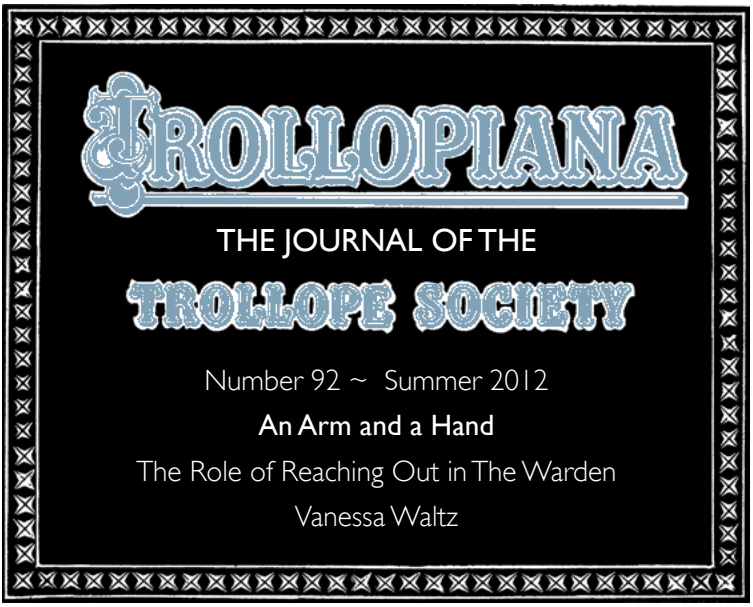

Number 92 ~ Summer 2012

An Arm and a Hand

The Role of Reaching Out in The Warden

Vanessa Waltz

Contents

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FEATURES

REGULARS

Editorial

The theme running throughout this issue of *Trollopiana* is 'connections': Anthony's connections with Ireland and Australia; genealogy of both real and fictional families (*Can You Forgive Her*? and Letters); bankers and possessions; influences and archetypal Victorian views on anti-semitism.

Money-conscious Trollopians will approve of a special offer price of £15 for *Nina Balatka,* available until the next issue of *Trollopiana.* Readers are also offered a 25% discount on *Authors at Work: The Creative Environment* from D.S.Brewer, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3DF. The book is reviewed by Doreen Cope on page eight.

Plans for a Trollope Society tour of Australia in the autumn of 2013 are beginning to take shape, and I would therefore urge you all to start making your personal plans to join in.

Just before going to press, many members enjoyed a sumptuous afternoon at the Royal Opera House where, amongst other entertainment, an initial playreading of *Lady Anna* was performed. Award winning writer Craig Baxter, who attended the event, has been commissioned by the Society to write a play combining the story of Trollope's visits to Australia on board SS Gt Britain with the story of Lady Anna the novel written, of course, by Trollope in a cramped cabin. We saw a dramatic enactment of Fred enticing Anna to cross the stepping stones and the Strid at Yorkshire's Bolton Abbey. Whilst not as terrifying as Trollope's crossing of the high seas, it was nevertheless exciting and universally agreed that Craig had exactly captured the essence of Trollope and his writings, and the actors had exactly interpreted the drama. We look forward to the completion of the play and many full performances during 2015.

Pamela Marshall Barrell
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Transported to Australia

Nigel Starck

Dr Nigel Starck is the Offshore Program Director, School of Communication, International Studies and Languages at the University of South Australia.

Anthony Trollope invented some colourful rogues: Ferdinand Lopez, Quintus Slide, Euphemia Smith, Major Tifto. In their audacity and felony, though, none could quite match the exploits of a British politician-cum-spy who posted a letter to Trollope's great-grandson.

In the precincts of St Paul's Cathedral, on an autumn day in 1968, John Stonehouse, Postmaster General in Harold Wilson's administration (and, according to persistent whispers at Whitehall, a suspected Czech secret agent) unveiled a rectangular pillar box, the first radical change in design since a cylindrical style had been adopted in the 1870s. Stonehouse, according to *The Times* on October 10, "arrived to a chorus of jeers … from workmen seven storeys up in an adjoining block of offices". They were voicing their displeasure at a rise in the cost of stamps, to fivepence.

The first letter to go through the slot was addressed to Sir Anthony Trollope, 16th Baronet, of Sydney, Australia. Its despatch was in recognition of his ancestor's enduring fame as the postal official who had introduced pillar boxes to the British mail service.

Six years later, the minister despatched himself to Australia in a bizarre episode of assumed identity.

On the run from investigation into corporate malpractice, Stonehouse faked death by 'drowning', leaving a pile of clothes on a Miami beach in November 1974. He remained at large for just over a month, until an alert teller at an Australian bank became suspicious about transactions by his new customer.

Initially the police thought they had arrested an even more notorious British fugitive, Lord Lucan, who had disappeared following the murder of his children's nanny. They made Stonehouse drop his trousers to see if he had a large scar on his groin – a mark identifying Lucan.

The new rectangular pillar box, commissioned for the Post Office by Rt. Hon Anthony Wedgwood Benn, designed by David Mellor in 1966, and unveiled by John Stonehouse in 1968.

At his trial in 1976, the former Postmaster General was charged on 21 counts of fraud, theft, forgery, conspiracy to defraud, and causing a false police investigation. Sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, first at Wormwood Scrubs and later at Blundeston in Suffolk; he was released in 1978 after suffering three heart attacks.

Stonehouse then set to work raising funds for a charity, wrote novels, and achieved minor celebrity status on the television talk show circuit. His genuine death came in 1988, following another heart attack.

There was a touch of posthumous notoriety too: when the official history of MI5 was subsequently published, it revealed that he had indeed been a Czech spy.

Where there's a Will …

A salutary tale!

Michael G. Williamson

Michael Williamson, Chair of The Trollope Society takes a light-hearted look at importance of Wills in Trollope, and asks you to consider leaving a legacy to the Society to enable us to continue our work promoting Trollope in the future.

Lady Margaretta Fitz-Plantagenet was the only daughter of the Earl De Pursey and, at 17 years of age, was the acknowledged beauty of South Barsetshire. She had a high forehead, good teeth and copious brown tresses but her chief charm was the small dimple on her chin which trembled violently whenever she was in good spirits. It was generally supposed that she would shortly be the happy bride of Augustus, the young Lord Giltbrook who was the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Buckminster. They had only met on one occasion and the bashful Lord had not yet spoken, but the large chestnut eyes of the Lady Margaretta held a look of patient expectation. However, the Duchess had counselled her son to be cautious until he could learn more fully the state of Lady Margaretta's finances.

That wintry February, the Earl succumbed to a sudden fatal bout of severe indigestion and lay dying in his chilly turret bedroom in Castle Pursey, being well cared for by the Lady Margaretta's old nurse, Miss Bertha Brocket. Gathered around his bedside were his four sons and daughter. Fearing he would die intestate unless old Mr Bideawhile should manage to make his way to the castle in time through the deep and drifting snow, the Earl implored his sons to provide generously for their sister. Manfully they brushed away the incipient tears and solemnly promised as their father breathed his last. Hearing this Miss Brocket was heard to mutter darkly under her breath, "Where there's a will …."

Shortly after this affecting scene, the new Earl, (previously Lord Primustove), was quietly taking the waters at Littlebath when a more than usually energetic massage caused a sudden return of his old problem and he was barely able to murmur to his companion, Lord Cantrip, that he wished that he had made some appropriate arrangements for his sister, before he expired on the floor of the oriental steam room. 'Where there's a will…' remarked Lord Cantrip to nobody in particular.

"… despite an amazing piece of footwork, his horse was unable to prevent stumbling over Mrs Goarly's goose"

As the weather became steadily milder, the Ufford and Rufford Hunt were enjoying one of their more spectacular runs of the season, and foremost in the field, as always, was the young and fearless Lord George Fitz-Plantagenet. Resplendent in his red coat and superbly mounted on his favourite black stallion Hephaestion, Lord George mentally reminded himself to transfer a substantial portfolio of shares to his sister that afternoon when he had an appointment with his lawyer, young Mr Camperdown. Sadly, this brief moment of abstraction prevented him from being aware that he was rapidly approaching Dillsborough Wood and, despite an amazing piece of footwork, his horse was unable to prevent stumbling over Mrs Goarly's goose. Lord George regained consciousness for a few brief moments only to find himself lying across the ditch with Hephaestion gently nuzzling his ear. "Oh bother" he said faintly as he recalled his intestate state. "Where there's a will.." neighed Hephaestion, as he moved on to the epaulettes. However, nobody understood him and he was later shot.

As summer turned into an idyllic autumn, the youthful Lord John Fitz-Plantagenet was enjoying a few weeks on the grouse moors with his bosom companion, Tom Tringle. Suddenly he gave a hoarse cry and fell to the ground clasping his bleeding heart. Afterwards it was declared that he had been the third unlucky victim of a stray shot from Lady Eustace. Lying among the dishevelled kilt of his faithful ghilly, Mactarnish, Lord John was heard to plead for some ink, paper, sand, quills, penknife, sealing wax, the ancient seal of the Fitz-Plantagenets and his old inlaid cherry wood writing desk from the attic. He had scarcely begun this appeal when his final breath was cut short by the

voluminous skirts of the elegant hunting habit of Violet, Lady Chiltern as she stooped to bathe his fevered brow with eau de cologne. "Och", growled the dour Mactarnish in perfect Gaelic, "Where there's a will…."

Meanwhile, and almost at the same time, Lord Henry, who was now the undoubted 23rd Earl De Pursey, was gambling away the last of the family estates at the gaming tables in Baden Baden. After expiring of a rare and exotic poison, administered by a heavily cloaked cloakroom attendant in a steaming cup of negus, it was discovered that the pitiful remnants of the family fortune had passed automatically to the family of his newly acquired Countess, the daughter of Mr Hezikiah Krum, the Bohemian money lender.

The passage of time had not dealt so kindly with the gentle Lady Margaretta who had now almost reached the advanced age of 18. She had already engraved 'Old Maid' on most of the broken window panes of Castle Pursey and had been reduced to taking in washing at three farthings an item. She was seriously comparing the merits of the itinerant life of a French Opera Singer with that of a London Hansom Cab Driver. Although she had kept her spirits up by the judicious use of gin and a little rouge, she felt obliged to refuse the kind invitation of the Duchess of Buckminster to act as a matron of honour at the wedding between Augustus, the august Earl of Giltbrook and Miss Grizelda Candlewax, the wealthy shoe polish heiress. Her hopes of possible happiness were finally shattered on the death of her last remaining relative, the acerbic Miss Aspasia Grantly, who had felt obliged to leave her millions to a home for clean old cleaning ladies. "Ah well", said Lady Margaretta softly, "Where there's a will…"

On the brink of total despair, she rushed out of the ruined castle and into a heavy snow storm, dressed picturesquely, but a little unwisely, in fluttering white lace. As she prepared to launch herself on a small raft into the middle of an unfrequented part of the River Thames, she was suddenly arrested by the familiar cry of Johnny Eames, the local postman. A large envelope sealed with the impressive logo of Messrs Slow and Bideawhile was pressed into her hand and with a cheery wave, Johnny cycled off into the sunset whistling a merry tune. Feverishly tearing open the seal, Margaretta learned that she had been named as the sole beneficiary in the will of her old nurse, Miss Bertha Brocket and that she was now the proud possessor of the sum of 14 shillings, and sixpence halfpenny. Her joy and relief knew no bounds. Enough to take trombone lessons! Enough to knit a kettle holder for the still unmarried Rev Mr Slope, the new incumbent at King's Pursey!! Enough to found a china painting workshop in the cellars of the castle for abandoned orphans!!! Enough to have her dimple removed privately!!!! "Ah me", trilled the Lady Margaretta happily, "Where there's a will, anything can be achieved"!

We remain extremely grateful to all Members who, unlike Earl De Pursey, have remembered the Society by a thoughtful bequest or donation. – Chairman.

Leaving a legacy

How a gift in your Will can help us

In *An Autobiography*, Trollope wrote that he thought that *Barchester Towers* would be 'read for perhaps a quarter of a century'. Nearly two hundred years after his birth, we are still reading Trollope's novels, and the Trollope Society works hard to promote Trollope to new readers and to bring those who value his work together.

The Society is run almost entirely by volunteers. Our resources are stretched and the demands of running the society great. We have reached tens of thousands of people through our websites, events and publishing, but to continue this important work we need your support.

As a small charity, every donation that we receive is important. Legacies are a way that you can support us in the future and help to ensure that Trollope continues to be read and enjoyed far beyond the next twenty five years.

If you would like to leave a legacy, this should be incorporated into, or added to your Will. To add a legacy to an exisiting Will you can use the enclosed Codicil form, or speak to your solicitor about making a new Will.

If you feel comfortable sharing this information with us, please let us know if you have left us a gift in your Will. It will help us plan for the future, and we'd like to thank you for your generosity.

Book Reviews

Authors at Work

The Creative Environment

Edited by Sullivan & Harper, Eds.

Review by Doreen Cope, Society Member

According to its introduction, this collection "takes up research into creativity to recognize context and reception". It is intended to assist those teaching creativity and creative writing and is composed of a number of essays or interviews by different writers, about different writers. This naturally produces a very uneven book. There are no general conclusions, but the end of a very interesting essay on Margaret Oliphant contains amusing lists of what to do and what not to do in order to be a writer. The main conclusion a female reader might draw from the book as a whole is the unsurprising idea that she is disadvantaged from the beginning, although Margaret Oliphant, like Fanny Trollope, wrote because this was the only way she could support a family.

Although the essay on Oliphant is entitled 'A Bed of One's Own', the only reference to Virginia Woolf in the index appertains to the essay on Trollope by N. John Hall. This is the chapter of most interest to Trollopians and is as excellent as would be expected from the best biographer of Trollope.

His analysis firstly deals with the mechanics of Trollope's method of writing whether on trains with his portable writing-desk, on ocean liners with a specially built-in desk or at home with Barney and the 5am coffee. Secondly he draws attention to his times of imagining: as an unhappy child and adolescent he builds castles and peoples them. Later he has his long rides on horseback and – contrary to myth – the days between finishing one book and starting another. John Hall has read Trollope's 'A Walk in the Woods' and any lover of Trollope who has not, should read this essay. Those who have read the article will still enjoy John Hall's analysis.

Pub D.S. Brewer, price £30 ISBN 978-1-84384-195-1
D.S. Brewer, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP12 3DF
Offers Trollopians 25% discount when quoting this article

The People of the Book

Philosemitism in England, from Cromwell to Churchill

by Gertrude Himmelfarb.

Excerpt from an article by Stephen Amarnick

In this admirable and provocative book, Gertrude Himmelfarb asks us to rethink the history of Jews in England. While paying deference to the massive, necessary scholarship on anti-Semitism, she argues that too little attention has been given to a different side of that history—to the influential writers and political thinkers who helped to promote "a favourable view of Jews" and how they helped make England "a model of liberality and civility".

The People of the Book makes a case that the novel played an outsize role in changing English hearts and minds about Jews. The novel's role is evident not only in such well-known books as Scott's *Ivanhoe* (whose Jewish heroine far outshines her Christian rival) and George Eliot's great exploration of Judaism, *Daniel Deronda*. Reading *The People of the Book* called to mind Trollope's *Nina Balatka* (1867), which tells of the love between a devout Jew and a devout Christian and how it withstands vicious prejudice on one side (the Christian) and strong misgivings on the Jewish side. Trollope's happy ending is muted; the newlyweds leave Prague to begin anew in Frankfurt, and there is a question about whether the world is ready to accept such a couple. But it is clearly the world that is at fault; and the Jewish hero, Anton Trendelssohn (Trollope deliberately gave him his own initials), will do everything possible so that society is "ennobled and civilized and made beautiful".

Ms. Himmelfarb discusses Trollope briefly, pointing to his portrayal of the honorable banker Mr. Breghert in *The Way We Live Now* (1875) as evidence of how the novelist was "repentant" about anti-Semitic moments in earlier novels. But *Nina Balatk*a* makes a compelling, often subtle, case that Trollope was never anti-Semitic at all and so helps to prove Ms. Himmelfarb's broader point: that what we think we know about English attitudes toward Jews is due for some much-needed alterations.

Pub Encounter Books, Nov 2011, price £15.99 ISBN 1594035709
**Nina Balatka available at special price of £15 from The Trollope Society*

Can You Forgive Her?

Talk given to members of the Society by Thomas Rawcliffe

Thomas Rawcliffe is a former Trustee and present active member of the Society

This novel was published in 20 monthly parts from January 1864 to August 1865 and in book form in two volumes in October 1864 and June 1865. As an aside, I wonder whether the publication of the second volume two months before the last two monthly parts were published, encouraged any readers impatient to find how the story would end, to buy the second volume to avoid the two months' delay. The price of one shilling per monthly part sounds cheap to us, i.e. only 5p, but if one corrects for the shocking decline in the value of money, it is actually equivalent to £4.00 a part (having an average of some 50 pages); making a total cost for 20 parts £80! This makes our Society edition at £38 seem a positive bargain!* Trollope received £3,000 from the publisher for the first 10,000 copies, equivalent today to £240,000 post-tax, (he would have needed £400,000 to cover income tax). Income tax did exist at this time, but at a very low rate; between 1860 and 1882 it varied between the highest rate of 10d in the £ (i.e. about 4.2%) and 2d in the £ (i.e. about 0.8%). Happy days!

Can You Forgive Her? is Trollope's 15th novel. It was published in the middle of a most productive period of his writing. Eventually, after including supplementary amounts, he received £3,525 in total for this novel, more than for any other (equating to approximately a quarter of a million pounds, post-tax). The next two high earners were *Phineas Finn* and *He Knew He Was Right* at £3,200 each. Earlier novels included three of his Irish novels and five of the six Barchester ones, the last to be published before *Can You Forgive Her?* being *The Small House at Allington*. One slightly quaint occurrence, at first sight, is that Plantagenet Palliser and Lady Glencora, and also Burgo Fitzgerald and the Marquis of Auld Reekie, are all in *The Small House*. Plantagenet Palliser figures first as a bachelor, paying some attention to a married woman, Lady Dumbello, née Griselda Grantly, daughter of the Archdeacon; and a page or two later in that book he marries Lady Glencora:

> "As I would wish those who are interested in Mr. Palliser's fortunes to know the ultimate result of this adventure [the flirtation with Lady Dumbello] and as we shall not have space to return to his affairs in this little history, I may, perhaps, be allowed to press somewhat forward, and tell what Fortune did for him before the close of that London season. Everybody knows that in that spring Lady Glencora MacCluskie was brought out before the world, and it is equally well known that she, as the only child of the late Lord of the Isles, was the great heiress of the day. It is true that the hereditary possession of Skye, Staffa, Mull, Arran, and Bute went, with the title, to the Marquis of Auldreekie, together with the counties of Caithness and Ross-shire. But the property in Fife, Aberdeen, Perth, and Kincardineshire, comprising the greater part of those counties, and the coal-mines in Lanark, as well as the enormous estate within the city of Glasgow, were unentailed, and went to the Lady Glencora".

Thus on page 558 (of the Society edition) Plantagenet Palliser almost proposes to Lady Dumbello and on page 560 he marries Lady Glencora. What is quaint is that they marry again in *Can You Forgive Her?*, but not until page 163. The writing of the two novels does not overlap; the *The Small House* was finished in February 1863 and Trollope started writing *Can You Forgive Her?* six months later in August 1863. The passage on page 560 of *The Small House* is also interesting, because these details are not repeated in *Can You Forgive Her?:*

> "But before the end of the season the marquis [of Auldreekie] and the duke [of Omnium] were both happy men, and we will hope that Lady Glencora also was satisfied. Mr Plantagenet Palliser had danced with her twice, and had spoken his mind. He had an interview with the marquis, which was pre-eminently satisfactory, and everything was settled. Glencora no doubt told him how she had accepted that plain gold ring from Burgo Fitzgerald, and how she had restored it; but I doubt whether she ever told him of that wavy lock of golden hair which Burgo still keeps in his receptacle for such treasures".

As is usual with many of Trollope's novels, *Can You Forgive Her?* is a love story, or rather several love stories. Indeed, it is the story of three ladies, each with two suitors. The main plot concerns Alice Vavasor; her suitors are her cousin George Vavasor (a wild man and generally a bad lot), and the worthy and almost saintly John Grey. Needless to say Alice, who is strong-willed and generally difficult, makes a complete hash of her romances. She knows this, and then

finds it hard to escape from her difficulties. Young Glencora M'Cluskie [new spelling] is badgered by her family into marrying a dull man whom she does not love, because they want her to marry the heir to the premier duke of England, rather than the handsome scapegrace whom she loves passionately. The third lady is Alice Vavasor's aunt Mrs Greenow, a merry widow of 40, with her two suitors, namely the rich farmer Mr Cheesacre and the penniless middle-aged adventurer 'Captain' Bellfield. The latter is thought by Mrs Greenow and accused by his friend and rival Cheesacre, of being only a lieutenant.

"I haven't much of my own way at present; but you see, when I am married I shan't have it at all"

Although there is a certain amount of dramatic interest in the affairs of the two younger women, I find Alice Vavasor's behaviour rather tedious, possibly because it is difficult to warm to George Vavasor and his highly supportive sister Kate, who semi-betrayed Alice, her best friend and cousin; nor have I much sympathy for poor Burgo. Having brushed aside the two 'wild men', one can admit that the two 'worthy men', Mr Grey and Mr Palliser, although admirable in possessing sterling qualities, are indeed somewhat dull - no doubt this is why they like each other!

On the other hand I find Mrs Greenow and the simple fun she has at the expense of her two gullible suitors altogether much more amusing. I am quietly gratified to notice that Trollope wrote [on page 36, before Mrs Greenow has been properly introduced]:

> "Kate was staying up in town with an aunt, another Vavasor by birth, with whom the reader will, if he persevere, become acquainted in course of time. I hope that he will persevere a little, for of all the Vavasors Mrs Greenow was perhaps the best worth knowing".

Undoubtedly Mrs Greenow is a hypocritical schemer! When mourning her elderly rich husband, she dresses-to-kill in her racy black mourning dresses and organizes picnics on the sands of Great Yarmouth, only a few weeks after his death. She treats her two suitors very badly; she plays them off against each other and pretends that Farmer Cheesacre really comes to pay court to her young niece Kate Vavasor rather than herself. Indeed, when Mrs Greenow finally settles on the gallant Captain, she tricks poor Mr Cheesacre into marrying the shrewish and altogether unattractive Miss Charlotte Fairstairs – known as 'Charlie' – whom he does not actually like. Trollope has several of these intrepid middle-aged female characters, others being, for example, Miss Thoroughbung who gives poor silly Peter Prosper a fair roasting in *Mr Scarborough's Family*. No doubt Trollope introduced such characters and scenes by way of comic relief from the heavier themes of his main plots; and one can imagine that he himself obtained a lot of fun from writing such scenes.

To return for a moment to Alice Vavasor: several important emotional developments concerning her relationships with her two lovers happen before the story begins. These are falling in love with her cousin George and agreeing to become engaged to him on certain conditions (which ultimately were unfulfilled thereby preventing their engagement). There is also George's untruthfulness to her, his falseness:

> "… the promises he made with a deliberate, premeditated falsehood; he had been selfish, coldly selfish, weighing the value of his own low lusts against her holy love";

and the circumstances of her falling in love and becoming engaged to John Grey. We are told even less about this, merely that it happened very quickly, causing Alice to feel ashamed. Because we do not experience these developments as they happen, they somehow seem less real to one's imagination. A consequence of this, I think, is that one may have less sympathy for Alice in what seems to be her erratic behaviour. For example, having recently become engaged to Mr Grey, with whom she asserts that she is in love, she will not fix the date for her wedding, and allows herself to be persuaded by George's sister Kate to go on an extended trip to Switzerland with both Kate and George. Consequently she appears almost to be falling in love with George again. And yet she thinks she still loves Mr Grey. After her return she breaks off her engagement to Mr Grey, and then surprisingly accepts George's proposal of marriage conveyed in a letter, even though she clearly dislikes him and cannot even bear to be touched by him. Furthermore, the reasons she gives for having broken her engagement to Mr Grey are not convincing, had she really

'Peace be to his manes' from Can You Forgive Her?
Hablot Knight-Browne (Phiz) and E.Taylor reproduced from the first edition 1864

loved him as she asserts. For instance, her belief that living in the countryside of Cambridgeshire would be dreadful as it is so flat and dull. No doubt her real reason is, to quote what she had said to Aunt Macleod earlier when justifying her avoidance at fixing the wedding date: "I haven't much of my own way at present; but you see, when I am married I shan't have it at all" – because she was afraid that she would have to accept Mr Grey's calmness and natural authority. This reminds one of Emily Rowley in *He Knew He Was Right*, who was also self-willed and, as her mother knew, very fond of having her own way.

After re-reading the novel, I am struck by Trollope's rather bizarre generalizations, several about women: for example on p.39 he writes: "girls are always happier in spoiling some man than in being spoiled by men;" – is this really true, or just Trollope's wishful thinking? And again, he writes: "who can expect a woman to proclaim herself to be older than her looks?"; undoubtedly this is true! Also, "The mind of a woman is greedy after novelty" is not a very polite expression. When describing the beauties of Hawes Water, which in Trollope's time was a natural lake and not the reservoir of today, he said "A lake should, I think be small, …"; what a romantic!

Once again Trollope has indulged himself with a hunting scene described in two chapters, which does not add very much to the plot or the development of the participants, George Vavasor and Burgo Filtzgerald. He details the intricacies of two of George Vavasor's three Parliamentary elections, the first of which takes place before the story begins. Of the two remaining, George Vavasor wins one and loses the other. Clearly Trollope was very interested in political matters, some three years before his own first-hand experience of electioneering in 1868.

In an earlier talk on *He Knew He Was Right* I referred to it as having some of the characteristics of a soap opera, that novel having a main plot and five sub-plots. *Can You Forgive Her?* has some of the same characteristics: a huge number of characters, sub-plots and the hunting scene. As stated earlier, it was published over 20 months.

In his *Autobiography* Trollope discusses *Can You Forgive Her?* at some length. He explains that it was his plan to follow the development of Plantagenet Palliser and Lady Glencora for a long period over a number of novels, but says that:

> "… to carry out my scheme I have had to spread my picture over so wide a canvas that I cannot expect any lover of such art should trouble himself to look at it as a whole. Who will read *Can You Forgive Her?, Phineas Finn, Phineas Redux* and *The Prime Minister* consecutively, in order that they may understand the characters of the Duke of Omnium, of Plantagenet Palliser, and of Lady Glencora? Who will ever know that they should be so read?"

The answer to both questions is, of course, members of the Trollope Society! Incidentally, it is only these three characters from *Can You Forgive Her?* who are carried forward into other novels; no more – or virtually no more – is heard of Mr Grey or Alice Vavasor, or even of the gay Mrs Greenow or poor old Cheesacre. Trollope goes on to say:

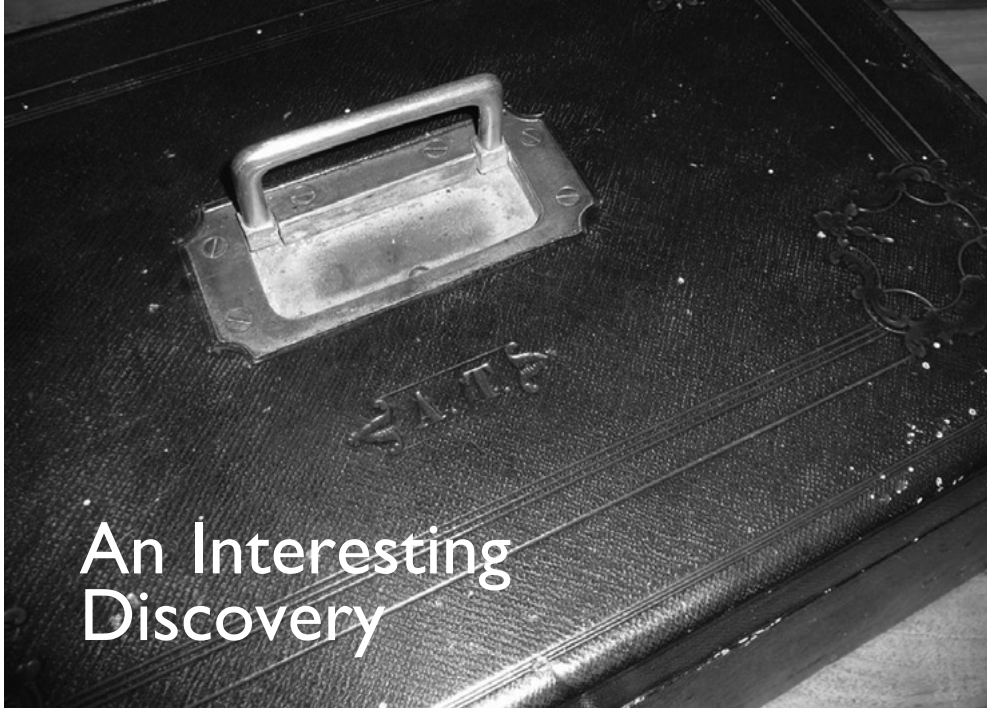
> "But in the performance of the work I had much gratification, and was enabled from time to time to have in this way that fling at the political doings of the day which every man likes to take, if not in one fashion then in another. I look upon this string of characters, - carried sometimes into other novels than those just

named, - as the best work of my life. Taking him altogether, I think that Plantagenet Palliser stands more firmly on the ground than any other personage I have created".

However, please note the significance of Trollope's words, namely that he is interested in the development of his characters over four long novels. Compare this with other writers who use the same characters in many novels, but do not develop them, or indeed have any interest in doing so. Examples are in most detective stories, where the plots, and usually the puzzle of solving them, are the main interests of the author and the reader. Lord Peter Wimsey, Adam Dalgleish, Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson are with us throughout numerous novels and stories quite unchanged. In a slightly different genre, James Bond's taste in martinis is always with us. Poirot's 'little grey cells' are always there; as is Miss Marple's belief that all life is to be found in St Mary Mead; from book to book only the details of the plots change, or in the case of James Bond, his girls. This demonstrates an important difference between what a true novelist tries to achieve, and where Anthony Trollope clearly succeeds.

Finally, let us look at the odd title of *Can You Forgive Her?*, ending as it does with a question mark. There is an interesting comment about this in *The Penguin Companion to Trollope,* written mostly by Richard Mullen:

"It is easy enough to imagine that the 'Her' of the title is Lady Glencora. It is not. Far from being about one of Trollope's best-known heroines, the novel concerns one of his least remembered: Alice Vavasor. Henry James reviewed the novel when he was a young and over-critical writer, and sneered: 'Can we forgive her? Of course we can, and forget her, too'. Looking back, Trollope himself believed that Alice was not an 'attractive' character. Yet she improves with each re-reading".



An Interesting Discovery

Anthony Trollope's deed box, used by his descendants for storage of documents at the Bank.

The Society has recently been contacted by the current owner of a black leather-bound deed box with the initials 'AT' embossed on top. After investigation it now seems clear that this was Anthony's own box used by the family for storage of documents at the Bank until the death of his grand-daughter Muriel Rose in 1953. Muriel's death effectively ended the direct line of descent through Anthony's eldest son, Henry and, at that time, the contents of the box were destroyed at the request of her executors.

Fortunately the box itself has survived and we are grateful to the present owner for agreeing to lend it for occasional display. As we know, the direct line of descent now only exists within the Australian descendants of Anthony's younger son, Fred. This branch of the family also eventually inherited the baronetcy and we were delighted when Hugh Trollope, the younger brother of the present baronet, agreed to become our latest Vice-President at our last Annual General Meeting

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

Family legend believes that the character of Phineas Finn came through Trollope's connection to our family in Drumsna. Laurence Finn, clerk of the Petty Assizes (c.1843) was the father of my great-grandmother Josephine, and his father (c.1810) was described as "Constable, Drumsna". We have a photograph of him complete with whiskers. His sister Catherine (1852) ran the village Post Office: there has always been a close connection between the Finns and the P.O. A photograph of the desk used by Laurence Finn is enclosed.

Laurence and Mary, his wife, had four children. Mary's mother was a Macdermot, and her uncle Barney Macdermot (1835) was a minor landlord. He did not marry and it was hoped that the children of Laurence and Mary would benefit from his estate, but instead it was left to his nephew, Bernard R. Murray (1873), brother of the said Mary Finn, whose daughters used the old tenancy books as drawing material.

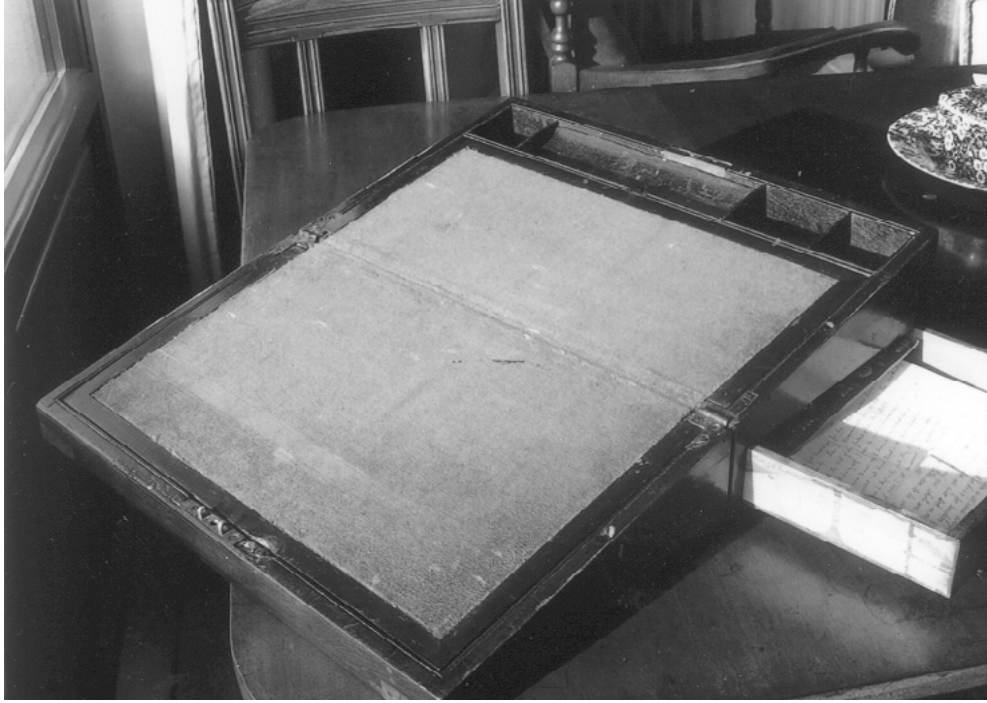
Aiofe Hanley

Dear Society,

… I am writing to request a source for the family trees of the Vavasor and Palliser families, please. I am trying to work these out from *Can You Forgive Her*? but have drawn a blank, particularly with Lady Macleod, and the relationship of Alice Vavasor to Lady Glencora.

Any information, such as a specific edition or website with a genealogical chart, would be greatly appreciated.

Shirley Barker.



Writing desk owned by the Hanley family of Drumsna believed to have been handed down by Laurence Finn, inspiration for the character of Phineas Finn

Dear Shirley,

The origins of Lady Glencora are partially detailed in *The Small House at Allington*. She was the only child of the Lord of the Isles whose family name was McCluskie. On his death the title, together with much of the property was entailed upon her uncle and guardian, the Marquis of Auld Reekie whose family name must also be McCluskie. Thus, the title presumably became another honorary addition for her cousin, Lord Nidderdale (then aged 6).

Alice Vavasor's mother is Alice McLeod who disgraced herself by marrying John Vavasor. If the Countess of Midlothian is a true aunt to Alice, then the Countess's maiden name must also be McLeod and she must be a real sister to Alice's mother. We know that Lady McLeod is not a true aunt to Alice but is a McLeod both before and after marriage so she is presumably from a previous generation. Glencora could, therefore, be a first cousin to Alice and her mother's story of family rejection and disgrace would be likely to appeal to her character and encourage the reconciliation?

Michael G Williamson

(Abbreviated version of a much longer reply)

G

An Arm and a Hand

The Role of Reaching Out in *The Warden*

Vanessa Waltz

Vanessa studied English at Middlebury College's School of English in the U.S.and Lincoln College, Oxford.

I seek to examine the pattern of female touch in *The Warden,* echoing emotional patterns created by Eleanor reaching out to John Bold and her father. Eleanor longs to join hands with Bold and boldly initiates physical contact by repeatedly bringing her hand to his arm in a subconscious emotional connection related to the hospital issue. Many discussions with Mr. Harding, particularly those featuring Mr. Bold, begin by her placing her arm in close proximity in a physical effort to encourage him to unburden, thereby producing conversational patterns. Eleanor's love for Bold is bound up with her love for Mr. Harding, intermingling with physical touch.

From the beginning Bold desires to match his hand with Eleanor's, literally and metaphorically. He "would give a hand" to join that hand to Eleanor's in marriage, foreshadowing the way Eleanor eventually joins her hand to his. James R. Kincaid believes the dispute between Bold and Harding stems from the point "when Bold tells Eleanor that he has nothing against her father personally," she asks, "Then why should he be persecuted?" Bold can only respond with "platitudes about public duty". Later Bold reluctantly admits to his sister his attraction to Eleanor by describing her as '"beautiful," and someone whom he "does love". In the same breath he acknowledges that he:

> "… would give a hand to hear her tell me what [Mary] ha[s] said … [that Eleanor loves [Bold] as well]".

Bold's love for Eleanor is bound up in "public duty" that, as Mary regretfully acknowledges, he believes to be "positive duty". A contemporary reader for Trollope's publisher sensed Bold's "eager … internal conflict between love and duty". Bold acknowledges this conflict to his sister as she "knelt there, leaning on his knees". Mary's physical position foreshadows Eleanor later "falling on her knees with her face on Mary's lap".

Mere pages later find her of "a different opinion" on the subject of the hospital than "Mr. Bold… her lover". Privately, as Eleanor walks away from Bold,

> "… she would have given the world to have taken him by the hand, to have reasoned with him, persuaded him, cajoled him, coaxed him out of his project; to have overcome him with all her female artillery, and to have redeemed her father at the cost of herself".

"Mary acts as an intermediary between the two lovers by doing what her brother cannot do".

This "re[demptive]" thinking "at the cost of herself" foreshadows her proffered "sacrifice" to Bold as "an Iphigenia". Eleanor desires not only to join her hand with Bold's, but to initiate this herself. Yet as Arthur Pollard denotes of Trollopian works at large, "it is … the public theme, not the private one, which predominates". Eleanor's wish to "take … [Bold] by the hand" remains unuttered, and she leaves him with a different and, in the estimation of Pollard, "mistaken impression". This unspoken wish to "take … [Bold] by the hand" mirrors his previous statement to Mary that he "would give a hand" to Eleanor. Bold and Eleanor's inclination to physically join, and, indeed, match one hand to the other is in search of a deeper emotional understanding.

But Bold's sense of social mores leave him unable to express such inclination to Eleanor; instead his sister does so. After all, to Mary, "it seemed quite natural", in time,

> "… that [Bold] should relent, overcome by such filial tears, and by so much beauty; … having relented, Bold should put his arm round his mistress's waist".

Mary's thoughts foreshadow her action of reaching her arms to Eleanor to mimic Bold's desired actions. Moments after Mary's "quite natural" thoughts, she "follow[s] her friend to the window, and now spoke with her arms close wound round the other's waist". This human contact is a direct display of the "human affection" with which Robert M. Polhemus characterizes interactions. Mary acts as an intermediary between the two lovers by doing what her brother cannot do. Bold's unexpressed wish to "put his arm round his mistress's waist" finds its outlet in "[Mary's] arms … round the other's waist". In turn, Mary's action foreshadows "Eleanor's logic of the heart", as Ruth apRoberts describes it, [which] causes her to "logic[ally]" reach out to Bold's arm. Here, Mary literally uses physical touch as a "logic[al]" means of reaching out to an emotionally troubled Eleanor.

"A lover in a novel was expected to think of the woman of his heart as an angel, an ethereal visitant.

The Bolds' reach to Eleanor is not one-sided. Before Eleanor extends her hand to Bold, she turns that hand to herself in order to "appear well before her lover". When Eleanor finds Bold at home, she "resolve[s]" that she is "coming to [the next room] to speak to him". The next sentence finds her in Mary's bedroom with her hands busily employed in freshening up her appearance: "she was", as Trollope's narrator notes, "but a mortal angel after all". Eleanor's "angel[ic]" thoughts regarding this lover are in line with what Robert Tracy:

> "… expect[s] … of the Victorian novel … A lover in a novel was expected to think of the woman of his heart as an angel, an ethereal visitant".

Eleanor handily, so to speak, uses her hand to "arrange her hair … and remove the traces of sorrow from her face" and also, less explicitly, to "smooth so eagerly her ruffled ribands". Simultaneously Trollope's narrator notes Eleanor's own "stubborn[ness]" in using her hand to curtail her appearance: she is "so sedulous with that stubborn curl that would rebel against her hand". Curiously, it is at an early point in the text that Trollope's narrator describes Bold himself as having "rebellious feeling". Taken together, Eleanor effects to "smooth so eagerly … [that which would] rebel against her hand". Her attempt to smooth her appearance foreshadows the way in which she extends her hand in an emotional attempt to smooth things over with Bold.

This attempt is not in vain. When she returns to the room Bold immediately reflects:

> "… how beautiful Eleanor appeared to him as she slowly walked into the room! Not for nothing had all those little cares been taken".

Eleanor's face, literally the work of her hands, recalls Bold's first mention of her beauty to his sister. It is particularly fitting that he should focus on Eleanor's physical attributes: Elissa Heil notes that not much is known of Eleanor other than that in *The Warden* she is "mostly known as a beauty" and in *Barchester Towers* Bertie notes her "fine complexion". It is Eleanor, then, who beautifully extends her hand to Bold, but not without effort: "her hand trembled as she took his". She feels the full effect of talking to him about the hospital, which both parties acknowledge "was … serious" in subject. In the midst of speaking on behalf of her papa, she is overcome with "serious" emotion, and "… had recourse to her handkerchief". In frustration she uses her hand to apply her handkerchief to her teary eyes. In response, an equally frustrated Bold wishes in vain that he had "declined to enter upon the subject … with [the] beautiful girl". Eleanor's "trembl[ing]" hands and watery eyes positively affect Bold's previous recognition of her beauty. This recognition fulfils his sister's "quite natural" thinking "that he should relent, overcome by filial tears, and so much beauty".

After physically connecting with Bold's hand, Eleanor seeks to meet his arm. Again, she employs her hands in order to connect emotionally on the issue of Hiram's Hospital: "She did not absolutely kneel to him, but … laid her soft hands imploringly upon his arm". The effect of that "exquisitely valuable … touch" leaves Bold "distraught, dumfounded, and unmanned", refuting the "moral dullness" claimed by Kincaid. Instead, Eleanor sets her "imploring … soft hands" to Bold's arm to bring about her earlier wish to "overcome him with all her female artillery" on a human level. Her hand makes contact with Bold's arm to similar effect not once, but twice. When Bold tries to turn the subject to one less serious, and, indeed, to "talk of love", Eleanor responds that "this [declaration] is unmanly of [him]", he who her touch had left "unmanned" seconds earlier. In

close succession she is seen "seizing him by his arm and hand, and she clung to him with fixed tenacity". Kincaid notes that Eleanor does literally "cling" to Bold in her resolve: "the dominant image connected with her is that of … clinging". In clinging to Bold, Eleanor clings to a human connection on the subject dividing them.

Eleanor's effect on Bold is also due to appearance. Prior to extending her hand in the sitting room, Eleanor strives to achieve a "sweet" look "susceptible to human ties". Yet as she kneels before him now her hair and face tell a different story. With her hand on his arm, "she still held him … with her hair disheveled, and her eyes all bloodshot" in sharp contrast to her earlier appearance. Only moments before, Eleanor took charge of such "little cares … [to] smooth … that stubborn curl that would rebel against her hand" and "damp her eyes to dispel the redness" that would come with bloodshot eyes. It is only Eleanor's smiles which, as Bold openly acknowledges, remain "sweeter … than the sun" in a nod to "how beautiful Eleanor appeared to him". In the same movement in which she did "damp" her now bloodshot eyes, she "bit … her pretty lips to bring back the colour". On this occasion, Eleanor, all emotion, would seem to unwittingly undo the "beautiful" work of her hands.

Yet it is on this occasion that Bold reiterates his love for Eleanor, harking back to his earliest declaration of love for her. He tells Eleanor now that he does "love her". As before, he is "addressing his sister", in this textual instance, though he wishes Eleanor could be the recipient of his declaration. It is Eleanor who is, in response, "falling on her knees with her face on Mary's lap" as Mary previously fell to Bold and "knelt there, leaning on his knees". The entire effect of Eleanor "seizing [Bold] by his arm and hand" is again immediate on him. Because "she had no care now for her appearance", he cares for her all the more. In the very next sentence "he was amazed at the intensity of her beauty". This intensity causes Bold to act boldly in return in "devotion to [his own] logic". At the end of Eleanor's extracted "public" promise from him to "abandon the cause", Bold "private[ly]" presses her as to whether she has any "aversion" to him as a suitor:

> "… aversion! God help her, poor girl! the word nearly made her jump into his arms".

This near-bolt into Bold's arms nearly fulfills Eleanor's desire to romantically respond to him.

But it is not only Bold's arms in which Eleanor nearly finds herself. Eleanor's arms also repeatedly reach out to her father in an affectionate attempt to encourage him to confide in her, and, eventually, on Bold. Shirley Robin Letwin expands upon Pollard's "public" and "private" themes in her assessment of Trollopian female characters' selves with family members. Letwin believes it is when Eleanor is with Mr. Harding that "her perfect propriety suggests a complete capitulation [to] the private … self". In these scenes, Eleanor physically capitulates that public self on the public issue of the hospital by placing her arms about her father's neck to offer him an emotional connection. At the start of the novel she asks why "Mr. Bold was not here tonight", and minutes later is seen "throwing her arms round [Mr. Harding] and looking into his face". While still holding his daughter in an affectionate embrace, it is his turn to inquire whether she "like[s] Mr. Bold—much". Eleanor's response is not action, but inaction: "She sat still in his arms without answering" in touch or tone. Alone with her father, Eleanor's "public self" literally sits still in deference to "her feelings for her father". Rather than directly or immediately answering, her "private" and emotional self connects to her father and honestly assesses his questions.

"She did not absolutely kneel to him, but … laid her soft hands imploringly upon his arm"

In short succession, Eleanor's arm reaches out to her father twice more where Bold is concerned. The narrator finds Eleanor "getting up and going round to her father … [to] put her arm round his neck" when the two finish their tea. In Eleanor's first attempt to get her father to "tell me … it … that torments you", he attempts to divert the subject to music. His stated wish not to be "so dull a companion" echoes Kincaid's previous assertion in regards to "… Eleanor, whose closeness to him Harding does not want to limit … by… moral dullness" on his part. Eleanor's continued concern for her father causes her to reach out in a second attempt. When Mr. Harding tries once more to unsuccessfully divert Eleanor's inquiries on the hospital, she advances again to his side in an identical manner to "put her arm round his neck". Her hand meets his arm in a way comparable to when

she "la[y] … her soft hands imploringly upon [Bold's] arm" to similar effect. She again encourages her father to "tell me … it"

As R.C. Terry assesses, Eleanor may be "neither clever nor animated" in her encouragement. But her "kindly disposition", affirmed by the same source in the same sentence, is all the encouragement her father needs. Mr. Harding's hand meets Eleanor's as Bold's hand "might" do. Mr. Harding, with "warm tears … running down his cheeks", finally "squeezed her hand as a lover might". His gesture echoes Eleanor's private wish to "take … [Bold] by the hand", he who is already her presumed "lover". She physically extends her arm to Mr. Harding in place of the hand that previously reached out to Bold's arm . This gesture links her emotional connection to both Bold and her father.

"… a model of womanhood, exceedingly popular in the 1840s and 1850s, that seems too saccharine, self-effacing, and domestic to a late twentieth-century readership"

For Eleanor's part, her interest in Bold continues to bind itself deeper into her interest in her father. It is "on her return from Bold's house" that she finds her father in a "strange state". Accordingly, she takes the "lead": "Oh, papa, what is it?" said she, leading him by the arm into the house". Her question and physical extension of her [arm] finds its answer in her father's action a few pages later. Pollard sums up somewhat "anxious[ly]" this strange state:

> "John Bold is also made to fall in love with Eleanor Harding and thus to set up … the pulls of conflicting loyalties within … Mr. Harding, anxious not to frustrate what well may be his favourite daughter's hopes".

In response to his daughter's concern Mr. Harding "put his arm round her waist". Trollope's narrator later pictures "Eleanor, lying on her father's shoulder … telling her secret [of] … the man whom she loved". Eleanor's head seeks her father's shoulder, and by extension, his arm; she seeks to "tell her secret" in the same way in which she earlier encouraged him to tell his secret. Both secrets involve Bold, and both involve Eleanor's [physical connection to her] father [deleted "s"] in order to emotionally comfort him.

Eleanor is not the only Harding woman to invoke touch in search of an emotional correlation. When Mr. Harding speaks with his older daughter of "Eleanor's prospects":

> "Mrs. Grantly … gets up, and putting her arm through that of her father [asks], 'what is Eleanor to do if you throw away your income?'"

When it comes to her "prospects", John Halperin considers "Eleanor Harding's] … call … [as] an Iphigenia, to be sacrificed for her father's sake". Intriguingly, Mr. Harding responds to his eldest daughter as he did his youngest. Immediately after Mrs. Grantly poses her question, "a hot tear stood in each of the warden's eyes". These "hot tears" are not unlike the "warm tears … running down his cheeks" when Eleanor similarly asks after his "torments". Mrs. Grantly waits without answer, as Mr. Harding earlier waited for Eleanor. When Mr. Harding is alone with each daughter, "her perfect propriety suggests a complete capitulation [to] the private … self". Each invokes touch to successfully produce a touchingly emotional response with her father.

There is critical support for Halperin's argument that Eleanor is meant "to be sacrificed". According to Catherine J. Golden, Eleanor is, like many other fictional Victorian heroines, encumbered by her role as "the Angel of the House". She is

> "… a model of womanhood, exceedingly popular in the 1840s and 1850s, that seems too saccharine, self-effacing, and domestic to a late twentieth-century readership".

Elissa Heil, too, takes issue at one point with the "narrative that favours the domestic ideal" and Nina Auerbach argues that Eleanor represents an "immobilized angel" in the face of Victorian society. In other words, she is stifled. Auerbach finds that

> "… we no longer adore angels; we do not even like them, dismissing them impatiently as soggy dilutions of human complexity".

Eleanor's "angelic" nature is unreal to a modern audience more in tune with Bold's public outbursts of feeling than her "dignified composure". Her historic applicability is appropriately past. Heil, for one, "associate[s]" Trollope with "striving to present readers

with a lifestyle standard that … has been associated closely with … Victorian England". Thus, present-day reader response to Eleanor is understandably frustrated. She conforms to the Trollopian world, and in today's world she reluctantly symbolizes the epitome of Victorian desires. Her world offers no other alternative for her ways. She is the ideal Victorian woman set in a less-than-ideal setting.

"present-day reader response to Eleanor is understandably frustrated"

Ultimately, *The Warden* depicts constraining cares on a physical and emotional level. For a time, Eleanor Harding's constant concern for her father does not allow her to fully emotionally connect in conversation with Bold, her would-be lover. She physically reaches her hands and arms out to the men in her life in frustratingly failed attempts to connect with each emotionally. She is doomed to repeat her actions and words until finally finding an answer, or at least a response, from them both. The conclusion is that Eleanor's emotional desires will always be denied in the face of other cares. Her world will not have her any other way.

Sources include: Auerbach, Nina, ***Woman and the Demon: The Life of a Victorian Myth*** (1982); apRoberts, Ruth, ***The Moral Trollope*** (1971); Golden, Catherine, 'Late Twentieth Century Readers in Search of a Dickensian Heroine: Angels, Fallen Sisters, and Eccentric Women', ***Modern Language Studies*** (2000); Halperin, John ed., ***Trollope Centenary Essays*** (1982); Heil, Elissa ***The Conflicting Discourses of the Drawing Room: Anthony Trollope and Edmond and Jules de Goncourt*** (1997); Kincaid, James R., ***The Novels of Anthony Trollope*** (1977); Letwin, Shirley Robin, ***The Gentleman in Trollope: Individuality and Moral Conduct*** (1982); Polhemus, Robert M., ***The Changing World of Anthony Trollope***(1968); Pollard, Arthur, ***Anthony Trollope*** (1978); Sadleir, Michael, ***Anthony Trollope: A Commentary*** (1927); Terry, R.C. ed., ***Oxford Reader's Companion to Trollope*** (1999); Tracy, Robert, ***Trollope's Later Novels*** (1978).

Una Celebrazione Magnifica

Lucia Costanzo, Michael Williamson and Susan Cooper
Sunday 22nd April 2012, The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Members of the Trollope Society gathered at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden on Sunday 22nd April to mark the 197th anniversary of the birth of Anthony Trollope.

Guests were welcomed by Lucia Costanzo dressed in full costume as Madame Max, and Susan Cooper in the part of Lady Glencora. Trollope Society Trustee Richard Gregson introduced the afternoon with tales of his time as a Producer and Director at the Opera House. Guests were treated to a delicious and seemlingly endless afternoon tea, before enjoying a wonderful performance of the first part of *Lady Anna at Sea*, a new play commissioned by the Society and written by Craig Baxter. The afternoon was rounded off by a marvellous recital of Victorian operatic and palour music by Helen Duxbury and Tom Humphreys with piano accompaniment by Mary Hill.

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 - 7th November 2010

Contact michael@thecleeve.freeserve.co.uk

The Claverings

The Claverings was written as a serial, but it does not read as one", Michael Willliamson said in his introduction. The story line is fast and strong with no sub-plots to divert us from the central question: which lady will enjoy the slightly dubious pleasure of having Harry Clavering as her husband?

Trollope returned to his familiar theme of love versus property, with Harry having to make the choice between them, complicated by the fact that he once loved the Lady Ongar, who now has property as well. Many of us thought Harry would benefit from choosing the spirited Julia Ongar rather than the virtuous, but quiet, Florence.

We agreed that both Harry and Julia are well drawn characters, with strengths and weaknesses clearly illustrated. The supporting characters give variety. Comic interludes are provided by Doodles and Archie and more sinister ones by the brother-sister partnership of Count Pateroff and Sophie Gordeloup. But the portrait of Sir Hugh Clavering, as an emotionally abusive husband, is truly chilling. The death of little Hughie is movingly described in a beautifully written passage.

We enjoyed the contrasts, such as between the middle class Burtons and the country gentry Claverings, and also the differences between life as an academic and as an engineer, which Harry had to choose between.

In the end Harry stays faithful to the quiet Florence and is rewarded with property too, after, we thought, a rather too convenient boating accident. We thoroughly enjoyed this book which was written in a richly productive period of his life.

Frankie Owens

York - 24 November 2010

Contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

Ayala's Angel

Peter Lee introduced this late and delightful comedy about money and marriage, which owes much to Jane Austen and 18th century comedy of manners. It re-visits many of the preoccupations of *The Way We Live Now,* such as money being the great enabler, but in a more genial fashion, including eight amorous adventures and misadventures with an air of ease and Mozartian gaiety. The calibrated degrees of self-interest (comically done in the case of Batsby), rescue all the lovers from undeserved fates: even poor obsessed Tom Tringle, who fails to impress with his "plenitude of rings", and Frank Houston, "gilded by blood and fashion, though so utterly impecunious". The latter's waverings between Imogene and Gertrude are pivotal, and he is saved by Aunt Rosina's intervention from his worst aspects. As so often, Trollope was interested in the convergence of idealism (particularly in Ayala's case) and folly, burlesqued repeatedly in the antics of Tom Tringle and his foolish sister. Our chief praise went to Ayala, winningly done with depth and conviction, and Stubbs who, as an unusually refreshing compound of Poetry and Prose, is, of course, the perfect substantiation of Ayala's angel: and is the perfect resolution of an argument about beauty and utility which surfaces repeatedly.

Anne Pugh

Cambridge - 30th January 2011

Contact michael@thecleeve.freeserve.co.uk

Rachel Ray

Opinion was divided as to whether this was a very clever book tossed off when Trollope was at the height of his powers. It was published in 1863, sandwiched between *Framley Parsonage* 1861 and both *The Small House at Allington* and *Can You Forgive Her* in 1864.

The plot has three threads: Cinderella, the Brewery, and

Evangelicals. Some of the problems arise from Luke and Rachel not having opportunities to get to know one another well due to Mrs Ray worrying excessively about all young men being wolves.

We thought the book would dramatize well, and perhaps appeal more to women. It is too harsh to Evangelicals, even though their preaching against enjoyment was wrong. The dislike of Jews is unfair, though many authors criticized Jews at that time until Mr Disraeli rose to being a great Prime Minister esteemed by the Queen.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant aspects mentioned above, we still thoroughly enjoyed reading it!

Hilary Law

York - 26th January 2011

Contact peter.lee@york.ac.uk

The Duke's Children

Margaret Grant introduced this beautifully constructed novel, where Trollope's intuitive feeling for the structures of Shakespearean comedy shape an exploration of personal and political renewal, as well as providing a fitting conclusion to the *comédie humaine* of the Palliser series. Despite Trollope's scant attention to politics in the narrative (but including a sustained parallel with the turf), we agreed on the appropriateness of the ending, with two weddings uniting different worlds incorporating past and present, and the convenient dissolution of the Conservative ministry which had claimed Silverbridge's adolescent rebellious allegiance. The re-integration of an altered Palliser into both political and family life is achieved with delicacy and tenderness.

We contrasted Mabel's unendurable circumstances with Isabel's freedoms, permitting her to be an enlivened spirit of spontaneity and warmth. Isabel is also, of course, an 'outsider', making her as important an agent of change as the former outsider Mrs Finn, who champions Mary's wishes against her father's unquestioned convictions, which he is not the less noble for eventually relinquishing.

The complexity of the relationship between past and present *seems* to have survived unscathed the cuts that Trollope had to make: and having admired its apparent seamlessness, we looked forward eagerly to the novel being reprinted in its entirety.

Anne Pugh

Omnium Gatherum

A collection of all sorts of things of interest to Trollopians

Trollope 2015 - Celebrating 200 years of Trollope

This year may be all about the Queen's Jubilee, the Olympics and Dickens 2012, but at the Trollope Society we have our eyes firmly fixed on 2015, the bicentenary of the birth of Anthony Trollope.

The Society has a group of enthusiastic members who have been working away on plans for *Trollope 2015* for more than a year. We are planning events to celebrate Trollope's birth in April, and commemorate his death in December. In between, we hope to shine a spotlight on the remarkable achievements of Anthony Trollope, as he progressed from impoverished postal clerk to internationally renowned author.

We are contacting institutions, companies and groups, including broadcasters, libraries, museums and of course the Post Office, to encourage them to celebrate Trollope's bicentenary with us.

Trollope 2015 will be an important opportunity to introduce everyone to Anthony Trollope. We would like to include all of the Society's members in the celebrations. We need volunteers to help with Fundraising, Press, PR and marketing, as well as event organisers, members of the legal profession or the Clergy. Whatever walk of life you are from, we would be grateful for your help and support in planning *Trollope 2015*.

Join us, and help make *Trollope 2015* a year to remember

If you would like to help, or have an idea that you think we could develop with you, join us on Facebook/TrollopeSociety, follow us on Twittter/TrollopeSociety, or contact dominic.edwardes@trollopesociety.org

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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