



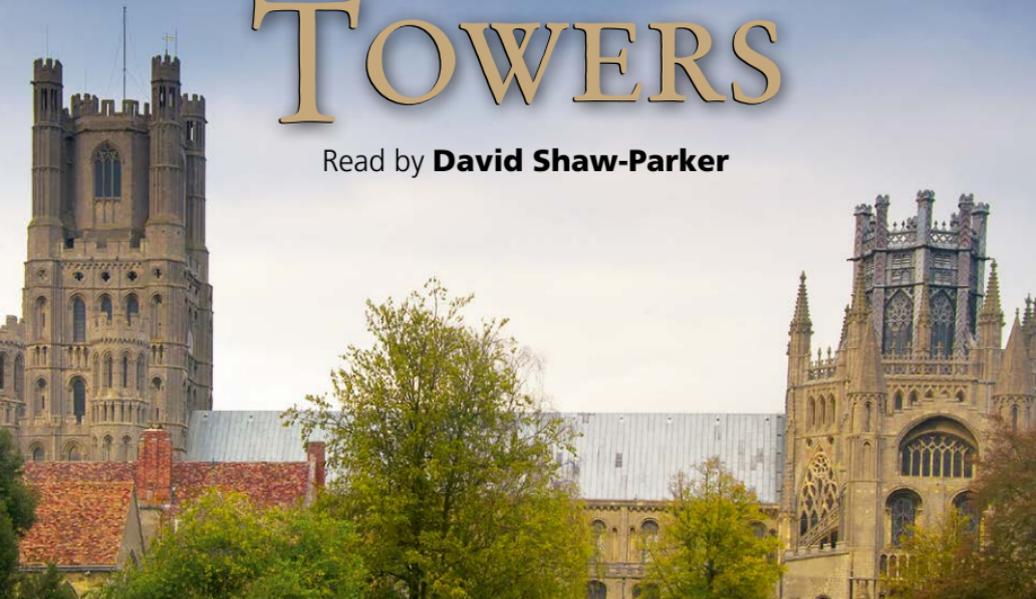
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Anthony Trollope

# BARCHESTER TOWERS

Read by **David Shaw-Parker**



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<b>1</b>	<b>Chapter I</b>	8:05
<b>2</b>	The effort was a salutary one...	7:19
<b>3</b>	Mr Harding got as far as the library door...	8:01
<b>4</b>	<b>Chapter II</b>	9:24
<b>5</b>	It was not, however, till some months after the death...	8:54
<b>6</b>	<b>Chapter III</b>	8:21
<b>7</b>	This resolution was no doubt a salutary one...	9:38
<b>8</b>	<b>Chapter IV</b>	8:14
<b>9</b>	Most active clergymen have their hobby...	9:43
<b>10</b>	<b>Chapter V</b>	07:39
<b>11</b>	There were four persons there...	06:22
<b>12</b>	Come what come might...	07:54
<b>13</b>	<b>Chapter VI</b>	08:30
<b>14</b>	Dr Grantly did not again repeat the question aloud...	06:54
<b>15</b>	Soon after his arrival...	07:28
<b>16</b>	He could not exactly say...	09:00
<b>17</b>	<b>Chapter VII</b>	08:53
<b>18</b>	Then up rose Dr Grantly...	07:52
<b>19</b>	<b>Chapter VIII</b>	08:32
<b>20</b>	Bunce was one of the surviving recipients...	8:58

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<b>21</b>	<b>Chapter IX</b>	9:05
<b>22</b>	Charlotte Stanhope was at this time...	7:29
<b>23</b>	Madame Neroni, though forced to give up...	6:10
<b>24</b>	Ethelbert Stanhope was in some respects...	4:35
<b>25</b>	When the family started for England...	5:59
<b>26</b>	<b>Chapter X</b>	5:23
<b>27</b>	At the end of two months...	6:53
<b>28</b>	And now the day of the party had arrived.	6:37
<b>29</b>	And then the guests came in shoals...	6:37
<b>30</b>	<b>Chapter XI</b>	10:40
<b>31</b>	'Oh! my lord, I am so sorry for this accident,'...	7:37
<b>32</b>	Dr Proudie tripped out into the adjoining room...	8:50
<b>33</b>	Before leaving the signora he arranged...	7:12
<b>34</b>	<b>Chapter XII</b>	8:40
<b>35</b>	Mr Slope again smiled...	9:20
<b>36</b>	<b>Chapter XIII</b>	7:38
<b>37</b>	Eleanor put on her happiest face...	6:07
<b>38</b>	When Mr Harding reached the parsonage...	7:45
<b>39</b>	<b>Chapter XIV</b>	7:45
<b>40</b>	All through dinner...	8:17

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41	They therefore went into the drawing room...	2:03
42	<b>Chapter XV</b>	9:37
43	And thus he rode along...	7:58
44	Bertie was sorry when he saw that she was hurt...	8:43
45	<b>Chapter XVI</b>	6:16
46	He had therefore taken an opportunity...	7:36
47	Eleanor thought he might as well have left...	9:23
48	'What?' said Eleanor.	7:30
49	<b>Chapter XVII</b>	9:02
50	All this passed within the bishop's bosom...	9:22
51	<b>Chapter XVIII</b>	8:53
52	Nevertheless Eleanor blushed deeply...	10:09
53	<b>Chapter XIX</b>	7:47
54	Just at that moment the door opened...	9:08
55	Madeline read in her eye...	7:44
56	<b>Chapter XX</b>	9:01
57	Things would have gone badly with him...	7:12
58	Such is an interior view...	9:23
59	It will be said that no time...	7:16
60	<b>Chapter XXI</b>	9:41

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61	When they were joined by the archdeacon...	10:05
62	Eleanor only half-followed him...	7:55
63	<b>Chapter XXII</b>	8:48
64	Such were Mr Thorne's impressions...	8:06
65	In religion Miss Thorne was a pure Druidess...	7:52
66	Both Mr and Miss Thorne were proud...	9:25
67	<b>Chapter XXIII</b>	6:32
68	Mr Arabin read the lessons...	9:35
69	'I think there are very clever men in Barchester,' ...	5:49
70	<b>Chapter XXIV</b>	6:39
71	So things went on at Plumstead...	6:31
72	He had felt that his brother clergymen...	7:38
73	'It has been a troublesome matter...'	7:35
74	<b>Chapter XXV</b>	7:27
75	Mr Quiverful proceeded to explain...	8:10
76	The poor lady knew but one way...	6:29
77	<b>Chapter XXVI</b>	8:03
78	What horrid words were these...	7:34
79	But for the moment Mr Slope's triumph...	7:09
80	This was just what Mrs Proudie meant...	5:54

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<b>81</b>	<b>Chapter XXVII</b>	6:04
<b>82</b>	But in sooth Mr Slope was pursuing...	7:08
<b>83</b>	'I was in the act of writing to you,'...	7:38
<b>84</b>	Mr Slope was startled and horrified...	9:09
<b>85</b>	Mr Slope tried hard within himself...	7:45
<b>86</b>	<b>Chapter XXVIII</b>	8:34
<b>87</b>	Mr Harding had not believed...	9:02
<b>88</b>	At last the cloth was drawn...	8:26
<b>89</b>	Eleanor was very angry...	9:27
<b>90</b>	<b>Chapter XXIX</b>	6:54
<b>91</b>	Here Eleanor undoubtedly put herself...	7:02
<b>92</b>	But the reflexion that Mr Arabin should...	7:11
<b>93</b>	<b>Chapter XXX</b>	9:33
<b>94</b>	There was a feeling through the whole house...	8:43
<b>95</b>	'I am sorry to differ with you...'	7:06
<b>96</b>	Mr Arabin was very near to her...	8:37
<b>97</b>	<b>Chapter XXXI</b>	6:00
<b>98</b>	'He'll never speak again, I fear,'...	7:14
<b>99</b>	<b>Chapter XXXII</b>	5:20
<b>100</b>	He came down and breakfasted alone.	5:41

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<b>101</b>	He was quizzed and bespattered...	6:29
<b>102</b>	The ice was now broken...	6:50
<b>103</b>	Mr Slope had now much business...	6:46
<b>104</b>	His letter to Mr Towers...	7:52
<b>105</b>	<b>Chapter XXXIII</b>	6:06
<b>106</b>	She was to meet him at Ullathorne...	7:25
<b>107</b>	Of course Eleanor made a thousand protestations...	7:48
<b>108</b>	'It is preposterous, my dear.'	7:02
<b>109</b>	<b>Chapter XXXIV</b>	6:19
<b>110</b>	Thus it came to pass that in spite of the sorrow...	7:28
<b>111</b>	Tom Staple was a hale, strong man...	8:11
<b>112</b>	<b>Chapter XXXV</b>	8:54
<b>113</b>	Personally Miss Thorne accepted this...	8:12
<b>114</b>	She sipped her tea in silent sorrow...	7:42
<b>115</b>	<b>Chapter XXXVI</b>	6:25
<b>116</b>	The Barchester post-horses had misbehaved...	6:46
<b>117</b>	They had hardly passed into the house...	7:14
<b>118</b>	Eleanor left Dr Stanhope...	7:48
<b>119</b>	<b>Chapter XXXVII</b>	9:53
<b>120</b>	'Who on earth is that woman, Mr Slope?'	8:28

121	To this Mrs Proudie said nothing.	9:21
122	<b>Chapter XXXVIII</b>	8:01
123	The work was half-done...	6:38
124	Who was this woman...	8:24
125	This at any rate was so true...	7:44
126	<b>Chapter XXXIX</b>	7:46
127	'So says I,' said Mrs Guffern...	7:05
128	Now Mr Plomacy and Mr Greenacre...	5:50
129	<b>Chapter XL</b>	5:58
130	Eleanor had not found it practicable...	8:28
131	But nevertheless, she should not...	8:43
132	<b>Chapter XLI</b>	9:10
133	Such being the state of the case...	9:26
134	<b>Chapter XLII</b>	8:15
135	As Miss Stanhope went off...	7:29
136	'No real artist could descend...'	9:06
137	'Miss Stanhope,' said she haughtily...	8:55
138	<b>Chapter XLIII</b>	9:02
139	And the last in all Barchester...	8:41
140	A slight cloud darkened the lady's brow.	9:08

141	May the hospital go on and prosper!	6:25
142	<b>Chapter XLIV</b>	7:37
143	'You'll have some tea, Eleanor,' ...	5:14
144	And then they went to the affair...	7:53
145	<b>Chapter XLV</b>	6:20
146	Just at this moment the lock of the front door...	8:22
147	At twelve o'clock on the day following...	8:29
148	<b>Chapter XLVI</b>	6:02
149	Mr Thorne went on thus awhile...	6:50
150	'Going over all our heads,' ...	7:39
151	<b>Chapter XLVII</b>	8:12
152	Things were ordering themselves thus...	6:45
153	While these were the ideas downstairs...	7:18
154	<b>Chapter XLVIII</b>	6:50
155	But we must not pass over the wooing...	5:35
156	Eleanor found that it was quite impossible...	8:01
157	Why did he look so into her eyes?	7:51
158	<b>Chapter XLIX</b>	8:18
159	And he, too, stood there fully satisfied...	8:05
160	<b>Chapter L</b>	8:44

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161	Slowly, gradually, and thoughtfully...	9:33
162	<b>Chapter LI</b>	9:12
163	'Ah, sir, but you will have words,'...	8:53
164	<b>Chapter LII</b>	6:51
165	Mr Arabin, as we have said...	6:26
166	On returning to Barchester...	7:08
167	<b>Chapter LIII</b>	6:17
168	The two sisters do not quite agree...	5:31

**Total time: 21:44:47**

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## Anthony Trollope

(1815–1882)

# BARCHESTER TOWERS

It was in May 1852 that Anthony Trollope visited Salisbury. He spent some time strolling around the cathedral close in the warm spring evening, thinking what an attractive setting for a novel this place would be, and later, while standing on a little bridge over the River Avon and looking back at the town, there suddenly came into his mind the idea for *The Warden*, to be followed by several other linked novels portraying the private lives of the ecclesiastical dignitaries in this venerable, church-dominated city. His intention was to take the conventional image of this sleepy, unchanging society, whose conservative churchmen were pillars of respectability and privilege, and show its inner workings, its personalities and conflicts, especially under the impact of the new ideas which were then current in the Church of England. The religious or spiritual lives of these figures was,

as he knew, secondary: their role and their interests were social and legal and economic, and this is what his novelist's imagination would build on.

In the first novel, *The Warden*, the plot centred on the scandal and the consequent reform of ancient charities, which now seemed to exist principally to provide idle churchmen with a generous stipend for doing nothing. The sequel, *Barchester Towers*, shows the fluttering of the dovecots when a new bishop is appointed to the diocese, and proves to be under the thumb of his domineering, evangelical wife. In both novels, political influences from London send their shock-waves through Barchester, so that, although they are primarily novels of comedy and character, these books may be thought of to some extent as Trollope's 'condition of England' novels. In the 1850s the Church of England was subject to

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severe stresses from a number of different directions – from the Roman Catholic revival, from the Evangelical revival, and from Parliamentary pressure on the Church to reform the way it conducted its affairs, to give up some of its privileges and to mend its slothful conduct.

The fact that the Barchester novels were written against this background reminds us of something distinctive in Trollope: other nineteenth-century novelists like Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and Hardy would frequently set their stories some thirty or forty years before they were written. They wished to look back a generation, and work out their themes with the advantage that hindsight gives, distanced from the life of the England in which they and their readers now lived. Trollope on the other hand wished to confront his own time, and to give his novels the texture of absolute modernity, with reformed parliaments, railways, telegrams, gas lights, national newspapers from London, and the mechanised farming which was arriving in the countryside. In *Barchester Towers* for example, real contemporary figures like Sir

Robert Peel, John Henry Newman and the humorist Sidney Smith, and even Charles Dickens, are mentioned by name.

This contemporary feel undoubtedly contributed to the novel's runaway success, which made Trollope so famous that he became almost a national institution; yet the heart of the novel was its human comedy, here so evident and so successful that it can be seen as perhaps the quintessential Trollope novel. The plot describes nothing less than a civil war within the formerly quiet, dignified cloisters of Barchester. The unlikely revolutionaries have as their figurehead the new bishop, Dr Proudie, a timorous nonentity, behind whose throne the real power is his strident, tyrannical wife, a strict Sabbatarian whose aim is to rule the diocese for her puppet-husband; so ruthless is she that Trollope describes her as 'the Medea of Barchester'. Her chief ally – at first – is the bishop's sycophantic but calculating chaplain, Mr Slope, who turns out to have ambitions of his own, so that a war within a war develops between him and Mrs Proudie. The forces of resistance are led by Archdeacon Grantly, son of

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the former bishop, and married to the daughter of the original Warden. The scenes between Dr Grantly, Mrs Proudie and Mr Slope are among the most richly comic in Trollope's fiction, and are heightened further by Slope's adoration of the seductive Madeline Neroni, the crippled but ravishing beauty who brings a surge of exotic colour to Barchester. She is a living caricature of a scarlet woman, almost of the whore of Babylon, and her entire family adds a further outrageous dimension to the comedy. There are perhaps hints of Dickens's influence in the picturesque symbolism of the names of the minor characters: Dr Fillgrave, the physician of Barchester; Mr Quiverful, with his fourteen children; Vellem Deeds, the attorney; Dr Highandry, the High Church clergyman; even the names Proudie and Slope are slyly satirical, while of course the newspaper, *The Jupiter*, stands for *The Times* – popularly known as *The Thunderer*.

In its own day the comedy of the novel was entirely successful – John Henry Newman is said to have woken up laughing after falling asleep reading

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*Barchester Towers* – and it remains so for us today. The only unanswered question is what Trollope really intended by it: where did he stand on the ecclesiastical civil war which he portrayed? Did it matter if the Church of England was shaken by the interference of Parliament, or by the arrival of Proudies and Slopes in her ancient cathedral towns, or would it have been better if she had been left in her time-honoured slumber?

We never find out explicitly, as we would have if Dickens or George Eliot had written such a book, but the whole tendency of *Barchester Towers*, as of *The Warden*, is deeply conservative. The reformers and newcomers in Barchester are universally satirised as they try to shake up the life of the clergy but invariably leave things worse than before. Trollope was astute enough to understand the current tensions within the Church, but he also believed that there was some inherent rightness and harmony in the traditional Church which should not be disturbed. In his anger at Mr Slope, Dr Grantly exclaims, 'It is not the dissenters or the papists that

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we should fear, but the sect of canting, low-bred hypocrites who are wriggling their way in among us'. There you have the archetypal conservative who makes an absolute distinction between 'us' and 'them'. It is not a matter of religion or intellect or principle, it is a matter of breeding, of what we might think of as the instinctive, genetic link between all true-blue English gentlemen, loyal to the Anglican tradition, who will unquestioningly resist the barbarians at the gates. 'You must be aware Mr Harding', drones Mr Slope, 'that things are a good deal changed in Barchester. And not only in Barchester, but in the world at large. It is not only in Barchester that a new man is carrying out new measures and casting away the useless rubbish of past centuries. The same thing is going on throughout the country. New men, Mr Harding, are now needed, and are now forthcoming in the church, as well as in other professions'. This grating and depressing speech marks Mr Slope as a reformer, an interfering, self-seeking busybody, an evil agent of change, and of the destruction of all

that was comfortable and harmonious in old Barchester. As soon as we read this, we know that Mr Slope must be marked down for inevitable defeat; Mrs Proudie it is true is successful for a time, but later in the Barchester series, retribution will overtake her too.

Trollope was no philosopher, no social theorist, and no prophet; he was a humorist and a moralist, and his message emerges through the texture of the comic-realistic novel. The touch is light, all is tongue-in-cheek, and even for the Slopes and the Proudies he has an artist's affection and delight. In the concluding chapter he remarks slyly that, 'The end of a novel, like the end of a children's dinner-party, must be made of sweetmeats and sugar-plums'. In other words, he must conclude the narrative according to Wilde's great dictum: 'The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily – that is what fiction means'. It was a formula which Trollope willingly embraced, and used to explore the great human comedy that was his chosen subject.

### Notes by Peter Whitfield



**David Shaw-Parker** trained at RADA and began his career with the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1977. His recent theatre appearances include *My Fair Lady*, *The False Servant* and *Oedipus Rex* at The Royal National Theatre, and *The Country Wife*, *Acorn Antiques*, *Heavenly Ivy* and *Uncle Vanya* in London's West End. He has recorded extensively for BBC radio and his previous recordings for Naxos AudioBooks include *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Warden*.

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**Anthony Trollope**

# BARCHESTER TOWERS

Read by **David Shaw-Parker**

*Barchester Towers*, the sequel to *The Warden*, is the second novel in Trollope's major series, the *Chronicles of Barsetshire*.

It focuses on the power struggle between Archdeacon Grantly, Mr Slope and the Proudies as they fight for control of the diocese of Barchester. Meanwhile, another struggle is taking place for the heart of Eleanor Bold. Who will win her? The vile Mr Slope, the idling Bertie Stanhope or someone else entirely?

This is a witty and sparkling novel about greed, hate and love; Trollope captures the intricacy of human emotion and character with warmth, humour, wonderful characterisation and, of course, perfect dialogue.



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