sup> This pre-empts a superficial judgement and allows her to dwell lovingly on her initial portrayal of the character. Almost at once he is revealed as a man of good sense and moderation and, more than this, a person of some wisdom. Joshua Rann is reporting to the parson that the previous night a Methodist woman-preacher had preached on Hayslope Green. He is worried by the spread of their enthusiasm. One girl, Bessy, he reports had a fit of religious ecstasy. Irwine is at once down-to-earth. "'Bessy Cranage is a hearty-looking lass,'" he comments, "'I daresay she'll come round again.'"<sup>500</sup> Joshua thinks the preaching should be stopped, but Irwine is again pragmatic, showing more-over not a little shrewdness in his assessment of Methodist strategy.

'Well, but you say yourself, Joshua, that you never knew any one come to preach on the Green before; why should you think they'll come again?

The Methodists don't come to preach in little villages like Hayslope, where there's only a handful of labourers, too tired to listen to them. They might almost as well go and preach on the Binton Hills.' 501

Joshua then reports that Will Maskery, one of "the rampageousest Methodis as can be" has called Irwine a "'dumb dog' an' a 'idle shepherd'." Irwine's reaction is not merely sensible, but charitable too.

'Will Maskery might be a great deal worse fellow than he is. He used to be a wild drunken rascal, neglecting his work and beating his wife, they told me; now he's thrifty and decent, and he and his wife look comfortable together ... it wouldn't become wise people, like you and me, to be making a fuss about trifles, as if we thought the Church was in danger because Will Maskery lets his tongue wag rather foolishly, or a young woman talks in a serious way to a handful of people on the Green. We must 'live and let live', Joshua, in religion as well as in other things.' 502

Here we notice several things about Irwine. His concern for Maskery, even though he has now strictly left his flock, is genuine. He cleverly flatters Joshua, by calling him wise, out of any notions of creating further disturbance in the parish. Most important, however, is his attitude to the Methodists. He displays considerable tolerance and good sense in adopting this attitude. If the Anglican Church generally had been more moderate, the Methodist secession could perhaps have been avoided.

To the verbal attacks made upon himself, Irwine is also impervious. He has been called an "idle shepherd"

and a "'dumb dog'" by the ebullient Maskery. Mrs Irwine thinks her son should take stern measures against such insults, but such is his humility and wisdom that he appears to consider the criticisms genuinely.

'Why, mother, you don't think it would be a good way of sustaining my dignity to set about vindicating myself from the aspersions of Will Maskery? Besides, I'm not so sure that they are aspersions. I am a lazy fellow, and get terribly heavy in my saddle ... Those poor lean cobblers, who think they can help to regenerate mankind by setting out to preach in the morning twilight before they begin their day's work, may well have a poor opinion of me.' 503

This last sentence shows a considerable understanding of the Christian ministry born of years of pastoral experience.

Irvine does not think the enthusiastic threat of "lean cobblers" very great. The world cannot be regenerated before breakfast, as a hobby, by ignorant labourers, Irvine knew, (any more than it could be altered by the enthusiasms of Peacock's philosophers). Even after 'conversion' there was the life-long process of sanctification.

Irvine's attitude to the female Methodist preacher Dinah also reveals his tolerance and good-nature. Her simple, sincere faith impresses him. As he says to himself, "' He must be a miserable prig who would act the pedagogue here: one might as well go and lecture the trees for growing in their own shape."<sup>504</sup> The novel is, of course, partly concerned to reveal the pastoral effectiveness of Dinah, especially in relation to Hetty Sorrel,

but although Dinah does help Hetty at the end, Irwine is also seen to be a kind and supporting influence to Adam Bede in his time of trial. Dinah wrings the dramatic confession from Hetty<sup>505</sup> but Irwine lives on with the people who have taken part in the tragedy, taking on the slow task of mending their lives. This toleration of Methodism was perhaps far from typical at the time this book is set. The Reverend John Skinner of Camerton, for example, was far from placatory, calling Methodist teaching 'delusive' and diabolical'.<sup>506</sup> A dying man's declaration of faith seemed like 'horrid profanations' to him.<sup>507</sup> Many clergy, I suspect, would have agreed with the Duchess of Buckingham who wrote of the Methodists to Lady Huntingdon that 'their doctrines are most repulsive, strongly tinctured with Impertinence and Disrespect towards their Superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all Ranks and do away with all Distinctions.'<sup>508</sup>

Irwine is also contrasted with the later Evangelical parson Mr Ryde, who 'insisted strongly on the doctrines of the Reformation, visited his flock a great deal in their own homes, and was severe in rebuking the aberrations of the flesh.'<sup>509</sup> Despite his enthusiastic orthodoxy, Ryde was not successful 'in winning the hearts' of his parishioners. Adam Bede recalls (the narrator talks as if Adam remembers the events which he discusses with her in his old age) that he was '"sourish-tempered, and was for beating down prices with the people as worked for him ...

he wanted to be like my lord judge i' the parish, punishing folks for doing wrong." Furthermore, "'he didn't keep within his income ... that's a sore mischief I've often seen with the poor curates jumping into a bit of a living all of a sudden.'"<sup>510</sup> This, of course, reminds us very much of Amos Barton. Irwine, by contrast, was kind and patient with his flock. He preached short, moral sermons but lived up to them in his own life. As Mrs Poyser neatly puts it, "'Mr Irwine was like a good meal o' victual, you were the better for him without thinking on it, and Mr Ryde was like a dose o' physic, he griped you and worried you, and after all he left you much the same.'"<sup>511</sup>

This discussion of the two clergymen is part of the long aside, in chapter seventeen, on fictional realism and the nature of effective pastoral work. George Eliot uses it to insist that she only paints what she finds and will not heighten her portrait of Irwine to satisfy 'earnest' readers. "'This Rector of Broxton is little better than a pagan!" I hear one of my lady readers exclaim', the passage begins. Harvey suggests that 'the infuriating thing about this, of course, is that she hears nothing of the sort; the reader is repelled by having his reactions determined for him.'<sup>512</sup> I think that George Eliot expected this reaction of irritation, knowing that it would lead to the reader valuing Irwine even more for the qualities she has revealed in him. Those readers who expected a cardboard

preacher disguised as a character would have their expectations challenged by this satirical imitation of their reaction - Harvey is obtuse in discounting contemporary readers' reactions<sup>513</sup> and those who did not think Irwine a pagan would be stimulated to think why they would defend him from this imaginary criticism and how sympathetically the author had in fact delineated her character. The 'arch brightness that betrays her nervousness and uncertainty' as Harvey calls it<sup>514</sup> is, I am sure, tongue-in-cheek. The whole chapter, on the other hand, is too heavy and argumentative. Irwine's character does not need this lengthy defence.

The third aspect of interest in Irwine's portrayal is his moral influence, especially over Arthur. As in the case of Dr Kenn, however,<sup>515</sup> I find this area of George Eliot's portrayal less than satisfactory. It concerns Arthur's disastrous relationship with Hetty which, George Eliot suggests, Irwine might have stopped, or curtailed, by priestly advice at an opportune moment. When the tragedy has taken place, and Adam Bede tells Irwine of Arthur's misconduct, the author puts these thoughts into Irwine's head.

It was a bitter remembrance to him now - that morning when Arthur breakfasted with him, and seemed as if he were on the verge of a confession. It was plain enough now what he had wanted to confess. And if their words had taken another turn ... if he himself had been less fastidious about intruding on another man's secrets ... 516

Irwine rebukes himself, and George Eliot clearly concurs, for not preaching more clearly at Arthur. Looking back at the breakfast scene, however, we see that Irwine did all that he could, without descending to the level of moral nursemaid and alienating Arthur's respect altogether.

The conversation turns to love and marriage. Irwine begins by saying, partly in jest, "'Mind you fall in love in the right place.'" He tells Arthur that his mother has always said that she will "' 'never risk a single prophecy' '" on him until she sees the woman he marries. But, Irwine adds,

'I feel bound to stand up for you, as my pupil, you know; and I maintain that you are not of [a] watery quality. So mind you don't disgrace my judgement.' 517

Although this is light-hearted, the warning goes home to Arthur, who winces at the words, it also demonstrates Irwine's confidence and affection. Thus, when Irwine playfully refers to the question of falling in love, Arthur turns the conversation to a more serious level.<sup>518</sup> Temptation and sin are then discussed in which Irwine reveals considerable sympathy for the sinner and the temptations which even the wise endure.<sup>519</sup>

Although the conversation is supposedly academic, Irwine realizes the seriousness of it and finally prepares the ground for a more personal discussion by saying,

'But I never knew you so inclined for moral discussion, Arthur? Is it some danger of your own

that you are considering in this philosophical, general way?' In asking this question, Mr Irwine pushed his plate away, threw himself back in his chair, and looked straight at Arthur. He really suspected that Arthur wanted to tell him something, and thought of smoothing the way for him by this direct question. 520

Arthur does not take this opportunity. Irwine does not press his questions, even though 'the idea of Hetty had just crossed' his mind.<sup>521</sup> Irwine lets the subject drop because, George Eliot adds, he 'was too delicate to imply even a friendly curiosity'.<sup>522</sup> But although Irwine is not prepared to bully Arthur into self-revelation, this is not the only reason for his lack of action. As George Eliot has revealed above in Irwine's thoughts, it springs also from his faith in Arthur. He was not unduly concerned because he believed Arthur's character was 'a strong security against' temptation.<sup>523</sup>

Thus, it seems to me, Irwine provided Arthur with all the opportunity he could for discussion. To press the matter further would have been an invasion of that privacy which, ultimately, must leave the tempted one with his own conscience and God. Irwine was right to believe in Arthur and to adhere to that trust. It was, after all, that confidence between the two men which had been beneficial all through Arthur's life. No man, not even a clergyman, can protect another wholly from sin and Irwine, I believe, did all that he could to provide Arthur with both a good example and ample opportunity for discussion.

This is also George Eliot's implied opinion. For her aside in the following chapter (seventeen), already discussed, shows that she believed 'that Mr Irwine's influence in his parish was a more wholesome one than that of the zealous Mr Ryde',<sup>524</sup> who would, no doubt, have seized every occasion for a moral diatribe. That she later allows Irwine to appear negligent of his duty indicates her confusion over the role of the clergyman in her fiction. She wishes to praise the virtues of the non-dogmatic humane figure but resorts to criticisms of his inadequacy by reference to conventional standards of orthodoxy.

These, then, are George Eliot's clerical characters. They are, despite the occasional wrenches from what we see to what she wants us to find, an exceptional and original group of portraits. Some, it is true, are more conventional than others, like Mr Gilfil, Mr Crewe, Mr Gascoigne or the clergy in Felix Holt. Yet even here we see more insight into personality and character than in many portraits by other novelists. In Mr Gilfil, for example, romantic though his story is, we are taken behind the formal façade of the clerical figure to the personal tragedy and genuine emotions which underlie it. Even Gascoigne is shown faced with a moral predicament, though he fails to make proper use of the opportunity. Her finest portraits, however, are those of Casaubon, Kenn, Irwine, Tryan and Barton. In each of these very different characters we find a

depth of insight, a degree of perception and a range of attitudes and situations which are largely lacking from other portraits of the period. George Eliot's clergy are memorable as clergy. In them she explores not only moral problems but also social influences and personal pressures. It is perhaps curious that an agnostic writer should leave us the most challenging pictures of the priest, though not, finally, if we consider that her own re-thinking of the place of religion provided her with fresh insights and a new vision. Particularly in Barton and Tryan her investigation of the provincial and the ordinary brings fresh life to a conventional figure. She succeeds in demonstrating how an over-simple reaction to the behaviour and attitudes of a clergyman obscures the very real moral or personal problems he faces. She often removes the clergyman from his conventional pedestal, where society and many novelists placed him - if only to provide a clearer target for their attacks - but in doing so she brings sympathy and insight to her revelations of his ordinary humanity.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the role of the clergy in her novels is not wholly clear. Barton, Kenn, Tryan and Irwine are either laughed at or criticized at times in a way that is confusing to the reader. Perhaps, though, this confusion over religion and its role reflects George Eliot's own divided thoughts on the subject which were never wholly resolved.

In 1861, for example, she writes to her friend Sara Hennell,

Apropos of the pulpit, I had another failure in my search for edification last Sunday ... there was a respectable old Unitarian gentleman preaching about the dangers of ignorance and the satisfaction of a good conscience ... which seemed to belong to a period when brains were untroubled by difficulties. I enjoyed the fine selection of Collects he read from the Liturgy ... The contrast when the good man got into the pulpit and began to pray in a borrowed washy lingo - ex tempore in more senses than one! 525

Here we see her sensitive response to the religious language and sentiments (in prayers which sprang from 'an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life')<sup>526</sup> jostling with her ever-critical assessment of the problems of the present and the clergy's frustrating inadequacy to deal with them. It is perhaps no wonder, then, that her fictional clergy reflect her admiration and her frustration; reveal both satire and sympathy. George Eliot was not satisfied that she had an adequate answer to all the many questions life presented to her but, in her fictional exploration of these problems, it is noteworthy that the clergy played an important role in her attempted answers. She is probably the last great novelist to explore the clerical character in depth. Her lack of complacency, the feeling of exploration, is undoubtedly one of the most stimulating and rewarding aspects of her characterization. It also adds considerable interest, range and depth to her novels as a whole.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### CONCLUSION

In a study such as this, which has surveyed matters literary and historical, covered a considerable expanse of time and investigated in detail many varied and differently intentioned works, it would be foolish to suggest that there are neat and easy conclusions. Furthermore, since one of my main intentions has been to enrich the appreciation of individual novels and authors, many specific conclusions have already been drawn. The reader has, I trust, found something of interest along the way. Nonetheless, it would seem appropriate now to make some more general points and to draw together individual observations.

The three specific questions on which this study was based may again be asked. First, 'What are the clerical characters like?' They are, as we have seen, very varied, though not perhaps as different as we might have expected. There are, for example, relatively few young, energetic or enthusiastic clergymen. Furthermore, youth is usually linked, in characterization, with personal or religious difficulties. Edmund Bertram and Edward Ferrars face their share of problems even before ordination. Mr Wentworth, Mr Tryan and Robert Elsmere are all men torn by conscience or their emotions. St John Rivers has religious certainty but emotional struggles are important to his characterization. Framley Parsonage is

largely about Mark Robarts's youthful fall from grace. These clergymen are, certainly, more interesting though less numerous than their middle-aged counterparts. In these the novelist is content to re-work the conventional clerical portrait. Trollope's view of the established clergy, for example, requires that the energies of youth have been spent and that they are well settled into the comfort of middle or later years where financial, moral and religious difficulties have receded. This allows them the leisure and inclination for backstairs politics and opportunity for eccentricity. Personal and intellectual complacency is even more essential in Peacock. His purpose rarely allows his clergymen to be serious. Religion must not interfere with the urgent business of talking and eating. George Eliot's portrayal of Amos Barton is startling, therefore, because he is both middle-aged and beset with the difficulties which would have been more predictable in a younger man.

Barton is notable, too, for his poverty and humble origins. Most fictional clerics are financially secure and from middle-class backgrounds. He is still a curate, a breed rare in fiction, though common enough in life. Josiah Crawley is also a curate (though 'perpetual') but Trollope's portrait of his poor parson is remote from George Eliot's. Barton's unenviable position is portrayed realistically; Crawley's pitiful state is graphically but melodramatically drawn. George

Eliot is more uncompromising than Trollope, attempting to win sympathy for a truly unattractive character. Trollope ensures that Crawley is acceptable to a middle-class readership by making him a gentleman fallen on hard times. Conveniently, also, an amelioration in his material position eradicates his mental instability. Nonetheless these characters both demonstrate that the clerical character need not always conform to a conventional middle-class stereotype. It is a fact, however, that most writers follow a comic rather than a tragic alternative in their delineation of the clergy.

Generally, the fictional clergy have livings of their own, or eventually gain one. This enables their duties to be understood rather than described. Little, certainly, is said of them, unless they be Evangelicals and the most dedicated clerics are often also engaged in extra-parochial activities. Dr Wortle has his school, St John Rivers becomes a missionary, Stephen Remarx and Robert Elsmere leave the ministry for social work. Kenn and Irwine appear as dedicated parish priests but even they are shown to fall short of their duty. Frank Fenwick certainly appears conscientious but the size and scope of his parish allows him a narrow field in which to exercise his ministry.

Most fictional clergymen are to be found in the country. Despite the fact that the industrialization of England was well

under way by the mid-century, town life is rarely portrayed. Mr Hale has resigned his orders by the time the action of North and South moves to the industrial north. Mr Outhouse, whose parish is in London's dockland is not explored at all by Trollope. In Mansfield Park the attractions of city life are seen as a temptation by Edmund Bertram. By the end of the century, however, it is the country backwaters that Elsmere sees as an illusion but the challenge of the slums removes him from the ministry. In between these two extremes there is little attempt to unite the clerical and the urban. Archdeacon Grantly, a great man in provincial Barchester, finds he has little influence at Westminster. Harding is like a fish out of water in London. Frank Fenwick finds Salisbury a den of vice. While Casaubon, who travels as far afield as Rome, sees no more than than he had at Lowick.

Most of the clergy, then, work or avoid doing so, in small, well-defined rural areas where, of course, their influence could best be delineated by the novelist. It is interesting that in Dickens, many of whose novels are set, or partly set, in London, a clergyman hardly ever appears. In the country the clergyman was a part of local society and to delineate that society at all accurately a novelist had to include him. In novels set in a city, as novels increasingly were since society migrated or developed there, the clergyman had no inherent place

and was included in fiction only if the plot actually required him. For a variety of reasons, it rarely did. (It must in fairness be added, however, that although Hardy's novels are rural the clergyman rarely figures in them significantly.) Furthermore, to most novelists, the Anglican clergyman was a parish priest. The ranks of the higher clergy are rarely portrayed, except by Trollope, where his blend of political and ecclesiastical intrigue made them essential to his stories.

Very few of the clergy portrayed during the period, the Trollope family apart, are personally repulsive or morally wicked. They may well over-eat or drink, talk too much, or too loudly, lose their tempers, live beyond their means, marry unsuitably, not marry or not be married happily, but they rarely deal maliciously with their fellows, commit criminal offences or offend grossly against accepted moral standards. Thus, the truly wicked, like Parson Chowne, appear almost unbelievable; he is so untypical. Novelists concentrated on the parson's petty hypocrisies not merely out of a sense of propriety but because the Anglican parson has always been integrated with the community. He is rarely, therefore, pilloried as a priest; more usually as a gentleman whose minor faults or personal foibles could be given added piquancy by reason of his religious profession.

Specific portrayal and exploration, whether serious

or satirical, of the religious aspect of these characters is generally limited to 'party' portraits, whether 'low', 'high' or 'broad' church. Even here, though, it is the more striking, superficial characteristics which catch the novelist's eye rather than deeper, religious questions. Exceptions, like St John Rivers and Robert Elsmere, are the more striking for being so. The religious content of novels in the mid-century may well have led to a more general quality of introspection in fiction, but few clerical characters contribute significantly to this. Again, this conclusion can be explained by the fact that most novelists, except those with an axe to grind, took the Anglican parson's beliefs very much for granted. The parson stood more for the Establishment than for Christianity; for good manners and good behaviour, not the evangelical counsels. This is in strong contrast to the common view of Roman Catholic priests whose education and social standing only partially explain their aura of separateness.

The Anglican clergy were not a body set apart. Celibacy, for example, the hallmark of Roman sacerdotal superiority, was practically unknown before the Oxford revival. It aroused fierce hostility. To most Englishmen, as to most novelists, the parson's search for a wife was as natural, or as comic, as his lay neighbour's. Jane Austen and Trollope were quick to see possibilities for humour in the clergyman's unpaid but often

self-important helpmate. (In the indomitable Mrs Proudie, Trollope created one of the great comic figures of fiction.) Neither George Eliot nor Mrs Humphry Ward added celibacy to the difficulties with which their clergy struggled, though in the dedicated Edgar Tryan's emotional involvement with Janet Dempster, George Eliot came close to depicting the struggle between duty and the heart. On the other hand, her delineation of Casaubon's married life, a clergyman who certainly should have remained celibate, is both powerful and moving. Thus the clergyman's emotional and married life is generally shown in much the same manner as any gentleman of his class and background with a realization and exploitation of the fact that his position renders his actions either more serious or more comic, depending on the novelist's point of view.

Although major novelists of the period did not write 'religious' novels they did sometimes include characters strongly drawn to a religious way of life though of the laity. Trollope's powerful portrayal of the Evangelical Mrs Bolton, in John Caldigate, or of Mr Kennedy in the Palliser novels, are in marked contrast with his superficial clerical caricatures. George Eliot's portrayal of the poor puritan Silas Marner is also powerful. Silas Marner is perhaps more stimulating as an exploration of personal redemption than novels which contained specifically religious elements, like Janet's Repentance or

Adam Bede. Perhaps this was because, as the century progressed, the problem of fusing religion with fiction became an intellectual as well as an artistic one. Religion, discussed and debated, challenged or defended, clung to or spurned, could no longer be dealt with in broad outline. There were too many particular and specifically theological questions to be discussed. Even the capacious nineteenth-century novel found such matters too demanding. Entertainment, after all, was the novel's primary aim and the average novel-reader, who was very likely also the ordinary 'man in the pew', possibly had little interest in, or skill for, theological debate. A parallel can be drawn with the question of doctors and medicine in our own time. Doctors, after all, have replaced the clergyman, in fiction and life, as the popular referee in all moral matters. In medical tales we discover drama, humour and personal problems set in hospitals and general practice. To write a novel about higher medical research, or to dramatize serious debate about medical ethics would be as uninteresting and incomprehensible as the complex religious debates of the last century.

A threefold answer might then be given to the second preliminary question, 'Why are clerical characters portrayed as they are?' First, it is in order that the novelist's portrayal of society might be complete and accurate. Secondly, so that the author may explore particular moral or social

questions through a clergyman's presence in the novel. Thirdly, that in the portrayal of a clergyman the author's comic or satirical purposes might be undertaken or continued. It must be admitted, however, that although the second of these objects, at least to the modern reader, is the most interesting, it is the least explored. Only in George Eliot's work are social and ethical questions given any degree of prominence. Even here the novelist's purpose leads to unsatisfactory intellectual interference with her portrayal of character. Except in Edmund Bertram, Jane Austen includes clerical characters in her work to give verisimilitude to her portrayal of society and to allow her perceptive humour a wider range. Peacock's intentions are almost wholly humorous; the comedy is largely concerned with intellectual matters but this is inseparable from personal foibles. Trollope combines social comedy with moral issues, not always successfully. Of the other clergymen examined in chapter two those which might be termed 'party' portraits, including those which criticized the clerical profession altogether, are generally less inspired and less searching than their counterparts in novels by great writers. As one would expect, a good writer made more of the clerical character, despite his lack of a particular religious bias, than religious writers with more didactic intentions. Indeed, the theological pre-occupations of Mrs Humphry Ward, and her kind, are often a handicap in the

realistic portrayal of clergymen. The parson was, and is, after all, a man like any other and in fiction this fact is of paramount importance.

The question 'How is the portrayal of the clergyman achieved?' has occupied too many of the preceding pages to need detailed repetition here. Nonetheless it should be noted that although the exploration of social or moral issues in the clerical characters may be of considerable intellectual interest to readers, the literary skill in creating lively or amusing fictional figures contributes probably even more to our enjoyment of particular novels. Fiction is not the proper place for serious debate. It is the characters, plots and day-to-day events which provide entertainment, vitality and continued interest. It is the liveliness of the clerical character which largely justifies literary interest and which provides additional evidence of an author's artistic ability. I trust this study has surveyed, examined and emphasized the richness and range of these literary portraits.

As this study has progressed I have found the answer to my third preliminary question, 'How like the actual clergy of the period are the fictional characters?' increasingly difficult to formulate. The individual nature of available evidence has been made very clear to me. Almost any evidence drawn from one real clergyman's life or writings might be placed beside contrasting evidence from another's. A real counterpart

to a fictional clergyman might in almost every case be found, and if we remember the vast number of real clergy and the relatively small number of fictional ones this is hardly surprising, but at the same time there are many which demonstrate attitudes the very opposite to those the novelist chose to describe. Broadly speaking, however, it is clear, and possibly inevitable, that the fictional cleric is portrayed in more general outline than he appears in history. His opinions have been made to conform to a conventional pattern which changed very little from the time of Jane Austen. Despite the religious revolution in Victorian England the fictional cleric appears less informed, less hard-working, more complacent and, theologically at least, more ignorant than he appears in the pages of history. Trollope's clergy, certainly, seem dated as we look back at them, though this may not have been so apparent at the time. George Eliot, we notice, sets her novels in the past which makes historical comparison difficult since she obviously writes with the benefit of hindsight. Robert Elsmere, Stephen Remarx and The Perpetual Curate, on the other hand, seem almost too specifically intertwined with their historical context, so that our interest in these novels, inevitably, has an academic air about it.

The difficulty was, one would like to say 'is' but it must be acknowledged that the clerical character is a figure of

the past, to combine a lively exploration of human character with sufficient historical reality so that the clerical figure had both depth and accuracy. Both Jane Austen and George Eliot succeed in doing this but it is interesting to note that it is Trollope's characters, rarely searching and not always very typical, that have provided the lasting pattern for the clergyman in fiction. Father Thames, in Barbara Pym's A Glass of Blessings (1958), for example, is very much in this tradition. This passage, where Father Thames and Mrs Wilmet Forsyth discuss the problem of a new clergy housekeeper, is not untypical.

'Good afternoon, Miss - er - Mrs ...' Father Thames, in a splendid cloak clasped at the neck with gilt lions' heads, hovered over me like a great bird. 'Do you know,' he went on, 'I thought for one moment when I saw you sitting there reading the parish paper that you might be the answer to prayer.' ... 'I do hope you've got somebody else to keep house for you?' 'No, alas, not yet. That's why I was thinking how wonderful it would be if you, reading my cri de coeur -' he paused and gave me a most appealing look. I wondered whether many men, perhaps the clergy especially, went about cajoling or bullying women into being the answer to prayer ... 'I have my husband to look after,' I began. 'Ah yes, women do have husbands,' he said a little peevishly. 'It was too much to hope that you would be free. Still, we know that God does move in a mysterious way, as Cowper tells us.'<sup>1</sup>

This combination of vagueness, selfishness, tactlessness and affected speech full of clichés creates an impression which has all the superficial charm and humour we find in Trollope. This type of character springs from observation and a lively sense of humour but it is also the result of a certain distance

between character and reader. In our own century this distance, which saves the author from a serious exploration of religious personality, is not particularly surprising. In the last century, it is more so. Perhaps, although the last century was a period of religious inquiry amongst thinkers, it was also a time of religious complacency, of a lack of serious thinking, amongst the population generally. One went to church, one did one's duty and the clergy were, to most people, as ordinary and as unremarkable as the local church tower or steeple. Some few asked searching questions about the clergyman's role and his beliefs; most accepted them, and him, with a polite, amused, or disinterested smile. Literature, on the whole, reflected this popular attitude. Exceptional writers, like George Eliot, created exceptional characters, but her originality in this field is merely part of her far-reaching brilliance.

It would be quite wrong, however, to conclude this study on a note of dissatisfaction. It is all too easy to judge literature by particular standards, whether one's own, or one's age, which may place a false perspective upon works of the past. Whatever the clerical character's limitations, and it would be odd if he had none, there is at the same time a richness, a variety and a depth which can still be admired and enjoyed. His historical significance, ultimately, is of less lasting interest than his liveliness and the skill of the writer

who has created him. As George Eliot so wisely says to her readers, in words which will serve as a fitting exhortation to all would-be students or spectators of the clerical characters of fiction,

Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn ... to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out... 2

through the eyes of the fictional clergyman.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

## CHAPTER ONE

1. The relevant novels of writers mentioned in this paragraph are discussed, and noted, in chapter two.
2. For example, E.C. Selwyn, 'Jane Austen's Clergymen', P.A. Welsby, 'Anthony Trollope and the Church of England', J.B. Priestley, 'In Barsetshire'.
3. Some of their clerical characters are, of course, discussed - usually very briefly - in general critical studies.
4. Vide 'The Form and Manner of Ordering of Priests', and especially the questions put to the Deacon by the Bishop.
5. There are, however, the general but agreeable histories of A. Tindal Hart. (The Country Priest in English History, etc.)
6. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vols I and II.
7. I have been much stimulated, in the course of this research, by information concerning the actual clergy of the period. I hope to pursue the study of their lives and ministries further.

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1. K. Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteen-Forties, p. 131.
2. Disraeli, in his preface to the fifth edition of Coningsby, admits that 'it was not originally the intention of the writer to adopt the form of fiction as the instrument to scatter his suggestions, but, after reflection, he resolved to avail himself of a method which, in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing opinion.'
3. Quoted in K. Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteen-Forties, p. 138.
4. Ibid.
5. G.S. Haight, George Eliot: a Biography, p. 59.
6. From, Practice of Divine Love, quoted in Prayers by Thomas Ken, D.D., edited by J.H. Markland, [p. 40.]
7. F.L. Cross (Ed), Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church, p. 1306.
8. W. Paley, Works, p. 840.
9. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 201.
10. W. Paley, Works, p. 840.
11. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 127.
12. Ibid, p. 522.
13. Ibid, p. 95.
14. G. Carnall, Robert Southey and his Age, p. 45.
15. Vide infra, p. 373f, p. 436f, p. 630f.

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16. Vide infra p. 117f.
17. Parson Adams discovers Parson Trulliber 'stript into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer.' H. Fielding, The Adventures of Joseph Andrews, p. 170.
18. Vide Wordsworth's 'Memoir of the Reverend Robert Walker', appended as a note to Sonnets XVII and XVIII in The Works of William Wordsworth, p. 710f.
19. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 522.
20. J. Austen, Mansfield Park, p. 113.
21. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 522.
22. A. Jessopp, D.D. The Trials of a Country Parson, p. 78.
23. Mansfield Park, p. 114.
24. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p.34.
25. Ibid, p. 143.
26. Ibid, p. 523.
27. J. Skinner, Journal of a Somerset Rector 1803-1834, pp. 78-9.
28. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 124.
29. The Adventures of Joseph Andrews, p. 14.
30. Ibid, p. 16.
31. J. Austen, Pride and Prejudice, pp. 205-6.

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32. The Adventures of Joseph Andrews, pp. 305-6.
33. O. Goldsmith, The Vicar of Wakefield, p. 3.
34. G. Orwell, Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters, vol. I, p. 4.
35. W. Coombe, Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, lines 1-20.
36. J. Woodforde, The Diary of a Country Parson (1758-1802).
37. W.M. Thackeray, Vanity Fair, vol. I, p. 99.
38. Ibid.
39. Ibid, p. 107.
40. P.H. Ditchfield, The Old-Time Parson, p. 246.
41. R.D. Blackmore, The Maid of Sker, p. 162.
42. Ibid, pp. 211-12.
43. Ibid, p. 169 and p. 200.
44. Ibid, p. 226.
45. Ibid, pp. 464-5.
46. J. Beresford's Introduction to James Woodforde's Diary of a Country Parson, vol. I. pp. 8-9.
47. J. Skinner, Journal of a Somerset Rector, p. 9.
48. T.L. Peacock, Crotchet Castle, chapter 18.
49. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 26.
50. Ibid, pp. 24-40 passim.
51. F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, pp. 42-3.

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52. Ibid, p. 47.
53. Ibid, p. 64.
54. In C. Brontë, Jane Eyre.
55. Mrs Gaskell, The Life of Charlotte Brontë, chapter four.
56. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 289.
57. Ibid, p. 532.
58. As late as 1927, strict Evangelicals thought that 'dancing dishonours the Christian's Lord', 'blunts the spiritual edge' and, worst of all, 'profanes the Christian's body'. H. Lockyer, Dancing Ancient and Modern, p. 23f.
59. [Bishop] 'Wilberforce of Oxford expressed the opinion that a resolution to attend theatres or operas disqualified a man for the parochial ministry.' O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 445. Henry Foster, in 1800, declared that 'frequenting plays affords a proof of the depravity of human nature beyond most other things.' F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 445.
60. G.M. Young, Victorian England. Portrait of an Age, pp. 4-5.
61. F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, pp. 503-6.
62. A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 6.

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63. W. Addison, The English Country Parson, p. 135.
64. G.S. Haight, The Letters of George Eliot, vol. I, p. 245.
65. First published in 1809 by the Religious Tract Society, it attained a circulation of four million within fifty years, and was translated into nineteen languages.  
A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 12.
66. R.A. Altick, Victorian People and Ideas, p. 181.
67. W. Addison, The English Country Parson, p. 70.
68. F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 51.
69. W.M. Thackeray, The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 21.
70. Ibid, p. 23.
71. Ibid.
72. C. Dickens, Bleak House, chapter four.
73. The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 25.
74. G.O. Trevelyan, Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, chapter one.

It would be quite untrue, however, to suggest that Thackeray was unconcerned with children's moral welfare. In Pendennis, for example, he makes this aside to parents. Pendennis 'had not got beyond the theory as yet - the practice of life was all to come. And by the way, ye tender mothers and sober fathers of Christian families, a prodigious thing that theory of life

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is as orally learned at a great public school. Why, if you could hear those boys of fourteen who blush before mothers ... talking among each other - it would be the woman's turn to blush then ... I don't say that the boy is lost ... but that the shades of the prison-house are closing very fast over him, and that we are helping as much as possible to corrupt him.' (W.M. Thackeray, Pendennis, vol. I, p. 26.) This passage is quoted with approval, and probably twisted to the authors' purpose, in an early twentieth-century manual on sex education entitled Youth and Sex, Dangers and Safeguards for Girls and Boys, by M. Scharlieb and F.A. Sibly, p. 62. This ridiculous, though serious, work embodies some of the more extravagantly erroneous Victorian notions concerning adolescent sexuality.

75. For a discussion of C. Brontë's accuracy, vide Mrs Gaskell, The Life of Charlotte Brontë, chapter four; H. Sheppard, A Vindication of the Clergy Daughters' School, (from the Remarks in the Life of Charlotte Brontë); M. Crompton, Passionate Search.
76. Jane Eyre, pp. 63-4.
77. G. Eliot, Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 65.
78. Jane Eyre, p. 64.

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79. Ibid, p. 66.
80. Ibid, p. 94.
81. Ibid, p. 95.
82. Ibid, p. 98
83. P. Bentley, The Brontës and their World, pp. 25-6.
84. The Christian Age, vol. XXV, January 1884, p. 27.
85. C. Dickens, David Copperfield, p. 33.
86. Ibid, p. 38.
87. F. Trollope, The Vicar of Wrexhill, p. 57.
88. Ibid, p. 75.
89. A. Trollope, Barchester Towers, chapter four.
90. Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 47.
91. R. Lovett, The History of the London Missionary Society,  
vol. I, pp 7-9.
92. F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 234.
93. The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 37.  
A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 30,  
identifies the chapel as the Curzon Chapel, Mayfair.
94. The most extraordinary, and successful, of such celebrated individualists was the Reverend Edward Irving, a Presbyterian, whose life has been recently studied by A.L. Drummond, Edward Irving and his Circle.
95. Mansfield Park, p. 114-5.

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96. A.W. Pugin, Contrasts. Quoted in Joan Evans, The Victorians, p. 223.
97. The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 38.
98. Ibid, p. 55.
99. C. Dickens, The Pickwick Papers, cf chapters six and twentyseven.
100. Bleak House, p. 276.
101. Victorian Miniature, pp. 114-6.
102. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 90.
103. Jane Eyre, p. 378.
104. Ibid, p. 22.
105. A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 40.
106. D. Cecil, Early Victorian Novelists, p. 104.
107. St Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153) founded the strict Cistercian Order and insisted upon the life of self-denial. St Ignatius Loyola (c1491-1556) founded the Jesuits. His profound spiritual insight sprang from his prolonged periods of prayer and mortification and led to the writing of the Spiritual Exercises; the foundation of the order's spirituality. Henry Martyn (1781-1812) was an Anglican missionary and translator whose life of devotion inspired the church at home, and various literary publications, e.g. Journals and Letters

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of the Reverend Henry Martyn, ed. S. Wilberforce, 1837.

108. Jane Eyre, p. 23.
109. Ibid, p. 477.
110. Ibid, p. 23.
111. Ibid, p. 432.
112. Ibid, p. 477.
113. For an excellent and informative account of Anglican piety, vide C.J. Stranks, Anglican Devotion.
114. O. Chadwick, The Mind of the Oxford Movement, p. 19.
115. Ibid, p. 27.
116. Ibid.
117. Ibid. Vide A. Chandler, A Dream of Order, The Medieval Ideal in Nineteenth-Century English Literature.
118. Dean Hole, Memories, p. 137.
119. O. Chadwick, The Mind of the Oxford Movement, p. 30.
120. Ibid, p. 31.
121. Ibid, p. 51.
122. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, chapter three, and G. Faber, Oxford Apostles.
123. F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 499.
124. Ibid, p. 501.
125. Robert Wilberforce (1802-57) became a fellow of Oriel in 1826, and was a learned follower of Newman and the Tractarians. Three years before his death he was

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received into the Roman Church, having previously been the Archdeacon of the East Riding.

126. Samuel Wilberforce (1805-73); partly through the influence of leading Evangelicals, but also through his genuine spirituality and pastoral efficiency, became Bishop of Oxford in 1845. His biographer, Canon Ashwell, wrote that 'he was a Churchman, and a High Churchman, from the first.' The Life of Bishop Wilberforce, vol. I, p. 54.
127. Henry Wilberforce (1807-73), a very close friend of Newman's, was received into the Roman Church in 1850 and from 1854-63 he edited the Catholic Standard.
128. Vide Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church, p. 1369.
129. C. Church (Ed.) Life and Letters of Dean Church, p. 33.
130. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 189.
131. Quoted in V.H.H. Green, Religion at Oxford and Cambridge, p. 269.
132. A. Whyte, Newman, An Appreciation, p. 129.
133. Quoted in A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 53.
134. Vide G. Faber, Oxford Apostles, p. 221f. for a discussion of Part Two, chapters four and five of Loss and Gain.
135. J.H. Newman, Loss and Gain, p. 38. This description reminds us of Matthew Arnold's famous recollection

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of Newman himself preaching at St Mary's, Oxford.

'Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition,' he writes, 'rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music - subtle, sweet, mournful?' Quoted in B. Willey, Nineteenth-Century Studies, p. 82.

136. Loss and Gain, p. 38.
137. Ibid, pp. 39-41.
138. Vide note 94 supra.
139. Loss and Gain, pp. 222-4
140. Ibid, p. 227.
141. Ibid, p. 245.
142. Dean Hole, Memories, pp. 135-6
143. Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 41.
144. A. Carlyle (Ed.) New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, vol. II, p. 59.
145. K. Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteen-Forties, p. 131 and note 2.
146. Quoted in ibid, p. 130.
147. A Companion Traveller, From Oxford to Rome, p. 20.
148. Ibid, p. 27.
149. Ibid, p. 38.

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150. Ibid, p. 59.
151. Ibid, p. 62.
152. Ibid, p. 91.
153. Ibid, p. 129.
154. Ibid, p. 147.
155. Ibid, p. 167.
156. Ibid, p. 179.
157. Ibid, p. 184.
158. Ibid, p. 188.
159. Ibid, p. 197.
160. Ibid, p. 202.
161. Ibid, p. 287.
162. Ibid, p. 294.
163. The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 54.
164. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 220.
165. Ibid, pp. 215-6
166. The Newcomes, vol. I, p. 70.
167. Ibid, vol. II, p. 71.
168. Mrs Oliphant, The Perpetual Curate, vol. I, pp. 7-8
169. Ibid, p. 9.
170. Ibid.
171. Ibid, p. 10.
172. Ibid, p. 8.

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173. Ibid, p. 11.

174. Ibid, p. 13.

175. Ibid, p. 186.

176. Ibid, p. 185.

177. Ibid, pp. 195-6.

178. Ibid, pp. 93-4.

179. Ibid, p. 47.

180. Ibid, pp. 67-8.

181. E.J. Worboise, Father Fabian, p. 60.

Oscott College was the first English, post-reformation Roman Catholic Seminary.

182. C. Brontë, Shirley, pp. 5-6.

The Church Pastoral Aid Society and The Additional Curates' Society were organizations which raised money for providing extra parish clergy. The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is the 'ministry' of missions in the Roman Church.

183. K. Tillotson, Novels of the Eighteen-Forties, p. 93.

184. Ibid, p. 126.

185. Shirley, pp. 8-9.

186. Ibid, pp. 334-5.

187. Ibid, p. 354.

188. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 506.

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189. Or at dinner, vide Shirley, pp. 7f.
190. Shirley, p. 105.
191. Ibid, p. 106.
192. Ibid, p. 108.
193. Ibid, p. 109.
194. For some of the worst Victorian excesses, vide P. Fuller, Consuming Passions, chapter eight.
195. M. Savage, The Bachelor of the Albany, pp 198-9.
196. Shirley, p. 262.
197. Ibid, p. 276.
198. Ibid.
199. The Bachelor of the Albany, p. 194.
200. Ibid, p. 20.
201. Vide T.L. Peacock, Gryll Grange, chapter twenty-two.
202. The Bachelor of the Albany, pp 37-8.
203. Ibid, p. 203.
204. Ibid, p. 205.
205. Ibid, p. 206.
206. A more objective account of Father Ignatius can be found in the Reverend F. Kilvert's Diaries, edited by William Plomer, pp. 70-3. There is also a modern biography, A. Calder-Marshall, The Enthusiast.
207. The Baroness de Bertouch, The Life of Father Ignatius, O.S.B., Monk of Llanthony, pp. 94-5.

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208. C.P.S. Clarke, The Oxford Movement and After, p. 251.
209. For a full study of this subject, vide P.F. Anson, Building up the Waste Places.
210. M. Savage, The Falcon Family, pp. 262-3.
211. Ibid, p. 263.
212. Ibid, pp. 265-6.
213. Ibid, pp. 278-9.
214. Ibid, p. 288.
215. Ibid, p. 324.
216. G.M. Young notes that the first use of the word 'Victorian' that he discovered is in E.P. Hood, The Age and its Architects (1851). G.M. Young, Victorian England, p. 87.
217. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 153.
218. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 41.
219. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 1.
220. Ibid, p. 127.
221. Quoted in G.M. Young, Victorian England, p. 84, note 2.
222. G.M. Young, Victorian England, p. 99.
223. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 70.
224. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 120.
225. Ibid.
226. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 154.

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227. Ibid, p. 155.
228. 'The Position of the Agricultural Labourer' quoted in G. Avery, Victorian People, p. 156.
229. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 156.
230. B. Disraeli, Sybil, p. 111.
231. Ibid.
232. Ibid, p. 113.
233. B. Disraeli, Coningsby, Book III, chapter four.
234. Ibid, p. 162.
235. E. Huxley (Ed.), The Kingsleys, p. 29.
236. In F. Trollope, The Widow Barnaby.
237. E. Huxley, The Kingsleys, p. 29.
238. C. Kingsley, Yeast, pp. 194-5.
239. Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife, vol. I, pp. 117-19.
240. E. Huxley, The Kingsleys, p. 26.
241. Matthew XIX, v. 21.
242. Yeast, p. 261.
243. Ibid.
244. Ibid, p. 271-2.
245. 'Capitalist' and 'communist' also appear in the novel, Yeast. Was it Kingsley who first used the phrase 'opium of the people', later taken up by the more

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influential writer, Karl Marx?

246. Yeast, p. 165.
247. Ibid, p. 173.
248. Ibid, p. 171.
249. Ibid. (Cf Coningsby, p. 161f.)
250. Ibid, p. 172.
251. Ibid, p. 188.
252. G.M. Trevelyan, English Social History, p. 552.
253. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 166.
254. Quoted in F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 35.
255. Yeast, pp. 147-8.
256. E. Huxley, The Kingsleys, p. 61.
257. B. Harte, Sensation Novels, p. 114.
258. Yeast, p. 73.
259. Ibid, p. 69.
260. Ibid, pp. 70-1.
261. Ibid, p. 266.
262. Ibid, p. 257.
263. J. Adderley, Stephen Remarx, p. 7.
264. Ibid, p. 16.
265. Ibid, p. 44.
266. Ibid, p. 119.
267. Ibid, p. 134.

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268. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 61.
269. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 157.
270. Stephen Remarx, p. 149.
271. Ibid, pp. 92-3.
272. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 22-3.
273. Ibid, p. 87.
274. Ibid, p. 23.
275. Mrs Gaskell, North and South, p. 49.
276. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 112.
277. Ibid, pp. 144-7.
278. North and South, p. 45.
279. Vide for details of this and other reviews, A.L. Drummond,  
The Churches in English Fiction, p. 180f.
280. Vide for these quotations and identifications, Ibid,  
p. 173f.
281. Ibid.
282. Mrs H. Ward, Robert Elsmere, p. 316.
283. Ibid, p. 197.
284. A. Trollope, Clergymen of the Church of England, p. 127f.
285. Robert Elsmere, p. 341.
286. Ibid, pp. 342-3. Italics in original.
287. Ibid, p. 316.
288. Ibid, p. 590.

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289. Ibid, p. 163.
290. Ibid, p. 199, p. 190, p. 182.
291. Ibid, p. 593.
292. Acts IX.
293. A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 175.
294. G. MacDonald, Thomas Wingfold, Curate, p. 510.
295. W. Owen, Collected Poems. Vide 'Le Christianisme' or 'At a Calvary near the Ancre'.
296. Mr Lidiard, the curate in E. Taylor's, A View of the Harbour is a good example.
297. P.A. Packer, 'The Theme of Love in the Novels of Iris Murdoch', Durham University Journal.
298. It should be pointed out, however, that this combination, though far more explicit than formerly, is not wholly lacking from Victorian novels. Vide infra, chapter five, p. 366f. and chapter six, p. 568f.

### CHAPTER THREE

1. M. Laski, Jane Austen, pp. 6-14.
2. Ibid, pp. 23, 37, 46.
3. R.W. Chapman, Jane Austen's Letters, nos 40-41.
4. M. Laski, Jane Austen, p. 5.
5. J. Woodforde, Diaries, vol. I, p. 104.
6. Ibid, passim.
7. Ibid, vol. II, p. 168.
8. Ibid, vol. III, p. 175.
9. Ibid, vol. I, p. 25.
10. Ibid, vol. II, p. 291.
11. Ibid, vol. I, p. 7.
12. From, Pride and Prejudice, Emma and Northanger Abbey, respectively.
13. From, Mansfield Park.
14. R.W. Chapman, Jane Austen's Letters, no. 76.
15. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen.' in Ian Watt, (Ed.) Jane Austen, p. 141.
16. Ibid.
17. Mansfield Park, p. 113f.
18. Ibid, pp. 298-9.
19. Maria Edgeworth, Castle Rackrent (1800).
20. Tony Tanner, Introduction to Mansfield Park, p. 34.
21. T.L. Peacock, Gryll Grange.

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22. Mansfield Park, pp. 315-17.
23. Ibid, p. 16.
24. Ibid, p. 18.
25. Ibid, p. 25.
26. Ibid, p. 42f.
27. Ibid, p. 91.
28. Ibid, p. 183.
29. Ibid, p. 47.
30. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen', pp. 142-3.
31. Mansfield Park, p. 70.
32. Ibid, p. 77.
33. Ibid, p. 78.
34. A discussion of landscape gardening, its merits and failings, also occurs in T.L. Peacock's Headlong Hall, chapter four.
35. Mansfield Park, p. 71.
36. Ibid, pp. 72-3.
37. Ibid, p. 73.
38. Ibid, p. 138.
39. Ibid, pp. 138-9.
40. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen', p. 143.
41. Mansfield Park, p. 205.
42. Ibid, p. 154.

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43. Ibid, p. 156.
44. Ibid, p. 158.
45. Ibid, p. 160.
46. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen', p. 143.
47. Mansfield Park, p. 235.
48. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen', p. 143.
49. M. Laski, Jane Austen, pp. 29-30.
50. C.S. Lewis, 'A Note on Jane Austen' in Ian Watt (Ed.),  
Jane Austen, p. 33.
51. Ibid.
52. Ibid, p. 34.
53. K. Amis, 'What Became of Jane Austen', p. 142.
54. Mansfield Park, p. 80.
55. Ibid, chapter nine.
56. Ibid, chapter forty-seven.
57. Ibid, pp. 113-14.
58. Ibid, p. 571.
59. Ibid, p. 115.
60. Ibid, p. 306.
61. Ibid.
62. Ibid, p. 263.
63. Ibid, p. 279.
64. Ibid, p. 420.
65. Ibid, p. 108.

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66. Ibid, pp. 570-1.
67. Ibid, p. 576.
68. Ibid, pp. 574-7.
69. Ibid, pp. 579-80.
70. Ibid, p. 568.
71. Emma, p. 20.
72. Ibid, p. 12.
73. Ibid, pp. 12-13.
74. Ibid, p. 159.
75. Mr Collins to Elizabeth Bennet, Pride and Prejudice,  
chapter nineteen.
76. Emma, p. 404.
77. Ibid, chapter forty-three.
78. Pride and Prejudice, p. 398f.
79. Emma, pp. 21-2.
80. Ibid, pp. 12-13.
81. Ibid, p. 79.
82. Ibid, p. 38.
83. Ibid.
84. Ibid, pp. 38-9.
85. Ibid, p. 39.
86. Ibid.
87. Ibid, p. 47.

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88. Ibid, p. 346.
89. Ibid, p. 48.
90. Ibid, p. 49.
91. Ibid, p. 57.
92. Ibid.
93. Ibid, p. 79.
94. Ibid, pp. 80-1
95. Ibid, p. 84.
96. Ibid.
97. Ibid, p. 86.
98. Ibid, p. 87.
99. Ibid, p. 100.
100. Ibid, p. 107.
101. Ibid, p. 108.
102. Ibid.
103. Ibid, p. 110.
104. Ibid.
105. Ibid, pp. 133-4.
106. Ibid, pp. 134-5.
107. Ibid, p. 136.
108. Ibid, pp. 139-40.
109. Ibid.
110. Ibid, pp. 140-1.

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111. Ibid, p. 159.
112. Ibid, pp. 160-1.
113. Ibid, p. 162.
114. Ibid, pp. 171-2.
115. Ibid, p. 172.
116. Ibid, pp. 220-1.
117. Ibid. p. 332.
118. Ibid, p. 334.
119. Ibid, pp. 403f.
120. Ibid, p. 405.
121. Ibid, p. 408.
122. Ibid, p. 459.
123. Ibid, pp. 570-1.
124. Persuasion, p. 94.
125. Ibid, pp. 94-5.
126. Ibid, pp. 126-7.
127. Ibid, p. 89.
128. Ibid, pp. 95f.
129. Ibid, p. 109.
130. Mansfield Park, p. 36.
131. Ibid.
132. Ibid, p. 56.
133. Ibid, pp. 65-6.
134. Ibid, p. 213.

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135. Ibid, p. 138.
136. Ibid.
137. Ibid, p. 139.
138. Ibid, p. 250.
139. Ibid, p. 279.
140. Ibid, p. 276.
141. Ibid, p. 148.
142. Ibid, p. 275.
143. Ibid, p. 149.
144. Ibid, p. 281.
145. Ibid, p. 304.
146. Ibid, p. 266.
147. Ibid, pp. 584-5.
148. Ibid, p. 585.
149. Northanger Abbey, p. 1. The reference to his name, Richard, is a parody of sentimental novels where particular names denoted extraordinary character. By contrast to the wicked fathers of fiction, Mr Morland is both respectable and ordinary.
150. Ibid, p. 272.
151. Ibid. 'He' is General Tilney.
152. Ibid, p. 290.
153. Ibid, pp. 290-1.

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154. Pride and Prejudice, p. 83.
155. Ibid, pp. 76-7.
156. Romans XIII, vv. 1-7.
157. Pride and Prejudice, p. 78.
158. Ibid.
159. Ibid.
160. Ibid, p. 85.
161. Ibid, p. 108.
162. Ibid, p. 205.
163. Ibid, p. 126.
164. Ibid, p. 362.
165. Ibid, p. 126.
166. Ibid, p. 131.
167. Ibid, p. 86.
168. Ibid, p. 132
169. Ibid, pp. 132-3.
170. Sense and Sensibility, p. 16.
171. Ibid, p. 17.
172. Ibid, pp. 18-19.
173. Ibid, p. 19.
174. Ibid, p. 22.
175. Ibid, p. 17.
176. Ibid, p. 110.
177. Ibid, p. 116.

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178. Northanger Abbey, pp. 245f.
179. Ibid, pp. 16-17.
180. Ibid, pp. 18-19.
181. Ibid, p. 19.
182. Ibid, pp. 19-21.
183. Ibid, pp. 15-16.
184. Ibid, pp. 82-5.
185. Ibid, chapter six.
186. Ibid, p. 177.
187. Ibid.
188. Ibid, pp. 177-80.
189. Ibid, p. 199.
190. Ibid, p. 227.
191. Ibid, pp. 230-1.
192. Ibid, p. 119.
193. Ibid.
194. Ibid, p. 124.
195. Emma, p. 107.
196. Vide supra, pp. 30f.

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1. Vide 'Memorandum respecting the Application of Steam Navigation to the Internal and External Communications of India' in The Halliford Edition of The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, vol. 1, pp. clixf. All references to Peacock's works are to this ten volume edition and given as Halliford, volume, page.
2. D. Thomson, England in the Nineteenth Century, p. 33.
3. Ibid.
4. M.E. Grant Duff, Notes from a Diary, vol. 1, p. 41.
5. Melincourt, chapters twelve to fourteen.
6. Ibid, chapters twenty-one and twenty-two.
7. Crotchet Castle, chapter eighteen.
8. A suggestion of C. van Doren's in The Life of Thomas Love Peacock, pp. 54f.
9. F.L. Jones, The Letters of P.B. Shelley, vol. 1., p. 518.
10. C. van Doren, The Life of Thomas Love Peacock, p. 260.
11. Ibid, pp. 150-1.
12. Halliford, vol. VIII, p. 195.
13. Ibid, p. 251.
14. H. Cole, The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, vol. I, p. xlix.
15. Halliford, vol VI, p. 22.
16. Ibid, p. 175.
17. 'Time', a poem. Halliford, vol. VII, pp. 195f.

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18. Published in December 1815 and post-dated 1816.
19. Halliford, vol. I, p. 9 note.
20. Ibid.
21. By this I mean that he is based upon one or two ideas or opinions and not characterized realistically.
22. Halliford, vol. I, pp. 11-12.
23. Ibid, p. 15.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid, p. 17.
26. The Oxford English Dictionary gives 'situated above or at the top, upper' as rare, 1599.
27. Halliford, vol. I, p. 28. The book does exist. The full title is Almanach des Gourmands; servant de Guide dans les moyens de faire excellente chere, Paris 1803, (eight volumes) by H.B.L. Trimond de la Reynière and - Coste.
28. Halliford, vol. I, p. 47.
29. Ibid, p. 61, pp. 128-9.
30. Ibid, p. 62.
31. Ibid, p. 70.
32. A commonly used nickname. It means that 'those who at this time [c. 1814] were known as 'High Churchmen' were so in the sense that they were jealously concerned to

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preserve the property and privileges of the Church as a national institution. They were politically, rather than theologically, High Church.' A.R. Vidler, The Church in an Age of Revolution, p. 35.

33. Halliford, vol, I, p. 11.
34. Vide K.N. Cameron, The Young Shelley, pp. 253f.
35. Halliford, vol. I, pp. 17-18.
36. Ibid.
37. J.H. Newman wrote, 'the following Sunday July 14, Mr Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy'. I have ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1837.'  
J.H. Newman, Apologia pro Vita Sua, p. 43.
38. Halliford, vol, I, p. 20.
39. Ibid, p. 24.
40. Ibid, pp. 103-4. Ecclesiastes I, v. 14.
41. C. Dawson, His Fine Wit, a study of Thomas Love Peacock, p. 183.
42. Halliford, vol. I, p. 129.
43. Vide, for example, C. van Doren, The Life of Thomas Love Peacock, pp. 114f.
44. Halliford, vol. II, p. 83.

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45. Ibid, p. 84.
46. Ibid, p. 88.
47. Ibid, pp. 256-7.
48. Ibid, pp. 254-5.
49. Ibid, p. 259.
50. Ibid, vol. I, pp. 88-9.
51. Ibid, vol. II, p. 85.
52. Ibid, p. 258. *Italics in original.*
53. Ibid, pp. 89-90.
54. Ibid, pp. 91-2.
55. Vide supra, p. 221.
56. Halliford, vol. II, pp. 259-60.
57. Luke X, v. 34.
58. Halliford, vol. II, p. 191.
59. Ibid, p. 319.
60. Ibid.
61. The phrase comes from the opening of the General Confession to be said at the beginning of Morning and Evening Prayer. 'Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness.'
62. Halliford, vol. II, pp. 319-20.
63. Ibid, p. 321.

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64. Ibid, p. 320.
65. Ibid, p. 321. Italics in original.
66. Ibid, p. 327.
67. W. Cobbett, Legacy to Parsons, 1835, quoted in C.K. Francis Brown, A History of the English Clergy, 1800-1900, p. 18.
68. Halliford, vol, II, p. 10.
69. Ibid, pp. 374-5.
70. Ibid, p. 8.
71. Ibid, pp. 307-8.
72. Ibid, p. 308.
73. Ibid, p. 193.
74. Ibid, p. 452.
75. Ibid, p. 454.
76. There is no scriptural allusion. It merely means that he stops counting.
77. Halliford, vol. II, p. 174.
78. As here, Ibid, p. 452.
79. Ibid, p. 8.
80. Ibid, p. 358.
81. Ibid, p. 359.
82. Ibid, p. 372.

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83. Ibid, pp. 10-11. 'I will make no distinction between Trojan and Tyrian.' Aen. I 574. Translations of classical quotations are from D. Garnett The Complete Novels of Thomas Love Peacock. Two volumes. (Henceforward Garnett, volume, page) Garnett, vol, I, p. 106. If there is no such ascription the translation is from Peacock's own note in the Halliford text.
84. 'I do not wish to be made a Bishop.' Garnett, vol. I, p. 262.
85. Halliford, vol. II, p. 304.
86. Ibid, p. 375.
87. Ibid, p. 186.
88. Ibid, p. 382. Portpipe's copy of Homer has not been removed from the shelf for thirty years.
89. Vide supra, p. 235
90. Halliford, vol. III, p. 12.
91. Ibid.
92. Vide supra, p. 226.
93. J. Austen, Emma, p. 404, vide supra, pp. 179f.
94. Halliford, vol. III, p. 12.
95. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 101.
96. Halliford, vol. III, p. 40.
97. Ibid, p. 118.
98. Ibid. p. 117.

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99. Ibid, p. 136.
100. H. Cole, The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, vol, I, p. xli.
101. Halliford, vol, IV, pp 66-7.
102. Ibid, p. 11.
103. Ibid, p. 12.
104. Ibid, pp. 13-14.
105. Identified as Lord Brougham, who founded The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in 1825. Garnett, vol. II, p. 656.
106. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 15.
107. Ibid, p. 16.
108. Ibid, p. 18, p. 20, p. 21.
109. Ibid, p. 17, p. 20 and later pp. 51-3.
110. E.g. when Mr Escot helps himself 'to a slice of beef' praising as he does so the beneficial effect of 'a vegetable regimen'. Halliford, vol, I, p. 18.
111. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 20.
112. Ibid, p. 26.
113. Ibid, pp. 46-8.
114. Ibid, p. 48.
115. Ibid, pp. 51-2.
116. Ibid, pp. 76-7.
117. Ibid, p. 206.

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118. E.g. Ibid, pp. 195-6.
119. Ibid, p. 17.
120. Ibid.
121. Ibid, p. 197.
122. Ibid, p. 76. 'One who knows of naught but wine and women.' Frogs, 740, Garnett, vol II, p. 689.
123. Ibid, p. 24 and note. 'Hydaspes gurgled, dark with billowy wine.' Dionysiaca, XXV, 280.
124. Ibid, p. 114. 'A streamlet springing from the sacred fountain.' Ap. 112, Garnett, vol. II, p. 709.
125. Ibid, p. 202 and note. 'most pernicious example, by Hercules!' Petronius Arbiter.
126. Ibid, p. 203. It means, in fact, 'for our altars and hearths.' Garnett, vol. II, p. 755.
127. Ibid, p. 73.
128. Ibid, pp. 75-6.
129. Ibid, p. 49.
130. Ibid, p. 21.
131. Ibid, p. 187.
132. Ibid, p. 93.
133. Ibid, p. 101.
134. Ibid, p. 29. The Song of Solomon VII, v. 4.
135. Ibid, p. 114. Cf. Matthew XXI, vv. 17f.

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136. Ibid, p. 186.
137. 'Of the disputants whose opinions and public characters (for I never trespassed on private life) were shadowed in some of the persons of the story, almost all have passed from the diurnal scene.' March 1856. Ibid, vol. II, pp. 2-3.
138. Vide supra, note 100.
139. Mrs Opimian.
140. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 25.
141. Ibid, p. 99.
142. Ibid, pp. 191-2.
143. Ibid, p. 123.
144. J.B. Priestley, The Prince of Pleasure and His Regency, 1811-20, p. 291.
145. Halliford, vol. IV, pp. 105-6. A topical reference to the activities of Burke and Hare, the Edinburgh body-snatchers, and a reminder of the darker aspects of the age.
146. Ibid, p. 103.
147. Ibid, pp. 79-80.
148. Ibid, p. 203.
149. Vide supra, pp. 30f.
150. Halliford, vol. IV, pp. 66-7.

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151. Ibid, p. 17.
152. Ibid, p. 29.
153. Ibid, p. 31. Cf. Luke XV, vv. 11-32.
154. Ibid, p. 196.
155. Ibid, p. 31.
156. Ibid, p. 25.
157. Ibid, p. 112. 'Four beautiful cabined pinnaces ...  
on a fine July morning ... were towed merrily ...  
against the stream of the Thames.'
158. Ibid, p. 27.
159. Vide Chapter VIII 'Science and Charity'.
160. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 111.
161. Ibid, p. 90.
162. Vide Romans XIV- XV.
163. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 93.
164. Ibid, pp. 93-4.
165. Ibid, p. 94.
166. Ibid, p. 96.
167. J.B. Priestley, Thomas Love Peacock, p. 158.
168. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 195.
169. Vide Matthew XIX, v. 21.
170. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 86.
171. Ibid, p. 27.

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172. Ibid, p. 48.
173. Ibid, pp. 99-100, and p. 21.
174. Ibid, p. 117. (Scott published his novels anonymously. but there is little doubt here to whom Folliott is referring.)
175. Ibid, p. 117. 'Nothing, by no means, nowhere, no how.' Garnett, vol. II, p. 711.
176. Ibid.
177. Ibid, pp. 121-2.
178. Ibid, pp. 112-13 and note. 'Wherefore is Plato on Menander piled?', Hor. Sat. ii, 3, 11.
179. The mistake arises because 'Lady Clarinda had assured him that he [the captain] was an enthusiastic lover of Greek poetry.' Ibid, p. 40.
180. Ibid, p. 127.
181. Ibid, p. 18.
182. In A.E. Dyson, The Crazy Fabric, Essays in Irony, Chapter V, The Wand of Enchantment, pp. 57f.
183. Ibid, p. 64.
184. Ibid, p. 65.
185. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 23.and note. 'Literally, which is sufficient for the present purpose, "Water is death to the soul."' Orphica, Fr XIX.

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186. R. Ingpen, in Shelley In England, pp. 409-10, tells how Peacock recommended that Shelley, when he was ill on one occasion, should eat 'two mutton chops well peppered.'
187. Halliford, vol. IV, pp. 204-5.
188. Or rather, as they are referred to by Folliott, the set of reviewers in Mac Quedy's city. This is given as Edinburgh by Mac Quedy himself. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 19.
189. Ibid, pp. 52-3.
190. Ibid, p. 126.
191. Ibid; p. 20.
192. A.E. Dyson, in The Crazy Fabric, pp. 67-8, for example, says that 'Crotchet Castle is altogether the harshest and least pleasing of Peacock's novels, no doubt because here the threat to benevolent Toryism is most pressingly felt.' Howard Mills, in Peacock - His Circle and His Age, p. 213, thinks that Peacock 'has reached an impasse' and 'is bored with his subject-matter.' While Mario Praz, in The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction, holds even more extreme views. He sees the work as 'nerveless', and thinks that it presents us with 'a Peacock who has become at the same time both dense and dried-up.' (pp. 98-9.) Praz, however, has a particular stand from which he views fiction. It is revealed by his comment that 'the

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bourgeois quality of Peacock is well illustrated by his attitude towards the masses, as revealed in Crotchet Castle.<sup>193</sup> These opinions are by no means universally held. J.B. Priestley in his excellent and sensitive work on Peacock, Thomas Love Peacock, p. 73, finds it 'the richest and ripest of all his novels.'

193. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 13.
194. Ibid, p. 18.
195. Ibid, p. 199.
196. Ibid, p. 187.
197. 'Bentham is chiefly concerned with the greater happiness of the human community, with the common good or welfare in the sense of the common good of any given human political society. But in all cases the principle is the same, namely that the greatest happiness of the party in question is the only desirable end of human action.' F.J. Copleston, A History of Philosophy, vol. VIII, Part One, British Empiricism and the Idealist Movement in Great Britain, p. 26.
198. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 127.
199. Ibid, p. 29.
200. Ibid, p. 31.
201. Ibid, p. 111 et passim.

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202. Ibid, p. 98.
203. Ibid, p. 47.
204. Ibid, p. 96.
205. J.B. Priestley, Thomas Love Peacock, p. 158.
206. H. Mills, Peacock, His Circle and His Age, pp. 209-10.
207. Vide for example, H. Pearson, The Smith of Smiths (1948) and The Works of the Reverend Sydney Smith, New Edition, 1869.
208. Halliford, vol. IV, p. 13.
209. Ibid, vol. V, p. 1.
210. Ibid, p. 122.
211. Vide supra, p. 244.
212. Halliford, vol. V, pp 18-19.
213. Ibid. (From 'A Poet's Epitaph.' Wordsworth, Poetical Works, p. 380.)
214. Halliford, vol. V, p. 20.
215. Peacock's own interest in food is well known. For details of his published, and unpublished, writings on this subject see Halliford, vol. I, pp. clxxxv-vi and vol. IX, Appendix II for his unpublished manuscript work, The Science of Cookery.
216. Halliford, vol. V. p. 19.
217. Ibid, p. 20.
218. Ibid. pp. 19-20.

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219. Ibid, pp. 62-3.
220. Ibid, pp. 103-4. (The quotation is from A Midsummer Night's Dream, I, (i), 132.)
221. Hor. Epist. I, 18, 103. Garnett, vol. II, p. 834.
222. Halliford, vol. V, p. 108.
223. Ibid, pp. 376-7.
224. R.W. Campbell, A Prairie Parson, pp. 92f.
225. Hamlet, I, (i), 160.
226. Halliford, vol. V. pp. 229-30.
227. Ibid, pp. 118-19.
228. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 65.
229. Halliford, vol. V, p. 137.
230. Ibid, vol. IV, pp. 52-3.
231. Ibid, vol. V, p. 197.
232. Ibid, p. 106.
233. Ibid, p. 32.
234. Ibid, pp. 43-4.
235. Ibid, p. 11. The spread of Mormonism was alarming to many in the fifties. The scandal over the Mormon ruling in favour of polygamy, in 1852, did much to halt their missionary success in England. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol, I, pp. 436-9.
236. Halliford, vol. V, p. 80.
237. Ibid, p. 44.

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238. Ibid, p.65.
239. The revival of ritual was not a primary concern of the Tractarians. In 1840 the wearing of a surplice in a parish church could cause a riot. By 1860, the long battle over vestments and the adornment of altars had hardly begun, let alone been won. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, pp. 212f.
240. Halliford, vol. V, p. 78.
241. Ibid, pp. 79-80. Martin (Luther), Peter (the Pope) and Jack (Calvin) are the three brothers in Swift's A Tale of a Tub. Opimian's religious orthodoxy is thus shown to be in the reformed Catholic tradition and not, as some Anglicans would have it, in a more Calvinistic mould.
242. Halliford, vol. V, p. 86.
243. Ibid, pp. 93-4. (The poetry is from 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets' II, xxv. W. Wordsworth, Poetical Works, p. 342.)
244. Halliford, vol. V. pp. 49-50.
245. Ibid, p. 329.
246. Ibid.
247. Ibid, p. 330.
248. Vide notes 220 and 225.
249. Halliford, vol. V. p. 68.

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250. Ibid, pp. 230-40.
251. Ibid, p. 3.
252. Ibid, p. 242.
253. Ibid.
254. Ibid.
255. Ibid, p. 25.
256. Ibid, p. 125.
257. Quod solum formae decus est, cecidere capilli.  
Petronius, Sat, 109, 10.
258. ... laevior ... rotundo  
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda. Petronius, Ibid.  
'Smoother than the swollen mushroom which moisture  
breeds in garden soil.' Garnett, vol. II, p. 794.
259. Turpe pecus mutilum; turpe est sine gramine campus;  
Et sine fronde frutex; et sine crine caput. Ovid,  
Artis Amatoriae, iii, 249. 'A sad sight is a beast with-  
out horns, a field without grass, a leafless shrub, and  
a hairless head.' Garnett, vol. II, Ibid.
260. Apuleius, Metamorph, ii, 25.
261. The Shaven Woman. Garnett points out that 'it was her  
lover not her husband.' Garnett, vol. II, p. 795.
262. Sophocles, Electra V, 449.
263. Euripides, Orestes V, 128.
264. Homer, Iliad XI, 407 et passim. 'But why did my heart  
thus commune within me?' Garnett, vol. II, p. 796.

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265. Halliford, vol. V, pp. 34-7. Pliny, N.H., XVI, 235.  
Garnett, vol. II, *ibid*.
266. Hamlet II, ii
267. Chaucer, The Cook's Prologue, The Canterbury Tales,  
I, (A), 4348.
268. Halliford, vol. V, pp. 67-8.
269. *Ibid*, pp. 186-7.
270. A.E. Dyson, The Crazy Fabric, pp. 68-9.
271. Halliford, vol. V, p. 61.
272. For the full details of Peacock's work on the introduction  
of steam navigation in the East India Company see  
Halliford, vol. I, pp. clix-clxxii and C. van Doren,  
The Life of Thomas Love Peacock, pp. 214-221. There  
is also an article probably by Peacock on this subject  
in The Edinburgh Review, January 1835.
273. Halliford, vol. V, pp. 4-5.
274. *Ibid*, pp. 151-2.
275. Paraphrased by David Garnett in his introduction to  
Gryll Grange. Garnett vol. II, p. 769.
276. Halliford, vol. V, pp. 148-9.
277. *Ibid*, p. 135.
278. *Ibid*. pp. 181f.
279. *Ibid*, pp. 191-2.

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280. Ibid, p. 192.
281. 'The anger of the gods, though slow, is great.'  
Ibid, p. 195.
282. Ibid, p. 188.
283. Ibid, pp. 59-60.
284. Vide supra, p. 277.
285. Halliford, vol. V., pp. 236-7.
286. Ibid, p. 235.
287. Ibid, p. 91.
288. Ibid, p. 92.
289. C. van Doren, The Life of Thomas Love Peacock, p. 245.
290. P.B. Shelley in 'Letter to Maria Gisborne' writes of Peacock,  
  
... his fine wit,  
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it:  
A strain too learned for a shallow age,  
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page,  
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,  
Fold itself up for the serener clime  
Of years to come, and find its recompense  
In that just expectation.
291. H. Cole, The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, vol. I, p. xvii.

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1. Vide especially The Warden, chapter two. (Henceforward Warden. I follow the abbreviations for the titles of Trollope's novels given in J.W. Clark, The Language and Style of Anthony Trollope.)
2. For details of the scandal concerning the Master of St Cross Hospital, Winchester, vide R.B. Martin, Enter Rumour, p. 137f. The struggles of Mr Whiston at Rochester are examined by R. Arnold in The Whiston Matter. Similar ecclesiastical abuses are chronicled by G.F.A. Best, 'The Road to Hiram's Hospital'.
3. Quoted in A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 136.
4. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 371.
5. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 136.
6. D. Cecil, Early Victorian Novelists, p. 195.
7. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 34.
8. P.A. Welsby, 'Anthony Trollope and the Church of England', p. 219.
9. A. Pollard, Anthony Trollope, p. 49.
10. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 171, pp. 201-2.
11. In Barchester Towers. (Henceforward Towers)
12. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, pp. 545-53.
13. The Vicar of Bullhampton, p. 16f. cf T.L. Peacock, Crotchet Castle, Halliford IV, p. 103

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14. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 127.
15. The setting of Trollope's novels can often be roughly dated by the internal evidence of letters in the text. A letter of Slope's is dated, 'Sept. 185-'. Towers, p. 252. The Warden is thus set a little earlier.
16. A.J.C. Hare, Memorials of a Quiet Life, vol. I, p. 292.
17. Ibid, p. 294.
18. Ibid, p. 296.
19. Ibid, p. 297.
20. Ibid, p. 303.
21. O. Chadwick, Victorian Miniature.
22. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary.
23. Vide supra, p. 101.
24. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 154, p. 160.
25. In Framley Parsonage. (Henceforward Framley.)
26. For an assessment of his life and character, vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 501.
27. Ibid, p. 245.
28. Warden, pp. 111-12.
29. 'The novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics.' An Autobiography, p. 202.
30. S. Wilberforce, Addresses to the Candidates for Ordination, p. v.

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31. Quoted in F.K. Brown, Fathers of the Victorians, p. 35.
32. S. Wilberforce, Addresses to the Candidates for Ordination, p. 12.
33. Ibid, p. 7.
34. Ibid, p. 13.
35. Ibid, p. 29.
36. Ibid, p. 143f.
37. Ibid, p. 193f.
38. Ibid, p. 71.
39. Clergymen of the Church of England, reprinted in 1866, and with an introduction by R. apRoberts, 1974. (Henceforward Clergymen.)
40. H. Alford, 'Mr Anthony Trollope and the English Clergy'. For a discussion of this and other relevant articles, vide Ibid, p. 38f.
41. Clergymen, p. 45.
42. Ibid, p. 16.
43. Ibid, p. 27.
44. Ibid, p. 28.
45. This charge, slipped easily into the list, is obviously untrue, as the number of theological or classical works from episcopal pens readily proves. Whatever the post-Reformation Anglican church ignored, it did not neglect scholarship.

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46. Clergymen, p. 22.
47. Ibid, p. 24.
48. The Way We Live Now, vol. I, pp. 148-9.
49. Ibid, p. 149.
50. Ibid, vol. II, pp 45-6.
51. Carbury would have had the nouveau-riche Melmotte whipped. Ibid, p. 46.
52. Several decades later many writers - Bennett, Walpole, Conan Doyle, etc. - did just this, in a collection of essays entitled My Religion.
53. Clergymen, pp. 124-5.
54. The Bertrams, p. 15. 'The Remains' are Remains of the Late R.H. Froude, edited by J.B. Mozley with a preface by J.H. Newman. Froude's hostility to the Reformation and the accounts of his ascetic practices caused some readers alarm. (Vide F.L. Cross, Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church, p. 530.)
55. The Bertrams, p. 126.
56. Ibid, pp. 105-6.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid, p. 116.
59. Ibid, p. 174.
60. Ibid, p. 315.

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61. Clergymen, pp. 128-9.
62. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 79.
63. The Last Chronicle of Barset, p. 851. (Henceforward Chron.)
64. Ibid, p. 333.
65. An Autobiography, p. 202.
66. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 111.
67. Clergymen, p. 60.
68. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 67.
69. Towers, p. 51.
70. Ibid, p. 52.
71. V.H.H. Green, Religion at Oxford and Cambridge, p. 278,  
note 5.
72. Towers, pp. 52-3.
73. Halliford I, p. 11.
74. Towers, p. 359.
75. The Vicar of Bullhampton. (Henceforward Vicar.) For  
this, and the quotations that follow, see pp. 163-6.
76. Ibid, p. 296.
77. Ibid, p. 297.
78. Ibid, p. 402.
79. Framley, p. 11.
80. There is a letter dated Feb. 20, 185-. Ibid, p. 169.
81. Ibid, p. 24.

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82. Ibid, p. 14.
83. An Autobiography, p. 131.
84. Framley, p. 23.
85. Ibid, p. 26.
86. Ibid, p. 27.
87. Ibid, p. 186.
88. Ibid, pp. 263-4.
89. Ibid, p. 31.
90. Ibid, p. 37.
91. Ibid, p. 44.
92. Ibid, p. 55.
93. Ibid, p. 52.
94. Ibid, p. 53.
95. Ibid, pp. 79-80.
96. Ibid, p. 205.
97. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 69.
98. Framley, p. 208.
99. Ibid, pp. 206-7.
100. Parsons continued to hunt well into the present century. Mrs Stuart Menzies in her fascinating and at times hilarious work, Sportsmen Parsons in Peace and War, gives many examples of clergy whose ministry was unimpaired by hunting. For her, however, 'manly exercise' took

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on divine stature.

101. Framley, p. 186.
102. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 69.
103. Framley, pp. 186-7.
104. So suggests A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 31.  
For other examples, vide R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 100.
105. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, pp. 41-5.
106. Framley, p. 186.
107. Ibid, p. 46.
108. Ibid, p. 9.
109. Ibid, p. 556.
110. Ibid, p. 47.
111. 'I do not scruple to say that I prefer the society of distinguished people, and that even the distinction of wealth confers many advantages.' An Autobiography, p. 154.
112. Framley, p. 48.
113. Ibid, p. 24.
114. Ibid, p. 208.
115. Ibid.
116. Ibid, p. 209.
117. An Autobiography, p. 131.
118. J.H. Newman, Parochial and Plain Sermons, vol. VI, p. 325.

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119. Framley, p. 167.
120. Ibid, p. 209.
121. Ibid, pp. 186-7.
122. Ibid, pp. 120-1.
123. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 123.  
'Situation ethics', which followed in the wake of existentialism, suggest that moral problems must be evaluated within their individual context and not merely by reference to absolutes. Vide J. Fletcher, Situation Ethics.
124. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 123.
125. Ibid, p. 39.
126. Ibid, pp. 42-3.
127. Framley, p. 256.
128. Ibid, p. 210.
129. Ibid, p. 555.
130. J.H. Newman, Parochial and Plain Sermons, vol. VI, p. 325.
131. The Claverings, pp. 14-15. (Henceforward Claver.)
132. Ibid, p. 15.
133. Ibid, p. 16.
134. Ibid, p. 17.
135. Ibid, p. 18.
136. Ibid.

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137. Ibid.
138. Ibid, p. 14.
139. Ibid, p. 15.
140. Clergymen, p. 48.
141. Claver., p. 21.
142. Ibid, pp. 20-1.
143. The third tale in her Scenes of Clerical Life.
144. G. Eliot, Scenes of Clerical Life, pp. 324-5.
145. Claver., pp. 357-8.
146. Ibid, p. 350f.
147. Ibid, p. 509f.
148. Ibid, p. 511.
149. Ibid, p. 510.
150. R. Ingpen, Shelley in England, pp. 409-10.
151. An Autobiography, p. 116.
152. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 351.
153. Vicar, pp. 6-7.
154. Ibid, pp. 2-4.
155. Ibid, p. 115
156. Ibid, p. 2.
157. Ibid, p. 117.
158. Ibid, p. 122-3
159. Ibid.

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160. Ibid, p. 124.
161. Ibid, p. 181.
162. Ibid, p. 183.
163. Ibid.
164. Clergymen, p. 64.
165. Vicar, pp. 240-1.
166. Ibid, p. 242.
167. Ibid, p. 403.
168. Ibid, p. 403-4
169. Ibid, pp. 405-6.
170. Ibid, pp. 509-10.
171. Ibid, p. 520.
172. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 116.
173. An Autobiography, pp. 300-1.
174. Vicar, pp. v-vi.
175. Ibid, p. 191.
176. Ibid, p. vii.
177. A.O.J. Cockshut notes this also in Anthony Trollope, p. 116.
178. Vicar, p. 2.
179. Ibid, p. 38.
180. Ibid, p. 36.
181. Vide especially G. Eliot, Janet's Repentance, chapters thirteen and fourteen.

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182. Vicar, p. 368.
183. Ibid, p. 172.
184. Ibid, pp. 175-6.
185. Ibid, p. 177.
186. Ibid, p. 276.
187. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, pp. 121-2.
188. Dr Wortle's School, in Novels and Stories by Anthony Trollope, introduction by J. Hampden, p. 479. (Henceforward Wortle.)
189. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 394.
190. Quoted in A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 220.
191. Ibid. This view is questioned by J.C. Maxwell, 'Cockshut on Dr Wortle's School' p. 153f.
192. Wortle, p. xiii.
193. T. Hardy, Far from the Madding Crowd and The Return of the Native.
194. An Autobiography, p. 224.
195. Wortle, p. 480.
196. Ibid, p. 481.
197. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 168.
198. Wortle, p. 493.
199. Ibid, p. 531.
200. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 393.

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201. Wortle, p. 529.
202. Ibid, p. 532.
203. Ibid, p. 533.
204. Ibid, p. 563.
205. Ibid, p. 558.
206. Ibid, p. 561.
207. Ibid, p. 560.
208. J.C. Maxwell, 'Cockshut on Dr Wortle's School', p. 159.
209. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 438.
210. Rachel Ray, pp. 312-13. (Henceforward Ray.)
211. Ibid, p. 313.
212. Ibid, p. 314. Possibly Dr Harford refers to the Pluralities Act of 1838. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 136f.
213. Ray, p. 315.
214. Jews, after a bitter and often ridiculous struggle, finally in the House of Commons itself, were admitted to Parliament in 1858. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 484f.
215. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 32
216. Ray, pp. 315-16. My emphasis.
217. Clergymen, p. 60.
218. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 136.

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219. Towers, pp. 98-9.
220. Ibid, pp. 177-8.
221. Ibid, p. 179.
222. An Autobiography, p. 155.
223. Chron., p. 558.
224. Ibid, p. 560.
225. Ibid, pp. 476-7 and pp. 479-82.
226. Ibid, p. 562.
227. M. Praz, The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction, p. 291.
228. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p. 248f.
229. Chron., p. 663f.
230. Ibid, p. 667.
231. Clergymen, p. 60.
232. Ibid, p. 11, p. 14.
233. Towers, p. xi.
234. Vide O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vols I and II, and his bibliography for individual works by, or about, these men.
235. Wortle, pp. 540-1.
236. Warden, p. 41.
237. Ibid, p. 42.
238. Ibid, p. 131.
239. Towers, pp. 17-18.

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240. Ibid, p. 14.
241. Quoted in H. Pearson, The Smith of Smiths, p. 264.
242. E.g. Groschut, the bishop's chaplain in Is He Popenjoy?  
Vide infra, p. 420.
243. Towers, p. 16.
244. Ibid, p. 17f.
245. Ibid, p. 29.
246. Ibid, pp. 118-19.
247. Ibid, p. 190.
248. Chron., p. 119.
249. An Autobiography, p. 252.
250. Chron., p. 120.
251. Ibid, pp. 122-3.
252. Ibid, p. 481.
253. Ibid, pp. 483-4.
254. Ibid, p. 485.
255. Ibid, pp. 698-9.
256. Ibid, p. 697.
257. Ibid, pp. 706-7.
258. Ibid, pp. 707-8.
259. Ibid, p. 704.
260. Ibid, p. 705.
261. Is He Popenjoy?, vol. I, p. 94. Letter dated 'November,  
187-'. (Henceforward Popenjoy.)

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262. Clergymen, 'The Normal Dean of the Present Day', p. 34.
263. Ibid, p. 36.
264. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, pp. 367-8.
265. Ibid.
266. Ibid, p. 370.
267. Popenjoy, vol. I, p. 28.
268. Ibid, p. 34.
269. Ibid, p. 93.
270. Ibid, p. 94.
271. Ibid, pp. 94-6.
272. Vide supra, p. 101f.
273. Popenjoy, vol. II, p. 85.
274. Ibid, chapter forty-one, p. 84f.
275. Popenjoy, vol. I. p. 185.
276. Ibid, p. 24.
277. Popenjoy, vol. II, pp. 297-8.
278. M. Sadleir, Anthony Trollope, A Commentary, p. 395.
279. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, p. 154, finds this attitude of interest.
280. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 118.
281. Ray, p. 103.
282. Miss Mackenzie, p. 47. (Henceforward Mack.)
283. Towers, p. 21.

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284. Ibid, p. 201.
285. Ray, p. 104.
286. Popenjoy, vol. II, p. 165.
287. Mack, p. 45.
288. Towers, p. 18.
289. John Caldigate, p. 215, p. 494.
290. The 'hero' of Mrs F. Trollope's novel of that name.
291. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, pp. 451-2.
292. Popenjoy, vol. II, p. 237.
293. Mack, p. 355. The scandal concerning Bishop Colenso is ably delineated by A.O.J. Cockshut in Anglican Attitudes.
294. Ibid, p. 322.
295. Ibid, p. 319.
296. Ibid, pp. 44-5.
297. G. Eliot, Scenes of Clerical Life, pp. 275-6.
298. Ray, pp. 105-6.
299. Ibid, pp. 107-8.
300. Ibid, pp. 156-7.
301. C. Brontë, Jane Eyre, p. 426f.
302. Ray, pp. 157-8.
303. Ibid, p. 322.
304. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, pp. 233-43.
305. An Autobiography, p. 172.

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306. Towers, p. 200.
307. Mr Gibson, in He Knew He Was Right, is another clergyman, not an Evangelical, whose confusion in love makes him absurd and comical.
308. Towers, pp. 201-9.
309. Ibid, p. 202.
310. Ibid, p. 203.
311. Ibid, p. 204.
312. Ibid, pp. 207-8.
313. Ibid, pp. 206-7.
314. Ibid, pp. 316-17.
315. Ibid, p. 317.
316. Ibid, pp. 318-19.
317. Ibid, p. 319.
318. E.g. Ibid, chapter twenty-six.
319. Ibid, p. 33.
320. Mack, p. 33.
321. Ibid, p. 34.
322. Ibid, p. 177.
323. Ibid, p. 29.
324. Ibid, p. 44.
325. John Caldigate, p. 308.
326. Mack, p. 119.

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327. An Autobiography, p. 334.
328. Towers, p. 94.
329. Dr Thorne, p. 341. (Henceforward Thorne.)
330. Ibid, p. 340.
331. Towers, p. 139.
332. Ibid, p. 141.
333. Thorne, p. 340.
334. Towers, p. 94.
335. Clergymen, p. 78.
336. Ibid, p. 86.
337. Ibid, p. 91.
338. Towers, pp. 138-9.
339. Ibid, p. 139.
340. Ibid, p. 152.
341. Ibid, p. 230.
342. Ibid, pp. 232-4.
343. Ibid, p. 235.
344. Ibid, p. 299.
345. Ibid, pp. 305-6.
346. For the quotations that follow vide Thorne, pp. 340-1.
347. Vide G. Faber, Oxford Apostles, p. 38f.
348. Vide Charles Kingsley, His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his wife, vol. I, p. 47.

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349. Thorne, p. 342.
350. Ibid, p. 344.
351. Towers, p. 413.
352. Ibid.
353. Warden, with an 'afterword' by G. Tillotson, p. 203.
354. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 139.
355. Vide supra, note 2.
356. An Autobiography, p. 90.
357. Quoted in M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 157.
358. Warden, p. 188.
359. Ibid, p. 304.
360. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 36.
361. Quoted in M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 157.
362. Vide supra, p. 306f.
363. M. Sadleir, Trollope, A Commentary, p. 158.
364. An Autobiography, p. 86.
365. Vide J.H. Hagan, 'The Divided Mind of Anthony Trollope'.
366. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, pp. 41-2.
367. Ibid, p. 40.
368. Warden, p. 11.
369. Ibid, p. 40.
370. Ibid, p. 79.
371. Ibid, p. 188.

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372. Ibid, p. 149.
373. Vide H. James, Anthony Trollope in Partial Portraits.
374. Warden, p. 19.
375. Ibid, p. 17.
376. Ibid, pp. 17-18.
377. Ibid, pp. 221-2.
378. Ibid, pp. 37-8.
379. Ibid, p. 163.
380. Ibid.
381. Ibid, pp. 165-6.
382. Ibid, p. 169.
383. Ibid, p. 15.
384. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 37.
385. The phrase is actually from the bidding to the prayer of intercession in the Anglican Holy Communion Service.  
'Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth.' It refers to the spiritual warfare of the Church against the forces of evil.
386. Clergymen, pp. 42-53.
387. Warden, p. 23.
388. Ibid, pp. 22-3.
389. Ibid, p. 23, cf Luke VI v. 29 and Matthew XVIII v. 22.
390. An Autobiography, p. 85.

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391. Warden, p. 9.
392. Ibid, pp. 71-2.
393. Ibid, p. 62.
394. Ibid, p. 116.
395. Ibid, p. 54.
396. Ibid, p. 61.
397. Ibid, p. 91.
398. Ibid, p. 116.
399. Vide P. Harvey, The Oxford Companion to English Literature, p. 612.
400. Warden, pp. 19-20.
401. Ibid, p. 22.
402. Ibid, pp. 73-4.
403. Ibid, p. 292 et seq.
404. Trollope, in his novels, 'takes us into the centre of life'. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 54.
405. Warden, p. 9.
406. Ibid, p. 1.
407. Ibid, p. 2.
408. Ibid, pp. 33-4.
409. Ibid, p. 9.
410. Ibid, pp. 9-10.
411. Warden, with an 'afterword' by G. Tillotson, p. 208.

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412. J.H. Newman, Parochial and Plain Sermons, vol. VI, p. 313.
413. Ibid, p. 323.
414. Ibid, p. 324.
415. Warden, p. 7.
416. Ibid, p. 77.
417. Ibid, p. 183.
418. Ibid, pp. 258-9.
419. R. apRoberts, Trollope, Artist and Moralist, p. 37.
420. Ibid, pp. 37-38.
421. Ibid, p. 42.
422. Bishop Connop Thirlwell, 'On the Irony of Sophocles',  
quoted in Ibid, p. 38.
423. Warden, p. 309.
424. Towers, p. 83.
425. Ibid.
426. Ibid, p. 87.
427. Ibid.
428. Ibid, pp. 88-9.
429. Ibid, p. 409.
430. Ibid, pp. 210-13, pp. 220-1.
431. A.O.J. Cockshut, interestingly, notes the introduction  
of Harding into The Small House at Allington, chapter  
sixteen, and his effect, or lack of it, upon Crosbie,  
in Anthony Trollope, A Critical Study, pp. 152f.

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432. Chron., p. 422.
433. A.O.J. Cockshut, Anthony Trollope, A Critical Study, p. 153.
434. Towers, p. 212.
435. Chron., pp. 791f.
436. Ibid, p. 824.
437. Matthew X, v. 16.
438. Warden, pp. 292-3.
439. Towers, p. 3.
440. Ibid, p. 7.
441. Ibid, p. 27.
442. Ibid, p. 34.
443. Framley, p. 308.
444. Ibid, p. 330.
445. Ibid, p. 333.
446. Chron. pp. 35f.
447. Ibid, pp. 332-3.
448. Ibid, p. 594.
449. Vide supra, pp. 336f.   Crawley was also mentioned in  
Barchester Towers, vide supra, pp. 436f.
450. Chron., pp. 51-2.
451. Ibid, p. 411.
452. Ibid, p. 652.
453. Ibid, p. 27.

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454. Ibid, p. 87.
455. Ibid, pp. 89f.
456. Ibid, p. 88.
457. Ibid, p. 183.
458. Ibid, p. 184.
459. Ibid, p. 191.
460. Ibid, p. 196.
461. Vide supra, pp. 404f.
462. King Lear, IV, s.7, l.21.
463. Chron.pp. 638f.
464. Ibid, pp 641-2.
465. Ibid, p. 643.
466. Ibid, p. 644.
467. Ibid, p. 652.
468. Ibid, pp. 846-7.
469. Ibid, p. 840.
470. Ibid, p. 843.
471. Vide supra, pp. 515f.
472. The controversy between Dean Alford and Trollope led to Trollope's defence of his comment on curate's pay and stimulated a poor curate to prove Trollope's claims in print. Vide Clergymen, pp. 38-48.
473. This approach has, most recently, been re-vivified in the television series, 'All Gas and Gaiters'.

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1. The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton was published in January and February 1857, in Blackwood's Magazine. Mr Gilfil's Love Story followed from March to June and Janet's Repentance from July to November. The stories were published in two volumes by Blackwood in January 1858. All references to Scenes of Clerical Life (henceforward Scenes), Ed. D. Lodge.
2. G. Haight, George Eliot, A Biography is authoritative, B. Willey, 'George Eliot: Hennell, Strauss and Feuerbach', in Nineteenth-Century Studies, is lucid, penetrating and well-written.
3. B. Willey, Ibid, p. 215.
4. G. Haight, George Eliot (henceforward Life) pp. 79-80.
5. Ibid, p. 2.
6. G. Haight, (Ed.) The George Eliot Letters, vol. II, p. 502. (henceforward Letters)
7. Life, p. 8. Haight records that Maria Lewis had 'an ugly squint in one eye'. This perhaps inspired the aside in chapter two of The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton. 'Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again.'  
Scenes, p. 52.

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8. G. Haight attributes 'the vigorous prose of George Eliot' to her 'thorough familiarity with the King James version.' Life, p. 9. In The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton, however, her biblical allusions and vocabulary seem far from integrated with her literary style.
9. Mathilde Blind, George Eliot (1883), p. 16, quoted in Life, p. 10.
10. Letters, vol. I, p. 12.
11. J.W. Cross George Eliot's Life, p. 22.
12. Life, pp. 39-40.
13. Letters, vol. I, pp. 21-4.
14. Ibid, p. 70.
15. B. Willey, Nineteenth-Century Studies, p. 219.
16. Hennell, quoted in Ibid, p. 226.
17. Ibid, p. 247.
18. Letters, vol. III, p. 366.
19. Life, p. 63.
20. Letters, vol. II, p. 82.
21. Ibid, p. 299. Italics in original.
22. Ibid, vol. I, p. 23.
23. As You Like It, II, vii, 139.
24. Letters, vol. II, p. 269.
25. M. Praz, The Hero in Eclipse, p. 321.

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26. W. Allen, The English Novel, p. 82.
27. M. Praz, The Hero in Eclipse, p. 321.
28. Letters, vol, II, p. 349.
29. M. Praz, The Hero in Eclipse, p. 321.
30. Trollope, of course, found George Eliot's approach incomprehensible, vide supra p. 376
31. Letters, vol. II, p. 299.
32. Ibid, vol. I, p. 34.
33. Wordsworth, Poetical Works, p. 734.
34. Letters, vol. III, p. 111.
35. Wordsworth, The Prelude (1805-6 version), Book XII, ll. 282f.
36. Ibid, XII, ll. 181f.
37. Ibid, XII, ll. 166f.
38. Scenes, p. 81.
39. Does this priest owe something to the Reverend Robert Walker, about whom Wordsworth writes in Sonnet XVIII of his series The River Duddon and in his note?
40. Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, l. 95.  
Wordsworth, Works, p. 164.
41. Wordsworth, The Prelude, Book XII, ll. 368f.  
  
... and I remember well  
That in life's every-day appearances  
I seemed about this period to have sight  
Of a new world -

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42. Ibid, XII, ll. 373f.
43. 'Resolution and Independence', ll. 139f, Wordsworth, Works, p. 155.
44. Scenes, p. 81.
45. Wordsworth, The Prelude, Book XII, ll. 264f.
46. Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, ll. 81f. Wordsworth, Works, p. 164.
47. Scenes, p. 81.
48. Ibid, p. 61.
49. Ibid, p. 81.
50. T. Pinney (Ed.), Essays of George Eliot, pp. 318-19.
51. The actual dating of the story is difficult. In chapter six George Eliot refers to 'the immense sale of the Pickwick Papers recently completed' which would refer to 1837. In chapter one she refers to Shepperton Church as it was 'five-and-twenty years ago' which, since she was writing in 1856 would set the tale in 1831. Some of the events which provided the realistic details in the story occurred c. 1831-3. Barton is unpaid chaplain to the Workhouse, i.e. before the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. These dates, however, give very little time for the influence of Tractarianism (Scenes, p. 67) to reach a none too well educated country curate.

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- A. Tindal Hart, in The Country Priest in English History, suggests, for example, that the reforming zeal of the Oxford Movement 'began to permeate the countryside after 1845'. (p. 33). Obviously George Eliot has telescoped historical events to heighten the religious ambiguity of Barton. (Scenes, p. 67.)
52. Life, pp. 211f.
53. Scenes, p. 47.
54. Vide Parson Woodforde's Diaries, vol. I, p. 92 and O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, pp. 218-9.
55. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 132.
56. Scenes, p. 44.
57. T. Pinney (Ed.), Essays of George Eliot, p. 318.
58. D. Carroll (Ed.), George Eliot, The Critical Heritage, p. 68.
59. Ibid, p. 62.
60. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, chapter VI.
61. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, p. 522.
62. B.J. Armstrong, A Norfolk Diary, p. 70.
63. Scenes, p. 18.
64. Ibid, p. 67.
65. Ibid, p. 53.
66. Ibid, p. 67.
67. Ibid, p. 48.
68. Quoted by W. Addison, The English Country Parson, p. 114.

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69. Ibid, p. 121.
70. Ibid, p. 43.
71. Ibid, p. 48.
72. Ibid, p. 49.
73. Without extra pay, Ibid, p. 61.
74. Ibid, p. 50.
75. Ibid, p. 85.
76. This list of duties is realistic. Richard Seymour, curate-in-charge of Blunham, Bedfordshire in 1832 had very similar ones. 'His main activities consisted of two long Sunday sermons, a cottage lecture, a service in the poor house, teaching in the school and instructing confirmation candidates.' A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 161.
77. Scenes, p. 49.
78. A. Tindal Hart, The Country Priest in English History, p. 65.
79. Scenes, p. 121.
80. I well remember in the late sixties my own country Rector, then over seventy, preaching sermons written in the days when he was a naval chaplain. He hastily altered as he read, references like 'you who go down to the sea in ships' and 'you who face the turmoil of the deep' for the puzzled congregation.

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81. Scenes, p. 48. The most famous Evangelical Anglicans in Yorkshire had been William Grimshaw, Vicar of Haworth (1742-1763) and Henry Venn, Vicar of Huddersfield (1759-1771). An account of their ministries and manner of preaching can be found in J.C. Ryle, Five Christian Leaders.
82. This was in the best protestant tradition. Latimer's sermons, for example, were full of such references - see J.W. Blench, Preaching in England, pp. 142f.
83. Scenes, p. 63.
84. Ibid, p. 64.
85. Ibid, p. 63.
86. Ibid, p. 64.
87. Ibid.
88. Ibid, p. 48.
89. Ibid.
90. Ibid, p. 72. The Pulpit was no doubt a publication similar to the Penny Pulpit referred to by Augustus Jessop, in The Trials of a Country Parson, p.7. Its use brought a lazy Rector, who had borrowed a sermon from it, into disrepute. Such publications consisted of biblical exposition, sermon outlines or complete texts for the incompetent or uninspired.
91. Charles Simeon's Works in 21 volumes, 1832. The title

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page reads 'Horae Homileticae: or Discourses (Principally in the form of skeletons) now first digested into one continued series...'

92. P.H. Ditchfield, in The Old-Time Parson, chapter thirteen, relates some amusing anecdotes concerning the laity's ignorant admiration of learned sermons preached to them.
93. Scenes, p. 73. The rather laboured humour turns on obscure theological and classical terminology. Socinians questioned Christ's divinity; Arimaspians were a mythical race of one-eyed men.
94. Ibid, p. 59.
95. Ibid, p. 48.
96. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 168.
97. Scenes, pp. 92f.
98. Ibid, p. 74.
99. Ibid, p. 59.
100. Quoted in V.H.H. Green, Religion at Oxford and Cambridge, p. 230.
101. Alan M.G. Stephenson, "'G.O.E." in 1837'.
102. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 169. The first two examples have a legendary rather than an historical value, I suspect.
103. Scenes, p. 47.

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104. A. Tindal Hart, The Country Priest in English History, pp. 108-10.
105. Scenes, p. 44.
106. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 132.
107. Ibid, p. 134, p. 140.
108. Scenes, p. 22.
109. Ibid, pp. 83-4.
110. Ibid, p. 52.
111. Ibid, p. 57.
112. Ibid, p. 85. Queen Anne's Bounty had set up a relief office for curates made redundant by Scott's Non-Residence Act.
113. Ibid, p. 61.
114. Ibid, pp. 60f and pp. 80f.
115. T. Pinney, Essays of George Eliot, p. 324.
116. Scenes, p. 47.
117. Ibid, p. 74. Italics in original.
118. Ibid, p. 96. Italics in original.
119. Ibid, p. 60.
120. Ibid, p. 64.
121. Ibid, p. 85.
122. Ibid, p. 53. Italics in original.
123. Ibid, p. 85.
124. M. Praz, The Hero in Eclipse, p. 319.

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125. Scenes, p. 78.
126. Ibid, p. 56.
127. Ibid, pp. 71-3.
128. Hymn singing in modern times was associated, in the eighteenth century, with Congregationalists and Methodists and therefore frowned upon by the Anglican establishment. By the middle of the nineteenth century the practice was widespread, both Evangelicals and Tractarians encouraging it, in their different ways. Hymns Ancient and Modern was first published in 1861.
129. Scenes, p. 70.
130. Ibid, p. 65.
131. Ibid, p. 73.
132. Ibid, p. 79.
133. Ibid, p. 88.
134. Ibid, p. 89.
135. Ibid, p. 88.
136. Ibid, pp. 89-91.
137. Ibid, pp. 95-6.
138. Ibid, p. 91.
139. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 143.
140. O. Chadwick, Victorian Miniature, p. 23.
141. In The Christian Age, July 23, 1884.

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142. Scenes, p. 47.
143. Ibid, p. 60. Italics in original.
144. Ibid, p. 99.
145. Ibid.
146. Although David Cecil, in his Early Victorian Novelists, p. 228, finds Milly's death 'as cheaply sentimental as that of Little Nell.'
147. Scenes, p. 54.
148. Ibid, p. 53.
149. Ibid, p. 55.
150. Ibid.
151. Ibid, p. 56.
152. Vide Adam Bede, chapter XVII. 'It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise.' Milly's death is more reminiscent of Millais, Holman Hunt and their imitators.
153. Scenes, pp. 114-15.
154. D. Cecil, Early Victorian Novelists, p. 246.
155. A. Tindal Hart, The Curate's Lot, p. 145, notes a similar death from poverty and overwork of a curate's wife.
156. W. Allen, The English Novel, p. 227. He is talking, in fact, about the flood in The Mill on the Floss.

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157. Scenes, pp. 64f.
158. Ibid, p. 99.
159. Ibid, p. 58.
160. Ibid, pp. 64-5.
161. Ibid, p. 58.
162. Ibid, p. 53.
163. Ibid, p. 85. Italics in original.
164. Ibid, pp. 51-2, pp. 60-1, pp. 80-1, p. 85, p. 97 etc.
165. John Betjeman, 'The Persecuted Country Clergy' in Time and Tide, May 17, 1951, quoted in A. Tindal Hart, The Country Priest in English History, pp. 9f.
166. T. Pinney, Essays of George Eliot, p. 318.
167. Letters, vol. II, p. 376. Italics in original.
168. Ibid, p. 375.
169. Ibid, note 3.
170. From the anonymous manuscript Nuneaton Diary in Nuneaton Public Library, June 1829.
171. Ibid, December 1831.
172. O. Chadwick, Victorian Miniature, Chapter V et passim.
173. Vide H. Moule, Charles Simeon, pp. 37f.
174. Scenes, p. 30.
175. Ibid, p. 51.
176. W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, p. 127.

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177. Letters, vol. II, p. 378.
178. Ibid, p. 347-8. Italics in original.
179. Scenes, p. 391.
180. Ibid, p. 322.
181. Ibid, p. 324.
182. Ibid, p. 275.
183. Ibid, p. 276.
184. H. Stretton, Jessica's First Prayer, p. 34.
185. A story, by 'a riverside visitor', in The Sunday Magazine, (Ed.) W.G. Blaikie, 1872-3, p. 165.
186. Scenes, p. 271, p. 276.
187. T. Pinney, Essays of George Eliot, p. 318.
188. Scenes, p. 271.
189. Ibid, p. 306.
190. Ibid, p. 308.
191. O. Chadwick, Victorian Miniature, p. 37, p. 42, pp. 55-6, p. 84.
192. Scenes, p. 310.
193. Ibid, pp. 278-9.
194. Ibid, p. 329.
195. Ibid, p. 324. The correction, in square brackets, is from The Novels of George Eliot, New Edition 1906, vol. IV, p. 252.

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196. The Reverend Nahum, a story in The Christian Age,  
6 August, 1884, p. 88.
197. Scenes, p. 325.
198. Ibid.
199. Scenes, p. 326.
200. Scenes, p. 322.
201. Ibid, p. 321.
202. Ibid, p. 329.
203. Ibid, p. 321.
204. Ibid, p. 322.
205. Ibid, p. 277.
206. Ibid, p. 308.
207. Ibid, p. 376.
208. Ibid, p. 401.
209. F.R. Leavis, The Great Tradition, pp. 35-6.
210. Scenes, p. 322.
211. Ibid, p. 263.
212. Ibid, p. 322.
213. Ibid, p. 252.
214. Ibid, p. 322.
215. From a review in the Saturday Review, 29 May 1858, given  
in D. Carroll (Ed.) George Eliot, The Critical Heritage,  
pp. 69-70.

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216. E.S. Dallas, in 'The Times', 12 April 1859, noticed her 'secular rendering of the deepest sentiment of Christianity' given in *Ibid*, p. 78. This was in no sense a warning.
217. D. Carroll's summary of the review. *Ibid*, p. 36.
218. O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. I, pp. 65-9.
219. Scenes, p. 258.
220. *Ibid*, p. 308.
221. *Ibid*, p. 292.
222. *Ibid*, pp. 289-90.
223. *Ibid*, p. 258.
224. *Ibid*, p. 256.
225. *Ibid*, p. 258.
226. *Ibid*, pp. 254-5.
227. *Ibid*, p. 256. The 'we' includes 'the narrator' as a boy, a device George Eliot does not follow consistently in the story.
228. Quoted from Folio 14 by David Lodge, Scenes, p. 422.
229. Scenes, p. 258.
230. *Ibid*, p. 262.
231. *Ibid*, pp. 258-9.
232. *Ibid*, p. 263.
233. *Ibid*, p. 305.
234. *Ibid*, p. 308.
235. *Ibid*, p. 270.

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236. Ibid, p. 313.
237. Ibid, p. 268.
238. Ibid, p. 275.
239. Ibid, p. 320.
240. From a review in the Atlantic Monthly, May 1858, given in D. Carroll (Ed.), George Eliot, The Critical Heritage, p. 66.
241. A.L. Drummond, The Churches in English Fiction, p. 27.
242. Vide O. Chadwick, Victorian Miniature, esp. chapter X.
243. Ibid, p. 16.
244. Scenes, p. 379.
245. A.C. Benson, H.F.W. Tatham, Men of Might, pp. 188f.
246. Scenes, pp. 358-62.
247. From a review in the Saturday Review, 29 May 1858, given in D. Carroll (Ed.), George Eliot, The Critical Heritage, p. 69.
248. The death of Edward Sewell in Crooked by Helen Shipton is a late example, where a more Catholic spirit has infiltrated into the work. The death-bed scene itself, however, with its 'last words' and glimpses of heaven had not changed substantially since the late eighteenth-century hagiographical accounts of the deaths of famous Evangelicals. Vide C. Ryle, Five Christian Leaders, p. 59, pp. 82-3, p. 97. In this last example John Berridge

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upheld doctrinal orthodoxy literally with his last breath.

'What should I do now if I had no better foundation to rest upon than what Dr Prestly the Socinian points out?' he reputedly cried.

249. Scenes, p. 315.
250. Ibid, p. 274.
251. Ibid, p. 273.
252. Ibid, pp. 330f.
253. Ibid, p. 285.
254. Ibid, p. 288.
255. Ibid, p. 284.
256. Ibid, p. 335.
257. Ibid, p. 279.
258. Ibid, p. 276. The dragon was a biblical symbol of the devil (Revelation XII, vv. 7-9) and also occurs in Christian mythology. In Freud, of course, the serpent and the dragon take on more specifically sexual connotations.
259. Ibid, p. 327.
260. Ibid, p. 359.
261. Ibid, p. 331.
262. Ibid, p. 275.
263. Ibid, pp. 275-6.

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264. Ibid, p. 406.
265. Ibid, p. 27.
266. Ibid, p. 407.
267. Ibid, p. 408. Italics in original.
268. Ibid, p. 410.
269. Life, pp. 240-1. Italics in original.
270. Some aspects of contemporary influence have been examined by M. Partlett in 'The Influence of Contemporary Opinion on George Eliot', Studies in Philology, XXX, 1930.
271. T. Pinney, Essays of George Eliot, pp. 317-18.
272. Scenes, pp. 247f.
273. Ibid.
274. Ibid, p. 292.
275. Ibid, p. 249.
276. Ibid, p. 247.
277. Vide supra pp. 244f. and pp. 42f.
278. Scenes, p. 251.
279. Ibid, p. 287.
280. Ibid, p. 263.
281. Ibid, p. 282.
282. Ibid, p. 279.
283. Ibid, p. 281.
284. Ibid, pp. 314-15.

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285. Ibid, p. 294.
286. Nuneaton Diary, June 1829.
287. Ribbon-making was also found in Milby, vide Scenes, p. 279.
288. Nuneaton Diary, July 1829.
289. Ibid, 28 September 1829.
290. Ibid.
291. Ibid, 7 December 1833.
292. Ibid, 9 August 1832 et seq.
293. Vide H. Moule, Charles Simeon, chapter three
294. Scenes, p. 322.
295. Ibid, p. 262.
296. Ibid, p. 266.
297. Ibid, p. 268.
298. Ibid, pp. 268-9.
299. Ibid, pp. 270-1.
300. Such attitudes are seen most clearly in A. Trollope, Rachel Ray, Miss Mackenzie and He Knew He Was Right.
301. Scenes, pp. 275-6.
302. As, for example, Bullhampton had been in Trollope's The Vicar of Bullhampton. The Barchester novels, likewise, though provided with a fictional geography are not especially notable for their realistic reflection of contemporary society as a whole.

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303. Scenes, pp. 255-6.
304. Quoted in O. Chadwick, The Victorian Church, vol. II, p.156.
305. Scenes, p. 263.
306. Ibid, p. 319.
307. Ibid, p. 317.
308. Ibid, pp. 319-20.
309. Ibid, p. 320.
310. Ibid, pp. 320-1.
311. Ibid, p. 122.
312. Ibid, p. 127.
313. Ibid, pp. 119f.
314. Ibid, p. 127.
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338. Vide supra, p. 273. Halliford, vol V, pp. 18-20.
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346. Ibid, pp. 19-20.
347. F.R. Leavis, The Great Tradition, p. 88.
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371. Ibid, p. 157.

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381. Ibid, p. 357.
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388. W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, p. 151.
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390. Ibid, p. 466.
391. Vide supra, p. 61.
392. W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, p. 125.
393. Mill on the Floss, p. 468.
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396. W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, p. 75.
397. Mill on the Floss, p. 483.
398. Ibid, pp. 468-9.
399. Ibid, p. 483.
400. Ibid.
401. Ibid, p. 484.
402. Middlemarch, p. 93.
403. Ibid, p. 191.
404. Ibid, p. 96.
405. Ibid, pp. 94-6.
406. Ibid, p. 95.
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408. Ibid, p. 191.
409. Ibid, p. 209.
410. Ibid, p. 202.
411. Ibid, pp. 201-2.
412. Ibid, p. 202.
413. Ibid, p. 203.
414. Ibid, p. 207.
415. Ibid.
416. Ibid, pp. 207-8.
417. Ibid, p. 556.

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418. Ibid, p. 201.
419. Ibid, pp. 537-8.
420. Quoted in Life, pp. 465-6.
421. Middlemarch, p. 562.
422. Mark Pattison (1813-84) was educated at Oriel College, where he came under Newman's influence. He was at first a keen Tractarian and contributed translations to The Library of the Fathers. This early enthusiasm declined and even his Christian belief waned with the passing of the years and the disappointments of life. In 1861 he married Francis Strong, then twenty-one. His life was devoted to historical research and a biography of Isaac Casaubon was published in 1873. His Memoirs, published posthumously in 1885, were described by Gladstone as 'among the most tragic and the most memorable books of the nineteenth century.' (Quoted in John Sparrow, Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University, p. 23.) The relationship between Casaubon and Pattison is discussed by John Sparrow in chapter one of his book.
423. For this and other links between the lives of Mr and Mrs Pattison and the Reverend and Mrs Casaubon vide B. Askwith, Lady Dilke, chapter two, passim.
424. Vide Life, p. 432 and pp. 448f. Haight discusses the

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relationship between Pattison and Casaubon in Appendix II, pp. 563f.

425. Middlemarch, p. 38.

426. J. Sparrow, Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University, p. 11.

427. Middlemarch, p. 40.

428. Letters, vol. I, p. 165.

429. Middlemarch, p. 46.

430. Life, pp. 50-1.

431. Letters, vol. I, p. 206.

432. Vide T. Hart, The Country Priest, pp. 78f. and B. Colloms, Victorian Country Parsons, for individual portraits.

433. Middlemarch, p. 102.

434. Ibid, p. 247.

435. Ibid, p. 46.

436. Vide F.L. Cross, The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church, p. 1295 and Life, pp. 88-9.

437. Middlemarch, p. 254.

438. Vide F.L. Cross, The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church, p. 1379.

439. Middlemarch, p. 583.

440. Ibid, p. 594.

441. Ibid, p. 40.

442. This would appear to be George Eliot's view, as her words

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in Adam Bede suggest. 'It is better sometimes not to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their homes.' vol. I, p. 125.

443. Middlemarch, p. 55.
444. Ibid, p. 457.
445. Ibid, p. 461.
446. Ibid, p. 459.
447. Ibid, pp. 228-9.
448. A group of Samothracian fertility gods.
449. Middlemarch, pp. 229-30.
450. Ibid, p. 314.
451. Ibid, p. 47.
452. Ibid, p. 103.
453. Ibid, p. 42.
454. Ibid, p. 49.
455. Ibid, pp. 39-40.
456. Ibid, p. 48.
457. Ibid, pp. 66-7.
458. Ibid, pp. 98-9.
459. Ibid, p. 100.
460. Ibid, p. 224.
461. Ibid, p. 225.
462. Ibid, p. 226.

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463. Ibid, p. 235.
464. Ibid, pp. 230-5.
465. Ibid, p. 243.
466. Ibid, p. 306.
467. Ibid, p. 307.
468. Ibid, p. 311.
469. Carp was a former acquaintance of Casaubon's, turned adverse critic of his book, vide p. 314. Brasenose College, Oxford, was, presumably, Casaubon's old college.
470. Middlemarch, p. 412.
471. Ibid, pp. 110-11.
472. Ibid, p. 456.
473. Ibid, p. 412, p. 455.
474. Ibid, p. 465.
475. Ibid, p. 46.
476. Ibid, p. 40.
477. Ibid, p. 67.
478. Ibid, p. 30.
479. Ibid, p. 241.
480. Ibid, p. 518.
481. Adam Bede, vol. I, p. 1.
482. Ibid, p. 96.
483. Ibid, p. 94.
484. Ibid, p. 315.

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485. Vide P. Colson, Life of the Bishop of London, p. 18 for an account of Bishop Winnington-Ingram's father who filled his farm-workers' flagon of cider during hay making.
486. Adam Bede, vol. I, p. 99.
487. Ibid, p. 118.
488. Ibid, p. 121.
489. Ibid, pp. 315-16.
490. Ibid, pp. 116-17.
491. Ibid, p. 315.
492. Ibid, vol. II, p. 151.
493. Ibid, pp. 155-6.
494. Ibid, p. 174.
495. Ibid, p. 343.
496. Vide supra, p. 629.
497. Vide W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, pp. 69f.
498. Adam Bede, vol. I, p. 20.
499. Ibid, p. 95.
500. Ibid, p. 102.
501. Ibid, pp. 103-4.
502. Ibid, pp. 104-5.
503. Ibid, pp. 113-4. *Italics in original.*
504. Ibid, p. 167.
505. Ibid, vol. III, p. 150.

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506. John Skinner, Journal of a Somerset Rector, p. 40.
507. Ibid, p. 38.
508. Quoted in W. Addison, The English Country Parson, p. 114.
509. Adam Bede, vol. II, p. 10.
510. Ibid, p. 11.
511. Ibid, p. 14.
512. W.J. Harvey, The Art of George Eliot, p. 70.
513. Ibid.
514. Ibid, p. 69.
515. Vide supra, pp. 613f.
516. Adam Bede, vol. III, p. 78. Italics in original.
517. Ibid, vol. I, p. 318.
518. Ibid, p. 320.
519. Ibid, pp. 320-2.
520. Ibid, p. 322.
521. Ibid, p. 323.
522. Ibid, p. 324.
523. Ibid.
524. Ibid, vol. II, p. 10. Irwine's beneficial influence on Adam Bede himself, for example, is elsewhere made obvious, vide Ibid, vol. III, pp. 107-8.
525. Letters, vol. III, p. 442.
526. Ibid.

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1. Barbara Pym, A Glass of Blessings, pp. 26-7. Italics  
in original.
2. G. Eliot, Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 81.

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The place of publication, unless otherwise stated, is LONDON.

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