



# TROLLOPIANA

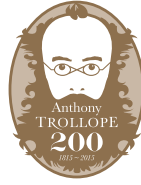
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Anthony  
TROLLOPE  
**200**  
*1815 ~ 2015*

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Number 100 ~ Winter 2014-5



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# Editorial

This 100th issue of *Trollopiana* marks the beginning of our celebrations of Trollope's birth 200 years ago on 24th April 1815 at 16 Keppel Street, London, the fourth surviving child of Thomas Anthony Trollope and Frances Milton Trollope.

As Trollope's life has unfolded in these pages over the years through members' and scholars' researches, it seems appropriate to begin with the first of a three-part series on the contemporary criticism his novels created, together with a short history of the formation of our Society.

During this year we hope to reach a much wider audience through the media and publications. Two new books will be published by members: *Dispossessed*, the graphic novel based on *John Caldigate* by Dr Simon Grennan and Professor David Skilton, and a new full version of *The Duke's Children* based on Professor Steven Amarnick's work on Trollope's original manuscript. Look out also for a number of books published throughout the year by researchers such as John McCourt, talks by Victoria Glendinning, and courses at Dillington and Oxford and Cambridge Continuing Education Programmes. *Dispossessed* will be available in September, and *The Duke's Children* in March. The latter will be a joint Trollope Society/Folio Society edition in tooled leather with hand-made marbled end-papers and accompanying book of working Notes.

Steven Amarnick's painstaking and historic work is discussed fully within based on his recent Annual Lecture. Also included are extracts from recent gratifying features in the national press and BBC Radio 4, in particular the *Mail on Sunday*, *The Times* and *Country Life*; and an appeal for Trollopian 'Theatre Angels'.

I wish all readers and members a very happy 'Trollopian' celebratory year – particularly any special person who finds one of our 200 balloons released throughout the world during February. Happy balloon hunting ...

Pamela Marshall Barrell  
pamela.barrell@artsvviews.co.uk



# A History of The Trollope Society

by Michael Helm

*Society Treasurer for 24 years*

It is difficult to look back to a prevailing mood getting on for nearly 30 years ago, but I think it is true to say that in the middle 1980s the novels of Anthony Trollope were not much known to the general public. Indeed, Founder John Letts said he himself did not discover Trollope until quite late, and he had spent a lifetime in books, starting with a degree in English literature at Cambridge and ending by owning the Folio Society.

There are two versions of how the idea of the Society, with the concomitant proposal to publish the complete works in a uniform edition (which had never been done before) came about. One version has John ferreting about Heywood Hill's book shop and discovering, with John Saumarez Smith, the manager, that there was no such thing as a uniform edition. The other version has John having lunch with William Rees-Mogg and discovering with him this lack. (At that time, Heywood Hill was owned by the Duke of Devonshire, while William Rees-Mogg was the owner of Pickering & Chatto). Both stories have some truth, but the second episode really put the idea in his mind. Brooding on this point, he had the wit to see that 48 books could be published if they were sustained by a successful society, and if they attempted no more than four books a year.

A notice of an initial meeting at the Reform Club was put into the Evening Standard, and some sixty people attended. John Letts explained the proposals, with a membership of £10 and life membership of £100. William Rees-Mogg agreed to be president, and John Saumarez Smith, Grahame Greene, Nicholas Barker and Tony Trollope agreed to be trustees. Pelham Ravenscroft, a Chartered Accountant and Cambridge contemporary of John's, took on the role of Company Secretary and Accountant. With his cool head and calm judgement he provided invaluable guidance to the Society from its inception until his recent death in 2014.



*John Letts, Founder of The Trollope Society*  
Photograph from *Trollopiana* Number 49, May 2000.

The first business was to apply for charitable status, in the category of education, and this was achieved, thanks to the gratuitous work of John Allan, a solicitor, without too much difficulty.

The next task was to find premises. This was quite easy as John already owned an office in Clapham, originally bought for use by the part-time staff of National Heritage (the Museum of Movement). The work of the new society dove-tailed with the work on National Heritage, and the sharing of cost was welcome to both groups.

As far as finance was concerned, it was extremely fortunate that John Saumarez Smith had among his friends and customers a remarkable American banker, called Al Gordon. Al had sold his bank when he was around 70 and, as part of his retirement hobby, became an enthusiastic collector of early editions of 19th century books, in particular those by Anthony Trollope. He was a frequent visitor to Heywood Hill, and, when he heard about the formation of the Trollope Society he happily lent £10,000, to get it going, on a

non-interest bearing, and, certainly non-repayable basis. Al was a keen supporter of the Society until his death aged over 100. (Incidentally, in his 80s, he twice ran in the London marathon.)

Perhaps even more crucial to the cash flow was an idea which came to John Letts in the small hours of the night, which was to persuade members to lend £850 each to the Society. The idea was that they were to receive four books a year for twelve years; after which, their money would be returned. Nearly 400 members accepted the offer - and little more money was then required.

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## *We continue to honour the name of Anthony Trollope as we enter his bi-centennial year.*

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At the same time Al found some enthusiasts in New York, and the Trollope Society of New York was set up, with similar objectives. This is a completely separate organisation, and has achieved charitable status over there. It is run on a low cost basis, with its literature produced by the London society.

There was a lot of serendipity in the early days, but the main effort was still to come. There was a major advertising campaign to get new members. John knew where to advertise very effectively. There were also annual dinners with well-known speakers, initially in the marvellous surroundings of the Reform Club Library. John invited the press, and was very good in getting free publicity. Quite soon the dinners were fully subscribed and we moved from the Reform Club to Lincoln's Inn, where upwards of 300 could be accommodated.

The first dinner was addressed by Roy Jenkins, former Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer and then Chancellor of Oxford University, and then by John Biffen, one of Mrs Thatcher's First Secretaries to the Treasury. Later speakers were equally distinguished, including Joanna Trollope, Ruth Rendell and Baroness P D James, Christopher Bland (BBC Chairman), Robin Leigh-Pemberton (Governor of the Bank of England), Lord Blake (eminent historian), Enoch Powell, and John Major.

Other entertainments were offered to members. For example, a 'Victorian Evening in Honour of Mr Anthony Trollope, devised by Mr John Letts and Miss Sue Bradbury', with readings, (not all from

Trollope), and songs took place at the National Portrait Gallery in London, at Winchester and in New York. There were New Year parties at the Reform Club, the National Portrait Gallery and at the National Liberal Club, and summer parties in the gardens of Westminster Abbey and Chatsworth. Finally, a ceremony was arranged in which Anthony Trollope was at last officially admitted to Poet's Corner, under the eye of the then Prime Minister, John Major. A memorial stone was carved and installed, paid for following a special appeal to members. Sir John Major, a keen and knowledgeable reader of Trollope, remains Vice President of the society.

Another bold initiative was the establishment of the Trollope Prize, sponsored by a member, for the best short story written by a young person between the ages of 16 to 19, based on a Trollope theme.

The Trollope Society completed the publication of the uniform edition of the 47 novels plus the autobiography on schedule in 2000. The Society circulated those members who had originally financed the publication and refunded their deposits. Many members preferred to leave their deposits within the Society to help finance its future development.

The initial purpose of the Society having been achieved, there was a party to celebrate at St James's Palace. Then, with the encouragement of members, the decision was taken to publish Trollope's travel books and other non-fiction works. So the life of the Society was extended, and Priscilla Hungerford became Chairman in 2002. She led the society through the transition from a publishing to an educational/social society. Consequently there are now many seminar groups around the country, members have made several research trips here and abroad, and *Trollopiana* has been re-designed and modernised. A visit to Ireland in 2006 forged links with Drumsna, County Leitrim, leading to the opening of the 'Trollope Trail' by President McAleese a year later. In 2009 Michael Williamson took up the challenge, and now leads us forward into 2015.

We continue to honour the name of Anthony Trollope as we enter his bi-centennial year.



See *Trollopiana* nos. 73 and 84 for Tributes to John Letts and Al Gordon.

## Not Only Ayala Dreams of an Angel of Light!

The bicentenary year has already inspired a wide selection of Trollope orientated events, publications, dinners, performances and special activities. Funding is often a challenge and nowhere is this more apparent than in the field of theatre. One project in particular is working hard to mount a dramatic adaptation.

This is the production by well-known dramatist Craig Baxter, entitled *Lady Anna at Sea*, based on the novel, *Lady Anna* parts of which received a dramatic reading at our event in the Royal Opera House two years ago. This script was commissioned by the Society. The production will run from 18th August until 19th September 2015 in repertory with another classic work at the Park Theatre, Finsbury Park London. Tickets will shortly be available

Most funding is now in place but some still has to be secured. If any Member would like to make a contribution, however small, and become an 'Angel of Light' they should get in touch with Colin Blumenau from whom further information is available, as follows:

*Lady Anna at Sea*: Colin Blumenau at [office@theproductionexchange.com](mailto:office@theproductionexchange.com)  
Tel 01462 743772

### The provision of *Trollopiana*

*To all Members of the Trollope Society, New York (TSNY)*

With further reference to the announcement in the last issue of *Trollopiana*, we are pleased to report that a new financial agreement has been set up between the two organizations which will mean that copies of *Trollopiana* will be supplied to TSNY Members as before. The new arrangements will be monitored over a period of time but will hopefully prove advantageous on both sides of the Atlantic. We hope that many members of TSNY will be able to join us in celebrating TROLLOPE 200 in 2015.

## What They Said About Trollope At The Time

Part One: 1847 - 1858

by Dr Nigel Starck

*To mark this bicentennial year of celebration and reflection of Trollope's birth, Dr Nigel Starck, regular correspondent, author and lecturer, will present a three-part review of contemporary critical response to his novels. He begins with Part One, the early years of 1847-1858.*

### 1847 – 1858: The Path to Recognition and Approbation

“Trollope became one of the most fashionable novelists of the Victorian age, but his rise to fame was slow” says Professor David Skilton in *Anthony Trollope and his contemporaries* (Longman 1972). He further says, in that seminal study, that the eminent Victorian author himself “would have us believe that his first three novels passed practically unnoticed in the press”. Disproving that assertion, he finds that there were at least 13 notices of *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*, the work with which Trollope made his authorial début.

While conceding that the book was “largely ignored” by the public when it appeared in 1847, the *Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope* notes also that the critics were by no means universally hostile. *Howitt's Journal* described it as “a story of intense interest ... written by a bold and skilful hand”; *John Bull* admired its “fidelity of description and knowledge of character”. The book's failure to sell could be attributed more to the publisher's antics than to literary shortcomings. It was published, says the *Companion*, “by the unscrupulous T.C. Newby”, who promoted it as the work of Trollope's mother Fanny, a novelist of established reputation. Only 400 copies were printed, it was poorly advertised, and its appearance coincided with the Irish famine – a misfortune which English society preferred to avoid.

Then came *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848). By his own account, Trollope admitted that it sold a miserable 140 copies of the 375



printed. (although a second edition was printed by Chapman & Hall in the late 1850s after Trollope had achieved popularity). A notice by *The Times* misspelled the book's title, but praised the humour (while finding it "coarse"). Trollope's biographer Richard Mullen (*Anthony Trollope: a Victorian in his world*) reports that the publisher, Henry Colburn, lost £63 10s 1½d on the venture and told Trollope: "It is impossible for me to give any encouragement to you to proceed in novel writing".

It would seem, though, that Trollope himself believed "It's dogged that does it". (He attached this maxim, long afterwards, to Josiah Crawley, his central character in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*). Doggedly, and for Colburn's fee of just £20, he produced in 1850 *La Vendée*. As the *Oxford Companion* tells us, the book's "inflated and artificial dialogue ... [and] no real sense of place" militated against any further financial reward. Its immediate fate, accordingly, was to be "generally ignored or denigrated".

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*"It is impossible for me to give any encouragement to you to proceed in novel writing"*

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The doggedness did not resurface for nearly five years. When it did, spawning *The Warden*, Trollope still failed to make much money from his labour, but the critical notices at this fourth time of asking brought him some eventual reward. The reader engaged by Longman (the publisher) had filed an enthusiastic report: "Such is the skill of the author that he has contrived to weave out of his materials a very interesting and amusing tale". For their part, the critics – who, throughout Trollope's career, would so often tender qualified praise, were not quite so generous. It was a "clever, spirited" story, according to the *Athenaeum*, but guilty of "too much indifference as to the rights of the case". The *Leader* (a radical newspaper of the time) found it "an excellent subject for a novel" while accusing the author of speaking "far too much in his own person".

At its first release, *The Warden* earned him another derisory sum: £20 3s 9d. Nevertheless, it made sufficient of an impression to mark Trollope as a novelist of stature. As he would recall long afterwards in

his *Autobiography*, a demonstrable measure of public recognition was now being directed at Trollope the author, rather than the post office official, and for the first time: "People around me knew I had written a book".

Further, and lasting, satisfaction was found in the novel's setting. His "dear county" of Barsestshire was now created. The six novels that comprise what has become known as 'The Chronicles of Barsestshire' remain, says the *Oxford Companion*, "the most popular and most reprinted of his books". On the publication in 1857 of *Barchester Towers*, the second Barset novel, the *Times* applauded the text's freshness and vitality, while the *National Review* found it "one of the cleverest and best-written novels ... of late years". Richard Mullen's biography emphasises the significance of this event. "*Barchester Towers*," he writes, "made Trollope's reputation".

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*"There is a very amusing book called Barchester Towers by A. Trollope" - Queen Victoria*

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Queen Victoria joined the chorus of critical acclaim. Mullen reports that in 1858 she ended a letter to her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, with these words: "There is a very amusing book called *Barchester Towers* by A. Trollope". The princess agreed with her mother's view, writing in reply: "I like *Barchester Towers*, it makes one laugh till one cries".

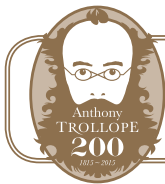
His popularity blossomed, among buyers of books and magazines, and among the patrons of lending libraries. When *The Three Clerks*, a novel inspired by his own youthful mishaps, followed in 1857, the Brownings and Thackeray recorded their approval; Thackeray subsequently invited him to contribute to the *Cornhill*, the magazine he edited. Trollope would soon find his work serialised in its columns, in the manner accorded to such literary celebrities as Tennyson, Eliot, and Hardy.

Nevertheless, *The Three Clerks* also served to demonstrate a strain of negative appraisal that Trollope could never entirely escape. Contemporary critics, as Skilton explains, "assumed that a well-constructed plot was necessary to a novel". The "slightness" of

Trollope's plots gave rise to “the constant attacks” that he suffered from the reviewers, with their unease over public popularity, their excessive concern for ‘high art’, and their dislike of realism, allied to an enigmatic demand for more ‘imagination’ and ‘idealisation’. *The Three Clerks* appeared to disturb some of them, too, simply because it had departed from the assured bounds of Barset. The *Saturday Review*, by way of example, found it less satisfactory than its two immediate predecessors, and, as Skilton tells us, reverted to “praising the world of *Barchester Towers* once more”.

Trollope does admit, in the *Autobiography*, that he had “paid careful attention to the reviews which have been written on my own work”. There is evidence that he did so in composing *Dr Thorne*. He turned again to Barsetshire, asked his brother for help with the plot, and, to quote the *Oxford Companion*, with *Dr Thorne* “attained a success that astonished its author”. At the arrival of this seventh novel in 1858, Anthony Trollope was elevated by the *Leader* to a seat “among the illustrious living writers of fiction whom we are able to count off upon our fingers”. Dogged had done it.

In the next issue of *Trollopiana*, this series will reflect on the pattern of criticism from *Dr Thorne's* triumph to the misinterpretation accorded in 1874 to *The Way We Live Now*.



The Trollope Society Ballon Race - Keep an eye out for Trollope 200 balloons, you could win a prize!

## Cuts or Uncuts – What They Say Now

A résumé of recent press activity

by Pamela Marshall Barrell

**A**vid readers of newspapers will have been surprised and pleased to read an unprecedented number of articles written in the daily and Sunday press following news of the new version of *The Duke's Children*.

The articles began on Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> November with a feature by Chris Hastings. “TROLLOPE UNCUT” screamed the large headline, followed by an explanation of: “135 years after distraught author was forced to slash 65,000 words from his final Palliser novel, it’s released in full for the first time” in print almost as large as the main heading.

Chris Hastings went on to say: “When *The Duke's Children* was submitted for publication in 1879, Trollope was forced to hack away more than 65,000 words – a quarter of the original text. But now the sixth and final instalment in his series of novels about the Palliser family is to be published as he intended”.

The paper quoted Lord Fellowes who said he could not be more pleased: “The truncated version is an ineffective conclusion to the Palliser novels but this is tremendous and does justice to the series which came before”.

After a brief description of the novel and the recent repeat of the television adaptation, Chris Hastings added:

“The restoration was done by American academic Professor Steve Amarnick, who spent ten years studying Trollope’s manuscript, which is in Yale University. His team examined 1,000 pages of handwritten text to try to differentiate between the changes Trollope made himself as he worked on the book and the drastic edits which were forced upon him.

Their task was made all the harder by the fact that because Trollope wrote the novel towards the end of his life, his handwriting

was almost illegible”. The writer finished the wonderfully long article with a quotation from Joanna Trollope and that, like *The Way We Live Now* [the novel] is “presciently modern”.

On Monday 17th November the topic was taken up by *The Times* in their Editorial section which shouted: “EDITORIAL INTELLIGENCE, Even the greatest writers benefit from a ruthless reviser”. This comment mistakenly announced that the cuts were made by Charles Dickens Jr. In fact, whilst the son of Charles Dickens was indeed the Editor of *All the Year Round* at the time and had necessarily requested the cuts, they were actually done by Trollope himself. *The Times* added: “The profession of literary editor is a noble and unsung calling that has spared readers much tedium and burnished the reputations of even the finest writers.

Trollope is among them. When sitting down to write, he required of himself 250 words every quarter of an hour. Inevitably, not all of them were of equal quality. After his first three novels went largely unnoticed, Trollope decided to write a survey of modern life entitled *The New Zealander*. His publisher’s reader, who had earlier recommended *The Warden*, was blunt. The volume was ‘a most feeble imitation’ of Thomas Carlyle”.

The writer of the Editorial knew his subject and compared Trollope’s editing to that of other authors: “Trollope took the rebuke in good spirit and resumed writing fiction, with the celebrated *Barchester Towers*. To judge by the state of her manuscripts, Jane Austen probably also benefited from an editor whose name is lost to history but who dealt heroically with the novelist’s idiosyncratic spellings, blots and crossings-out. For TS Eliot, Ezra Pound did even more”.

In defence of all editors everywhere, the article concluded “Behind even great writers, there is often a sensitive but resolute red pen – in the interests of the reader but, still more, the book”.

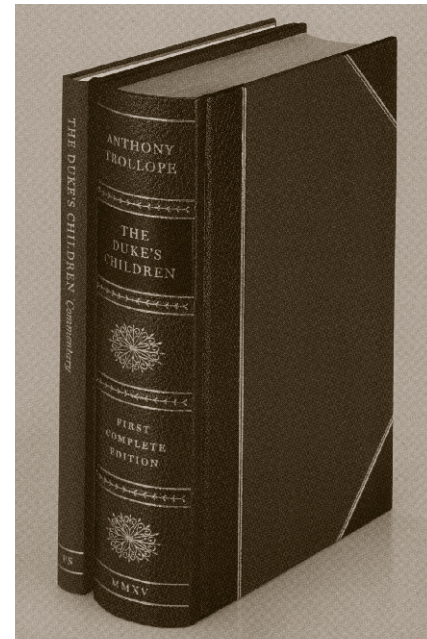
Elsewhere in *The Times* on the same day, a larger article by Kaya Burgess took up the story with the heading “WHAT THE DICKENS? Trollope is restored to his original glory” and continued “More than 130 years after Charles Dickens’ son forced Anthony Trollope to cut 65,000 words from the final novel in his Palliser series, the book will finally be published in his original glory”. After a brief résumé of the book, the writer filled in the background:

“When the series was collated as a novel and published by Chapman & Hall in 1880, they used the truncated version that appeared in *All the Year Round*, publishing it in three parts rather than

four as originally planned”.

Towards the end of the substantial article Kaya Burgess praised the epic work that Steven Amarnick put into to the restoration by saying that he: “has led the restoration project and wrote in a 2009 essay, entitled ‘Trollope at Fuller Length’, that Trollope tried to keep all 80 characters in the novel intact while making his large cuts and managed to remove whole paragraphs and pages while leaving “no gaping holes”.

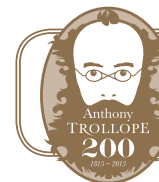
‘Yet the novel as a whole suffers’, he explained. ‘Subtleties of characterisation are lost, many references to earlier parts of the Palliser saga disappear, and Trollope’s unique genial narrator forges a



*The Duke’s Children  
Folio Society First Complete Edition’*

less distinctive relationship with the reader. The book becomes more de-politicised and crucial matters of pacing are altered”.

The article goes on to say that Michael Williamson, Chairman of the Trollope society, “said the novel had been ‘butchered’ by the cuts and was considered one of his weakest novels”. This statement was refuted by him in a follow-up letter which was subsequently published on Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> November by *The Times*, which is reproduced below in our Letters Page.



Join the *Barchester Towers Big Read* in April.  
For more information visit us at  
[www.facebook.com/trollopesociety](http://www.facebook.com/trollopesociety)



## BOOK REVIEW

# The First Celebrity: Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey

by Dr Nigel Starck

Reviewed by Peter Blacklock

Two scenes from this book sum up, for me, Anthony Trollope. In the first, he thrusts his foot into the noose of a rope and, clutching the rope, allows himself to be lowered 150ft down a mineshaft, a man nearer 60 than 50, large, portly, of sedentary habits. This he says, is “by the operations of a horse who might take it into his brutish head to lower me at any rate he pleased”. The second is in an area of precipitous ravines (as Dr Starck describes it) where, says Trollope, “on one occasion we submitted to be pulled up, hanging on to our horses’ tails”.

To complete the picture of this great man (a man of books and manuscripts but physically and intellectually brave), he fell off his horse twice while hunting kangaroos, often rode 64 miles a day, helped to rescue a young woman thrown from her horse while going to a wedding (shades of Lizzie Eustace hunting) and delivered heart-warming speeches to thrill the Australians. He travelled thousands of miles: on horseback, coach, cart or coastal steamer; camping, sleeping rough, frequently getting lost in the bush. He suffered extremes of heat and cold in Australia and the icy rigours of winter in New Zealand. He got his boots dirty, talking to miners, sheep shearers, convicts, ex-convicts, and ordinary men and women as well as State premiers.

And all the time, he worked at his writing duties.

His ship, I K Brunel's masterpiece of marine engineering *SS Great Britain*, battled through huge and unfriendly seas, using sail and auxiliary engines, to reach Melbourne from Liverpool. On board he

wrote *Lady Anna*: “66 pages of manuscript in each week, every page of manuscript containing 250 words. Every word was counted”.

He began work the day after the ship left the Mersey, on May 25 1871, had one day off for illness, and completed his task on July 19, eight days before docking. As he travelled through Australia on a visit lasting one year and two days, he found time to write eight of the 51 chapters in his two-decker *Australia and New Zealand* devoted to the Dominion, then comprising politically six competing colonies. He spent two months in New Zealand, leaving in October 1872, and wrote nearly all the 12 New Zealand chapters before arriving at San Francisco

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*“While his criticism irritated the press, ordinary people seem to have enjoyed convivial evenings in the best public buildings”*

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on his round-the-world return trip.

He also wrote ten ‘letters’ to the *Daily Telegraph* in London, signed ‘Antipodean’, published in what we would now call ‘articles’, between December 1871 and December 1872. He no doubt stored up material for *Harry Heathcote of Gangool*, *John Caldigate*, the weird *The Fixed Period* and short story, *Catherine Carmichael*.

Those ten letters to London were controversial. As Dr Starck says, the Australian papers looted the London papers for news (common to all the press today). This re-publication of criticism of Oz by a Pom was an explosive mixture, especially as Trollope was the first celebrity to visit the Continent, thus the title of the book.

In fact, on this subject, Dr Starck quotes Walter Murdoch, foundation professor of English at the University of Western Australia, in his essay *Home Truths for Australia*. The professor writes:

“We Australians are too touchy; as a race, I mean. As individuals, we may be above reproach; I may be as tough of hide as a shark; and you as impenetrable as an armoured car; but collectively we are as sensitive as a cat’s whiskers ... Why should we be so infantile as to want everybody to love and admire us? Why should we resent plain speaking?”

Dr Starck carefully takes us through Trollope’s praise as well as his criticism. While his criticism irritated the press, ordinary people

seem to have enjoyed convivial evenings in the best public buildings in various towns, with flowing wine and cigars.

The criticism is mild by today's standards, though perhaps I too would resent my prized local buildings dismissed as 'rickety'. But the praise is so great and the criticism so muted that, to me, the latter only serves to underline the independence of the writer.

What does seem particularly to have annoyed the Australians was his advice not to "blow" - that is, not to blow their own trumpets. He wrote:

"You are told constantly that colonial meat and colonial wine, colonial fruit and colonial flour, colonial horses and colonial sport, are better than any meat, wine, fruit, flour, horses or sport to be found elsewhere ... Now if I was sending a young man to the Australian colonies, the last word of advice I should give him would be against this practice. Don't blow - I should say to him".

Another example of Trollope's mention of 'blowing' or 'eulogizing' can be seen in Steven Amarnick's article on page 28 below. Australians must have looked forward to independence and Trollope was an early advocate of the six colonies uniting into one federation and advancing to statehood, which he saw as Britannia launching another son into the world "to take his place among men".

Duties on imports to keep out foreign competition annoyed him as much as it annoys capitalism's apologists today. The word foreign embraced other Australian colonies.

The thrust of Trollope's book (published by Chapman & Hall) was supposed to be less a travel essay and more of advice on whether to emigrate and how to succeed in the new country. Then, as now, Australia needed young men and women and Trollope's advice was to go there and enjoy a life where work was easy to find and far from the class-ridden society they knew.

Trollope wrote as he went and consequently his views changed accordingly (as happened in South Africa) which is reflected in his book. He obviously ended as an admirer of the country.

As most readers know, Trollope went to Australia to see his son, Frederic, whom he had bankrolled as a squatter (a farmer running sheep in staggeringly large numbers on leased Government land). That enterprise went bust eventually but Frederic began the Australian dynasty that now holds the Trollope baronetcy.

On his second, shorter visit in 1875, this time without his wife and intent on business rather than literature, Trollope still managed

20 articles for the *Liverpool Mercury*, though half were devoted to countries visited on the way there and back. The outward journey also gave us *Is He Popenjoy?* and the return trip *The American Senator*.

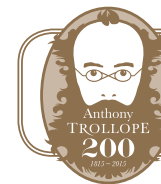
He detected reproach in Australians for his earlier criticisms but was soon feted again as the Australians forgave him and his departure from Sydney was made in "a glow of approbation" with one worthy saying his was "the very best book on Australia that has ever been produced".

His Australian book reflects the Australian character: polite, racy, civilized. In fact, Trollope sums up my Englishman's feelings when I left Sydney ten years ago. "I despair", he says, "of being able to convey to any reader my own idea of the beauty of Sydney Harbour .... Sydney is one of those places which, when a man leaves it knowing that he will never return, he cannot leave without a pang and a tear. Such is its loveliness".

*The First Celebrity* is a delightful book, written by an academic who had the good fortune, in a previous life as a journalist, to learn to write clearly, sympathetically and economically. I recommend it to all Trollopians.



*The First Celebrity: Anthony Trollope's Australasian Odyssey* is available from the Trollope Society £25+p.p and The SS Great Britain can be visited 10.30 am - 4 p.m. daily at its dry dock at Western Dockyard, Bristol, part of National Heritage (see John Letts above) admission £13.75.



Join us at The British Library on 23 April  
2015 for *A Celebration of Anthony Trollope*.  
Book tickets at [www.bl.uk/events](http://www.bl.uk/events)

# Your letters

If you have any questions, comments or observations on anything related to Trollope, *Trollopiana*, or the Trollope Society, please write to us at The Trollope Society, PO Box 505, Tunbridge Wells, TN2 9RW or email [info@trollopesociety.org](mailto:info@trollopesociety.org)



The following letter appeared in *The Times* on Thursday 29th November, 2014. It was written by our Chairman in response to recent press articles as detailed above:

Sir,

While it may be true that authors benefit from the wisdom of a 'ruthless reviser', this was not the case with the original *The Duke's Children* by Anthony Trollope (*News*, Nov 17). Being the last of the Palliser novels, Trollope seems to have intended this work to be a fitting conclusion for the series in the same way that *The Last Chronicle of Barset* brought together the threads of the Barchester novels. He wrote it as a four-volume novel and it was with disappointment that he learnt that the publisher was only prepared to risk three volumes. There was no editor on hand and Trollope had to tackle the disagreeable task himself. Words, sentences and paragraphs had to be removed. It is, therefore, greatly to his credit that the result should have been so well regarded.

The traditional *The Duke's Children* is undoubtedly a fine book. However, the extended version, painstakingly re-created by Professor Steven Amarnick and his colleagues, is a revelation that strengthens characterisations and helps us to understand Trollope's intentions.

As we approach next year's bicentenary of his birth, I am sure that all Trollope enthusiasts will be looking forward to enjoying this "Lost Chronicle of Omnium"!

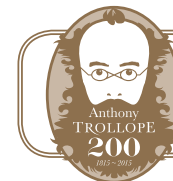
*Michael G Williamson*

*Dear Pamela,*

A friend sent the following quotation from a letter by Philip Larkin in *Letters to Monica* dated 26<sup>th</sup> August 1951:

"I should like to say something about this 'irrepressible vitality', this 'throwing a fresh handful of characters on the fire when it burns low', in fact the whole Dickens method - it strikes me as being less ebullient, creative, vital, than hectic, nervy, panic-stricken. If he were a person I should say 'You don't have to entertain me, you know. I'm quite happy just sitting here'. This jerking of your attention, with queer names, queer characters, aggressive rhythms, piling on adjectives - seems to me to betray basic insecurity in his relation with the reader. How serenely Trollope, for instance, compares. I say in all seriousness that, say what you like about Dickens as an entertainer, he cannot be considered as a real writer at all; not a real novelist. His is the garish gaslit melodramatic barn (writing that phrase makes me wonder if I'm right!) where the yokels gape: outside is the calm measureless world, where the characters of Eliot, Trollope, Austen, Hardy (most of them) and Lawrence (some of them) have their being".

*Peter Lee*



Trollope Bookgiving - Give a Trollope novel away on 24 April, and ask the recipient to let you know what they think.



27th ANNUAL LECTURE

# The Lost Chronicle of Omnium

The Re-Discovery of *The Duke's Children*

by Steven Amarnick

*Steven is Professor of English at Kingsborough Community College, City University of New York, and writer of several interesting articles in Trollopiana.*

This project began in 2002 when I received a generous grant from the City University of New York to study the manuscript of *The Duke's Children*, held at the Beinecke Library, Yale University. At that time I had no thought of actually reconstructing the book and no sense that such a project was desirable or even doable. I merely wished to write a lengthy article, because I knew there was a lot to be gleaned about Trollope's craft from this manuscript. As I studied it in 2002-2003, I became increasingly excited, and presented my research at the annual lecture of the U.S. Trollope Society that autumn; and then in early 2004 gave a three-session seminar at the Society about the cuts and their effect on the novel. At this point I was hemming and hawing; a lot of people urged me to restore the complete novel, and I wanted to but wasn't sure I could make the commitment. Bob Wiseman, a retired librarian, participated in that seminar along with his wife, Karin, and he came up to me, I think at Karin's urging, and said: do this, I will help you, which he did every step of the way. Without him, I may never have started this reconstruction; without him, I know I never would have continued until the end.

In 2006, not long before I was scheduled to present a paper on *The Duke's Children* at the University of Exeter's Trollope conference, I received an e-mail from Susan Humphreys, who had written a Dissertation on Trollope's working methods and eventually come to



*Professor Steven Amarnick*

run a publishing house out west with her husband. We corresponded, spoke on the phone, and then she decided to come to Exeter for the conference and to meet me. We bonded immediately, and she too offered to do what she could to help. She was invaluable at innumerable points, most crucially in the second phase. She flew east for a number of ‘summit’ meetings where the three of us talked about so many aspects of the book, and was in charge of finding a publisher. Through her efforts we have formed this very fruitful collaboration with both the Trollope Society in England and the Folio Society.

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“... a straight-line cross-out, almost always meant a space-saving cut ... a wavy-line cross-out signified a ‘regular’ editing change”

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There were three main phases in the editing process. First, using the text online and a photocopy of the manuscript (later turned into a PDF) supplied by the Beinecke, we made an initial effort to reconstruct the complete novel. The focus then was trying to ascertain, without getting too bogged down, what was underneath the thousands of crossed-out words in a manuscript of over 1,000 pages. (If Trollope used a straight-line cross-out, it almost always meant a space-saving cut. On the other hand, a wavy-line cross-out signified a ‘regular’ editing change, one almost surely made in 1876 as he was writing or proofreading). In the second phase, we went through the manuscript once again, this time with extensive back-and-forth discussions about the reconstructed text. Though we had had some of those discussions the first time around too, we were now fully focused on getting every last detail right. In this second phase we were able to go back to the manuscript, a year or two or later, with relatively fresh eyes; and indeed in a number of cases we were able to correct our own previous mis-readings, or fill in readings we hadn’t figured out the first time around. By the end of the second phase, we had what we felt was a highly accurate version. Third was the collation: checking our complete text against the first edition of the novel published by Chapman & Hall in 1880. The aim here was to account for, and

include, changes that Trollope would have made or sanctioned in proofs.

Let us look back to the 19th century. It took Trollope six months in 1876 to write *The Duke’s Children*, immediately after finishing *An Autobiography*, a book he always intended to put in a drawer and publish posthumously. He put *The Duke’s Children* away too, but not for the same reason. Rather, his writing had not sold well in recent years; perhaps he hoped for a better deal if he waited awhile. Instead, the dreadful reviews and sales of *The Prime Minister* in 1876 sank his reputation further. In 1878, Trollope must have been relieved that the prestigious *All the Year Round*, edited by Charles Dickens Jr., was willing to serialize the novel in weekly instalments. Yet Dickens was apparently not willing to publish such a long work, and to accommodate him Trollope made massive cuts. The novel appeared every week in *All the Year Round* for nine months beginning in October 1879. When Chapman & Hall published the first edition in 1880, it was in three volumes, not the four that Trollope had originally produced.

In this new ‘complete’ edition, there are no new characters or plotlines, but there are a lot more words: about 65,000 of them - 22% of the book as a whole. Now, as you know, we already have a lot of words in print by Trollope - many millions of words. It’s nice to have another 65,000 if acquired easily - but they couldn’t be acquired easily. Rather, though, there were a number of difficult editorial issues involved, the fundamental problem being Trollope’s handwriting - wretched at this stage of his career, made even more wretched with lines running through the words needing to be deciphered. Page 25 below shows a typical example, and there are over 1,000 pages just like it. So why bother? Why wasn’t a lengthy article good enough?

The answer is simple: I discovered that page by page, paragraph by paragraph, often even line by line, the original version was superior to the edited version; not merely superior but also the book Trollope wrote and intended to publish. And, since this is not any old Trollope novel but the final work of his famed Palliser series, one that has always physically looked a little puny compared to *The Prime Minister* or *Can You Forgive Her?* (or, outside the series, *The Way We Live Now* and *The Last Chronicle of Barset*), I felt that to reconstruct the book would be an act of justice. The complete *Duke’s Children* is richer, more complex, more Trollopan than *The Duke’s Children* that we’ve always known.

However, there is a possible objection. How can I talk about an act of injustice toward this novel when Trollope committed the

injustice when he did the editing himself? The answer, I think, can be found in looking at nearly everything else he published. It goes without saying that when he wrote *The Duke's Children*, Trollope was not a young novelist trying to figure out his writing and editing style. He had a well-established procedure: as he describes in his autobiography he wrote roughly 250 words every 15 minutes, for three hours every morning (or more precisely two and a half hours, the first half hour given over to proofreading the previous day's work). He worked quickly, and did not want to spend a lot of time looking back. A number of manuscripts exist, most of them showing how, often, he barely edited at all. Or in cases where he did edit a bit more aggressively, he was almost always likely to add words, not take them away. It's impossible to believe that Trollope undertook the editing with anything except a heavy heart, or "aching heart" to quote him directly. Though there are no surviving letters about the editing of *The Duke's Children*, there's something almost as revealing: a letter he wrote to his publisher in 1878, just after he had cut *The Duke's Children*. In this case he was talking about his new novel *John Caldigate*. Trollope, mistakenly, as it turned out, thought that he was being asked to shorten the novel, and in the letter he makes it clear that he will do so if asked, but only very, very reluctantly. "I will make the reduction accordingly, - but with an aching heart!" [October 11, 1878]

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*"It's impossible to believe that Trollope undertook the editing with anything except a heavy heart"*

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There's one more thing to say before I talk about some of the cuts themselves. I want to acknowledge that Trollope did a remarkable job editing *The Duke's Children*, especially so given how new a practice this was for him. Trollope spent two months in 1878 cutting it down, and the shorter novel flows smoothly. Indeed, I would suggest that if he hadn't done so well, if he'd made a hatchet job of it, someone before me now would have reconstructed the complete novel. There would have been an obvious pressing need to do it, and someone would have done so many years ago. Also, given how Trollope constantly tried to keep his mind, and thus his writing, fresh by

need not have been asked, but in the presence of their father, they were sad and could almost as soon be. On the next day, early in the morning, the ~~the~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~copy~~ <sup>book</sup> returned to ~~them~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>college</sup>, and had ~~been~~ <sup>sent</sup> up to ~~London~~ <sup>London</sup>, where he was supposed to have his home. ~~From a number of letters~~ <sup>sent by</sup> ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~copy~~ <sup>copy</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~publisher~~ <sup>publisher</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~publisher~~ <sup>publisher</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~publisher~~ <sup>publisher</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~publisher~~ <sup>publisher</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> 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moments too. Or perhaps I should just repeat one word: details, details, details - that make the setting more animated, or are more specific about place and time, or affect the pacing of the novel, or hurt the sound of a sentence. More than anything, it's the details of characterization that matter most, cuts that flatten the characters, or at least make them less vivid than they were before those cuts were made.

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*“... my conviction that the restored Duke’s Children would enhance Trollope’s position in the literary pantheon”*

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Examples of both large and small cuts are: Gerald smoking with his brother at the end of the novel; Isabel reassuring her mother before getting married; the Duke promising to think about a date for Mary and Frank’s wedding; repartee between Isabel and Silverbridge; Major Tifto changing his name and becoming respectable; Silverbridge’s letter to Sir Timothy Beeswax; Mrs Finn’s first impressions of Frank; Frank refusing to train for a profession; Frank’s advice to Silverbridge; Major Tifto’s encounter with the Duke; rapprochement between Mrs Finn and the Duke; Mrs Boncassen’s self-awareness; Miss Cassewary’s difficult life; the Duke’s loneliness; the Duke’s wish to see Alice Grey.

I made all final editorial decisions, but only after much discussion. In the process, I compiled hundreds of pages of notes, a version of which I plan to publish online within the next few years. Editing is a fascinating, tricky and highly contested endeavour. I established and follow clear editorial principles, but I also felt it was important to be pragmatic and to deviate from those principles occasionally. No one will agree with every single decision, but I do wish to be transparent on the website about what those many decisions were and why I made them. I will also give commentary on every page of the manuscript, and add to the already hefty apparatus that Bob Wiseman put together for the Folio Society showing important cuts from each chapter. In short, there is more work to do. Trollope’s book itself, however, is ready to be published.

A few of the challenges we faced in getting to this point, besides

the fundamental challenge of deciphering the handwriting, was the recurring difficulty in assessing the status of additions that Trollope included on the manuscript. Usually these were replacements for the cuts to provide, in a condensed form, crucial information. Yet it was not always obvious that these were in fact replacements, especially when they appeared far away from the actual cut. For, as can be seen on his other manuscripts, Trollope did also add words for clarification or nuance. Another difficulty was answering the question, what would Trollope have done? That is, if he had not cut something and then seen it in proofs, what changes would he have likely made? I tried to be careful and not become too aggressive in imposing alternatives; on the other hand, I felt it would be unfair to Trollope to print every single crossed-out word, no matter how clunky or just plain wrong.

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*“... but now, when there was no longer a threshold that he could cross, he felt himself to be deserted”.*

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There were many other decisions to make regarding substantives, but the one that was most charged, and headache-inducing, was punctuation. There were, I thought, two reasonable approaches, neither ideal: follow Trollope’s manuscript, except where the punctuation was unquestionably unfeasible, or follow Chapman & Hall, which respected most of the idiosyncratic decisions Trollope made but also did a fair amount of editing. I ended up with a compromise which resulted in what I believe was the best solution (for this particular author, and maybe no other): using Trollope’s manuscript punctuation for dialogue, and Chapman & Hall for narration (with exceptions in rare cases if the punctuation in either caused the reader to stumble). Too much flavour is sacrificed when the punctuation is smoothed out and such things as comma-dashes and semicolon-dashes become just plain dashes, as occurs in *All the Year Round* and in the Trollope Society edition. Yet while Chapman & Hall made sensible, and mostly welcome, changes in the narration punctuation, over and over again they misunderstood the particular nuances that Trollope was trying to convey in his dialogue.

In order to get this right, I had to check, and then re-check,

the accuracy of at least 20,000 punctuation marks (a conservative estimate) from the manuscript and first edition - perhaps not the most exciting part of this project, but for me not entirely unexciting either. The fact is, this was a labour of love from start to end, motivated by my conviction that the restored *Duke's Children* would enhance Trollope's position in the literary pantheon. Yes, I will say it bluntly: I am a Trollope enthusiast. Which doesn't mean I suspend critical judgment; I can talk exhaustively about his shortcomings, about what I think succeeds and doesn't succeed in all his writings. Nonetheless, I do believe that Trollope deserves to be seen as one of the greatest novelists in the English language. Out of 47 novels, several dozen are thoroughly first-rate, as is his autobiography. Even his failures - and here perhaps we can include his travel books - are worth reading. *North America* (1862), for instance, is dull, but dull in the most fascinating way, as Trollope put his burgeoning career as a novelist on hold for close to a year to try to make amends for his mother's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*.

It is in *North America* that Trollope takes some swipes at New York, and Central Park:

"But the glory of New York is the Central Park; - its glory in the minds of all New Yorkers of the present day. The first question asked of you is whether you have seen the Central Park, and the second is as to what you think of it. It does not do to say simply that it is fine, grand, beautiful, and miraculous. You must swear by cock and pie that it is more fine, more grand, more beautiful, more miraculous than anything else of the kind anywhere. Here you encounter, in its most annoying form, that necessity for eulogium which presses you everywhere. For, in truth, taken as it is at present, the Central Park is not fine, nor grand, nor beautiful. As to the miracle, let that pass .... The Central Park is good for what it will be, rather than for what it is". [chapter 14]

It so happens that I live a few blocks from the Park, and some of my most glorious hours working on *The Duke's Children* were spent there when the weather was mild. If I could speak directly to Anthony now, I'd say: I wish you could see Central Park now, all grown up; and I wish you could see your *Duke's Children*, stout and healthy, just as you had always envisioned.



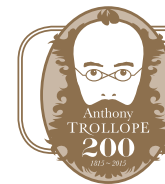
*Editor: The new edition of The Duke's Children, published by the Folio Society, has an accompanying book of Notes on the Cuts which will include an Introduction by Steven Amarnick on the restoration and the illumination of our understanding, some parts of which are discussed above. There will also be Observations and numerous examples of all 80 chapters, on the different types of cuts by Robert F Wiseman, and an Essay by Susan Lowell Humphreys on the original manuscript and Trollope's working methods. Our Chairman Michael Williamson has written The Contextual Notes on fashion, customs, etiquette, women, parliament, the political process, sports, pastimes and gentlemen's clubs, with an index of characters cross-referenced with the rest of the Trollope canon.*

*The restored novel shows that the Duke gradually accepts his children's individuality. He sees that his eldest son Lord Silverbridge, despite early debts and misdemeanors, matures to deserve his title; and approves of his marriage to Isabel. We too see the couple's compatibility through their discussions on such topics as the 'Phrenological Society', and 'vivisectors'.*

*We initially share the Duke's antagonism towards Mary's suitor Frank who, after rejecting several professions, decided he "... liked to be a gentleman at large, having certain vague ideas as to a future career in Parliament" but, like the Duke, we learn to appreciate his qualities, though by the end Silverbridge clearly outshines him.*

*The new version also shows how, sadly, the Duke remembers his shortcomings, not only about his children but on how he took Glencora for granted: "In those former days many a long evening he had passed all alone in his library, satisfied with blue-books, newspapers, and speculations on political economy, and had never crossed the threshold of his wife's drawing-room; but now, when there was no longer a threshold that he could cross, he felt himself to be deserted".*

*Controversially Palliser begins to realize that "The friend whom he most trusted was a certain Mrs Grey .... the poor widower, when he looked about thinking where he might find assistance, turned his mind more frequently to Mrs Grey than to any other female friend", and the novel ends with hope for the future by the intimation that the second son Gerald could, like Silverbridge, redeem himself upon maturity.*



Trollope Society members will have the opportunity to buy copies of the restored *The Duke's Children* at a discount.

# Seminar Groups

## A review of Seminar Discussions

The Trollope Society has Seminar Groups up and down the UK, from Salisbury to Edinburgh. All members are most welcome to attend. For information on forthcoming groups visit [www.trollopesociety.org](http://www.trollopesociety.org)



Oxford, 14th November 2013

*The Fixed Period* and *The Eustace Diamonds*

A short discussion of Trollope's late and unusual futuristic novel *The Fixed Period* produced a generally positive response, even though in choosing it for discussion, reservations were expressed about the gloominess of its subject matter. Interest focused on the study of a personality (the narrator, President Neverbend) with rigid idealist convictions, backed by his *folie de grandeur* of thinking himself the equivalent of Columbus and Galileo. The cricket match had provided amusement, notably Trollope's prescient invention of bowling machines and safety helmets. The use of government doubletalk to make euthanasia more palatable to the population was also noted.

Dr Sugden then placed *The Eustace Diamonds* (published serially in *The Fortnightly Review* from July 1871 to February 1873) contextually in the aftermath of the 1860s, the decade of sensationalist fiction. The novel has a number of elements of that genre, but also approaches which subvert it. Essentially it is a mystery story without a mystery: instead of leaving a dramatic denouement to the end, as is usual, Trollope reveals what actually happened at an uncharacteristically early stage. Unlike Braddon's *Aurora Floyd*, in which only external actions are portrayed, much of the interest of *The Eustace Diamonds* lies in the access to Lizzie's inner thoughts which Trollope provides. Furthermore, though sensationalist fiction has a fixation on transgression and punishment, Lizzie escapes serious consequences of her wrongdoing. Dr Sugden also described how Trollope's move away from the *Cornhill Magazine*, with its ethos of not shocking young ladies, to the more serious and liberal *Fortnightly Review*, facilitated a darker approach in his novels, evident in *The Eustace Diamonds*. We very much enjoyed the character of Lizzie (despite her many moral failings);

Lord Fawn was considered well-drawn; the question of the original of Portray Castle was discussed in the light of the Society's Scottish expedition; the mental collapse of Lucinda Roanoke under pressure to marry against her will was seen as exceptionally bleak Trollope, while the hunting scenes were seen as exceptionally good; finally, Lizzie's decision to marry Emilius was considered unfathomable.

Roger Harvey

York, November 2013

*Miss Mackenzie*

Tony Pook introduced this account of an *ingénue* charting unaided through an unfamiliar world of delusive snares. We singled out Trollope's surprising outspokenness about single women, poverty and the plight of dependency and dwelt on its comedy, which anatomises the status anxieties and markers pervading it, as well as on the deformations (and, in Lady Ball's case, a poisonous and manipulative bitterness) that poverty can produce – indeed, we admired Trollope's refracting some of the worst English social prejudices through this ghastly woman. It was quite impossible not to enjoy Mr Maguire whose divided loyalty (God or Mammon?) is perfectly represented by his fearful squint, appreciating particularly the piquancy of his engineering the book's fortunate outcome. We had nothing but praise for Margaret Mackenzie whose *Bildungsroman* this narrative really is, a well-judged portrayal of her progress, often painful and puzzling, towards steadily growing self-awareness and self-possession, as she negotiates the assorted rogueries, charms, cynicisms and *faiblesses* of her four very different suitors, gradually freeing herself from a (very venial?) romantic streak, always tenderly depicted by Trollope.

Just as some of us felt that Trollope unduly punishes the reprobate Maguire by marrying him off to La Colza (false through and through), so we wondered about Margaret and her cousin. Although he is undoubtedly crippled and diminished by his ugly obsession with financial and social disappointment, cultivated with his harpy-mother, we know that with his second wife he will discover pure gold and might thus grow into real 'Lionhood'. We did regret the disappearance of Susanna, rating her a very promising character, as unfazed by Propriety as Miss Todd's wonderful nieces. For some of us, the late re-entry of Lady Mackenzie as *dea ex machinâ* was too facile; and one of us asked why Trollope hadn't provided Jeremiah Maguire with an eye-patch!

Anne Pugh



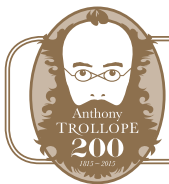
# Deborah, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire

Deborah, or 'Debo', the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, last of the six Mitford sisters (sometimes known as the 'scandal' sisters), died at the age of 94 on 24th September 2014. She was responsible for reversing the fortunes of Chatsworth, Derbyshire, where The Trollope Society were invited to a private function in 2001.

After a reception in a marquee in the magnificent grounds, we were greatly privileged to be shown into the private apartments to view the library, artefacts and sitting room. We were given a warm welcome. Later, in 2006, when 46 of us toured Ireland researching Trollope's time there, we were invited by her nephew, her sister Nancy's son, the Honourable Desmond Guinness, to a reception at Leixlip Castle, and made equally welcome. (For full accounts see *Trollopiana* no. 54 and *How the Trollope Society Went to Ireland*).

During her time as chatelaine of Chatsworth, the Duchess famously insisted on the use of gold leaf instead of paint for the renovation of window frames because she thought it more hard wearing than paint.

Charles Moore of the *Daily Telegraph* set up the Rectory Society designed to foster interest in clergy houses of all kinds, and 'Debo' became its enthusiastic patron, addressing members, attending AGMs, and inviting the members for lunch in her garden.



The Trollope Society Bicentenary Dinner will be held at the Athenæum on 24th April 2015. Book your tickets early!



## Omnium Gatherum

*A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians*

The Trollope Society will be holding a balloon race to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Anthony Trollope. 200 balloons will be released. Anyone finding a balloon may win a prize!.

A Celebration of Anthony Trollope will be held at the British Library on 23rd April 2015. An esteemed panel of speakers will give their personal reflections on the significance and impact of Trollope and his work and there will be an opportunity for discussion and questions from the audience.

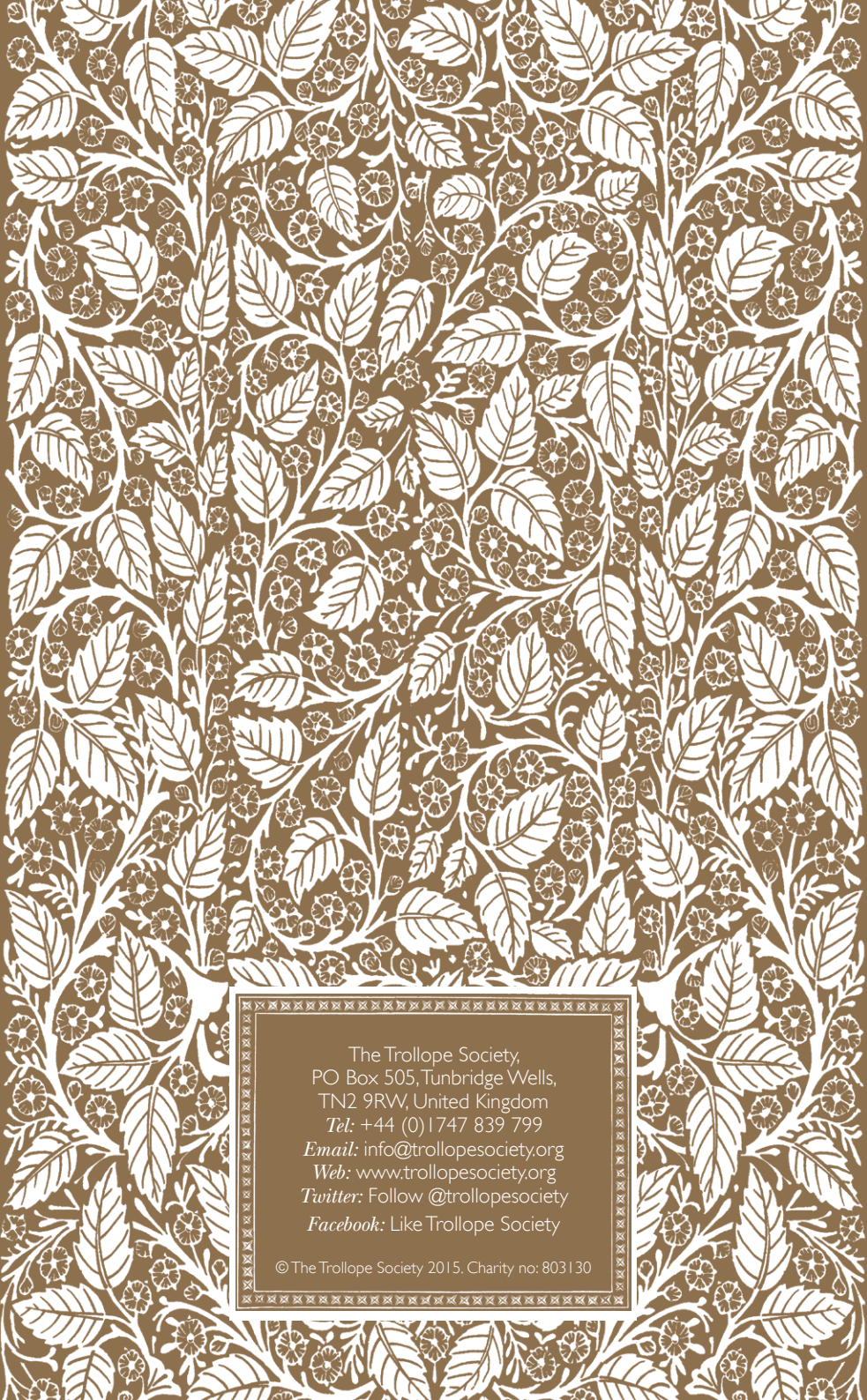
Tickets priced £10 are available from [www.bl.uk/events](http://www.bl.uk/events)

British Library Display: *On novels and the art of writing them: the rules according to Anthony Trollope* focussing on Trollope's approach to authorship and his 'rules' for novel writing, as laid down in his autobiography. It will include the manuscript of the autobiography, printed editions of Trollope's works, correspondence and personal effects. The display will run in Sir John Ritblat Gallery: Treasures of the British Library, 3rd March – 7th June 2015 – a free exhibition open during the British Library's usual opening hours.

The Trollope Big Read: During 2015 we will be challenging everyone to read three Trollope books and to join in the discussion whether online via Facebook, through your local library reading group or a Trollope Society seminar group. Or why not set up your own group with some friends and introduce them to Trollope?

The Big Read will be launched on 24th April 2015 and the first book will be *Barchester Towers*. Two further books will be read in August and November 2015

We are always pleased to hear of any news, events, exhibitions, publications or other items of interest to Trollope Society members. For inclusion in *Trollopiana*, please email the editor, Pamela Marshall Barrell at [pamela.barrell@artsview.co.uk](mailto:pamela.barrell@artsview.co.uk)



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