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EDITORIAL

Although we are now two thirds into this bicentenary year of Trollope’s birth, there are still many events arranged for your enjoyment. As I write this the most wonderful play Lady Anna: All at Sea by award winning Craig Baxter is still running at the Park Theatre, Finsbury Park, and the 3-day Conference in Leuven is about to take place; in October and November there will be talks at various Literary Festivals, societies and libraries around the country. There will also be the Annual Lecture and Buffet Supper at the National Liberal Club on the 29th October when Geordie Gregg, Editor of the Mail on Sunday will detail his collection of Trollopian memorabilia and Freemasonry; and to round off the year there will be the Service and wreath laying ceremony in Westminster Abbey followed by Dinner at the House of Lords.

As the year draws to a close, so sadly does my Editorship of Trollopiana. I have been Editor for ten years and it is time for me to retire and allow young blood to co-ordinate communications with internet blogs, Facebook and website newsletters. I have been proud of my work, and thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it, especially in my communications with you – readers and contributors – without whom no issue would have been possible. You have all been marvellous not only in sending in articles, reviews, write-ups, letters, snippets, but also ideas for future commissions. My work, often involving the condensing of 14,000 words into 3,000 without losing a salient point, has not seemed onerous, but rather a mountain happily scaled. I would like to send my grateful thanks for all your help, and am confident you will continue to offer your support to my successor.

Mark Green (markr_green@msn.com) will oversee a panel co-ordinating communications, and he will be very pleased to receive all your future ideas. I look forward to reading future editions of Trollopiana.

My very best wishes for the future,

Pamela Marshall Barrell
pamela.barrell@artsviews.co.uk
The Beverley Election of 1868

Not Trollope’s Finest Hour?

by Michael Sheridan

Whilst an undergraduate, Michael Sheridan realized he could learn more about politics and economics from Anthony Trollope than from textbooks. Subsequently, like Trollope, he worked as a public servant. The similarity ends there.

The minster town of Beverley in East Yorkshire has seen much development over the years but still retains a great deal of its old English charm. Amongst the oldest buildings in the town is the hostelry popularly known as ‘Nellie’s’, officially the White Horse Inn, which has existed on the site since the 17th century. A visit there might convince you that you have been transported back to the 19th century as it comprises a series of small rooms, stone floors, gas lights and open fires. If Anthony Trollope did not visit Nellie’s in November 1868 then he may have committed a grave error of judgement.

It is well-known that Trollope accepted the Liberal candidacy for Beverley in that year. In his Autobiography he admitted that his election campaign was far from a success:

“When the time came I went down to canvass and spent, I think, the most miserable fortnight of my manhood”

It is necessary to explore the state of British politics and the extent of the franchise in 1868. The Chartist Movement had campaigned since 1838 for, amongst other things, universal male suffrage. They were largely unsuccessful and the franchise remained restricted by property qualifications until 1867 when the Reform Act contained household suffrage clauses allowing the male ‘head’ of each household to vote. Women, of course, were excluded from voting until 1918. Despite the 1867 reform, only 58% of males were enfranchised. It is of particular note that the Secret Ballot was not enshrined in law until 1872.

Beverley returned two members to the House of Commons and both sitting members leading up to the 1868 election were Conservatives, prominently Sir Henry Edwards who had represented Beverley since 1857. The election campaign was a fractious series of incidents. From an early stage the Liberals accused the Conservatives of bribing voters, almost certainly true. Indeed it was commonplace for financial and other inducements to be offered by candidates, and the Liberals themselves did not have a clean record in that regard.

Trollope set himself against bribery (although he paid the Party agent £400 to meet the costs of the campaign) to the despair of his fellow Liberal campaigners.

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Trollope must have cut a curious figure on the Election trail, habitually dressed as though he were more concerned with hunting than electioneering, in high boots and long red jacket. Indeed he almost certainly was more interested in hunting. One of the Liberal policies which Trollope enthusiastically supported, was the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Few issues would have been of less concern to the electors of Beverley. He also campaigned for education for children from poor families to be financed from public funds. Some voters may have been influenced by such thinking but the majority of those who would benefit from such a policy were excluded from voting and thus unable to influence the result. For all of these reasons Trollope seems to have been viewed locally as an interloper with no understanding of the concerns of the local residents.

The result was announced with deadening inevitability. The two Conservatives were elected and the two Liberals defeated. Sir Henry Edwards topped the Poll with 1,132 votes and Trollope came last with 740 votes. The coda to this was dissatisfaction that corruption had influenced election results. This went on for many years with
the support of the local newspaper. Following the 1868 Election, a Royal Commission was appointed to examine complaints of electoral irregularities. As a result of its findings the Beverley constituency was abolished and amalgamated into the East Riding constituency. Trollope’s foe, Sir Henry Edwards, was unseated by these means. Trollope had, in fact, given evidence to the Commission and its conclusions must have brought him great satisfaction. Thus ended the electoral adventure of Anthony Trollope. He never returned to politics in that form.

“Trollope’s outstanding contribution to an understanding of how political power operates was surely in the Palliser series”.

It is interesting to compare Trollope with other politicians with literary accomplishments. In Trollope’s own time, Benjamin Disraeli deftly combined the two pursuits. Disraeli, in fact, had published three novels before being elected to Parliament in 1837, beginning with *Vivien Grey* in 1826. After becoming an MP he wrote what were perhaps his two best known novels, *Coningsby* (1844) and *Sybil (or the Two Nations)* in 1845. More recently Winston Churchill wrote prolifically both fiction and non-fiction; his best known effort in the fictional sphere being *Savrola*. The playwright Benn Levy, a Labour MP between 1945 and 1950 had successes in the West End both before and after his political interlude (especially popular were *Madame Bovary* in 1837 and *Rape of the Belt* in 1957). Closer to our own times, the former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd was an accomplished thriller writer: *Scotch on the Rocks* (1971) and *Image in the Water* (2001) being good examples. But, interestingly, he also wrote a biography of Disraeli published in 2013: *Disraeli (or The Two Lives)*. The Labour MP, Chris Mullin, wrote the compelling *A very British Coup*, a fiction closely allied to political issues. There are other politicians one could mention.

It is often claimed that Trollope’s *Ralph the Heir* which first appeared in magazine instalments in 1870 was Trollope’s riposte to his campaign experiences. No doubt some of its plot was suggested to him by his time in Beverley but he was far too imaginative a writer to merely duplicate such events on the printed page. Most of the book is concerned with inheritance issues and personal relationships; nevertheless the novel contains a Parliamentary election in a location called ‘Percycross’ where the result is overturned on petition and Percycross disenfranchised for corruption. Interestingly, Trollope is meticulously even-handed politically in his depiction of the political candidates in the story, as those disqualified are a Conservative and a Liberal and the anti-corruption candidates are a Conservative and a Radical. It may be that the Radical, Moggs, is in part a self-portrait. But Trollope was not radical on all issues and instead more of a bourgeois Liberal. Although he energetically supported a widespread provision of educational facilities he did not, for example, favour the Secret Ballot. In any event Trollope made clear in his *Autobiography* that he did not consider *Ralph the Heir* to be one of his best books.

Trollope’s outstanding contribution to an understanding of how political power operates was surely in the Palliser series. Phineas Finn is such a vivid example of how some people entering political life can be sucked into the compromising, haggling and, often, final betrayal. Trollope also painted hugely observant and lasting prose portraits of the complex interaction of politics with business and religion. *The Way We Live Now* has surely never been surpassed in that regard and could easily pass as a description of much public life today.

Anthony Trollope’s attempt to mount the political stage was probably undone by a mixture of naivety and stubbornness but he learned much from his experiences. The world of literature can, however, be grateful that after 1868 he went on to write nearly 40 further works which serve to tellingly and memorably describe Victorian society as seen by an informed and perceptive middle-class man of enormous imaginative power. We can be grateful that Trollope did not spend his time in ‘Nellie’s’ passing silver coins surreptitiously to the imbibers.

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How I Wore my Trollope T-Shirt to the Dickens House Museum
And Other Musings of an American Trollopian in England

By Julia Miele Rodas

Julia Rodas is an Associate Professor of English at the City University of New York. She is a Victorianist and disability studies scholar and co-editor of a book series on Literary Disability and a collection on disability in Jane Eyre, The Madwoman and the Blindman.

Standing outside Trollope’s house at 39 Montagu Square, I studied the details of the building and speculated on what is original Victorian and what is modern. I was pleased to discover the place, but the house itself, filled with ordinary flats, engaged my attention less than the grassy Square. That, I imagined, was Trollope’s view, or something like it. My eyes regarded what his eyes regarded. In this strange way I shared a moment with him. Similarly, I was smugly appreciative of the pillar boxes marked VR: Trollope’s work, still standing, still in use. I left my home in New York City to conduct exactly this small pilgrimage, to visit buildings, stand on bits of ground, look at trees, and touch stones made meaningful by their 19th-century literary context.

I took satisfaction in these small, everyday connections, but was also troubled. Earlier I had naively believed that English people would be as avidly interested in Victorian novels as Americans are in football. But there were no hordes paying homage at Trollope’s former dwelling. I looked up and down the street hoping for a passer-by to take my photo, and eventually my patience was rewarded. I wandered slowly away, through Montagu Mews, imagining this quiet little oasis in its 19th-century clothes, occupied by carriages and servants. Approaching Baker Street, the inevitable ‘Sherlockiana’ presented itself and I felt a little jealous for Trollope. Baker Street is a hub for tourism and Conan Doyle, I think, gets more than his fair share of the attention.

As a Victorianist, and a Trollopian, my month-long trip through England was filled with such moments. I was deeply moved by the elusive presence of the 19th century literature that has been a large part of my career for 20 years, but at the same time a little grieved by the overpowering force of 21st century realities. One evening, after seeing a performance of Oscar Wilde’s The Importance of Being Earnest, I peered at the portico of the Haymarket Theatre and was buoyed up by the remembrance of a scene from Ayala’s Angel: Tom Tringle’s surprise jab at rival Jonathan Stubbs after Stubbs had handed Ayala in to her carriage. Elated, I took a late-night walk through Mayfair searching for Madame Max Goesler’s perfect little house in Park Lane, but was dismayed by the noise and traffic near Hyde Park Corner and the imagined repose of that fictional Eden evaporated.

In this conflicted state, I strode about London, a creature of my own time but possessed by a desire to appreciate these insubstantial literary shades. At Leighton House Museum, I wondered if Lord Leighton might have been the original for a successful young painter featuring prominently in The Last Chronicle of Barset, and in whose pictures there was:

“... ever some story told ... over and above the story of the portraiture. This countess was drawn as a fairy with wings, that countess as a goddess with a helmet. The thing took for a time”, the reader is told, “and Conway Dalrymple was picking up his gilt sugar-plums with considerable rapidity”.

At the Reform Club, I had barely patience enough to pretend to listen to tales of 20th century Cold War intrigue and espionage, so taken was I with the thought of sitting in the very smoking-room where the political career of Phineas Finn was launched. I might be sitting on the very same sofa! Neither was my apparent failure to recognize the distinction between the real and the fictional hailed as a merit at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, where I brushed aside instructive commentary on the drama of actual history to ask questions about favourite fictional characters. Would Phineas have had an office here, I asked, or in the old Foreign Office building? The bewildered in-house historians, unacquainted with such professional lunacy, tried to offer information about how the building interior has been used in a number of films, but they breathed a sigh of relief when I...
moved along. I traipsed through the building, admiring the original cast-iron hardware, the restored frescoes, fireplaces, and mosaic work, imagining the luminaries and sub-luminaries of Trollope’s Palliser novels, walking purposefully through the same corridors, hurrying up and down the same steps, having meetings in these same rooms. I checked dates following my visit and found that Trollope wrote *Phineas Finn* while the new building was under construction. Publication of the full text of the novel coincided with its completion in 1868.

My visit to Oxford was similarly haunted. Mostly, I focused on my research and writing, preparing for a forthcoming talk, but when I wandered around, I was almost insensible of the city’s actual history. I had a faint sense of its medieval origins, its dramatic Reformation history, and of course I noticed the *Harry Potter* paraphernalia, but my attention lapsed happily into Trollopian lines. I thought of Lord Silverbridge sent down from Oxford, pleading that his brother might not face the same punishment, thus bringing shame upon the Duke of Omnium. And I imagined Archdeacon Grantly, Dr Gwynne and Francis Arabin flitting back and forth from Plumstead to the fictional Lazarus College. Here again, though, I felt myself to be alone; surely I couldn’t be the only lonely Trollopian patiently tapping away on her Macbook at the Bodleian?

My spirits were lifted, however, by a rather unlikely source. Encouraged by the enthusiastic responses of like-minded friends, colleagues, and former students tracking the progress of my jaunt on Facebook, I regularly documented my rambles. Here, there was plenty of interest in what might otherwise seem obscure: my photo of Paddington Station commemorating Johnny Eames’ pummelling of the pathetic Adolphus Crosbie; a comment on how the posh cars and expensive-looking shopping bags ubiquitous in present-day Belgravia offer unexpected insight into Trollope’s world. Though a little abashed at its seeming anti-Victorian quality, ongoing exchanges on social media fuelled my eccentric literary delight. In fact, Montagu Square is not as lonely as it seems; half-a-dozen young Trollopians on the other side of the Atlantic are eager themselves to make a similar trip.

Bolstered by this enthusiasm and unwilling to be wholly mastered by the realities of actual history or my sad sense that Trollope is, perhaps, a little overlooked, I made a fateful decision: I would no longer be coy or apologetic in my Trollopianism. One morning, defiant of demure English proprieties, I dressed in my custom-made Trollope t-shirt and visited the Dickens House Museum, brazenly willing to endure martyrdom. Although this antagonistic conduct left museum staff unruffled, I felt quite heroic when I met up with London Trollopians that afternoon for a Trollope walk (expertly guided by Paul Baker). Later that week I met again with fellow Trollopians to collectively read a dramatic interpretation of *Barchester Towers*. Martin Chown encouraged me to assume the role of Mrs. Proudie and, despite my American accent, I gloriied in the part. Finally, I realized, before heading to Heathrow that same evening, I was at home.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

**Memorial Service and Dinner**

4th December 2015

Members attending the whole event in December should ensure that they have their tickets of invitation with them at all times to ensure admittance to both the House of Lords and the reserved section in Westminster Abbey. For the House of Lords photographic ID will also be required. If, however, you only intend to attend the Abbey Services then please apply to our Office for a ticket to enable you to join us in the reserved section. We regret any inconvenience caused but security is likely to be high and we don’t want to exclude any of our Members.
of this kind could brand as “vulgar” anything inimical to their own narrow susceptibilities. Nevertheless, Townsend’s charge would surely have stung. Trollope was much enamoured of his fictional duke, declaring in his autobiography: “I think that Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, is a perfect gentleman”.

The following year, the Saturday was even more dismissive of The American Senator, recording the wish that the titular character “had been left out”. As the Oxford Reader’s Companion to Trollope has noted, this novel – with its complexities of tone and structure – was “misunderstood in its time”. These further objections to the senator himself illustrate the point: “Too commonplace, too much of an American gentleman” (The Times); “His lecture on British institutions … is as near to being a bore as anything Mr Trollope could write” (The Athenaeum).

Some reversal of fortune would occur, though, in 1879 when Chapman & Hall published John Caldigate, a work empowered by Trollope’s intimate knowledge of Australia and the postal service. Alexander Innes Shand, writing in The Times, was notably struck by the portrait of its heroine, Hester Bolton:

“He has seldom perhaps, among the best of his female characters, including Lily Dale and Grace Crawley, created any one who recommends herself so strongly to our sympathies and admiration as Hester. The timid and inexperienced young girl is suddenly transformed in the devoted wife and determined mother”.

The male protagonist had created a similarly favourable impression upon Edmund Sheridan Purcell, of The Academy: “Mr Trollope has for once given his old favourites a holiday, and has applied all his resources to the careful delineation of a new hero”. (As we shall see, however, Purcell would later deliver a vicious posthumous appraisal of Trollope’s literary legacy). Moralising, on the part of the late Victorian critics, frequently coloured their judgments. David Skilton explains:
“Some of Trollope’s novels were regarded as morally quite unexceptionable – such as the Barsetshire series or Rachel Ray – while others, such as The Claverings, were positively lauded for their healthy and noble moral lessons. Yet when he brought out Is He Popenjoy?, the Spectator found it ‘unwholesome in tone’.

The sexual intrigue of this 1878 novel was apparently so disturbing to some, that Charles Dickens Junior, while willing to serialise Popenjoy in his magazine All The Year Round, took the remarkable decision of bowdlerising it. It offended, not surprisingly, Meredith Townsend too. Having condemned The Way We Live Now for its “atmosphere of sordid baseness” and The Prime Minister for “an inherent vulgarity of thought”, his Spectator column now expressed similar distaste over Popenjoy. The miasma of its narrative, he complained, was such that any reader would desperately seek out “the sweet breezes of heaven”.

Relief for this wounded critic was found, so it would seem, in An Eye for an Eye (1879). He likened it to a breath of the clean Atlantic air after the “stifling atmosphere of a London alley”, along with the “nightmare” and the “moral malaria” that had characterised other recent works in the canon.

After all that, the critical mood was thoroughly reversed with The Duke’s Children in 1880. N. John Hall, in the Oxford Companion, summarises the shift thus:

“The novel enjoyed an excellent press. Trollope’s reputation with the critics had gradually declined with Lady Anna, continuing through The Way We Live Now, The Prime Minister, The American Senator, and Is He Popenjoy? Then John Caldigate had mixed but on balance good reviews, and a short novel, Cousin Henry (published the same year), did even better. But The Duke’s Children seemed completely to restore Trollope’s reputation with the critics”.

This positive reaction was amply demonstrated in the Westminster Review.

“Those who fancied that Mr Trollope had been falling off will be delighted to read The Duke’s Children. … Mr Trollope is upon old ground, and describes it with all the ease of his best days”.

There was a thorough turnaround on the part of the Spectator, which found: “No novelist of whom we have any knowledge seems to possess so sane a comprehension of the mode of life and thought of the British aristocracy as Mr Trollope”. In New York, the Nation lauded it as “one of Mr Trollope’s most successful novels”. The irony here is that the critics were denied access to the full text after Chapman & Hall forced Trollope to trim some 65,000 words so that the book could appear in three volumes rather than four. While eventually complying, the author himself had fumed over the demand: “How two words out of every six are to be withdrawn from a written novel, I cannot conceive”. Writing to another publisher, John Blackwood, he explained the effect on his book’s structure: “One little thing hangs on another to such an extent that any change sets the whole narrative wrong. There are so many infinitesimal allusions to what is past that the whole should be rewritten or it will be faulty.”

This episode of unadulterated approbation would not last. In May 1882, Chapman & Hall published Marion Fay, a subtle, often humorous, reflection on class distinction. It achieved a mixed reception, ranging from the Athenaeum’s finding that it displayed “much of the brightness of touch which characterize … [his] early work” to the New York Critic’s accusation that it wallowed in “an excess of feeble sentiment”. None of the reviews detected – or perhaps were game to discuss – the erotic undertones that have subsequently been divined in a clinical dissection of Marion Fay by Frederik Van Dam.

Repeated allusions to a poker in the love scenes between Marion and Lord Hampstead, he finds, have prompted the suspicion that Trollope was waving a phallic symbol at the prevailing censorship.

Resolutely productive, although in physical decline this last year of his life, Trollope had seen the publication in March 1882 of The Fixed Period. Its futuristic theme did not win a good press: according to Sheila Burgar in the Oxford Companion, critics dismissed it as “essentially ghastly” – possibly because the fictional society it portrayed was one that practised compulsory euthanasia on citizens attaining the age of 68. The author himself fell a little short of that milestone; he was 67 at his death in December that year.

1. The Folio Society this year (2015) has taken remedial action, publishing the version of The Duke’s Children that Trollope had originally intended.

“... with characters destined to survive” - The Times
The obituary columns, always of generous dimensions in the Victorian press, offered an opportunity for some sustained, intense evaluation. There was an element of *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum* (‘of the dead, nothing unless good’) in the *Saturday Review* pages. The sniping aimed in life at his novels was replaced by the observation that Trollope had been possessed of an “instinctive revelation of life which delighted the most fastidious critic”. More predictably, the *Athenaeum* celebrated his “kindly ridicule of the approved superficialities of life”. For its part, *The Times* occasionally damned with a sniff of faint praise, but added the thought that: “He has enriched our English fiction with characters destined to survive”.

Two violently opposing views appeared in the *Academy*. His old detractor Edmund Purcell declared that, following Trollope’s death, he was “willing to forget utterly what little we remember of his multifarious writings”. Purcell’s *Academy* colleague Richard Littledale, however, anointed Trollope “the most representative figure of contemporary literature and one who has achieved the rare distinction of having become an object of personal goodwill to uncounted visitors”.

The dominant public mood was echoed by *Blackwood’s Magazine* with this benevolent remembrance of a singularly prolific author: “He was in all things, in thought and deed, the high-minded Englishman he delighted to portray”. Then, just a year later, Blackwood published *An Autobiography* and thereby inspired a fresh, and often sententious, chapter of Anthony Trollope appraisal.

I am the proud owner of 22 books examining the grammar, writings and life of Anthony Trollope. This 23rd book is possibly the most gripping of all.

Professor McCourt is Irish, teaches English literature, and works at an Italian university so has personal experience of ‘writing the frontier’. He summons an international galaxy of writers, known and unknown, contemporary and historical, to support his views on Trollope’s writings, for Trollope, he says, felt he was in a unique position as a cultural mediator between Ireland and the rest of Britain. This was because he felt a moral obligation during his long stay in Ireland (18 years in all) to explain the complexities of a country that was ignored by the public across the Irish Sea.

John McCourt details this minutely and fairly. But the bare bones of the story is Trollope’s move from Irish cheerleader in gratitude for finding his true self there, cautiously believing in limited social change but within the Union, to what he calls a reactionary. Trollope, he says, went to Ireland aged 26, as an outsider who had not accepted Victorian virtues. Once there he turned himself into a real Victorian, embracing the classic self-reliance, personal responsibility, thrift and hard work of the age. Thus he grew into the Trollope we now know.

We are reminded, however, of the not-quite-so nice qualities that seemed to go with those values, like paternalism (born of believing the natives were little more than children in yet another colony) and bombast to underline who was master. McCourt’s national pride shines through - as it should - because English people, myself included, too often see matters through the prism of our certainty that there is only one view, which is ours.

I have never understood contemporary English society’s view of the Great Famine of the mid-19th century. My blood boils when I read...
of the neglect of thousands of starving, ragged British citizens in the name of good governance. Professor McCourt, though it is obvious his blood boils, too, gives a just account of the politics of the Famine.

Trollope’s view was the respectable one of the time, held by Churchmen and good society in both Ireland and England. In a nutshell he believed, as did Prime Minister Lord John Russell and his ministers, that any relief above a low threshold without the recipient having to perform public work, would convince the Irish that they need not work because the Government would feed them. There was a fear that starving Ireland would become starving Scotland and starving England, to quote the sage Thomas Carlyle. Trollope put it this way in a letter to the *Examiner*:

“Ireland is looked on as an incurable sore inextricably attached to the otherwise healthy body of England, of which if England could get quit of either by the knife or caustic it would be well: but which is the despair of so dangerous an operation England must endure. There doubtless has been and is disease, ill-treatment or rather no treatment has also made this chronic; but now that a remedy has been applied, the salutary effects of which are already apparent, for heaven’s sake let us beg the surgeon not to withdraw his hand because the patient cries out that he is in pain”.

Who is the surgeon? Is it Lord John or the Almighty? Well, a bit of both. According to the Russell view, the Famine was actually a purging act of God. Here is Trollope again, in his famine novel, *Castle Richmond*:

“A merciful God sent the remedy which might avail to arrest (the country’s wretchedness) and we, we depreicated his wrath. But all this will soon be known and acknowledged; acknowledged as it is acknowledged that new cities rise up in splendour from the ashes into which the old cities have been consumed by fire. If this beneficial agency did not from time to time disencumber our crowded places, we should ever be living in narrow alleys with stinking gutters, and supply of water at the minimum”.

Trollope was right in one sense. The new cities did rise up in splendour – but in the United States rather than in Ireland! No fewer than 500,000 Irish went to Liverpool in 1847 and 300,000 then crossed the Atlantic to grow rich and eventually fuel Irish terrorists in the last century, in our times and quite possibly in the future. They had already demonstrated their suitability as Empire builders, one third of whom were Irish.

I am appalled that Trollope should compare the sufferers with narrow alleys and stinking gutters. But this was probably the God they preached in those times: I remember something similar when I was a child in the ‘40s.

Perhaps surprisingly, Professor McCourt finds a great deal of merit in *Castle Richmond* and one great value of his book is his annotated summaries of the five Irish novels, plus Phineas Finn, who turns from being an upright Irishman to a standard Englishman over the course of the four political novels in which he appears.

Alas, I cannot subscribe to all his allegories of the state of Anglo-Irish relations: pretty Irish girl, representing Ireland herself, meets rich, urbane gentleman, representing England (or an Anglicized Captain Ussher) and he does her wrong. Interesting, but I think literary gents sometimes see what is not intended and this is a case in point.

In addition, Professor McCourt points out that Trollope’s research for his last Irish novel, *The Landleaguers*, rebels for whom he has no sympathy, was conducted from the homes of grand people or grand hotels. He adds tartly that the ailing author would have learnt and understood more if he had spent time away from the Big Houses.

Well, possibly, but all I learnt as a newspaperman reporting from street riots and gun battles in the Belfast of the 1970s was that both sides agreed with their leaders, as seen on TV.

Finally, in case I have created an impression that the Professor is hostile to his subject, here is his conclusion to correct that:

“Trollope is, quite simply, a vital presence in the literary canon of the Irish 19th century novel and a key voice in the long and complicated Irish-English cultural and political conversation. Not only did Trollope succeed in his mediating role of helping his English readers to understand Ireland and to question his own assumptions about the country, but his works also lead today’s readers to better comprehend the complexities of Victorian Ireland and to a richer grasp of English attitudes towards the country and its people. His Irish fiction, fruit of a sense of belonging and gratitude towards Ireland, as well as of his indelible belief in the Union between the two islands, forms a unique and substantial body of work in itself, but also signals an Irish stratum within his writing as a whole and bears witness to the acquired and nurtured Irishness of this most English of English novelists.”
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

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**Dear Sirs**

In this bicentenary year of Anthony Trollope’s birth, a reminder of connections between his family and that of Dickens seems opportune. The relationship between the two novelists was not close, although inevitably they met professionally and socially. Trollope famously caricatured Dickens as ‘Mr Popular Sentiment’ in *The Warden* (1855), but acknowledged in his *Autobiography* (1883) the success of his novels and characters. His praise was nevertheless tempered with strong reservations about Dickens’ pathos and style as well as the plausibility of his characters. There are also occasional snide comments such as in a letter of 5th April 1868 where he wrote: “I go to America to make a postal convention, not to make money by reading”.

However, on his arrival in New York on 22nd April Dickens was about to sail back to England at the end of his reading tour, and was deeply moved by Trollope’s coming on board the ship to shake hands with him. “It was most heartily done”. In a letter to Thomas Adolphus Trollope on 6th May 1869 Dickens wrote: “I saw your brother Anthony at the Athenaeum not long ago … he is a perfect cordial to me, whenever and wherever I see him, as the heartiest and best of fellows”. Writing to Anthony himself on 9th May 1867, he expresses much satisfaction that “poor Mrs Bell had found a friend in you, for I knew she could have no stauncher or truer friend”.

Dickens corresponded with Anthony’s mother Fanny following the publication of *American Notes*, and had called on her and her son Thomas in Florence in 1845. Thomas and Dickens became good friends and Thomas contributed to *All the Year Round* from 1859 to 1862. On 20th December 1858 Dickens wrote to Fanny a letter of introduction and character reference for Frances Eleanor Ternan, who was travelling to Florence with her mother, and who “purposes establishing herself in some very respectable family in Florence, probably for a year, that she may complete her musical education under some master there. In this young lady and in her family, I have the warmest interest”.

Thus Dickens became closely involved with the Trollope family through the Ternans, particularly when Frances Eleanor returned to Florence in 1866 after the deaths of Fanny Trollope and Thomas’ first wife Theodosia, to be employed as governess to 12 year old Beatrice (Bice). Within a few months Frances Eleanor became Thomas’ second wife. Given Dickens’ liaison with her sister Ellen, it is hardly surprising that he was lavish in his congratulations. It was seemingly a happy marriage, lasting until Thomas’ death in 1892 at Clifton.

The most interesting link between Dickens and Trollope is the friendship of Dickens’ sons Alfred Tennyson and Edward Bulwer Lytton (Plorn) with Trollope’s younger son Frederick James Anthony in Australia. Alfred departed for Melbourne on 5th June 1865, and became manager of Conoble, a station of about 40,000 sheep, 100 miles north of Hay in New South Wales, and by the early 1870s he was at a station in the same district as Frederic Trollope. In a letter of 27th June 1872 to George William Rusden, Anthony Trollope mentioned that Alfred Dickens had been invited for dinner that evening at Mortray, Frederic’s station. However, Alfred and Frederic were not to remain neighbours for long, as Alfred embarked on a career in stock and station agency and left for Melbourne later in 1872. In a letter to his mother Rose, Frederic wrote: “Young Dickens has left the district … and it makes one neighbour less with whom you can exchange an idea”.

In this Trollope bicentenary year it is interesting to trace the various coincidences that linked members of their two families.

*Michael F Rogers, retired Chairman of the Dickens Fellowship*
Anthony Trollope: The Nose Has It

by Frederick Vaughan

As much as we love Trollope for his memorable characters, few would link him with the illustrious Leonardo da Vinci. Yet they shared something important. Like Trollope many centuries later, the great Italian artist searched for people with expressive facial features, as no two faces could be alike in his paintings. After studying what he believed gave people their distinctive features he concluded it was noses! These came in ten different shapes: “straight, bulbous, hollow, prominent above or below the middle, aquiline, regular, flat, round or pointed”. Noses were especially important in The Last Supper as it required 13 faces. He had to enter the Florentine netherworld to find Judas’ face, with just the right nose and sinister expression!

We will never know if Trollope knew about da Vinci, but we do know that one of the most endearing experiences gained from reading his novels is his graphic portrayal of characters. Let us see if he paid as much attention to characters’ noses as did da Vinci.

Clearly, his characterization of central figures, such as Obadiah Slope and Mrs Proudie, are permanently etched in readers’ minds. Few other authors possess the art of defining such features and idiosyncrasies.

Mrs Proudie, whom he describes in his Autobiography as “a tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess, a very vulgar woman, and one who would send headlong to the nethermost pit all who disagreed with her”, actually gets off gently at Trollope’s descriptive hands, as he also said she is “at the same time...conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save the souls around her from its horrors”. Mr. Slope, by contrast, brings the ink out of Trollope’s pen with a vengeance:

“Mr Slope is tall, and not ill made. His feet and hands are large ... but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease ... He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder: it is not unlike beef, – however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his big prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence”.

To reinforce the point that Mr. Slope is disagreeable, Trollope continues mercilessly:

“His nose, however, is his redeeming feature: it is pronounced, straight and well-formed; though I myself should like it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of red coloured cork”.

Poor Mr Slope!

The noses of Trollope’s female characters are generally more delicately and less fully described than those of male characters. One might say, “Well, of course!” Alice Vavasor, the heroine of Can You Forgive Her? for example, is described in the following words:

“Her eyes, too, were dark, though they were not black, and her complexion, though not quite that of a brunette, was far away from being fair. Her nose was somewhat broad, and retousse too, but... it was a charming nose, full of character and giving to her whole face at times a look of pleasant humour, which it would otherwise have lacked”.

Strangely though, Lily Dale of The Small House at Allington, one of Trollope’s most endearing characters, is drawn by contrast with her sister, Bell, who is acknowledged as the prettier of the two:

“Lily’s face was perhaps less oval in its form - less perfectly oval – than her sister’s. The shape of the forehead was, I think, the same, but with Bell the chin was something more slender and delicate ... [Bell’s] nose was decidedly more regular in its beauty, for Lily’s nose was somewhat broader than it should have been. It may, therefore, be understood that Bell would be considered the beauty by the family”.

Retired Professor; PhD The University of Chicago; Visiting Fellow of Oxford 1972-74; author of ten books on political philosophy and the constitutional law of Canada
Nevertheless, it is Lily, not Bell, who captures our affection. Lizzie Eustace’s nose in *The Eustace Diamonds* is, we are told, “small, but struck many as the prettiest feature of her face”. Martha Thorne of *Framley Parsonage* and *Doctor Thorne* has “a broad nose, and bright, small black eyes”. As for Lucy Robarts, of whom Trollope said she was “the most natural English girl I ever drew”, he omits to mention her nose, but instead exclaims: “… what eyes she had! … They flashed upon you, not always softly; indeed not often softly if you were a stranger to her; but whether softly or savagely, with a brilliance that dazzled you as you looked at them”. One is left breathless!

Of Signora Madeline Neroni, Trollope simply relates her facial characteristics in a litany: “Her nose and mouth and teeth and chin and neck and bust were perfect”. End of portrait. He gives the impression that he, too, had become captive of the ruthless charms of this widow of “a dissolute Italian”.

Several female characters, such as Madeline Staveley of *Orley Farm*, are noted for having ‘Grecian’ noses. In order not to imply that this was an unalloyed virtue, Trollope adds: “but perhaps a little too wide at the nostril to be considered perfect in its chiselling”. The young Clarissa in *Ralph the Heir*, heralded as a “beauty”, is described thus: “Her nose was perfect; – not Grecian, nor Roman, nor Egyptian, – but simply English, only just not retrosse”. Another character with a Grecian nose is Griselda Grantly, later Marchioness of Hartleop. “Her nose was nearly Grecian, not coming absolutely in a straight line from her forehead, but doing so nearly enough to be considered classical”. On the other hand, Sophie Mellerby, in *An Eye for An Eye*, was blessed with “an almost perfect Grecian nose”. Jane Carbuncle, one-time house mate of Lizzie Eustace, is described as “full-faced, – with bold eyes, rather far apart, perfect eyebrows, a well-formed broad nose, thick lips, and regular teeth”. Poor Madame Max Goesler draws our attention by her nose “[which] was not classically beautiful, being broader at the nostrils than beauty required, and moreover, not perfectly straight in its line”.

As for Sophie Gordeloup, one of Trollope’s wicked women, we learn that she is:

“… a little, dry, bright woman…with quick eyes, and thin lips, and small nose, and mean forehead, and scanty hair drawn back quite tightly from her face and head; very dry, but still almost pretty with her quickness and her brightness”.

*Mamma, she said at last, it is over now, I’m sure*

*Lily, Bell and Mrs Dale.*

*Millais reproduced from the first edition published by Smith, Elder & Co in March 1865*
Mary Lowther of *The Vicar of Bullhampton* is portrayed as a “bright-eyed girl”.

“If you judged her face by any rules of beauty, you would say that it was too thin; but feeling its influence with sympathy, you could never wish it to be changed. Her nose and mouth were perfect... her nose itself was a feature of exquisite beauty, a feature that could be eloquent with pity, reverence or scorn”.

At one point in *The Vicar of Bullhampton* Trollope waxes enthusiastic about the beauty of women’s noses in general:

“How many little noses there are on young women’s faces which of themselves cannot be said to be things of beauty, or joys for ever, although that do very well in their places! There is the softness and colour of youth, and perhaps a dash of fun, and the eyes above are bright, and the lips below alluring. In the midst of such sweet charms, what does it matter that the nose be puggish, – or even a nose of putty, such as you think you might improve in the original material by a squeeze of your thumb and forefinger?”

Lady Laura Kennedy has one of the few noses portrayed as “perfectly cut, but... rather large.” Lady Linlithgow’s nose is, perhaps, more cruelly portrayed than any other woman’s:

“Her nose was very prominent, not beaked, but straight and strong, and broad at the bridge, and of a dark-red colour.”

On the whole, Trollope tended to give his lesser female characters a “perfectly beautiful nose”, such as Isabel Lownd, in ‘Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage’. Euphemia Macdermot, of *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* is noted as having “a well-formed nose, as all coming-of-old families have”. But there is one exception to his rule of generosity towards women: Madame Melmotte. Trollope is almost cruel in his anti-semitic caricature:

“She was fat and fair... but she had the Jewish nose and the Jewish contraction of the eyes... There was certainly very little to commend her, unless it was a readiness to spend money on any object that might be suggested to her by her new acquaintances”.

Her husband, Augustus Melmotte, MP and “great financier”, is “a large man, with bushy whiskers and rough thick hair, with heavy eyebrows, and a wonderful look of power about his mouth and chin. This was so strong as to redeem his face from vulgarity... He looked as though he were purse-proud and a bully”. He is described by T. H. S. Escott as “a grotesque and nauseating monstrosity”. It is interesting to note that his illegitimate daughter Marie, whom he was quite willing to hand off to the highest bidder, is painted as:

“... not beautiful, she was not clever, and she was not a saint. But then neither was she plain, nor stupid, nor especially, a sinner. She was a little thing, hardly over twenty years of age, very unlike her father or mother, having no trace of the Jewess in her countenance”.

One surprise is the way Trollope portrays his favourite, Lady Glencora, who is, as Walpole observed “the essence of all that Trollope found adorable in woman”. She is beautiful, gay, lively but no fool and full of dignity when the occasion called for it. Yet, Trollope’s description of her lacks the detail he lavished on lesser important female characters:

“She was a fair girl, with bright blue eyes and short wavy flaxen hair, very soft to the eye. Lady Glencora was short in stature and her happy round face lacked, perhaps, the highest grace of female beauty. But there was ever a smile upon it which was very pleasant to look at; and the intense interest with which she would dance, and talk, and follow up every amusement that was offered her, was very charming.”

Trollope’s portraits of male characters are more severe, at times cruel with only minimal attention to their noses. Trollope says he “could never endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope”. “A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant”.

By contrast, the Rev Samuel Saul, the hard-working curate in *The Claverings*, is introduced as:

“... very tall and very thin, with a tall thin head, and weak eyes, and a sharp, well-cut nose, and so to say, no lips, and very white teeth, with no beard, and a well-cut chin. His face was so thin that his cheekbones obtruded themselves unpleasantly”.

Mr. Chaffanbrass, one of Trollope’s most famous lawyers, is mercilessly portrayed in *The Three Clerks* as someone determined to destroy his enemies in court at all costs. “To apply the thumbscrew, the boot, and the rack to the victim before him was the work of Mr. Chaffanbrass’ life”, so much so that “few men cared to come within the reach of his forensic flail”. He was, in short, “a little man, and a very dirty little man”:
“. . . for the power of command shows itself much in the nasal organ”

Poor long-suffering Bishop Proudie is “… a good looking man, spruce and dapper, and very tidy … It is no fault of his own if he has not a commanding eye, for he studies hard to assume it. His features are well formed, though perhaps the sharpness of his nose may give to his face … an air of insignificance. If so, it is greatly redeemed by his mouth and chin, of which he is justly proud.”

But none of Trollope’s male characters take a greater drubbing, apart from Obadiah Slope, than, perhaps, Mr Matthew Mollett who is described in Castle Richmond as:

“. . . a hale man, and well preserved for his time of life; but nevertheless, the extra rubricundity of his face, and certain incipient pimply excrescences about his nose gave tokens that he lived too freely … were it not that his constitution had been more than ordinarily strong, and that constant exercise and exposure to air had much befriended him, those pimply excrescences would have shown themselves in a more advanced stage”.

Just as Trollope waxed philosophical over female noses, so he does for male noses. Trollope found the nose, not the jaw, to be a sure sign of leadership in a man. Indeed, the nose can be said to be Trollope’s measure of the man. In ‘The Spotted Dog’ (St Paul’s Magazine, 1870), he details the utmost importance of the male nose, the “commanding nose”. In introducing Julius Mackenzie, a man down on his luck and into drink, Trollope says: “But the nose now before us was a well-formed nose, having been a commanding nose, - for the power of command shows itself much in the nasal organ”. Alas, Julius Mackenzie’s nose was “long and well-shaped, - but red as a huge carbuncle … It was not a blotched nose, nor a nose covered with many carbuncles, but a brightly red, smooth, well-formed nose, one glowing carbuncle in itself”. Of carbuncles on the nose Trollope was quick to remind us that it was the price men:

“. . . who drink at nights, and are out till cockcrow doing deeds of darkness” pay for their intemperance. Carbuncles on the nose “… [are] a kind of dispensation of Providence who thus affords to such sinners a visible sign, to be seen day by day, of the injury which is being done. The first approach of a carbuncle on the nose, about the age of 30, has stopped many a man from drinking. No one likes to have carbuncles on his nose, or to appear before his female friends with eyes which look as though they were swimming in grog”.

Plantagenet Palliser, the future Duke of Omnium, upon the death of the Old Duke, is introduced to his readers as “a tall thin man … with nothing in his appearance that was remarkable”. Indeed, we are told that Palliser’s face is one that “you might see and forget”. However it did show “intelligence in the forehead, and much character in the mouth. The eyes too, though not to be called bright, had always something to say for themselves, looking as though they had real meaning”. There is no mention of his nose. What truly distinguished Palliser was the manner in which he “devoted himself to work with the grinding energy of a young penniless barrister labouring for a penniless wife”. Despite being born without a “commanding nose” he was an ambitious and successful politician. “Mr. Palliser was a man who had never thought of assisting his position in the world by his outward appearance. Not to be looked at, but to be read about in the newspapers, was his ambition” Trollope tells us in Can You Forgive Her?

From Trollope’s comments about the importance of a “commanding nose” one would expect his major political characters to be noted for such noses. But to our surprise, they are rarely defined as such. The formidable Sir Harry Hotspur of Humbledthwaite, a former MP, which counted much for Trollope, was “a great man”. “He was handsome, – if an old man near to seventy may be handsome, - with grey hair, and bright, keen eyes, and arched eyebrows, with a well-cut eagle nose, and a small mouth, and a short dimpled chin”. We learn from his portrayal of Mr. Prendergast in Castle Richmond that “he was a handsome man, with clear, bright, grey eyes, a well-defined nose, and expressive mouth – of which the lips, however, were somewhat too thin”. And the reader is promptly told that “No man with thin lips ever seems to me to be genially human at all points”. Just as a man capable of leadership must have a “commanding nose”, a man with “thin lips” is never to be fully trusted.
No one is more graphically portrayed to Trollope’s readers than the wealthy London lawyer, Abel Wharton in *The Prime Minister*:

“He was a spare, thin, strongly made man, with spare light brown hair, hardly yet grizzled, with small grey whiskers, clear eyes, bushy eyebrows, with a long ugly nose, on which young barristers had been heard to declare you might hang a small kettle, and with considerable vehemence of talk when he was opposed in argument”.

His son Everett comes off better as “good-natured but a rather unformed young man, content to live on his allowance, though having vague yearnings toward a political career ... a good-looking, manly fellow, six feet high, with broad shoulders, with light hair, wearing a large silky bushy beard, which made him look older than his years”.

In reviewing the often hilarious and detailed attention lavished by Trollope on his characters’ physical attributes, one is struck not only by the wide variety of noses he was able to devise but the care with which he described them. No two of his characters appear remotely alike. Every one of Trollope’s characters is uniquely drawn and enters readers’ memories full of life. Burgo Fitzgerald, Mrs. Proudie, Obadiah Slope, Lily Dale, Lady Glencora, Plantagenet Palliser, Owen Fitzgerald, and many others, take on a real life in Trollope’s adroit pastel sketches. His plots may occasionally fail him, but his readers remain undeterred in their devotion because his characters take on real flesh and blood. Central to this literary achievement is his close attention to the noses of his characters.

But I would be remiss in my responsibility to the Great Man’s reputation if I were not to conclude with the reminder that Trollope was born in 1815, the year of the victory over Napoleon at Waterloo. And, of course, the great general of that famous occasion was none other than General Wellington, not only distinguished by his military prowess but by his nose. In fact he was universally known to his troops as “Old Nosey.” It is inconceivable that Trollope would not have known of his sobriquet, whether or not he was aware of Leonardo’s facial preoccupations. Whatever the remaining mysteries, one thing is sure: for Anthony Trollope: the Nose has it! And Leonardo da Vinci would have approved.

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**Editors and Writers**

It was with great sadness that we learned of the decision of Pamela Marshall Barrell to retire as Editor of *Trollopiana* with immediate effect, for reasons of both work and health. As most members will be aware, the majority of the work of the Society is now undertaken by enthusiastic volunteers, whom we greatly appreciate, and Pamela has undertaken this exacting role for the past ten years for which we are all extremely grateful. She will certainly be a difficult act to follow but, on the positive side, she will remain an active and valued Trustee and Committee Member. While recording our sincere thanks for her period of editorship, we wish her every success with her other artistic activities.

Pamela’s resignation comes at a time when we are developing a more modern and effective website and exploring many other ways of reaching out to existing and potential members in the best ways possible. We appreciate that there needs to be close co-operation between all our methods of communication and we will be setting up a simple structure that should make this possible. I am pleased to be able to report that Mark Green, a relatively new Committee Member already known to many of you, has agreed to coordinate this and will be taking over the responsibility of the Editorship of *Trollopiana* with effect from *Trollopiana* Number 103. We wish him well and I am sure that everybody will give him every support and help that they can.

Letters, news items, and suggestions for contributions should initially be sent to Mark at markr_green@msn.com

Our commitment to a relevant and informative *Trollopiana* remains unchanged and we look forward to the future with confidence.

Michael G Williamson JP DL
Chairman: The Trollope Society
York, 29-31st May 2015
The Alliance of Literary Societies AGM weekend

It was fitting that The Trollope Society should reflect its wide influence by hosting this occasion in the Kings Manor, a former hunting lodge of the Tudors containing the room where meetings of the Council of the North were held. Michael Williamson, Chairman of our Society, gave the opening address. The title ‘Time and Mr Trollope’ examined the importance of Trollope in the context of 19th century literature and history. He would have approved of Michael’s amusing reference to Macmillan’s “Try to go to bed with a good Trollope”. It was recognised that the ‘domestic manners’ novel was on the wane when he began his writing career although the importance of Mrs Oliphant was emphasised and the campaigning novels by Fanny Trollope which dealt with slavery and children in factories. Michael summarised some of Trollope’s strengths as a writer which possibly explain his continued popularity: his treatment of politics; understanding of the Church as a political hierarchy and, most of all, portrayal of characters (male and female, neither wholly good nor bad) take precedence over the plots (by no means insignificant) in his novels.

The second address ‘Anthony Trollope in Yorkshire’ by Howard Gregg, convener of our York seminar group, expounded on the author’s close connections with Yorkshire. Trollope married Rose Heseltine from a family of Unitarians in Rotherham Parish Church. Rose’s banker father was an embezzler who fled to France. Trollope’s father was also an exile who flew from his creditors. One wondered in what way such family troubles influenced Trollope and possibly accounted for his prodigious work rate. Howard interestingly connected the importance of place to important episodes in the novels: The Bull in Leeds, scene of the witty interlude in the Commercial Room (Orley Farm), Bolton Abbey (‘Matching Priory’ in Can you Forgive Her?), Beverley, the place of Trollope’s woes as a parliamentary candidate revisited in the vivid description of the hustings in Ralph the Heir. The York Group ended the morning session with some well chosen readings. The most memorable was one of Trollope’s finest comic pieces: the twitting of Bishop Proudie by the ex-Etonian idler, Ethelbert Stanhope, culminating in the destruction of Mrs Proudie’s gown.

The afternoon began with the AGM of the Alliance of Literary Societies ably chaired by Anita Fernandez Young. We were
reminded of the number and variety of Literary Societies, which was also reflected in the interesting exhibitions. Dr Simon Grennan and Professor David Skilton of Leuven University then gave us an illustrated lecture on the newly published graphic novel of Trollope’s 1879 *John Caldigate* (full article in *Trollopiana* no. 101). It was said that the best achievement of this art form was a narrative unencumbered by excessive text. The climax of this event was a splendid Yorkshire dinner held in the Council of the North chamber enlivened by the enthusiastic readings and performances from their favourite authors by the members of the various literary societies.

Paul Gourdin

Cambridge, 2nd August 2015

*Lady Anna*

We were pleasantly surprised by how much we enjoyed this book, in spite of the potentially depressing subject matter. We noted the carefully drawn characters and how, as usual, the reader is subtly drawn in to become sympathetic to the most difficult personalities. Obviously we sympathised with Lady Anna herself and the cruelty she suffers, but found that even the seriously deranged Countess has some redeeming features, as does Daniel Thwaite. Some of us thought he had unfairly groomed Anna whilst she was young and vulnerable, but eventually we commended his honesty; and his relationship with a poet softened his ‘hard working’ credentials with a hint of ‘culture’. The handsome sweet-smelling and effeminate young Earl enjoyed a cosseted life after Anna’s generosity in giving him half her money, but still elicited our sympathy because he would be unable to find a new lover after ‘all the world’ (a common Trollope phrase) knew that he had been shunned as a bridegroom by an heiress who preferred a humble tailor – an unthinkable idea. After tea we viewed the cast-list for the forthcoming dramatic adaptation of *Lady Anna: All at Sea* to be performed at the Park Theatre, Finsbury Park, and after our initial surprise at hearing it would be played in a comedic style, realized this would add an enlightening dimension.

Pamela Marshall Barrell.

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**Omnium Gatherum**

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

*Lady Anna: All at Sea*, a new play by Craig Baxter commissioned by the Trollope Society as part of the bicentenary celebrations is being performed at the Park Theatre, London until 19th September 2015.

“A beguiling theatrical soufflé”

★★★★ The Telegraph

“Gorgeous, witty and wholly engaging.”

★★★★ Daily Express

“A theatrical event that must transfer to the West End.”

★★★★ Ham and High

Simon Grennan was signing copies of his new graphic novel *Dispossession* at Gosh Comics in London on Friday 4th September. It is customary for the artist to do more than merely sign his name on the title page. He does this, of course, but he also draws a cartoon for you too. No wonder there was a bit of a queue!

Inspired by Anthony Trollope’s 1879 novel *John Caldigate*, *Dispossession* embeds the reader in a uniquely wrought experience of the mid-nineteenth century, including the first ever appearance of the Aboriginal Wiradjuri language in a graphic novel. Taking unique advantage of the graphic form to conjure the material world of the Victorian era in a glittering waltz of intense colour and deep shadow, *Dispossession* is a virtuoso and intensely affecting graphic novel by a master visual storyteller.

*Dispossession* is available from Amazon and all good booksellers.

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 our new editor, Mark Green at markr_green@msn.com