Chapter Five

Framley Parsonage

_Framley Parsonage_ is the fourth of Trollope’s six Barsetshire novels. It was written in 1861 and contains mixture of light heartedness and tragic suffering. _Framley Parsonage_ is the most characteristic Trollopian novel. Trollope indicates at the end of the eighth chapter of his _Autobiography_: I had it all in my mind, its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches. This was the fourth novel of which I had placed the scene in Barsetshire, and as I wrote it I made a map of the dear county. Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there.¹
Regarding the plot of *Framley Parsonage* Trollope says in *An Autobiography* that:

I had got into my head an idea of what I meant to write, — a morsel of the biography of an English clergyman who should not be a bad man, but one led into temptation by his own youth and by the unclerical accidents of the life of those around him. The love of his sister for the young lord was an adjunct necessary, because there must be love in a novel. And then by placing Framley parsonage near Barchester, I was able to fall back on my old friends Mrs Proudie and the Archdeacon. Out of these slight elements I fabricated a hodge-podge in which the real plot consisted at last simply of a girl refusing to marry the man she loved ... The story was thoroughly English. There was little fox-hunting, and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love-making.²

In *Framley Parsonage* the plot concerns Mark Robarts, a young and genial clergyman whose school and university friendship with Lord Lufton and his wife’s friendship with Lady Lufton, the young Lord’s mother, cause
him to be presented with the valuable living of Framley at the age when most clergymen were still curates. He foolishly signs two notes of guarantee for the unscrupulous MP Nate Sowerby for a considerable sum of money. Sowerby makes little or no attempt to pay this note, leaving Mark facing scandal and ruin.

Mark's sister Lucy comes to live at Framley parsonage and Lord Lufton soon falls in love with her, much to the displeasure of his mother. Lady Lufton has other plans for her son, specifically Griselda Grantly, daughter of the Archdeacon. Lord Lufton spurns such manipulations, and instead proposes to Lucy. Mindful of Lady Lufton's feelings, and knowing through common sense and her own keen intelligence that her displeasure is almost insurmountable, Lucy turns her suitor down, declaring that she cannot marry him unless Lady Lufton herself sanctions the union. It is only through Lucy's selfless and tender ministrations to Mrs Josiah Crawley, wife of the penurious 'perpetual curate of Hogglestock', that Lady Lufton begins to perceive through the thick veil of habitual snobbery that she wears the real merit of Lucy's character. It is she who asks Lucy to accept her son's offer. Mark Robarts, meanwhile, as a result of his foolishness, finds the bailiffs breathing down his neck, and it is left to Lord Lufton to step in and save his friend — and his future brother in law — from scandal and disgrace.
In *An Autobiography* Trollope calls the plot of *Framley Parsonage* a “hodge-podge”⁴. This is not strictly true. No doubt he had in mind the numerous story lines of this novel, the narrative fragments describing Mark Robarts’s matrimonial problems, Lady Lofton’s problems of conscience, Josiah Crowley’s problems of survival, Harold Smith’s political problems, Nathaniel Sowerby’s legal problems, and Martha Dunstable’s problems of fending off insincere suitors. A deal of plot yes but a hodgepodge, no; because unlike those of *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, story lines of *Framley Parsonage* are complementary. They merge naturally and easily.⁴

Simplicity and ease are the keys to Trollope’s style and he believes that his words must be pleasant and intelligible without trouble and so pellucid that meaning should not be rendered an effort to the reader. When Trollope turned to creative writing the habit of training in ease, fluency and simplicity were invaluable and his style continued to be direct, precise, and unadorned rather than expansive, convoluted, and figurative.⁵ As we see in *Framley Parsonage* Dr Thorne attempts to write Martha Dunstable a proposal of marriage.

He would use the simplest, plainest language, he said to himself over and over again; but it is not always
easy to use simple, plain language-by no means so easy as to mount on stilts, and to march along with sesquipedalian words, with pathos, spasms, and notes of interjection.  

Such a style as Trollope’s, without any showy or flashy qualities, is then not intensely personal. In general, Trollope submits himself to the scale of values which he finds current in his world, and his style is accommodatingly cool and deliberate.

An iconoclast like Thackeray views society subjectively through the filter of his own ironic personality, with the result that his style is warm and deeply personal. His purpose is to project himself by means of an interpretation of human action. To some extent, perhaps, all novelists do this, but it is a matter of degree. Trollope’s purpose is chiefly to transcribe his sense of world. This he does objectively and concretely. Trollope gives a lucid, impersonal account of his age.

One which is especially likely to strike the modern reader is a curious old-fashioned quality — one almost wants to call it a "quaintness" which arises from the many ponderous, generally abstract and Latinate words one finds incongruously sprinkled among the colloquialisms. In one typical stretch of narrative, in which the writing is on the whole quite relaxed, one
character has a "salary accruing to" him and sits down to a "matutinal" meal, and another, out of breath, waits until his "lungs ... become quiescent" and then speaks "not of falsehood prepense".  

There are innumerable other words and phrases in the pages of this particular novel which, though not so pedantic as are "matutinal" and "prepense," nevertheless clearly belong to formal rather than informal discourse. Following is an example of this which gives the following characteristic sentences their starched, stately, and, to us, old fashioned quality:  

…And Griselda kissed her with the utmost composure, and betook herself to her own bedroom.  

Before she retired to sleep she looked carefully to her different articles of dress, discovering what amount of damage the evening’s wear and tear might have inflicted.  

This in its own way is as typically Trollopian as the relaxed "there is no such thing within sight as an enclosure." When Trollope is at his most conversational he avoids formal words and phrases, but as a rule his writing is never entirely free of them, and his paragraphs of description, reflection, and moralizing are often made quite ponderous by his use of a terminology which would seem to be more suitable to the law than to light fiction.
Certainly he did not intend to seem old-fashioned, nor would he have
seemed so to his contemporaries. The touch of "quaintness" which his use
of formal words gives to his work is a patina which time has added, not a
quality which he intended his writing to have, and yet today it is a very real,
distinctive, and for most of us thoroughly appealing part of his style. ¹¹

Trollope's sentences, when they are not short, simple, and direct, are
normally assemblages of short and simple statements loosely hung
together, in characteristic Victorian manner, with colons, semicolons, and
dashes. Because of the informality with which they are constructed, even
the longest of them do not seem complicated as we read: ¹²

…Duke was a Whig, he was a bachelor, he was a gambler, he was immoral in every way, he was a man
of no church principle, a corrupter of youth, a sworn foe of young wives, a swallower up of small men’s
patrimonies; a man whom mothers feared for their sons, and sisters for their brothers; a man who with his
belonging, dwelt, and must dwell, poles asunder from Lady Lufton and her belongings! and it must be
remembered that all these evil things were fully believed by Mrs. Robarts. ¹³
In this regard, Trollope says that “the novelist must so train his ear that he shall be able to weigh the rhythm of every word as it falls from his pen and must test whether each sentence, when read, be or be not harmonious”\(^{14}\) As already mentioned Trollope would like to give the real picture of life in his novels and he lives with his characters. In *An Autobiography* Trollope says about his connection with the novels’ characters and the way of intimacy with them:

I have lived with my characters, and thence have come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass. That I shall feel it when I ought to feel it, I will by no means say. I do not know that I am at all wiser than Gil Blas' canon; but I do know that the power indicated is one without which the teller of tales cannot tell them to any good effect.\(^{15}\)
We know all characters in the book as well as if we had been introduced to them at Miss Dunstable’s grand party, had sat with then in Lady Lufton’s state drawing-room, or had driven over to Barchester in the little basket-phaeton, or to Hogglestock, or to Plumstead; as if in granite, the very weakest of his lines. There is not a character in this story about the tracing of which there is any blur or raggedness; all are clearly drawn, sharp cut; definitely cleared; and we have made so many more actual friends and acquaintances in every person of the tale. Perhaps this exceeding definiteness and sharpness of delineation is Mr. Trollope’s best quality as a mere workman. When a writer is able to make his characters live and breathe and move before us—when he lifts them out of mere names and endues them with personality—he has done the greatest thing that lies before him in that direction. 16

In *Framley Parsonage* Trollope would like to show his characters as real as possible and he mentions in *An Autobiography* that:

I have always desired to "hew out some lump of the earth," and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us,—with not more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness,—so that my readers might recognise human beings like to themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons. 17
In *Framley Personage* though, we are introduced to new and young clergymen as Mark Robarts and Lord Lufton the youngest son of Lady Lofton and also new women characters like Lucy Robarts the heroine and Lady Lufton. Trollope describes Mark Robarts the Vicar of Framley Church:

In person he was manly, tall, and fair haired, with a square forehead, denoting intelligence rather than thought, and clear white hands, filbert nails and a power of dressing himself in such a manner that no one should ever observe of him that his clothes were either good or bad, shabby or smart.  

Though in *Framley Parsonage* we are introduced to young clergymen and the central character is a clergyman, the novel is not about religion. The novel presents the church as a social institution and a career, and its clergymen, as characters, are shown in relation to various notions of the professional role even though they are rarely seen at work. Although Mark Robarts has a comfortable living of £900 a year, he also has as the narrator says “an ambition to rise higher”.  

In fact Trollope intends to picture the life of English middle class clergymen and the problems that they face in their social life. Mark Robarts
through his college friend Lord Lufton became acquainted with Nathaniel Sowerby of Chaldicotes, the old Duke of Omnium’s Mp from West Barsetshire who caused many financial problems for Mark.

Although an MP and possessed of a high position in society he was an inveterate spendthrift, a gambler and without conscience in using his friend for his own purposes. He had frittered away his fortune and had mortgaged his dearest possession, Chaldicoates, until it was lost to him. Trollope in *Framley Personage* describes Sowerby:

He was fifty, and lived, perhaps not the most salutary life; but he dressed young, and usually looked well, he was bald with a good forehead and sparkling moist eyes. He was a clever man and a pleasant companion and always good humoured when it so suited him. He was a gentleman, too, of high breeding and good birth, whose ancestors had been known in that county-longer, the farmers around would boast, than those of any other land-owner in it, unless it be the Thornes of Ullathorne, or perhaps the Greshams of Greshamsbury--much longer than the de Courcys at Courcy Castle.
Hugh Walpole also praises Trollope for such a nice character presentation of Sowerby and he states his opinion about the character of Sowerby:

He is the finest possible example of Trollope’s understanding of and feeling for scoundrels. Trollope has a true, almost Balzacian genius for all the shabby gentlemen. His letters to Mark Robarts are masterpieces, his little interview with Toms Tozer a gem, his final decline and ruin a proper and never cruel climax. 22

Mark is a good and respected pastor but if he has a fault it is that of ambition of higher ecclesiastical preferment which leads him to unwise socialising with influential politicians and to imminent ruin. As he was so inexperienced a young clergyman though he knew that Sowerby was a gambler and blackleg with whom Lord Lufton had unfortunate financial dealings, he accepted an invitation to Chaldicotes and to dinner at Gatherum castle, the old Duke’s seat. There he was deceived and induced to sign a note of £400 and later, when it became due, another for £500. Sowerby made no attempt to pay them and finally the notes were soon in hands of Jews. Trollope presents Sowerby engaged in entrapment “all was fair game that came in the way of his net” the narrator explains and the “fair game” is shown to include Mark Robarts who lacks the power of perception to be able to see Sowerby for what he is.
In chapter XII the narrator tries to tell us that Mark has believed he would not have to pay and he did sign the second bill because he thought he has become part of the class of people who are immune.

There was Mr. Sowerby himself; who ever saw a cloud on his brow? It made one almost in love with ruin to be in his company. And even now, already, Mark Robarts was thinking to himself quite comfortably about this bill;--how very pleasantly those bankers managed these things. Pay it! No; no one will be so unreasonable as to expect you to do that!

And then Mr Sowerby certainly was a pleasant fellow, and gave a man something in return for his money. 23

This is very real to us and very painful because we can see this kind of incident in real life and here Trollope leads the reader also to see how Mark is dealing with the devil and getting no worth for having gone badly into the debt.

In *Framley Parsonage* we read that after the death of Mark Robarts’s father, his young sister Lucy went to live at the Parsonage, where she was cordially welcomed by Lady Lufton until it became apparent that Lord Lufton was attracted to her. Trollope likes Lucy and he says in *An Autobiography* that:
Lucy Robarts is perhaps the most natural English girl that I have drew- the most natural at any rate of those who have been good girls, she is not as dear to me as hate wood ward in *The Three Clerk* ; but I think she is more like real human life.

And in chapter X, Trollope describes the character of Lucy; the novel’s heroine:

…what eyes she had… They flashed upon you, not always softly; indeed not often softly if you were a stranger to her; but whether softly or savagely, with brilliance that *dazzled* as you look at them...colour Lucy Robarts was thoroughly a brunette.

Sometimes the dark tint of her cheek was exquisitely rich and lovely, and the fingers of her eyes were long and soft, and her small teeth ,which one so seldom saw, were white as pearls, and her hair, though short, was beautifully soft--by no means black, but yet of so dark a shade of brown. Blanche, too, was noted for fine teeth. They were white and regular and lofty as a new row of houses in a French city. But then when she laughed she was all teeth; as she was all neck when she sat at the piano.
And Hugh Walpole even states his opinion about the character of Lucy:

She is the most adorable Cinderella in fiction since the first one. She is independent, brave, filled with wisdom but never a prig, energetic and ready for any crisis but modest withal and gentle without too much Victorian prudery. 26

Trollope believes a novel can hardly be made interesting or successful without love 27, Love, respect and romance-marriage can be one of the novel’s enduring themes. In *Framley Parsonage* chapter XVI the narrator informs the readers that Lord Lufton a close friend of Mark Robarts learned to like Lucy Robarts and then found her more attractive than Griselda Grantly; daughter of Archdeacon Grantly.

He had learned to like her and to think that she was very pretty. He had found out that it was very pleasant to talk to her; whereas, talking to Griselda Grantly, and, indeed, to some other young ladies of his acquaintance, was often hard work. The half-hours which he had spent with Lucy had always been satisfactory to him. He had found himself to be brighter with her than with other people, and more apt to discuss subjects worth discussing; and thus come about that he thoroughly liked Lucy Robarts. 28
Lady Lufton’s plan was that her son should marry Griselda Grantley but the young Lord refused. As Lucy respects Lady Lufton a lot when Lord Lufton proposed to Lucy, she would not accept him and declared that she would marry him only when Lady Lufton herself requested her.

I do love Lord Lufton. I had no such meaning or thought when I first knew him. But I do love him—I love him dearly;—almost as well as Fanny loves you, I suppose. You may tell him so if you think proper—nay, you must tell him so, or he will not understand me. But tell him this, as coming from me: that I will never marry him, unless his mother asks me. 29

Friendship and respect theme permeates Trollope’s analysis of love and marriage throughout his novels. Lucy did love Lord Lufton but she rejected him because of respect to Lady Lofton as she had another plan for his son’s marriage.

Trollope intends to show that the respect must flow both ways. So in chapter XLVI Lucy can be a good example of self respect:

Miss Robarts,” she said, ”my son has come home.

I don't know whether you are aware of it.” She spoke with a low, gentle voice, not quite like herself, but Lucy was much too confused to notice this.
"I was not aware of it," said Lucy. She had, however, been so informed in Fanny's letter, but all that had gone out of her head.

"Yes; he has come back. He has been in Norway, you know, fishing."

"Yes," said Lucy.

"I am sure you will remember all that took place when you came to me, not long ago, in my little room upstairs at Framley Court."

In answer to which, Lucy, quivering in every nerve, and wrongly thinking that she was visibly shaking in every limb…

“You, at any rate, will not be angry with me for loving my own son better than I love anyone else.”

"Oh, no," said Lucy.

Lucy had an idea, by instinct, however, rather than by sight, that Lady Lufton's eyes were full of tears as she spoke....

"And now I have come here, Lucy, to ask you to be his wife."
At this point, it is interesting and instructive also to compare the rejection of an English peer for psychological reasons; by a commoner as handled by Trollope and James. The situation in *Framley Parsonage* and *The Portrait of a Lady* are in many ways similar. Isabel Archer like Trollope’s heroine has no claim toward English aristocracy and yet both of them receive and reject the proposals made by English peers. Mary Robarts’s reasons are no less psychological than those of Isabel Arches; whereas James has spurned out a whole ponderous volume out of that situation, Trollope has taken the episode in his novelistic stride as it were, the result is that the reader of James’s novels has to wander through the dramatized lanes and by-lanes of the lady’s consciousness, thus halting the narrative flow for a considerable period. As Rene Wellek points out, the so-called stream of consciousness technique followed by James in *The Portrait of a Lady* is after all a dramatized revelation of a character’s mind rather than simple natural flow of feeling as popularly understood.31

Such dramatizations naturally act as speed breakers in the development of action. As compared to this, Trollope incorporates the rejection of Lord Lufton by Mary Robarts as one of the incidents in the plot structure. The psychological aspects of reasons and their impact on the interrelationship of characters are beautifully welded through
dialogue as seen in the quotation above. Nowhere does the flow of the narrative gets interrupted or the action impeded by the author interminable forays into the consciousness of the heroine. Consequently *Framley Parsonage* reads much better than *The Portraits of a Lady*.

In *Framley Parsonage* we are introduced to Mr Crawley as a clergyman like Mark Robarts. There is a contrast between Mr Crawley and Mark Robarts that has a thematic significance. Trollope tries to show the contrast between the person who has an easy going approach to his life and work and a person who takes the same work very seriously as Mr Crawley does:

…he almost thought it wrong to take a walk out of his own parish. ..There can be no doubt that Mr Crawley was a strict man,--a strict, stern, unpleasant man, and one who feared God and his own conscience.

…He was now some forty years of age, but of these he had not been in possession even of his present benefice for more than four or five.

The first ten years of his life as a clergyman had been passed in performing the duties and struggling through the life of a curate in a bleak, ugly, cold parish on the
northern coast of Cornwall. It had been a weary life and 
a fearful struggle, made up of duties ill requited and not 
always satisfactorily performed, of love and poverty, of 
increasing cares, of sickness, debt, and death. 32

Mark Robarts who wants to be a simple and honest clergyman goes 
behind his clerical works, but unfortunately is led into temptation by his  
own youth and the un-clerical accidents of life around him.

Mr Crawley is presented as a man who has become what he is not 
only as a result of his nature but his circumstances and history which have 
exacerbated his original moralising tendencies. Trollope understood both 
forms of people and in this novel he intends to show that all people, the 
flexible or inflexible are liable to suffering and both types in one way or 
other bring suffering upon themselves.

Trollope has no special theory of compulsion. He cares to paint the  
world as he sees it— weakness, virtues, shortcomings, villainies just as they  
flash across the mirror among the ordinary virtuous and failing, and 
contents himself with delineating the everyday men and women, who move  
about the world without special notice or éclat. This is very delightful and 
singularly refreshing. Trollope has not the qualities of some of our ablest  
writers. He has not intense humour nor the sweetness and pathetic
tenderness of Dickens; he does not have Thackeray’s inimitable irony; he has not Gorge Eliot’s breadth and boldness; nor Kingsley’s earnest genius; but he has his own special qualities of strength and soundness, which make him as charming a companion as any novelist extant.³³

As we know Trollope has his own particular way of dealing with the novel’s chapters and in Framley Parsonage there is a single striking exception, in the 'vertical' ending of chapter xliii, to Trollope's practice of closing on a neutral tone: it is announced in the last sentence that the bailiffs have taken possession of everything at the parsonage. What is particularly interesting is the evidence that the end of chapter xliii and the opening of chapter xlv were conceived as a whole. After the shock at the end of chapter xliii the new chapter begins with a flashback, showing how the rising tensions immediately before the catastrophe tried the young clergyman and his wife. ³⁴

"My lord, have you heard what has happened? said the gardener, coming to him at the gate. The man was out of breath and almost overwhelmed by the greatness of his own tidings.

"No; I have heard nothing. What is it?"

"The bailiffs have taken possession of everything at the parsonage." ³⁵
It has been already told how things went on between the Tozers, Mr Curling, and Mark Robarts during that month. Mr Forrest had drifted out of the business altogether, as also had Mr Sowerby, as far as any active participation in it went. Letters came frequently from Mr Curling to the parsonage, and at last came a message by special mission to say that the evil day was at hand.  

Trollope's work-schedule shows that there is no question of his having paused at the end of the earlier chapter without thought of what was to come. With the sudden news of the bailiffs' arrival, Trollope granted the reader the indulgence of excitement, but managed it so that the emotion was not associated with Mark Robarts but diverted on to Lord Lufton. He chose to discharge the reader's excitement before he presented Mark's ruin; he did not want his account of sordid and painful experience falsified by sensational treatment.  

In *Framley Parsonage* Trollope has a special and vertical chapter ending. For instance in chapter XXIII Dr Thorne's niece, Mary, has amazed him by suggesting that Dr Thorne might propose marriage to the wealthy Miss Dunstable, explaining with great feeling that she is prompted only by regard for his happiness, the chapter closes thus:
"Dear uncle; my own one darling uncle, I want you only to do that which will make you happy. What is Miss Dunstable to me compared to you?" And then she stooped down and kissed him. The doctor was apparently too much astounded by the intimation given him to make any further immediate reply. His niece, seeing this, left him that she might go and dress; and when they met again in the drawing-room Frank Gresham was with them. 38

That it was a part of his strategy to exert a constant ironic brake on emotion is established by the care Trollope took to preserve the relaxed and unemphatic ending of chapter xxxix. Trollope has given his readers, at the end of the chapter, Miss Dunstable's answer to Dr Thorne's proposal, masterly in its epitome of Miss Dunstable's honesty and that deliberate awkwardness which could seem to play down her warmth of heart. 39

DEAR DR THORNE,

I do and will trust you in everything; and it shall be as you would have it. Mary writes to you; but do not believe a word she says. I never will again, for she has behaved so bad in this matter.

Yours affectionately and very truly,

MARTHA DUNSTABLE. 40
In the margin he added a sentence whose irony asserts the primacy of the commonplace in human life: "And so I am going to marry the richest woman in England," said Dr Thorne to himself, as he sat down that day to his mutton-chop.\footnote{41}

Trollope had toyed with political material before. He had been interested to trace the points where the private life of the individual was touched and changed by the pressures of the great world in The Warden, Barchester Towers, and The Bertrams. In Framley Parsonage he developed these hints, character sketches, and isolated incidents to offer something much closer to a developed narrative. The political plot functions in the novel as the crowning demonstration of the vanity of ambition. By definition, parliamentary supremacy and even the great prize of ministerial power, offer no security of tenure.

And the nominal holders of power cannot carry out their designs expediency rules. Trollope uses this material, with its strongly ironic implications, to counterpoint the concern of his novel with more domestic manifestations of the desire for recognition. It also provides a source of action external to his characters. Possibly because the political satire was impersonal, it could lapse into repetition.\footnote{42} As Trollope shows from the opening paragraph of chapter xxxvii, 'Mr. Sowerby without Company'.

...Boeotian fatuity of the giants' the passage originally read: They had no doubt promised their aid and were ready to give it to measures that were decently prudent;-but not to a bill enabling Government at its will to pension aged bishops! No; there must be some limit to their tolerance, and when such attempts as these were made that limit had been clearly passed. Now, seeing that the gods themselves had pensioned a bishop or two during the last session by special act, thereby getting-as the giants alleged-some very choice patronage into their own hands, the brood of Tellus had thought themselves specially safe in proposing this measure, and their indignation had been genuine when they found that they were not to be allowed to have their way. So they retaliated, announcing that they would dissolve the house if they were not supported. All this had taken place openly.\(^{43}\)

The archdeacon's defeated ambition had been definitively treated much earlier, in chapter xxvi this further explanation of how his bishopric escaped him helped to link chapter xxxvii to what had gone before, but was by no means indispensable.\(^{44}\) But here it was more important to identify and emphasize Dr. Thorne's detachment. Trollope can be seen struggling to place a political passage correctly.
Henry Jame in his *Partial Portraits* mentions that:

Trollope did not write for posterity; he wrote for the day, the moment; but these are just the writers whom posterity is apt to put into its pocket. So much of the life of his time is reflected in his novels that we must believe a part of the record will be saved; and the best parts of them are so sound and true and genial, that readers with an eye to that sort of entertainment will always be sure, in a certain proportion, to turn to them.\(^{45}\)

But as a matter of fact we are sure that James’s opinion would not be certainly true as Trollope’s novels have been read from generation to generation and when the readers read his novels they could feel the story and characters as if they are so real to them. On the other hand Trollope mentions in his *An Autobiography* Nathaniel Hawthorne’s opinion about his work which could be a good response to Henry’s criticism of Trollope’s art:

> Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste,—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show off.
And these books are just as English as a beef-steak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that human nature would give them success anywhere."⁴⁶
Notes & References

2. Ibid.95-5
3. Ibid.95
5. Ibid.222
6. Anthony Trollope, *Framley Parsonage*, (Wordworth Classics, 1861) 362
7. *Anthony Trollope Aspects of His Life and Art*, 224-5
8. *Framley Parsonage*, 218-22
10. *Framley Parsonage*, 191
11. A kind of Felicity”: Some Notes About Trollope’s Style, 342
12. Ibid.343
13. *Framley Parsonage*, 39
15. Ibid.150

17. *An Autobiography*, 96

18. *Framely Parsonage*, 4


21. *Framley Parsonage*, 20


23. *Framely Parsonage*, 112

24. *An Autobiography*, 95

25. Ibid. 91

26. *Anthony Trollope: Criticism and Interpretation*, 57-8

27. *An Autobiography*, 144

28. *Framley Parsonage*, 148

29. Ibid. 294

31. Ibid.426

32. Ibid.132

33. *Trollope: The Critical Heritage*


35. *Framley Parsonage*.403

36. Ibid.403

37. Framley Parsonage: Trollope's First Serial, 165

38. *Framley Parsonage*,262

39. Framley Parsonage: Trollope's First Serial,162

40. *Framley Parsonage*, 365

41. Ibid, 365

42. Framley Parsonage: Trollope's First Serial, 162

43. Ibid, 340

44. Ibid.162

45. Henry James, *Partial Portraits*, (New York, 1894)132

46. *An Autobiography*.96