

tion of character, be it ever so subtle, but which requires it in small and sugared doses, who is not wholly averse to an object, provided it intrude itself not too often, who loves and must have a plot of some kind—though unnecessary, if artistic complications are voted a nuisance—a very different novel from “Lady Anna” on the one hand or “Romola” on the other is required. Either Mr. Trollope has seen this, or else, unconsciously, he has reached a turning-point in his career which cannot fail to lead to more fame than he has yet won. As in the number and rapid succession of his works he resembles his mother, Frances Trollope, scarcely ever read in these days, so in the present work his dealing with Americans and American views recalls her first literary venture, which was entitled “The Domestic Manners of the Americans,” a bitter satire on the people of the States. In portraying Elias Gotobed, the American Senator, Trollope, however, rises considerably above satire, for a more thorough identification of an Englishman with the actual feelings and impressions of an American we have never met with in a book. Dickens’ morbid exaggeration prevented him from giving a truthful picture of American character; besides he painted them as Americans in America, whereas Trollope has painted with marvellous care and exactness an American in England, a very different thing.

When the reader is first introduced to the Senator, and finds him exclaiming, “quite a pile,” in reference to the spacious country house where he is staying, and, further, that he is in the act of lighting a huge cigar, “of which he put half down his throat for more commodious and quick consumption,” there is a feeling of disappointment and almost anger, for the slangy American addicted to tobacco and diamonds is fast passing away, and can no longer be taken as one of the representative types of the country. However, a few pages put it all right, and we then find in Senator Gotobed a man possessed of sterling worth, a fair education and considerable power of speaking. Added to these, we have the inevitable American inquisitiveness, love of thoroughness, of “rationality” and progress, and great powers of observation. He is a thoughtful man, and noticing how in his own country the English are condemned as enslaved and stupid, and yet, how, to a very certainty, English laws, habits, costumes and manners are being there cultivated more every year, he resolves to go to England himself, take notice of everything he sees, and in fact is “determined to learn as much as he could.” What perplexes him most in England is the innate nobility of the few aristocrats he meets, men who, as it happens, read nothing, do nothing and know nothing, beyond all that relates to sport, and yet men in whose presence, he feels “the lordship.” The condition of the poor annoys him, especially as many of the country tenants that he speaks to on the subject seem to consider it perfectly right that they are poor, and, as for hunting, it takes two or three meetings to enlighten him at all as to its object, and *modus operandi*. When at last he comprehends it, with the true American idea of utility he says, “and you call that hunting? Is it worth the while of all these men to expend all that energy for such a result?” Fancy the disgust with which any true sportsman could receive such a remark! But the bachelors’ dinner-party at a country rector’s house is the most delicious thing in the book. The Senator finds himself at table with two clergymen, and three lay members of the