



TROLLOPIANA

THE JOURNAL OF THE
TROLLOPE SOCIETY

Number 119 ~ Summer 2021

Clergymen of the Victorian Church
Chris Skilton

Contents

Number 119 ~ Summer 2021

FEATURES

2 Clergymen of the Victorian Church

Chris Skilton has a degree in English and has worked all his life in the Church of England which, perhaps, makes him uniquely well-placed to comment on Trollope's portrayal of Anglican clergy.

12 Trollope and the Colour Mauve

Janis Zroback is an artist and decorative painter with a passion for literature and an avid interest in domestic history.

17 'Jocund William' with Trollope in Brussels

Monica Kendall spent seven years researching and writing *Lies and the Brontës: The Quest for the Jenkins Family*. After Master's degrees at Oxford and University College London, she is currently studying for a PhD at Aberystwyth University from a small hill in North Wales.

22 Lies and the Brontës: The Quest for the Jenkins Family

A book review by Mark Green.

30 That's The Way To Do It!

Michael Williamson explores the history of *Punch* and the magazine's relationship with Trollope.

REGULARS

24 Your Letters

Your questions, comments and observations on Trollope and the Trollope Society.

33 Omnium Gatherum

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

Editorial

The Trollope Society's ongoing efforts to reach out to existing members and to non-members offering the opportunity to meet online and talk about Trollope and related topics continues apace. I am delighted to include in this issue an article by Chris Skilton based on the talk he gave recently on 'Clergymen of The Victorian Church' drawing on the unique insights which his position as a lifelong member of the Anglican clergy, who also holds a degree in English and has a love of Trollope's novels, gives.

We also feature another illustrated article by Janis Zroback discussing the intersection of science, fashion and medicine in the nineteenth century with the discovery of a permanent mauve dye. The ramifications of this development, as Janis describes, went far beyond the popularising of the colour purple in fashionable dresswear – though I am sure Lady Glencora Palliser would have thought that this merits an article on its own.

I have spent much of the last week, as I write this, being entertained and educated by Monica Kendall's book *Lies and The Brontës*. This takes as its starting point the time spent by sisters Charlotte and Emily in Brussels but rapidly expands to include the Trollope family's years spent in the same circle of the expat. British community in that city. As the title strongly suggests – there are errors in the popular understanding of events there at that time which have been added to in the years since Mrs Gaskell produced the first biography of Charlotte and are now in sore need of correction.

And who can resist Michael Williamson's recreation of the world of *Punch* and its affectionate but pugilistic relationship with Trollope, following on from the parody reproduced in issue 117 of *Trollopiana*.

As humanity steadily seems to be getting to grips with the pandemic which has altered all of our lives, and brought tragedy to many, we can perhaps look forward to a time, not too distant, when we can all meet again in the real, not just the virtual, world.



Mark Green
markr_green@msn.com

Clergymen of the Victorian Church

Chris Skilton

Chris Skilton has a degree in English and has worked all his life in the Church of England which, perhaps, makes him uniquely well-placed to comment on Trollope's portrayal of Anglican clergy.

By way of background, after a first degree in English literature I went on to train for ordination as a member of the clergy in the Church of England – and I have just retired after forty years of full-time ministry. I read some Trollope when I was about 20 as part of the English degree and have returned to him in retirement. The last sixteen years have been as an archdeacon in different parts of an urban Diocese in England. It means I have worked closely with bishops, archdeacons, deans and bishop's chaplains in that time.

As a preliminary, it leads me to ask, what is it like to read any novel 'from the inside' – one that is set in a world that we know well, whether church, civil service, armed services, medicine, teaching or whatever. What does that bring to our reading?

And secondly, what do we gain or lose by being on the outside. Does Trollope lose something if we are not familiar with the life of Victorian clergy? Can we read the Barchester novels without knowing the intricacies and politics of the cathedral close or the arcane patronage system?

Trollope recognises this in his essay on The Dean of the Cathedral. (For this extract you need to know that 'the chapter' referred to is the clergy of the cathedral):

We are often led to express our dismay, and sometimes our scorn, at the ignorance shown by foreigners to our institutions; but when we ourselves consider their complications and irrationalistic modes of procedure, the wonder is that any one not to the manner born should be able to fathom aught of their significance.

(The Normal Dean of the Present Day)

Trollope's set of essays *Clergymen of the Church of England* were published monthly in *The Pall Mall Gazette* between 1865 and 1866 and then together in a book in 1866 – the year before *The Last Chronicle of Barset* was published. It gives some fascinating insights into his view of the church in mid Victorian England.

The quotation and the whole set of essays show a common thread running through Trollope's views of the clergy. There is a deep-seated affection for the institution; a profound concern for the radical reform of some of its abuses and an ambivalence about the doctrinal and liturgical changes which he would see in his lifetime.

So then, something about the Victorian Church; the Victorian clergy; some of the significant issues of the day and how these all interact in Trollope's novels and essays.

The Victorian Church

The Church had a very different place in society to the one that it has today. Probably somewhere between 40 and 50% of the population (pre-industrialisation) were in church most Sundays and church matters were of wide and significant public concern. Trollope's use of the church as a setting for his novels was at the heart of life – not a matter of specialised and arcane interest – at least for his largely middle class, professional and rural/market town readership.

The Victorian church at the end of the nineteenth century was a very different institution from the one in place at the beginning. What remained constant is that the Church of England was and remains the established church – i.e. the church recognised by law as the official church of the state and supported by civil authority. In Trollope's day all its bishops were members of the House of Lords and changes to doctrine, order or worship could only be made with the consent of the state (i.e. parliament). It meant that church reform was slow – not helped by the fact that only two bishops voted in favour of the attempted Reform Bill of 1831. England was divided geographically into Dioceses (with a bishop as head of each) and the Dioceses in turn divided into parishes – each with a parish church and a minister, who had significant autonomy within their own parish. Every person in England lived in a parish and had someone whom they could call their minister or parson.

At the beginning of the century, the church was in a stable and calm place. The 18th century church worked on a pattern of

moderation, mutual acceptance and High Tory principles – much as Trollope was brought up on and valued. The late eighteenth century and nineteenth century saw the development of distinct movements in the Church – the Evangelical revival at the end of the eighteenth and the development of the Oxford Movement from the 1830s. Evangelical spirituality emphasised holiness and valued the place of feeling and emotion, in contrast to eighteenth century rationalism. It often wore its heart on its sleeve. The Oxford Movement came to be associated with corporate holiness and participation in the divine society of all time and place. It meant The Movement treasured the primacy of the church over the state. It actually arose in response to the Irish Church Temporalities Act of 1833 which suppressed ten Irish dioceses. The Whigs saw it as essential reform of an anomaly, the High Church movement as the dangerous intervention of the state into church affairs.

These have come to be described as Low and High Church, leaving a Broad-church movement squeezed in the middle. Each developed their own styles of worship within the Church of England (using the same prayer book), styles of dress, attitudes and values. Trollope offers us all traditions of clergy in the Diocese of Barchester. Bishop Proudie and Archdeacon Grantly are essentially broad church (Mrs Proudie has more evangelical sympathies), Mr Slope is an enthusiastic evangelical and Mr Arabin is a new High Churchman. Maybe Mr Harding is a representative of the gentle benevolence of a past age in contrast to the more dogmatic positions of those around him. Aside from personalities, these demarcations present some of the tensions of the novels. Hence Mr Slope's inappropriate sermon in the Cathedral for instance.

It is only necessary to say that the peculiar points insisted upon were exactly those which were most distasteful to the clergy of the diocese, and most averse to their practice and opinions; and that all those peculiar habits and privileges which have always been dear to High-Church priests, to that party which is now scandalously called the high-and-dry church were ridiculed, abused and anathematised. Now the clergymen of the diocese of Barchester are all of the high-and-dry church.
(*Barchester Towers* ch. 7)

In a delightful touch Archdeacon Grantly's study is adorned with busts of those described as the greatest amongst the great: Chrysostom, St Augustine, Thomas a Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud

and - Dr Phillpotts. (*The Warden* ch 12). Dr Philpotts (1778-1869) was Bishop of Exeter and involved in a notorious case in which he refused to institute a minister to a parish because of his extreme Evangelical views on baptism. Philpotts subsequently won the case when the clergyman took it to the Privy Council. Trollope's distaste for Evangelicalism is said to derive from his mother who took against the Vicar of Harrow when Trollope was at school in the town, when he refused to allow the public burial of Byron's illegitimate daughter. Whilst Trollope's sympathies lay with the High Church, he tended to shy away from the Oxford Movement when it started to gain momentum.

Feelings ran very deep between different parties on issues and this was played out in the public eye and to public interest – not least because disputes that could not be resolved ultimately were sent to secular courts. There were riots in the 1840s and 50s about the wearing of surplices and in 1859-60 riots outside St George-in-the East in London when the minister introduced lighted candles, a robed choir and the singing of psalms.

Victorian Clergy

In 1831 there were 10,700 clergy in England and it rose to 17,800 in 1851 and 23,000 by 1900. In the 18th century it was deemed a fitting occupation for a gentleman – mainly because it left time for other pursuits. Entry to the clergy was fairly simple – the lower age limit was 23; a bishop had to be convinced of a person's moral status, character and intellectual ability, and most came from Oxford or Cambridge University (91% were graduates of one of them in 1827). Some Bishops took seriously the requirement for those to be ordained to be examined for their competency in Latin; their knowledge of the Bible and of church liturgy and doctrine. Others observed this in a rather more cursory way. The idea of specific training in a theological college developed in the latter part of the 19th century when different church traditions and parties developed their own colleges.

Some clergy remained for some while as fellows of Oxbridge colleges and others would serve in parishes – firstly nominated to a parish as a deacon, as a curate and then to a living as the parish minister.

Every parish had a parish minister, parson, priest. Every parish had a patron: the patron has the right to present a new incumbent

for the parish for appointment by the Diocesan Bishop. The patron might be the Bishop himself, or an Oxford or Cambridge College, the Crown, other secular dignitaries or a private individual. Patronage could be sold and bought as a piece of property known as an advowson. The patronage of Allington was with King's College Cambridge. This was not without its problems. We read of the Dales in *The Small House at Allington*:

They had ever been steady supporters of the Church, graciously receiving into their parish such new vicars as, from time to time, were sent to them from King's College Cambridge, to which establishment the gift of the living belonged; but, nevertheless the Dales had ever carried on some unpronounced warfare against the clergymen, so that the intercourse between the lay family and the clerical had seldom been in all respects pleasant.
(*The Small House at Allington* ch. 1)

Tension between Bishop and patron could be significant. In the 19th century the parish had little or no choice as to who its next parson would be. Attempts were made to reform the system in the mid-19th century but failed in the House of Lords (much to Trollope's displeasure).

The parson was appointed to the benefice – the ecclesiastical office in which the incumbent is required to perform certain duties of a spiritual kind (the spiritualities) and received revenues attached to the office (the temporalities). The parson received the living – the entitlement of the minister to funds (income from the payment of tithes and rent from glebe land). The clergy received this freehold – for life and it was extremely difficult for the bishop and archdeacon to remove a member of the clergy once instituted. Clergy worked on the principle and still do that they are not paid for their work, but receive a stipend – an allowance to enable them to live without undue financial worry. If the minister was due what were known as the greater tithes (10% of the cereal crops grown in the parish) they were called the Rector and if only the lesser tithes, (from produce and livestock) the Vicar. Both shared the same spiritual status. The average living in the mid-1800s was about £500 but they were very unequal – which made some livings more attractive than others. The living at Doddington in Cambridge was worth £7300 mid-century (today about £600,000). It was reckoned that beneficed clergy at the time were effectively on a par socially with the average squirearchy and needed an upper middle-class income (in the 1840s about £400-£500).

Mr Robarts' living was worth £900 and Mr Crawley, the perpetual curate, received £130 per annum. These inequalities were one of the issues which especially exercised Trollope and he devotes a significant passage in *Framley Parsonage* to this:

Our present arrangement of parochial incomes is beloved as being time-honoured, gentleman-like, English and picturesque. We would fain adhere to it closely as long as we can, but we know that we do so by the force of our prejudices, and not by that of our judgement. A time-honoured, gentle-man like, English, picturesque arrangement is so far very delightful! But are there not other attributes very desirable; nay, absolutely necessary, in respect of which this time-honoured, picturesque arrangement is so very deficient? (*Framley Parsonage* ch 14)

It was reckoned that with a good living clergy would be likely to settle in a place, whilst in a poor living would be more restless. Note that on the subject of class and status, in *Dr Thorne*, Mr Oriel is considered a suitable husband for a member of the squirearchy. It reflects on a clergy's income and social standing. In his essay on *The Parish Parson* Trollope notes with affection the place of the local parson:

Methinks the eye of no man beams so kindly on me as I fill my glass for the third time after dinner, as does the eye of the parson of the parish

And on the all-important matter of status, he says of the country parson:

He was a man who lived on equal terms with the highest of the land in point of birth, and hence arose a feeling that was very general in rural parishes, and as salutary as it was general, that the occupant of the parsonage was as good a man as the occupant of the squire's house.

Trollope also declares his hand in this essay when he declares that the idea parson would be “quite in earnest but he dislikes zeal”.

Curates were paid by the Rector or Vicar at their discretion, although could earn a little more from weddings and funerals. They had no entitlements to tithe income or glebe rents. The curate was licensed by the Bishop, often as a first rung on the ladder. They held tenure only whilst licensed – which licence could be revoked. So, their position was precarious and Josiah Crawley the curate of Hoggstock is a case in point. Yet this is not a matter of status. In *The Last Chronicle*

of Barsest Archdeacon Grantly summons Crawley to his study; Crawley arrives shabbily dressed but the archdeacon says to him:

We stand on the only perfect level on which such men can meet each other. We are both gentlemen...

Curates would be looking for livings, especially when or if married, simply to be able to eat. In *The curate in a populous parish* Trollope writes as a passionate advocate of them - they are unjustly treated, work extraordinarily hard and for very little remuneration.

“Each bishop usually had one or two archdeacons, who worked with the Bishop and looked after the temporal issues of the Diocese ...”

The Bishop was the spiritual leader of the Diocese and Bishop always located in a place – the Diocese, the geographical area in which he has jurisdiction. In Trollope’s time there were 28 dioceses, divided into two provinces – each with an Archbishop, of Canterbury and York. Many were effectively the rulers of their fiefdom and could do much as they pleased. By the fact of establishment, they had places in the House of Lords and many spent much time in London. Some were noted scholars and writers and a number espoused particular causes of the day. Each bishop usually had one or two archdeacons, who worked with the Bishop and looked after the temporal issues of the Diocese and managed the affairs of their geographical part of the Diocese. It was not unusual for them to be the sons of Bishops - as Archdeacon Grantly’s father was the previous Bishop of Barchester.

Trollope also writes:

A Bishop’s daughter is supposed to offer one of the fairest steps to promotion which the Church of England affords.
(*Clergymen of the Church of England*)

I think that the role and function of the archdeacon appealed to Trollope’s administrative desire for all things to be in order. So, he writes knowingly in the essay *The Archdeacon*:

An archdeacon who is potent with his bishop, and who is popular with his clergymen, who works hard and can do so without undue meddling, who has a pleasant parish of his own and is not troubled by ambitious or indifferent curates, who can live on good terms with the squires around him...is master of a position in which he need not envy the success of any professional gentleman in the kingdom. But he is not on the direct road to higher things, and will probably die in his rectory, an archdeacon to the last.

The Dean managed the Cathedral. The cathedral was and remains the chair, the cathedra, of the bishop – but the life of cathedrals was in the hands of the Dean. The Greater Chapter of the Cathedral consisted of the residentiary canons and the prebendaries. The residentiary canons were senior cathedral clergy and the prebends shared in the administration of the cathedral. They once received income from a cathedral’s estates and each sat in their own prebendal stall (these usually situated behind the choir stalls). The Dean chaired the chapter, which governed the cathedral and was responsible for the services including the choice of preachers (so the Dean could prevent Mr Slope from preaching in the cathedral again).

What this could present in a Diocese was two powerful figureheads – the Bishop and the Dean and there were many (and still are) significant fault lines between them. Each was appointed by the Crown and therefore at a vacancy each would be anxious about the next office holder. In terms of hierarchy, both deans and archdeacons (notwithstanding Trollope’s comment) might aspire one day to be a Bishop but would not be seeking each other’s roles. Trollope has an ambivalent view of the Dean and begins his essay on the subject:

If there be any man, who is not or has not been a Dean himself, who can distinctly define the duties of a Dean of the Church of England, he must be one who has studied ecclesiastical subjects very deeply.

(*Clergymen of the Church of England*)

Church Reform

Reform of the administration of the church plays a significant part in plot strands in the Barchester novels. In the 1830s a number of measures were passed in parliament which brought about reform, (perhaps assisted by the fact that in 1828 that Nonconformists and

in 1829 Roman Catholics could enter the House of Commons!) This mood for reform played to Trollope's middle-class professionalism which questioned advancement due to birth and heritage in favour of merit. The Civil Service faced similar reform.

Key to this was the formation of what in 1836 became the Ecclesiastical Commission. One of its first acts was to equalise the stipends of Bishops. Old Bishop Grantly received a stipend of £9000 whereas Dr Proudie was very aware that as a new bishop he would receive but £5000. In 1840 an Act suppressed non-resident posts in cathedrals (of which there were about 360) and limited the number of residentiary canons, with responsibility for paying the stipends of deans and the remaining canons passing to the Church Commissioners. Durham Cathedral for instance had ten canons with a stipend of £3000 each. One of them, Francis Egerton held a post there for 49 years and lived in Paris. The money saved went to supplement poor livings – especially those being created in new industrial towns.

The Act which caused most stir in the novels was the 1838 Pluralities Act, which limited to two the number of livings a minister could take and enforced the power of the Bishop to require residence. One of the reasons some clergy held a plurality of livings was simply to receive enough stipend to live on! It was estimated that in 1827 as many as 40% of parish clergy were non-resident. It was the requirement for residence that meant that Vesey Stanhope had to hurry home from Italy – although he would not have been the only one. Mr Arabin once made Dean is often absent and Trollope notes:

A Dean can go where he likes. He has no cure of souls to stand in the way of his pleasures.

Mr Arabin's appointment as Dean is worthy of note. His name we are told was mentioned by his advocate Dr Gwynne in the ear of a distinguished person standing on the drawing room rug in Windsor Castle. We've noted that Deans were appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. It meant that in the 1830s, there were more traditional High Church bishops appointed by virtue of the advocacy of Lord Melbourne. Subsequently, Palmerston it is alleged had very little interest in appointing Bishops and entrusted the process to his son-in-law, Lord Shaftesbury, a leading Evangelical. In this situation it is highly unlikely that the High Church Mr Arabin would have been appointed Dean of Barchester – but an outside chance that the Evangelical Mr Slope might have been. It's one of

the few places where Trollope doesn't follow the historical reality of church politics.

By way of conclusion, two final comments.

Life was changing for the Church of England and for Trollope's world – and he acknowledges this in his novels and in the essays. Rapid industrialisation and urbanisation had a huge impact. The parish system for instance allowed the priest a significant place in local rural and country town society and influence over most areas of life in a rural community. This was never achieved in industrial towns. Whereas in the country the parson might have been the equal of the squire, they were not in the town the equivalent of the mayor. It maybe that the world which Trollope paints so lovingly was his world – but he is brave enough in his essay called *The Town Incumbent* to name that this is where the future lay.

Secondly there are significant comments from Trollope's hand (to be equated with the narrator?) about what he writes of church life:

I have written much of clergymen, but in doing so I have endeavoured to portray them as they bear on our social life rather than to describe the mode and working of their professional careers. Had I done the latter I could hardly have steered clear of subjects on which it has not been my intention to pronounce an opinion.

(*Framley Parsonage* ch 42)

A sentiment he repeats in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*:

I have described many clergymen, they say, but have spoken of them all as though their professional duties, their high calling, their daily workings for the good of those around them, were matters of no moment, either to me, or in my opinion to themselves.

(*The Last Chronicle of Barset* ch 84)

I am not sure that this is the case. Trollope seems to me to understand perfectly well the professional duties, high calling and daily workings in the context of the life of the Victorian church and its clergy. He provides us with a comprehensive, detailed and largely affectionate picture of Victorian clergy in a rural society – but change was coming.



Trollope and the Colour Mauve

Janis Zroback

Janis Zroback is an artist and decorative painter with a passion for literature and an avid interest in domestic history.

In 1856 while Trollope was busy writing *Barchester Towers*, an 18 year old teenager called William Perkin, working in his lab, made a discovery that would change the world.

An alchemist's grandson, Perkin was working on an experiment involving coal tar, attempting to synthetically produce quinine in order to treat malaria. Malaria was a scourge at the time with thousands of people dying from it all around the world.

But after all his work, all Perkin got was a brown sludge. However, in rinsing the beakers he noticed that the sludge became a beautiful purple, which when tested on a piece of fabric did not fade. For the clever kid, it was an aha moment.

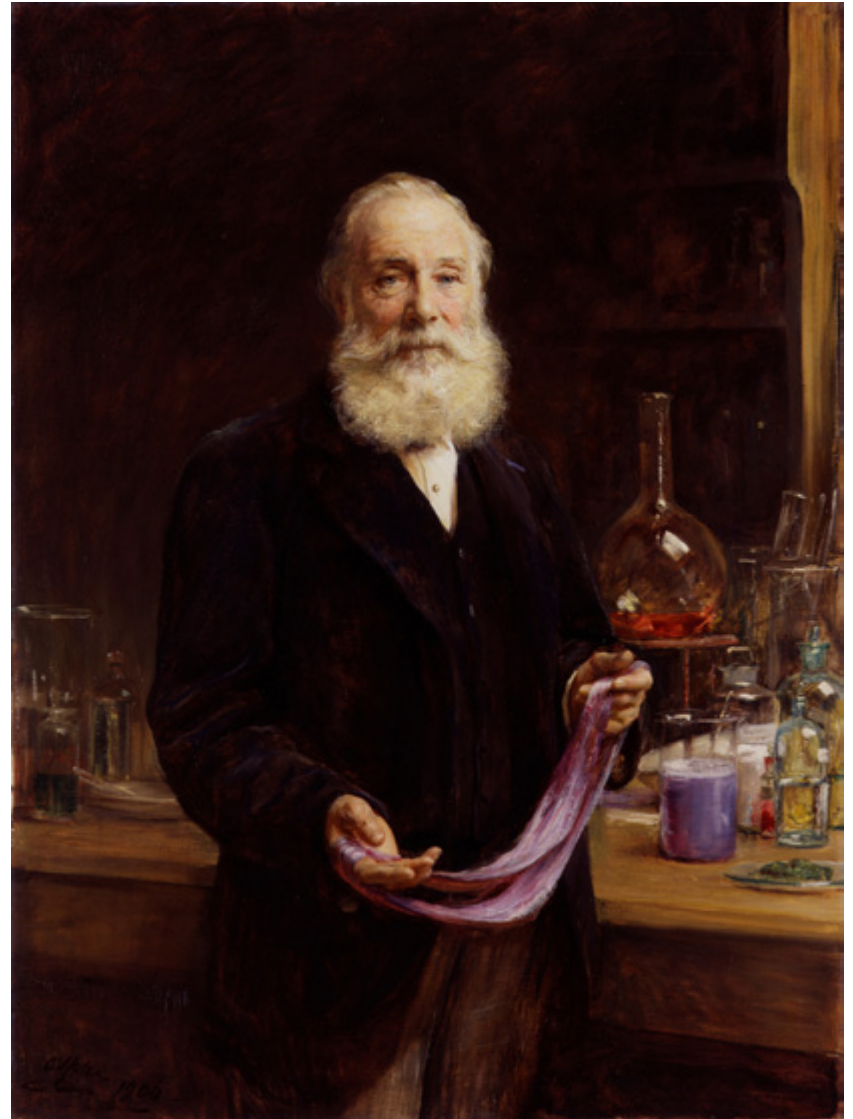
His so called accident resulted in the first synthetic dye ever created, which Perkin titled Mauveine.

The Victorian age was one of amazing inventions and technological change. The first photographs were taken in 1838, and after that came the first pedal bicycle, postage stamps, Morse code, rubber tyres, sewing machines, concrete, post boxes, petrol, steel, the safety match, underground railway, typewriter, phonograph, electric light bulb, gramophone, moving pictures, X-rays, and the wireless.

As a result, there were socioeconomic changes that would have impacted Trollope as well as the many characters that populated his novels.

Without getting into those particular changes which would mean another article entirely, let's talk about the incredible effect that the invention of Mauve had, not only on British society, but also the world at large.

Before Perkin made his great discovery, all dyes came from plants, insects, minerals etc. and all at great trouble and expense.



Sir William Henry Perkin
by Sir Arthur Stockdale Cope, 1892
© National Portrait Gallery, London



Silk skirt and blouse dyed with Sir William Henry Perkin's Mauve Aniline Dye, unsigned, England, 1862-1863
Science Museum Group Collection, ©The Board of Trustees of the Science Museum

The process of making dyes took a long time and only a few colours resulted.

To his great joy, Perkin had now invented the first aniline dye derived from coal, and naturally he was very excited about his discovery.

It was a beautiful colour and, being clever, he began thinking of ways the dye could be used in the textile trade.

So together with his brother he started to experiment with batches of the colour on fabric, which he subsequently sent to a dye works in Scotland. He was lucky in that the young man to whom he sent his swatches was very forward thinking, and was able to see how the colour would benefit both of them.

Till that time the colour purple was rarely used by ordinary people and was usually reserved for royalty and members of the high church. It was incredibly expensive and time consuming to create, made from thousands of mollusks boiled and drained then mixed with honey or water to achieve the right shade of purple, none but the very wealthy could afford it. So you can imagine what this invention would mean to the average Victorian.

To Perkin and friends this was a phenomenal discovery. It was also perfect timing. The climate was ready for mass produced clothing.

However, he wondered whether this commercial pursuit would take him away from the study of chemistry. He did not know if his colour would achieve success or if it would be valuable, plus he would need capital to launch such a grand endeavour.

Fast forward to 1857 when Perkin's father helped him to finance a new lab to produce mauve in large quantities, where one pound of his dye could colour 200 lbs of cotton.

Things looked rosy for a while but got gloomy again when the manufacturers did not give the response Perkins expected. However, in 1857 the Empress Eugenie appeared in purple and that was enough to set the tone for fashionable ladies to imitate across Europe.

Then Queen Victoria wore purple and a purple madness took over the country.

There is no doubt that Trollope's ladies would have worn mauve. Certainly Glencora, Marie Finn, and others would not have failed to wear what was fashionable.

The magazine *Punch* mentioned that millions of Victoria's admiring subjects would follow her fashions and they certainly did.

After that there was no holding back. The colour with Perkin's instructions, was applied to paper, and calico. It appeared on all products and even *The Times* mentioned it, *Punch* called it Mauve measles, and a mild insanity, "spreading to a serious extent".

London was covered with purple. It became a rage because now it was affordable. Not only the rich but the average woman could afford to wear it and of course the crinoline fashion, showed Mauve in all its glory. Hundreds of yards of fabric were required to create the massive skirts that were popular at the time.

But you might think well okay so they created a colour that became fashionable, how did that change the world?

As I said at the top, the 1800s was an exciting time for creators in every field, but especially in science, and the full potential of coal tar had not been fully explored.

Coal tar is a thick liquid which is the by-product when coal gas is produced from coal. It had been used for medicinal purposes since the early part of the century, but when Perkin made his incredible discovery, suddenly more prospective uses came to the fore, and chemistry and industry joined hands despite their previous distrust of each other.

Coal tar became incredibly useful in medicine, (as it is to this day), in shampoos, soaps and other topical applications.

It became a component in the sealant for roads and parking lots and is used in the manufacture of paint, dyes and in the photographic industry.

The German biologist Walther Flemming was able to use samples of Perkin's dyes to observe cells under a microscope. Those cells we now know as chromosomes.

Coal tar derivatives also became useful in the development of chemotherapy.

Perkins dyes were also crucial in the discovery of tuberculosis, and today dyes are used to stain tumours in order to pinpoint them for laser therapy.

Perkin's mauve started it all and now there are thousands of artificial dyes used in all facets of industry, from the food we eat to the colour of our hair, to the dyes used in medicine.

The very same chemical process he used now plays an important part in our lives. Think of it whenever you sweeten your food, wear perfume, take aspirin, wear synthetic fibres, or get treated for cancer.

Trollope could not fail to be aware of the tumult that the discovery of mauve caused to the society in which he lived and wrote. In fact once the dye was successful on paper, mauve postage stamps were created, something he might have liked or considered frivolous. We have no way of knowing.

So every time you wear the colour, think of how different our lives would be if William Perkin had not had been clever enough to recognize that the purple residue from his experiment needed further exploration.

It wasn't what he was looking for, and yet who could have imagined, least of all him, that his serendipitous discovery would transform our lives to this day.

Source: "Mauve.. how one man invented a colour that changed the world" Simon Garfield.



'Jocund William' with Trollope in Brussels

Monica Kendall

Monica Kendall spent seven years researching and writing Lies and the Brontës: The Quest for the Jenkins Family (published by SilverWood in April 2021). In this quest, biography and occasional travel book she demolishes the many fabrications about her ancestors, who knew the Brontës in Brussels and West Yorkshire. After Master's degrees at Oxford and University College London, she is currently studying for a PhD at Aberystwyth University from a small hill in North Wales.

In N. John Hall's goldmine of a book for my research, *Salmagundi: Byron, Allegra, and the Trollope Family* (1975), he published Frances Trollope's scathing poem about the discussion in Harrow on whether Lord Byron could put up a plaque in the church to his illegitimate daughter Allegra, and includes Anthony Trollope's comments written in 1834 not only about the poem but about the Harrow masters who dithered about whether it might upset parents and lead the boys into immorality:

With careless smile, loud jocund William near,
 He recked but little what they were about,
 Till hints he heard, which roused a sudden fear,
 That the affair might make a serious rout
 Among the school boys' parents far and near,
 On which his virtue too began to sprout,
 And in his turn he made a short oration
 On laws, religion and our prosperous nation.

Anthony adds a note to this stanza that 'Jocund William and his father Mark Drury were obliged to run away from their creditors at Harrow a short time after this was written. They now live at Brussels where William has a church and a school.' Just over forty years later, Trollope mentioned William again in his *Autobiography*. He remembers

as a nineteen-year-old, living an expat life in Bruges with his family, the notion that he could join an Austrian cavalry regiment if he learned German and French, so:

I undertook the duties of a classical usher to a school then kept by William Drury at Brussels. Mr Drury had been one of the masters at Harrow when I went there at seven years old[.]

Trollope admits that in 1834 his heart sank at teaching the little Latin he had to thirty boys, and he was scolded by Mrs Drury for bringing the boys back from a walk in tattered, dirty clothes (though probably the boys enjoyed being let off the leash for once). He lasted six weeks, until his mother found him a post-office job in London.

“But it is the connections that are so riveting between almost legendary names in nineteenth-century literature: Byron, Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, Henry James.”

In his biography of Trollope of 1991, Hall mentions Drury only in passing. Of the school in Brussels, he says it was ‘established after Drury and his father had run away from their creditors at Harrow’. It wasn’t. The school was founded by my three times great-grandfather John Jay.

One might object that is a minor detail: Drury took over the school. But it is the connections that are so riveting between almost legendary names in nineteenth-century literature: Byron, Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, Henry James. Because John Jay, who had escaped England in 1821 through fear of a second bankruptcy by the Scottish legal system, was the father of Charlotte Brontë’s ‘Mrs Jenkins’, who found a school in Brussels for her and Emily in 1842. No Brontë biographer had bothered to research her or the Jenkins family, even though they looked after Charlotte for two years in Brussels, and despite Mrs Gaskell visiting her in 1856 as she researched the *Life* of her friend. No biographer even discovered her full name, she was Eliza Jenkins née Jay.

In the British community in Brussels, from the late 1820s,

William Drury was a large presence (in the corporeal sense at least: his family were famously obese). But I only connected John Jay’s school with William Drury when I did a blitz on the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*. I had discovered that John Jay’s school, which he had ‘moved’ from Woodford in Essex, was on the Glacis or Boulevard de Namur, that is, on what is now the ghastly ring road, but then was a tree-lined boulevard after the dismantling of the town wall, begun by Napoleon. I did my ‘blitz’ searching for the word Brussels in the vain hope of finding someone who had been at John Jay’s school, the Institut Britannique. There were hundreds of entries for Brussels in the first half of the nineteenth century that bore no fruit, but then I stumbled upon Charles Mackay, who looked promising, whom the *ODNB* called a poet and writer born in Scotland in 1812. His father, once a bandmaster in the Royal Artillery, had settled in Brussels and taught English to the sons of the Prince of Orange (in 1814, before the finale of the Battle of Waterloo, the future ‘Belgium’ had been handed over by the Allies to the Dutch king of the Netherlands). The article stated that ‘Charles joined his father in Brussels, where he went to a school in the boulevard de Namur’. I summoned up four volumes of Charles Mackay’s memoirs at the British Library, hoping but despairing that he might name the school. And it was one of those wonderful moments of disbelief when you come across something astonishing in a hushed reading room (apart from the tapping at laptops) and want to yell: Eureka! Because Charles wrote:

On the attainment of my fourteenth year, I was transferred to my father’s care in Brussels, and was placed at school on the Boulevard de Namur, under the care of a Mr. Jay, who was afterwards succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Drury. Under their superintendence I made but slight progress in Greek and Latin, though I rapidly became proficient in French and German, and, in less than a twelvemonth, was able to speak and write in the former languages as fluently and correctly as in English.

Charles was writing late in life and his memory for dates was vague, even as regards his own year of birth, but with the help of his recollection of meeting the young, future novelist Charles Lever on his way to Germany to study medicine, I have been able to pinpoint the year of the changeover of headmasters to around 1828, two years before the Belgian Revolution.

When Anthony Trollope arrived six years later, the Dutch had been kicked out by an astonished Belgian population, who found

it hard to believe that a theatre riot had led to a new country, and King Leopold, Victoria and Albert's 'dearest uncle', had been elected king (though the revolutionaries had debated whether to become a republic or align with France, but most preferred the idea of a more stable, constitutional monarchy).

“When Anthony Trollope arrived six years later, the Dutch had been kicked out by an astonished Belgian population, who found it hard to believe that a theatre riot had led to a new country, and King Leopold, Victoria and Albert’s ‘dearest uncle’, had been elected king ...”

Rev. Evan Jenkins and his wife Eliza, who looked after the Brontë sisters in 1842–3, at first were vastly irritated by William Drury, not for his taking over of the school but for his cavalier attitude to setting up a chapel around the corner from Evan's, when his previous experience as a clergyman was doubtful and probably non-existent. But the Jenkinse and Druries did become friends, and it is probable that Anthony Trollope met my ancestors. But what is delightful is that Anthony showed some of his mother's poem about the debate in Harrow to William Drury while in Brussels in 1834, and that many years later, Trollope was writing his autobiography, which mentions William, onboard ship from America and was noticed by Henry James, who wrote 'The Aspern Papers' based on Allegra's mother Claire. It is a strange circular link from Byron to Henry James that seems to centre on the vast and long-lived figure of William Drury, once of Harrow, for a long time of Brussels. And I haven't mentioned that he taught Prince Albert about English literature ...

The engraving is taken from a photograph of 1864, published



Detail of 'The Bishop of Oxford laying the foundation-stone of an English church at Brussels'

in *The Illustrated London News*. It shows the blessing of the first stone of the proposed Church of the Resurrection in Brussels by 'Soapy Sam' – 'dear little Soapy' in Trollope's *The Warden*. The fourth (tall) man in surplice on his left is William Drury. The two young men immediately next to him are Jenkins brothers Edward and John, who feature far more in my book, but William Drury – Trollope's old teacher, Byron's 'former playmate' (as Prince Albert's elder brother Ernst called him) – kept jostling in as I researched. I doubt if Trollope would be surprised: as he wrote with some amazement in his *Autobiography* in the 1870s, William Drury 'is now, after an interval of fifty-three years, even yet officiating as clergyman at that place'.



Lies and the Brontës

The Quest for the Jenkins Family

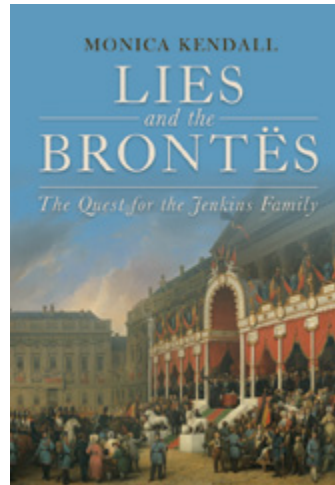
by Monica Kendall

A Review by Mark Green

Fans of Trollope or the Brontë sisters might be tempted to dive straight into chapters twelve, thirteen and fourteen of this book, in which their favourite authors make their appearances. However, to do this, and leap straight into the city of Brussels in the 1830s and 1840s and its population of expatriate Brits, many of whom, like the Trollopes, had fled to the continent to avoid debts accrued in the UK, is to miss out on a fascinating tale of not only the Jenkins family and the society in which they and the authors moved, but also of the pains of the researcher attempting to uncover the history submerged beneath the myths that had accumulated around the famous writers and the times each spent in the city.

The title derives from Monica's discovery that certain events from the Brontë sisters' time in Brussels which were described by Mrs Gaskell in her biography of Charlotte, *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and re-hashed in subsequent biographies wherein they underwent a process of Chinese whispers which seems to have added fabricated myths to adorn the plain facts to the point where they are now so far from the truth that correction is called for.

In attempting to correct these errors, the book's narrative uncovers mercantile shenanigans in Edinburgh, the life of a student at Cambridge in the early 19th century – yes, there was a lot of drinking



and sex back then too and, for many, precious little study and questionable teaching standards to be endured – and the internecine struggles of the various factions of the Anglican clergy supposedly serving the expatriate British community in Brussels in the years before the Trollopes and the Brontës arrived there. I am sorely tempted to wonder if descriptions of the vicious in-fighting revealed here might have reached the ears of the young Anthony to be recalled years later and reproduced in his Barchester novels.

No less interesting are the revelations of the struggles which a literary scholar must undergo when researching the history of figures, such as the Jenkins family, whose members have been part of the Georgian and Victorian society in which the famous authors moved but whose situation has been more peripheral. I can sympathise with the description of sitting for hours at a desk in a freezing library poring through often indecipherable documents in thermals and outdoor clothing more suited to hiking across moorland than in a place of learning (fortunately for Monica a kindly soul in charge ensured she was close to the solitary radiator in the place). But I can also partake in the exhilaration of the long hikes she describes to reach little-visited sites (perhaps wearing the very same thermals and waterproofs) in the breath-taking scenery of the remote hills of Ceredigion to which she tracked down the ancestors of the Jenkins family members who were known to the Trollopes and the Brontës in Brussels.

Hardback, 638 Pages, Published by SilverWood Books, 21 April 2021
ISBN-10: 1800420056, ISBN-13: 978-1800420052, Price £25.

Available from www.silverwoodbooks.co.uk and good booksellers.



Your Letters

If you have any questions, comments or observations on anything related to Anthony 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



Hello,

I am aware of Anthony's burial site but was wondering if you knew the location of the grave of his brother T.A.Trollope. I understand it is in Clifton (Bristol) but I don't have the location.

Thank you.

Chris Haynes

Dear Mr Haynes,

Thank you for your recent enquiry to the Trollope Society.

As you will probably already be aware, Thomas Adolphus Trollope (1810 – 1892) was Anthony's eldest brother and the only one of his six siblings to survive him. He was also a prolific author although most of his works are now difficult to locate. He spent much of his life at the 'Villino Trollope' in Florence with his first wife, Theodosia Garrow, his mother Frances (Fanny) Trollope (Milton) and his daughter, Beatrice (Bice) and played an active part in the English Community there. His mother died in 1863 and Theodosia died in 1865. They are both buried in the English Cemetery in Florence. Bice married Charles Stuart-Wortley in Paris in 1880 but, sadly, died after giving birth to a daughter in 1881. In 1868 Thomas had married Frances Ternan (the sister of Dicken's mistress Ellen Ternan). She had joined the household as Bice's governess and the couple moved to a

smaller property in Florence. Both his wives were writers.

In 1886, Tom and Frances began to search for a retirement property in Devonshire. The Garrow Family had come from the West Country and it was also an area that Tom had fond memories of from his childhood when the family had visited Milton relations including his mother's cousin, Fanny Bent, in Exeter. They finally chose a 'cottage' in Budleigh Salterton which stood on Cliff Terrace and was called Cliff Corner. They planted an Italian Garden which rose up the cliff. They still travelled considerably and Tom had instructed the much younger Frances that, should he die away from home, she should arrange for his burial at the nearest convenient cemetery. The death happened when they were visiting friends in Clifton in 1892 on 11th November. He was 82 years of age and the burial took place in the Arnos Vale Cemetery which was, then, the closest cemetery to Clifton.

Unfortunately, we don't know the form or present condition of the grave. Tom is not listed as one of the 'significant' burials at the cemetery which is, perhaps, understandable in the circumstances? I have asked for confirmation that the memorial still exists and am still waiting for a response and I will forward any more information that I receive. You may like to conduct your own enquiries? He is certainly buried there somewhere!

Back in Budleigh Salterton, his friend Constance Clinton-Baddeley arranged for a plaque, in Latin, to be placed on the house in his memory and this was later supplemented by a blue plaque. Unfortunately, the house itself and the garden has now been demolished and is the site of a carpark on Cliff Terrace but I understand that the two plaques have been preserved there. You can find out more details about them and see photographs by consulting Devon's Plaques/ Budleigh Salterton. I hope that all this information is of some help to you?

Kind regards

Michael G Williamson

Dear Mr. Williamson,

Thank you very much for such a comprehensive and thorough answer to my enquiry. I am familiar with the Arnos Vale Cemetery.

The background you have provided is most helpful. I had first been alerted to the question in Ackroyd's biography of Charles Dickens which briefly touches on the connection with the Trollope family (as contentious as it may have been on occasion). But not much detail is given.

Your efforts to enlighten me on the matter has been very much appreciated.

*Best wishes,
Chris Haynes*

Subsequently we received the following details from Arnos Vale Cemetery:

<i>Name of deceased</i>	Thomas Adolphus Trollope
<i>Date of death</i>	Not shown on record
<i>Age at death</i>	82 Years
<i>Occupation of deceased</i>	Not shown on record
<i>Address at date of death</i>	27 Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol
<i>Type of burial/cremation/interment</i>	Burial
<i>Date/ Time of burial</i>	14 th November 1892
<i>Performed by</i>	E S Wilshire
<i>Grave number</i>	DD279
<i>Size / type of grave</i>	Private earth grave
<i>Original purchaser</i>	Not shown on record
<i>Date of purchase</i>	12 th November 1892



Hello,

I am an independent researcher focusing on Jane Austen and I was hoping you could help with an enquiry. I'm currently researching links between Austen and Trollope and I noticed that Austen's sister was engaged to a man who held a living at Allington. This made me think of the Trollope novel of course, but I don't think this fact was known in Trollope's lifetime and I know there are several Allingtons in England anyway, which makes me think it's all just a coincidence. But I thought I should double check. Is it known how or why Trollope chose Allington as a place name?

*Thanks,
Azar Hussain*

Dear Mr Hussain,

Thank you for your recent interesting enquiry to the Trollope Society which has been passed to me to deal with. As you will probably be aware, Jane Austen was a favourite novelist of Anthony Trollope, particularly when he was at School. He especially admired her treatment of women characters and tried to adopt a similar style in his own, very successful, female characterisations. However, when she died in 1817, he was only two years old so I think that it is probably unlikely that he would have been aware of her sister, Cassandra's tragic engagement or the links with that particular Allington where Thomas Fowle held the position of Clerk/Rector.

Trollope does, however, tend to use real place names, acquired during his considerable travels for the Post Office, and places within Wiltshire, Somerset and Dorset are among some of his favourites. You will know, I think, that there are three Allingtons in Wiltshire including the one relating to Thomas. The Allington of the novels must be in the West Country (which he knew well because of family connections) and it is certainly to the west of the fictitious County of Bassetshire. It could have been inspired by one of the Wiltshire Allingtons but possibly a more likely choice would have been the single Allington of Dorset? He took several names from this area including Crabtree Canonicorum which he places in Basset. This must have been suggested by the village of Whitchurch Canonicorum and this is very close to the Dorset Allington?

I hope that this brief information is of some use to you and we wish you every success in your research. Please do not hesitate to contact me directly if I can be of any further help?

Kind regards
Michael G Williamson

Dear Mr Williamson,

Thank you so much for this very useful reply, I think you are right in what you say. It must just be coincidence that Thomas Fowle was rector of Allington. Also, I don't think Trollope could have known of the link between the Fowles and the Austens. I checked the 1870 Memoir of Jane Austen by her nephew (actually published in December 1869) and there is no mention of Allington or Fowle there.

However, I think Trollope must have read the Memoir, although I've not come across any evidence that he did. The closest I got was that he gave a lecture in Edinburgh in January 1870 where he mentions Austen stating that she is 'full of excellent teaching, and free from an idea or word that can pollute'. I thought perhaps he was thinking of her because he'd read the recently published Memoir.

Anyway, thank you once again. If I may, I did have one other small query. As part of my research I've been trying to write a short paper on the links between Austen and Trollope. I was a little surprised to find there was less material on this than I thought there would be given the obvious comparisons that can be made between the two. I found a few journal articles here and there, but not much. Are you aware of any books, articles or papers that might be useful?

Best wishes,
Azar Hussain

Dear Azar,

There is not a great deal available on this subject but, perhaps, I can help you with a couple of facts that may be use?

Trollope was a very early enthusiast of Austen. Her works were not widely appreciated by the Victorians and her general popularity did not really begin until after the publication of the Memoir by her nephew in 1870. Anthony however certainly had a copy of the first

five volume set of her works published by Richard Bentley in 1833. While still at School 'Pride and Prejudice' was his declared favourite book. He was impressed with her perceptive and quite original natural treatment of women as I have already mentioned. He was less impressed by her treatment of her male heroes but enjoyed her comedy and was particularly amused by her treatment of Mr Collins. I think that her influence on him can be clearly seen within the first of the Barchester novels. Later, Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond' became his favourite book after its publication and he admired Thackeray greatly but he always retained a great respect for Austen.

He had certainly read the Memoir. In 1869, when he was Editor of St Pauls, he asked for a review copy describing Austen as 'my chief favourite among novelists'. The review appeared in the March 1870 edition of St Pauls and was undertaken by Juliet Pollock.

As you are already aware, he refers to Austen among others in his Lecture 'The English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amusement' I presume that you have access to the full text of that? He speaks of her with great enthusiasm. He delivered this lecture on several occasions.

Again, in his Autobiography, published after his death he refers to both Austen and Maria Edgeworth for their 'truth to life and their moral lessons'. Finally, you may also know that there is a useful entry under Jane Austen in the Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope which will give you a brief summary of the main links and will refer you to several other publications. The entry is written by Judith Knelman. She refers in particular for further information to Bradford Booth: Anthony Trollope: Aspects of his Life and Art (1958). 'Trollope on the Novel', in Essays Critical and Historical Dedicated to Lily B Campbell (1950). 'Trollope on 'Emma'' An Unpublished Note. Nineteenth Century Fiction (March 1949 245-7)

I hope that all this will be of some help?

Kind regards
Michael G Williamson



That's The Way To Do It!

Mr Punch *versus* Mr Trollope

Michael G Williamson, JP DL

Punch or *The London Charivari* first appeared as a weekly publication in 1841 founded by Ebenezer Landells, Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon. Lemon, a playwright and magazine writer, had already edited several publications and became the first editor. He was assisted by Mayhew, a journalist and Landells, a wood engraver. They each owned equal shares in the production together with Joseph Last, the printer. The new publication followed in the footsteps of other humorous magazines such as Defoe's *Review* and the later *Spectator* and *Tatler*. All aimed to combine humour and wit with social and political purposes. *Punch* had a strong social agenda and began as a champion of the poor. Building up strength and readership, it has had a tremendous influence on later humorous magazines which have shared its desire for reform.

With its establishment coinciding with the beginning of Trollope's literary career it was probably inevitable that he would always run the risk of occasional satire and parody, together with the many other political, social and literary figures of the day. However, in general, the references would be relatively benign, perhaps recognising his own sense of humour and social purpose.

To begin with, these began with quite a number of references and cartoons based on Trollope's characters and works. The more significant included the following:

In 1871, a cartoon shows an elderly lady warmly embracing a young man who has married her for her fortune. He objects to these strong expressions of love in public but she, being 'up in Anthony Trollope', responds by asking why a woman should not glory in her love.

In June 1874, another cartoon shows the Revd Duodecimus Lazarus Quiverful of Barchester pushing a carriage full of sleeping children while in August of the same year, a cartoon satirizing bad table manners is given the caption 'The Way We Live Now'.

In 1877, Trollope had written a two-part article on Cicero which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* in April and September. Over the



next few years, he continued intermittently to write *The Life of Cicero* which was finally published by Chapman and Hall in two volumes, in December 1880. The book draws many comparisons between life in Cicero's time and Victorian England. *Punch* responded with the fairly well-known cartoon of Trollope placing a top hat on the bust of Cicero. Some years ago, the Society produced reproductions of this illustration as a postcard.

Finally, in 1880, came the largest Trollopian reference of all. Published shortly before Trollope's death and towards the end of his writing career, this was a parody of *The Warden* entitled *The Beadle! Or, The Latest Chronicle of Small-Beerjester* by Anthony Dollop. Hopefully intended as some kind of affectionate homage, we are not really aware of Trollope's true reaction but his strong sense of humour probably appreciated it. It ran in weekly instalments from 5th June until Chapter 19 on 16th October. It has never been published in book form but the text is probably extensive enough!

In the May 8th issue, anticipating the parody, is a fictitious correspondence between the Editor and Celebrated Novelist (Anthony Dollop) – this parody was reproduced in *Trollopiana* 117. This is very similar in style to the correspondence between the first Editor of *The Cornhill Magazine* (Mr W M Thackeray) and Mr Anthony Trollope himself.

The earlier chapters of the serialisation refer to a long list of the author's previous works which all have a certain familiar ring such as, *Mary Greasily*, *Can't You Forget Her? He Knew He Could Write*, *Fishy Fin*, *Who Used His Diamonds?* and *Tails of All Creatures*, etc.

Sadly the rather complex plot is too lengthy to summarise but many of the characters seem weirdly nostalgic such as Mr Arable in his steady rise to the Bishopric, the reformer, John Bounce and Archbeacon (sic) Overwayte, whose substantial figure and waterproof gaiters, when sturdily walking the streets of Small-Beerjester, encourages the local inhabitants to hail him as 'The Goloshes of Roads'!

In acknowledging, in the final paragraphs, the difficult challenge of finishing a novel in a succinct and comprehensive way the parodist comments that, 'Tis true of a novelist's work to say 'Nothing in his work becomes him like the leaving of it!' It is interesting to compare this parody with Trollope's only parody of his own work in *Never, Never* – *Never, Never* published for charity in 1875.



Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

Members of the Society may be interested to read a substantial article written a fellow member, Linda C. McClain, who holds the position of Robert Kent Professor of Law at Boston University School of Law, which was published last year and can be accessed online without charge.

A "Woman's Best Right" – to a Husband or the Ballot?: Political and Household Governance in Anthony Trollope's Palliser Novels, 100 *Boston University Law Review* 1861 (Oct. 2020), available at: www.bu.edu/bulawreview/files/2020/10/MCCLAIN.pdf

The limited edition of the new map of Barsetshire, in A3 format, has now almost sold out and members still requiring a copy are urged to act quickly. However, the Society has now produced another limited edition of the map in A4 size which may be more convenient for those wishing to use it for casual reference while reading the novels?

Copies of this version may be ordered from our website, www.trollopesociety.org. The cost of each of the smaller maps is £12 and we are continuing to offer free postage within the United Kingdom. For overseas orders the usual additional postal charges will be applied. Early action is advised to avoid disappointment.

Join us on Zoom for *Anthony & Me* on Monday 23rd August. For this online meeting we are asking you to share your story of how you came to read Anthony Trollope and what he means to you today. For details and to register visit www.trollopesociety.org/calendar

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, Mark Green at markr_green@msn.com



The Trollope Society,
PO Box 505, Tunbridge Wells,
TN2 9RW, United Kingdom
Tel: +44 (0)1747 839 799

Email: info@trollopesociety.org

Web: www.trollopesociety.org

Twitter: Follow [@trollopesociety](https://twitter.com/trollopesociety)

Facebook: Like Trollope Society

© The Trollope Society 2021. Charity no: 803130