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The Warden

I

HIRAM'S HOSPITAL

THE REVD SEPTIMUS HARDING WAS, a few years since, a beneficed clergyman residing in the cathedral town of —; let us call it Barchester. Were we to name Wells or Salisbury, Exeter, Hereford or Gloucester, it might be presumed that something personal was intended, and as this tale will refer mainly to the cathedral dignitaries of the town in question, we are anxious that no personality may be suspected. Let us presume that Barchester is a quiet town in the west of England, more remarkable for the beauty of its cathedral and the antiquity of its monuments than for any commercial prosperity; that the west end of Barchester is the cathedral close, and that the aristocracy of Barchester are the bishop, dean and canons, with their respective wives and daughters.

Early in life Mr Harding found himself located at Barchester. A fine voice and a taste for sacred music had decided the position in which he was to exercise his calling, and for many years he performed the easy but not highly paid duties of a minor canon. At the age of forty a small living in the close vicinity of the town increased both his work and his income, and at the age of fifty he became precentor of the cathedral.*

Mr Harding had married early in life, and was the father of two daughters. The eldest, Susan, was born soon after his marriage; the other, Eleanor, not till ten years later. At the time at which we introduce him to our readers he was living as precentor at Barchester with his youngest daughter, then twenty-four years of age, having been many years a widower and having married his eldest daughter to a son of the bishop a very short time before his installation to the office of precentor.

Scandal at Barchester affirmed that had it not been for the beauty of his daughter, Mr Harding would have remained a minor canon — but here probably Scandal lied, as she so often does, for even as a minor canon no one had been more popular among his reverend brethren in the close than Mr Harding, and Scandal, before she had reprobated Mr Harding for being

made precentor by his friend the bishop, had loudly blamed the bishop for having so long omitted to do something for his friend Mr Harding. Be this as it may, Susan Harding, some twelve years since, had married the Revd Dr Theophilus Grantly, son of the bishop, Archdeacon of Barchester and rector of Plumstead Episcopi, and her father became, a few months later, precentor of Barchester Cathedral, that office being, as is not usual, in the bishop's gift.

Now, there are peculiar circumstances connected with the precentorship which must be explained. In the year 1434 there died at Barchester one John Hiram, who had made money in the town as a wool-stapler,* and in his will he left the house in which he died and certain meadows and closes near the town, still called Hiram's Butts and Hiram's Patch, for the support of twelve superannuated wool-carders,* all of whom should have been born and bred and spent their days in Barchester; he also appointed that an almshouse should be built for their abode, with a fitting residence for a warden, which warden was also to receive a certain sum annually out of the rents of the said butts* and patches. He, moreover, willed, having had a soul alive to harmony, that the precentor of the cathedral should have the option of being also warden of the almshouses, if the bishop in each case approved.

From that day to this the charity has gone on and prospered – at least the charity had gone on, and the estates had prospered. Wool-carding in Barchester there was no longer any, so the bishop, dean and warden, who took it in turn to put in the old men, generally appointed some hangers-on of their own: worn-out gardeners, decrepit gravediggers or octogenarian sextons, who thankfully received a comfortable lodging and one shilling and fourpence a day, such being the stipend to which, under the will of John Hiram, they were declared to be entitled. Formerly, indeed – that is, till within some fifty years of the present time – they received but sixpence a day, and their breakfast and dinner was found them at a common table by the warden, such an arrangement being in stricter conformity with the absolute wording of old Hiram's will, but this was thought to be inconvenient, and to suit the tastes of neither warden nor bedesmen,* and the daily one shilling and fourpence was substituted with the common consent of all parties, including the bishop and the corporation of Barchester.

Such was the condition of Hiram's twelve old men when Mr Harding was appointed warden, but if they may be considered to have been well-to-do in the world according to their condition, the happy warden was much more so. The patches and butts which, in John Hiram's time, produced hay or fed cows, were now covered with rows of houses; the value of the property had gradually increased from year to year and century to century, and was now presumed by those who knew anything about it to bring in a very nice income, and by some who knew nothing about it to have increased to an almost fabulous extent.

The property was farmed by a gentleman in Barchester, who also acted as the bishop's steward – a man whose father and grandfather had been stewards to the bishops of Barchester, and farmers of John Hiram's estate. The Chadwicks had earned a good name in Barchester; they had lived respected by bishops, deans, canons and precentors; they had been buried in the precincts of the cathedral; they had never been known as griping, hard men, but had always lived comfortably, maintained a good house and held a high position in Barchester society. The present Mr Chadwick was a worthy scion of a worthy stock, and the tenants living on the butts and patches, as well as those on the wide episcopal domains of the see, were well pleased to have to do with so worthy and liberal a steward.

For many, many years – records hardly tell how many, probably from the time when Hiram's wishes had been first fully carried out – the proceeds of the estate had been paid by the steward or farmer to the warden, and by him divided among the bedesmen, after which division he paid himself such sums as became his due. Times had been when the poor warden got nothing but his bare house, for the patches had been subject to floods, and the land of Barchester butts was said to be unproductive, and in these hard times the warden was hardly able to make out the daily dole for his twelve dependants. But by degrees things mended: the patches were drained, and cottages began to rise upon the butts, and the wardens, with fairness enough, repaid themselves for the evil days gone by. In bad times the poor men had had their due, and therefore in good times they could expect no more. In this manner the income of the warden had increased: the picturesque house attached to the hospital had been enlarged and adorned, and the office had become one of the most coveted of the snug clerical sinecures attached to our church. It was now wholly in the bishop's

gift, and though the dean and chapter, in former days, made a stand on the subject, they had thought it more conducive to their honour to have a rich precentor appointed by the bishop than a poor one appointed by themselves. The stipend of the precentor of Barchester was eighty pounds a year. The income arising from the wardenship of the hospital was eight hundred, besides the value of the house.

Murmurs, very slight murmurs, had been heard in Barchester – few indeed, and far between – that the proceeds of John Hiram’s property had not been fairly divided, but they can hardly be said to have been of such a nature as to have caused uneasiness to anyone. Still the thing had been whispered, and Mr Harding had heard it. Such was his character in Barchester, so universal was his popularity, that the very fact of his appointment would have quieted louder whispers than those which had been heard, but Mr Harding was an open-handed, just-minded man, and feeling that there might be truth in what had been said, he had, on his instalment, declared his intention of adding twopence a day to each man’s pittance, making a sum of sixty-two pounds, eleven shillings and fourpence, which he was to pay out of his own pocket. In doing so, however, he distinctly and repeatedly observed to the men that though he promised for himself, he could not promise for his successors, and that the extra twopence could only be looked on as a gift from himself, and not from the trust. The bedesmen, however, were most of them older than Mr Harding, and were quite satisfied with the security on which their extra income was based.

This munificence on the part of Mr Harding had not been unopposed. Mr Chadwick had mildly but seriously dissuaded him from it, and his strong-minded son-in-law, the archdeacon, the man of whom alone Mr Harding stood in awe, had urgently – nay, vehemently – opposed so impolitic a concession. But the warden had made known his intention to the hospital before the archdeacon had been able to interfere, and the deed was done.

Hiram’s Hospital, as the retreat is called, is a picturesque building enough, and shows the correct taste with which the ecclesiastical architects of those days were imbued. It stands on the banks of the little river which flows nearly round the cathedral close, being on the side farthest from the town. The London road crosses the river by a pretty one-arched bridge, and, looking from this bridge, the stranger will see the windows

of the old men's rooms, each pair of windows separated by a small buttress. A broad gravel walk runs between the building and the river, which is always trim and cared for, and at the end of the walk, under the parapet of the approach to the bridge, is a large and well-worn seat, on which, in mild weather, three or four of Hiram's bedesmen are sure to be seen seated. Beyond this row of buttresses, and farther from the bridge, and also farther from the water which here suddenly bends, are the pretty oriel windows of Mr Harding's house, and his well-mown lawn. The entrance to the hospital is from the London road, and is made through a ponderous gateway under a heavy stone arch – unnecessary, one would suppose, at any time, for the protection of twelve old men, but greatly conducive to the good appearance of Hiram's charity. On passing through this portal, never closed to anyone from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m., and never open afterwards – except on application to a huge, intricately hung medieval bell, the handle of which no uninitiated intruder can possibly find – the six doors of the old men's abodes are seen, and beyond them is a slight iron screen, through which the more happy portion of the Barchester elite pass into the Elysium of Mr Harding's dwelling.

Mr Harding is a small man, now verging on sixty years, but bearing few of the signs of age; his hair is rather grizzled than grey; his eye is very mild, but clear and bright, though the double glasses which are held swinging from his hand, unless when fixed upon his nose, show that time has told upon his sight; his hands are delicately white, and both hands and feet are small; he always wears a black frock coat, black knee breeches and black gaiters, and somewhat scandalizes some of his more hyperclerical brethren by a black neck-handkerchief.

Mr Harding's warmest admirers cannot say that he was ever an industrious man: the circumstances of his life have not called on him to be so, and yet he can hardly be called an idler. Since his appointment to his precentorship, he has published, with all possible additions of vellum, typography and gilding, a collection of our ancient church music, with some correct dissertations on Purcell, Crotch and Nares.* He has greatly improved the choir of Barchester – which, under his dominion, now rivals that of any cathedral in England. He has taken something more than his fair share in the cathedral services, and has played the violoncello daily to such audiences as he could collect, or, *faute de mieux*,* to no audience at all.

We must mention one other peculiarity of Mr Harding. As we have before stated he has an income of eight hundred a year, and has no family but his one daughter, and yet he is never quite at ease in money matters. The vellum and gilding of *Harding's Church Music* cost more than anyone knows, except the author, the publisher and the Revd Theophilus Grantly, who allows none of his father-in-law's extravagances to escape him. Then he is generous to his daughter, for whose service he keeps a small carriage and pair of ponies. He is, indeed, generous to all, but especially to the twelve old men who are in a peculiar manner under his care. No doubt with such an income Mr Harding should be above the world, as the saying is – but at any rate, he is not above Archdeacon Theophilus Grantly, for he is always more or less in debt to his son-in-law, who has, to a certain extent, assumed the arrangement of the precentor's pecuniary affairs.

THE BARCHESTER REFORMER

MR HARDING HAS BEEN NOW precentor of Barchester for ten years, and, alas, the murmurs respecting the proceeds of Hiram's estate are again becoming audible. It is not that anyone begrudges to Mr Harding the income which he enjoys and the comfortable place which so well becomes him, but such matters have begun to be talked of in various parts of England. Eager pushing politicians have asserted in the House of Commons, with very telling indignation, that the grasping priests of the Church of England are gorged with the wealth which the charity of former times has left for the solace of the aged or the education of the young. The well-known case of the Hospital of St Cross has even come before the law courts of the country, and the struggles of Mr Whiston, at Rochester,* have met with sympathy and support. Men are beginning to say that these things must be looked into.

Mr Harding, whose conscience in the matter is clear, and who has never felt that he had received a pound from Hiram's will to which he was not entitled, has naturally taken the part of the Church in talking over these matters with his friend, the bishop, and his son-in-law, the archdeacon. The archdeacon, indeed, Dr Grantly, has been somewhat loud in the matter. He is a personal friend of the dignitaries of the Rochester Chapter, and has written letters in the public press on the subject of that turbulent Dr Whiston – which, his admirers think, must well-nigh set the question at rest. It is also known at Oxford that he is the author of the pamphlet signed "Sacerdos"* on the subject of the Earl of Guilford and St Cross, in which it is so clearly argued that the manners of the present times do not admit of a literal adhesion to the very words of the founder's will, but that the interests of the Church, for which the founder was so deeply concerned, are best consulted in enabling its bishops to reward those shining lights whose services have been most signally serviceable to Christianity. In answer to this, it is asserted that Henry de Blois, founder of St Cross,

was not greatly interested in the welfare of the reformed Church,* and that the masters of St Cross, for many years past, cannot be called shining lights in the service of Christianity. It is, however, stoutly maintained and no doubt felt by all the archdeacon's friends that his logic is conclusive, and has not, in fact, been answered.

With such a tower of strength to back both his arguments and his conscience, it may be imagined that Mr Harding has never felt any compunction as to receiving his quarterly sum of two hundred pounds. Indeed, the subject has never presented itself to his mind in that shape. He has talked not unfrequently and heard very much about the wills of old founders and the incomes arising from their estates during the last year or two; he did even, at one moment, feel a doubt (since expelled by his son-in-law's logic) as to whether Lord Guilford was clearly entitled to receive so enormous an income as he does from the revenues of St Cross, but that he himself was overpaid with his modest eight hundred pounds – he who, out of that, voluntarily gave up sixty-two pounds, eleven shillings and fourpence a year to his twelve old neighbours; he who, for the money, does his precentor's work as no precentor has done it before, since Barchester Cathedral was built – such an idea has never sullied his quiet or disturbed his conscience.

Nevertheless, Mr Harding is becoming uneasy at the rumour which he knows to prevail in Barchester on the subject. He is aware that, at any rate, two of his old men have been heard to say that if everyone had his own, they might each have their hundred pounds a year and live like gentlemen, instead of a beggarly one shilling and sixpence a day, and that they had slender cause to be thankful for a miserable dole of twopence when Mr Harding and Mr Chadwick, between them, ran away with thousands of pounds which good old John Hiram never intended for the like of them. It is the ingratitude of this which stings Mr Harding. One of this discontented pair, Abel Handy, was put into the hospital by himself; he had been a stonemason in Barchester, and had broken his thigh by a fall from a scaffolding while employed about the cathedral, and Mr Harding had given him the first vacancy in the hospital after the occurrence, although Dr Grantly had been very anxious to put into it an insufferable clerk of his at Plumstead Episcopi, who had lost all his teeth, and whom the archdeacon hardly knew how to get rid of by other means. Dr Grantly has not forgotten to remind Mr Harding how well satisfied with his one and

sixpence a day old Joe Mutters would have been, and how injudicious it was on the part of Mr Harding to allow a radical from the town to get into the concern. Probably Dr Grantly forgot, at the moment, that the charity was intended for broken-down journeymen of Barchester.

There is living at Barchester a young man, a surgeon, named John Bold, and both Mr Harding and Dr Grantly are well aware that to him is owing the pestilent rebellious feeling which has shown itself in the hospital – yes, and the renewal, too, of that disagreeable talk about Hiram’s estates which is now again prevalent in Barchester. Nevertheless, Mr Harding and Mr Bold are acquainted with each other – we may say are friends, considering the great disparity in their years. Dr Grantly, however, has a holy horror of the “impious demagogue”, as on one occasion he called Bold, when speaking of him to the precentor, and being a more prudent, far-seeing man than Mr Harding, and possessed of a stronger head, he already perceives that this John Bold will work great trouble in Barchester. He considers that he is to be regarded as an enemy, and thinks that he should not be admitted into the camp on anything like friendly terms. As John Bold will occupy much of our attention, we must endeavour to explain who he is, and why he takes the part of John Hiram’s bedesmen.

John Bold is a young surgeon who passed many of his boyish years at Barchester. His father was a physician in the city of London, where he made a moderate fortune, which he invested in houses in that city. The Dragon of Wantly inn and posting house belonged to him – also four shops in the High Street and a moiety of the new row of genteel villas (so called in the advertisements) built outside the town just beyond Hiram’s Hospital. To one of these Doctor Bold retired to spend the evening of his life and to die, and here his son John spent his holidays, and afterwards his Christmas vacation, when he went from school to study surgery in the London hospitals. Just as John Bold was entitled to write himself surgeon and apothecary, old Doctor Bold died, leaving his Barchester property to his son and a certain sum in the three per cents* to his daughter Mary, who is some four or five years older than her brother.

John Bold determined to settle himself at Barchester and look after his own property, as well as the bones and bodies of such of his neighbours as would call upon him for assistance in their troubles. He therefore put up a large brass plate, with “JOHN BOLD, SURGEON” on it, to the great

disgust of the nine practitioners who were already trying to get a living out of the bishop, dean and canons, and began housekeeping with the aid of his sister. At this time he was not more than twenty-four years old, and though he has now been three years in Barchester, we have not heard that he has done much harm to the nine worthy practitioners. Indeed, their dread of him has died away – for in three years he has not taken three fees.

Nevertheless, John Bold is a clever man, and would, with practice, be a clever surgeon, but he has got quite into another line of life. Having enough to live on, he has not been forced to work for bread; he has declined to subject himself to what he calls the “drudgery of the profession” – by which, I believe, he means the general work of a practising surgeon – and has found other employment. He frequently binds up the bruises and sets the limbs of such of the poorer classes as profess his way of thinking – but this he does for love. Now, I will not say that the archdeacon is strictly correct in stigmatizing John Bold as a demagogue, for I hardly know how extreme must be a man’s opinions before he can be justly so called, but Bold is a strong reformer. His passion is the reform of all abuses: state abuses, Church abuses, corporation abuses (he has got himself elected a town councillor of Barchester, and has so worried three consecutive mayors that it became somewhat difficult to find a fourth), abuses in medical practice and general abuses in the world at large. Bold is thoroughly sincere in his patriotic endeavours to mend mankind, and there is something to be admired in the energy with which he devotes himself to remedying evil and stopping injustice – but I fear that he is too much imbued with the idea that he has a special mission for reforming. It would be well if one so young had a little more diffidence himself and more trust in the honest purposes of others, if he could be brought to believe that old customs need not necessarily be evil, and that changes may possibly be dangerous – but no: Bold has all the ardour and all the self-assurance of a Danton, and hurls his anathemas against time-honoured practices with the violence of a French Jacobin.*

No wonder that Dr Grantly should regard Bold as a firebrand, falling, as he has done, almost in the centre of the quiet ancient close of Barchester Cathedral. Dr Grantly would have him avoided as the plague, but the old doctor and Mr Harding were fast friends. Young Johnny Bold used to play as a boy on Mr Harding’s lawn; he has many a time won the precentor’s heart by listening with rapt attention to his sacred

strains, and since those days, to tell the truth at once, he has nearly won another heart within the same walls.

Eleanor Harding has not plighted her troth to John Bold – nor has she, perhaps, owned to herself how dear to her the young reformer is – but she cannot endure that anyone should speak harshly of him. She does not dare to defend him when her brother-in-law is so loud against him, for she, like her father, is somewhat afraid of Dr Grantly, but she is beginning greatly to dislike the archdeacon. She persuades her father that it would be both unjust and injudicious to banish his young friend because of his politics; she cares little to go to houses where she will not meet him, and, in fact, she is in love.

Nor is there any good reason why Eleanor Harding should not love John Bold. He has all those qualities which are likely to touch a girl's heart. He is brave, eager and amusing; well made and good-looking; young and enterprising; his character is in all respects good; he has sufficient income to support a wife; he is her father's friend; and, above all, he is in love with her. Then why should not Eleanor Harding be attached to John Bold?

Dr Grantly, who has as many eyes as Argus* and has long seen how the wind blows in that direction, thinks there are various strong reasons why this should not be so. He has not thought it wise as yet to speak to his father-in-law on the subject, for he knows how foolishly indulgent is Mr Harding in everything that concerns his daughter, but he has discussed the matter with his all-trusted helpmate within that sacred recess formed by the clerical bed curtains at Plumstead Episcopi.

How much sweet solace, how much valued counsel has our archdeacon received within that sainted enclosure! 'Tis there alone that he unbends and comes down from his high church pedestal to the level of a mortal man. In the world Dr Grantly never lays aside that demeanour which so well becomes him. He has all the dignity of an ancient saint with the sleekness of a modern bishop; he is always the same; he is always the archdeacon; unlike Homer, he never nods.* Even with his father-in-law, even with the bishop and dean, he maintains that sonorous tone and lofty deportment which strikes awe into the young hearts of Barchester and absolutely crows the whole parish of Plumstead Episcopi. 'Tis only when he has exchanged that ever-new shovel hat* for a tasselled nightcap, and those shining black habiliments for his accustomed *robe de nuit*,* that Dr Grantly talks and looks and thinks like an ordinary man.

Many of us have often thought how severe a trial of faith must this be to the wives of our great Church dignitaries. To us these men are personifications of St Paul: their very gait is a speaking sermon; their clean and sombre apparel exacts from us faith and submission, and the cardinal virtues seem to hover round their sacred hats. A dean or archbishop, in the garb of his order, is sure of our reverence, and a well-got-up bishop fills our very souls with awe. But how can this feeling be perpetuated in the bosoms of those who see the bishops without their aprons, and the archdeacons even in a lower state of dishabille?

Do we not all know some reverend, all but sacred personage before whom our tongue ceases to be loud and our step to be elastic? But were we once to see him stretch himself beneath the bedclothes, yawn widely and bury his face upon his pillow, we could chatter before him as glibly as before a doctor or a lawyer. From some such cause, doubtless, it arose that our archdeacon listened to the counsels of his wife, though he considered himself entitled to give counsel to every other being whom he met.

“My dear,” he said, as he adjusted the copious folds of his nightcap, “there was that John Bold at your father’s again today. I must say your father is very imprudent.”

“He is imprudent – he always was,” replied Mrs Grantly, speaking from under the comfortable bedclothes. “There’s nothing new in that.”

“No, my dear, there’s nothing new – I know that. But, at the present juncture of affairs, such imprudence is... is... I’ll tell you what, my dear, if he does not take care what he’s about, John Bold will be off with Eleanor.”

“I think he will whether Papa takes care or no. And why not?”

“Why not!” almost screamed the archdeacon, giving so rough a pull at his nightcap as almost to bring it over his nose. “Why not! That pestilent, interfering upstart, John Bold – the most vulgar young person I ever met! Do you know that he is meddling with your father’s affairs in a most uncalled for... most—” And being at a loss for an epithet sufficiently injurious, he finished his expressions of horror by muttering “Good Heavens!” in a manner that had been found very efficacious in clerical meetings of the diocese. He must for the moment have forgotten where he was.

“As to his vulgarity, archdeacon” – Mrs Grantly had never assumed a more familiar term than this in addressing her husband – “I don’t agree

with you. Not that I like Mr Bold – he is a great deal too conceited for me – but then Eleanor does, and it would be the best thing in the world for Papa if they were to marry. Bold would never trouble himself about Hiram’s Hospital if he were Papa’s son-in-law.” And the lady turned herself round under the bedclothes, in a manner to which the doctor was well accustomed and which told him, as plainly as words, that as far as she was concerned the subject was over for that night.

“Good Heavens!” murmured the doctor again. He was evidently much put beside himself.

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

We believe, as a general rule, that either a bishop or his archdeacons have sinecures. Where a bishop works, archdeacons have but little to do, and vice versa. In the diocese of Barchester the Archdeacon of Barchester did the work. In that capacity he was diligent, authoritative and, as his friends particularly boasted, judicious. His great fault was an overbearing assurance of the virtues and claims of his order, and his great foible an equally strong confidence in the dignity of his own manner and the eloquence of his own words. He was a moral man, believing the precepts which he taught, and believing also that he acted up to them – though we cannot say that he would give his coat to the man who took his cloak, or that he was prepared to forgive his brother even seven times.* He was severe enough in exacting his dues, considering that any laxity in this respect would endanger the security of the Church, and, could he have had his way, he would have consigned to darkness and perdition not only every individual reformer, but every committee and every commission that would even dare to ask a question respecting the appropriation of Church revenues.

“They are Church revenues: the laity admit it. Surely the Church is able to administer her own revenues.” ’Twas thus he was accustomed to argue, when the sacrilegious doings of Lord John Russell* and others were discussed either at Barchester or at Oxford.

It was no wonder that Dr Grantly did not like John Bold and that his wife's suggestion that he should become closely connected with such a man dismayed him. To give him his dues, we must admit that the archdeacon never wanted courage: he was quite willing to meet his enemy on any field and with any weapon. He had that belief in his own arguments that he felt sure of success, could he only be sure of a fair fight on the part of his adversary. He had no idea that John Bold could really prove that the income of the hospital was malappropriated. Why, then, should peace be sought for on such bad terms? What! Bribe an unbelieving enemy of the Church with the sister-in-law of one dignitary and the daughter of another – with a young lady whose connections with the diocese and chapter of Barchester were so close as to give her an undeniable claim to a husband endowed with some of its sacred wealth! When Dr Grantly talks of unbelieving enemies, he does not mean to imply want of belief in the doctrines of the Church, but an equally dangerous scepticism as to its purity in money matters.

Mrs Grantly is not usually deaf to the claims of the high order to which she belongs. She and her husband rarely disagree as to the tone with which the Church should be defended. How singular, then, that in such a case as this she should be willing to succumb! The archdeacon again murmurs "Good Heavens!" as he lays himself beside her, but he does so in a voice audible only to himself, and he repeats it till sleep relieves him from deep thought.

Mr Harding himself has seen no reason why his daughter should not love John Bold. He has not been unobservant of her feelings, and perhaps his deepest regret at the part which he fears Bold is about to take regarding the hospital arises from a dread that he may be separated from his daughter, or that she may be separated from the man she loves. He has never spoken to Eleanor about her lover – he is the last man in the world to allude to such a subject unconsulted, even with his own daughter, and had he considered that he had ground to disapprove of Bold, he would have removed her, or forbidden him his house, but he saw no such ground. He would probably have preferred a second clerical son-in-law, for Mr Harding, also, is attached to his order, and, failing in that, he would at any rate have wished that so near a connection should have thought alike with him on church matters. He would not, however, reject the man his daughter loved because he differed on such subjects with himself.

Hitherto Bold had taken no steps in the matter in any way annoying to Mr Harding personally. Some months since, after a severe battle, which cost him not a little money, he gained a victory over a certain old turnpike woman in the neighbourhood, of whose charges another old woman had complained to him. He got the Act of Parliament relating to the trust, found that his protégée had been wrongly taxed, rode through the gate himself paying the toll, then brought an action against the gatekeeper and proved that all people coming up a certain by-lane and going down a certain other by-lane were toll-free. The fame of his success spread widely abroad, and he began to be looked on as the upholder of the rights of the poor of Barchester. Not long after this success, he heard from different quarters that Hiram's bedesmen were treated as paupers, whereas the property to which they were, in effect, heirs, was very large, and he was instigated by the lawyer whom he had employed in the case of the turnpike to call upon Mr Chadwick for a statement as to the funds of the estate.

Bold had often expressed his indignation at the malappropriation of church funds in general, in the hearing of his friend the precentor, but the conversation had never referred to anything at Barchester, and when Finney, the attorney, induced him to interfere with the affairs of the hospital, it was against Mr Chadwick that his efforts were to be directed. Bold soon found that if he interfered with Mr Chadwick as steward, he must also interfere with Mr Harding as warden, and though he regretted the situation in which this would place him, he was not the man to flinch from his undertaking from personal motives.

As soon as he had determined to take the matter in hand, he set about his work with his usual energy. He got a copy of John Hiram's will, of the wording of which he made himself perfectly master. He ascertained the extent of the property, and as nearly as he could the value of it, and made out a schedule of what he was informed was the present distribution of its income. Armed with these particulars, he called on Mr Chadwick, having given that gentleman notice of his visit, and asked him for a statement of the income and expenditure of the hospital for the last twenty-five years.

This was of course refused, Mr Chadwick alleging that he had no authority for making public the concerns of a property in managing which he was only a paid servant.

“And who is competent to give you that authority, Mr Chadwick?” asked Bold.

“Only those who employ me, Mr Bold,” said the steward.

“And who are those, Mr Chadwick?” demanded Bold.

Mr Chadwick begged to say that if these enquiries were made merely out of curiosity, he must decline answering them. If Mr Bold had any ulterior proceeding in view, perhaps it would be desirable that any necessary information should be sought for in a professional way by a professional man. Mr Chadwick’s attorneys were Messrs Cox and Cummins, of Lincoln’s Inn. Mr Bold took down the address of Cox and Cummins, remarked that the weather was cold for the time of the year and wished Mr Chadwick good morning. Mr Chadwick said it was cold for June, and bowed him out.

He at once went to his lawyer, Finney. Now, Bold was not very fond of his attorney, but, as he said, he merely wanted a man who knew the forms of law and who would do what he was told for his money. He had no idea of putting himself in the hands of a lawyer. He wanted law from a lawyer as he did a coat from a tailor, because he could not make it so well himself, and he thought Finney the fittest man in Barchester for his purpose. In one respect, at any rate, he was right. Finney was humility itself.

Finney advised an instant letter to Cox and Cummins, mindful of his six-and-eightpence.* “Slap at them at once, Mr Bold. Demand categorically and explicitly a full statement of the affairs of the hospital.”

“Suppose I were to see Mr Harding first,” suggested Bold.

“Yes, yes, by all means,” said the acquiescing Finney, “though, perhaps, as Mr Harding is no man of business, it may lead... lead to some little difficulties. But perhaps you’re right. Mr Bold, I don’t think seeing Mr Harding can do any harm.” Finney saw from the expression of his client’s face that he intended to have his own way.