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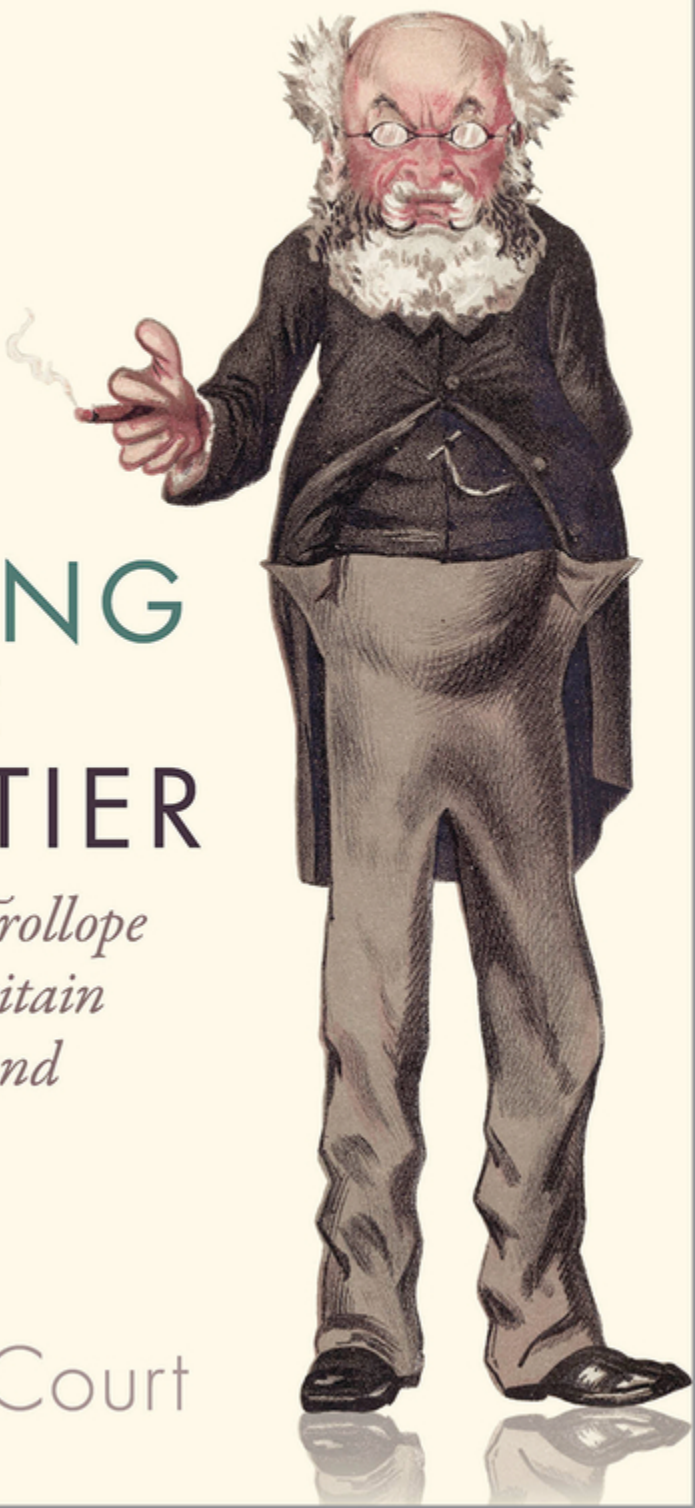

WRITING THE FRONTIER

Anthony Trollope between Britain and Ireland

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To Liam and Eoin

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Contents

Abbreviations for Trollope editions used in this text (these editions are not re-listed in the bibliography)

Trollope works

Auto	*An Autobiography,* 1883. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999.
Bertrams	*The Bertrams*, 1859. London: Chapman & Hall, 1859.
BJR	*The Struggles of Brown, Jones and Robinson*, 1862. London Penguin, 1993.
BT	*Barchester Towers*, 1857. London: Penguin, 1994.
Clarissa	'Clarissa', *Saint Pauls Magazine*, November 1868, 163–72.
CR	*Castle Richmond*, 1859. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989.
CSF	Julian Thompson, ed. *The Complete Shorter Fiction*. New York: Carroll & Graf Publishers, 1992.
CYFH	*Can You Forgive Her?*, 1864. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999.
Duke's Children	*The Duke's Children*, 1880. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011.
Eustace Diamonds	*The Eustace Diamonds*, 1873. London: Penguin, 1986.
Examiner	Helen Garlinghouse King, ed. 'Trollope's Letters to the *Examiner', The Princeton University Library Chronicle*, 26/2 (Winter 1965), 71–101.
EYE	*An Eye for An Eye*, 1879. London: The Folio Society, 1993.
Harry Heathcote	*Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*, 1874. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005.
Irish Church	'The Irish Church'. *Fortnightly Review*, 15 August 1865, reprinted in Michael Y. Mason, intro., *Anthony Trollope, Miscellaneous Essays and Reviews*. New York: Arno Press, 1981, 82–90.
Kellys	*The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, 1848. London: The Folio Society, 1992.
Last Chronicle	*The Last Chronicle of Barset*, 1867. London: Penguin, 2002.
Letters I	N. John Hall, ed. *The Letters of Anthony Trollope, 1871–1882*, vol. I. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1983.

Letters II	N. John Hall, ed. *The Letters of Anthony Trollope, 1871–1882*, vol. II. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1983.
LL	*The Landleaguers*, 1883. London: Trollope Society, 1995.
Macdermots	*The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, 1847. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989.
Miss Mack	*Miss Mackenzie*, 1865. London: Chapman & Hall, 1868.
NA	*North America*, 1862. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1862.
Palmerston	*Lord Palmerston*, 1882. London: Isbister, 1882.
PF	*Phineas Finn, The Irish Member*, 1869. London: Penguin, 1972.
PM	*The Prime Minister*, 1876. London: Penguin, 1994.
PR	*Phineas Redux*, 1873. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011.
Scarborough	*Mr. Scarborough's Family*, 1883. Hamburg: Karl Gradener & J. F. Ricter, 1883.
South Africa	*South Africa,* 1879. London: Chapman & Hall, 1879.
Thackeray	*Thackeray*, 1879. London: Macmillan, 1879.
Three Clerks.	*The Three Clerks*, 1858. New York: Dover, 1981.
Warden	*The Warden*, 1855. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009.
West Indies	*West Indies and the Spanish Main*, 1862. New York: Carroll and Graf Publishers, 1999.
WWLN	*The Way We Live Now*, 1875. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009.

(Other editions of Trollope's works are listed in the bibliography only if they or their introductions have been quoted.)

1

Introduction

Anthony Trollope between Britain and Ireland

I. BECOMING TROLLOPE IN IRELAND

> 'All Irishmen should respect this author [Trollope], who always showed the finer traits of the Irishman.'[1]

'It has often seemed to me', wrote Anthony Trollope in *Phineas Finn*, 'that men in Parliament know less about Ireland than they do of the interior of Africa' (*PF*, 549). He was echoing Sir Robert Peel, who had claimed that an 'honest Englishman' knew as much about Ireland as he did about the state of 'Kamchatka',[2] but also one of Peel's predecessors as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Henry Goulburn, who had compared the country to what he considered the dark and primitive continent of Africa.[3] But the English were not alone in fearing that the Irish were as unmanageable and ungovernable as they considered the Africans to be. William Carleton, in his Famine novel, *The Black Prophet*, described 'whole masses' of Irish driven by hunger and the 'insanity of desolation', and warned that there is 'no beast, however, in the deepest jungle of Africa itself, so wild, savage and ferocious, as a human mob, when left to its own blind and headlong impulses.'[4]

In his Irish novels, Anthony Trollope avoids such analogies, and stretches beyond preconceptions in the hope of communicating a better understanding of the country and its people. In so doing he treads a tricky

[1] Unsigned review entitled 'Mr Le Fanu's Irish Stories', *New York Times*, 24 December 1893. http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-free/pdf?res=9B07E5D9173EEF33A25757C2A9649D94629ED7CF.

[2] Peel is quoted in Brian Jenkins, *Irish Nationalism and the British State: From Repeal to Revolutionary Nationalism* (Montréal: McGill-Queen's Press, 2006), 20.

[3] Quoted in Jenkins, *Irish Nationalism*, 21.

[4] William Carleton, *The Black Prophet. A Tale of Irish Famine* (London: Simms and M'Intyre, 1847), 251.

course along the established borders between Ireland and England and between nineteenth-century Irish and English narrative forms. While Irish novelists struggled to represent an Irish reality dominated by fragmentation, disjunction, instability, poverty, land agitation, and Famine to a paltry native audience or to a largely disinterested English one, their English counterparts had an easier task, writing for a growing reading public within the structures and strictures of a well-established form, against the backdrop of a solid nation, a burgeoning class-based industrial economy, and a sense of progress and stability. In becoming a published writer with novels about Ireland, and after settling in the country where he would remain for the greater part of twenty years, Trollope made life harder for himself than it otherwise might have been. His first two Irish novels failed to find an adequate critical or popular audience, not because they were good or bad, but because they were Irish, because they were full of Irish ingredients that were of little interest to the middle-class English reader, who wished, above all else, to be entertained rather than challenged by unsettling images of the unruly, often dishevelled island that made up the smaller part of the United Kingdom.

Trollope's capacity to portray English Victorian life has been at the centre of critical appraisals of the writer. Up to the present day, most critics have concurred with Richard Holt Hutton's assertion that 'no historian' would attempt 'to delineate English society in the third quarter of the present century' without possessing 'a familiar knowledge' of Trollope's novels. Trollope's name would endure because of his capacity to 'picture the society of our day with a fidelity with which society has never been pictured before.'[5] And yet, it should not be forgotten that Trollope was a writer whose English roots were unusually loose. When faced with great financial difficulties at home, his mother, Rose, famously took up a successful new life in the United States, while his own decision to go to Ireland (like that of his older brother, Thomas, to move to Florence) was partly fuelled by frustration at his unpromising situation in London. Like his mother, Trollope was remarkably mobile; he had little difficulty making his home in Ireland and, later, in journeying, relentlessly, around the globe on Post Office business. Although critics, such as Simon Gikandi, have argued with effect that 'it is in the contrastive space afforded to it by its colonies that English identity consolidates itself',[6] this present work will argue that the contrastive space of Ireland, so familiar and yet so

[5] R. H. Hutton, *Spectator*, 55 (9 December 1882), 1574, quoted in Donald Smalley, ed., *Anthony Trollope: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1969), 508.

[6] Simon Gikandi, *Maps of Englishness: Writing Identity in the Culture of Colonialism* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1996), 46.

different to Trollope's England, is the key element for a new understanding of Trollope, man and writer.

In 1926, while acknowledging that Trollope was as 'English as John Bull', Stephen Gwynn stigmatized the common belief that his Irish output could be overlooked. Prefacing his remarks with the strident comment that 'an Englishman's observations about Ireland must be taken with such allowance as should be made for those of a German on Poland',[7] Gwynn stressed the importance of Trollope's Irish novels, and this present work will follow a similar path, arguing that Trollope's Irish writings are vital to any understanding of his overall output, and that Ireland, as Corbett put it, is the 'great lost domain of Trollope's mental landscape.'[8] It will show that Trollope's Irish works constitute both a vital and distinct group of works, add significantly to our overall vision of the writer, and represent a rich and underestimated contribution to the canon of the nineteenth-century Irish novel *tout court*, complicating the sometimes arbitrary divisions that are drawn between the English and the Irish traditions. Trollope felt that he was in a unique position as a cultural mediator between Ireland and England, with both the advantages of living for so long in Ireland and the moral obligations that this sojourn imposed upon him, to attempt to give narrative shape to the complexities of a country whose voice—feeble in mid-century—was none too willingly heard in Britain. Trollope's Irish novels need to be distinguished from those of other English writers who turned an occasional eye across the water to Ireland. As Dudley Edwards points out: 'Every one of them saw Ireland as outsiders. Trollope did not. His view of Ireland from first to last was that of a participant: Ireland made him.'[9]

Trollope found his English voice during his long encounter with the alternative world that was Ireland and did his utmost to impose English order on this Irish space, both in his Post Office duties and in his fiction. In choosing to live in an Ireland that was anything but a comfort zone, Trollope rapidly took on a role as a cultural mediator between the two worlds by sending home to London urgent but often unread dispatches—private and public letters, novels, short stories, reviews, and Post Office reports—reminding his readers across the water of the situation as he found it (and no one, certainly no Englishman, as he often reminded his readers, was better equipped to do so). But Ireland also gave him the frame

[7] Stephen Gwynn, 'Trollope and Ireland', *Contemporary Review*, 129 (Jan./June 1926), 72.

[8] Mary Jean Corbett, *Allegories of Union in Irish and English Writing* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 134.

[9] Owen Dudley Edwards, 'Anthony Trollope, Irish Writer', *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, 38/1 (June 1983), 1.

and the space within which he came to understand his Englishness for the first time. It was in Ireland that Trollope belatedly identified his talents for rationality, industry, and order, in contrast to what he saw as Irish passivity and emotivity. Thus, as Sadleir wrote, Trollope became 'an ambassador of England, living in disputatious amity with one of the most race-conscious nations in the world. And from this sense of being—however humbly—an envoy of his country, his literary ambition and his politics grew rapidly and side by side.'[10] But Trollope also became—and not so humbly because humility was not a quality that distinguished him, despite or perhaps because of his lingering social and intellectual insecurity—an envoy of his second country, Ireland, and lived in what was at times at equally disputatious amity with his English interlocuters when discussing the country and its needs.

Known today as one of the great Victorian novelists, noted for his pragmatic conservativism, it is easy to forget Trollope's shaky beginnings. Perhaps because he had grown up as an outsider at home, school, and in his early working career, Trollope contributed to the view that he and his writings were all-too-comfortably mainstream when, in his *Autobiography*, he approvingly quoted Nathaniel Hawthorne's view that his quintessentially English novels were written on the 'strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale . . . these books are just as English as a beef-steak' (*Auto*, 144). It was a description that stuck, and still today Trollope is generally seen as embodying Victorian England, and as being, as George Levine put it, 'a conventional artist . . . who unquestioningly accepted the conventions he inherited.'[11] Similarly, Catherine Hall has described him, rather patronisingly, as 'safe and English . . . riveted by the daily round of politics without being political, producing happy endings for his novels, believing in church, family and nation in ways which confirmed complacency rather than producing unsettled states of mind.'[12] I will argue that Trollope became the classic English Victorian writer by leaving England and by finding himself in Ireland, but I will also suggest that Ireland turned him, unexpectedly, into an Irish writer embroiled in all the great issues to affect the country during and after his long sojourn there. The attempt to reconcile these English and Irish versions of Trollope provides much of the creative energy behind his novels.

[10] Michael Sadleir, *Trollope: A Commentary* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1961), 140–1.

[11] George Levine, 'Can You Forgive Him? Trollope's *Can You Forgive Her?* and the Myth of Realism', *Victorian Studies*, 18 (1974), 5–30.

[12] Catherine Hall, *Civilising Subjects: Metropole and Colony in the English Imagination, 1830–1867* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002), 210–11.

Perhaps because of the overt moralizing aim of his fiction, there is a widespread but mistaken belief that Trollope ignored unexplored subject territories and 'acquiesced rather too easily in the conventions of mid-Victorian realism, and therefore in the social and moral assumptions those conventions express.'[13] He is criticised for having accepted what Henry James calls 'all the common restrictions, and found that even within the barriers there was plenty of material.'[14] Hillis Miller's words are indicative of how this general belief about Trollope has persisted:

> For the most part, the narrator of Trollope's novels and Trollope himself... cheerfully reaffirms the main values endorsed by high Victorian ideology. This includes the racist ideology of British imperialism. A good place to see the latter is Trollope's books on South Africa, the West Indies, North America, Australia, and New Zealand. If you want to know what Victorian ideology was, or at least one strong version of it, read Trollope.[15]

This view fails to credit Trollope for the often deeply embedded counter-narratives in his novels, for his deep ambivalence towards British colonialism, for his sympathy for those who get squeezed by or are at odds with the systems of power which he, at the same time, minutely describes and substantially endorses. This ambivalence and sympathy grows out of Trollope's initial position as an outsider who knew what it meant to live on the fringe of 'gentlemanly' society and only began to feel a sense of belonging and acceptance by belatedly establishing himself in Ireland. A growing number of critics have begun to take greater account of the attempts to interrogate rather than simply endorse the political and social status quo in Britain and also to explore the formal experimentation in which he engaged, with mixed success, throughout his career. John Hagan hits the mark when noting how Trollope's 'instinctive or emotional conservatism constantly clashes with what he felt was the more rational, utilitarian, and liberal bent of his temperament; and, these two opposing forces never being reconciled, there is often engendered in vital areas of his fiction uncertainty and ambiguity to a very high degree.'[16] This ambiguity plays an important role in keeping Trollope's fiction fresh today, in giving it an often-denied edge and in showing that it has an enduring power to

[13] Robin Gilmour, 'A Lesser Thackeray? Trollope and the Victorian Novel', in Tony Bareham, ed., *Anthony Trollope* (London: Vision Press, 1980), 182.

[14] Henry James, 'Anthony Trollope', in Donald Smalley, ed., *Trollope*: *The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1969), 540.

[15] J. Hillis Miller, *Boustrophedonic Reading. Cultural Memory in the Present* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999), 229–30.

[16] John Hagan, 'The Divided Mind of Anthony Trollope', *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, 13/1 (1959), 2.

ask questions of the society it portrays and for the most part endorses. Overton points to the 'dichotomy between the "official" face of Trollope, the civil servant and Establishment man, and the private, careful, intensive artist who shaped his fiction from 'unofficial standpoints.'[17] Glendinning concurs, when citing criticism of the character of La Signora Neroni in *Barchester Towers* ('a great blot on the work', according to Calvin, who read it for the first publisher), to point out that such 'strictures belie any conventional supposition that Anthony Trollope was always in tune with his times, or that he deliberately tailored his work to the acceptable standard. His off-key, or off-colour, sense of humour reflects how little opportunity he had had to become conditioned by the assumptions of the "polite" English world—which in artistic terms, was to his advantage and ours.'[18] More recently, Denenholz Morse, among others, has challenged the established views of Trollope as an un-conflicted imperialist and has done so in terms that also reveal his sometimes unconventional take on gender issues.[19]

It is chiefly in his Irish novels that the unconventional Trollope emerges, a conflicted and sometimes almost subversive figure, caught between his 'official' and 'unofficial' opinions as he vacillated between endorsing standard English views about Ireland and offering his own alternative, sometimes awkward, counter-readings. In the earlier Irish novels, the liberal (rather than the later, increasingly conservative) Trollope dominates and his pet characters, including Phineas, the Duke of Omnium, and Mr Monk, are all cast within this frame, all working for slow, patient change.

Trollope sets out his cautiously progressive liberal position in his *Autobiography*, hoping politics can bolster 'a tendency towards equality' and progress, seeing the Conservatives as a reactionary party while at the same time viewing the conservative brake as a means for steering and controlling change. As a 'Conservative-Liberal' (*Auto*, 293–4), Trollope's position was close to that of his fictional favourite, Plantagenet Palliser, who sees England's 'exquisite combination of conservatism and progress' as her 'present strength and best security for the future' (*CYFH?*, 267). Ireland is one of the areas in which Trollope worked for 'slow but definite change'. As a lifelong believer in the Union, which he held could work to

[17] Bill Overton, *The Unofficial Trollope* (Sussex/New York: Harvester Press/Barnes & Noble, 1982), xxi.

[18] Victoria Glendinning, *Trollope* (London: Hutchinson, 1992), 218.

[19] Deborah Denenholz Morse, '"Some Girls Who Come From the Tropics": Gender, Race, and Imperialism in Anthony Trollope's *He Knew He Was Right*', in Margaret Markwick, Deborah Denenholz Morse, and Regenia Gagnier, eds., *The Politics of Gender in Anthony Trollope's Novels* (London: Ashgate, 2009), 80.

the benefit of both partners, he felt that the country could and should be improved and that it was the duty of the English and the Irish together to make this happen. At the same time, in his Irish works, Trollope also attempts to see the world from the Irish point of view, to the chagrin, at times, of his fellow Englishmen. Dudley Edwards synthesizes Trollope's Irish-English intersections well, writing of how he

> went to the frontier, for in a linguistic, religious, political, social and economic sense Ireland was one. . . . learned his literary trade on the frontier. He discovered that frontier-made goods were not good selling material . . . He began to build his literary achievement in forms acceptable to England and apparently English. But the tools and perceptions were Irish in the initial instance, and much of the workmanship after his return to England was still based on the rough designs he had initially executed on Irish soil, with Irish themes, about Irish characters, and with Irish insights.[20]

By accident rather than design he became a border crosser, one who would have to accept that, following his initiation as a successful public servant and writer in Ireland, he would always be betwixt and between, caught by sometimes conflicting loyalties to both cultures. This would, initially at least, prove to be a creatively liberating situation for Trollope, even if he would gradually rein in his sympathy for the Irish point of view and retreat to a more defensive and exclusively mainstream, 'English' position.

II. LIFE IN IRELAND

On 15 September 1841, the twenty-six-year-old Anthony Trollope landed in Dublin and began his almost twenty-year career as a 'clerk to an Irish surveyor, in Connaught, with a salary of £100 a year' (*Auto*, 61). His choice to go to Ireland, whose postal system had been amalgamated with the English one in 1830, was unusual. None of his colleagues at the General Post Office at St-Martins-le-Grand would have willingly accepted such a posting and agreed to leave London, a city rapidly assuming the grandeur of an imperial metropolis. Few mourned his departure. He travelled armed with a poor reference from the secretary, Colonel Maberly, but on arrival he was relieved to be told he would be judged on his own merits. Finally he had the chance to put his life on a new, more positive footing. Sykes Davies, following Trollope's own retrospective mythologizing of his Irish life, describes the change:

[20] Edwards, 'Anthony Trollope, Irish Writer', 41–2.

> Ireland accomplished a transformation in him hardly less dramatic than that which characterizes the life-cycles of insects. Hitherto, his state had been dark and larval, or chrysalid at best, and his days had been spent in obscurity and lonely poverty. . . . The essence of the Irish magic was that for the first time he found himself among people who liked him, who did not regard him as a shameful and useless encumbrance.[21]

Trollope quickly became a figure of substance in Ireland, a valued public servant. He never failed to underline his contentment there: 'My life in England for twenty-six years from the time of my birth to the day on which I left it, had been wretched. I had been poor, friendless, and joyless' (*Auto*, 132). The optimism, the belief in the possibility of individual and collective improvement and progress that drove Britain onward and upward in the nineteenth century, had not, up to then, caught Trollope in its current. It would be in Ireland that Trollope would realize the Victorian dream of individual success by following the classic values of the time—self-reliance, personal responsibility, thrift, and, most of all, hard work—and in doing so he would gain a sense of his own personal worth. In Ireland, Trollope became the quintessential Victorian by belatedly adopting those sound principles so often urged upon young men and laid out by William Cobbett (1763–1835) in his *Advice to Young Men* (1829), a staple of middle-class reading in Britain:

> There must be something more than *genius*: there must be industry: there must be perseverance: there must be, before the eyes of the nation, proofs of extraordinary exertion . . . These are the things, and *not genius*, which have caused my labours to be so incessant and so successful: and, though I do not affect to believe, that *every young man*, who shall read this work, will become able to perform labours of equal magnitude and importance, I do pretend, that *every* young man, who will attend to my advice, will become able to perform a great deal more than men generally do perform, whatever may be his situation in life . . .[22]

In making him, Ireland proved herself in his eyes to be an integral part of his United Kingdom, a part that had plenty to offer and that deserved the larger island's respect and commitment. In Ireland, Trollope's life was transformed by his coming to understand the rectitude of perseverance and solid work habits. When, at the end of his career, Trollope wrote his

[21] Hugh Sykes Davies, *Trollope* (London: Longmans Green, 1960), 7–8.

[22] William Cobbett, *Cobbett's Advice to Young Men, and (Incidentally) to Young Women, in the Middle and Higher Ranks of Life. In a series of letters, addressed to a youth, a bachelor, a lover, a husband, a father, a citizen, or a subject* (London: Henry Frowde, 1906), Intro., para. 6.

affectionate biography of Lord Palmerston, he praised the statesman for his energy and steady commitment, noting that he was

> by no means a man of genius, possessed of not more than ordinary gifts of talent, with no startling oratory, and, above all, with no specially strong liberal opinions. . . . He was a man who from the first was determined to do the best he could with himself; and he did it with a healthy energy, never despairing, never expecting too much, never being in a hurry, but always ready to seize the good thing when it came (*Palmerston*, 9).

This description is also a self-portrait of Trollope at career's end looking back and concluding: 'Hard work was to him the first necessity of his existence' (*Palmerston*, 213). In Ireland, Trollope became a self-made man, gained a modicum of wealth and considerable respectability, and thus, for very personal reasons, he felt he owed a debt to his adopted country which would be repaid in his fiction. Thus he persisted in intermittingly setting novels in Ireland and in giving them Irish themes and characters, despite the protests of his publishers. Trollope later recalled in his biography that Henry Colburn had written after the publication of *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* to tell him that it was 'evident that readers do not like novels on Irish subjects as well as others' (*Auto*, 78). Trollope seems to have felt almost morally compelled to return to matters Irish, even when he knew it was financially foolhardy to do so (and he was rarely one to underestimate the importance of making money from his fiction, as his *Autobiography* damagingly revealed).

Prior to going to Ireland, his opinions of the country were superficial and stereotypical. He saw it as a place in which he could attempt to make a new start and which also happened to be 'a land flowing with fun and whisky, in which irregularity was the rule of life, and where broken heads were looked upon as honourable badges' (*Auto*, 62). Once he had established himself there, however, Ireland proved itself a pleasant place and his salary and expenses allowed him a much-improved tenor of life compared to that to which he was accustomed:

> The Irish people did not murder me, nor did they even break my head. I soon found them to be good-humoured, clever—the working classes very much more intelligent than those of England—oeconomical and hospitable. We hear much of their spendthrift nature; but extravagance is not the nature of an Irishman. He will count the shillings in a pound much more accurately than an Englishman, and will with much more certainty get twelve pennyworth from each. But they are perverse, irrational and but little bound by the love of truth. I lived for many years among them—not finally leaving the country until 1859, and I had the means of studying their character (*Auto*, 65).

Initially Trollope's annual salary was £100, but this was supplemented by travel expenses; these can be traced in his carefully annotated travel account books, which show a net income of £313 4s. 2d. for his first year in Ireland.[23] Trollope immersed himself in Irish life with enthusiasm and, although he continually gravitated back towards London, he was not the 'insular Englishman whose early sympathies and antipathies were unmodified by reason or by observation',[24] whom early critics describe. However, an Englishman he remained, carrying with him an innate sense of superiority, which he described in *South Africa*:

> Let an Englishman be where he may about the surface of the globe, he always thinks himself superior to other men around him. . . . He,—and the American who in this respect is the same as an English,—always consumes the wheat while others put up with the rye. . . . He expects to be 'boss' while others work under him (*South Africa*, 17).

This certainly was not intended as a self-portrait. However, in attempting to impose an 'English' system of management on the Irish postal system, Trollope was engaged in what was a colonial or imperial enterprise. The assumption that lies at the heart of most of Trollope's work in Ireland (and in his Irish writings) is one of a superiority built on the paternalistic belief that he, being sympathetic to the plight of the Irish, knew what was best for them. In *Castle Richmond*, he expresses the belief that the Irish were happy to be led by their 'betters' but, at the same time, questions what he considers their natural subservience: 'Pat is a happy man when he can address his landlord as "Sir Patrick"' (*CR*, 348). Like many of his compatriots, he was fully convinced that he knew better than those working under his charge, yet, it would be more appropriate to read his Irish work (both postal and literary) as an expression of his Unionist beliefs. In a letter to the Liverpool *Mercury* in 1874, Trollope shows that he was a reluctant colonialist, maintaining 'that Great Britain possesses enough of the world . . . and that new territorial possessions must be regarded rather as increased burdens than increased strength.'[25] Rather than look on Ireland as a colonial burden, he saw it instead as an integral part of the United Kingdom, believed the country (unlike the colonies) could be modernized and improved by being made more like England, and felt that this process would strengthen the Union and could only be of benefit to England's own security and wealth.

[23] The travel account books are kept in the Parrish Collection, Firestone Library, Princeton University.

[24] Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, *The Trollopes: The Chronicle of a Writing Family* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1945), 321.

[25] Patrick Brantlinger, *Rule of Darkness: British Literature and Imperialism, 1830–1914* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1988), 6.

Trollope's initial posting was in Banagher, an outpost on the river Shannon, some sixty miles from Dublin in the King's County (today County Offaly). With a population of 2,500, the contrast with London was total. Banagher was a trading town with a corn market, a distillery, a brewery, a malt house, and tan yards. It was linked by the Shannon with Limerick and by the Grand Canal with Athlone, Ballinasloe, and Dublin. In *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, Trollope would later describe a *Heart of Darkness*-like 'horrid voyage' for Martin Kelly from Portobello in Dublin to Ballinasloe, 'a twenty hours' sojourn in one of these floating prisons', to be followed by a further trip, 'by Bianconi's car, as far as Tuam, and when there he went at once to the hotel, to get a hack car to take him home to Dunmore' (*Kellys*, 77). This would have been very similar to his own odyssey down to Banagher, a town known for its eighteen-arch bridge, built by Roderick O'Connor, which united the province of Leinster with 'the ominous lands of Connaught'[26] (and which was being replaced during Trollope's time there). It was also home to an infantry barracks, Catholic and Protestant churches and schools, a dispensary, and a Reading Room.[27] Charlotte Brontë's husband, Arthur Bell Nicholls, had been brought up in Banagher at Cuba Court, home to the Royal School, which was run by his uncle, Dr Alan Bell (William Wilde figures among the school's most illustrious alumni). Arthur and Charlotte enjoyed part of their honeymoon there and he eventually moved back to Banagher following her death.

Trollope settled into this small world quickly and began to lead 'a very jolly life' (*Auto*, 65), getting involved in the local hunts (the Galway Blazers hunted nearby). This provided him with the chance to begin to enjoy what became a lifelong sporting passion, and a recurring if not always indispensable element in his fiction. It was also in Banagher that Trollope hired Barney MacIntyre as his groom. Barney would remain with him for the rest of his life and become his general factotum, being remembered chiefly for his waking the author at five every morning with coffee so that he could write before going to his 'real' job at the Post Office. Trollope was prone to admitting that he owed more to Barney than to anyone else for all the success he enjoyed.

Trollope took the postal service work very seriously and found his new role energizing, even if he was less than impressed by his new superior, James Drought, the Surveyor for the West of Ireland (one of just three surveyors for the entire country). Thomas, the author's brother, later attributed his success in Ireland to his being able to win Drought's

[26] James Pope-Hennessy, *Anthony Trollope* (London: Phoenix Press, 1971), 73.
[27] Samuel Lewis, *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* (London: Lewis and Co., 1837).

'good graces by virtue of simply having taken the whole work and affairs of the postal district on his shoulders.'[28] He would later use his name for the doughty old Tory, Sir Orlando Drought, in *Phineas Redux* and *The Prime Minister*. In the latter novel Drought makes a thorough nuisance of himself and helps to bring down the coalition government led by the Duke of Omnium, a liberal whose ideas closely correspond to Trollope's own.

Over the coming years, Trollope lived in more substantial cities and towns, such as Cork (September 1844–February 1845), Clonmel (1845–8), and Mallow, where he had a house for a time at 159 Bank Place and later on High Street from 1848 to 1853. His years working as an overseer in Mallow were good ones, in which he continued to hunt at the Duhallow Hunt Club (the oldest club in Ireland, having been founded in 1745). He also lived for long spells in the cities of Belfast and Dublin, where he set up a considerable home in Donnybrook at 5 Seaview Terrace from May 1855 until the end of the decade. He took holidays in fashionable coastal resorts, such as Killarney and Glengariff, and in smaller towns, such as Milltown Malbay. In *Castle Richmond*, in tones more befitting a guide book than a Famine novel, he warmly praised Cork and Kerry as 'the most interesting, and certainly the most beautiful part of Ireland', singling out 'Killarney, Glengarriffe, Bantry, and Inchigeela', and concluding warmly: 'I know not where is to be found a land more rich in all that constitutes the loveliness of scenery' (*CR*, 2).

Thus he gained intimate first-hand knowledge of both rural and urban Ireland and was not backward about letting his correspondents know his opinions on the various places he explored. Mostly they were positive, but he does seem to have taken a particular dislike to Belfast, where he lived for about a year when employed as Acting Surveyor and subsequently Surveyor for the Northern District of Ireland. In a letter to his close friend, John Lewis Merivale, he described it as 'a filthy, disagreeable, unwholesome, uninteresting town, with bad water and worse inhabitants and nothing on earth to recommend it unless a man knows how to make linen: I don't.'[29] It was in Belfast that he began to write his Barchester novels, and in doing so it was almost as if he was compensating for the inhospitable nature of what was Ireland's only industrial city by idealizing the rural English world of Barchester, which he created out of the West

[28] Thomas Adolphus Trollope, *What I Remember*, II (London: Richard Bentley, 1887), 328.

[29] This statement is taken from an unpublished letter, part of which was printed in 'Trollope letters fetch €48,000', *Irish Independent*, 23 November 2002: http://www.independent.ie/irish-news/trollope-letters-fetch-48000-26028358.html.

Country he had come to know during a short posting there. Fortunately, he looked more kindly on the rest of the country and was pleasantly amused, several years later in 1854, to note that his son Harry had picked up 'such a Cork brogue' (*Letters I*, 35).

Trollope lost little time in making friends and also became quite a 'catch' for young ladies, which was not surprising as unattached men, 'especially if they would dance, were gold dust in the country-house world of rural Ireland.'[30] For a couple of years, Trollope danced almost as much as he hunted, and in all probability enjoyed more than a few romances—his own personal experience would prove useful for many of his dashing young male characters, such as Phineas Finn or Frank Greystock, who have a knack for falling in love many times over and of being in love with different women simultaneously. Gradually he also came to know a range of illustrious figures, including his old acquaintance from earlier, unhappier times at Harrow, Sir William Gregory, who welcomed him to his home at Coole Park in County Galway, a place that was, as Escott colourfully described:

> a hotbed of social varieties, and in the heart of a district literally overflowing with the local colour, incidents, and personages . . . The earliest year of Trollope's Irish residence saw him an habitué of the place, and introduced him to the home life, not only of the local magnates, but of the surrounding peasantry, then generally in the clutches of the 'gombeen man,' sometimes a peasant himself, sometimes a shopkeeper or fifth-rate solicitor, who, at usurious rates of interest, used to advance the tenants money to make up their rent.[31]

Although two years Trollope's junior, Gregory was already an MP for Dublin and had been sponsored by Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, for early promotion (shades here of the rapid rise of Phineas Finn). He would make many useful introductions for Trollope, although history would remember him chiefly for the infamous 'Gregory clause', an amendment to the Irish Poor Law Act of 1847, which exempted from relief anybody who owned more than a quarter of an acre of land. This clause was responsible for endless hardship and thousands of evictions. But that was some years ahead, and in the meantime, Trollope enjoyed his visits to Coole and listened 'to the social and political gossip', hearing stories

[30] Glendinning, *Trollope*, 124–5.

[31] T. H. S. Escott, *Anthony Trollope. His Work, Associates and Literary Originals* (London: Bodley Head, 1913), 49–50.

> about the doings and the personalities of famous men and of people in public life long before he ever met such people himself. It was the best possible fodder for a novelist. He was also buying and keeping political pamphlets of all kinds. It was the politics and the sexual scandals of the 1840's, when he knew almost no one, which were to be the starting points for his fiction long after he left Ireland.[32]

At Coole he encountered the former British ambassador to Russia and future Postmaster General, the influential Galway landlord, Lord Clanricarde, a man he thought 'good-natured' and 'amenable' (he was the model for Lord Brittleback in *Framley Parsonage*). Clanricarde would later welcome Trollope to his home in Carlton Terrace in London (an address that would later be an important location in the Palliser novels). He also got to know Charles Lever (1806–72), who had recently given up his medical practice and was editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* as well as the successful author of *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1839) and *Charles O'Malley: the Irish Dragoon* (1841). Lever had mixed feelings about Trollope and his novels, telling John Blackwood later in a letter: 'I don't think Trollope *pleasant*, though he has a certain hard common-sense about him and coarse shrewdness that prevents him being dull or tiresome. His books are not of a high order, but still I am always surprised that he could write them. He is a good fellow, I believe, *au fond*, and has few jealousies and no rancours; and for a writer, is not that saying much?'[33] Trollope, on the other hand, published Lever's *Paul Gosslett's Confessions* in *Saint Pauls Magazine* and remembered him as 'an intimate friend . . . whom I very dearly loved . . . Of all the clever men I have known, his wit was the readiest. In conversation he was the quickest goer and the best stager I ever knew.' He keenly observed the evolution of Lever's career, noting: 'In literature it was peculiar to him to have altogether changed his manner and tone, from the time of *Harry Lorrequer* to that of *Tony Butler*, and to have been quite at home and quite successful in each. . . . His was a kind friendly nature, prone to cake and ale, and resolved to make the best of life when, as you no doubt know, things were often very sad with him.'[34]

Trollope's social rise in Ireland was also facilitated by his joining the Freemasons. The archives of the Grand Masonic Lodge in Dublin show that he was proposed for membership on 11 October 1841 by Brothers Bird and Harrington. 'Being an official and ordered on duty', he was

[32] Escott, *Trollope*, 152.

[33] Quoted in Edmund Downey, *Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters*, 2 vols (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1906), II, 227.

[34] Fitzpatrick quotes Trollope's letter of 24 March 1879 to him about Lever in William J. Fitzpatrick, *The Life of Charles Lever* (London, 1873), 269–70.

initiated in an emergency meeting of Lodge 306, held in Banagher on 8 November. In December of the same year he was raised to the degree of Master Mason. His final autograph signature in the attendance book is dated 5 August 1844, which suggests he was an active member for three full years. Later, in writing *The Small House at Allington*, Trollope would include material about the Freemasons' rituals that he must have gathered during this time.

More importantly, Ireland also provided Trollope with a wife—even if she was English. In 1842, he met Rose Heseltine at Kingstown and they married on 11 June 1844. Trollope recounted that when he brought his English Rose to Banagher, he was made to feel that he had 'behaved badly' towards Ireland by not finding an Irish bride (*Auto*, 72). Perhaps he had looked a little too keenly among the Irish before meeting Rose. An echo of this may be heard in *The Three Clerks*, where the story of Charley Tudor's 'squalid love' is said to be based on events in Trollope's own life. As the Stebbinses write: 'The young hero, Charley Tudor, was the boy Anthony supposed himself to have been, and much of the book was autobiographical, even to the entanglement and the fear of a breach of promise suit.'[35] Thus there is some reason to believe that Charley's 'barmaid houri, his Norah Geraghty, to whom he had sworn all manner of undying love, and for whom in some sort of fashion he really had an affection' (*Three Clerks*, 176) has roots in Trollope's own experiences. Charley is attracted by Norah but soon discovers that she is not 'as easy to lay down as to pick up' and realizes that he is at risk of being caught in marriage with her:

> He ought to have been happy enough, for he had his charmer in his arms; but he showed very little of the ecstatic joy of a favoured lover. There he sat with Norah in his arms, and as we have said, Norah was a handsome girl; but he would much sooner have been copying the Kennett and Avon canal lock entries in Mr. Snape's room at the Internal Navigation (*Three Clerks*, 206).

In any case, Norah sees that she is overreaching in hoping to marry Charley and instead weds Mr Peppermint, a safe catch, although a widower with three children. Charley's behaviour is a comic version of the tragic behaviour of Captain Ussher in *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* and Fred Neville in *An Eye for an Eye*.

Trollope was probably pleased to be transferred away from any recriminations to Clonmel in 1844. The Tipperary town was the birthplace, among other things, of Lady Blessington (1789–1849), who, according to Thackeray, was one of the 'untalented scribblers' belonging to the Silver Fork school of fiction, but also one of the most popular Irish novelists of

[35] Stebbins and Stebbins, *The Trollopes*, 150.

the 1830s, along with Mrs Hall and William Carleton. It was in this pretty town on the river Suir that he and Rose settled for three years from March 1844. Here Rose gave birth, in 1846, to their first child, Henry, who was christened in St Mary's Church by the Rev. J. B. Gordon and, the following year, to Frederick. With a population of 13,000, Clonmel offered the young couple much more than Banagher ever could, although Trollope, with mounting work and heavier domestic commitments, had less time to enjoy the town and the local countryside and to pursue his hunting. This was a pity, because the town was home to the Tipperary foxhounds and boasted a club for the 'Gentlemen of the County'. The river furnished it with a gateway to the sea and it was a busy and prosperous centre, located on the eastern side of the Golden Vale. The local aristocracy was made up of the de Burgo family, although the lordship had passed to the Fitzgeralds (the earls of Desmond). All of these names would echo in Trollope's fiction (particularly in the principal family names in *Castle Richmond*, but also in Burgo Fitzgerald in *Can You Forgive Her*?). Trollope also appropriated the name of Palliser's Castle, a nearby rock formation (he would also have been familiar with the Palliser family of Comeragh House, who owned over three and a half thousand acres of land in the county) for the central family in his parliamentary novels.

Mention is made of Tipperary in *The Eustace Diamonds* in one of those scenes in which Trollope has a cut at English prejudice towards all things Irish. In the novel, Lord Fawn suffers because 'unfortunately he . . . was an Irish landlord' (*Eustace Diamonds*, 114), an absentee who believes that Tipperary is 'not at all a desirable country to live in' (*Eustace Diamonds*, 109) and has never set foot in the country. From this English nobleman's point of view, nothing could have been worse than to have had to actually live on his Irish estate, a choice his sister suggests to him as a way to escape Lizzie Eustace's grasp. As one of Trollope's most negatively cast noblemen, Fawn's hostility towards Ireland is a black mark against him.

It was during his time in Clonmel that Trollope came to know the prominent Catholic businessman, Charles Bianconi. He was already well known for having established the first comprehensive transport system in Ireland, and served two terms as Mayor of Clonmel in 1845 and 1846 during Trollope's time there. Bianconi also enjoyed a close friendship with Daniel O'Connell (his daughter married a nephew of the Liberator). He had been banished to Ireland from Italy by his father following a scandal, and had worked his way to the top by dint of hard labour and sound business sense; a lesson, this, that was surely not lost on Trollope, who paid him fulsome tribute in his history of the Irish Post Office: 'Mr. Bianconi has done good service. By birth he is well known to be Italian; but he is now

naturalised, and England, as well as Ireland, should be ready to acknowledge his merits. It may perhaps be said that no living man has worked more than he has for the benefit of the sister kingdom'.[36] The most direct help that the industrious Italian gave Trollope was in assisting him in designing cost-effective postal travel routes. But perhaps Bianconi's coachguards were of even more assistance in providing Trollope with information about the country that would be just as useful for building the postal service as it would be for constructing his novels. One such guard was a certain M'Cluskie, who is remembered as a great storyteller in Bianconi's biography (which carries the name of Bianconi's daughter as author but was ghostwritten by Trollope's son): 'Most famous of all guards was M'Cluskie, whom I recognised in one of Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, and from him I got the following letter about the old guard'. In the cited letter, Trollope remembers M'Cluskie as the 'guard on the Dublin and Boyle coach. I did not know that he had ever been one of your father's folk. But he and I were great friends':

> 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,' he said to me once on the top of the coach, when I had been vindicating the character of donkeys. One day I was going down the streets of Lucan, and I was proselytizing him, telling him how wrong were the Papists and how right were the Protestants! We were then passing just between the church and the chapel. 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it all. While we raise on high the blessed emblem of our redemption, you believe in the cock.' There was an old-fashioned weathercock on the spire of the church.[37]

M'Cluskie's significance is also signalled by Trollope's borrowing of his surname for Lady Glencora in *Can You Forgive Her?*. He is just one example of the broad spectrum of Irish people that Trollope met during the course of his work which allowed him to become acquainted with the entire island, with

> the surface of the roads, not only where Dunmore was, but what it looked like, and what the hotel was like; not only the situation of Galway and Mayo, Roscommon and Leitrim, but the country on the borders of Galway and Mayo, and the borders of Roscommon and Leitrim, and the bit of Roscommon that runs between Galway and Mayo. Few Dubliners know as much.[38]

[36] Trollope is quoted in Mrs Morgan John O'Connell, *Charles Bianconi: A Biography* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1878), 73. After Bianconi's death, his daughter, Mrs O'Connell, consulted Trollope for advice before writing his biography: 'I turned to my good friend Mr. Anthony Trollope for council [sic], the only man equally versed in books and in coaches to whom I could appeal', 45.

[37] O'Connell, *Bianconi*, 138.

[38] Christine Longford, 'Trollope in Ireland', *The Bell*, 5/3 (December 1942), 185.

He boasted of having visited every parish and was capable of Ordnance Survey-style descriptions of the most remote places in the country. The detailed *incipit* of *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* is evidence of this, and seems more the work of a precise topographer—with all the controlling tendencies of that profession—than a budding novelist:

> In the autumn, 184–, business took me into the West of Ireland, and, amongst other places, to the quiet little village of Drumsna, which is in the province of Connaught, County of Leitrim, about 72 miles W.N.W. of Dublin, on the Mail Coach Road to Sligo (*Macdermots*, 1).

Trollope was instrumental in improving the Irish postal service, and in lowering costs to a level below that in England and Scotland, often going beyond the call of duty to identify those who, in his view, were not pulling their weight. In Tralee, by using a marked sovereign, he caught out an assistant postmistress called Mary O'Reilly, whom he suspected of stealing from the mails. Her trial at the Kerry summer assizes in 1849 became the occasion for Trollope to be cross-examined by the prominent young lawyer and future founder of the Home Rule League, Isaac Butt, who went so far as to quote from the court scenes in *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. Although Trollope proved to be the match of his questioner, Miss O'Reilly got off.[39] Her relief was brief, however, as he soon found a way to dismiss her.

Normally, the issues at stake were run of the mill as Trollope attempted to cajole underpaid and overstretched staff and placate customers unhappy at the services provided. The following letter, sent to Trollope in 1857 by May Hill, Postmistress of Dromara, describes well a postmistress's lot and is probably typical of the kind of disgruntled correspondence to which he replied on a regular basis. She complains that her salary is too low:

> The sum allowed—£6 a year, with £4 to a letter carrier for the village—is too small a remuneration for the duties I have to perform. The duties are these: When the mail arrives from Dromore I rise every morning at the unseasonable hour of four o'clock and prepare and send off the bags for Ballinahinch, Saintfield and Comber. At half-past seven I despatch the mail bags to Kinallen and Ballykeel by the foot messenger, and at half-past eight o'clock send the messenger round the village with the letters. During the day I attend the office for the delivery of the country letters and try to get them sent safely to those addressed, which is attended with very considerable trouble, indeed. In the evening the walking postman arrives with the letters from Ballykeel, when I assort them and the letters posted here during the day until the arrival of the mail car at nine o'clock p.m., when I despatch them to Dromore.

[39] Justin Huntly McCarthy, *Reminiscences* (New York: Harper, 1899), 369–72.

> These are the duties I perform for £6 annually; and as the number of letters has increased greatly during the last few years (which you will see by kindly looking into your books), the trouble has increased in proportion and I hope, therefore, you will not consider me too presuming in asking for an increase of salary. Praying you to take this matter into your favourable consideration, I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant, May Hill, Postmistress.[40]

As the postal service was partly still being constructed during Trollope's years in Ireland, he dealt with numerous requests for new Post Offices, always displaying sound business sense and refusing to give concessions, regardless of who was seeking them. Another of his tasks was to deal with a steady stream of complaints:

> On one visit he drove up in his jaunting car through a snow-storm to a squire's house in Country Cavan. The man had written several irate letters complaining of bad postal service. When the postal official appeared the Irishman turned on all his charm and sent his butler for brandy and hot water. Then he insisted that his guest must dine and spend the night. It was only after breakfast the next morning that the squire agreed to discuss business and admitted that he had no real complaint. He amused himself in his lonely abode by writing outraged letters to various government departments.[41]

Slowly but surely, by dint of hard graft, and despite having little support from his superiors in Dublin or London, Trollope established himself as the Post Office's key man in Ireland, firstly, from October 1854, as Surveyor for the Northern District, and later as Surveyor to the General Post Office in Dublin. His initial salary of £100 was substantially supplemented by travel allowances, which he noted with great care in his account books, and rose rapidly to the more princely sum of £700 in 1854. This was a considerable figure, put in perspective, on the one hand, by May Hill's '£6 a year', and on the other, by the £1,200 annual salary Charles Lever received for editing the *Dublin University Magazine* in the early 1840s. Trollope's name was regularly in the newspapers, usually when he advertised for applications for mail conveyances in various districts of the country. The notices were written with a linguistic economy not always to be found in his fiction:

> TENDERS FOR CONVEYANCE OF THE MAILS to and from CAVAN and AVRA through Crossdoney and Ballinagh, in a suitable two wheeled

[40] This letter was sent to Trollope in 1857 and published in the *Irish Times* on 15 July 1932, 4.

[41] Richard Mullen, *Anthony Trollope: A Victorian in his World* (Savannah: Frederic D. Beil, 1990), 121.

> CAR, drawn by one horse, will be received by me at the Post Office, Dublin at or before Twelve o'clock, on the 1st day of JUNE, 1857, with a Certificate of competency to perform the service from two respectable persons. A. Trollope, General Post Office.[42]

As a highly effective Post Office chief in Ireland, Trollope was not afraid to exercise his authority in gruff, peremptory tones. As Pope-Hennessy describes it, his 'manner to his underlings was aggressive and offhand, nor can the western Irish, famous then as now for their kindness and enduring charm, have relished what Trollope's friends used to call his "abrupt bow-wow way" of addressing them.'[43] James Russell Lowell reported meeting Trollope years later in Boston and described him as 'a big, redfaced, rather underbred Englishman of the bald-with-spectacles type. A good roaring positive fellow who deafened me . . . till I thought of Dante's Cerberus.'[44] Coral Lansbury puts it even less diplomatically, describing Trollope terrorizing those working under his charge, a man suffering from intermittent depression and indulging in 'glowering rages that tested the few friends he owned'.[45]

At times, he believed that this was the best way to address the Irish, whom he felt were 'naturally courteous as well as obedient. Let a well-dressed stranger desire of an Irish peasant the performance of some small behest, and the man immediately sets about the task, without asking or even thinking by what right he is so commanded' (*Examiner*, 98). To some extent, the well-dressed stranger that was Trollope corresponded to Charles Lever's description in *Sir Brook Fossbrooke* of rude English officials in Ireland:

> English officials have a manner specially assumed for Ireland and the Irish—a thing like the fur cloak a man wears in Russia, or the snowshoes he puts on in Lapland not intended for other latitudes, but admirably adapted for the locality it is made for. . . . I do not say it is a bad manner—a presuming manner—a manner of deprecation towards those it is used to, or a manner indicative of indifference in him who uses it. I simply say that they who employ it keep it as especially for Ireland as they keep their Macintosh capes for wet weather, and would no more think of displaying it in England than they would go to her Majesty's levee in a shooting-jacket.[46]

Trollope would not have been unduly worried about coming across brusquely, so intent was he in his role in modernizing the country's postal

[42] *Anglo Celt*, 14 May 1857. [43] Pope-Hennessy, *Trollope*, 81.

[44] Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell: A Biography*, 2 vols (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1901), II, 82.

[45] Coral Lansbury, *The Reasonable Man: Trollope's Legal Fiction* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), 41.

[46] Charles Lever, *Sir Brook Fossbrooke* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1917), 343.