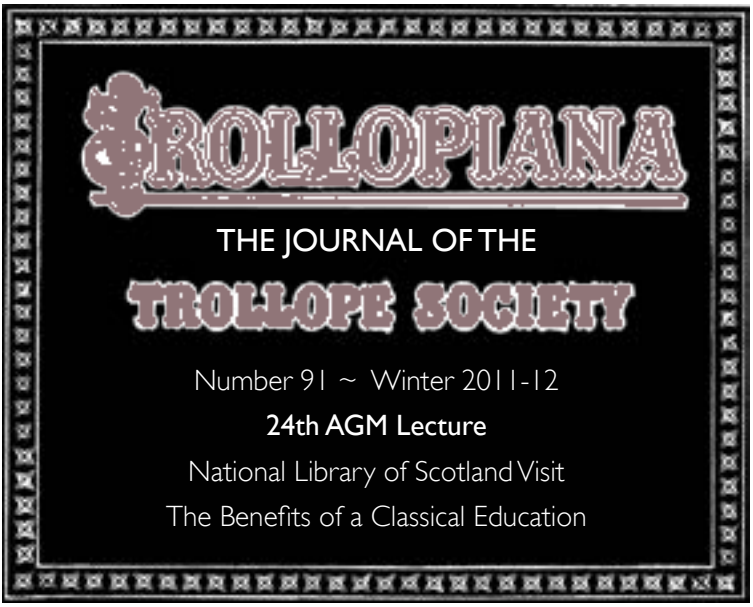
TROLLOPIANA
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Number 91 ~ Winter 2011-12
24th AGM Lecture
National Library of Scotland Visit
The Benefits of a Classical Education

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# Editorial

We were particularly honoured that Dr Nigel Starck travelled from Australia to deliver his inspiring Annual Lecture, and brought with him Hugh and Barbara Trollope, who have now been able to buy back part of their ancestral property here in England.

The lecture and supper party followed the AGM where Michael Williamson, Chairman, recalled successful events of the past year; announced a sumptuous forthcoming event to be held at The Royal Opera House next April, and praised the continual work of the Bicentenary Committee in arranging an array of events for 2015. Further ideas from any members are always welcome.

He also outlined changes within the society, both in response to the current financial climate and modern technology allowing officers to work online, as well as by correspondence and telephone. The hard work involved setting up the new structure will strengthen the society. The old office has now been closed, and the new contact details are:

PO Box 505 Tunbridge Wells, TN2 9RW
Telephone 01747 839799
Email info@trollopesociety.org
Web site www.trollopesociety.org

Sadly, we announce the death of Daphne Ridley, staunch member and great grand-daughter of Sir John Tilley, Anthony's brother-in-law and colleague at the Post Office. Donations in her memory can be made through Priscilla at priscilla@pamberplace.co.uk or directly at www.stjohnshospice.org.uk.

The special book offers for this issue are *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil* for £12.00, and *The Life of Cicero, Volumes I* and *II* for £15.00, a considerable saving on the listed price, available until the next publication. Back issues of *Trollopiana* can be purchased at any time.


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

# Trollope Society Visit to The National Library of Scotland

## David McClay

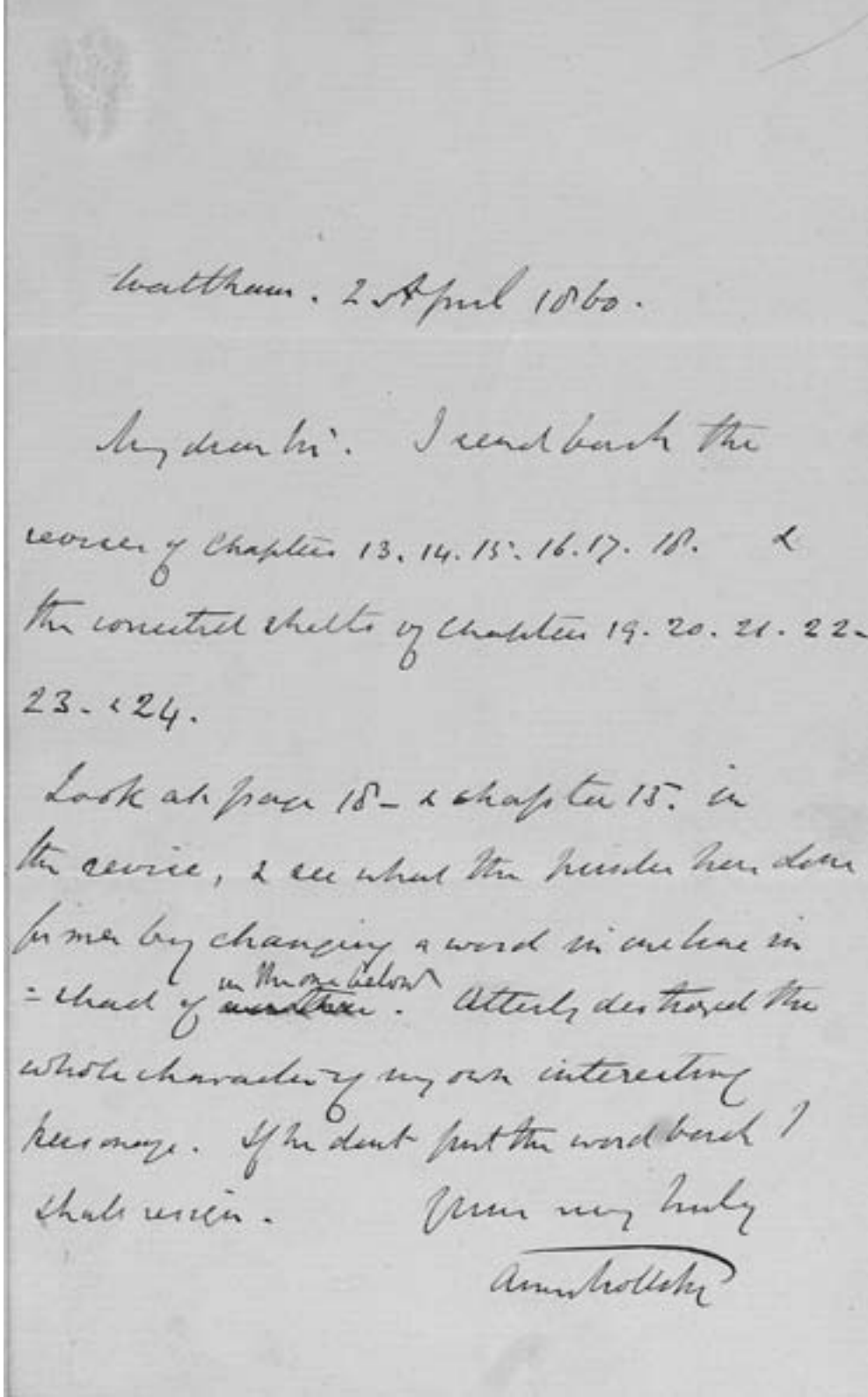
*Abbreviated talk delivered by David McClay, Senior Curator, John Murray Archive, National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, to members of The Trollope Society on 21st May, 2011*

The National Library of Scotland (NLS) holds one of the most significant collections in the world, including over 14 million literary items, 32,000 films and nearly 2 million maps. Every week NLS collects approximately 6,000 new items. Its extensive manuscript and archive collection, occupying over seven miles of shelving, contains the archive of Blackwood, which was significantly enhanced in 2006 with the purchase (for over £30 million) of the John Murray archive, itself including part of the archive of London-based publisher Smith, Elder and Company.

The archive contains over 30 letters from the Trollope family, mainly Fanny. Murray was connected to the Freelings, (the Post Office's dominant family) and Fanny used this association to secure a position for Anthony. There is no definitive letter evidencing this, but there is, I think, little reason to doubt. Seeking further employment, Fanny again turned to Murray:

> "…he leaves his office at five o'clock, he would gladly occupy the hours of his evening in some profitable employment. He is a good scholar and … has very good abilities. It has been suggested to him that he might possibly find employment wither by correcting the press, or in some other occupation of the kind, and I should be most grateful if you could help in obtaining such."

The suggestion that Anthony might be employed as a Reader or Editor did not come to anything, although a few years later in 1841, Trollope's uncle Henry Milton became a regular paid Reader, and



Waltham. 2 April 1860.

My dear Sir. I send back the
revises of Chapters 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. &
the corrected sheets of Chapters 19. 20. 21. 22.
23. & 24.

Look at page 18 – & chapter 15. in
the revise, & see what the printer has done
for me by changing a word in one line in
= stead of ~~in the~~ below ~~another~~. Utterly destroyed the
whole character of my own interesting
reminiscences. If he dont put the word back I
shall resign. Yours very truly
Anny Trollope

*Letter from Anthony Trollope to Smith, Elder and Company dated 2 April 1860*
Reproduced with permission granted by the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland.

other Milton family members went on to read for the firm over the next four decades

John Murray II published Fanny's 2-volume *Belgium and Western Germany in 1833: including visits to Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Cassel, Hanover, the Harz Mountains, &c &c* (1834, 2nd edition 1835), leading to a series of travel guidebooks. The resulting *Murray's Handbook for Travellers* series became the model for Victorian guidebooks, inspiring a host of imitators including the Baedeker guides. The Handbooks' phenomenal success went on to cover Britain, Europe, Egypt, India, Japan and New Zealand in over 400 titles and editions by the end of the century. Thomas Adolphus Trollope wrote to Murray in 1864 noting that the quality and value of the guidebooks were on their accuracy, and were "… impossible to be kept correct without the information of travellers".

Anthony used his extensive travels in his writing, and proposed, in 1850, a travel book on Ireland. He noted in his *Autobiography*:

> "Just at this time another literary project loomed before my eyes, and for six or eight months had considerable size. I was introduced to Mr. John Murray, and proposed to him to write a handbook for Ireland. I explained to him that I knew the country better than most other people, perhaps better than any other person, and could do it well. He asked me to make a trial of my skill, and to send him a certain number of pages, undertaking to give me an answer within a fortnight after he should have received my work. I came back to Ireland, and for some weeks I laboured very hard. I "did" the city of Dublin, and the county of Kerry, in which lies the lake scenery of Killarney, and I "did" the route from Dublin to Killarney, altogether completing nearly a quarter of the proposed volume. The roll of MS. was sent to Albemarle Street,- but was never opened. At the expiration of nine months from the date on which it reached that time-honoured spot it was returned without a word, in answer to a very angry letter from myself. I insisted on having back my property,- and got it. I need hardly say that my property has never been of the slightest use to me. In all honesty I think that had he been less dilatory, John Murray would have got a very good Irish Guide at a cheap rate".

Murray's first edition of the *Handbook for Travellers in Ireland* (1864) instead appeared thanks to George Phillips Bevan. Murray also published the first volume of his father Thomas Anthony's 1833 *Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica*, and in the 1860's Anthony attended meetings at Murray's Albemarle Street premises during the copyright campaigns. This was an important issue for Anthony who later sat on a Royal Commission on copyright law.

When John Murray acquired the publishing firm of Smith, Elder and Company, he was able to add such famous literary names as Mrs Gaskell, the Bronte sisters and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This acquisition also brought Murray the famous literary magazine the *Cornhill*.

George Murray Smith had founded the *Cornhill Magazine* in December 1859, although the first issue was dated January 1860 to emphasise its freshness. Smith noted that: "No pains and no cost were spared to make the new magazine the best periodical yet known to English literature". It contained two serialized novels, poetry and informative articles. William Makepeace Thackeray was appointed as Editor and the first serial novelist.

*"The first issue… opened with an instalment of Framley Parsonage, enabling the incredible and immediate success of The Cornhill"*

When he heard of this new literary magazine Trollope wrote directly to Thackeray: "I do not know how far the staff of your new periodical may be complete. Perhaps you will excuse me the liberty of offering to make one of the number if it be not so". He went on to offer five short stories.

George Smith responded three days later offering £2 a page and stating his preference for a continuous story as long as an ordinary three-volume novel for which "we will be happy to pay you One Thousand Pounds" – a remarkable sum at the time and twice as much as he had ever previously received.

Smith required the first part of the novel in six weeks. Thackeray offered him the half-written *Castle Richmond*, but Smith did not want an Irish story: "He wanted an English tale, on English life, with a clerical flavour".

The first issue therefore opened with an instalment of *Framley Parsonage*, enabling the incredible and immediate success of *The Cornhill*. The magazine had a sophisticated, urbane tone that appealed

to middle class readers. The first issue sold an unheard of 109,274 copies by the end of 1861. Mrs Gaskell wrote to George Smith, "I wish Mr. Trollope would go on writing *Framley Parsonage* for ever".

Following such success, Smith felt so indebted to Trollope that he sent him gifts and praises. Trollope himself was equally thrilled, writing "… you have brought me in contact with readers to [be] counted by hundreds of thousands, instead of by hundreds".

Thackeray also suggested Trollope contributed articles as well as fiction:

> "You must have tossed a deal about the world, and have countless sketches in your memory and your portfolio. Please to think if you can furbish up any of these besides the novel. When events occur on wh. you can have a good lively talk, bear us in mind. One of our chief objects in this magazine is the getting out of novel spinning, and back into the world. Don't understand me to disparage our craft, especially your wares. I often say I am the pastry cook, and don't care for tarts, but prefer bread and cheese – but the public love the tarts (luckily for us), and we must bake & sell them".

First-year contributors to the *Cornhill* included Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, George Henry Lewes, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Washington Irving, along with a posthumous publication of a poem by Emily Bronte and the opening chapters of an uncompleted novel *Emma* by Charlotte Bronte.

Despite a keen personal friendship Thackeray rejected, on moral grounds, Trollope's story 'Mrs General Talboys' featuring illegitimate children. Trollope noted that "An impartial Editor must do his duty. Pure morals must be supplied", although he justified himself adding "I will not allow that I am indecent, and profess that squeamishness – in so far as it is squeamishness and not delicacy – should be disregarded by a writer". The work was eventually included in the second series of *Tales of All Countries* (1863) after publication in the *London Review* (2 Feb 1861).

The *Cornhill* also rejected 'A Ride Across Palestine' about a man who lived intimately with an attractive youth only to discover 'he' was a girl: it subsequently provoked disapproving letters when finally published by the *London Review*.

In August 1861 Trollope began *'The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, a humorous satire on the ways of trade, which proved a failure. Smith paid £600 but made no complaint, merely remarking



that he did not think it equal to his usual work. In September 1862 Trollope offered reparation by sending *The Small House at Allington*. Finally, in 1866-7, *Claverings* was published; for which he received 2,800*l*. "Whether much or little", Trollope wrote, "it was offered by the proprietor, and paid in a single cheque".

Although sales declined, *The Cornhill* continued to sell more than twice its rivals, partly because of illustrations by John Everett Millais, Frederick Walker and Richard Doyle. Trollope's attachment to the *Cornhill* and to Thackeray continued with his biography *Thackeray* (1879), and Thackeray's Obituary.

George Smith in his *Recollections of a Long and Busy Life*, contained many anecdotes and observations of Trollope, including:

> "Trollope's somewhat aggressive energy vibrated in the very accents of his voice. He was a very loud talker, and I remember Thackeray, going to the Garrick Club at the exact moment when Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade were having a discussion in the smoking-room. The discussion was audible to the whole street! Reade was, in point of audibility, not, perhaps, quite equal to Trollope, but he was a very good second. Thackeray paused on the doorstep as the two overpowering voices floated down to him, threw up his eyes and hands, and said, "What must they have been at eighteen!" They were both about fifty at that time".

Anthony Trollope's experimental novel *Nina Balatka* was turned down by Smith, with Trollope stoically replying to the rejection "All right about N.B., would you kindly send her back – to Waltham? She won't mind travelling alone".

Trollope then approached the Scottish and London based Blackwood and Son. Blackwood agreed to serialise the anonymous novels *Nina Balatka* (1867) and *Linda Tressel* (1868) in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in collected reprints.

Blackwood paid £450 for each copyright, but failed to profit from either. Fewer than 500 copies of *Nina Balatka* sold, prompting Blackwood to write "anxiety about the authorship shows that the book is telling although not selling."

It was unsurprising therefore, that when offered the anonymous *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, Blackwood declined writing "My wish naturally is to say yes and give you as much as I can possibly afford, but on looking into the matter, I found as I feared that neither *Nina* nor *Linda* had on republication paid expenses as the enclosed memorandum shows".

Despite these publishing disappointments Trollope made an important and long-term friend. Blackwood and his wife visited Waltham, and Rose and Anthony visited their country house *Strathtyrum*, near St Andrews. There Trollope enjoyed playing golf for the first time and, affecting to faint with grief at a particularly bad shot, crashed upon the green to discover a forgotten golf ball in his pocket upon which he "started up again with a yell of agony, quite unfeigned". Blackwood was unfazed by this and other less decorous behaviour during his trip, thinking he was "great fun" and they parted "almost with tears".

*"His books are not of a high order, but still I am always surprised that he could write them"*

Other Blackwood authors discussed Trollope in correspondence: when George Elliot read that Anthony had resigned from the Post Office she wrote to Blackwood:

> "I cannot help being rather sorry, though one is in danger of being rash in such judgements. But it seems to me a thing greatly to be dreaded for a man that he should be in any way led to excessive writing".

Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, referred to as "my dear old friend" by Anthony (*An Autobiography*), was unaware of his letter:

> "I don't think Trollope pleasant, though he has a certain hard common-sense about him and coarse shrewdness that prevents him being dull or tiresome. His books are not of a high order, but still I am always surprised that he could write them. He is a good fellow, I believe, *au fond*, and has few jealousies and no rancours; and for a writer, is that not saying much".

Such comments were perhaps due to professional jealousies; he certainly regretted his remarks and later wrote that "I never had the slightest idea of attacking a friend, and a good fellow to boot".

When Blackwood published his series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers,* edited by the clergyman William Lucas Collins (who became another friend) Blackwood persuaded Trollope to do a



version of *The Commentaries of Caesar* (1870). After labouring three months he considered it an important work, writing "I do not know that I have ever worked harder … I am most anxious, in this soaring out of my own particular line, not to disgrace myself. I do not think that I did disgrace myself". He presented the copyright to Blackwood, noting that "It is a dear little book to me". However he did not get the scholarly reputation he wished: he sent an early copy to the learned Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, who replied: "Thank you for your comic History of Caesar". Anthony wrote "I do not suppose that he intended to run a dagger into me" (*An Autobiography*).

As their friendship blossomed Trollope and Blackwood's correspondence increasingly dealt with personal matters. Anthony wrote in 1875:

> "A wretched attack of bile and deficient liver came to me in the middle of that cold and very nearly upset me. At present I am so weak that I can only just crawl. But I am attaining to a slow but manly desire for mutton chops and sherry, and am just beginning to think once again of the glories of tobacco".

In old age, Trollope's photograph continued to take pride of place in the Blackwood drawing room. However, younger members of the family were increasing their control of the business and highlighted poor sales during negotiations over the serialisation of *John Caldigate.*

In 1882 the Trollope family chose Blackwood to publish posthumously his *Autobiography* and *An old man's love* (1884). Blackwood never made a fortune from publishing Trollope but he made a dear friend and his company gained prestige. The archives have still to be fully explored to discover the significance of their publishing and personal relationship.

With so many different publishers responsible for the incredible literary output of Trollope, no single publishing archive can ever tell the full story. The publishing archives in the National Library of Scotland can contribute a few chapters and footnotes to the Trollope publishing and personal history.

# Anthony Trollope's Australian Odyssey

## Nigel Starck

*Dr Nigel Starck, of the University of South Australia, delivered the Trollope Society's 2011 annual lecture at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall. This article is an edited version of the lecture.*

Anthony Trollope was the first celebrity in popular culture to visit Australia. Travelling by stagecoach and coastal steamer in 1871-72 he spent a year and two days there, hunting the kangaroo, penetrating the opium dens of the goldfields, and reporting on wine, sheep, gentlemen's clubs, lunatic asylums, railways, inter-colonial squabbles, heat, Aboriginal distress, emigration, and – unfailingly – his own insatiable desire for knowledge. He wrote a detailed travel memoir that offers an enlightening account of Australia's emerging society. On a more personal note his family legacy endures in Sydney today.

At the time of their departure from Liverpool, Anthony and Rose Trollope had put their house at Waltham Cross on the market and were intent on a reunion with their younger son Frederic who, with his father's financial backing, was seeking his fortune as a sheep farmer in New South Wales, some 250 miles west of Sydney. In addition, Fred had become engaged to Susannah Farrand, the daughter of a local magistrate, and had invited his parents to the December wedding.

They sailed on the *SS Great Britain*, the passenger liner designed by Brunel that, in an extraordinary seagoing life of more than 40 years, made 32 voyages to Australia, as well as sailing to New York and San Francisco and serving as a troopship during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. The Trollopes were among 391 passengers, taking with them their cook, Isabella Archer. On the ocean, Trollope saw no reason to abandon his extraordinary output as an author, writing the novel *Lady Anna* on the voyage: 120,000 words at the rate of about 2000 a day. On arrival in late July 1871, he was welcomed with a 48-line poem in Melbourne *Punch* that assured him "midst truest friends you roam".

When he reached Sydney, though, a note of trepidation was sounded in the press. The *Sydney Morning Herald* warned its readers that the distinguished visitor's mother, Fanny, had published a severe criticism of the United States in her book *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Might not her son, the *Herald* wondered, compose a similar attack on Australian society?

The newspaper need not have worried. The dominant mood of his memoir, published by Chapman and Hall in 1873, was decidedly positive. As Peter Edwards of the University of Queensland (an eminent Trollopian scholar) has found, the tone is "as reassuring as any emigration-agent could have wished". It is a long read, though, with a drier delivery and greater reliance on statistical matter than had been the case in his engaging account of travel in *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*. Nevertheless, it is unfailingly informative. He writes, variously, of:

> **Manners**, noting a comparative lack of class-consciousness: "The maid-servant in Victoria has the pertness, the independence, the mode of asserting by her manner that though she brings you up your hot water, she is just as good as you".
> **Hunting**, joining the hunt for kangaroos with enthusiasm – while suffering at least three recorded spills from his horse in the process.
> **Newspapers**, finding the *Melbourne Argus* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* "the best daily papers I have seen out of England".

…. and, less happily, of

> **Australia's aboriginal populace**, seeing them as doomed to extinction: "Of the Australian black man", wrote Trollope, "we may certainly say that he has to go. That he should perish without unnecessary suffering should be the aim of all who are concerned in the matter". By today's measure, his book supplies a white supremacist view within its chapter on Australia's Aboriginal population. It should be appreciated, though, that his attitude was shaped by prevailing public sentiment. And clearly, from reading Trollope's memoir on his South African travels, he was not a racialist: in that book, he made it apparent that he approved of eventual government by South Africa's native population.

The book, by Trollope's own assertion, was intended as a guide "for the intending (and hesitating) settler". With typical Trollope thoroughness and energy, he collected a storehouse of information that serves as a vivid testament of Australian life at a time of commercial, industrial, and agricultural development. Presciently, he expressed concern about the volatility of the international wool trade and the climate: "The year of favourable circumstances in regard to weather

*Anthony Trollope's grandson Frederic Farrand Trollope, aged 3, in 1878. Nearly sixty years later he would become Sir Frederic, 14th baronet.*
Photo: Charles Collins (State Library of New South Wales collection)

and climate may put him [sheep farmer] at his ease for life – and a year's drought may beggar him". Such reverses would eventually sink his son's venture.

But his cook prospered there. In *Australia & New Zealand*, Trollope reported that she "found a husband for herself when she had been about a month in the bush". Had he perhaps deliberately set out to conduct a social experiment, taking her to a country – and in particular to a rural area – where there was a chronic shortage of nubile women? He wrote that initially she appeared to be her husband's social inferior, but her comeliness, "excellent temper", and wide range of domestic arts enabled her within a few months to become "quite the lady" as mistress of her own household. He found the episode socially significant, in terms of female emancipation. Isabella Archer was 34, rather old for the spinster state in Victorian times, though satisfied perhaps by the protection afforded within the Trollope household. At any rate, he expressed satisfaction at the change in her circumstances: "No woman of that kind ought, as regards herself, to stay in England if she can take herself or get herself taken to the colonies".

Strangely, after travelling so far, Anthony and Rose did not attend their son's wedding. On the day of the ceremony they sailed out of Sydney – after being feted by the colonial government – for a return visit to Melbourne. There, he gave a public lecture on a favourite theme: *Modern Fiction as a Rational Amusement.* Trollope spoke at the Melbourne Town Hall; one newspaper the following morning devoted a column-and-a-half to it, referring to a "thronged and brilliant audience" numbering 2,000; another, in this age of leisurely and loquacious journalism, gave it two columns, noting the cheers that followed Trollope's acknowledgment of the hospitality he had received in the colonies.

The round of civic engagements was apparently of more importance than seeing Fred and Susannah marry on 14 December 1871. In addition, it is of significance perhaps that one of Anthony and Rose's grandsons later published a letter in a magazine saying that Rose had not been impressed by rural Australian society; so perhaps (but this is largely conjecture) she relished the prospect of Sydney and Melbourne's more sophisticated ambience.

Trollope, though, plainly enjoyed himself just about everywhere he went, and the local press acknowledged this. From the goldfields of New South Wales, the *Gulgong Guardian* felt its town had been honoured by the presence of a writer whose name was "a household word in all English-speaking countries". Up on the Tropic of Capricorn,

Rockhampton welcomed him with a dinner, following which the town's *Bulletin* reported: "Mr Trollope on rising was received with loud cheers". When the book appeared in 1873, it did rather well, running to three printings and winning from *The Times* the accolade of being "the best account of the Australian colonies yet published".

However, one element in the text did upset some of the Australian newspapers. They were angered by the intrusion – within what was for the most part a cosy discourse – of assertions that Australians in general, and Victorians in particular, were guilty of bragging. The term applied by Trollope for this perceived exercise in self-glorification is "blowing". He introduced the theme early in the book:

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

Trollope launched a notably impassioned blast in his chapter on Melbourne, marvelling at the populace's self-adulation "in the way of riding, driving, fighting, walking, working, drinking, love-making, and speech-making".

Australia has always been sensitive on the matter of how it is regarded by the visitor. The press accolades faded. The *Adelaide Observer* (1873) dismissed the book as "very dreary reading" and "not to be trusted". In Melbourne *The Argus* (1873), responding to those slights concerning Victorian boasting, employed sarcasm in a three-column review on the front page of its Saturday supplement. The celebrated author, it suggested, was guilty of indulging in his own self-importance. From Hobart, *The Mercury* fumed at what it saw as distorted reporting, and up at the NSW goldfields: where Trollope had just a short time before been feted by civic leaders, there was a complete reversal of attitude. He no longer deserved celebration, said the *Gulgong Guardian*, "as a household word in all English-speaking countries"; rather, he was known only for writing "Trollopian twaddle", he had exhibited bad table manners at the luncheon, and, they remembered now, when he went down a mine he was clearly drunk.

In a personal sense, the association with Australia developed a darker aspect too. Fred's sheep farming initiative failed, and Anthony would later lament in his autobiography that he had personally lost the £4,600 he'd paid for it. Yet there was no blame attached to Fred. "I never knew a man work with more persistent honesty", his father wrote.



That diligence was simply not enough to withstand the collapse of wool prices internationally and prolonged drought.

With the collapse of the sheep farming venture, Trollope made the long voyage back three years later to see if anything could be saved from the commercial wreckage. It could not. But Trollope did at least find pleasure in meeting his first two grandchildren and, as he would later record in correspondence, hearing his daughter-in-law sing. He had written another book on the voyage out, *Is He Popenjoy?*, and signed a deal with the *Liverpool Mercury* for a series of despatches. All that survives today of Fred's farm, *Mortray*, is a road bearing the same name, along with building rubble, indications of an abandoned vegetable garden, and a well. An adjoining property offers some further evidence, though: for it is called *Clavering*. And, if you walk the *Mortray* site with a copy of *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil** in your hand, you will find the lay of the land and the curl of the creek match precisely the territory described in that novella.

Fred became an inspector for the NSW Lands Department, riding vast distances to advise the department and pioneers on pastoral development. In his published correspondence, Fred comes across as a hard-working man, yet one who was constantly afflicted by extremes of climate and by internal squabbles in the civil service. At his father's death in 1882, he inherited only some boots and clothing; the money that might have been his had been devoted already to the farming endeavour. Yet the next generation would encounter good fortune of a thoroughly unexpected kind.

There was a title in the Trollope family at large. A distinguished ancestor, Thomas Trollope, of Casewick manor house in Lincolnshire and High Sheriff of the county, was created a baronet in 1642. Anthony Trollope was the grandson of the fourth baronet's youngest (and sixth) son, also named Anthony. In those times of large families, therefore, it appeared unlikely that the title would settle upon any of the novelist's own descendants; the blood connections seemed too thin. That was all changed by World War I and the death in action, at the age of 24 and unmarried, of the ninth baronet, Captain Sir Thomas Carew Trollope of the Lincolnshire Yeomanry.

The title then passed to a line of cousins (advanced in years and variously unmarried or without sons). When Sir Arthur, the thirteenth baronet, died in 1937, he left two daughters, neither of whom under the rules of male-only succession could inherit the title. So the authorities turned to the branch of the family containing descendants of the fourth baronet. Anthony's elder son, Henry Merivale ('Harry'),

*The Sydney house with a British pillar box in its front garden: the home of the Honourable Hugh Trollope (great-great-grandson of the novelist) and his wife, Barbara.*
Photo: Nigel Starck

had produced a son and a daughter; but the son died in 1931. In Australia meanwhile, Fred and Susannah were notably fecund, producing eight children.

By 1937, therefore, the eldest surviving male direct descendant of the fourth baronet (and of Anthony) was Frederic Farrand Trollope, the third son of Fred and Susannah. It had taken the Office of the Baronetage a little detective work: the newly proclaimed fourteenth baronet was the third cousin (once removed) of Sir Arthur, the deceased thirteenth. At the time of his succession to the title, Frederic Farrand Trollope was a bank official in Sydney. He immediately travelled to England to see if there was any property attached to the baronetcy. Sir Frederic was to be disappointed in that respect; the splendid mansion in Lincolnshire had been inherited by Dorothy Nesta Trollope, sister of the young baronet who died in war.

The 14th baronet (of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, an ardent cricket spectator, and lifelong bachelor) remained such for 20 years; at his death, in 1957, the title passed briefly to his younger brother, Gordon, who died just under a year later. Gordon's elder son, Anthony Owen Clavering Trollope, then became, in 1958, the 16th baronet – and the third of the Australian-born variety.

This Anthony Trollope had seen active service in Syria, Palestine, and New Guinea with the Royal Australian Artillery in World War II, attaining the rank of sergeant. Back home in Sydney, he worked as a salesman, and later a director, of a wholesale chemicals company. He and Lady Joan had two sons: another Anthony, born 1945, and Hugh, born 1947.

Though much troubled by a number of medical problems originating in his wartime deployment, and spending long periods in the Sydney hospital for ex-service personnel, he would live for another 29 years. In 1987, his son Anthony – now Sir Anthony – succeeded to the title. The 17th baronet and his wife, Denise, have a smallholding in the Windsor district, north-west of Sydney.

A former marketing executive, notably in the rice industry, he is now a physical education teacher at a local primary school. Sir Anthony is a dog breeder too, with a national reputation for his pedigree Rhodesian Ridgebacks. Denise, Lady Trollope is a noted equestrian, a judge and chief steward at international level in endurance events, and a breeder of Anglo-Arabian horses. Across the city, in the inner northern suburbs of Sydney, at a house distinguished by a British pillar box (serving as their mailbox) live the baronet's brother, the Honourable Hugh Trollope, and his wife, Barbara. Hugh works as an estimator for a civil construction company; Barbara has recently retired as a teacher of the deaf. Hugh played rugby union with distinction in the '60s and early '70s, appearing in a Sydney first-grade grand final.

While the 17th baronet and Lady Trollope have two daughters, Hugh and Barbara have a son and two daughters. Burke's Peerage now lists Hugh as the heir presumptive, with his son, Andrew, as heir apparent. Born in 1978, Andrew is a carpenter with a passion in his leisure time for the surf and the snowfields. He and his wife, Laura, of Swiss origin, hope to buy land and build a house on the east coast of Australia. They display an intense pride in their family heritage, an outlook that gives the baronetcy's Australian manifestation a certain assurance.

It began, then, with Anthony Trollope's odyssey of 1871-72, and his book about the Australian colonies. It was secured by Frederic Trollope's determination to discover a productive life there, despite the reverses of drought and trade. The legacy today is that of a celebrated name and an ancient hereditary title that appear likely to endure in Australia.

** 'Harry Heathcote of Gangoil', is available to members until June 2012 at the very special price of £12.00.*

# 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*

*Dear Pamela*

In 1966, I acquired - believe it or not, through *Exchange & Mart* - a copy of *Gertrude of Wyoming and Other Poems* by Thomas Campbell, leather bound and published in 1814. What's interesting about it is that it contains Anthony Trollope's armorial bookplate . The man from whom I bought it was a collector of bookplates and, at the time had a collection of Victorian authors (Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Sydney Smith and others) but had to downsize to a smaller property, hence I was able to add to my humble collection of first editions.

Of course, in those days, The Trollope Society didn't exist although I became an original member. In the course of time we have seen increasing interest from American members - and I now wonder if any of these works would be of interest to individuals or libraries both here and in the USA. If so, I can be contacted through the Society.

*Ian du Pre*

*Dear Sirs*

How can I get a copy of the Society's bookplate? Do you know of any source of Trollope's original bookplates?

*Brian Birch*

We can supply 20 bookplates for £5 - I know of no source of Trollope's original bookplates…

*Pelham Ravenscroft*

*Dear John Allan*

"…I noticed an item in the Spring 2010 issue [Trinity Newsletter, Oxford] about … Anthony Trollope, and the founder of the Trollope Society…

I have a tenuous connection with Anthony Trollope through a history I wrote, *Wambo: The Changing Face of Rural Australia* [2003], commissioned to mark the centenary of Wambo Shire Council, a region in southeast Queensland, among the most fertile in Australia, with farmers growing *two* seasonal crops annually. Trollope visited the region in 1871, and wrote with admiration of skill and energy with which sheep were shorn in huge woolsheds, and equal enthusiasm for the hospitality he enjoyed, courtesy of the "squatters" (large landowners).

For all I know, Trollope's recollections were subsequently published in a book describing his Australian journey.

(I quoted it from a history of the Darling Downs, of which Wambo is a part)….

*Christ Ashton*

[Thank you] for drawing the Society's attention to this modern link with Trollope's travels and writings; … Trollope indeed published his recollections of Darling Downs, in Vol. I of Australia and New Zealand (1873, republished by the Society in 2002).

*John Allen*

*Dear Mr Ravenscroft,*

Many thanks indeed for your e-mail concerning *Barchester Pilgrimage*. It has arrived safely and I can truly say that I am enjoying it hugely. I find I return more and more often to Barsetshire as an antidote to "the changes and chances of this fleeting world", and am soothed and cheered every time!

*Bridget Thurgate*

*Dear Society*

It's great that we have cleaned Frances Trollope's tombstone. It was quite a job using many gallons of material. Theodosia's still to do. I also `recently talked about Frances and Richard Hildreth as writers of the first and second anti-slavery novels prompting Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin in Brussels. See www.ringofgold.eu/Brussels.ppt

*Julia Bolton Holloway, English Cemetery, Florence, Italy*

# Trollope – The Benefits of a Classical Education?

## Sophia Martin

*Sophia Martin has enjoyed reading Trollope for 30 happy years. She lives in Cumbria, and earns a living in management training and consultancy.*

Whilst Ireland is recognised as the place which inspired Trollope to write, I believe classical literature was the overriding influence on his style. His education at Harrow and Winchester gave him a knowledge and love of the classics. His assertion of "when I think … how little I knew of Latin or Greek on leaving Harrow at nineteen I am astonished at the possibility of such a waste of time" (*An Autobiography*) is belied by his later works on Cicero* and Caesar. I contend below that his schooling also pervades his novel writing.

His text is littered with Latin tags and quotations. Doctors are 'Galen' and postmen 'Mercury'. The chapter heading *Vae Victis* (woe to the vanquished) occurs dramatically in both *The Small House at Allington* and *The Bertrams*. He mocks Mrs Mason (*Orley Farm*), as daughters Diana, Penelope, and Creusa, testify. The accomplishments of Grace Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset* include knowledge of Greek, learned from her father. The Argonauts accompanying Jason on his quest have punning names, replicated by Trollope: Slow and Bideawhile, Sir Abraham Haphazard, doctors Fillgrave and Rerechild, the servant Bridget Bolster and the tailor Neefit. Lord Bordotrade is quite the silliest.

Trollope explored middle and upper class characters over a series of novels, mirroring Greek literature's dynasties. He chronicled his characters' behaviour, honesty, standards of grace and gentility in the face of opposition, temptation, and threatened poverty. Their progress through careers in the church and public life is of central concern, as is women's 'career' in marriage. The lives and characters of Mr Harding, Archdeacon Grantly, Griselda and Major Grantly, as well as Eleanor Bold and husband, provide a clerical dynasty for the Barchester sequence. Across the county looms Gatherum Castle, and the career, marriage and family of Plantagenet Palliser is the framework for the six political novels. It is a neat trick that the near wordless choreography of a flirtation between Griselda, as Lady Dumbello, and Plantagenet Palliser teeters on the brink of bringing the two dynasties together.



*"Trollope's best humour takes the form of small touches of the ludicrous"*

Aristotle's *Poetics* point out that good tragedy should set out its stall in *imitation* of real life. With his exposure to Greek literature, Trollope would have seen this model and known how it should unfold. Characters like Plantagenet Palliser, Alice Vavasor, John Eames and George Bertram live through real 'life events'. They navigate plotlines covering their needs, hopes and blunderings and the imposition of external fates. Trollope was a master of unfolding drama. Did he do it consciously? He noted in his autobiography something of this philosophy of imitation:

> "The novelist has other aims than the elucidation of plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creations of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living human creatures".

A feature of the *Iliad* in Trollope's writing is the literary device of seeing things from the enemy's point of view. In the poem, the Trojans, are never presented as mere 'baddies', but as human beings as worthy of respect as the Greeks. Homer shows us the bedrooms of Priam's palace (where Paris excessively combs his hair) with intimate scenes between Hektor and his wife: their suffering, questioning, and fear, are human anxieties shared by all characters. That hair-combing comedy will be familiar: Trollope's best humour takes the form of small touches of the ludicrous, like the meal offered at Mrs Mason's lunch-table or Augusta Tringle sewing a silk purse.

True, there is not much war in Trollope, but the habit of cutting back and forth between the public and domestic lives of different characters is a strong theme. One of my greatest pleasures in reading

Trollope is the feeling of going behind the scenes: we travel with Crosbie away from Lily's cottage, across Barsetshire, around the Cathedral and into the rooms of Courcy Castle to the heart of the family. We see Lady Alexandrina as a flesh and blood woman: selfish, beautiful, bored, calculating her marriage chances. Crosbie is not just a heartless jilt; he is a man with social aspirations, seduced and tricked by Alexandrina and her high caste life. Alexandrina is no real temptress; she has to make a huge effort to land her catch. Crosbie will be amply punished for his betrayal of Lily, but the treachery is more meaningful for having been understood by us. Seeing him in both houses heightens tension and establishes him as a man tugged in different directions by love and ambition.

This *imitation* of life, with elements of *mekos,* is pure Trollope, the creation of an emotional response by drawing out the story to excite pity and fear. Margaret Markwick observed that Trollope's presentation of women characters involves a drawing-out of the plot when she wrote:

> "… the tracking of the change of heart of Nora was more important than the wedding at Monkhams. Alice Vavasor's vacillations are more important than her final betrothal to John Grey. The effect on Rachel Ray of complying with the fuddy-duddies is of greater note than her final alliance."

*He Knew He Was Right* and *Orley Farm* are also novels centring on the detailed exploration of tragic episodes, proceeding to the bitter end.

Aristotle suggested that, once plot and character are arranged, the author must address *diagnoia*, showing a character's inner thoughts. Tragic heroes and heroines face choices and dilemmas, and actors portraying them question their destinies. This forges an emotional link between player and audience, and should be done, Aristotle argues (*Poetics),* not voyeuristically but as a way of exciting emotion. This kind of inner experience makes Trollope's oeuvre richly entertaining. Thus we know what Lady de Courcy thinks of Alexandrina's shameful campaign to secure Lily's fiancé, what Archdeacon Grantly feels about Mr Slope and the prospect of having him as a brother-in-law, what Dr Thorne's anxieties are for his niece, and how Lady Dumbello balances her prospects in life and love.

*'A reading from Homer' by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1885*
Showing the Victorian fashion of dressing up to accompany literary events.
Image courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art

My first introduction to Trollope was *Barchester Towers*, open at a test page where Mr Slope absorbs the knowledge that the attractive widow Eleanor Bold has £1200 a year *of her own*. It is delicious, typically humorous and revealing of Slope's character as he seeks to balance different parties (his bishop, or rather his bishop's wife, and the question of whether Eleanor's father should be restored to his old position as Warden) in order to secure the widow's fortune for himself. It is through *diagnoia* that we fully appreciate characters are standing at a crux in life. Aristotle is clear that the best tragedy addresses questions of vital concern to the Greek public mind. Should Orestes avenge the death of his father if in so doing he must commit the sin of matricide? Should Antigone obey her uncle and king, or the demands of her sex, or should she honour the gods and bury her brother? What should Medea do in the face of her husband's treachery and callousness? Can she steel herself to carry out an awful vengeance? Trollope tackles questions of destiny or fate. Did Lady Mason forge her husband's will and, more dramatically, will she get away with it? Did Mr Crawley steal a cheque? Should a woman marry for any reason other than love? More obviously: Is he Popenjoy? Can you forgive her?

Classical literature focuses closely on the relationships between different generations of families – Telemachus and Odysseus, Orestes and Electra against their mother and her lover, Antigone and her uncle. Aristotle describes the rich plot lines to be had from familial relations:

> "if an enemy kills an enemy, there is nothing to excite pity either in the act or the intention….if, for example a brother kills, or intends to kill, a brother, a son his father, a mother her son, a son his mother, or any other deed of the kind is done – these are the situations to be looked for by the poet."

Trollope is so strong on this I believe he must have read *Poetics*. His novels focus on generational differences and the pain and resolution of these conflicts: Lord Silverbridge and his father, Emily Wharton and her's, Major Grantly and his parents, George Bertram and his uncle and father, Ayala and her less colourful sister with their uncles. The exploration of inter-generational difference reaches an acme in *Orley Farm* where two very different sons, Peregrine and Lucius, are juxtaposed against their mothers and old Sir Peregrine, as are Felix Graham and his wiser mentors. Trollope's observation of the trials suffered by mothers of grown children wishing to marry is the subject of some of his most dramatic, and funniest novels. Lady Gresham's discovery that Mary is, after all, an heiress, stands out, but that is a conclusion – it is the telling of his characters' stories that is so engaging and observant.



Decisions that are postponed and regretted in tragedy bring suffering upon Greek characters. This arises, in Aristotle's analysis, from a variety of causes, for example through *hamartia*, or error, where someone takes an action which falls disastrously short. Edith Hall says this term comes originally from archery and describes an arrow failing to hit its target. How many of Trollope's characters have to live with failure: Archdeacon Grantly not getting the bishopric, John Eames not winning Lily Dale, Lily herself not bringing her engagement to fruition, Mabel Grex not getting Lord Silverbridge to propose a second time, Lord Fawn not successfully managing anything at all? Trollope often allows characters to redeem themselves in the end, rather than experience the extreme suffering of a Greek tragedy, but I think the idea of *hamartia* is there.

*"Trollope often allows characters to redeem themselves in the end, rather than experience the extreme suffering of a Greek tragedy"*

Another source of classical suffering is *Ate* Ate (goddess of Nemesis and Fortune) – who brings calamity on those who pursue wrong paths precipitated by a delusion of grandeur, or who succumb to temptation, or greed for power. Thus we think of Crosbie; Lady Laura Standish using marriage for political influence; Lopez wanting status and wealth but ending up destroying himself and others, or Arabella Trefoil wanting Lord Rufford for a husband because he is rich and titled. Was Trollope thinking of *Ate* when he wrote of Arabella:

> "I swear I have known the woman – not one special woman … but all the traits, all the cleverness, all the patience, all the courage, all the self-abnegation and all the failure"?

Women are richly interesting characters in Greek tragedy. Antigone makes a moral choice even though it means she must die; Hecuba confronts bereavement and seeks revenge in the aftermath of war; Polyxena faces sacrificial death with a dignity and fortitude that shames her killers (particularly Odysseus), Medea exacts a ghastly vengeance on her treacherous husband. The women have character, minds and moral courage. Among the treasures of Trollope is the crafting of women characters as complex, interesting and purposeful human beings.

Lady Mason, manoeuvred into an arranged marriage as the second wife of a much older man, is accused of forging her husband's will 20 years after his death and before the start of *Orley Farm*. Did she do it? The reader is soon convinced of her guilt, and the dramatic question becomes 'will she get away with it?' *Iliad*-like, we meet her during a critical period. She attempted to alter fate and, in particular, re-write the destiny of her son. Are there echoes (slightly subverted) of the Oedipus story? The seeds are sown in Lucius's babyhood, although he is left an estate rather than exposed. Eventually his eyes are opened, rather than gouged out, when he discovers the truth of his mother's guilt. He ends the novel in exile, albeit with a future, in Australia.

Lady Mason's arrow falls short of its target. Her bold action, the forgery, is an attempt to secure an inheritance for her son, rather than greed for herself. She believes her beloved child deserves a portion of his father's wealth. The novel covers a *Reversal of the Situation* that Aristotle would recognize, the moment when characters move from ignorance to knowledge. Mr Mason, her adversary in the family, has always suspected her. He is slow to grasp the possibilities offered by Dockwrath's find, and is denied crushing Lady Mason in court, but when he is finally offered the estate he bursts out in anger at what this must mean. The other great *recognition*, is when Lady Mason finally confesses to Sir Peregrine.

Are Lucius and his mother victims of *Ate,* suffering the consequences of pursuing a temptation to self-aggrandisment? Lady Mason's sin is an offence against *Themis*, the laws of moral order, in that she fails to respect the harsh Mr Mason's claim to the property, or indeed her husband's Will. Trollope himself chose the Old Testament Rebekah as his reference for the passage where Lady Mason finally confesses her guilt – but the book is steeped in classical treatment. Lady Mason is brought down by Dockwrath, the vulgar husband of Lucius' servant/nurse, rather as Oedipus is unmasked (to himself) by the terrible revelations of a servant. Mr Mason, whose merciless fury (or Fury?) against the "swindler, a common swindler" is thwarted by the skills of the more gentlemanly lawyers, and a more merciful judgement prevails. In the end, Mr Mason gets the estate, which is "sweet, but that sweetness was tasteless when compared to the sweetness of revenge". Was Trollope thinking of the Eumenides (the Kindly Ones) in judgement on Orestes?

*Diagnoia* abounds, as we would expect. We don't learn Lady Mason's thoughts until later, but we know Mr Furnival's, and we know much of the inner thoughts of many other characters, especially the younger generation: Felix Graham both as lawyer and lover, and Sophia Furnival's calculating flirtations. We also know the true strength of Mrs Orme, who supports Lady Mason in her darkest suffering, even braving the rather brutal Lucius in telling him the frank truth. She is motivated by Christian principles, but the conversations between her and her father-in-law about their duty to Lady Mason are all *diagnoia*.

*"Aristotle suggested that, once plot and character are arranged, the author must address 'diagnoia', showing a character's inner thoughts."*

Lady Laura Standish is the truly tragic heroine of *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux*. At the centre of her story is a question relevant to so many Trollope heroines – should women marry for a reason other than love? Lady Laura doesn't; she marries for influence and makes a disastrous choice of Robert Kennedy and suffers as much as any Greek heroine as she watches Phineas court other women, be arrested for murder, and rescued from execution by the decisive action of Marie Goesler. Lady Laura's marriage turns to dust, but it doesn't end there. She is wracked by feelings which she attempts to suppress; she is collateral damage in Quintus Slide's campaign to destroy Phineas in the press; she separates from her husband and is widowed, but is still not free for Phineas to claim – because he no longer loves her. After her husband's death she is shackled to his property and name in

widowhood. She can run away to Dresden, but she cannot free herself. She ends her life as she began it, in her father's house, but rather than the independent and politically-involved woman we first meet, she is lonely and emotionally destroyed.

Lady Laura's marriage choice is not in line with the proper dictates of Love. Trollope introduced her as having "perfect power to do as she pleased". Her suffering stems from an arrogant failure to respect the proper forms of power and status (the rules of love and marriage). At the end of *Phineas Redux* she knows a great truth with full force "I did not understand how strong the heart can be. I should have known it, and I pay for my ignorance with the penalty of my whole life".

*"[Madame Max] has acknowledged the restrictions on her, a wealthy foreigner, and has played the rules of Society with great care"*

Lady Laura's suffering is so comprehensive it wrecks the lives of others too. The unfortunate Robert Kennedy suffers by becoming her husband. He is driven to madness, but not before he has attempted to care for her, understand her headaches, read her sermons, and given her wealth. He gradually realizes she loves this other man, and that she is anxious to promote the career of her 'friend' in a way which can only be humiliating to him. But, as Aristotle observes in *Poetics,* an audience will be unmoved by tragic things happening to indifferent persons, and poor Robert Kennedy is a colourless fellow. Miss Fitzgibbon sees him at the zoo and observes the great contrast between him and a monkey: "The monkey has so much to say for himself and is so delightfully wicked! I don't suppose that Mr Kennedy ever did anything wrong in his life." He didn't – but Lady Laura did and they both reaped the whirlwind.

Lady Laura is humourless, which never helps a Trollope heroine, whereas Phineas is a man of feeling who responds readily to wit, emotion and power. Their relationship throughout two novels is rich in possibility. We get frequent passages of *diagnoia* from both



characters, physically and in letters. This reaches a climax in Chapter LXX of *Phineas Redux* where Lady Laura reflects not only on her lost looks but also her failure, in one last effort to recapture his love.

There are other classical resonances. Marie Goesler as a *dea ex machina* finding evidence to establish Phineas's innocence and Mr Emilius's guilt in the nick of time, and Lady Laura's accusation of Marie using witchlike, Medean tricks to preserve her looks. In reality Marie has been more careful and patient. She has acknowledged the restrictions on her, a wealthy foreigner, and has played the rules of Society with great care. She understands the requirements of *Themis*, she is not hubristic. In consequence she does not blunder, but secures Phineas "at last!" in an intimate 'homecoming' (reminiscent of Penelope and Odysseus). Is there another classical reference to Socrates's wife visiting her husband in prison when Lady Laura goes with Barrington Erle to see Phineas and weeps over him? It is a test of Phineas's manners as a gentleman that he should have to bear it. Socrates is said to have asked his wife to leave. Barrington Erle hastens his cousin away saying "you are doing him an injury. How should he support himself if you behave like this!"

Trollope has no mercy for Lady Laura. When she and Phineas have their last conversation she tells him she will not know his wife, and cannot like her, and he replies "because you do not know her". It is a direct echo of Lady Laura's words to Phineas when he questions her interest in Mr Kennedy at the start of *Phineas Finn:* "you don't quite know him yet". Finally, both characters have learned that most Greek lesson: "Know thyself!"

*Sources include Edith Hall, 'Tragedy – Suffering Under the Sun'; Aristotle, Poetics; Richard Mullen with James Munson, 'The Penguin Companion to Trollope'; and Margaret Markwick, 'Trollope and Women'.* *I am grateful to both Margaret Markwick and Trevor Broughton for encouraging me.*

# Seminar Groups

A review of Seminar Discussions

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

## Cambridge: 1st August 2010, contact michael@thecleeve.freeserve.co.uk

*Ralph The Heir*

We considered Trollope's view of this as "one of the worst novels I have written" to be too harsh. The younger characters at the centre of the love story were perhaps weakly drawn, but Clarissa and Patience Underwood evoked sympathy, not least on account of their father's neglect, and Mary Bonner was perceptive in her choice of men. Ralph the hero was self-absorbed but not malicious, and we entered fully into the pain of his personal debts and consequent dilemmas. The most impressive character was generally agreed to be Polly Neefit, daughter of the breeches-maker, who was principled in rejecting Ralph's marriage proposals; stood up to pressure from her father, and knew that her family would not be welcomed into a gentleman's world.

The real joy, however, was the portrayal of the Percycross election, clearly derived from Trollope's own bitter experiences in standing for election at Beverley. We also gained a clear understanding of the problems of illegitimacy in Victorian times where entailed estates were involved.

Personal indebtedness, class consciousness, the rights of those born outside marriage, rigged parliamentary elections … not for the first time Trollope portrays issues of enduring relevance.

*Rosie Bridge*

## York: 14th September 2010, contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

*John Caldigate*

Irma Gemmell led an engaged discussion of this wonderful comedy of regeneration. Its comic structure is subjected to stress from events, chiefly the rudely Ibsenesque irruption of the past into what, by the time Caldigate reclaims the 'inheritance' once renounced in order to seek his fortune abroad, is an idyll of restoration and integration, signalled primarily by his marriage to Hester. An important source of strain comes from legal and moralistic ill-wishers, from Mrs Bolton to Judge Bramber. Understanding the truth, which is sometimes simple (is Caldigate a bigamist?) and sometimes complex (if Caldigate had not married the woman, why did he pay money and write the envelope?) is central. Hester's instinctive faith sets her apart from her mother who, dangerously, 'knew she was right'. We discussed Caldigate's complex guilelessness, as well as the redoubtable Bagwax. It is he who makes an ass of the literalisms and self-serving rigidities of the law, which, in the marvellous trial-scenes and subsequently, persistently misjudges the relations between evidence and inference and never allows that not all human motives are crystal-clear.

Trollope makes bold play with the 'facts' of the case against Caldigate, which are reconstructed mainly in the voices of his accusers. Facts, like the dreadful certainties (e.g. Mrs Bolton), and prejudices with which the novel is comically riddled, become unstable and deceptive, but ultimately assert Hester's instinctive certainty of her husband's 'truth'.

We remarked on the fairy-tale elements in this single-plot novel, and on Trollope's contrasting firm and genial grip on an actual world of estates, farms, civil service offices etc. that provide the book with a powerful density and texture. As always, we admired the deftness and economy of the characterisation, from the sombreness of the benighted Mrs Bolton to the suave blandness of Septimus Brown, the archetypal Whitehall mandarin and the complacencies of Smirkie, who richly deserves the comic scathing he receives.

*Anne Pugh*

## Oxford: 15th February 2011, contact hrogerharvey@aol.com

*The Last Chronicle Of Barset*

Jennifer Sugden gave an interesting and apposite introduction on the character of Josiah Crawley and the change in the 19th century jury trial system from one based on the defendant presenting a defence in his/her own words, to an adversarial approach where lawyers for the defence address the jury on the accused's behalf. It was noted that it is Crawley's own words which convince Mr Toogood

of his innocence and lead him to investigate the case and, *via* Johnny Eames and his expedition to Venice and Florence, bring the truth to light. The erosion of social values, the inescapability of change in Barsetshire and the sense of nostalgia for the past, and possibly felt by Trollope, were also observed.

The reasons for Lily Dale's rejection of Eames and Crosbie and her commitment to the title of Old Maid were debated, with consideration of her sexuality and idealism. There were queries over the exact procedure for the cashing of cheques at this time, left open until the next meeting. The question of the present value of the £20 cheque and the total £70 given to Crawley brought suggestions of a multiplier between 40 and 100. There was a discussion of the novel's illustrations, using a first edition bound up from the original parts and N. John Hall's *Trollope and His Illustrators*. The significance of the Dobbs Broughton/Conway, Dalrymple/van Sievers/Madalina Demolines plotting was suggested to be any or all of a contrast between their financial and moral values and those of Barsetshire, a precursor of *The Way We Live Now*, or a way to explain Lily's final rejection in the work of Johnny.

In a general discussion, Simon Heffer's recent newspaper article was discussed vigorously, with little support for his views on Trollope's characterization and observations. We had considerable enthusiasm for Trollope's travel-writing, *Australia and New Zealand* and *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* in particular, and advocacy for reading Trollope aloud or listening to Timothy West doing so.

*Roger Harvey*

## Manchester: 5th May 2011, contact j.ammar@hotmail.co.uk
## *Ayala's Angel*

*Ayala's Angel* was either new or a distant memory to most of us and all the more valuable for that. We agreed with Jean Ammar's insight that it is a delightful book full of humour and with memorable characters. Building on the contrast in wealth between the two households, Jean illustrated her talk with an extensive and fascinating range of contemporary documents detailing mid-Victorian taste in furnishings, dress and lifestyle. We were joined by two members of the Gaskell Society.

*Anthony Gick*

# Omnium Gatherum

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

**Casewick Hall, Uffington, Leicestershire, Trollope Ancestral home** Built in 1621 on quadrangular site of possible fortified manor house, it is now surrounded by the remains of a moat, a ha-ha and sunken garden. The gatehouse to the north west, at the end of the bridge over the moat, was demolished in the late 18th century.

**Heckfield House** The recent Estate Agent promotion of Heckfield House as the former home of "prolific Victorian novelist, Anthony Trollope", was erroneous. It was previously Heckfield Rectory, the home and living of Revd William Milton, Anthony's grandfather and father of Fanny. William was also a keen amateur scientist, inventor and mathematician. One of his projects was a stagecoach that would not overturn. He died when Anthony was only nine and the living was passed on.

After Michael Williamson corrected the estate agent, the advertisement was amended.

**Hats** Hats were a feature of Victorian life, for both men and women. Guy Robinson has compiled several 'hat quotations' from conducting an electronic search through Trollope books, an example of which is below:

*Phineas Redux* chapter XXIII 'Macpherson's Hotel': After being shot at by Kennedy, Phineas escaped downstairs:

*"Phineas was now in great doubt as to what duty was required of him. His first difficulty consisted in this, - that his hat was still in Mr Kennedy's room, and that Mrs Macpherson altogether refused to go and fetch it. … At last the door of the room above was opened, and our hero's hat was sent rolling down the stairs'*

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

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